

# The American Girl who Danced Salome with a Real Head

And Who Now Holds Paris  
Enthralled by the Intensity and  
Passion of Her Performance and  
Will Dance it Here Next Autumn  
if America is "Ripe Enough."









**"HER BODY RIGID AS THOUGH CARVED IN MARBLE, THE DANCER SLOWLY FORCED HER EYES TO THE FACE SHE HELD ALOFT. IT WAS THE FACE OF A MAN NOT LONG DEAD."**

IT was not long after the Dance of the Lions. To Maud Allen, swaying like a passion flower in the last steps of the Seven Veils, a giant negro brought upon a great silver the head of Jokanaan.

All about the dim salon of the Huda-Pasha palace sat silent nobles of the city. Her eyes half closed, the dancer smiled by its dank hair the ghastly prize of Herodias's daughter.

She leaned toward its lips. Gently the severed head touched her wrists, and there shot through her a terrible tremor, a shiver, a lag of the soul. Upon her white flesh were red stains, dark crimson dots. It was blood. Her body rigid as though carved in marble, the dancer slowly forced her eyes to the face she held aloft.

It was the face of a man not long dead. As one from whom life goes very quickly, she crumbled to the floor. From her hands dropped the head. It rolled down upon her breast and fell beside her, leaving upon her white body a grimy trail. So was the dancer Maud Allen taught that it is not well to jest with a noble of Hungary.

Not for many days did she dance as Salome after that. Not for many days did she dance at all. And now, as she glides about the waxen head on the stage of the Varieties, that gay stage where tragedy until this day has been tabooed, Paris watches and wonders at her diabolie, at the sinister power that radiates from every movement of that wonderful dance, marble's at its deadliest, and when it is done not for long can M. Brasseur and his joyous company bring Paris back to its normal condition of laughter.

That is because Maud Allen has been well taught not to jest with Hungary; has learned what it means to stir by ridicule the current of barbarism that rolls strove beneath the veneer. It is because that always when she dances Salome now it is not the waxen head that is before her, but the human head not long severed of a man she never knew; it is his dank hair that she grasps, his dead flesh that she sees, and to stem the flood of horror and loathing that comes over her she strives and strives to smother most mightily, and so become in truth that phase of Salome's love.

Perhaps, too, once there lived a Roman Emperor who wished that all the Roman people had but a single neck that he might sever it at a stroke. So, perhaps, dancer Maud Allen feels and sees in that head the withered heads of those Hungarian nobles who have turned one of the greatest traditions of her art into a nightmare for her.

But, and the world would she feel again the dank hair of the Seven Veils, and the severed head of the Lion.

the wit of an American girl which was met by the morbid spirit of Hungarian humor, a grim, barbaric touch that some old Tarzan enthusiasts would have enjoyed or which would have tickled the heart of an ancient Russian court.

Less than a year it has been that Maud Allen by her unique genius won the attention of Europe. It is less than two weeks that she appeared in Paris which promptly went wild over her. For Miss Allen, who was born in San Francisco, by the way, had a new idea—or an idea almost as old as the world, but rejuvenated. Educated in France and Germany, a pupil of Liszt at Berlin, she had found in her the power to interpret the masters of music, not by singing, not by any instrument, but by dancing.

To the study and the development of this gift she gave her years from eighteen to twenty-two, in Palestine, in Egypt, in Turkey and in the provinces thereabout, where, among the wild elms still like the ancient dances, she studied. Slowly as she worked she, month by month, the strange music knowledge within her kept pace and transmuted those things which came to her from without. It was as though within her the souls of old dancers awoke to being interesting, suggesting, supplying those gaps that time had swept away in the ancient dances. She leaned from the four-year novitiate the very spirit of the dance.

**Her Dance That Entrances Paris.**

Came to her the call, sharp and imperative, to interpret by her art the masters of music. And all of these wonderfully, truthfully she brings before the eyes as clearly as the great musician brings them to the ear. "Impressions plastiques," they call here, but it is very much more than that. Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, Chopin's Nocturnes, Mozart's Minuet, Debussy's Brahms, Strauss, all she brings before one in graceful, lithe, beautiful lines of living flesh. There is no speaking, no ordinary movements of the art of acting. Her body sings the underlying motif of the music, her face completes the chain of ideas. Thus she plays upon emotions, whether it is the tender grace of a Chopin waltz, the tragedy of the Marche Funere or the religious ecstasy of the Ave Maria.

Now, this is the manner of her moving upon Huda-Pasha and why she danced before the lions and why the bleeding head was given her.

In true art she claims, there is no shame of naked flesh, and yet to the dancer steeped in the traditions of the Orient there came the battle between the Occident's ideal and the presentation of actual truth. Always she had danced with bare feet and finally her conception of Salome won against the prejudice.



THREE PHASES OF MISS MAUD ALLEN'S DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS.