

Diana Barrymore

Diana Barrymore, in her New York stage debut in Romantic Mr. Dickens, was deluged with telegrams. Bert Lytell's summed them up:

My dear Diana, go on that stage tonight, and show the world that your Aunt Ethel really inherited her talent ~~from~~ from you. You must be as good as everybody expects you to be, and now I know you are.

Brosko Atkinson, drama critic of the New York Times wrote:

As Caroline Bronson, Miss Barrymore gives a romantic performance that is surprisingly accomplished and lifts the play out of the doldrums. This is the best Barrymore debut in some time.

In reply to Diana's thank-you note, Mr. Atkinson's answered courteously and considered:

You have every reason to be encouraged. I will not pretend that you are a full-fledged actress yet. What you make of acting will depend upon how much you put into it and how much acting means to you. The difference between interesting actresses and great actresses is a matter of mind and spirit. I mean, those that really leave their impression on the minds of the public have some capacities for love and

and sweeping, showering and springing, flying
and flinging, writhing and ringing;

Collecting, ~~projecting~~, receding and speeding, and
shocking and rocking, and darting and parting

~~And starting~~

And threading and spreading, and whizzing and hissing,
and dripping and slipping, and hitting and spluttering,
and shining and twining.

And thumping and plumping, and bumping and jump-
ing, and dashing and flashing and splashing
and clashing.

And so never ending but always descending, sounds
and motions forever and ever are blending

All at once and all o'er, with a mighty upsurge,
and this way the Water comes down at Lodore.

Robert Southey