



# Ethno/Fashion

'local colour' in a global industry

MUNI Seminar  
Series

# The ‚Vienna School‘ in the Arts and Media in Berlin (1900–1930)

OCTOBER 31 2024, 4:30 PM

KOMENSKÉHO NÁM. 2, ROOM 300

**ELANA SHAPIRA**

University of Vienna



V O G U E



What is ethno-fashion?



<https://www.menti.com/aldzt81mf59x>



Lothar Rübelt, Wiener Skitouristin am  
Arlberg, 1935

# An accelerated market: fashion, illustration and modern magazines



Man Ray's "Blanche et Noire" underscores the model's "modern" whiteness through its juxtaposition with the "primitive" blackness of the mask. *Vogue*, 1926.



Self-portrait of the surrealist photographer Claude Cahun sporting "Oriental" garb and seated in a meditative pose.



"Robes D'Interieurs" including a so-called Turkish house gown, a Hindu shawl, a robe with back panel of "East Indian temple cloth," and a "Japanese underrobe." *Vogue*, 1921.

## Connecting it all: the Modern Girl around the world

大家以為她可愛——  
然而——

以前如此，今則不然。蓋對於個人  
體面之影響，雖不注意。彼等已知之  
矣。遺憾事之足以令人驚詫者，  
則未有過於汗漬之臭氣也。  
請注意汗漬之臭氣。倘使友人  
告知。雖能自覺其臭。請常備  
「高多露」臭水以制止汗漬，防止  
臭，保全其體面可也。

各大藥房  
百貨公司  
均有出售

水臭露「露多高」  
**ODO-RO-DO**

Ad in an elite Chinese magazine, Young Companion (1937) for “Odorono,” a deodorant licensed around the world by a U.S. company.

Sommersorgen  
der Frauenwelt schwinden  
mit dem regelmäßigen Gebrauch dieses neuen  
Toilet-Wassers

Das lästige, heikle Problem  
der Frauenwelt: Wie  
bleibe ich in allen Situationen  
makellos gepflegt?  
Odo-ro-do beseitigt schnell  
und sicher jede Feuchtigkeit  
in der Achselhöhle, jeden  
Geruch. Jedoch die Tätigkeit  
der übrigen Drüsen wird in  
keiner Weise beeinträchtigt.  
Es empfiehlt sich, zweimal  
wöchentlich dies nach ärzt-  
licher Vorweisung hergestellte  
Toilet-Wasser mit etwas  
Wasser oder den Fingerspitzen  
aufzutragen.  
Sie bekommen Odo-  
ro-do in Parfümerien,  
Apotheken, Drogerien,  
Feinwa- und allen ein-  
schlagigen Geschäften  
für 2.25, 3.75 und  
7.50 M., Odo-ro-do  
Crema 1.75 Mark.

**ODO-RO-DO**  
Sind Sie schon Alkoholiker?  
Gesellschaft Van Dam, N.O., Abt. 22, 1  
Berlin, Leipziger Str. 72/74  
Bitte schreiben Sie mir einen Probe-Odo-ro-do,  
ich lege 20 Pfennige in Briefmarken bei

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Adresse: \_\_\_\_\_

Ad in the German magazine Leipziger Illustrierte Zeitung (1928) for the U.S.-licensed deodorant “Odorono,” highlighting abstracted facial features and exposed body parts.

Ad in Illustrated Weekly of India (1942) for Pond’s, featuring an Indian Modern Girl with bindi, stylish hair, and sari.

Beauty  
needs  
no  
Adornment

But beauty does not depend on the skin,  
you will really experience being so in touch  
with it and more. But you cannot have it  
without which our beauty cream will  
be the product of a skin well being skin.  
Pond's Creams are a skin and prevent it  
in a good like complexion. In fact a few weeks  
your skin will be softer, smoother and glowing

**Pond's  
Creams**

Fashion as an experience of women’s modernity

# BLEACH

your way to

## AUTUMN BEAUTY



To have the sun and drive from the summer — have your skin glow. But to many of them here the work of skin.

Not being back-patched skin, sun or heat, large pores, in addition to its softness. The beauty you want is soft and looks completely against a background.

Helena Rubinstein wants you — "She will give you the cream of skin culture — skin and wrinkles seem to be smoothed over and every pore seem to be closed. Helene's cream will be for you. Even a beautiful skin needs protection in this change of the season."

The first rule in skin should be a visit to the Helena Rubinstein's skin care for a beauty diagnosis and receive the most quickly beautiful results. So show the new Autumn Bleach to the talk of all your friends.

Helene's skin care is the best in the world. Beauty by the bridge and the surrounding new skin care of the leading beauty industry!

### NEW BEAUTY TREATMENTS — AT HOME

Helene's skin care is the best in the world. Beauty by the bridge and the surrounding new skin care of the leading beauty industry!

Helene's skin care is the best in the world. Beauty by the bridge and the surrounding new skin care of the leading beauty industry!

If the skin is too dark and puffed, then use Helene's Cream Bleach. This is the only skin care product that is both a skin care and a skin care. It is the only skin care product that is both a skin care and a skin care. It is the only skin care product that is both a skin care and a skin care.

Helene's skin care is the best in the world. Beauty by the bridge and the surrounding new skin care of the leading beauty industry!

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Helene's skin care is the best in the world. Beauty by the bridge and the surrounding new skin care of the leading beauty industry!

### AUTUMN BEAUTY ACCENTS

Waxing for the face — the most beautiful and delicate of all the skin care treatments. Helene's skin care is the best in the world. Beauty by the bridge and the surrounding new skin care of the leading beauty industry!

Helene's skin care is the best in the world. Beauty by the bridge and the surrounding new skin care of the leading beauty industry!

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helena rubinstein  
8 East 37th Street, New York

# Hail, Miss Africa, Queen of Beauty!



1. Miss Nellie S. Stone, 1933 winner, Columbus, Ohio



2. Miss Flora Miller, 1933 runner-up, Cape Town



3. Miss Elizabeth Mahabon, 1933 runner-up, Johannesburg



4. Miss E. Thomas, 1933 runner-up, Bellingham



5. Miss Fida Lashin, 1933 runner-up, Cairo



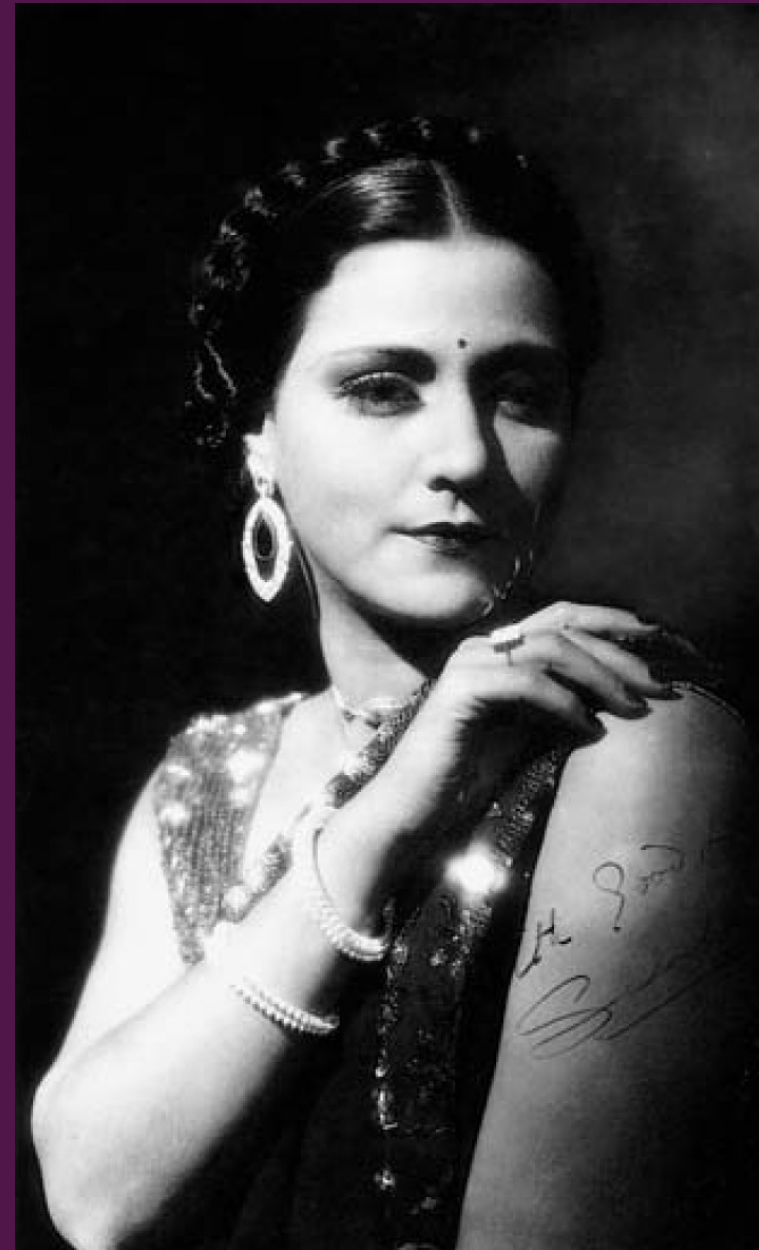
6. Miss E. R. Luby, 1933 runner-up, Englewood

A 1928 U.S. Vogue ad for Helena Rubinstein skin bleach that promises to get rid of summer sun by restoring a light complexion.

