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THE MASK

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♪ ART OF THE THEATRE ♪



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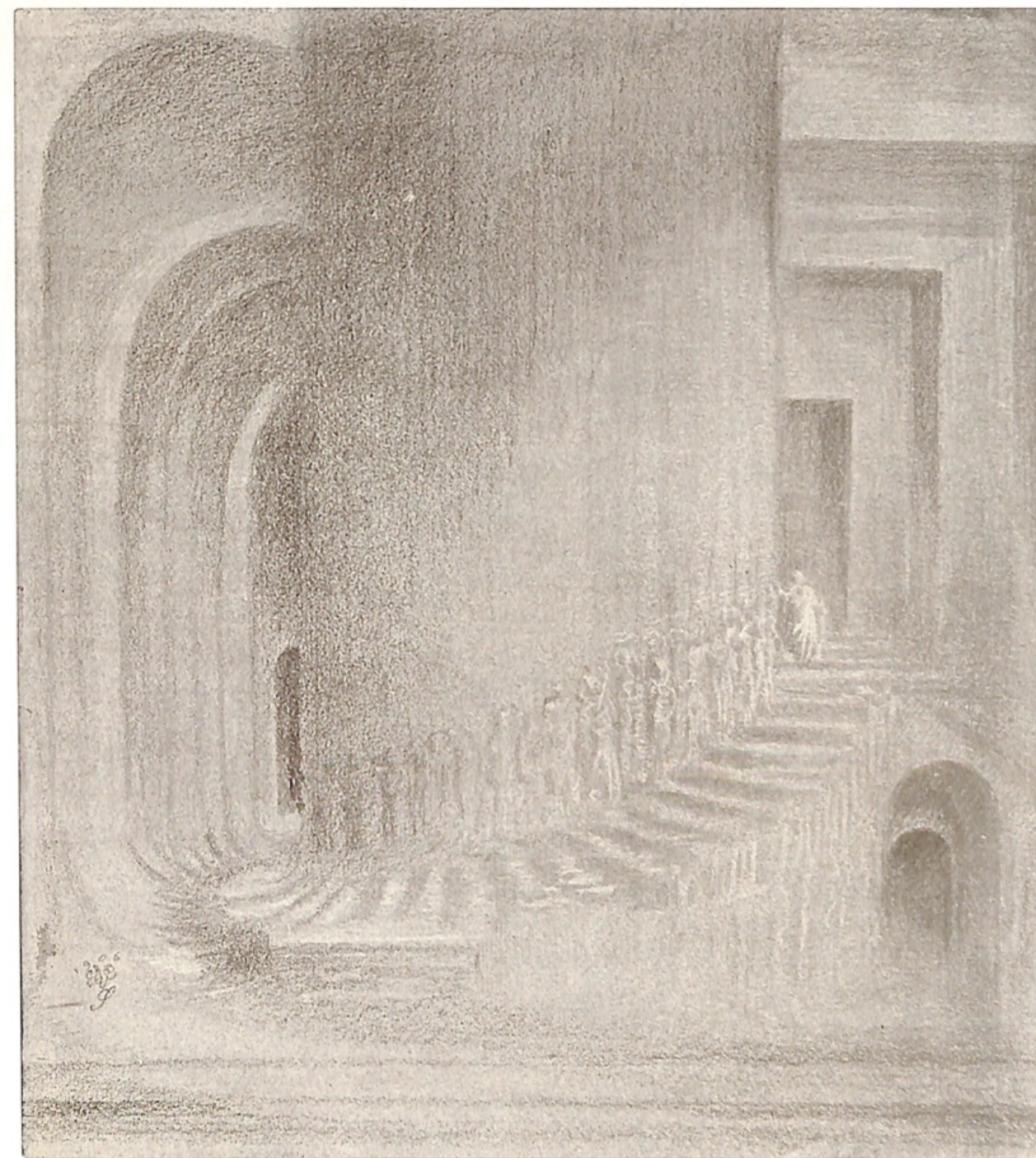
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The Mask
 1909

*A design for "Macbeth" Act. V. Scene. I.... Gordon Craig.
 .. Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and upon my life, fast asleep. "*

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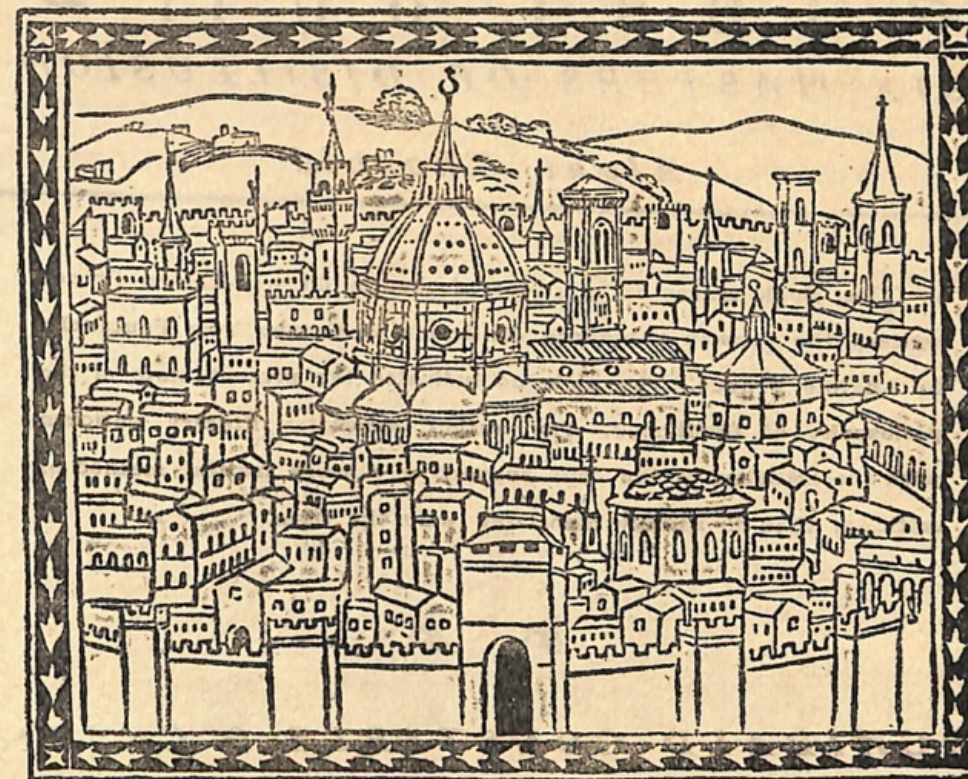
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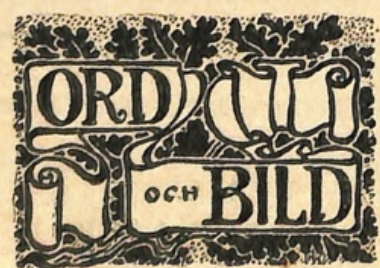
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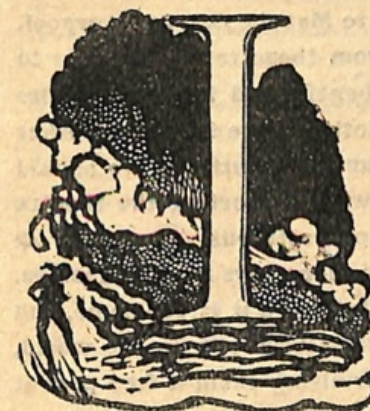
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THE JOURNAL OF THE ART OF THE THEATRE.
VOLUME ONE, No. TWELVE
FEBRUARY. 1909.

AFTER THE PRACTISE THE THEORY

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SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL A National Theatre



It seems that this Theatre is going to be built by piling one humbug on the top of another.

The Executive Committee will this month organise a campaign in the country for raising the funds. At least, so says Mr Philip Carr, the Secretary of the Executive Committee. He also adds that the cost will be between the 330,000 £. suggested by Messrs Granville Barker and William Archer and the million which Sir Henry Irving believed was necessary. Mr Carr also informs us that the Committee has decided individually and collectively what they all mean by a National Theatre. All this is a kind of comfort... glacé. In the course of an interview he also said that such a Theatre

as the National Theatre would never be in competition with the theatres of private enterprise: that the Repertory System can never be in contention with the system of long runs.

