

beautiful [sic](?).

Therefore Miss Allen applies the aesthetics of trash to her production when she exhorts that when it is beautiful, it is artistic. This is obvious (evident), and now the question is, is her production indeed beautiful? Well, for this there are no positive criteria, and all I can say, according to my most subjective feelings, is that a lardaceous female body, the jumping, perspiring and flabby, jelly-like female body-complex, did not much appeal to my appetite, moreover it was without interest and appeal, moreover I did not see if Truth and Goodness manifested themselves in it. On the other hand I imagined (envisioned) a little tricot (slip) would do a lot of good, because it would meld together the diffuse musculature and would lend somewhat a more solid plastic form (to the body), but afterward I was enlightened that the tricot was not nice, because it is not pleasing and it is without interest, and I was for the time satisfied [sic; the implication seems to be that without the nudity, her dancing would be without any interest].

Let us say therefore that this is beautiful. But is it artistic? Once, the Miss Allen produced motions like she was climbing a tree, or, to illustrate more clearly, she produced motions like [Japanese] geisha girls like puppets [literally, monkeys] on a string. Later, I was enlightened that this motion was Bacchus in an intoxicated state in imitation of a "menád" [translation indeterminable] tearing grape leaves in order to make a wreath of them. A vision of Salome then appeared around which Miss Allen danced like a cat around hot gruel, and here it was necessary to understand the complicated physical motions, in the same way as in the fast-paced dramas of Oscar Wilde [sic]. It is possible that Miss [Allen] experienced the vision of Salome and the intoxication of Bacchus in her dance. It is possible; she says it so and she herself knows this best. Well, this doesn't tell me anything, not because I do not have feeling, nor that she doesn't dance skilfully, but because dance cannot portay and express the spiritual and narrative. Yes, to a degree,

statue in an instant freezes a suggestive motion. And yet this is the goal of the sculptor. If one desires to be totally realistic, all covering must be shed to expose each muscle of the wondrous human body. [That dance, which sheds the tricot [slip?], is that much more realistic. How much more understandable, how much more expressive a quick gesture, a light swaying, a sudden tension, when the arm, leg and torso are seen to be directed by a strong impulse from the body. It is as though all the parts and muscles of the body work together as the different instruments of a well-tuned orchestra. That which is half covered can only produce half the sound; here it can be totally expressed.] One who has never examined in detail and drawn [modeled] such a masterpiece, the human body, will never be able to understand [appreciate] this complexity of movement. (The art of the dance is the art of the body, and the basic and prominent building units of the art are the muscles. To cover up these muscles would be the same as to whitewash a vivid painting with some dulling paint or to stucco a marble statue.)

Therefore, I can understand and appreciate the other viewpoint. The dance, as an art form, is perhaps living its last century. People (society) have become more introverted and thereby dance has declined in vogue and popularity. No one any longer expects the King [this is 1907] to be Hercules, whereas the ancients always appointed the strongest as leaders. People today are not so naive and so easily impressed. But the ancients marvelled at such. Dance used to be a spontaneous, exuberant outburst, but today it is merely a theatrical artifact. How strange if General Damjanich [historical figure from the 1848 Revolution] picked up an Austrian soldier in his teeth and danced a victory dance? But Kinizsi did just this. [Kinizsi, who lived ca. 1500, was an extraordinarily strong soldier who picked up Turks by his teeth in a victory dance.] Such outbursts of spontaneous celebration are now ruled out, and even dance

dance can express a certain state of emotion: I am happy, so I jump; I am intoxicated, so I jump; I am even more intoxicated, so I jump even more, but that which cannot be, cannot be... If I twist and wring my every limb, I still will not render comprehensible, that "a warm breeze over the meadow with Bacchus appearing in a zephyr, and Aryadne with fifteen escorts and fifty gallons of wine, and Bacchus toasts me [sic] and etc., etc. Not to mention that four legs and four arms could not depict that which is in Salome's soul when presented with Johannen's decapitated head. Dreadfully stupid is the dance, and if someone wants me to understand things in this way, then I will simply whistle [vernacular -- remain indifferent]. It is like someone attempting to play a [Franz] Liszt rhapsody on a zither.

That which cannot be, cannot be. Therefore, it cannot be decided whether Miss Allen is an artist or just a "smokk" [translation indeterminable], because in her efforts she "breaks the blade of her jackknife" [slang, fails] to express myself in the vernacular. I believe if she honestly expressed that, that which she genuinely feels, it would not even occur to her to put them into dance. It appears as though the most progressive and significant aspect of this reform is the nudity, that sweaty bareness, but an esteemed colleague has elevated her to the level of a saint.