Top six finishers in beauty competition as selected by reader-voters. Bantu World, 1933.



Studio portrait of Sulochana dressed in Western suit and hat. National Film Archive of India.

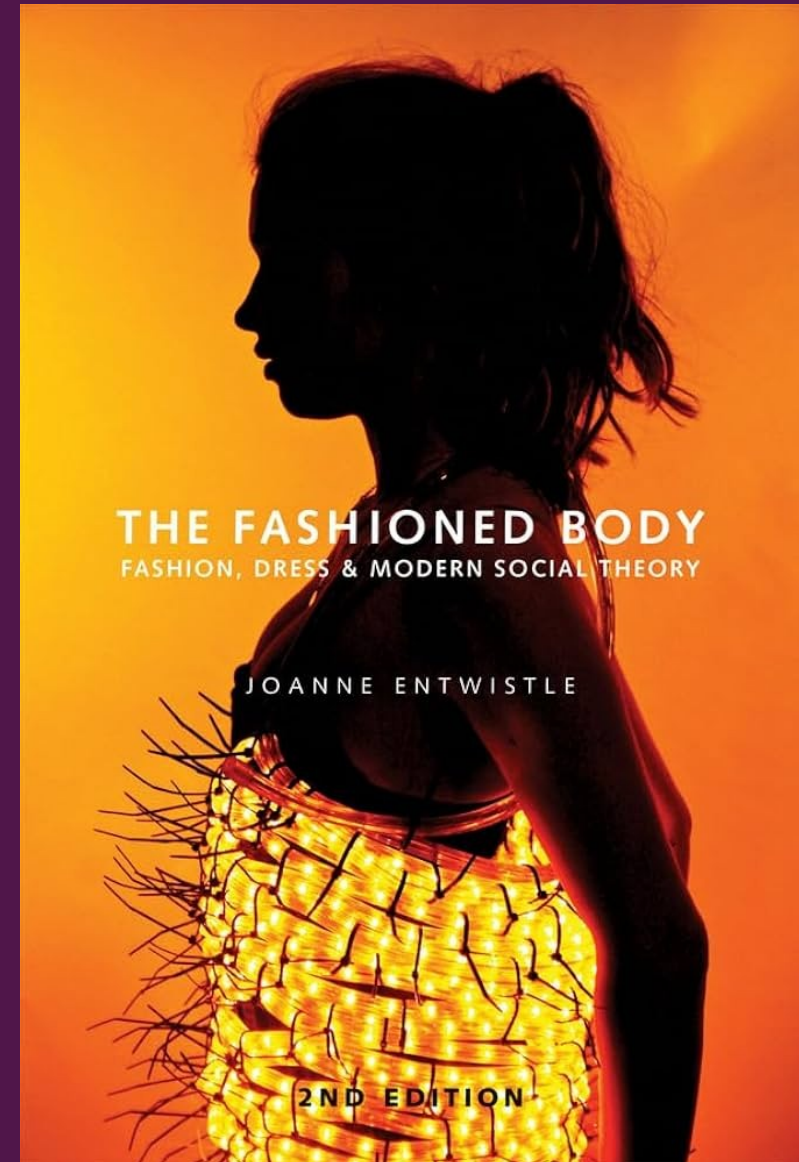


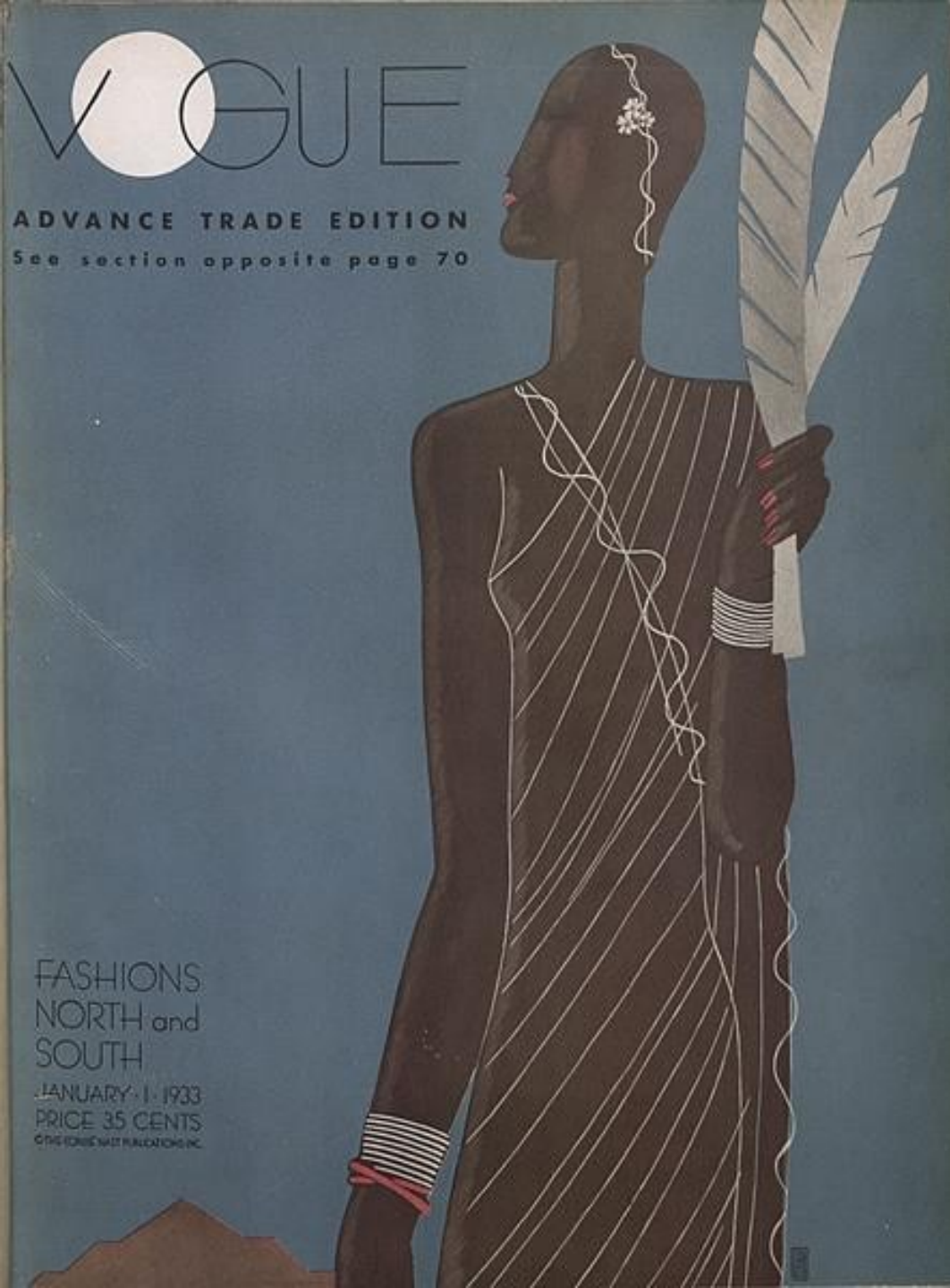
Studio portrait of Sulochana dressed in Indian sari, bindi, and braids. National Film Archive of India.



# Dress as a “situated bodily practice”

Joanne Entwistle, *The fashioned  
Body*





“These are fashions not yet in our vernacular, but they are not really so strange. The Paris that makes these fashions today is a Paris that belongs to everybody. It reaches into India, Athens, and Mexico to make fashions for Baltimore and Seattle, as much as for Rome and London.”

Beatrice Mathieu, “Paris Moves On,” Harper’s Bazaar (April 1935): 66.

## Categorising the world through dress: national costumes



### TURKISH WOMAN WITH HER CHILDREN

A modulated version of J. J. Boissard's "Turkish Woman With Her Children" copied by Kálmán Szendy in his Gallery of Nations, in which all the known peoples of the world are introduced in true pictures and descriptions.

Lithography, K. Szendy, *Nemzetek Képtára*, Pest 1833.

Hungarian National Museum, Historical Portrait Gallery, no. T 2071.



Figure 3. Douglas describing dress 50, Naskapi attire, with young women in background in dress 37, the Hupa-Tolowa backless elkskin formal, and dress 6, the Nez Perce beaded wool formal with two hats.

