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A MANICURED MADCAP,  
THIS MOCKER OF BABY-  
LON'S MIGHTIEST MEN

By Grace Kingsley

**W**HY, you'd know her for the Mountain Maid anywhere! Only her chariot has turned into a Stutz and the skins she now wears are fox furs.

All Constance Talmadge needed in her quest for fame was to be turned loose in Babylon and told to be herself. Wherefore she burst upon us in all her fresh vivacity, her astonishing vividness. Why you feel you know the very cave she dwells in, the very wild berry (and onion!) patch where she eats her casual meal.

Up in her dressing room at the Fine Arts Studio, in Los Angeles, one finds her in a midst of a bewildering disarray of gowns and makeup material. She is making up for some fresh scenes to be added to the Babylonian story in "Intolerance,"—Mr. Griffith has added many scenes to that part of the picture since its premiere,—and she sighs comically as she searches her dressing table for "No. 5."





# Oh, Yes! She Has Tame Moments

"Oh, dear, that maid has been trying to put things away again. Why can't she leave things where she finds them!"

"Do you know, I believe I had an ancestor who was a mountain girl!" she tells you in gay confidence.

And she loves the rags of the Mountain Girl. For after all despite the modish young person she is when you glimpse her in cafe or theater, she's merely a manicured madcap, a barbarian in brocades; Diana properly gloved and shod.

And if they had waited until she

the move, is Constance, and possessed of an illusive fascination that's quite irresistible. She races her car like mad—only last week she killed a Ford,—and she takes long walks through the Hollywood hills, swims like a fish, sails a boat like an old salt, dances like a nymph,—

anything as an excuse to be forever on the move.

Did she really drive those galloping brutes of horses that drag her swaying chariot in "Intolerance"? Indeed she did.

"T w o

Photos by Stagg



Two "at homes" of Miss Constance and one as "The Mountain Girl" in "Intolerance."

grew up, they would never have named her Constance. It would be like calling one of her wild horses "Algy." She should have been Thelma or Barbara or Diana. A saucy, inconsequent little baggage, ever on

Auditorium is the theater where the picture was being shown in Los Angeles,—"they said: 'Of course she never really drove those horses herself. Somebody doubled for her.' Know what I did? I turned

women sat behind me at the Auditorium, the other night," said Miss Talmadge, — the



around and told them: 'I wish I could show you my knees, all black and blue even yet from being cracked up against the dashboard of that chariot!'

"And I had had an awful fear of horses, too, before that,—they were the only things I ever was really afraid of, I think. My two pet aversions were forced upon me in 'Intolerance.' I had to drive horses,—and drive them like mad; and I loathe onions—and I had to eat them. As the scene wasn't satisfactory—I guess I made an awful face or something,—I had to eat them again. And then as they wanted another picture of the scene anyhow, why I had to eat them again.

"It wasn't an easy matter getting used to the horses. First I fed them lumps of sugar to get on the good side of them. Then I drove them slowly around the studio lot attached to a light wagon. Next they were taken to San Pedro, where there is a big expanse of country, and I drove them fast and then faster. Of course there were sentries posted about the field to see that no harm came to me. Sam is the leading horse's name, and I mean to buy him,—he is also a saddle horse,—and learn to ride as soon I can get time.

"I guess I drove over nearly everybody who took part in 'Intolerance.' It was such fun to see the crowd skurry when I started for them!"

The Mountain Maid has large limpid brown eyes, which grow black with anger or excitement, but which soften and lighten in gentler moods. Her hair, by the way, is long and thick, and is of a light golden-brown color. The black wig she wears in the picture is really much more becoming to her olive skin than her own hair, and brings out the color and lighting in her eyes more effectively too.

"I'm going to have a chariot to go shopping in," she goes on gaily, as she begins to

don the combination goat-skin and leather which is her costume in the picture. "It would be so much more exciting than a regular car. Fancy how mad I would make the traffic cops by driving down Broadway full-tilt in a chariot!