But what guarantee has the Committee of the National Theatre that the theatres of private enterprise will not also become Repertory theatres? And what guarantee has the National Theatre that it is going to secure the best English talent and prevent the theatres of private enterprise from doing so?

These are the questions which committees cannot decide, and therefore the position of the National Theatre is very insecure. If the Committee would send abroad, to Germany, to Russia, to France, and make enquiries in the right places... that is to say, if they would enquire of those people not employed to bolster up these national frauds, they would find out that the finest talent in Europe is outside the National Theatre in each country.

Now there are many people on the English Committee who know this, and they are distinctly dishonest if they do not put this fact before the others.

We have spoken of National Theatres as being frauds, but there is no reason why the English National Theatre should court so undesirable a reputation. It could outline its programme... its artistic programme. It could clearly announce that it is going to be a

The Repertory System.

Its Artistic Programme.

florid theatre, a theatre of gorgeous spectacle for which Shakespeare is the excuse, and it could announce that it would request Mr Beerbohm Tree to shed the light of his spectacular talent in this direction. Or it could announce that it is going to be a trite and somewhat pedantic theatre, and it could announce that it has requested Mr Poel to bring to it this atmosphere. Or it could announce that it is going to be a theatre of experiment in art and socialism, and that it is going to ask Mr Granville Barker, Mr William Archer and Mr Bernard Shaw to try their hands upon it. Or it could announce that the spirit of this theatre is to be that inaugurated by Messrs Pinero and Jones in the Eighties. Any of these programmes are, we suppose, strong and pure enough to receive support. But if it makes no announcement as to its artistic programme, no one interested in the art will know what it is they are asked to support. If, on the other hand, all these things are going to be mixed together, we shall know quite well that we cannot support it at all.

National
Theatres
Abroad.

The National Theatres abroad have no artistic programmes whatever. The auditoriums of the theatres are generally very dangerous places full of twisting passages and long staircases.... death traps in the event of fire; yet these theatres serve the excellent purpose of a good show room for pretty dresses and the surplus wealth of the upper classes.

Still there is no need for this in London, for we already have many such theatres. We have Covent Garden Theatre, Drury Lane Theatre, His Majesty's Theatre; we have the "Alhambra" we have the "Empire" and we have the "Palace." (1)

These six theatres are all handsome and spacious buildings such as are seldom met with abroad, unless we go to the Scala in Milan or to some of the theatres in North and South America; and yet, in spite of not possessing such vast theatres as we do in London, the drama and the stage in Germany and Russia is in a far better condition. The truth is that a National Theatre is not wanted in England. Perhaps even a Municipal Theatre is not needed, but if there is a question as to which of the two is more desirable, the Municipal is, without question, the theatre to support. It was this theatre which Sir Henry Irving spoke up for in the latter years of his life.

Not wanted
in England.

A Municipal
Theatre.

If the works of Shakespeare are looked upon as means of quickening the patriotism of the English nation, then a Municipal Theatre is again, for this reason, the only one to support. But it would be a cruel thing to go round the country to Manchester, to Liverpool, to Birmingham, to Bristol and the other cities, taking money from those towns in order to erect a gilded box of a place in London, so that London may benefit and the other cities go hang. Perhaps it is that London needs reminding of its patriotism more than these other cities; but were we the Mayor and Corporation of the cities above mentioned we should most earnestly recommend our citizens to have nothing to do with supporting the theatre of London, which London itself could not support. The idea is preposterous.

In Germany, when Munchen wants its State Theatre, Munchen alone pays for that theatre. In Dresden, if they want such a theatre that town pays for it. In Berlin it is the same, and so with all the great cities in Europe. It is only in London, the richest city in the world, that they send round the hat to the poor provincial cousins, promising them a free pass at the earliest opportunity. London used not to be so stingy once upon a time. A. C.

A stingy city.

(1) It is needless to remind anyone that the "Palace" was born under the title of the "English Opera House" and had not only the name of a celebrated composer to give it up-to-date interest, but was lucky in being able to call that man a man of talent if not genius. Arthur Sullivan, the inimitable creator of "The Mikado" and "H. M. S. Pinafore" should have surely won the support of the English nation.

VENETIAN COSTUME

TRANSLATED FROM THE BOOK OF CESARE VECELLIO
by D. Nevile Lees & with an Introductory Note
by Allen Carric.

In the year 1590 there was published at Venice a book with the title, "Degli Abiti antichi e moderni di diverse parti del mondo, libri fatti da Cesare Vecellio", and it is from this book of the "costumes ancient and modern of divers parts of the world" that the following designs with their descriptive text are taken.

Its author, Cesare Vecellio, came of a family of painters, of whom the greatest was Titian, and, we learn from the meagre records of his life which survive, was himself a painter of no mean order. His paintings, however, have been forgotten, it is as an engraver that



It is useless to study costume without regard to the place in which it has been worn, yet how many costume books are there with innumerable examples of costumes without its necessary architectural background. Costume is the fringe of Architecture. Vecellio seems to have realised this and has placed several engravings to serve as backgrounds for his costume. The above cut is one of these.

he is remembered, and, living in Venice, at that time the port to which ships of all nations gathered, he had there ample opportunity for studying those costumes upon the reproduction of which his fame rests. These designs, executed with skill and spirit, and invaluable for their careful detail, were reprinted some years later, when, to give the work greater importance by the union with a more celebrated name, the drawing of the figures was attributed to Titian, and Cesare, the engraver, was described as the brother of that painter. This however is incorrect, Cesare being a member of another branch of the same family and also being too young for this relationship.

An Incorrect
Statement.

Although it is by this book of costume that Cesare is best known, he also published another volume of engravings under the title, "Corona delle nobili e vertuose donne, nella quale si dimostra in varii disegni tutte le sorti di punti tagliati, punti in aria, a reticella, e d'ogni altra sorte, così per fregi come per merli e rosette".

Vecellio has constantly been referred to by Mr E. W. Godwin in his articles reissued in *The Mask* upon the Merchant of Venice, which appeared first in *The Architect* in 1875 and have been reprinted in *The Mask*.

This book is invaluable to the student. To him every button, every feather is of profound importance. When he knows the grammar of costume he begins to be conscious of the voice of clothes: then later he can show us the poetry of apparel. This is a charming life indeed, where even the widows' weeds are woven of poetry.... a wonderful and awe-inspiring existence this, wherein no man dare venture to escape from Poetry without fear of his life. "A stitch in time saves nine", boys, and the eye of a needle has been known to be the pass-door to many mysteries. Study costume therefore so that you may be gaily caparisoned when the curtain rises. Do not try and be symbolical in your stage costume, but drink in the beauty of apparel and every collar and cuff worn by you will then become a member of your soul, stiffening or drooping to your will, blanching or colouring to your thought.

The student.

There is a psychology in apparel, but do not attempt to reveal to us the nature of men and beasts by the use of costume. Gods and the soul alone possess the secret of apparel. Dress should not cover but reveal the soul. Men and beasts have no souls worth revealing. Beasts know this: men, alas, do not. The elephant or the monkey jacketed in crimson and gold lace is the parody of mortality. Dionysus in vine leaves and the panther's skin the triumph of divinity.

A psychology
in apparel.

VENETIAN COSTUME.

Young Nobles.

YOUNG VENETIAN NOBLES.
 Up to the ages of fifteen or twenty the noble Venetian youths wear a short robe, putting on after that age the long gown with elbow sleeves, because the toga greatly restrains youthful pride and conduces to gravity and modesty.
 In as much as it has been already said that this long gown of the nobles is also used by citizens, doctors, merchants and others, I must here add that when the Prince goes forth from his palace, the secretaries who accompany him wear such a robe of purple with a black stole.
 But to describe the youths' costume.
 Under the robe they usually wear doublets and what are called "braghesse" or hose, of greyish colour for the most part, although some delight in purple and other colours, and their clothes are of silk and very fine.
 They wear those colours, however, as much covered as possible from a certain modesty peculiar to that Republic.

Indoor costume.

