SINGING IN AMERICA PROVES PATH OF ROSES FOR OPERATIC STAR WITH REMARKABLE VOICE

Tetrazzini Tells of Wild Adventure That Brought Her From Mexico to United States and of Wonderful Career Since Debut in San Francisco, Forerunner of Scores of Ovations.

LUISA TETRAZZINI.

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ONE OF THE wildest adventures in my whole career marked my entrance into the United States, a country where I have since sung so long and so happily. Before that, after singing in Italy, I had already traveled far and, as it were, on a path of roses. In Russia I had sung in opera four seasons, and with the famous Italian artists Masini and Battestini; while there I had learned the Russian language, and for my singing in Tschaikowsky's opera "Eugen Onegin" my name in bronze was placed on that composer's monument at Moscow. I had sung at Rio de Janeiro and elsewhere in Brazil; I had sung at Buenos Aires and throughout the Argentine. Everywhere glorious things had come for me, for everywhere my singing had swept audiences into a flame of enthusiasm that I welcomed with a joyous heart.

Indeed my very debut at Florence, my native city, in Meyerbeer's "Africana," and when I was but 16 years old, was a romance. I happened to be among those present to witness a rehearsal of that opera which was never held, the prima donna having fallen ill. In the enthusiasm of youth, I volunteered to the conductor that I would be his prima donna. I had never sung in opera, but I knew the prima donna part of Ines and I felt within me the power to do it on the stage.

All told I had no more than nine months of vocal lessons in my life. But I came of a musical family; from babyhood I had lived and breathed music. The opera I had learned as other babies learn the alphabet. And so I felt that fine morning, when I offered my youthful services to the surprised conductor, that I was doing the most natural of things. His surprise ceased, however, after, on his request, I sang to him, and I made my debut in "Africana" as result. That debut night meant the beginning of my path of roses, roses blossoming in the enthusiasm and love of my audiences all over this big world of ours, and for which I am so supremely, devoutly thankful.

Another country I sang in, too, before I reached these United States, and that was Mexico. It was a performance of "Lucia" and at the City of Mexico, which sent me here and into the adventure to which I have alluded, for on that "Lucia" afternoon the famous manager, William H. Leahy of San Francisco, heard me sing. It was all very curious, or, perhaps, I should call it fate, and glorious fate at that.

Mr. Leahy had been ordered by his San Francisco doctor to take an absolute rest. To get it he went to the far-off City of Mexico. Arriving at the station there his friend, Giergio Polacco, the noted conductor, met and welcomed him.

"We must hurry," said Mr. Polacco, "for I have a 'Lucia' matinee at 2 o'clock.

At this the professional spirit of Mr. Leahy awakened and he also went to the theater. After the first act he came to my dressing room, fired with enthusiasm; all the doctor's orders quite forgotten, and only one supreme idea in his mind. I must go back with him at once to San Francisco, and make my debut there in opera at the Tivoli theater, of which he was manager.

To have agreed to that would have meant to leave my colleagues helpless, for they could not have successfully continued their season in Mexico City their standing in a far-off land. Though in my heart I longed to go to that great country of which I had heard so much, with deep regret I told him of my decision to remain with those who needed me, and that this was final.

Little did I know then of that splendid American spirit of which Mr. Leahy is to me the very embodiment.

"I will take you and all your friends," he answered promptly.

"Do you mean the whole company?" I asked, astounded.

"Exactly," was his calm reply.

When I get my breath again, we talked over details which were very soon arranged.

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Then came the great adventure. Mr. Leahy had returned ahead to San Francisco to blaze a trail for us. The company and I set out alone to follow him. It was in the early summer of 1905. And just at that important moment, the Colorado river burst its banks in the midst of terrific rainstorms, flooding a vast stretch of country. One valley section became not merely a lake, but the Salton sea, as it was called, while mile after mile the water surged and eddied. Already we had started, and our route carried us straight into that Salton sea.