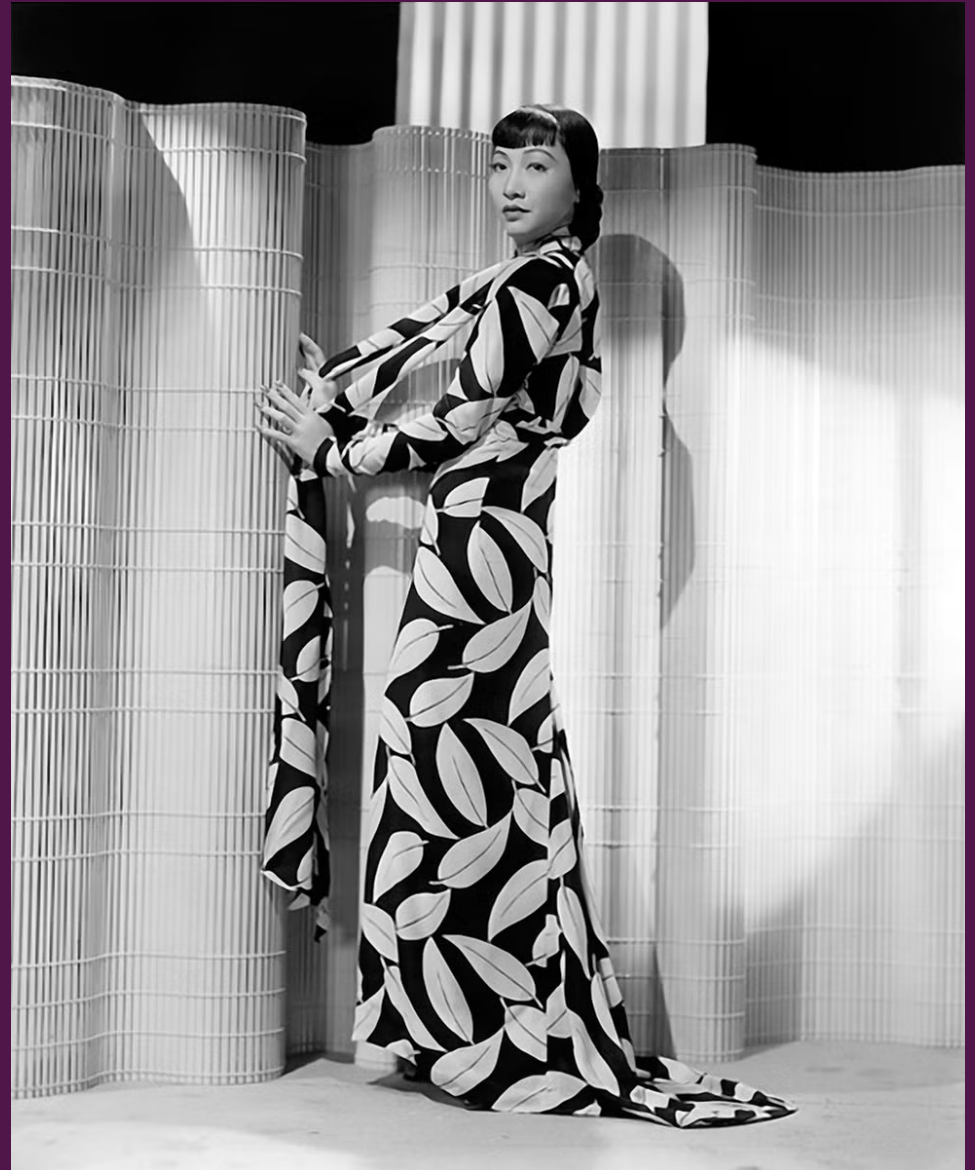




© 1935, HERTZ

PRINCESS KARAM OF KAPURTHALA, WHOSE EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY HAS MADE HER A CONTINENTAL LEGEND

52 JULY 1, 1935





fully, today she is the most myster- One among the tenants who as a year, Eric, 40, a studio accountant, been accused of firing at a former -down!

## WHEN THE AMERICAN PICKED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN EUROPE

Stunning Princess Nathalie Paley, for her wife of London. LaLang, Parisian counterite

The "Fond of India." Princess Karam de Kapurthala, also one of the chosen.

And this is the striking British movie star, Madeline Carroll. She is the wife of an English Army officer, and one of the most popular performers in Europe.

Whether Europe or America can boast of the most beautiful women is a subject which has for long been the center of controversy on both sides of the Atlantic. And, of course, it has been a staple to attract the partisans.

But an American theatrical producer has simplified things somewhat. Walter Wanger, one of America's most astute judges of feminine pulchritude, who has spent a lifetime picking the most beautiful of the New York girls to grace his productions, recently visited London and chose the

four women he considered Europe's prettiest.

And so now—you can look them over, they look around you and judge for yourself.

Princess Karam de Kapurthala, 19-year-old daughter of Maharaja Indira, is one that Wanger chose. She is lovely, dark-eyed, doll faced and tiny.

The others are Tita Knapman, 20-year-old Dutch-Japanese girl; Madeline Carroll, gorgeous, blonde English movie queen and Princess Nathalie Paley, granddaughter of a former Russian Czar. Look at the pictures above and—form your own opinions.

Special, 1934. by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Not fantastic hours - If no the 1934 constructing it. or - which crime - These hand if Then if half the shots a returns apertures corpus. fashions and the home, the eye. It is in her beside newly one sin her eye and her But fantast dery is Why, it told, di something can who a and an anterior she w the so There'll fact has is 18 "Yes," when these a moon, allow it

Princess Karam of Kapurthala featured in an article titled, "When the American Picked the Most Beautiful Women in Europe," The Decatur Daily, August 25, 1934.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23, 1935

Paris Favors ~ Hindu and Printed Silks

The Far East Influence  
In Exotic Gowns for  
Daytime and Evening

**S**WATHING the figure in oriental drapery is once again the vogue. Evening gowns in the eastern style range from soft, feminine, and elegant to bold and masculine. The latter are all the more and more popular in the East.

With oriental fabrics, the oriental influence and Schiaparelli's style combine to make of the Hindu sari a fashion of the day.

The sari, a characteristic of the Eastern woman's garb in its general drapery and the close, clinging, and tight advantage of this favorite and adapted in our only evening gown in which fabric is being used to create elegance. Softly draped, silks, cottons, and other materials are the favorite.

In such cases, or frocks and gowns in draping of oriental inspiration, recent shows also include a striking array of other such costumes, which are most striking.



**A** charming idea of the Far East is the sari, long known in the East, which is a long, narrow strip of fabric, worn as a dress, and is the favorite of the East.

**N**ew Evening Effects are found in the evening gown, featuring a high collar, long sleeves, and a long, narrow strip of fabric, worn as a dress, and is the favorite of the East.

**F**rom the Evening Wear Show the new evening gown, featuring a high collar, long sleeves, and a long, narrow strip of fabric, worn as a dress, and is the favorite of the East.



**A** new development of the Hindu sari is the sari, long known in the East, which is a long, narrow strip of fabric, worn as a dress, and is the favorite of the East.

**There** are also new styles of evening gowns, featuring a high collar, long sleeves, and a long, narrow strip of fabric, worn as a dress, and is the favorite of the East.

**New** Evening Effects are found in the evening gown, featuring a high collar, long sleeves, and a long, narrow strip of fabric, worn as a dress, and is the favorite of the East.

**From** the Evening Wear Show the new evening gown, featuring a high collar, long sleeves, and a long, narrow strip of fabric, worn as a dress, and is the favorite of the East.

**The** sari, a characteristic of the Eastern woman's garb in its general drapery and the close, clinging, and tight advantage of this favorite and adapted in our only evening gown in which fabric is being used to create elegance.

**In** such cases, or frocks and gowns in draping of oriental inspiration, recent shows also include a striking array of other such costumes, which are most striking.

**By** the way, the sari is a long, narrow strip of fabric, worn as a dress, and is the favorite of the East.

Fashions

In The Daily Tribune . . . Read It Regularly . . . Delivered by Carrier or by Mail  
Evan Nollette, staff fashion writer for The Tribune, brings you the latest word of the new styles every day, as shown in Minneapolis stores and shops. Her fashion article appears on the Women's Page of The Daily Tribune.

By  
Evan  
Nollette

Schiaparelli sari in the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune (bottom left), June 23, 1935.

