

As I look back on my days in California the founding of our School, and the dear friends that we met there, it revives a whole epoch which was the beginning of things. It seems sad to me that the consecutive things in life cannot be simultaneous...I was so filled with the possibilities of the things that California could do in the dance. I strove valiantly to bring an enthusiasm to the youngsters who came to our school. Mr. Shawn and I gave of our best to the community. I presume we have sowed seeds which have since flowered. I like to think we did. Many of the girls and boys that studied with us have gone forth to spread the gospel of the higher dance, but the monied interests of the community were, of course, wrapped up in the movies. As Mr. Shawn has said in one of his books, the dance is still the Cinderella of the Arts; she has not yet been invited to the great feast. Until social prestige, endowment and a great manager arises in the land, the dance will not come into its own. Those heart breaking attempts of the individual dancers to establish themselves will dig up the soil and possibly sow seeds for later generations to reap the harvest. I think that if our ballets and much of our work done since has found universal appeal, it is due to the great inspiration which California itself gave our minds; for as we well know, California has the beauty of Italy, the space of the desert, and the Yosemite the power and majesty of the great cathedrals...Perhaps, one day, in California there will arise a man of vision and money who loves the dance, who will build a temple for the dance and will have the strength of character enough to co-relate the activities that go to make up the production of great ballets, to educate and attract the prestige and numbers in audiences, and will hold up the standard of production so necessary for any real accomplishment of the dance...Many true and more trite remarks have been made regarding the unusual and characteristic beauty of Southern California. It is one of the spots in this vast, naturally and humanly rich country possessing those elements of individuality from which the creative-interpretive artist can derive inspiration. This is not a

pleasant generalization. Even the casual tourist is aware of the “character” with which a kind of providence has endowed the Southland. Even those of us far away from Southern California are proud of that soul of our land. And that soul could find rebirth in a ballet of which we could be prouder yet. Southern California is a haven for the creative artist for that very reason. It is on those grounds that it has enriched American art life from various angles. Mr. Shawn and I both look back with tender memories on those early days when, I believe, we were the first to emerge into the open air and raise our arms in adoration of the stars that shown upon us, not from a patterned drop in a theatre, but from the vast blue of heaven itself. We have shown the way. Open-air dance art in the Southland has passed the beginning-stage and passed it in a manner to show the possibilities and merit of a development which is possible only with a faith which results in proper support and serious contemplation. Nature may be entertaining, but is not entertainment, nor should outdoor dancing be merely amusing. Beauty is a serious thing, with which it is not well to trifle. Beauty has a purpose and therefore should express spiritual direction, though the form may be of any genre, lyric or dramatic. There is a deep message in the Southland outdoor scenery. The dancer and the dance spectator must not use lightly this loan of nature, for it implies a profound obligation. That does not imply that all out-door dancing must needs be of a serious program, only the program must be taken seriously. Dancing in the open can be and may well be light and playfully charming of mood, but the dancer-producer, the manager and the public should never forget that only that which is formed exquisitely can congruously be placed into a stage-set provided by that most exquisite of all stage directors, nature. | The Alexandria Hotel at 501 South Spring Street became Los Angeles’s first five-star luxury when it opened on February 12, 1906. It also served as the city’s main social center from 1906 to the end of 1920. A family quarrel, starting in a room on the seventh floor of the hotel,

the identity of the principals of which the management of the hotel will not divulge, was the cause...The guests had been quarreling throughout the day, as the clerks in the lobby noted, but the finale occurred in the seclusion of their room. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon loud cries were emanating from the room and the clerks investigated. "Mrs. John Smith" was found bending over the bed holding her face. Blood was streaming from between her hands. The husband was bending over her and trying to repair the damage, but was repulsed...This much the clerks saw and then they called a physician. To the doctor the wife said that her husband had bitten her nose...The husband avowed up and down that the woman had fallen against a corner of the bed and that he had not attacked her. The doctor repaired the damage the best he could and the management of the hotel requested the guests to seek other quarters. The officials of the hotel refused to divulge the names of the guests, at first denying that the "scrap" had occurred. It is stated, however, that the principals were well-known easterners and that the husband was a banker in the city of New York. Despite Hotel Alexandria's glamorous past, the hotel also has its share of darker stories, which include strange deaths and suicides. Some people have reported seeing a ghostly Edwardian woman in black wandering the hallways of the hotel, in addition to phantom waiters from the 1910s in the Palm Court area, ghostly dancers in the second-floor ballroom, and a female child ghost. Folks living in the hotel's penthouse have reported seeing a dapper man dressed in 1920s clothing reading a newspaper while sitting at a table, while others claim to have seen occasional shadow figures in the parking garage...it eventually became a low-income housing building in the early 1980s. It changed ownership several more times over the years... A crumbling bowler hat lay next to a torn armchair. An antique typewriter sat ready for use on the side of a wooden desk. In the bathroom was a cast-iron claw-foot tub last filled with water during the Great Depression. "It's freaky,"...plans to spend \$3 million turning the