We had gone along slowly for some time in the awful downpour, when we came to a series of what looked like broad lakes; presently we steamed into surging, splashing waters. A great sweep of country in the distance looked like a coast line; about us on every hand was the mass of waters, muddy, cruel, full of floating debris dashing up against the cars, as the engine dragged us ahead slower and more slowly still. Presently the waters began to creep up the car steps as we got in deeper. Soon they were seeping in snake-like streams down the car aisle to where we sat terrified. The train moved forward cautiously, but always the waters kept on coming in more quickly, mounting higher and higher until we had to get up on the seats as the current streamed past us. Soon the engine stopped stock still. The waters had put its fires out, and we were stalled, helpless.

* * *

But Providence had given us a friend, and a resourceful one. Though we did not know or even think of it, along the telegraph wires within very sight of our frightened eyes eager messages of inquiry were speeding from Mr. Leahy, who, in far-away San Francisco was seeking to locate us and bring us to safety. The hours seemed long ones, perched on those seats with muddy waters creeping higher about us, while outside it dashed along for miles and miles into the distance. Then came long, piercing whistles. A high, giant engine, whose fires the waters of Salton sea could not reach, had been sent by Mr. Leahy to our rescue.

All told my arrival in the United States was contrary to any prima donna traditions. Wagner surrounded his operatic heroines with fire; I came into this country through engirdling waters. As complete reversal instead of making my debut in New York, I made it on the shores of the Pacific, in the city of the Golden Gate. And what an exciting day it was! Never shall I forget it. Owing to many vexatious delays, our trains did not reach San Francisco until 12, noon, on June 9, 1905. That night I was to make my first appearance there as Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto." The opera costumes of the entire company did not arrive with us, many of the chorus did not even have their stage shoes. Additional members of chorus and orchestra had been recruited locally. Consequently opera costumes for many had to be routed out of the Tivoli theater storage by Mr. Leahy, and rehearsals held feverishly by Mr. Polacco up to 20 minutes to 8 o'clock that night. This I heard later, for I had been hurried

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at once to a hotel to rest up for the performance.

Many glorious debuts in many lands are treasured in my memory, but never shall I cease to hold very dear in my heart my debut in the United States. That night after my aria of "Caro Nome," ending with its long, high trills, the scene was stupendous. Vociferously demanded by the great audience, I came back on the stage to find people rushing madly toward me, women tearing off their corsage bouquets to throw them to me and men cheering until the air throbbed and tingled. In that moment all my so recent trials were forgotten, all my agonies of fear that I might not arrive in time to sing. But one thought filled my mind—I had been gloriously welcomed by the American people, who had taken me to their great hearts.

And what splendid experiences I have lived through here since, and everywhere, singing many times clear across this vast land to New York and back again to San Francisco; singing from the great cities of the far north to the great cities of the far south, with always the same loving welcome and appreciation from audiences that have made my pathway bloom with roses. New York has given me glorious nights in opera at the Manhattan; Chicago has given me nights as glorious at the Auditorium; so have Boston and Philadelphia at their opera-houses; so have all the important cities of the country, where my return again and again in every concert everywhere has brought me a welcome that has gone straight to my heart. This was well worth almost swimming here to get; it was well worth more besides, for to have lived so into the affections of a great people would make far greater hardships in reaching them seem trivial.

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Meanwhile I have also sung in other countries between my seasons here. In Brazil, in England, in France, in Italy. In London at Covent Garden in 1907 I was received as the successor of Adelina Patti, not only by the public, but by the diva herself, who came at once after the performance to my dressing room to say so, and who wrote me a treasured letter repeating all she had said, such a letter as only one who is supremely great and supremely generous could write. At her London hotel the following Sunday she had me sing to her again from "Traviata," telling me once more that she wanted to hear its dear music sung as she herself had once sung it.

In that same London so eager were they to hear me that people waited in line at the opera-house for 12 hours. Some grew faint from fatigue, and Mr. Higgins, director of the Covent Garden opera, generously provided for their comfort by sending out sandwiches and hot coffee. As I have driven up to the stage entrance early in the evening to dress for the performance I have seen those throngs there waiting for me; their greeting cheers still linger in my ears, and I bless them in remembrance. Roses, roses, always roses! And humbly I thank my Heavenly Father.

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In all the years succeeding, everywhere it was a triumph of roses, and one of the most beautiful of them all was the Christmas eve of 1910 in San Francisco. I sang that night in the open air to an audience that people told me numbered between two and three hundred thousand.