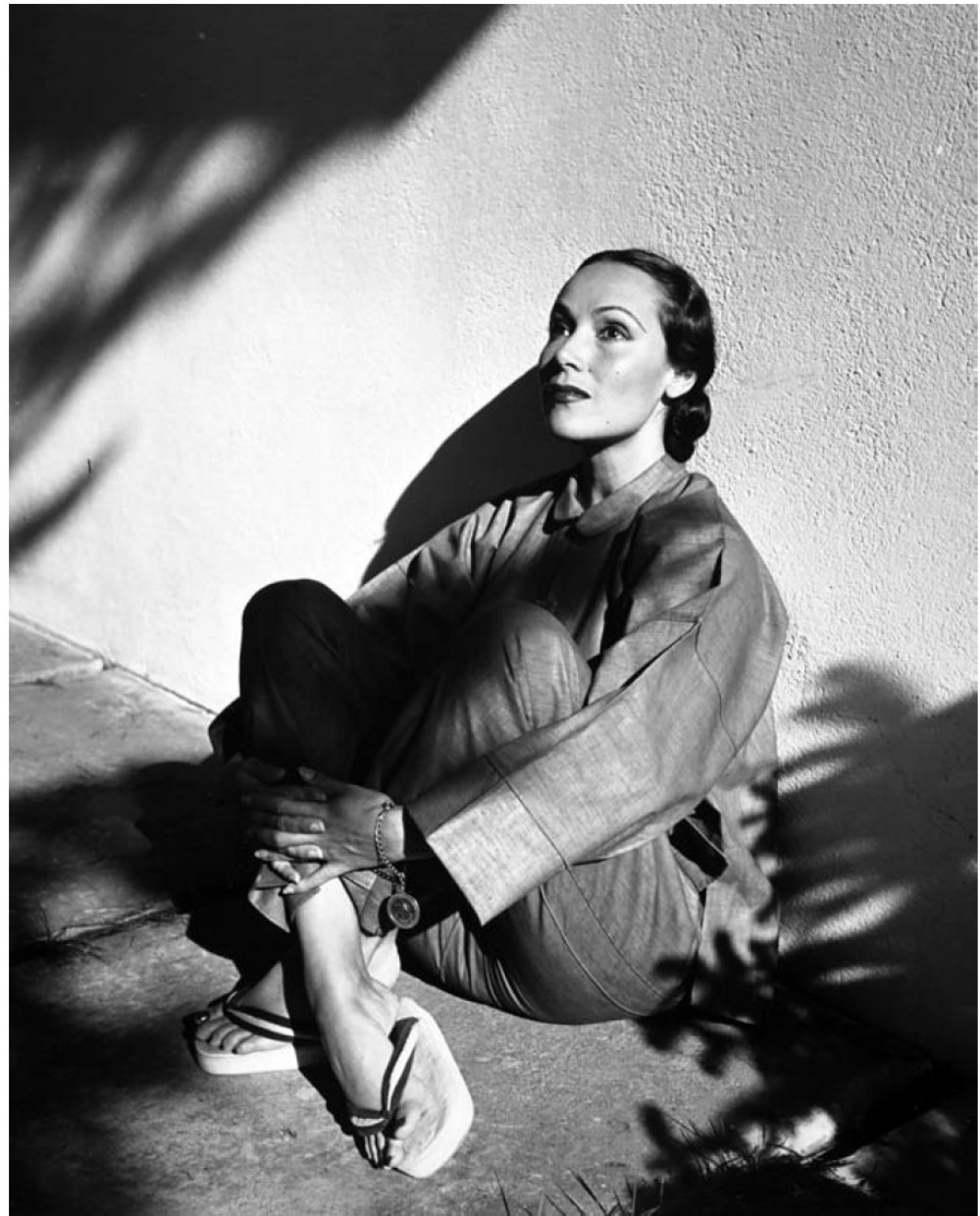


FIG. 6 Delores Del Rio in "Chinese pajamas," 1935 photograph by Louise Dahl Wolfe; featured in Harper's Bazaar, April 1938. Courtesy of the Collection Center for Creative Photography © Center for Creative Photography, Arizona Board of Regents.



By Robert Littell

### EVERY ONE LIKES CHOCOLATE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, well-known pale-face playwright, probably comes back to earth from time to time to attend performances of his works. He does not come back for every production, for he has learned that actors, particularly actors of his own pinkish pigmentation, play him with more reverence than zest. At such performances, Shakespeare, who is often called, but does not like to be called, The Bard, notices that the audiences can stand only so much reverence before they begin to yawn.

I am sure that Shakespeare yawns also, but not for long. After a scene or two of dutiful diction spoken by actors with overeducated larynges, Shakespeare invisibly steals away, ducks unobserved under a subway turnstile, boards an Eighth Avenue local, and emerges at One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth Street with the purpose of passing an hour or two in Harlem, among people whose skins are chocolate, whose souls are the many colours of their laughter.

There is no doubt whatever that Shakespeare was in Harlem on the night of April 14, 1936. Not caring to startle passers-by with his curiosity, he was content to guess that the crowds, the cops, and the parades were a tribute either to Father Divine or to Joe Louis, both of whom, for somewhat different reasons, he finds well worth watching.

On this April night, the crowds in Harlem were enormous. Ten or fifteen thousand coloured people clogged the sidewalks, or jammed a grand-stand beside Will Robinson's Wishing Tree, or followed the mammoth band of the Mighty Monarch Marching Club and the Negro Elks, who were in full regalia. Twenty patrolmen and ten detectives stretched ropes to keep the crowds from barring the entrance to the Lafayette Theatre. Newsreel men stood grinding their cameras on sound trucks, flood-lights played on the sea of faces, turning those which were pale pink the colour of school chalk, those which were chocolate the colour of that highly edible compound known as Suchard's Milk. Even William Shakespeare, though thin as a ghost, found it difficult to fight his way through the silk hats and ermine capes that jammed the lobby. All this, he thought, could hardly be for Father Divine or Joe Louis.

It wasn't, of course. It was the first night of The Federal Theatre's production, with a completely Negro cast, of Shakespeare's own "Macbeth."

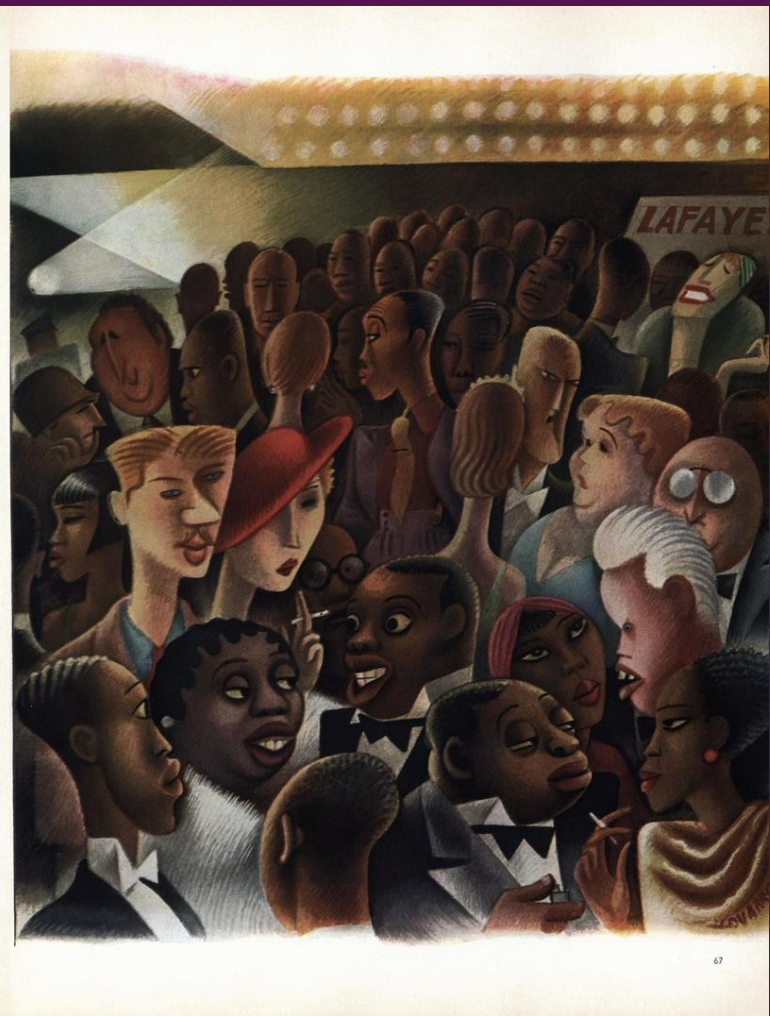
Without misquoting him, it may fairly be stated that Shakespeare enjoyed this performance of "Macbeth" as he

has few others in the three hundred years of his posthumous self-examination. It was not like any other "Macbeth" there has ever been. The set was not that of some faithful stage-designer's grim, fire-proof, castellated Scotland, but Haiti, with giant tropic fronds where there ought to have been heather, and suggestions of architecture from the dreams of Toussaint l'Ouverture. The costumes were Emperor Jones gone mad, but rather beautifully mad. Voodoo reigned over the witches' scene: there were a dozen or more witches, including sepia male witches stripped to the waist, all against a background that looked very much like the world's largest skeleton arch.

But curiously enough, with all its raw colour and gusto, this "Macbeth" didn't seem to have been jazzed. The Negroes took their Shakespeare seriously. Many of them spoke the lines for what was in them, naturally, and they were not stifled by the dust of classic tradition's well-worn road. Some of the life they gave it was probably very strange, but it was life.

This chocolate "Macbeth" surprised every one, from Shakespeare to The Federal Theatre, by being an immense box-office success. The Negroes themselves came in droves, and heard, many of them for the first time in their lives, the immortal words of the world's greatest melodramatist. But the whites, the pale-faces, also came in droves. And not only the whites who have written about Harlem, and elevated Harlem into a cult, not only the whites who love the Cotton Club and the coloured hot spots, not only the whites whose blood is a little thin now and who like to spread their chilly fingers before the reviving fires of a warmer, happier, simpler race—but the whites who wear opera-hats, live in pent-houses, and own a box at the Metropolitan, which they practically never occupy themselves.