NOBLES AND OTHER WELL-TO-DO PERSONS IN INDOOR COSTUME.
 Nobles and other Well-to-do Persons in Indoor Costume.
 Something has been said above about the costume for the home and here more clearly one must state that, on reaching home, they doff the costume described by us, and put on robes either "alla Pretina" or "alla Romana" as they are called; the former have a small collar somewhat round in form while the latter have it larger, hanging lower behind, but almost square in form. The robes are likewise long, reaching to the ground, like those worn out of doors.
 These collars that we speak of are lined according to the season like the rest of the dress with the same furs or indoor silks as are suitable for the cold or for the heat.
 In the fur linings of these robes one observes not only a variety conformable to the weather but also the variety of beasts of greater or less value according to the means of each person. These robes have the sleeves cut at the elbow, both lengthways and across and thus one puts out the arm, letting the rest hang down for show and grandeur. The robes are all open in front, but they are girded, one face folding over the other if "alla Romana;" the others, "alla pretina" are not usually folded over in that way, but fasten with buttons at least down to where they are girded; and instead of the "berretta," or cap the greater number of nobles in summer wear certain long caps of pointed form made of shot silk or of some other light stuff either black or of some colour.

Winter Costume.

COSTUME OF NOBLES IN THE WINTER SEASON.
 About the beginning of November, according as the cold begins to make itself felt earlier or later, the old men lay aside the robe lined with shot silk which is worn loose, and don one lined with "pelli di vari" (1) skins; this is girded with a velvet belt, which as is described elsewhere, is two fingers wide and has silver clasps.
 But as these furs are somewhat light, when the cold increases, instead of the *pelli di vari* they line the robes with squirrel skins, which are heavier furs and give greater warmth.
 These they wear until the season begins to grow mild and the cold to diminish and then they take anew the "*pelli di vari*" which they wear until the heat obliges them to leave them off and assume again the other robes lined with shot silk, which, as has been said, they all wear loose.
 All these, which are for out-door wear, are fastened at the throat, but those that they wear in the house have turned back collars and from these are called "alla Romana."
 Nor, however great may be the cold, are they accustomed to wear on their heads any other cap than that of cloth, to which some of the more aged add a little embroidered silk cap which they wear underneath.

VENETIAN CITIZENS OR MERCHANTS IN SORIA
 It was the custom in ancient times in Soria and neighbouring places for the citizens of Venice to devote themselves more to traffic in merchandise than they do at the present time. Hence these places were then full of royal merchants, (2) who for the most part went

(1) A valo is a small animal resembling a squirrel.

(2) "How doth that royal merchant good Antonio" Mer. of Ven. Act III Scene 2.
 "Enow to weigh a royal merchant down." Mer. of Ven. Act IV. Scene 1.

VENETIAN COSTUME.

GIOVANE NOBILE.



Young Venetian Noble.

NOBILE PER CASA.



Noble in Indoor Costume.

NOBILI D'INVERNO.

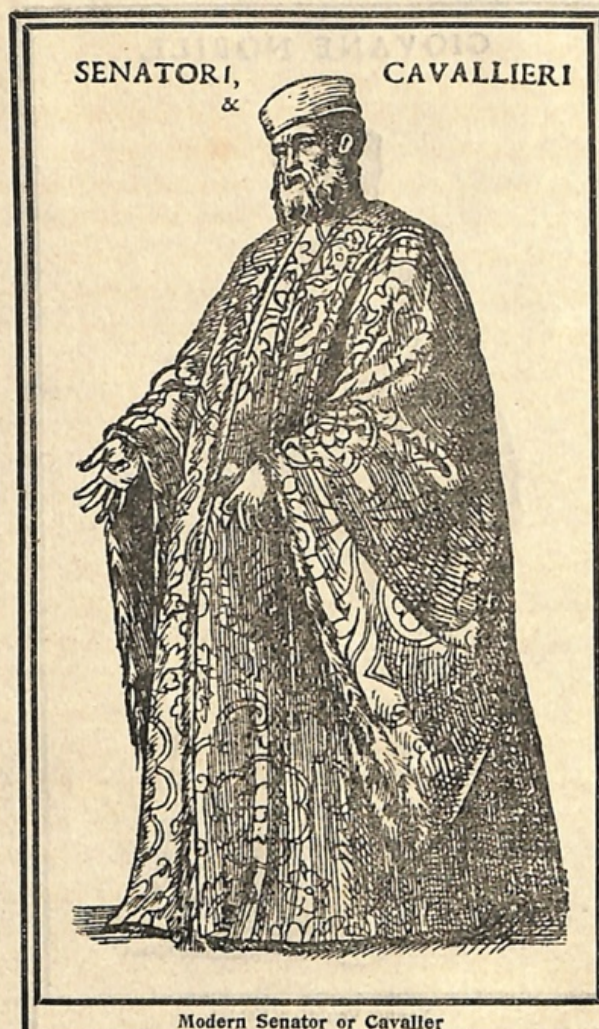


Nobles in Winter Costume.

CITTADINI, O MERCANTI.



Venetian Citizens or Merchants.



dressed in a doublet of black velvet or of crimson satin, embroidered in colours, and without collar. They wore red, black or purple stockings, with velvet shoes. The robe was cut in the fashion here shown, with long sleeves lined with velvet or satin, without collar, but with a breast piece (pettorale) which covered the opening and was tied under the arms with silk strings.

They wore a gathered shirt which continued in use for a long time in Italy, and the frills were visible above the breastpiece.

The fashion for long hose (calze alla martingala) and velvet shoes flourished about this time, and beneath the robe was worn a belt with fittings of silver to which knives were attached by means of silver chains.

La forma delle calze alla martingala era questa, che dalla parte di dietro si lasciano aperte come quelle de' fanciulli: ma nella coscia era cuccito un pezzo di panno tanto grande che bastasse a coprire tutta quella apertura, il quale s'allacciano poi con una stringa all'altra coscia, e rimaneva tanto ben congegnato, che pareva il fondo delle brache fatto a posta.

Era questa portatura assai commoda, come ciascuno si puo immaginare: perché sfibbiata quella stringa, cadeva giù quel pezzo di panno, & lasciava l'huomo libero alle sue commodità, rimanendo tuttavia le calze allacciate al giubbone.

VENETIAN WOMEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1530.

It is about sixty years since the Venetian women began to renew the fashion of frames of copper covered with coils made of gold net adorned with various and rich ornaments of pearls and other gems. The boddices in those days come over the hips without any point, loose and unstiffened and decorated with gold chains. It is true that in those days the Venetian nobility did not possess so large a quantity of pearls as at present, but instead they enriched their boddices and gowns with gold trimmings and wore long sleeves, both wide and slashed. The dresses did not reach to the ground in front but trailed behind. They wore a sable skin fastened to a gold chain, and the fur itself was decorated with a

Venetian
Women.

gold clasp: this fur they put about their shoulders, wearing in addition but a few ornaments round the neck.

The frills of the chemisette were not very full nor very high, the hair was worn loose and natural and the sleeves of a different colour from the dress which was usually purple or crimson.

The stockings, again, were of another colour, and the slippers, which in Venice they call "zoccoli" (1) were low, and in colour turquoise blue or red. Some wore those of different colours and chequered. On their heads they wore a black veil of transparent silk, which covered the face as is seen in the picture, the which costume is similar to that which one sees sometimes worn by the women of Burano.

MODERN SENATORS AND CAVALIERS OF THE CITY OF VENICE 1590.

The Senators and Cavaliers of our time wear the Ducal robe with the sleeves large and open. They do not wear a robe of gold, from a certain reverence towards the Prince, but on certain occasions they wear the stole of gold brocade. (2)

The robe is of plain black velvet, and the stockings and the slippers red. In the winter time the robes are lined with the finest furs, very costly, such as marten, sable, lynx and the like; in summer robes of the same shape with the open sleeves being used, but of lighter material and lined with shot silk (ormesino) (3) This same ample robe is worn also by those who from time to time are elected to certain offices, being retained by them only for so long as they continue to hold these offices. Those who may wear it continually are only the Cavaliers, the Procurators (4) and those others who have been great sages or councillors. The colour generally adopted by these is purple.

This same robe is also worn by those who are sent out as Rulers to the most noble and important cities, but after their rule is ended, they lay it aside if they have not obtained or formerly held one of the aforesaid positions which give them the right to wear it.

(1) Vecellio speaks in this case of the zoccoli being low, but this was rather the exception than the rule. Many shoes of the period which may still be seen raise the wearer even so much as 40 cms from the ground.

(2) The stole falls across the left shoulder and in the accompanying engraving is made of the same stuff as the robe. It reaches just below the knee.

(3) "ormesino" so called from the city of Ormus whence it was first brought to Europe.