The night itself was calm and balmy; a new moon hung over the Twin peaks, and near it swung the evening star. The intersection of streets where a stage had been erected before the Lotta fountain made a great open space. There people were crowded shoulder to shoulder in vast phalanx for, perhaps, three-quarters of a mile.

Two numbers I sang, first the waltz from "Romeo and Juliet," and what a thunderous cheering followed it; and after that came "Home, Sweet Home." While I sang the stillness was so great that friends who were on a high building five blocks from the improvised stage told me that they had heard my notes in silvery clearness. This is among the most precious of my memories, and I always associated those two numbers with that balmy Christmas eve and cheering thousands. In memory of the event, the dear people of San Francisco have attached to the Lotta fountain a tablet bearing my portrait in relief.

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When the great war burst upon the world in 1914 I determined to devote all my time to singing for the benefit of the Red Cross, paying all my own expenses, that the entire proceeds might go to suffering humanity of the peoples of all lands. It seemed the least I could do to show my appreciation of the love that they had given me; the least that I could do to prove my thankfulness to God for having so blessed me with a singing voice that endeared me to my listeners.

My last concert for the Red Cross, and when the war ended, was in Paris. During it I autographed my photographs, which were sold by auction then and there to aid the fund; some brought 2500 francs, and I wrote my name so many times that my hand ached. But my sole regret was that I could not write with two hands at once. The receipts from that concert were half a million francs. As it took place during the peace conference, it really seemed as if half the world's celebrities were there, among them President Wilson, Marshal Foch, General Pershing and the queen of Roumania.

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Just one closing word about something that made roses bloom in my path the other day. It came in my concert in Boston. After the programme ended my audience cheered and cheered. Then I spoke and told them that maybe I was leaving them forever and would never forget them.

"Don't go yet, Tetrazzini," they called back.

"I shall never forget you," I said, "and if you keep on calling me back I shall come!"

Even after that they kept on cheering all the time that I was changing my dress to go to a train which I was obliged to reach. Finally I came out to bow and bow. When my motor car drove off it was at a snail's pace; thousands blocked its way to wish me Godspeed.

This is but one glorious experience of thousands of glorious experiences that your dear land has given me. I call them my American Beauty roses.

SPECIALIZING OF MOTION-PICTURE THEATERS FORECAST

Movement Making Houses Similar to Vaudeville, Drama, Musical Comedy, etc., Noted by Cecil M. Hepworth.

THE beginning of a movement toward the specializing of motion picture theaters in the same manner that legitimate houses specialize in drama, vaudeville, musical comedy and other forms of spoken entertainment is the most encouraging sign for the future of the industry noted by Cecil H. Hepwoth, the leading producer of England, on a tour of this country which he has just completed. He passed considerable time in studios on the west coast prior to a stay in New York studying distribution methods. Some of his impressions he summarized in an address before the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers in New York recently as follows:

"The most encouraging signs I noted on my trip is the fact that in Los Angeles a theater has been established with a definite policy of showing but one style of picture," he said. "It is quite some time ago that I came to the conclusion that the coming of the day when motion picture theaters would assume definitely established strata in relation to the kind of entertainment they offered was inevitable.

"That is the result that every other art has reached in its development. Motion pictures have grown so rapidly that we have quite lost sight of the necessity of orderly progress if success is to be attained. In seeking a guide it would seem but right that the progress of other established arts should be accepted. Music offers an inspiration. Jazz as well as the most beautiful of the accepted classical pieces has its place in the musical world. However, each particular kind of music is offered in its own temple. Music lovers know where to find the kind they like. Lovers of jazz, for instance, can go into a cabaret with a surety that they will not be disappointed.

"The trouble is that we producers and dispensers of motion picture entertainment have gotten into the fallacy of regarding the entire world as a potential audience. Your beloved martyred president well illustrated the fallacy of being able to do anything concerning an entire people in regard to fooling them. We are not attempting to fool them; our efforts are to please them, and I think a paraphrase of Lincoln's famous saying points out the truth. You can please all the people some of the time, and you can please some of the people all the time, but you can't please all the people all of the time.

"That is why I am so enthusiastic about this one theater in Los Angeles. The management has accepted the dictum that he can't please all the people all of the time, but that he can please some of the people all of the time. Therefore he has started on the policy of letting the people who enjoy the kind of entertainment he is to offer know that they can always find it at his house. It is a definite step toward the establishment of a permanent clientele.