For weeks, the audience at the Lafayette Theatre was almost as interesting as the show itself. As it was in Harlem, and under Federal auspices, the Negroes were, of course, not relegated to the balcony, but interspersed with the whites. Next to a Harlem poet who makes his living as a Pullman porter sat a blond broker who normally would no more think of going to a play by Shakespeare than he would think of reading Proust. In the same row with a white-spatted, gold-ringed member of the policy racket's hierarchy there was, as likely as not, the owner of several internationally known polo ponies and his Junior League wife. The president of a Lenox Avenue (Continued on page 127)



“the exotic, a determining feature of Art Deco, was a vital component of modernity. . . Rarely used as a derogatory term, the ‘exotic’ suggested an exciting, sensual and decorative vision that carried the dynamics of nineteenth century colonialism into a global future.”

Ghislaine Wood, "The Exotic," in *Art Deco 1910–1939*, eds. Charlotte Benton, Tim Benton, and Ghislaine Wood (London: V&A Publications, 2003): 125.

<https://archive.vogue.com/article/1936/11/01/every-one-likes-chocolate>



“...the modern woman, however, will not bone and lace herself into rigidity, but the BALI Long Line Bra will help to get rid of that “tyre” around the waist . . . BALI design captures the exotic charm of Nature’s own masterpiece Balinese women—the same natural roundness, firm uplift and useful separation is achieved by ingenious designing and not by artificial stiffening.”

A GIFT OF *Beauty* FROM Bali

A beautiful bust-line is the heritage of the women of Bali . . . the modern woman achieves the same lovely contours with a Bali Bra. The name BALI is applied to a principle of designing which uplifts and separates without exerting pressure on sensitive glands. It employs no stiffening devices to bruise or chafe. And there is a style for every type of figure. Wear a BALI Bra. It will be a revelation in comfort and efficiency . . . it will add untold glamour and style appeal to every frock in your wardrobe.

Popular among BALI Brassieres are long line models with special diaphragm control. The style illustrated comes in broad-cloth, lace, satin, satin-and-lace. 34-44.

THE *Bali* BRA  
by FAY-MISS

The new BAND-O-BALI with an ingenious little “anchor” on back to keep support properly distributed. Broadcloth, satin, lace, net. Sizes 32 to 38.

Send for FREE booklet—*“From Bali—the Secret of a Beautiful Bust-line”*. BALI BRAS are on sale at leading stores everywhere. Priced from 1.00, and up.

FAY-MISS BRASSIERE CO., Inc. 8 W. 30th ST., N.Y.C.

Bali Bra Ad, Vogue , March 1, 1937.

# "Exotic" fashions and colonialism



# TATTOO

THE NEW *transparent* COLOR FOR LIPS

*in 4 hues... each as completely irresistible as a South Sea moon*



## 4 Startling New Shades

No. 1 has an exciting orange-pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and fair blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 is our choice of them all. An exciting, new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Sometimes we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTIL."

Here is a lipstick that is really new and different. You put it on... let it set... then rub it off. Nothing remains on your lips excepting truly transparent color in the most adventurous hues ever seen. No pastiness to come off when it shouldn't. And what indelibility!

TATTOO stays on right thru swimming... and cocktails. No purplish cast either... and instead of the usual drying effect, TATTOO is so soothing, it will keep your lips soft and smooth... lastingly young... forever desirable! Oh, so desirable. Department and drug stores have TATTOO. It's a dollar.



PUT IT ON... RUB IT OFF... *only the color stays*

Harper's Bazaar



New RED FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

... can't turn purplish



*It's the same color on your lips as it is in the stick*

TATTOO "HAWAIIAN" is the brightest, liveliest, reddest red ever seen in lipstick... and it will stay red on your lips. It positively can't turn purplish.

Yes it's a startling red... very startling... still easy to wear because its intensity is favored with a richness and sincerity that make it femininely soft and appealing instead of bold.

Put it on... let it set... wipe it off... it stains the lips pastlessly and transparently the same pure red as the stick itself.

Here, for the first time, we think, is everything you have always wanted in a lipstick.

The price, \$1

TATTOO CHICAGO  
**TATTOO**  
"HAWAIIAN"



# SAVAGE

a new and  
utterly ravishing  
transparent-colored  
lipstick



Called "SAVAGE," because its maddening hues and the completely seductive softness it imparts to lips, found their inspiration in primitive, savage love. Also, because its extreme indelibility permits Savage to cling as lip color has never clung before . . . *savagely!* Of course, it is different from ordinary lipstick. Put it on—rub it in—then, delight in finding that nothing remains on your lips but ravishing, transparent color. Four really exciting shades; and you are invited to actually test them all at the Savage Shade Selector prominently displayed wherever Savage is sold.



**SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR**  
In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of Savage Lipstick Stain Remover and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided. SAVAGE . . . CHICAGO

TANGERINE . . . FLAME . . . NATURAL . . . BLUSH  
**20¢ AT ALL LEADING 10¢ STORES**  
LARGE SIZE SAVAGE IN EXQUISITE SILVER CASE MAY BE OBTAINED AT THE MORE EXCLUSIVE TOILET GOODS COUNTERS . . . \$2

## Das Interview der „Bühne“

Annemarie Selinko:

# ERNI KNIEPERT

freut sich auf

## HOLLY-HOLLY-HOLLYWOOD



### KEINE ANGST VOR DEM WUNDER

Das Wunder ist mit Erni Kniepert, diesem schmalen jungen Mädel geschehen. Da sitzt sie nun im Atelier, an der Wand leuchten Zeichnungen mit bunten Figurinen, Spanierinnen und Tiroler Bauernmädchen, ein Rokokogeschöpfchen und ein Skilehrer im grellen Pullover, auf dem Tisch liegen Zeichnungen, die Empiredame in Lila und ein Märchenfräulein in Steirisch-Grün. Erni Knieperfs Figurinen leben und leuchten, es sind Erni Knieperfs Ideen, neue, bunte, verrückte, bezaubernde Ideen, sie sind in Wien geboren, aber jetzt ruft Hollywood und kauft diese Ideen. Kauft diese junge schlanke Dame, die eine ungebundene Schulmädchenart hat, wenn sie spricht. Sie wird verlegen, wenn sie von sich erzählen soll und findet, daß es da nicht viel zu erzählen gibt. Mit einem ersten Schulmädchengesicht nimmt sie das Reißbrett und beginnt zu zeichnen. Und dann zeichnet dieses Mädchen Erni Kniepert ihre Ideen. Jetzt hat Hollywood alles darangesetzt, um Erni Knieperfs Ideen zu bekommen.

„Sie dürfen nicht glauben, daß ich eingebildet bin. Weil ich sage, daß ich immer schon gewußt hab: mit mir wird noch ein Wunder geschehen“, sagt Erni Kniepert und zeichnet und zeichnet. (Sie arbeitet mit Hoch-

druck, Weihnachten muß sie wegfahren und vorher noch in Wien die neue Stolz-Operette „Reise um die Welt“ ausstatten.) „Ich hab schon als kleines Mädel in der Schule gespürt, daß mit mir irgendwann etwas Außergewöhnliches geschehen wird. Irgendetwas ganz Besonderes. Etwas Herrliches. So, jetzt ist es da. Ich fahr nach Hollywood... jawohl nach Holly-Holly-Hollywood... Ich hab den Vertrag zuerst auf ein Jahr abgeschlossen. Aber der Vertrag sieht eine Verlängerung auf sieben Jahre vor. Und nach zwei Jahren Amerika bekomme ich Heimaturlaub, ich muß nach Haus fahren. Angst vor Hollywood? Nicht die geringste Angst. Ich hab auch schon gehört, daß alle, die von hier nach Amerika engagiert werden, solche Angst haben. Ich hab keine Angst, ich wundere mich selbst darüber. Aber ich war doch vorbereitet, ich hab doch erwartet, daß mir etwas Außergewöhnliches passieren wird. Jetzt ist es passiert, jetzt darf ich mich nicht fürchten. Ich muß ja nichts anderes tun als zeichnen. Kostüme entwerfen, Kostüme, die Geld kosten dürfen. Herrgott, ist das schön, wenn man Kostüme zeichnen darf, ohne dabei zu denken, daß ein Theaterdirektor weinen wird, weil viel Stoff verbraucht werden könnte, weil man Brokat entwirft, der richtiger Brokat sein muß. Nein, ich freu mich nur, ich freu mich und hab keine Angst...!“

### EIN SCHULMÄDCHEN MACHT KARRIERE

Erni Kniepert, das furchtlose Mädchen, zündet sich eine Zigarette an. Im nächsten Augenblick macht sie ein sehr erschrockenes Gesicht: „Bitte — jetzt dürfen Sie nicht fotografieren“, sagt sie zu Otto Skall, dem Photomann, der mit mir auf Besuch bei Erni Kniepert weilte. „Meine Eltern wollen nicht, daß ich rauche. Und wenn sie in der Zeitung ein Bild von ihrer Tochter mit Zigarette sehen, na, ich dank schön —!“ (Es gibt also doch Dinge, vor denen Erni Kniepert Angst hat. Und ich bin sehr gemein, weil ich die Sache mit der Zigarette erwähne, hoffentlich schauen



## Wenn Sie Zeit und Lust haben,

SCHERK

so schreiben Sie uns. Eine kurze Nachricht genügt. Etwa so: „Erbitte Probe Scherk Gesichtswasser.“ Einige Tage später halten Sie dann das nette kleine Fläschchen in der Hand. Es hat 4 g Inhalt, genügt, um einige Male zu probieren. Es kostet nichts. Bedingung: Einsendung einer Scherk-Anzeige. Nur die bis in die Poren gesäuberte Haut ist gesund und schön. Und das bewirkt das potentiefreinigende

### Scherk Gesichtswasser

Flaschen: 120, 220, 470 und größer



sich die Eltern Kniepert nur diese Bilder hier an und lesen nicht den Text. Auf jeden Fall: ich nehme alle Schuld auf mich, ich hab dem Fräulein Erni die Zigarette angeboten und sie zum Rauchen verleitet. Und Otto Skall hat selbstverständlich nicht fotografiert!