(4) The office of the "Procuratori di San Marco" originated in the 12th century when three were chosen, (there having been originally only one), to administer the bequests of the Doge Ziani to the poor, and to the Church of St Mark. Their number was afterwards increased to six, and in 1442 to nine, which number was maintained until the fall of the Republic. In office they ranked immediately after the Doge, and were usually members of Patrician families, who had distinguished themselves in the service of Venice as generals or ambassadors. At an early period the Doge himself was often selected from among them.



Design from W. Rolewinck fasciculus temporum, 24 Nov. 1480.

"It is in and through Symbols that man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being; those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can the best recognise symbolical worth, and prize it highest.

CARLYLE.



THE WHITE FAN

An Interlude: by Hugo Von Hofmansthal.

Translated by Maurice Magnus.

The Prologue

Now, mark you! gentlemen and ladies fair:
Here is a play that hath not greater weight
Than merest thistledown. A play in meaning
this:
That Youth doth love to toy with great and
mighty words
And yet is weak, so weak it hardly can defy
A single atom of reality.
And as the flying shuttlecock in childhood
game
Is like unto a bird in flight: so this play
Resembles life. Think not real life it doth
pretend to be
Though to the inexperienced eye it seemingly
May something of its semblance borrow.

Dramatis Personae

Miranda
Fortunio
Livio, his friend
Grandmother of Fortunio
A mulatto female servant of Miranda.
A white female servant of Miranda.

Scene: Before the entrance of a cemetery in the neighborhood of the capital of a West Indian Island.

Costumes of the period of about 1820 to 1830.

(The left side and the background are formed by a blossoming hedge which surrounds the cemetery. It has entrances in several places. Behind the hedge are small mounds, with pathways, and here and there a cypress tree. To the left in the foreground a single grave only can be seen very distinctly. It is covered with blossoming briar-roses). Fortunio and his friend enter from the right.

LIVIO.

At times I fain would wonder when I think
That thou, so young, but little older than myself
Can teach me things so great in number that,
methinks,
There's naught which is unknown to thee.

FORTUNIO.

I know so very little, though I have glanced
At many things which deeply lie. Have realized
That life is nothing but a shadow play.
Look at it lightly with your eyes
Then will you find it bearable. But clings to it
And as you hold it tightly clasped — it is
dispersed.
The shadow of a cloud which moves
Upon the surface of a flowing river is not
a lesser thing
Than that which we call life. Honor and riches

Are pleasant dreams at break of day.
Of all the words that have no sense, „Possession,“ means
The least. Invented by some teacher in a school
Who thought, mayhap, that every word
Should contrast bear, like black to white,
It thus was made, because to be possessed
Is something that is real.

LIVIO.

Thou knowest life full well, and even formerly
Didst teach me much. So must thou then
Adapt thyself, clinging to this grave
Stronger and most persistent than an ivy
clings.

FORTUNIO.

But such is my desire. I would be better
Than this play of shadows, in which the rôle
Of widower fell to me. And though but young,
With so much faith I'll play my part,
With much bitter earnestness... Each of us
can his fate

Ennoble or demean. Stamped
Is no thing with its worth. As we our selves
Do make it, thus shall it be found. From
stupid ones and fools
Everything runs off like water. Inward worth
Doth therein lie, and as you take is proved
thereby.

LIVIO.

And yet thou hast told me more than once
It is not seemly that in joy or sorrow
We should let our hands rest idly. Doing
And thinking, thou hast said, they are the roots
Of life. And it is therefore fitting to rest
From thinking, in doing, from doing, in
thinking.
Yet with contempt thou showest thy interest
In affairs that are but human. And yet thou
knowest
This is the pathway which leadeth to all doing.

FORTUNIO.

Do I not act thus,
And do I treat my servants with contempt?
Am I not
Since this great sorrow hath befallen me
Of all the noblemen on this fair island
A good master? Question my white servants,
Question the colored ones on my estates!
Do I not find pleasure, sweet friend, with thee?
My second, dearer, cloudless self?
So let me to this grave then wend my way.
It robs me not, dear friend, of thee: it only takes
The place that otherwise is held by her.

LIVIO.

But thus it is, thou shouldst not treat life
With so much wilfulness

FORTUNIO.

Peace, dear friend.
Dost thou not know that there must be that
Certain spice... the only one which faileth not
When added to the cup of love
To make the charm complete.

LIVIO.

I knoweth not what thou dost mean.

FORTUNIO.

Mystery is its name, else a woman may
Beautiful or ugly, imperious or vulgar be.
If child, or Messaline—that matters not
If she but be mysterious.
Else she is nothing. They who are
Without mystery are flat beyond all words
(Not without significance but unintentionally)
Experiences in one's boyhood,
Childish, half-forgotten, which like grapes
Left hanging on the vine soon shrink
And wither, they are not so much without
mystery,

Not so entirely without the charm of that
Which I before me see in all such possibilities.
Do not speak, I pray thee....

(He stands before the grave, separated
only from it by the hedge)
Mystery lies here. Here lies my secret.
And if I thought unto death never should I
exhaust its depths.
Thou didst know her, and yet thou speakest.

LIVIO.

She was very beautiful, she was like a child.

FORTUNIO.

She was like a child, and like a child
A new-born wonder came with every step.
When I and thou wouldst speak, Livio, we
exchange

But much-used signs.
From her lips came all words
Just like new forms, whose hue had not been
touched,

As laden with a special meaning
With open candid eyes she stood
And honoured everything according to its
worth
More just than any mirror. Never was there
Pain with laughter where laughter was not
real,

Or came from her most inner, clear, and well-
like soul.
Giving herself like a flower unto the wind
Because she knew of nothing different, and
untouched,

Even untouchable, wanting no shame
Because shame is the child of some discordance
And she—she was so thoroughly with herself
at peace.

Had I a child of hers, it may be I could bear
her loss
And come but once a year unto this mound;
But remembrance now is all that's left to me.

(The grandmother and her servant enter from
the background, coming from the cemetery.
She is an old but beautiful woman; she wears
a long dress made of gold material into which

black flowers are woven; she leans on a stick.
The negro follows carrying her parasol and
her fan).

THE GRANDMOTHER.

Fortunio!

FORTUNIO.

Grandmother, why are you here?

THE GRANDMOTHER.

What a question to ask me! Under the nearest
cypress tree is your father's — my son's —
grave. And under the second nearest cypress
is your grandfather's—my husband's grave.
Within those graves, on whose stones you
can hardly read the names, lie my friends.
I have more graves here which concern me
than you have teeth in your head.

FORTUNIO.

I have only one grave here, but for me it is
enough

THE GRANDMOTHER.

Your wife was but a child. Even now she
will be playing with the innocent children
of Bethlehem in Paradise. Go home,

FORTUNIO.

(Is silent, and shakes his head)

THE GRANDMOTHER.

Who is the young gentleman there?

FORTUNIO.

My friend. His name is Livio and he is of the
house of Cisneros.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

I have known your grandmother, Sennor.
She was three years younger than I, and
much more beautiful. I was once very jealous
of her.—He has beautiful eyes. When he is
angry they must be quite dark. Just so were
the eyes of his grandmother.—What kind of
birds are those, Sennor?

LIVIO.

I believe they are larks, my lady.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

(With slight but dignified contempt)
No, Sennor, they are titmice. Larks never sit
on rushes, Larks either fly very high in the
air, or they sit on the ground between clods
of earth. Larks never sit on rushes. A mule is
not a thoroughbred steed, and a hummingbird
is not a butterfly. Your eyes are very beautiful
but you have them for nothing in your head.
What sort of young people are these? They
have spurs on their feet, and wander about
here clinging to tombstones. Dress such as
mine belongs to a place like this—a dress to
which the dead leaves cling and which sweeps
the paths clean. Let the dead bury their
dead. Why do you stand here and lower your
pretty young voices and whisper like nuns
at a gate? Come, Fortunio, let us go home.
I will take supper at your house.

FORTUNIO.

No, grandmother. I would remain here. Come
and dine at my house tomorrow.

THE GRANDMOTHER. ♪
How old are you, Fortunio?

FORTUNIO. ♪
Almost four and twenty, grandmother.

THE GRANDMOTHER. ♪
You are a child, and this excessive mourning is out of place for you. Just as if one would plant a cypress tree in a small earthen jar filled only with loose earth.

FORTUNIO. ♪
How strongly one may mourn a loss is not in accordance with one's age, but with the greatness of the loss.