"As soon as the majority of theaters adopt such a policy the betterment of pictures is bound to come. The producer or director who has the talent to produce a certain kind of picture will be able to do his best. He won't have to compromise in the effort to please those people who don't like his particular kind of production, for he will know that his audience wants the very stuff that he best knows how to do. The makers of pictures comparable to Beethoven's sonatas will be relieved of the necessity of injecting jazz. The change must come to the industry through the exhibitors, for they are the ones that must decide upon their policies. The theaters in the larger cities will specialize in but one style of production. Those in the smaller cities will establish definite days of the week for a certain kind of production.

"Such a condition will show a marked improvement in every branch of the industry. Distributing organizations will be relieved of the necessity of selling the world on each production. Advertising men will no longer have to carry every appeal in every page he prepares, and the publicity man won't have to inject a strain of logic into slap-stick comedy.

"Motion picture patronage will immeasurably increase. So many people whom I have asked as to the kind of pictures they are making use a very expressive gesture in answering. With a motion of the hand they indicate that they are catering to a class whose head stops at their eyebrows. They have been successful at it, in fact so successful that there are a great many people who have been alienated from pictures. These can be brought back and they are of a class that is well worth winning back."

Biblical and Other Moral Subjects to Be Filmed.

Christian Pictures for Christian Purposes Made by Christian People With Christian Money, Slogan of New Company.

ADOPTING for its slogan: "Christian motion pictures for Christian purposes, made by Christian people with Christian money," Church Films, Inc., has lately been organized in California, with a capitalization of $1,000,000, an objective of $10,000,000, and though the company has been in existence but 60 days, it is a going concern.

The corporation intends to make films from biblical and other moral or religious subject matter and to distribute them among churches, schools, missionary fields and in the Y. M. C. A.

The organization methods of Church Films, Inc., are unique in the commercial world. It refuses to sell its stock to or to employ anyone who is not a member of one of the Protestant evangelical denominations, pointing out in its advance literature that all smaller schemes of the same nature have failed in the past because a too great diversity of opinion was allowed to creep in and promote dissension.

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The closing thrill of Larry Semon's latest comedy, "The Sawmill," is exciting enough to make most of the so-called stunts in the average serial look tame. The comedian and his lady love escape from the clutches of a murderous gang of ruffians by climbing a gigantic redwood tree. The pursuers proceed to chop down the tree and Larry lassoes a nearby tower. As the tree crashes to the earth he and the girl swing out like a human pendulum. Then comes the big surprise when one of their enemies cuts the rope. Larry has decided that the next trip he makes through the air will be in an airplane or something really safe.

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An interesting Canadian village called "Pontiac," was erected at the Lasky Hollywood studio for exterior scenes in "The Lane That Had No Turning," Agnes Ayres' first starring picture for Paramount, an original story by Sir Gilbert Parker.

One of the particularly colorful buildings shown in the village is an old-fashioned manor house 200 years old, built along the lines of French Canadian architecture.

"But," says Miss Ayres, "this is the first French-Canadian story I've ever seen without a mounted policeman in it."

Theodore Kosloff has a remarkable character role and Manlon Hamilton appears in a leading role. Much work was done on location at the Lasky ranch, where a typical country wedding was presented.

On another occasion it looked as if King George and Queen Mary were enjoying tea in Buckingham palace. Their movie doubles held informal reception all one afternoon.

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Why the Japanese censors eliminate kissing scenes from American films was explained by T. Kikuchi, councilor of the department of education of Japan, who recently observed the making of motion pictures here. He said:

"The Japanese don't kiss, and therefore they don't want to see it on the screen. We don't regard it as immoral; it just isn't a custom with us. Besides, the Japanese are taught to restrain all exhibitions of emotion in public."

Mr. Kikuchi and his countrymen are enthusiastic about American pictures. Every studio knows that more "fan" letters are received from Japan than from any other foreign country.

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The recent report that Pola Negri, the celebrated Polish actress, is soon to come to America to make pictures lends interest to the fact that the first picture she has ever made in an American setting will shortly be released by Paramount.

This is "The Last Payment," produced by UFA. The story is principally set on a South American cattle ranch and in gay cabaret life comparable in its way to that of Paris.