„Zur Sache. Fräulein Kniepert, bitte, erzählen Sie Ihren Werdegang“, verlange ich sehr energisch.

„Das sollten Sie nicht verlangen“, bittet sie.

„Ich muß, Fräulein Kniepert, strenger Auftrag, ich muß“, beharre ich.

„Mein Werdegang ist nämlich sehr uninteressant. Also: ich bin aus einer ehrsamten Familie, die mit Kunst nichts zu tun hat, eine Stahl- und Eisenfamilie, ich bin das schwarze Schaf. In Reichenau geboren, in Wien aufgewachsen, in die Kunstgewerbeschule zum Professor Friedrich gegangen. Und dann, als ich dort fertig war, nahm ich meine Mappe mit Zeichnungen unter den Arm und begann zu hausieren. Ich lief zuerst zu allen berühmten Tänzerinnen und zeigte ihnen meine Kostümentwürfe. Gertrud Kraus war die erste, die etwas bei mir bestellte. Ich glaube, südamerikanische Kostüme waren es, die Kostüme gefielen, ich bekam von allen Seiten Aufträge und — ja, das ist alles, mehr kann ich nicht erzählen.“

### DIE SACHE KOMMT ZUM KLAPPEN

„Und wie begann das mit Hollywood?“

„Ich hab doch die Kostüme für ‚Herzen im Schnee‘ mit Max Hansen entworfen. Gleich nach der Premiere waren zwei Anrufe: die Paramount wollte wissen, ob ich nach Hollywood kommen möchte und die Metro Goldwyn Mayer auch. Und mit der Metro kam es vierundzwanzig Stunden später zum Klappen, dieser sagenhafte Mr. Ritchie, von dem alle träumen, dieser Jüngling aus der Fremde, der Hollywood-Engagements in der Tasche hat, erschien, war eine halbe Stunde bei ‚Herzen im Schnee‘, sah fünf Minuten lang meine Zeichnungen durch. Und dann war alles abgemacht.“

„Fahren Sie direkt von Wien nach Hollywood?“

PHOTOS SKALL

„Nein, erst muß ich einen Monat in London sein. Auftrag der Metro. Ich muß mir dort die Reven anschauen und verschiedene Filme. Und dann muß ich, es ist eine große Schande, ich muß ordentlich Englisch lernen. Mein Englisch ist nämlich nicht sehr ordentlich, meinen die Herren von der Metro. Nach vier Wochen London habe ich in Hollywood anzutreten. Bei Adrian, dem großen Adrian, dem Kostümchef der Metro. Er ist mein oberster Chef, aber ich muß mich seinen Ideen nicht angleichen, hat man mir gesagt, sondern soll meine eigenen Ideen ausführen. Ich hab noch so schrecklich viel zu tun, bevor ich abdampfe. In der neuen Stolz-Operette gibt es Java und Mexiko, Eskimos und Inder, alles kommt vor, wovon ein Kostümzeichner träumt.“

### MISS KNIEPERT, MADE IN AUSTRIA ...

Erni Kniepert ist sehr schön. Sie ist sehr schlank und groß, ihr Gesicht ist eigenartig, man kann nicht vorbeisehen an diesem Gesicht. Es ist ein sehr ernstes Gesicht. Dabei lacht Erni Kniepert viel, aber nur der Mund lacht, die Augen bleiben ernst und verträumt, es sind die Augen eines sehr jungen Mädchens, das sehr viel Wunderbares vom Leben erwartet. Wirklich — sie hat ein sehr schönes Gesicht und sie sieht unerhört apart aus, diese Erni Kniepert aus Reichenau-Payerbach. Im Atelier trägt sie einen weißen Leinenanzug, eine lustig stilisierte Kasack und vornehme lange Hosen. Und dann zieht sie ihr Dirndl an, wir bitten sie darum, im Dirndl schaut sie prachsvoll aus, unerhört österreichisch, diese Miß Erni Kniepert, Made in Austria.

„Passen Sie auf, Sie werden in Hollywood noch filmen!“

„Hat mir Max Hansen auch schon gesagt“, lacht Erni Kniepert, „und ich fühle mich sehr geehrt.“

„Vielleicht werde ich noch filmen, mir passieren doch lauter ausgefallene Sachen“, meint sie seelenruhig. „Aber ich möchte gar nicht so gern filmen, ich möchte wunderwunderschöne Kostüme entwerfen. Übrigens: deshalb fahre ich doch hinüber, nach Holly-Holly-Hollywood...!“

Annemarie Selinko,  
'Erni Kniepert freut sich auf Holly-Holly-Hollywood', *Die Bühne*, no.460 (1937)

Geschenk-  
probleme?



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## Wintermorgen

Deine Augen sind umschillte Teiche,  
Drin wie Fischlein Liebesgötter wimmeln.

Kühle Waldessäume sind die Brauen,  
Wiesengrund im Morgenschein die Wangen.

Scharrt ein Dachs im Bau, die Magd im Ofen,  
Blinkt das Schneelicht in den weißen Kacheln.

Aber neben mir liegt Sommer. Fischend  
Lausche ich, ein anderer Aktaeon.

Und es rauscht der Schill, die Teiche dunkeln,  
Fällt ein Vogelschwarm mit blanken Schnäbeln

Scharf mich an, hell im Gewitterschatten  
Schnellen Götter lachend aus der Tiefe,

Haschen mich mit meinen eignen Netzen,  
Und ich stürze ihnen nach ertrinkend.

Prasselt Flamme in den Kacheln. Sommer  
Schlummert unter schneeerwehten Teichen.

Walther von Schroeder.

Aus dem Gedichtband „Venus aus der  
Asche“. Verlag Heitz & Co., Straßburg.

# TEM

VON KARL

**W**er hat das Wort von der „nervenzerstörenden  
Hast der Großstadt“ erfunden? Wer paradiert  
täglich mit seinem Respekt vor dem Tempo der  
Zeit, womit zugleich ein kleines Almosen des  
Mitleids für die Opfer des Tempos gefordert wird?  
Gewiß nicht der Mann im Auto. Denn er eilt auch bei  
der größten Eile nicht. Sein Wagen eilt für ihn. Er selber  
hat Zeit, die letzte Minute des Schlafs, die Stunde vor  
der Abfahrt auszukosten. Er hat Zeit, auch wenn der  
Wagen rast. Er sitzt im Fond des Wagens, wie er eben  
noch beim Frühstückstisch gesessen hat. Er hat Muße zu  
schauen, zu denken. Auch der Passagier der Untergrund-  
bahn braucht nicht zu hasten. Er ist seit der Kindheit  
daran gewöhnt, zur rechten Zeit an Ort und Stelle ge-  
bracht zu werden. Ehedem in die Schule, jetzt in das

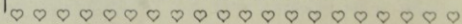
## MAN SCHENKT HEUER



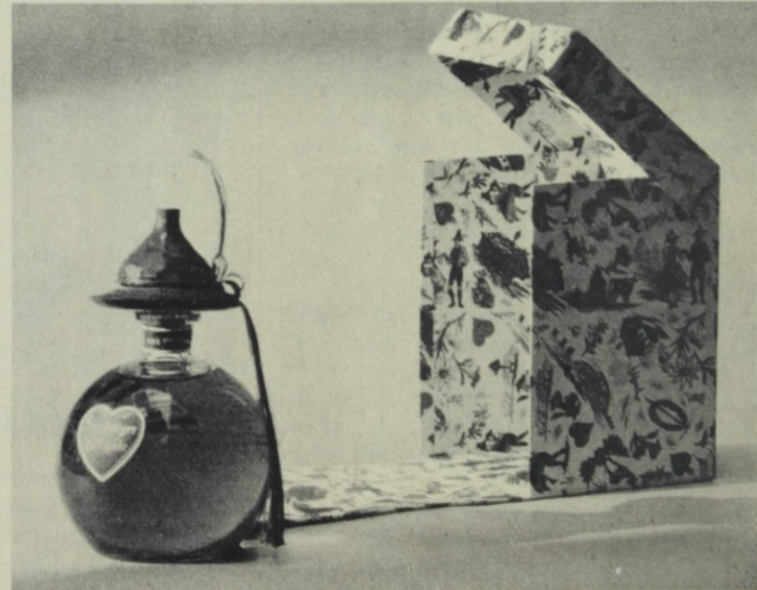
„Alpenheu“ und „Alpenrosen“  
Eau de Cologne

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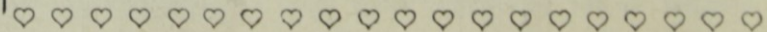
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**DR. SCHICK**  
der Wiener Parfumeur



Man schenkt heuer „Alpenheu“ und „Alpenrosen“ [advertisement]  
Die Bühne no. 462 (1937)

# INTERVIEW MIT EINEM „DIRNDL“-KLEID



Mein Leibchen ist dunkelrot und blau eingefärbt, mein Rock ist weit und dabei eng gezogen, in Blau und Schwarz, nach einem alten Muster gewebt. Meine Bluse ist leuchtend weiß, rings um den Hals und am Rand der gebauschten Ärmel mit einem gestickten Leisterl zusammengehalten. Und die Schürze, die zu mir gehört, hat auf weißem Grund feine rote Streifen Blätterranke. Ich bin nämlich kein gewöhnliches Dirndl — nein — ich bin „made in Salzburg“ und liege in der Auslage mit einem eingnähten Wappen — und wir alle, die wir es tragen, sind stolz, geborene Salzburger zu sein.

