

Notes

Nothing irritates more than a pretense of modesty when some towering giant of big industry or ex-president

There is an American type of actress that carries the burden of virtue and wears a saintliness.

And wears a wistful saintliness that

There is an American type of actress who wears a saintliness and carries the burden of virtue as though it were all the [xxx] of the world. Many capitalists also whose sacrosanct demeanor that excels any Jesuit monk of the loftiest order are the same.

Many capitalists especially in the oil racket. They wear a sacrosanct demeanor excelling any Jesuit monk of the loftiest order.

I do not believe in method acting. It is confining, didactic and erroneous. In acting one should not have a regular systematic way of doing things in the character. The theatre is a world of chaos and opportunism. What I have seen of the method schools of acting is not only dull but irritatingly wrong. I have the golden key to wisdom and art and, it seems to say an actor should be able to take directions from a word. This must he realize and he should be malleable enough to be realistic instantly. This virtuosity and range should enable him to play in one [xxx] or another, transposing at will whatever is demanded of him. And sincerity can be dull, too, especially when applied to false situations. The human equations and the emotional variables are too numerous to apply method. Stage craft is as near as one can get in learning to act. To know the stage in relation to yourself is to know how to project your acting across the footlights. But method in acting implies that talent can be given to an individual. The human equation and its complex variables are so numbly great that only astronomically could compare it. How on earth can people have methods in equating human ponderables.

I think Hamlet is rather fraudulent in his sorrow. From his very first entrance, Hamlet injects boredom and gloom over everything.

Legend imposes on many an up and coming comedian such banalities as wanting to play Hamlet. Many a laudable interviewer has attributed that desire to me.

When I was young, I considered myself more attractive than Hamlet. At least I was not a raging moralist, storming over the unjust murder of his father. The real motive is never sincerely dwelt upon—the usurping his right to the throne by his uncle.