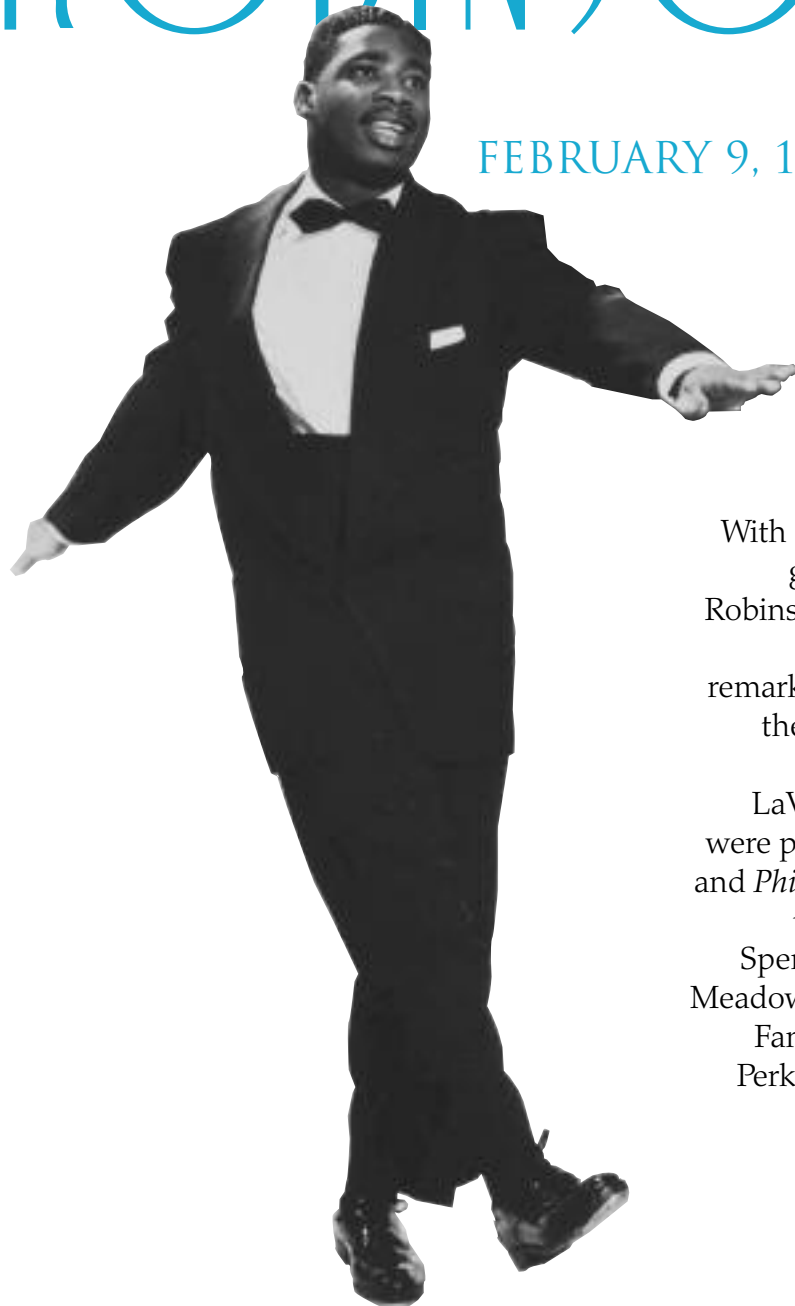


IN MEMORY OF  
LAVAGHN  
ROBINSON

FEBRUARY 9, 1927 - JANUARY 22, 2008



With sorrow, we announce the passing of the great Philadelphia tap dancer LaVaughn Robinson this past January. In many ways, this feels like the end of a defining era of remarkable tap veterans and entertainers. Join the Folklore Project in the coming year for programs recalling the contributions of LaVaughn and others, all now passed, who were part of our *Plenty of Good Women Dancers* and *Philadelphia Tap Initiative* projects dating to the 1990s: Hortense Allen Jordan, Libby Spencer, Edith "Baby Edwards" Hunt, Henry Meadows, Delores and Dave McHarris, Isabelle Fambro, Michelle Webster Roberts, Patricia Perkins. We are privileged by their presence.

*Above: LaVaughn Robinson  
Photo courtesy of the artist*

*Right: Master tap dancers and elders Henry Meadows, Edith "Baby Edwards" Hunt and LaVaughn Robinson, with their students and dancer partners Pete Briglia and Germaine Ingram. Photo: Jane Levine*

*LaVaughn Robinson and Henry Meadow at a PFP "Stepping in Time" rehearsal. Photo: Thomas B. Morton, 1994*



## FOR LAVAUGHN

Philly street dancer romancing the floorboards like Cyrano diggin' Roxanne;  
Tapping beguines that breathe the urgent purr of felines drunk on catnip.  
Swingin' like a Hampton jump—like Lunceford layin' down "For Dancers Only"—  
like Frankie Manning stompin' at the Savoy...  
like Ella chasin' her yellow basket...  
Skippy ain't seen no smooth like his soft shoe, and the moon ain't been so high  
as me, watching from the wings, him putting an exclamation point on "Artistry."  
Fernando jumped out the Hideaway just long enough for him to run an armada's worth of paddles;  
And "Lover" drew near to hear the rapture of staccato heels tradin' with stop-time tune.  
Papa Smurf catchin' his wind while tellin' jokes older than New Years Day.  
"Sound tap dancing," that's what he'd say, 'fore pouring fire on the stage.

"Peace be still" you say? Death can't hush his satin roar.  
Sod and stone can't quell his story. Sunset can't out his flame.  
I stood on the banks of Jordan to see his ship go by...  
While his song lingers, lingers, lingers, in the air.

*Germaine Ingram, January 27, 2008*