The sharp contrast between the noted actress and the outdoor setting is relieved considerably, however, by the fact that, owing to the Spanish influence, South American households are discovered to be more sumptuously furnished than the average ranch home in the United States.

Against an alternate background of native life and metropolitan amusement palaces, the story of a woman who set father against son is unraveled in a series of dramatic scenes said to equal the actress' best work in "Passion," her first great hit in America. She is supported by an excellent cast.

Straight Answer Demanded.

Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Doctor (questioning an insurance applicant). And now tell me what do you do for a living?

Applicant—I make money, sir.

Doctor—Yes, I know you make money, but how do you make the money?

Applicant (somewhat peeved). I make money, sir.

Doctor (exasperated)—Now, listen here, I know quite well you make money, but confound you, tell how you make the money.

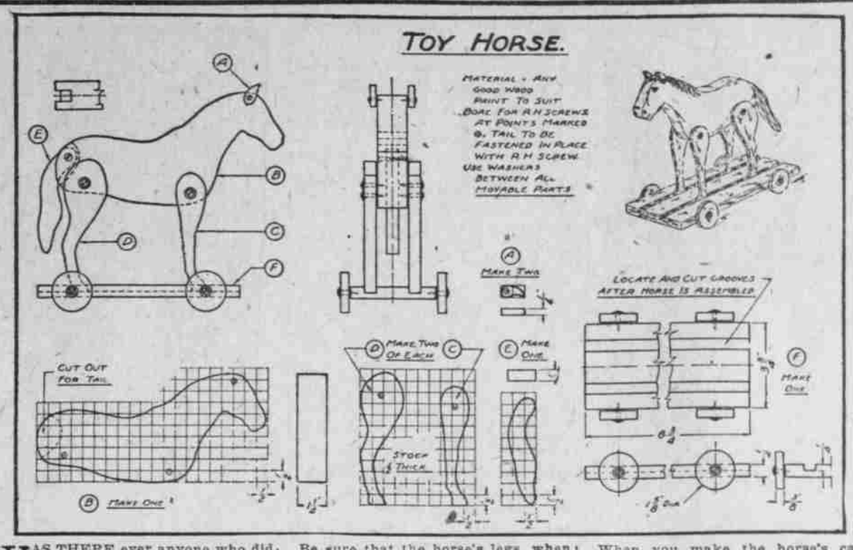
Applicant—I work in a mint.

Tool-Craft

By Frank I. Solar

TOYS FURNITURE HAND CRAFT PROJECTS USEFUL ARTICLES HOUSEHOLD MECHANICS

TOY HORSE.



WAS THERE ever anyone who did not like horses? If there was, he must have been a peculiar person. This week we'll learn how to make a horse for our wooden menagerie.

Lay out the pattern for the horse on either cardboard or heavy paper, or on the wood itself. Make a number of half-inch squares on the wood, and draw the figures through these squares. If you have made the pattern on paper instead of directly on the wood trace the pattern on the wood. Then saw. Patterns for each of the parts are shown in the diagram.

Be sure that the horse's legs, when the parts are assembled, will be the same distance from the floor. In other words, locate the holes for the screws by which the legs will be fastened to the body, in the same place on each leg. You can readily see what would happen if one hole is made higher or lower than the other. Use washers between all movable parts and the body and the screw heads, except in the case of the horse's tail and ears. Use round-head screws for the legs and ears, but for the tail, which fits into a groove that must be made in the back end of the horse's body, use a long, thin, flat-head screw.

When you make the horse's cart be sure that the grooves in it are placed so that the animal's feet fit snugly into them. As the spread of the horse's legs varies with the thickness of the wood you use, I have given no dimensions for the grooves.

Make the wheels exactly round. Cut them out of wood with a coping saw, first. Then file them with a wood file, and sandpaper.

Being familiar with horses you know what colors are suitable. The easiest colors to get, however, are either white or black. Let the wagon be red.

