

Three Photographs I began writing about the opera this

morning, but during an idle moment I happened to look at three photographs on my desk. Then I forgot music and fell to musing. (Writers "muse" where plain folks just loaf). Three pictures stand on my desk. One is Eleanora Duse, taken at Genoa twenty years ago; one is Julia Marlowe—in the springtide of her loveliness; the third is Alla Nazimova. The first is the *Mater Dolorosa* of the drama; imprinted on her face is the suffering of the finely organized modern woman, for whom existence is like a wound—the woman all heart, all nerves. Julia Marlowe has a happier balanced temperament. She is poetic, she is sane. The publication of her rare voice is her destiny, that mellow musical speech of hers in the accents of which there is no spoor of our shabby, provincial nasal inflection. An excellent thing in woman, the absence of this mean, lean larynx. Her voice is not as poignant as Duse's, but it is expressive, moving, charming—like her personality. The American stage is poorer without her gracious presence. Julia Marlowe is a belated Elizabethan who strayed into the nineteenth century. But she doesn't look her lyric age. Nazimova, the Nazimova of a decade ago, stands before us the epitome of the Slavic-Semitic in dramatic art. She is a tiger cat in the leash of her temperament. A hundred nuances are at her call; she plays on her nerves as does a violinist on his four strings. She vibrates, she rages, she is cruel, sleek, subtle, seldom tender. These three women whose pictures stand on my desk (this is the third and last time I tell you this) are foreign-born (news from nowhere): Italy, England, Russia. They are, all three, un-American in their Art, in their outward appearance. Yet they might have been born here and accepted as American types, so cosmopolitan is our country.

Gentle Ghosts I recall an afternoon at Auteuil, near Paris, a decade ago, where I met some superannuated ladies and gentlemen, residents in one of those benevolent foundations with which the French know so well how to cloak offensive charity. (If I remember, it was the "Fondation Perier," but that is negligible). The company was mainly of noble origin, though decayed because of fortune's ill-favor. Among the rest was a Marquise, a Polish-born dame, with brilliant eyes and white hair. She wore regal, but well-worn, clothes. For me, she sang Chopin's "Maiden's Wish" in a sweet, quavering and true voice that brought tears to the eyes. Even Marcella Sembrich, who sings exquisitely this tiny mazurka, would have been affected. The Marquise then tinkled with a still small touch a Field nocturne, upon a pianoforte whose ivory keys looked as if they could exhale yellow sighs. She coquetted gently with a touch of Sarmatian evasiveness. For me she was adorable, though if she had laughed, her face would have cracked like "Hille Bobbe's" in the Metropolitan Museum (and not by Rembrandt, only a copy of the original). Yet she was fascinating, this Diane de Poitiers of the twentieth century. What wit, fire, malice, in the glance of her faded blue eyes. What a magically youthful heart she had. She must have been eighty. But yet a woman.

The Seven Arts

by James Huneker



In America, a woman's heart grows old before her waist. Here we have no old women; our grandmothers wear short skirts and skip like girls. And there you are! as that master metaphysician of fiction, Henry James, so often remarks.

The American Type Is there an American type of beauty?

The question has been often asked, though seldom accorded a satisfactory answer. I dare not make another attempt, and for several reasons; the principal one being an inability to comprehend the meaning of "type." This is not a pedantic quibble; rather a disbelief in the existence of "types." Old Flaubert swore when anyone spoke of synonyms. "There are no synonyms," he grumbled. He was right. There are no synonyms. There are no replicas, there are no types. When we say of a woman that she is of a certain type of beauty we are adopting the formula of the lazy-minded. No two persons are alike; yet as a short cut we speak of a racial type. It is a method of scientific stenography, perhaps invaluable to the ethnographer who deals in broad groupings of the human herd, but misleading

for those of us who see in each soul a distinct cosmos. When you say "American type" you further complicate the question; and admitting that there is such a type, how hopeless to search for it in the whirlpool of nationalities boiling all over our continent. In Europe the American woman is at once recognized, because of her gowns and her good looks. Yet, there are in America at least two or three women who are neither "stylish" nor beautiful. (I flee to Canada before this dynamic admission is printed. Why? Ask Dad. He knows). What is she, this American type? Is she a product of Kentucky, or must she hail from Baltimore? Does Chicago send her across the waters to dazzle British peers, or has New York this monopoly? Possibly the girl of the golden west. Perhaps the cerebral beauty of New England—though brains and beauty are seldom harnessed. But this fumbling attempt at a classification is a sure sign of masculine weakness. The man who hesitates in declaring his preference is lost. Either we view with suspicion his judgments, or else reject them outright. Consider, then, the present writer, with a merciful, even pitying eye. I can swear that for me there are no ugly girls; some are prettier than others. (This epigram was first uttered in praise of firewater). Therefore, he is precisely the sort of man who should not write about feminine types. There are no feminine types. Each woman is an individual entity. We did not have to wait for Max Stirner to apprise us of this platitude. To disentangle the swarm of races is a heavy enough task, without accounting for the innumerable specimens of girls, that fire the blood and brains of our young men.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

When Greek meets Greek there are generally some of-the Allies present to break up the meeting.

Information for the Greeks: War is Hellas.