Übrigens liege ich neben einem Paar origineller grüner Strümpfe mit eingesticktem Edelweiß, sie gehören dem grauem Loden-Wetterbeck. Der scheint nebenbei bemerkt, ein Auge auf mich zu werfen zu haben, aber er ist für mich ein gewöhnliches Modell. Für eleganten Loden. So einer würde mir schon hesser gefallen. — Denn Bäuerin und Bauer zu spielen ist momentan „à la plus chic“, ich „up do date“. Sie wandern sich, spreche, aber das gehört jetzt zur besseren Erziehung eines Dirndls aus gutem Hause, wo man doch als solches so weit in der Welt herumkommt. — Seit gestern ist mir vis-à-vis ein fiescher, schlanker, tierl. Er ist einfach „charming“ einquar, wenn ich mit ihm zu kokettieren versuche, verstellt mir ein gelbes Strohhütchen mit seiner langen roten Feder den Blick. Nun, diese kokette Feder wird auch kein Glück bei ihm haben, denn die grünen Schuhe mit dem ausgeschnittenen Herz und der gesteppte rot-gelbe Kretzjanker, die immer alles wissen, haben mir erzählt, daß der Bauern-Smoking schon mit dem goldgrünen Brokat-Dirndl liiert sein soll. Natürlich, weil zu ihr dieser kostbare Smaragdschmuck in alter Fassung gehört. — O — diese Männer!

Eigentlich bin ich darüber sehr betrübt. Gut, daß ich ein rosa Seidentüchel bekommen habe. Ich werde mich also legen und mit dem Tüchel anmierend Leben weiterkomme. Ich möchte ferne Länder sehen — gestern hat mich fast eine Französin gekauft, und seit fünf Minuten steht eine kleine Japanerin, von mir fasziniert, vor der Glasscheibe. Aber am liebsten möchte ich nach England. Bye — bye!

TEXT UND ZEICHNUNGEN VON LISL WEIL



Zum „Dirndl“ den handgestrickten Wollstrumpf  
Photo Ing. Rob. Haas

# Das Dirndl

VON  
ERNI KNIPERT



Dieser schöne Anzug, den wir längst nicht mehr als „Kostüm“ bezeichnen, der uns, aus der Tracht wachsend, zum gewohnten Kleid geworden ist, beherrscht, bunt stillvoll, schön, unseren Sommer. Daß wir ihn schön und stillvoll gestalten sollen, ist selbstverständlich. Anlehnung an die echten alten Vorbilder, die wir nur ganz sanft abwandeln, um sie unseren Bedürfnissen geistiger zu machen, muß Grundlage jedes Dirndls sein. Sonst verletzt es unser Gefühl mehr, als es ihm schmeichelt.

Die Skizzen, die ich hier zeige, machen den Versuch, das Dirndl „neu“ zu gestalten, ohne doch Überlieferung und volkskundliche Kenntnis zu verletzen. Die alte Tracht ist ja leider selbst in vielen ländlichen Gegenden verschwunden. Um so schöner wäre es, wenn sie auf dem Umweg über die Folklore wieder aufleben würde. Figur 1 ist der Schwarzwälder Mädchentracht nachgebildet. Kleidsam, einfach in der Linie und kostbar zugleich, mag es ein „Fest-dirndl“ darstellen. Rock und Schürze sind aus schwarzer Seide, am Rock sind Sambänder, Samt bildet das Mieder, das fein mit Rot und Schwarz bestickt ist. Das weiße Bluserl hat kokette Bausärmeln. In Niederösterreich tragen die Frauen die Jacke, die Figur 2 festhält. Sie zeichnet sich durch einen guten Schnitt aus — eng anliegend mit kleinem Schöll. Herrlich ist das Material: roter Wollstoff mit schwarzen Karos — man sollte versuchen, ihn „original“ zu bekommen. Solch eine Jacke wird zum Robleinenrock ebenso gut passen wie zum blauen Leinwandrock. Das Dirndl von Figur 3 ist in leuchtend blauer Kretztonne gedacht, die am Rock rot, am Leib weiß gestuft ist. In den Ausschnitt wird ein rotes Tuch gesteckt, die Schürze ist weiß.



Die Bühne

Erni Kniepert

Lisl Weil, 'Interview mit einem "Dirndl"-Kleid', Die Bühne no.453 (1937)

Erni Kniepert, 'Das Dirndl', Die Bühne, no. 404 (1935)

# MIDDLE EUROPE REDISCOVERED

As seen by Him

There are fashions in travelling, as in dress or foods or plays. They come and go for no apparent reasons. In the last four years, the South of France has been the fashionable summer meeting-ground. People have journeyed from the four corners of the earth to see it for themselves—as they go to the play that is the success of the season. And now, Southern Germany, Austria, and Middle Europe in general have become the fashionable tour.

Berlin is being talked about as the most amusing city in Europe, and, in a way, this is true, for there the plays are as fine as they are in New York, and the night-life far more extraordinary. But Berlin is of our day and synchronized with jazz, modern architecture, and mechanical progress—which means that it is not very different from other cosmopolitan cities. Bavaria, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, on the other hand, are something quite apart from life as we have known it since 1920, and they offer us the chance of slipping back into a world that we can still remember and find full of charm.

A trip into Middle Europe is a delightful experience. From the time one crosses the French frontier, either by motor or by train, the spell of the Black Forest blots out visions of mechanical madness and spiritual discontent, substituting a romantic, peaceful world. Everywhere, the people are polite, for they have not yet learned the convenience of bad manners; everything is spotlessly clean; farmhouses are gaily painted in a fresh rainbow of colours; and the tiny villages clustered around the churches, their towers with Turkish domes, look like something out of a mediaeval tapestry.



Here is a world of rare charm, made for people who love beauty, and I predict it will become more and more the fashionable tour of to-day. One may exchange jazz for sentimental music, bill-board advertisements for romantic scenery, and the modern lack of manners for an old-fashioned courtesy. The days before the War, when elegance was still the fashion and bounty was the result of plenty, are not long past, but the pace has been so swift since then that it is difficult to realize how greatly everything has changed or how delightful those days were.

Munich, above all, makes one realize what we have missed—Munich, as beautiful as ever in her *démodé* dress. It is the storeroom of many of the greatest treasures of the world and a city of surpassing beauty.

To learn how to enjoy art museums, galleries, and picture collections, one's education should be started in Munich, for I know of no place in the world, with the exception of the National Gallery in London, the Prado in Madrid, and the Lichtenstein Gallery in Vienna, where art treasures are presented so well. One comes away from them with a clear and unforgettable vision of what one has seen. This is because everything is beautifully arranged, in a way that is very rare in public galleries and museums, and seldom found even in the great private collections. Why does one always remember the Velasquez pictures in Madrid? Because they are presented in such a marvellous manner and, as the dish is not too large for the capacity of the eye, they are printed forever on the brain.

So it is with almost everything one sees in Munich. The outstanding example is the New National Museum, the great picture-gallery that was built to house a collection already made and catalogued. Here are rooms dating from the twelfth century, representing every class of life, from the peasant's kitchen to the gilded rooms of palaces, containing every sort of object of the period, beautifully arranged in the proper settings and comprehensible at a glance.

The strange outward appearance of this museum is due to the fact that it was planned and built to house a collec-

tion of oddly shaped rooms, each having windows opening out-of-doors. The wealth of this collection is staggering. Among the many beautiful rooms is the little seventeenth-century library, painted white and green, from a Bavarian castle, after which the library in Miss Helen Frick's New York house was copied. And everywhere one sees the original documents that have inspired familiar decorative features of American houses.