THE GRANDMOTHER. ♪
I was a year older than you are now when I became your grandfather's wife. You know I was before that married to another. They brought the body of my husband home to me one day while I was awaiting his return to dinner, and on the same day I saw the dead bodies of my two brothers,

LIVIO. ♪
(Looks at her)

THE GRANDMOTHER. ♪
It was in May, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, Sennor,

FORTUNIO. ♪
I have no child from her Nothing! When they carried her coffin away they carried everything away.

THE GRANDMOTHER. ♪
Your grandfather and I, we were banished for ten years. When the ship was taking us away we stood gazing with dry eyes at the shore as long as we could see it. All at once the last peak of the hills sank into the golden-coloured sea, like a heavy dark coffin. We were beggars. We were poorer than beggars, for we did not even have our names. And there in that stone sarcophagus was our all... Our parents, our children, our houses, our names.... we were but shadows!

FORTUNIO. ♪
She was the most innocent little creature in the world. Why did she have to die?

THE GRANDMOTHER. ♪
I have seen young women of the first families in the land sell their honour to some wretch in order to save their husbands from the gallows and their children from starvation. You have experienced but little, Fortunio.

FORTUNIO. ♪
(silent)

THE GRANDMOTHER. ♪
I have experienced much. I know that Death is ever present. He is always walking around us even if we do not see him. He is forever lurking somewhere in the shadow strangling a small bird, or breaking a withered leaf from a tree. I have seen dreadful things. But in spite of all that, I love life, and will always

love it more. I even feel it where I never felt it before—in the stones on the ground, in the large heavy cattle with their gentle-looking eyes. Go, go, you will yet learn to love life.

FORTUNIO. ♪
I do not know, grandmother.

THE GRANDMOTHER. ♪
(Turning away from him to her servant) Domingo, give me the food for the birds. Not that; that they do not like, but these small seeds. Give me these.

(She feeds a flock of small birds)
Pause

THE GRANDMOTHER. ♪
There! (All of a sudden the birds fly away) Have you heard it?

LIVIO. ♪
It was like the crying of a little child.

FORTUNIO. ♪
It must have been a bird.

THE GRANDMOTHER. ♪
A bird! So you have never heard that sound in your life? It was a young rabbit which has been caught by a weasel. What have you done with the years of your boyhood that you do not know that? At that time the little silk shoes of your cousin Miranda were of more interest to you than the track of a stag on the forest's edge. It was more to you to touch her dress when you were playing ball than to have your forehead brushed by the damp rustling branches of the trees at a stag hunt. So you early robbed yourself of that which ought to have belonged to you later, and that which you missed then you will never be able to recover. What an obstinate thing youth is, like the cuckoo which throws out of other nests the eggs which belong in them in order to make a place for its own. There is something about you young people which can easily make one very impatient. You are like an actor who improvises and who does not pay attention to the cues: Later on all that will change. Everything that you have in your head is old-fashioned. Leave it alone, Fortunio. Do you want to come along now?

FORTUNIO. ♪
No, I would rather stay here,

THE GRANDMOTHER. ♪
Then, come along with me, Sennor. I believe you will find that an old woman is less a bore than this young gentleman. I will tell you a story. What kind would you like to hear? A love story or a story of the chase? (Livio gives her his arm. They go away, the servant following).

LIVIO. ♪
Farewell, Fortunio.

FORTUNIO. ♪
Good night.
(They disappear behind the trees to the right)

(To be continued)

TWO THEATRES by Leon de Schildenfeld Schiller. (concluded).

But already the hands of the sun on the heavenly dial are pointing to the hour at which all good Christians should drink wine. The scene is changed and, transported as by miracle, the spectators find themselves at the "Garter Inn" famous for its lively girls, easy credit and sack. Of the host himself most improbable tales go about in the land of tipsters. He is said to be so hospitable that his winecellar for "The blessed who thirst" stands open, whereas the garden gate, for those who are desirous of escaping by stealth, is always kept closed. Something is also whispered of the miracles that take place in this good hostel. Once it was seen how a tapster changed wine into water, diluting it in a mystic way—another time it was remarked that master innkeeper could with one stroke of the chalk double the number of empty tumblers. But who believes in such miracles in our times—consequently the "Garter Inn" is always brimming with life, and the red noses and august stomachs of its customers are the best evidences of the miraculous effects of the host's healing cordials. Hallo! is there a kermess, worthy host, that there is such a swarm today in your tavern?—But it is true, we must not forget that, in the calendar of these distinguished cavaliers there are as many high-days as there are days in the year—and drinking days, lightly counting, at least twice as many. Let us enter, gentlemen—I suppose we shall find a worthy company here—and then good host, be so kind as to make us acquainted with them, recommending us as not of the worst winebibbers.

Here seated on the royal chair is "rex bibendi" Sir John Falstaff, having graced his head with stag's antlers. In his hand he has taken the heavy tankard which he is accustomed to empty at one draught. At his side stand Masters Nym, Pistol and Bardolph, simulating, with clenched fists, the trumpets of the heralds. "Silence! le roi boit!" and when doctors skilled in the science of drink declared that not a drop remained at the bottoms of the glasses, when the cheeks of the gracious lord had become bloated, his nose violet, his eyes filled with tears and his hair began to smoke, there was a cry of: Vivat! and in the same moment a salvo was sent off, not from mortars but from broken tumblers.

And now his highness, as is his custom, will begin to tell stories, very curious, and to which you must give creed, for they are very gay, and very peppery. He will relate of how he had drunk with princes, of how, for him the Windsor ladies had scratched out each others eyes, and of how the sylphs had pinched his calves, on a certain moonlight night in Windsor Forest. But look at that loon who has fallen from the bench and is snoring, indifferent even to the rude tales. That is Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burtonheath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a "tinker" a frequenter of "Marian Haeket the fatale wife of Windsor" and who, having lost credit with her has taken shelter under the friendly thatch of the "Garter Inn."

And who is that saucy fellow who makes so bold as to pat the king himself on his most serene stomach, and in presence of his monarchical nonsense, to boast of his own adventures, That is "Miles Gloriosus" Monsieur Parolles mentor to Bertram, Count of Rousillon. Look how he puffs himself up relating about that famous expedition in search of the lost drum, and of how cunningly he extricated himself from oppression, when caught by the soldiers of the Muskos' regiment. This good-for-nothing threw up the courtier's life and set off roving, thinking to himself that "there's place and means for every man alive" and as all roads lead to the inn, took up his lodgings at this asylum for vagabonds.

Now glance at this merry trio composed of Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek and the fool. Look, the equally intrepid knight as mannerly gallant, Sir Andrew, has jumped on the table and excels himself in a galliard, in the dancing of which he is famed in all Illyria. Look how he kicks about with his thin shanks—the whole table is shaking with laughter.

This well chosen company has fled from the puritanism infested palace of Olivia, and has pitched its tents here, finding every night that "tis too late to go to bed" for it was utterly impossible to live among people so conceited as was Malvolio who thought that "because he was virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale." Ah! here is also Autolycus, ex-courtier of the Bohemian Prince, Florizel... a casual pickpocket... see how cleverly he simulates a pedlar. To the girls he recommends bugles, ribbons and spangles;

The Garter Inn.

"Rex bibendi"

Parolles.

A merry trio.

Autolycus.

TWO THEATRES

for the young men he has "ballads very pitiful and as true" and "merry but very pretty ones."
 I should be ready to swear that he is planning some knavery for his foxy eyes are burning with an evil fire.

But who the deuce are those gentlemen in variegated garb and with masks on their faces? Why are they sitting apart with the miens of conspirators or wandering jugglers? Methinks they do not belong to this society, since they are carrying on between themselves a conversation in a foreign language on an entirely different subject than the court of King Falstaff.
 What? Do you not recognise them? You must have met them on your travels, somewhere in the lanes of Bergamo, Bologna or Venice, But since you do not know them, I must introduce you to these worthies.

Harlequino.

This cavalier here in a toga of the times of merry King Francis the First, adorned with an immense rabbit tuft, with his face half hidden by a black mask from beneath which projects a stiff black beard, in garments cunningly made of patches of red, yellow and blue cloth, proudly brandishing his wooden sword.... that is Signor Harlequino. Such a world-rover as the world has never seen.

