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"They have no intelligence of their own. The stage manager pulls the strings and they make the appropriate gestures. They even have to be taught how to kiss—on the stage."

"THE STAGE IS FILLED WITH BRAINLESS PUPPETS."

Says Gaby Deslys



"Who is it gets the most interesting husband? The music hall artiste. She leaves the degular actress at the post because he is alive and the other is an auto motor!"

"Just Word-Stuffed, Gesture-Drilled Automaton. They Don't Think, Can't Think--How Much Greater the Music Hall Artiste Is!" Exclaims the Girl Whose Toes Kicked the Throne From Under Manuel

By GABY DESLYS

(The Parisian Star of the Winter Garden, New York.)

My good friend George Bernard Shaw and I have, oh, so many heart talks over the stage as it is to-day. He is a very great cynic. He says to me that the modern play is no good. Then to prove his point he writes a play that I say is no good, the public pulls it to pieces, but goes to see it just the same. I do not know which is the funniest, the public or my friend Bernard Shaw.

I do not agree with the temperamental Monsieur Shaw, as we French call him. Non, non, it is not the play but the players who are wrong. I am sure that I am right, and I am sure that you will agree with me and not my cynical friend. I speak not from cynicism, not from bad digestion, but from an intimate knowledge of the stage and its people.

We have never gotten away, you see, from the marionette age. Our first actors were wooden puppets, who were pulled and jerked about by strings. They were the jumping jacks, the Punch and Judy, of the stage. They wept, danced, smiled and kissed to order! Puff, never could I do it.

And yet the actor and actress, most of them, have never gotten away from this puppet age. The manager pipes and his men dance and his women sing to his piping.

There is an absolute lack of originality among the stage people to-day. Understand me, please, I except, of course, the few great artists who translate their own ideas, who think for themselves; it is just the sharp contrast they make with the average of their colleagues that makes the latter show up so brainless, so unoriginal.

The stage is overrun with a race of people who do not think for themselves; they would not be allowed to do so if they could, for only the director is allowed that privilege. It is, I think, what you Americans would call "the man higher up," who is responsible for the sad state of affairs. And yet the actors are also to blame. Think for a minute. Nothing is more easy than to play a small part at the theatre. The person, the most stupid in the world, has only to obtain her part; she studies it; the stage manager teaches her how to speak every word, how to make every gesture; she can rehearse until, like the parrot, she can reel it all off word by word. She calls herself and the world also calls her an actress. But I say she is not an actress. And there is much wideness between those two terms.

The actress, taught parrot like, puts nothing of herself in her part; she does not know how to. Most often she has nothing to put in. She has no impression, no emotion, no idea. She exerts herself not at all to trans-

Gaby Deslys Who Pities the "Legitimate" Actors and Actresses and Thinks the Music Hall Artists Has So Much the Better of Them.

late her part to the public. She is simply a living, breathing marionette, and that is all. The only difference between the wooden puppet and this modern actress is that the latter is flesh and blood.

Mrs. Fiske, who is one of the really great artists of America, tells me that the hardest thing she encounters is to find an actress who can play the part of being a lady on the stage! Yet a lady is always a lady!

How common is it to hear an American girl who has a speaking part say: "I do my part just like Maude Adams or Ethel Barrymore." In France I hear girls say: "Oh, that I might be a second Rachel or a Sarah Bernhardt!" This is all wrong. Let these girls say: "I will be myself, a Marie Felice the first, a Mary Jones the first, not a second any one."

I hope that I make myself plain to you. It is better to be one's self than to be a monkey or a parrot actress, made by man.

Why Villains Are Always Dark-- And All Angels Are Blondes

PROFESSOR WILHELM VON LICHTENSTEIN, of the University of Berlin, has discovered why villains and "villainesses" on the stage and in fiction are always dark complexioned, with lustrous raven tresses, and why in art all angels are blonde.

Professor von Lichtenstein starts right out by saying that there is ground for the first belief but none for the second. All angels may be blonde, but all blondes are not angels.

In the earliest ages man associated all malign powers with darkness, says the Professor. It was in darkness that the cave tiger sprang upon him and in the darkness that the enemy sought him in his rocky lair. And so he gradually grew to think of evil as darkness. Conversely it was in daylight that he was most secure. The yellow sun, a blonde luminary, brought him warmth, comfort and life. So the primitive mind shaped the belief that evil things were dark--brunettes, and that good things were light--blondes.

When man began to personify evil, to write of evil men and women and put

them on the stage, he made them dark simply because he followed the ancient line of thought.

But, says the Professor, it is also true that there are more wicked brunettes than blondes. The brunette is chemically different from the blonde. His liver does not functionate so well, and he is more a victim of auto-toxins. These auto-toxins disturb his or her brain and lead them to wickedness.

For exactly the same reason that Satan was made a brunette and the Prince of Darkness, the angels have been always pictured as blondes and "vessels full of light." There can be, are, and ought to be good brunette angels, says the Professor, for some of the greatest villains and "villainesses" in the world have been blondes.

"In my opinion," concludes the Professor, "the really fatal women are fair women. I do not mean the fair-haired woman, with a complexion of milk and roses and pretty blue eyes, but the blonde, thin, sharp, and acid looking."



"The stage people are just like the stage locomotive. Not real. Oh, if only the locomotive would really run over the hero some day! See them in melodramas--three what you call--fake!"



"Behold the matinee idol as he is. Behold the foolish worshiping maids who think they see a hero and do not know they are only in love with just an empty Suit of clothes."