Alexandria's abandoned wing into small apartments...to rent at premium rates in what he will call the Chelsea Building. What most of the 35 rooms hold is a mystery, because the corridors lack an entrance other than the hallways of the Alexandria — which have been walled off for nearly 75 years. The lowest of the building's six hotel room floors can be accessed from an adjacent roof and has been stripped by scavengers. Still, its tall, wide windows, high ceilings and dark wood floors retain their grandeur even as pigeons flit in and out of the broken windows....The wing became unreachable because the hotel's owner sealed the halls leading to it with bricks and mortar as a punishment, said Lee Roddie, daughter of the wing's builder. Roddie explained her family's tale of woe to The Times in 1967, when the elderly woman was still paying property taxes on her mostly inaccessible building. As the Alexandria was being built in 1905, Roddie's father...tore down his livery stable next door at 218 W. 5th St. and went into business with the hotel's developers...constructed an addition to the hotel on his property that was a seamless extension of the Alexandria, fully accessible from the hotel's corridors. Stairs or an elevator were an unnecessary expense, he reasoned, and would have eliminated some money-making guest rooms. "Father made a terrible mistake." The hammer fell in the Depression. Hard times forced the Alexandria to close in 1934. Three years later, movie producer Phil Goldstone bought the hotel and reopened it in 1938, to the delight of Roddie, who was by then sole owner of the wing. But their relationship quickly soured. "He said he didn't need my wing. He sealed off the corridors to my rooms on each floor, making access impossible. It's been that way ever since." Tall tales used to circulate about the "haunted hotel," she said. One of the most common was that the owner's husband was killed on the Titanic and the widow kept it closed in his memory. "My husband died of flu during World War I," Roddie said. Roddie and subsequent owners were able to rent out only the building's ground-floor retail space, which has a narrow

concrete stairway in back leading to a sealed-off portion of the Alexandria's former mezzanine. The decayed wallpaper looks like peeling paint. The hardwood floors are speckled with pigeon guano but remain firm and may be restored with simple sanding. In the decades after World War II, the Alexandria's prime neighborhood at 5th and Spring gradually fell into decline. So did the hotel. In 1988, city officials called the Alexandria the worst drug-trafficking spot in Los Angeles. Now the city's historic downtown-turned-skid row is reviving, with new restaurants, bars, shops and thousands of affluent residents living in converted office and industrial buildings. Across 5th Street, another developer recently finished converting the 1923 vintage Chester Williams Building from offices into apartments. A Walgreens drugstore will rent the ground floor of the 12-story building. The first Starbucks in the historic district recently opened about a block away. "A lot is happening...In five years, it's going to feel like Manhattan around here." September 1938 Walks Alone, 25 years old, Indian movie actress and dancer, ended her life today by taking poison, officers said because of overwork and the theft of an automobile she prized highly. She was known as Mary Oliver. Walks-Alone, 25, Indian movie actress and dancer, ended her life yesterday by taking poison, Deputy Sheriff...reported, because of overwork and the theft of an automobile she prized highly. The actress's mother, White Bird, said her daughter suffered a nervous breakdown recently. Walks-Alone was known also as Mary Oliver. MOCA, which opened in 1986, anchors California Plaza, an 11.3-acre complex of office, hotel, and residential towers located within Los Angeles' oldest and largest redevelopment area, Bunker Hill. The 100,000 square foot, \$23 million museum building was.....funded through the Community Redevelopment Agency's public art fund. The CRA sought a high-profile museum containing 'a world-renowned collection of modern art' in a 'showcase structure' to transform the image of Bunker Hill—long known as an insulated urban renewal-era office complex—to more of an

urban center, and thereby attract visitors and art and tourism-related services to the area...the artist advisory council involved in MOCA's planning envisioned the museum as a central forum for the city's dispersed arts community. In order to fulfill these goals, redevelopment planners made three stipulations in the California Plaza Request for Proposals. First, they placed MOCA in the center of the project facing onto Grand Avenue, with a 6.2-acre park extending behind it. Second, they increased the California Plaza percentage for art requirement from 1% to 1.5% of the total project cost and stipulated that the developer finance the construction of the museum building from these funds. Third, construction would take place in the first phase of the project as a hedge against a shifting real-estate market. CRA also assisted MOCA in opening an interim facility during building construction to provide a focus for fundraising and begin exhibition of its collection. The TC opened in 1983 in a 55,000 square foot former police car garage designed by Frank Gehry at just \$1.5 million to mimic an artist's warehouse space. Although initially conceived by the museum board and the CRA as an interim site, the TC's enormous popularity enabled it to become a permanent fixture on the Los Angeles art scene. Such creative initiatives proved crucial as a downturn in demand for office space and the bankruptcy of the development firm in the early 1980s further slowed and altered the shape of the project. Originally intended to complement the museum as visitor attractions, a 12-screen cineplex and the Bella Lewitzky Dance Gallery were never built...Moreover, with a new project developer, the amount of open space was reduced and divided into discrete and fragmented plazas removed from Grand Avenue. Although the CRA secured a place for MOCA at California Plaza, they did not engage in and plan for wider issues that would potentially affect the catalytic ability of the flagship project. For example, the CRA did not negotiate with Metropolitan Structures when they enforced a set of design restrictions on MOCA that were counter to the flagship concept