He has been everything by turns. Servant to some scrapepenny, bar-man, warrior, comedian, rope-dancer.... he has humbly served stupid but rich lordlings... he has courted the maids... and sometimes even, when tired of these occupations, has donned the Marquis Sbrufadel's satin garments and repaired to some court or other to try for the hand of some Isabella. There he gave rein to his fantasy, which was as many coloured as his dress, telling the ladies, a second Boccaccio, as it were, fables about himself and of his ancestors. For instance, he related that his protoplast had been court sausagemaker to the Emperor Nero, who simply devoured these true master-pie pieces. His father is said to have been Captain Fregocola, married to a certain Miss Castagna, a maiden of such lively temperament, that, in less than two months, she presented him with a son. Fregocola was excessively polite; in the day he took off his hat to everybody, but in the night he took from everybody not only his hat, but also his cloak.

Signor Truffaldino.

Not for long however did our gallant play the part of Sbrufadel; the merciless thrashing he received after each masquerade generally threw him into the open arms of Colombine the faithless wife of white Pedrolino.

That fellow at his side is Harlequin's full brother, as like to him as the peas in a pod: Signor Truffaldino.

From his own tales however it could be concluded that he is descended from another family because he has come out of a foundling hospital, ergo: it is very probable that he be a king's son. They wanted to teach him to write and read, but his royal highness would not for all the world agree to such a thing, and in a fury dashed to pieces the head of the Magister who had dared to do such a dishonour to his majesty.

After this celebrated deed the unfortunate Prince Royal fled before the clubs of the servants of justice, and thanks to his heroism became a beggar. By a strange disposition of fate he found himself in slavery among the Turks, who had bought him dearly, but beyond that.... sold him cheaply.

Pulcinella.

That other two-humped rascal in a plaited cap of yellow-red green from which hang cock's plumes, with a black bird mask on his face with a hooked nose, in a wide jerkin, in trousers somewhat short and singular, of which one leg is yellow and the other red liberally distributing to all the caresses of his thick staff, that is Signor Pulcinella a native of Naples. Your worships had better not approach that scoundrel for he is a cruel godless man, submitting only to his own passions, a dull tippler, and an adulterer. Do not put faith in his jollity. "When he laughs be sure he has killed somebody" (1) Look how he is fraternizing with Autolycus; look how perfectly they are conversing with each other by signs.

Let us escape from here.... some evil is brewing.
 Now let us go to the town.... before evening we should stand in the forum. We can already see the round cupolas of the churches and the tower of the city-hall, on whose spire the golden fane is glistening. Glance, companions, on the intricate flourishes engraved on the town gate; it must have been no trifling art-master who adorned it. You can see here some monstrous flowers strangely tied together with droll masks. But what is that?... heavens! The masks' eyes are starting out of their sockets at us and they are rolling out their tongues

(1) Maurice Sand, "Masques et Bouffons."

TWO THEATRES

from their livid muzzles. Can these be human heads? Tell us, halberdiers, who keep guard in silence at the gate!.... Then those are the decapitated heads of dare-devils who ventured to court Turandotte a Princess of China, and who were punished, as an example, with a cruel death because they could not guess the sphinx riddle of the wonder-maiden... Oh! let us hide our eyes, gentlemen, for I feel that my knightly courage is deserting me, and let us go as fast as we can into the town;... perhaps, sporting and idling in some temple of Bacchus, we shall forget about this fearful picture.

Tis a wonderful town,... upon my honour it would be worth while living here. It is the true land, flowing with milk and honey for all calibres of coxcombs and parasites.

There are plenty of houses of merry love here, and inns in which sojourn nobles, fraternizing with squires and burghers, revelling till daylight with the full-cheeked ma'm'selles. You may recognise these houses by the sign-boards representing the lascivious god Priapus; by the everlastingly lowered gaudy blinds, and by the portly bellied tousled bawds, who, standing on the threshold, attract the passers-by with promises of good amusement. Then if ever thou art importuned by Mistress Overdone, or by any other female practising her trade enter fearlessly into her house, and perchance, amidst the company of french-crowned lewdsters and immodest damsels, thou wilt find,... resembling a white lily and like her innocent.... Marina daughter to Pericles, whom wicked pirates sold to pandars, and I am in hopes that on seeing her thy mouth will not water, but thou wilt rescue her from this den of knaves.

Tis a town of towns! Song and dance follow each other here, day and night. In the square before the church are erected booths with ginger bread, demiohns of mead, and thousands of feminine baubles. Market tricksters distinguish themselves before the crowd of astounded burghers, with tight rope dancing and sword-swallowing. Unfrooked monks traffic in medals, scapulars and relics of the saints. The renowned quack-doctor, Baloardo from Bologna, having to add to his dignity, puts a black mask on his forehead and nose, and in a flowing toga recommends at the top of his voice, clysters of his own invention, miraculous balsams.... and love philters, interlarding his orations with Latin maxims. Through the streets with pompous steps stroll the citizens of this frolicsome borough, arm in arm with their proud dames in festive dress. The gentlemen in fox caps, wearing scarlet fur-lined cloaks fastened with gold buttons, lean on their knotted sticks terminating in ivory knobs representing Turk's heads or fabulous beasts. The ladies, in canary silk crinolines, in corsets garnished with Flemish lace, lead, on chains, monkeys with red rumps. Princesses in powdered wigs, pass by in gift coaches, with their maids-in-waiting. In small chaises, at breakneck speed, drive fashionable Fops, holding glasses to their eyes so as better to inspect the rosy-cheeked daughters of councillors and aldermen. At the corners of the streets stand philosophers weeping and laughing, scholastical wiseacres, abecedarians in night-caps trimmed with fringe, in dressing gowns embroidered with palms, in half boots, more holy than righteous, never taking from their mouths the long pipes terminating in bowls of burnt meerschaum. These ardent peripatetics explain to curious hearers, of their own good will, the mysteries of the "seven fine arts", choking themselves from time to time with the cracklings offered them by their pupils in lieu of payment.

Meanwhile from Auerbach's cave float the sounds of Mephistopheles' song:

"Es war einmal ein Koenig

Der hatt' elnen grossen Floh...."

and a chorus of student-idlers repeat the refrain of the satanical song, feasting themselves on the fiery wine which flows from the tables as though by sorcery.

The church bells are playing lively sarabands.... on the dial of the town-hall clock Death dances with Judas; under the windows of princesses or of daughters of niggardly Harpagon, amorous cavaliers with empty pouches, passionately sing love stances, while their Jacks of all trades disguised as marquises lead the action of the character comedy. The organ in the church resounds with Haydn's "Ochsenmuenett."

Here is Signor Petruccio of Verona arriving for his marriage festival with the still untamed shrew, on a "horse hipped with an old mothly saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark-spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder shotten; near legged before" descending from the same family as

Petruccio.

TWO THEATRES

nimble Rosinant. Like horse like rider. Signor Petruchio has on his head a new hat but an old jerkin, breeches thrice turned, old boots (one buckled another laced); at his side an old rusty sword, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points. Like master like man. Grunio has a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and the "humour of forty fancies" pricked in it for a feather.

After them run a gang of street gapers shouting and whistling.

Monsieur
Jordain.

At this sight Monsieur Jordain "*bourgeois gentilhomme*" shrugged his shoulders; the same who was beside himself with joy when he learned from his preceptor that, for more than forty years, he had been speaking in prose though he himself had not known it; he shrugged his shoulders, spit with indignation into his silk handkerchief and went on for his walk accompanied by his two lackeys, following by his orders at three paces, so that every body might know that they belonged to him.

Do you hear the rolling of the kettle drums and the trumpeting of Martial music. A war march.

The Grecian
Army.

Out on to the stage comes the Grecian army on its way to besiege Troy. In front marches the spiteful hunch-back Thersitea as drummer, and jeers aloud at Ajax "who wears his wits in his belly and his guts in his head" and at "the shepherd of the people" who "has not so much brain as ear-wax."

Here march the heroes at the head of the warriors armed with arquebuses and muskets going to die with a smile on their lips, having taken beforehand their viaticum of kisses from their concubines.

Capitano
Spavento.

When the famous adventurer Capitano Spavento saw this he roared in a voice of thunder *Sangre y fuego! io son chi son!* and took refuge at the nearest tavern.

