

modern industry—a dōwntrodden, agonized soul, trying in vain to free itself from the tremendous power that is crushing it to earth. This was done most effectively. It was the highlight of the whole program. The audience applauded and applauded but no encores were given.

In *Tanagra*, repeated from last year's program, Martha Graham was a Greek figure with a fan, who handled her soft draperies deftly and made beautiful pictures against the black back-drop.

There was a vivid character study of Lucrezia dancing for her father, the Pope. There was another interesting study of an ardent Spanish lady in a long white dress and black shawl who tore herself to pieces over an unworthy lover. (I am sure he was unworthy.)

*Esquisse Antique* (music by Inghelbrecht) was the name of a dance done by the three girls; in mood, design and rhythm as charmingly quaint as the melodies that rippled from the piano as they danced.

There were two exquisite bits of Oriental dances. The music was *Two Poems of the East* by Louis Horst, who accompanied so capably the entire program and deserves far more than ordinary mention. In one, Martha Graham was a delicate, Eastern maid adorning herself with elaborate trinkets, as befits a lady about to meet her lover. In the second poem the little girls were Javanese maids doing what seemed an authentic Javanese dance. The patterns they designed with their lovely young arms were as intricate as the rhythms they traced with their gently-gliding feet. They should do more Oriental things and less of the sombre.

The young trio also did last season's *Scherzo*, as sportive a thing as ever. Evelyn and Betty did the beloved German waltz arranged for them by Mr. Horst and were as peasant-like in their feeling as two well-bred American children could possibly be.

The farewell number on the program was Ernest Bloch's Hebraic piece, *Baal Shem*, divided in two parts: The first, *Contrition*, in which Miss Graham was a Hebrew woman at the Wailing Wall, as overcome with emotion as any orthodox Jewess was ever known to be. In the second part, the four dancers rejoiced in *Simchas Torah* (Rejoicing), a mood of frenzied ecstasy.

. . . And so tired and to bed.

### Martha Graham

The evening of October sixteenth was intense with excitement, for Martha Graham is an intense young woman. It was her first concert this season. All the dancers, the well known and the lesser, were in the audience. They, and those who dance vicariously, came to see last year's promise fulfilled. They were not disappointed.

She was assisted by her three young pupils, Betty MacDonald, the most elfin of the three, Evelyn Sabin, the most beautiful, and Rosina Savelli, the sad-eyed.

To Handel's music Martha Graham was an earthly creature unearthly—a pale, white Madonna whom even the angels in Heaven might envy. The same spiritual feeling pervaded Bach's *Choral* and Scriabine's *Poems*.

To Ravel she was a wistful peasant girl on a holiday. In yellow dress and scarlet kerchief she was far gayer and more smiling than she usually allows herself to be on the stage.

To Honegger's mad music she was significant as a typical product of