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centuries-old tradition. In the old days, French dolls brought to the toyland of other capitals a hint of the gracious ease of Paris. The luxury trades in their turn offered novelties which Paris, never lacking in the spirit of inventiveness, proposed to a bewildered Europe.

Today, weary of tailored, mannish styles, women are turning to more feminine fashion; long skirts are again veiling the mystery of the «nether extremities» (Oh, shades of Great Grandmama!) — *Finis*, those

graceful Diana-like limbs, because Fashion demands graceful, gracious movements such as Perdita used to charm! Perhaps our menfolk, abandoned now by their woman «comrade» will take delight in this new and delicious Eve, and turn a sonnet in her praise. No time, you say? But isn't there always time for love?

And so, once more, Paris — despite hard times and the threat of things to come — has remodelled Eve and made her remember that she is the power behind this motorized world of ours.

A Revolution

Since short hair became the fashion, no such revolution has been known, — for it is indeed a revolution. How long will the new reign last? How will it develop? Questions that cannot yet be answered, but which may well be asked now that the new tendency is being accepted. Will its so sudden appearance be followed by an equally rapid decline? Or will it lay hold on our imagination, shall we submit to its sway, so that it will fit in harmoniously in the history of Fashion? Why not? For is not a revolution, however sudden and radical it may be, the outcome of evolution, the result of preceding events? It would be a mistake to say that we felt it coming, nor did the slight lengthening of skirts that preceded it give us any idea of the lengths to which it would go, nor of its amazing success. Is it not quite right that fashions should be fantastic, unexpected, illogical like women often are! Without, however, denying old traditions! Continuity is a matter of taste, — Taste, — the god of Paris, the clever conductor of an orchestra whose magic baton makes the most charming details apparent, makes contrasts less striking, makes true values clear. Rulers change and are not often alike, — Taste, — the grand immovable vizir, enforces his strict etiquette and prevents his subjects from doing anything too daring. Let no one think he could do without him!

It was Christian Dior, a newcomer in the «Haute Couture» in Paris, who was the chief actor in the peaceful upheaval of which the whole world is speaking. This gifted man, admirably prepared for the part he is playing, by travel, culture, art studies, and having acted as scene-painter and costumer in theatres and cinemas, and as fashion designer, has now introduced a new line which is likely to become *the line of our times*: sloping shoulders, high-waisted, slender, and rounded hips.

It would be wrong to say that the whole world has accepted these novelties. The first shock of surprise was followed in many cases by the annoying feeling of having become old-fashioned from one day to another without any other choice but to submit or to take up the gauntlet and to win the day. In countries where the business interests know how to affect public opinion, there were protests of all kinds, — democratic, popular, or even national. A little later the opponents of the new line completely turned about face and became its most ardent upholders, so far as to overstep all reasonable boundaries. So much both for enemies and not-so-clever friends! The revolution has triumphed, — we now await its further development, the variations of the new idea which those who are working in the Temple of Taste in Paris, will present to us.

Celia.

LE CYCLE D'UNE PARISIENNE, HIVER 1947