There, having barricaded the doors, he will throw himself on a bench and order his factotum to extol him in a loud voice, so that all may hear of his knightly deeds, promising him food at his own table, if he augment the number of unfortunates killed by his hand. And now we hear from the servant's lips, whose appetite is in direct proportion to the number of victims, that his master is known in all the world, that the Spanish doncellas call him Matamsras, and that the French "*précieuses*" name him Francasse, that his sword laments when it reposes for too long a time in its scabbard, and that King Seleucus has just commanded him to raise an army.

The blood-thirsty captain on hearing these words, sweet as the falernian wine he is drinking, will twist his leonine moustache and mourn over the lot of so many ladies who, for love of him, have lost their heads: the latterly experienced fear and miracle of dionysian fruit will call forth a blush on his martial countenance and his body will become bathed in sweat. For that reason our knight will heedlessly unbutton his richly galooned uniform decorated with crosses of merit, and then we shall perceive that his shirt is wanting, and that bruises, from sharp blows of a stick, are his only war trophies.

The Mob

The mob rejoices: it has just stilled Julius Caesar, instigated by its tribunes; with stones and insults have they banished the defender of the country, the proud patrician Coriolanus, disbelieving the existence of sacred wounds on his body; and now, look how they are deriding old Titus Andronicus become mad from trouble and shooting complaints, with arrows, to Mercury, Apollo, Mars and Pallas, of human cruelty, which has deprived him of one hand and his daughter of both hands and of the name of virtuous woman. The mob rejoices: it is bearing on its shoulders the conqueror Thersitis, proclaims the tinker Christophers Sly, king, delivers Barabbas, puts the Chevalier de la Manche in the pillory, rolls out the tuns from cellars of the wealthy and drinks brandy without end out of chalices stolen from churches.... The mob rejoices.... in the court has just been pronounced, on account of the speech of Portia disguised as a jurist, the sentence unfavourable to Shylock.... refusing him the right of cutting a pound of flesh from around Antonio's heart, and depriving him of his riches. The mob rejoices equally at the fury of the helpless Jew, who but just now called the unjust judge a wise Daniel and had already sharpened his knife, as at the displeasure of his luckless lawyer Tartaglia, a thick-set man in blue spectacles covering three quarters of his visage.

The mob rejoices.

The mob rejoices!

TWO THEATRES

We have lost our way, companions, in this virgin forest full of hissing reptiles and malicious dwarves, who, with their giggling, lead us into stray paths.... Ye stars! show us our way to the castle on the crystal mountain where Good King Cole rules over the fairy-land of children and of dolls. Ye stars! come to our aid, we bring curious tidings of new witches and new princesses, we bring gifts which eye has not yet seen, of which the ear of his Majesty the King and his court hath not heard.

But on the way we shall perish of hunger and thirst, and in our souls bugbears arise with venomous eyes.... Ye stars! Ye stars!...

Knock! knock! knock! Let us in, good porter... we are honest travellers, carrying presents from far-off lands for the gracious king, and perhaps some souvenir will be found for thee in our wallets, if thou wilt let us into the castle. The night, as if on purpose, will not end,... and in this forest, it seems brigands with thick clubs have their dens, and in this forest are bogies....

Knock! knock! knock! Let us in, good porter.... our knocking would awaken the dead....

"Anon, Anon! I pray you remember the porter!"

Then the doorchains fall with a clinking noise, and in the gate-way appears the jocund porter, hardly able to keep his feet, whether it be from fatigue, or from yesterday's drinking bout is unknown. But from the descriptions of old time fabulists, the castle should present a different aspect. It seems to me that everything conspires against us, and the stars have deceived us. But let us not put faith in appearances. Let us enter into the castle. Somehow or other, it is not gay here.

The Castle.

In the vestibule playing at dice are squires and pandoors, runners and pages in sombre liveries. Masters Rosencrantz and Guildenstern note carefully in their observations the state of mind of Prince Hamlet, overhearing his monologue from behind the curtain. The Lord Chancellor Polonius scatters to right and left the pearls of his wisdom.... always advising, always rebuking, profoundly persuaded of the importance of his buffoonery. In the watch-tower the court astrologer, instead of reading from the stars the fate of the king and state, brews, in phials, some poisonous elixir. The tricked out ladies-in-waiting move about the conspiring courtiers, informing the king of everything. The red headsman has folded his arms on his breast and awaits a sign from the king. From the dungeons escape the ever weaker moans of those starving with hunger.

In the banqueting hall Titus Andronicus dressed like a cook regales Queen Tamora with a pasty, excellently prepared by himself, made of her sons, venging himself in this way for the cruelties to which he had been subjected. But who is that new-comer to the feast? How strange his face is, as though hewn out of marble. He points to Don Juan and commands him to follow him. Don Juan pales but goes boldly towards him, not wishing to break his knightly word, given yesterday to the Commander's statue. See, the floor is opening, and the gay harum-scarum disappears into the earth, together with the white spectre. All will rejoice at the death of the hardened sinner.... "Heaven offended, laws violated, girls seduced, families dishonoured, relations outraged, wives wronged, husbands in despair" (1) All, all are pleased;... one only, the faithful partner in nocturnal escapades, one only, Sgaramelle Leporello, with dejected mien will call out: "My wages, my wages!"

Titus p
Andronicus.

Don Juan.

In her bedchamber Desdemona sings the doleful song of the green willow and the sad maiden.... her eyes itch.... it seems to bode weeping.... Behold, by her bed has stood a man with gloomy black countenance.... look, how, in the obscurity, the whites of his eyes glitter.... He is murmuring something to himself.

Desdemona.

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow
And smooth as monumental alabaster...!"

Look, the black man bends over the sleeper, laying on her childish lips the last kiss.... the tear, stealing from under his eye-lashes, falls on Desdemona's face and wakes her.... The black man summons her to prepare for death... "Then heaven have mercy on me!" softly sighs Desdemona. "Amen" replies Othello.... and now all is quiet.... no sound.... I believe the black moor has killed her.... let us withdraw....

(1) Molière, Don Juan.

TWO THEATRES
Lady Macbeth.

Oh night! when wilt thou end! How silent the castle is.... is everyone dead already? Hark! The doors creaked.... from her chamber comes Lady Macbeth in a white garment.... passes along the corridor with closed eyes, bearing a night-lamp in her hand.... see, she stops at last before the barred window, through which flow the moonbeams, silvering the bloodstained stone floor.

Behold! Lady Macbeth places the lamp in the embrasure of the window, and rubs her hands together, as though washing them... She whispers something:... "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand...."

D a w n .

Dawn already.... dawn! The matinal bird has flapped with his wings on the window-panes. Open the windows! The air is saturated with the odour of poison. Open the windows! It is stifling!...

Heigh! look!.., am I not mistaken?... strain your eyes, companions, there.... there far off.... heavens! Coming towards us is BIRNAM WOOD.

The rustling of the leaves is already to be heard on the drawbridge. For God's sake close the gates quicker....

Do you hear? the wood ripples the chant of VENGEANCE.

Lower the curtain! this tragi-comedy awakes awe in my bosom.

Sing, excellent Toby.... louder, louder, so that I do not hear the rattle of the dying. Dance your galliard, sweet Sir Andrew, and thou, self-proclaimed king-fiddler Sir John, tell me some lively anecdote so that I can laugh even to tears, instead of being touched to tears....

Give me some music.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

That old and antic song we heard last night;

Methought it did relieve my passion much.... (1)

Sun after storm.

Behold! what a sunny day has set in after the storm. God has hung a rainbow on the sky..., as a sign of FORGIVENESS.

Let joy illumine our features, joy which is the rainbow after our tears.

"Laud we the gods;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils

From our blest altars."

Peace! Peace! Let us adorn our brows with oak-wreaths... let us wash the blood from our hands and swords.... let the king's grace grant an amnesty to prisoners.... Go, soldiers, and lower your standards before the corpses of unfortunate heroes.

"Let four captains

Bear Hamlet like a soldier, to the stage;

For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have proved most royally: and for his passage

The soldiers' music and the rites of war

Speak loudly for him"

Entwine your swords with olive branches:

"Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike."

And now:

"Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights."

Lower the curtain! "Quels spectacles charmants! quels plaisirs goutons nous!

Les dieux mêmes, les dieux n'en ont point de plus doux."

Bravo! Bravo!

III.

And now you will wake, for

"Now my charms are all o'erthrown

And what strength I hav's mine own,

Which is most faint!"

