

## ANITRA'S DANCE

ADDISON LEWIS

*Edvard Grieg*

*Bronislawa Pajitskaja*

WARM light bathed the sands,  
Anitra danced—  
The harp welled through  
Its gamut, and  
The choir  
Of string and shrilling reed,  
Lightly urged, out-burst  
In passionate melody.  
Anitra danced—  
The deep blue of her eyes,  
Her grey-green scarf,  
Her scarlet-slippered feet,  
The tinkling brass  
That fringed her skirt  
Were gay—  
Like the subtle longings  
Of her soul, ran mazed  
In witless rhythm.  
Anitra danced—  
And vibrant chords were struck.  
The choir  
In swift abandon  
Trembled toward its height.  
The maiden leapt—  
Her arms enclasped her head,  
Her sinuous body  
Bent, vied with her feet  
In grace. She flung  
Her arms for joy,  
And kissed at heaven  
With mad, burning lips.  
The cymbals crashed,

And muted strings  
Pined shivering, and shivering,  
Ceased.  
A flute piped silence—  
A horn's low moan was heard.  
Anitra crouched. Her fingers  
Hid her face,  
And the breath of the sea  
Blew soft upon her.  
The sea was cold.

## BLACK BUTTERFLIES

SADAKICHI HARTMANN

**B**LACK butterflies against a gold brocade background. This will serve as a symbol of the art of dancing as well as any other.

It is the image which two Russian dancers (during a rehearsal in a *pas de deux*, both performers dressed in black gymnasium suits) suggested to me by their special choregraphic faculties—a combination of the old and new, richer in actual dance forms than Isadora Duncan's style, yet applying the same wilful method of interpretation.

For what is dancing but a scripture of corporeal forms against space, of blurred ever-changing silhouettes against some unobtrusive scenery, and within these contours a rhythmic display of lines, shapes and colors?

The old ballet was calligraphic, obeying certain set formulæ and canons of beauty: the modern dance resembles individual handwriting, which is wilful and impressionistic. Whether one can be considered more beautiful than the other is a matter of taste. Toe-dancing of the Beauchamp-Noverre tradition (which had so many illustrious exponents), with its *battements*, *Camargo entrechats* and *pirouettes à quatre tours*, is surely more difficult to execute than mere improvisation, and possesses its own charm of grace and artifice, even to silk tights and ballet skirts, in no way less æsthetic than the nude legs of the Russian dancers. The loyal votaries of La Scala, perhaps, depend more on skill than temperament; the modern dancers more on temperament than skill. The latter have invented a new code of natural movements, of steps and alluring sways of limb and body, derived from classic examples, paintings, statuary, Delsartean studies and reminiscences of national, historical and religious dances. Their movements are more plastic, less academic and acrobatic, but deprived of set forms not necessarily more expressive. If at a certain climax the toe dancer, standing on the toes of one leg, spins three times around herself, the modern dancer unable to compete with this skill can produce a