

# All the World Is Mad

**A**N epidemic of "Salomes" has struck the world. Maud Allen, the dancer, a San Francisco girl, has done more than any other person to push it along.

Almost as naked as truth, and concealing principally by gauze and ropes of jewels extremes which in days gone by were never considered permissible for stage display, a host of great dancers are going through sinuous movements to show the daughter of Herodias in her extreme moment of ecstasy.

Seldom has a fad, and especially so questionable a one, spread with such amazing rapidity.

When a year ago last winter the opera "Salome," by Richard Strauss, was barred from the Metropolitan opera in New York, after only one performance, because the real estate company which owns the property thought it disgusting beyond expression, it was thought that this country had seen the last of the dancing courtesan.

It mattered not that the music was written by Richard Strauss, one of the greatest living masters of the tonal art, or that a cast of magnificent artists gave a wonderful performance of the work.

When Salome danced before her stepfather and then as a reward took to herself the head of the butchered John the Baptist, in order that she might drain from it the kisses the holy man denied her in life, the spectacle was voted so degrading that the limits where art could be urged as excuse had been passed.

Therefore Salome was banished.

But what a revenge has Strauss!

The new world which would not accept the Salome of art has now riotously welcomed the Salome of the dance hall. Salome is at present the popular feature of every roof garden. Without a Salome it is foolish to attempt to draw people to the summer places where musical, terpsichorean and liquid comfort are served.

Moreover, all the new road shows of a lighter vein are going to have Salome features. Actresses and singers, as well as dancers, who made their living in other kinds of work have found out that if they want to stay in the game successfully they must learn how to do the Salome act.

Forgetting for an instant the more noted Salomes, such as Maud Allen, who has set Paris and London mad, and Gertrude Hoffman, who is New York's hit in the role, it will be seen that a number of stage favorites have been drawn into the sensation.

Dainty Lotta Faust, a star of years with the Weber & Fields combinations, has introduced a Salome dance into the "Mimic World." She frankly admits that she had to in order to keep pace with the rivals who are doing the same act.

With her beautiful feet and legs bare, and her garb consisting mainly of gauze and ropes of pearls, Miss Faust recently essayed her debut in the part, and scored a sensation.

Eva Tanguay, she who is all nerves, has also been showing how the wicked wrieger danced the head off John the Baptist. Miss Tanguay has long been famed for the possession of a particular beautiful body, and she makes as little concealment of it as possible while engaged in the voluptuous measures of this dance.

But the best—or the worst—that the home Salomes have had the courage to attempt pales beside the work of the Salomes that first made good on the other side of the great ocean divide.

La Sylphe, for instance, fairly made New York gasp on her first appearance recently, though she frankly admits that her present performance of the dance is much milder than that which she gave in Europe.

La Sylphe has a complete understanding of the body dance of the far east, that oriental performance named the "houchee kouchee," which shocked the country during the world's fair of 1893 at Chicago, but did a whole lot to make the success of the midway. Miss Edith Lambelle is the real name of La Sylphe, and she calls her performance "The Remorse of Salome."

La Sylphe is extraordinary in slenderness, fat has no part in the Salome equipment, and she is a veritable marvel of the contortionist's talent. Several yards of pearls seem to be her sole covering of the midwaist.

La Sylphe says she gives as much of the muscle dance as she dares, but that to do the Salome dance with accuracy it should be done with far greater similarity to the dances of the orient.

Gertrude Hoffman is another heart-breaking Salome, but unlike La Sylphe, who is rather cynical and looks at the dance from a business standpoint, Miss Hoffman says it is all "real art."

Miss Hoffman's Salome costume consists specifically of one pair of flesh-colored silk trunks, reaching from the waist half way to the knee; one skirt of black gauze, gold embroidered at the bottom, and reaching to the ankles; a girdle of pearls and brilliants, breast-plate and decolletage of pearls and emeralds, with ropes of pearls looped to the girdle, and necklace and armlets of brilliants and jade. A diadem and a red wig complete the costume.

Neither tights nor sandals are worn, the arms, legs and torso being entirely bare.

In this astonishing costume Miss Hoffman has been appearing nightly before crowded houses on the Hammerstein roof, and her semirude dance in the midst of the beautiful setting representing the courtyard of Herod's palace, has made a hit of most titanic dimensions.

The black skirt is a delusion and a

snare to the eyes. It conceals, yet displays. The occasional glimpses it permits of the slender but shapely legs of the dancer are far more attractive than could be any mere unveiled limbs. Nor in this dance is anything left to the imagination. The frankly physical nature of Salome's love for John is shown in the startling detail.

Miss Hoffman makes no secret of the fact that she went to school to the greatest of all Salomes, Miss Maud Allen. This young woman was the sensation of Paris. She remains the wonder of London. It is not certain that the United States will ever see this dance with the frankness that marks it in London. There still remain some conventions in force on this side.

Melba, Tetrazzini, every other musical and dramatic sensation, are nothing compared to the present vogue of Miss Allen in this dance.

Miss Allen has to give special matinees and added performances in order to accommodate the throngs who want to see her, and even then not all can be accommodated.

Manchester would not stand for the dance, and the authorities there announced that Miss Allen would be arrested if she give it, but London has no scruples.

Miss Allen dresses in a gauze like black. Her breast shows the circular plates seen in pictures of Amazons. Across the front of the torso swing two or three pendants from a waist-band, and supported by the hips hangs the black net.

This dancer does not wear tights. Her body and limbs are absolutely naked. There are no seven veils in this version of Salome. There is only one, and there is little of it.

First come suggestive posturings, then the severed head of John appears on a pedestal on the left side of the stage.

Sinuously, and like a serpent, the dancer glides over to it, several times hesitating before finally she has the courage to take it.

But once the horrid head is in her hands she goes into an excess of raptures over it, making the performances of the grand opera Salomes seem pale, indeed.

Then follows a revulsion. Fear overcomes her. She writhes her fantastic way across the stage, the whole nude body quivering. Then she falls in a collapse, a shining mass in the midst of the oriental scenery.

Probably Richard Strauss never dreamed of any such Salome excitement as this. But if he has any sense of humor he must revel in the welcome accorded the dance in places where they refused the opera on the score of its prurency.

## Ever the Salome Dance

MAUD ALLEN OF SAN FRANCISCO AND THOSE WHO IMITATE HER DARING PORTRAYAL HAVE EUROPE AND AMERICA AT THEIR BARE FEET



EVA TANGUAY



LA BELLA ZOLA



DURAN



MAUD ALLEN



VERA OLCOFF



BARE FEET AND LEGS OF MAUD ALLEN



LOTTA FAUST



GERTRUDE HOFFMAN



MAUD ALLEN



LA SYLPHE



MAUD ALLEN HILDA CAROLI



GERTRUDE HOFFMAN