

fifteen years been training the American public to read Vanity Fair!

ELEANOR DUSE. I hope the pollyannas of art have had a generous set-back from the recent visit of Duse: those dear people who demand that Art be nature and nature art, who call Abraham Lincoln, Jesus, and Florence Nightingale artists—registering a smile of inner vacuity that could many times lose them their lives, if one had not been taught not to kill a happy oyster. These people have always had a sour word for the “artificialities” of Bernhardt but “Duse doesn’t act—she is always natural.” All right, she is still natural, why the moans and groans? Little Sarah Bernhardt took a day off and perfected an art of acting which could not be affected by a disaster to the very instrument with which she worked, an art that out-lived her life. The instrument does not give out nor wear out—age may take it or any other destruction, but if art has had it first, art will have its way with it till the end. The public that went balmily expectant to see Duse but saw nothing and came away cold was somewhat bewildered. . . . Kenneth McGowan rescued his feelings by laying the blame on every opera-house and theatre in New York. No one seems to be to blame but Nature, and just for being natural!

EVA GAUTIER. Margaret Anderson always says “naturally” to every statement I may happen to make . . . no matter how original, abnormal, unnatural or untrue. At least she was quite right when Eva Gautier gave a group of jazz songs on a formal concert at Aeolian Hall. . . . “Naturally.” I don’t quite understand why the french are so jazz-mad. “The Six” are supposed to spend their lives sitting, like a pack of “His Master’s Voice” hounds, in front of a phonograph playing Black Swan records. But that is not why it is natural that a french woman should be the first to introduce jazz into a high-brow program . . . it is Eva Gautier herself. Gautier has introduced more than seven hundred songs, by new or unknown composers, to the public. We hope there is a reward for that kind of artistic energy somewhere: it is not in the box-office. Music critics are