

is here. The gipsies will respect her presence because they know that she is a European.'

Fred Burnaby, *On Horseback Through Asia Minor*, 1877, vol. I, pp. 220-3

The next piece from the novel *Askaros Kassis the Copt* by Edwin de Leon, describes the disgust of the American ladies when they witness dancing in the house of a princess.

She clapped her hands thrice sharply together, when a curtain was suddenly pushed aside at one corner of the apartment, and three *Ghawazee*, or dancing girls, bounded into the room, and commenced the wildest dancing; unseen musicians, behind the curtain, accompanying their movements with the wailing music of the fife, and of the *darabouka* drum. To describe their dance would be next to impossible, for it had in it more of St. Virus or of St. Anthony than of Terpsichore.

Their movement was at first slow and measured, like the opening of the Tarantula; but soon the music grew faster and more furious, and, with the rising din, faster and furious grew the posturings and contortions of the *Ghawazee*. They writhed and twisted their lithe bodies and sinuous limbs in strange muscular contortions – into almost impossible positions – keeping time to the music with every motion. They advanced and retreated; one personating a man, another a woman, in every attitude of timid supplication – audacious wooing, rejection, despair, angry violence, consent, successful love, rapture, agony! and closed the strange performance with grossness too revolting for description.

The visitors, fascinated at first by the wild novelty of the performance, were soon disgusted by its coarseness; especially in the great feat which was the crowning performance, the 'Nakle a ho', or 'bee-dance'; for the conception and execution of this dance surpassed any indecency of the French or American baller corps – very far exceeding the bounds of the most lax propriety.

The young girls and the ancient maiden averted their eyes, and fixed them upon their pipe-bowls, while this more than Bacchanal frenzy was gone through with, to the infinite amusement as well as the unutterable scorn of the princess, who regarded their behaviour as hypocritical prudery. She herself applauded warmly the strongest and most indelicate parts of the performance, stimulating the dancers to yet more frantic indecencies; and when, panting, exhausted, and