"By the way, I came out from New York perfectly whole. Now my arms are still sore from the scratches I got from wearing that armor, I nearly broke my foot one day in a Babylonian battle scene, and I got powder shots in my legs doing a later picture.

"I had learned to shoot a bow and arrow when I was a kid, out on my grandmother's farm in New York,—oh, yes, I have a wounded cow or two to my credit, back there: so the shooting didn't come so hard. But I didn't shoot very straight, I'm afraid, for when I left the scene, two or three glaring extras were picking arrows out of their anatomies. I got hit on the head with a couple of rocks, during the battle scenes, and was bowled right over once. That's where a nice little story comes in. It was about the nicest thing I ever knew an actor to do.

There was an extra man, who was really registering well in the picture, but when he saw me go down, outside the camera lines, he rushed over and carried me to a place of safety. Some hero, eh? Willing even to forego the camera. And anybody that's

worked in pictures knows what *that* means.

"About milking the goat? Of course I had to learn, and it was such fun I milked old Nanny dry, and we had to wait a day before the picture could be taken. How did I happen to bite her ear in that scene? Why Mr. Griffith called out to me just then, 'do something funny!' I had been dying all along to bite Nanny's ear, just to see her jump. So I did that."

A very downright person is Constance  
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"Some coat, isn't it?" says Constance to the photographer; "Norma sent it to me from New York."



# The Wild Woman of Babylon

(Continued from page 82)

Talmadge, and very shocking to the conventional mind are some of the things she tells you about herself.

"Am I domestic? I am not. I can't cook and don't want to, and I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea on which finger you put your thimble when you sew. I don't mean to marry for years and years, either,—I'm too happy as I am.

"At home we used to play show in the cellar, and we made mother come as audience, and when she didn't like the show, we used to lock her in so she'd have to stay. It was pretty damp and cold down there, and mother caught rheumatism, but Norma and I were the actresses, so she stood it with fairly good grace. Sometimes we had a circus. Once we locked all the neighborhood cats and dogs into the cellar for the wild animals. We heard a terrible tumult in the night, and in the morning we found a dead kitten and two badly mauled dogs. We were awfully sorry about that, because we loved animals."

How did Constance Talmadge, almost unknown, come to play the coveted part of the Mountain Girl. There had always been a suspicion in my mind that Mr. Griffith saw Constance and "wrote her in," as a final stroke of genius. But that's because I didn't know history. It seems such a character existed in legend or history, and the way Mr. Griffith happened to pick Constance was as follows:

"I went to see Mr. Griffith in New York one day with Norma. Right away he exclaimed, 'The Mountain Girl!' I was a bit angry and puzzled. 'Mountain girl

indeed!' I glanced down at my smart new tailor suit, at my modish shoes and gloves. Then I decided it must be my hat,—that it probably wasn't on straight. I was pretty mad, but of course I didn't say anything. He kept looking at me, and by and by he asked us to go for a ride in his new car. We went, and he dashed around corners and across streets at a terrible rate. I sat with him and enjoyed it hugely. And when I laughed with joy when we dashed through the throngs,—two policemen stopped us at different times,—he again said, 'The mountain girl.' I guess he was testing me out to see if I were really as daring as I looked. I'm glad he found out that I was."

As to Miss Talmadge's early career—

"I used to dress up in my best and go over to the Vitagraph studio in New York, where Norma was working, hoping somebody would see me and want me. I was little and skinny, and I guess I got in everybody's way. But I used to dress up in all the different kind of rigs I could get hold of, dreaming of the day when some director would point me out and say: 'There's the very type I've been looking for.' But nobody did. Then one day I heard them say they were looking for a homely, skinny little girl to play a bit. My vanity was all gone by that time. 'Will I do?' I asked. The director pulled one of my taffy-colored pig-tails and told me I was a bit too homely and too skinny, but I might try! Thus were all my dreams dispelled, but thus did I become a motion picture actress."



No matter how fast the alleged auto in front goes, the director and cameraman in the rear will be right on deck. Here they are filming some foolery of Kolb and Dill at Santa Barbara, Cal. Of course the "truck" behind is not seen on the screen