Another unique museum is the Deutsche Museum, described as an "educational museum." At first glance, this does not appear to be as interesting as it is, but I can assure you that no one should miss it. It presents the fantastic picture of the world's greatest toy-shop, as one passes through room after room, being initiated into the art of bridge building, illustrated by tiny models of suspension-bridges and drawbridges, devised by man since the beginning of time. Or, again, the art of ship-building is explained by tiny models of ancient crafts, modern-day battleships and liners, in all phases of construction. It is the same with railroads, motor-cars, and carriages, submarines, airplanes, and innumerable other things. There are models, too, of the underground installations in cities, showing how electric lighting, telephone communications, sewerage, and other mechanical complications of modern life are managed.

People live art in Munich, and the museums are kept up entirely by the admission fees. Every one is interested in art, and there are always wonderful private exhibitions arranged by the museums. At the moment I was there, the whole of the new Pinakothek had been emptied of its treasures to make room for a private exhibition of the pictures and art objects belonging to the noted German financier, Baron Thyssen, a collection famous the world over. At the same time, a wing of the Royal Palace—some rooms of which are even more wonderful than those in Versailles—was given over to a fantastic collection of church ornaments, things of great value that are scarcely ever seen and never on public view—vestments, chalices, and mitres, studded (Continued on page 130)



# BACK TO THE FARM

LONG before Mr. Roosevelt started his back-to-the-land movement, the tired-business-man started one. It began shortly after the War, when most of us became permanently tired. The ticker moved too fast. Our bank balances changed too fast. And at night, taxis weren't fast enough to take us from one engagement to the other. No one wore just one orchid. No one said, "Let's go to a night-club." But every one said, "Let's look in at some night-club." As a vacation, the pace of Bar Harbor or Palm Beach had nothing to offer the man who, day in and day out, watched figures feverishly and played restlessly. He searched for the antidote to his city life, and found the Farm. By the time the late 'twenties came along, it was as hard to look the part of a successful business man if you had no farm as to look the part of a Follies chorus girl if you had no mink coat.

Now, the farm remains the one luxury that most of us urbanites haven't lost in the shuffle of the last few years. The plumbing isn't what it used to be. The roof needs shingling. The lawn is as tufted as a candlewick bedspread. But the farm is ours.

Some of my "farming" friends are apt to remind me that this is only because no one has been foolhardy enough to take our farms off our hands at any price. "The early settlers," however, like myself, have had time to grow sentimental. We'd miss the long row of red figures on the budget labeled "farm" considerably more than we've missed those labeled "penthouse apartment" or "nursery governess." In fact, I have noticed that "early settlers," when letting out a notch in their belts for the first time since 1929, turn immediately to ways and means of increasing the farm deficit.

I, for one, can no longer restrain the urge to "fix up" the place. Not a terrace, nor a pool, nor turning the attic into a guest-room with dormer-windows this year. But just inexpensively changing or adding a detail here and there.

Before I tell you what I have planned, let me say that I am planning for a farm which still has cows in the barn, which is checker-boarded with rambling grey walls from

which masses of poison-ivy and Virginia creeper have not yet been torn, and fields that are still unscientifically riddled with holes of woodchucks. Half a dozen cars bring out guests on Friday night to crowd the farmhouse sleeping porch and the two-room clapboard guest-house. A Finnish couple run the place, from mowing the lawn to serving the meals. And guests and numberless relations are likely to find themselves called upon to cut down an apple-tree or dam a brook into a mist pool in between sets of tennis or trips to the country club for golf.

While shopping, I have had to remember not to go Newport lest I will have a place that looks like a country girl decked out according to the fancy of her city slicker. And I have eschewed like the black plague the temptation to do a Petit Trianon act. If I must wear overalls, let them be overalls from Montgomery Ward's at sixty-nine cents the pair, not *crêpe de Chine* creations from the rue de la Paix. American versions of the Petit Trianon are too apt to look like a stage-setting for an Earl Carroll country post-office scene or a Hollywood backdrop for rustic passion. The things I buy, to be suitable, must be as simple as a farm and yet as modern and sophisticated as my life. On the opposite page is shown a very good farm model—a dress from Lanz of Salzburg, in Austria, made of strawberry-red peasant linen, with big silver buttons and funny tucked sleeves. Lord and Taylor has this, and it's perfect for gardening.

Even if you have one of those farms where the stables house hunters only, where pheasants are encouraged to eat the "hired-man's" planting, and where cocktails before dinner are the rule, still you must cherish simplicity if you would have the comforts and relaxation of the farmer rather than the swank and social pace of the estate owner. Therefore, the accessories for the farm with stone walls that cost \$3 a foot should be much the same as for the farm with its stone walls tumbling down for the last hundred years.

The neighbouring farmers' daughters, when called in to help out over heavy week-ends, have mangled my glass and china. And so my first expedition was to Macy's. There I discovered some Lanesville china that seemed designed for the farm. It has a large flower pattern, gay and simple—as you can see in the photograph on page 128. It allows for the most heavy-handed of farmers' daughters, for it is a set that will be open until (Continued on page 128)



STRAWBERRY-RED PEASANT LINEN IN A DRESS FROM LANZ OF SALZBURG, IMPORTED BY LORD AND TAYLOR

Elizabeth Ives, 'Back to the farm', 1 May 1935

## The Indian Fashion Show, 1942–1972

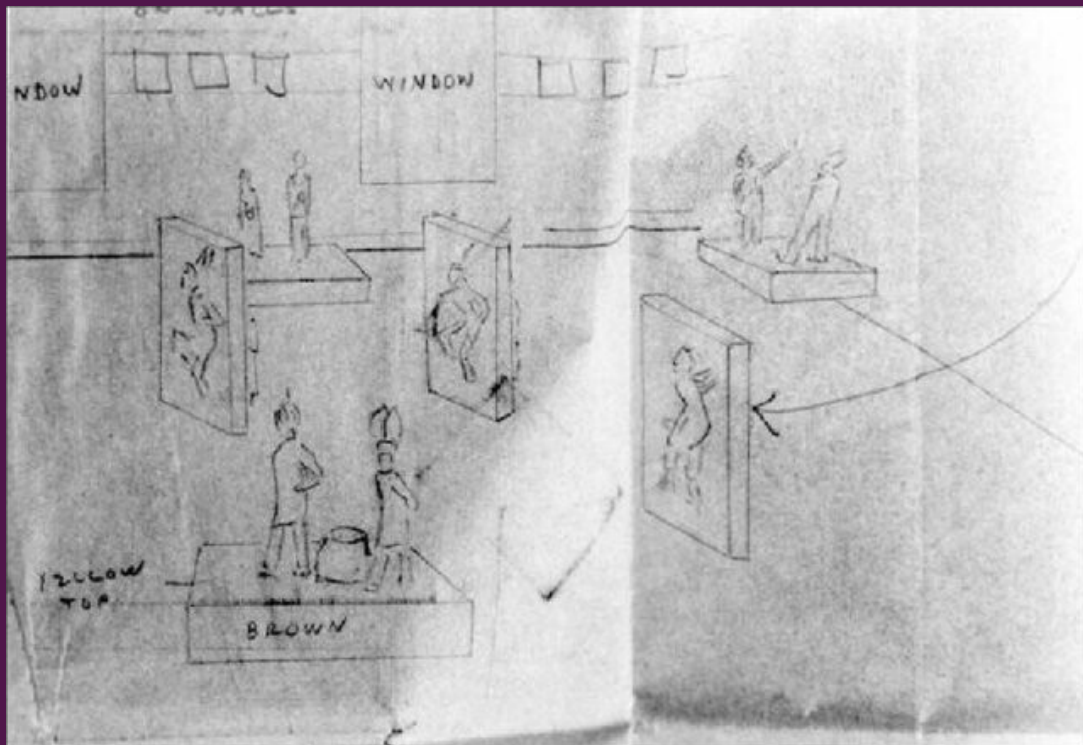
“Women of both Indian and White groups share a deep common interest in fine clothing and have achieved results which in many ways have remarkable similarity in purpose and function if not in actual details of materials used. Like her White sister the Indian woman is well aware of new materials for construction and decoration; and of the most effective use of these materials. Her styles change more slowly than those of our life—[but] in response to the same felt need for something different now and then. She recognizes clearly that different types of garments are indicated for different purposes; that dressing up does something important for a woman’s psyche.”

Frederic H. Douglas



**FIGURE 1.** *Mary Louise Defender modeling Warm Springs Dress on 12 February 1966 at the Indian and Métis Conference in Winnipeg. Narrated by Denver Art Museum curator, Norman Feder. Photo courtesy of the Denver Art Museum.*





Sketch of the Indian Fashion Show exhibit that was erected at the Baltimore Museum of Art

The idea of a Native American fashion show and wearable art is great. I do feel the beauty of Native Americans [is] best portrayed [in] their clothing. I'd like to see a contemporary version with the women modeling their own clothes (art) and the telling about their process and the meaning of the materials, symbols, etc. This is a fantastic concept and should be expanded and continued.

I think that there shouldn't be white people modeling Native American culture there should be Indian people modeling them instead of white people. All the manikins [sic] should be Native American so they could get the experience of what they really looked like instead of Blonds, Brunettes, or Red Heads. Ohh—one more thing, their [sic] were hardly any of this gay shit here and this gallery should be run by Indians not white hoers.

—Native visitor to Fashion Pathways exhibit