including a 40-foot height limit, sunken main entry, and basement-level cafe. Additionally, the CRA did not involve affected communities in the planning process. In particular, although the MOCA board set up the Artists Advisory Council to assist in museum design issues, many artists complained that this was largely a token effort and that they had little real voice. Finally, and perhaps most crucially, the CRA did not extend their involvement with MOCA beyond building siting and financing despite the fact that MOCA was a new institution in an area not recognized as a cultural destination and, as such, like most fledgling museums, would probably struggle in its early years.

The Music Center.....first approaches Joffrey in October of 1981.....Recognizing that his fundraising sources and board would double if he were to be the first ballet director to try a bicoastal arrangement, he felt compelled to consider the Los Angeles proposition seriously.....He was enticed by the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, which was the perfect scale for ballet and set a glamorous, opulent tone.....The company that would reside in the Music Center was almost as conservative as the people who were interested in bringing it west.....the dancers were more uniform, more classically attuned than in the 1970s.....Music Center Will Drop Contract of Joffrey Ballet: An official of the performance complex says it cannot continue to support the financially troubled dance troupe, whose current pact expires in June.....the other Music Center residents suffer for our over-extension of support to the Joffrey... LA Maids to Interpret Graceful Novelty...No, gentle reader, this is not the name of a new breakfast food, or sport shirt. Neither feature film nor circus star...at once a bizarre effect of black and white, a rhythmic convolution of grace and loveliness, a futurist conception of the ideal.....three pretty Los Angeles maidens.....under the direction of Miss Norma Gould...Forty amateur artists will participate.....all of a striking novelty...In Russian legends the Baba-Yaga is a sort of sorceress, or demon, “who lives in a sleeping wood in a hut that stands

on hens' feet. The Baby-Yaga flies through the air. On the Witches' Sabbath she rides in a mortar of glowing iron...and brushes out the traces behind her with a fiery broom (Prevots 361).

When we see the Skyscraper in the process of construction we discover The Boss lost in contemplation of his newest and most beloved project. He is greeted in turn by the Robots, who are his construction foremen, and the Workers. the labor commences and increases in tempo till the hectic frenetic pace proves too much for the Workers who drop from exhaustion. Suddenly a group of strolling Players pass by. Their spirit of carefree abandon is contagious and when the Workers begin to show signs of interest, the Players incite them to revolt. They overthrow the Robots and depart in a Victory March. They go off to a cabaret...We are next taken to a picnic grounds where we see the Workers enjoying a day in the outdoors. here a complete spirit of play prevails. They are carefree and enjoying life to its fullest. Suddenly the Boss appears and...he is a different man now. He is now very much in sympathy with his former employees. Suddenly a whistle sounds. It is the call for the Return to Work. The Workers go back and the Skyscraper is once more in the process of construction. The movement of the Indians makes no pretense of being authentic, but is a free, artistic stylization of authentic Indian dance steps. The Indian costumes are based upon Hopi colors, but that is all. The Indians symbolize the grandeur, beauty and majesty of the Painted Desert, while the Pioneers symbolize the courage, strength and ideals of the great western trek of our people. First man, perhaps a million years ago, was a hunter. He lived only on flesh and worshiped animals. When he first learned to eat plants no one knows exactly, but the evolution from a hunter to a farmer...was a long, slow process. During this period man also changed his religion from a worship of animals to a worship of the sun, earth and elements; and there were two great yearly religious festivals common to all primitives. The Spring Festival, of planting, fertility and mating, and the Fall Festival of Harvest and

Thanksgiving...The use of the word Tribal is to denote all tribes, in universal tribal rituals...The oriental dance as an art is the oldest in the world. All primitives dances as an external expression of religious fervor and ritual, but the Chinese were the first to develop the dance of manners, and political instruction...It has been only in very recent times that Japanese dancers have broken away from the old traditional, completely literal dance, and become interested in the abstract dance forms...Michio Ito, widely travelled...has been very successful in combining the traditional with the modern. One man is nonetheless convinced that the city has much to offer dance audiences worldwide. Four dances. That's all it could take to kickstart Los Angeles's ballet community "It's covered wagon time again," "It's covered wagon time again," "It's covered wagon time again." We're still writing the history of dance in Los Angeles, we're writing the story. We're still writing the history of dance in Los Angeles, we're writing the story.