

## The Craziest Dance Yet.

Mademoiselle Dix, Who Has Startled Even Paris, Tells the Moral, Artistic and Hygienic Advantages of Acting Like Bugs and Beetles



The Cicada Twist. A Rather Difficult Movement Copied from the Locust Which Mlle. Dix Advocates (Can It Be She Is Not Serious?) as a Substitute for Any Tango Step.



The Scarab Crawl. A Figure in Mlle. Dix's Dance Which Imitates a Characteristic Attitude of the Social Beetle of Egypt. "As Graceful, Interesting and Artistic as Any Dance Society Is Now Mad Over," Says Mlle. Dix.

seem to resolve themselves into the whirl of a multitude of descending wings, there is a slight, scratching sound on the right of the stage. In the half light of the stage there is seen slowly crawling upon it from the wings a long, narrow body in glistening coat of brilliant green. The body aways from side to side. It lifts its head and wags it from side to side. When it has reached the centre of the stage the half light changes slowly into full light and revealed is a beautiful woman whose movements are those of a grasshopper. She lifts her front legs and, clasping them, strokes her head and face. There is something familiar in this gesture, familiar and tantalizing to the beauty loving city and such a gesture translated by the white gleam of a woman's arms. Astonishing! The grating, discordant music, sound'ng like the descent of a thousand wings, continues. The daring Dix stretches forth her



The Bee Sweep. Imitating the Action of the Bee in Rubbing Its Fore Legs While It Luxuriately Stretches Its Hind Legs. "Beautiful and Healthful," Says Mlle. Dix. "and Far More Poetic Than the 'Bunny Hug'."

Paris, March 1. Mlle. Christiane Dix has really startled Paris. Mlle. Dix is a dancer. One of the newest in the extraordinary but interesting school that has broken away from the classic tradition and aims to be picturesque. Of the picturesqueness of her dances there is no question. Mlle. Dix imitates, translates into terpsichorean symbols, the humble bug.

"Is she serious?" asks Paris, hesitating between its amusement at the grotesquerie and real admiration for the grace of her creations. It seems most likely that Mlle. Dix isn't quite serious—that she is really playing a lovely joke on Paris, and the other dancers who are imitating everything else except bugs.

"For really," says Mlle. Dix, "there was nothing left for me to interpret. There has been such an invasion of nature by the dancers. Mlle. Romer studied the drifting clouds and the rolling surf and based new dances upon this theme; Ladye Vivian imitated tree branches and flower stems in motion; La Gai fashioned her most daring dance upon the model of a leopard's wooling. Are there not bird dances and butterfly dances—look at the Russians with their 'Bird of Fire' and the Bunny Hug, the It's a Bear, the Horse Walk, the Serpent Glide and others. Alas! I was driven to the bug.

"But being driven to the bug I grew to learn its full beauty and worth of character. It is more constant than the cloud and quite as graceful. Also, it is healthy. It has perfect balance; perfect control of every part. Ah, it was difficult to imitate the bug, but having done so I have transferred to myself its perfect control and balance. I am healthier than ever before. "The beetle. He is as poetic as the bear. He is a necessary creature, too. He is a good creature, although his taste is not delicate. "Atrocities! Who dare call them so? They are nature itself. All of last Summer I lived in a little inn in the green heart of the Forest of Fontainebleau. I did it that I might study the bugs, the dear little bugs. Does not Mlle. Duncan study the Greek vases, another the tomb frescoes of Egypt, still another the wrecked remains of Mycenaean? If so, do you marvel that I was happy studying the bugs of Fontainebleau?"

"Ah, those musical bees! Those gray

ants, intent, serious, like the worried gray-coated men of the Bourse. But most fascinating of all the little tumbling, awkward beetles of the barnyard! How I loved them!

"Associating with the low bug has uplifted me. Vratment! It is most certainly so. I was lazy and the bee made me ashamed, I was improvident. It seemed that I might die as so many dancers have died in a cafe in debt in the Montmartre. I watched the ever-boarding ant and now have I for the first time in my life a bank account not overdrawn. I buy me next week a house in La Muette, where I shall be the neighbor of Americans. But the beetle! My beautiful green favorite! From him I learned the true joy of labor. The beetle is a real democrat! The bees

and the ants are working aristocrats. From the beetle I learned to despise no labor. Be it ever so humble whatever I might do to do it with all my strength.

