

*The Blessed Damsel Comes Down  
from Rochester*

Clad in a heavy gold kimona, making patterns with her body against a screen of brilliant lacquer—a romantic twelfth century tapestry in bold colorings, a gold crown on her head—a modern portrait after Beltran-Masses, lithe and tigerish in her crisp silk gown of black and orange stripes, and red poppies in her sleek black hair—Martha Graham presents a series of pictures that fire the imagination and make a hundred stories for every gesture. Shall we say her dances are motion pictures for the sophisticated—motion pictures without the bothersome banality of subtitles and the sugary narrative of the movie theatre?

Martha Graham seems to have been moulded for such portraiture in motion, for she is in appearance a maiden after Rossetti, slender, unearthly and exotically graceful. Her talent is for making pictures. This compensates to some extent for her lack of power and virtuosity.

From the Eastman School

of Music, Miss Graham brought with her three young girls. The three soft childish figures nude and silhouetted whitely against the black drop curtain made charming cameos while Louis Horst played Debussy. Again, as the playful characters of Goosens' Marionette Show, their dancing was so frolicsome, so spontaneous and unforced that they were called back for an encore. I liked them best, however, as the three gopis in their lovely draped batik costumes of melting colors and their

young faces brightened by the warm flowers in their shining hair.

The interpretive dances were pretty but lacked force, and made the first part of the evening lukewarm. The musical program was unusually interesting. Miss Graham had chosen mostly modern music with only one group of dances going to Schumann, Schubert, and Brahms for inspiration. It was an enthusiastic audience who looked and listened . . . and it numbered many of the aristocrats of the dance world.

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