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"TWO ORPHANS" IS DECLARED SPLENDID FILM PRODUCTION

D. W. Griffith Said to Have Outdone Magnificence of Other Shows in Staging of French Revolution Movie.

THE plans of D. W. Griffith are now mature with respect to his French Revolutionary epic, "The Two Orphans, and Mr. Griffith has perfected the work so that its world premieres in six leading cities will represent the fines' achievement of his genius, it is said. He has been ten months in making and completing the picture, which is being staged with all the elaborateness for which the Grifith productions are noted, it is reported. A corps of six directors have been preparing the music. Stage effects and big orchestras will be used at each of the openings, all of which will be this month in Boston, New York, Philadeuphia, Cleveland, Pittsburg and Chicago.

This work arose from Mr. Griffith's desire to tell the story of "The Two Orphans" stage play in motion picture language. He has done this thing in respect to "Way Down East," the Yankee classic, and saw the possibilities of "The Two Orphans," a Franco-American classic with a record of 46 years' popularity here and abroad.

In laying the foundation of the work Mr. Griffith was struck by its closeness in time and place to the French Revolution and by the prophecy of that terrible debacle which is given in one of the stage play's scenes. He decided it would be perfectly practicable to move forward the story a twelvemonth into the actual revolutionary turmoil and to give it an epic character significant of the hopes and fears of humanity.

On the former Flagler estate, now the Griffith property at Mamaroneck, N. Y., cast constructions were made larger than anything heretofore seen in the east and fairly comparable to those he erected in Los Angeles for "Intolerance." Old Paris sprang into being the complete pre-revolutionary city. The halls, gardens and fetes of the ancient nobility were also reproduced, as well as the well-known scenes of the play, including the orphans' home in Normandy, the courtyard where they arrived in Paris, the beggars' cellar, the church of Notre Dame, lodgings of Henriette, etc. Many thousands of extras supplemented the labors of veteran actors as leaders in representing the struggle 'twixt anarchy and order in the streets and squares of Paris.

Court Is Built.

Late in autumn the grandiose court of Versailles was built. King and queen, ministers of state, lords and ladies, participated in colorful, varied and picturesque ceremonial, the like of which has never been witnessed in this country, it is said, and it is extremely doubtful whether the ancient regime has ever been so splendidly reproduced by pageant in France itself since those historic days.

A cast consisting of Lillian and Dorothy Gish in the title roles, Joseph Schildkrant, Monte Blue, Sidney Herbert, Frank Puglia, Morgan Wallace, Sheldon Lewis, Creighton Hale, Lucille La Verne and others have labored faithfully the greater part of three months to enact the personages of the time.

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Harry Carey's next feature is to be a celluloid version of a well-known novel by Owen Wister, the story being a sequel to "The Virginian." Mr. Carey is anticipating a "location" visit to San Francisco for exteriors.

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When Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford left California for foreign shores, they left a very sad little fellow in the person of Jackie Coogan. The starlet never missed a day to chat and play with Doug or to sit on Mary's knee while she read him wonderful stories about the bear or Santa Claus.

For awhile Jackie was content to play with Patsy, the little girl next door and every Saturday morning he played with Sammie Washington, the son of the colored washerwoman. But neither Patsy nor Sammie knew a thing about studio life and Jackie grew more lonesome than ever.

Now, however, things are different. Jackie has two brand-new playmates. Girls, too. They just arrived in Hollywood from New York and they are going to remain there for a long time. Their names are Norma and Constance Talmadge and they are making their picture plays in the same studio that Jackie works in.

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Another instance of a star supporting a star is found in the case of Conway Tearle, who is playing the male lead to Norma Talmadge in her current production, "The Duchess of Langeais."

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Maude George has gone east to join others of the cast of "Foolish Wives" at the premier of Universal's million-dollar picture in January. "Foolish Wives" has been more than a year and a half in the making.

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Jimmy Aubrey's new comedy is called "The Messenger." The plot hinges around the experiences of a messenger who is sent to a plotting gang for a mysterious explosive, and Jimmy, unwittingly, is the messenger. "The Messenger" will follow "The Applicant," the most recent Aubrey comedy.

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Norma Talmadge after a two months' rest is to begin work on a new picture, "The Duchess de Langeais." Her forthcoming release has been renamed "Love's Redemption," formerly entitled "Regeneration Isle." It was directed by Albert Parker.

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Seena Owen, soon to be seen in "Back Pay" says her only regret about the picture is that she was not permitted to retain the $22,000 chinchilla wrap which she wore during the filming.