"We must rest in the afternoon? Ridiculous! The only effect of the siesta is to make a woman fat and stupid. Incessant activity and deep, dreamless sleep—that is the lesson I learned from the dear little insects in Fontainebleau.

"The insect's life is brief? Ouh! But it is intense. It is crammed with events! Things are always happening in the bee world, the ant world and among the beetles. To preserve the life to sunset and toothlessness? Bah! Let me die in the very midday of life, with the sun in my eyes!"

So Mlle. Dix speaks—with her tongue in

her cheek, no doubt, but so cleverly that many are perplexed. As for the dances—they, at least, are no joke. They are wonderful even in their grotesqueness.

Her pantomime dance is photographic. "In Fontainebleau I lay on my stomach all day, beneath a green sunshade and watched the bugs," she says, and this is verified by the accuracy of her impersonations, an accuracy at times so realistic as to be revolting.

To the accompaniment of what seems at first a grating series of discords, harsh, unrythmic noises, that as they continue

## The New Spring Hats--What Do You Think of Them?



9 of the New Bonnets That Will Be Seen on the Boulevard This Month.

Paris, March 2. ALREADY, with Paris pavements glistening with February sleet, the new Spring hats are out—the very last dozen words in Spring hats, for there is a grand splash of variations on the general Spring theme.

If ever Spring hats were crazy, these are—but undeniably attractive, even charming, in their lack of sanity.

These new Spring hats are already quite the rage, though as yet unseasonable. And they are so easily and charmingly imitated in inexpensive materials that they might be called, "The Midnettes' Joy."

The main idea aimed at is the effect of youth—a shrewd device for attracting a wide range of buyers.

These youthful hats, intended to make women more youthful, even in advance of Spring, sometimes have feathers, which rise from the hat like a column of smoke. Or they may be crossed, or single, or clipped short. They may form "teeth" around the crown, or spread out like palms. You may use tufts of feathers of contrasting colors, which on the dark background of the moire crown, produce a startling effect.

As to ostrich plumes—put those horrible, huge nightmares away! They may be used now only as light crowns, around the brim.

They may be used to accentuate the flare, or line of brim.

On the other hand the ibis feather, so long, slender, fine and trembling in the wind like a pink and white streamer is all the go.

These hats may however be trimmed with ribbons. But these ribbons are up-to-date in design and coloring, with their mosaics like Futurist paintings, flashing the glowing over bands of black velvet, and spread out in the shape of wings, or lyres, or even interrogation points. Ribbons are used too, when rolled together as the base on which a bunch of feathers is erected; bright green, with a fan of leaves, three microscopic apples—you can do almost anything with these ribbons. Nevertheless, they are really hats—these crazy Spring affairs!

arms. "It is a thousand jiles that she has not an extra pair to complete the beetle's six," exclaims sympathetic Paris. Yes! The gesture is unmistakable. The few zoologists present laugh. They know the habits of a beetle, understand the rolling gait as of a sailor rendered yet less land-worthy by potions! The beetle pushes his front legs backward and draws his hind legs under him, until they nearly meet. Then gracefully she dances upstage.

As the curious dance proceeds the scientist sees some of the most characteristic habits of the Scarabeus reproduced by the clever woman with the pair of adorably melting, wholly laughing black eyes. (She reaches out with the long, blind legs, whose delicate feet act as pivots. The music strikes a livelier note! There is a cheerful buzz of the violin strings! The drum beats swiftly as the beating of a happy heart! With a spring Christiane Dix is upon the stage! She seems to have flown from a height. She alights daintly upon a yellow rose! She poises weightlessly upon an outer petal! And poised there in her costume of gorgeous gold and black stripes, with wings of finely spun cloth of gold, she sings in low sibilant tones to the accompaniment of the orchestra, sings a strange song without words, a psalm of industry. She darts into the pink heart of the rose. Quivering, silently, she, extracts its honey. Then burdened, satiate, the golden wings heavy, she flies away.

She returns as a gray ant, darting here and there mad with energy. Occasionally she stops to rub the impeding dust gently from her tiny gray feet. The naturalists present—there is an increasing number of them every night at the Folies Margny—are frantic with delight, the enthusiasm of the Gaul doubled by the joy of the scientist.

By these performances Paris rates Christiane Dix as an apostle of realism in the dance. Science, without boundaries of any country, proclaim her a light that shines in the dark places of science. Naturalists visit the Folies for study. Visiting Americans stare and say: "That is positively the craziest dance of all the crazy dances of a dance-mad year."