(1) These finales are taken from "Twelfth night" — "Cymbeline" — "Hamlet" — "Timon of Athens" and "Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

TWO THEATRES
The Awakening.

At these words the wanderers awoke and what was their amazement when they found themselves at the banqueting table, in company with the Magus Prospero, Miranda and the two spirits. No trace of the theatre... Could it have been a dream... such dreams would be worth having every day!

"Yes, it was a dream" spoke Prospero, "and it took birth in your brains, under the influence of that enchanting beverage with which Ariel regaled you yesterday. Thanks to my mirror I was able to see the phantom of your imaginations. Yes, that theatre you will find nowhere.... beyond the circle described by your fantasies. But this theatre really exists! And its life is a strange one, since, although it develops itself and becomes more complicated with each century.... nevertheless it is everlastingly young, thanks, truly, to theatre of Messrs Quince and Bottom; it will imbibe the influences of the epoch and "milieu"; it will become a pulpit of literature or an histrionic circus. Utinam falsus vates sim.

This theatre does not exist... but in its place exists Prospero, and your fantasy, my honourable guests, capable of embroidering, on canvas given to you by me, the most wonderful designs. In me you see the poet, the actor, and the stage-manager in one person. I myself prepared this beverage, myself sought the worthiest and most beautiful vessels for it, myself I scientifically guided the mirror during its operations on your minds; me and only me, in various forms, did you see during the whole time of your dream. On the THEATRUM OF YOUR SOULS have appeared figures from different epochs in costumes cut in various styles.

In the most dishonest pickpockets you have been able to discern just as much goodness as there is dishonesty in the best citizen.... consequently, you could not, without tears, look upon the sufferings of criminals whom fate very often punishes too late. Your mirth equalled your sadness when looking on these cowards, boasters, and on ludicrous and unhappy lovers; for every MAN appearing in this TRAGI-COMEDY OF MAN, whether appalling or amusing you, must have awakened in your HUMAN BREASTS: SYMPATHY. I have drawn tones from every key, have mixed colours from all palettes.... so as to create a man.

The creation of a Man.

He appeared to you more grotesque, more ridiculous, more terrible than his photograph in naturalistic drama. He appeared to you less elegant, less virtuous, and less elegantly vicious, than his optimistic caricature in pseudo-classical tragedy.

You have seen that every heroic deed has its comic side, and vice versa; you have learned to descry in, apparently, the most absolute baseness, certain elements of Beauty and vice versa; you have recognised that in this world, good and bad are equal powers, which are governed by DESTINY.

You have perceived, in fine, that behind the back of each man without exception, stand my two subordinate spirits: Ariel and Caliban.

Ariel & Caliban

I have given you a foretaste of the existence of "more things in heaven and earth.... than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

I have shown you the mystical union of man and spirits, and the mysterious germs of human actions.

I have given you proofs that the rainbow flourishes after a storm, and that, over the graves of those sleeping the everlasting sleep, lilies grow and larks sing.

And all that I have shown you "held, as 'twere the mirror up to nature; showed virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

You would certainly not be creators.... and creation is the duty of every man who is aware of the existence of his soul.... you would not, I repeat, be creators, but Athenian artisans of Mr. Bottom's company, deprived of imagination, if in every-day life you will not have desecrated those fantastic colours with which my drama burned.

Creation is the duty of man.

It seems to me however that this pell-mell and apparent disorder render more exactly real life under fantastic forms than the moral drama the most minutely studied. Each man contains in himself the entire humanity; and, writing what comes into his head, he meets with greater success than in copying with a magnifying glass objects placed outside of him. (1)

(1) Gautier, op. cit.

I am sometimes astonished at youthful poetasters' complaints of reality, which clips their wings. What kind of reality do they see? The same with which those Athenians live, that, which is the rotten fruit of their boorish philosophy. Hence are derived the invented stuff, and nonsense about Utopia, in which such malcontents, from that seeming grey reality might find a refuge, but which they never do find.

How unheavenward must be the flight of those over-poetised ganders, how unswanlike! the dirty hands of the first-coming Athenian churl may reach their wings. But we, gentlemen, who by the grace of God have the wings of cherubims, we know that reality is something utterly different from the distorted picture reflected in the cheap greenish looking-glass of the rustic consciousness of the Athenian man.

We know that reality depends on ourselves only, that we are its creatures always, and that we see it such as our CREATIVE WILL desires to see it. For that reason we do not know the boundary line between fable and truth, between dreaming and waking, and for that reason let us not flee from this reality for it is situated within us; each apparition, apparently for the ages of others, placed beyond us, is the effect of the emanation of that cluster of rays which fills our souls with a mystic light.

For that reason I earnestly beg you not to try to range my drama under any category whatsoever. Leave that to literary historians, who would not fall asleep quietly, if, having met on their way with something singular, they did not baptise it with one of the names of their more than modest calendar.

Do not call my theatre either classic or romantic or naturalistic.

You have seen that all these beautiful movements are contained in it without a remainder.

Do not call it idealistic or realistic, since these words are devoid of sense for us, the creators of reality.

Call it: NATURE'S MIRROR.... A mirror as singular.... as beautiful as nature itself.

And now behold!

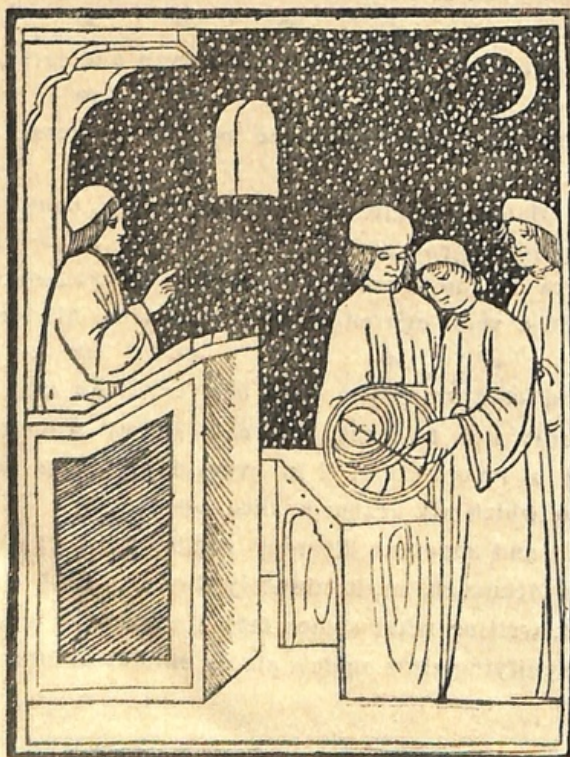
Here Prospero threw high up into the air his regal orb, turned in the form of the terrestrial globe, which shone in the sun with the most marvellous colours.

"Behold! TOTUS MUNDUS HISTRIONEM AGIT."

Farewell.... go to your own country and do not forget Prospero's Theatre. Do not try even to combat with Mr. Bottom, your pride should not allow you to do so.... in fine, this theatre will last at least as long as human stupidity. Farewell!

The Languishing Mariners sailed from the enchanted island, taking with them the prescription for the bewitching beverage, and their souls enriched with treasures of exquisite dreams.

THE END.



A NOTE ON AN OLD ENGRAVING. by Allen Carric.

What an excellent background to the Drama of Astronomers is this window with moon, and stars... The modern artist would have represented the moon & stars seen through the window.... how appalling, how overwhelming would it then have been to contemplate! But here the artist shows us the moon and stars of the Astronomer-Poets; not things to be reckoned with and argued about, but matters of Poetry.

The Artist has no business to concern himself with that which comes under the heading of speculation. How can he draw for us that about which he is still in doubt?

Let philosophers and logicians have doubts,... an Artist can have none.

ON TOLERANCE IN DRAMATIC CRITICISM. by Gordon Craig.

Mr E. F. Spence has written lately in the *Westminster Gazette* on Tolerance in Dramatic Criticism. It is hardly a subject which we should expect Mr William Archer to be able to handle, or even Mr Max Beerbohm. Mr Walkley....? well....! But Mr Spence is of all the critics the most tolerant and the most generous and what he says is really most important. I shall therefore reprint rather a long passage from it, believing that by so doing I am serving the very best interests of the most spirited movement of the theatre in England.

"Some remarks lately appearing in a popular weekly paper concerning Mrs. Patrick Campbell's 'Deirdre' and 'Electra' deserve a little consideration. One of the critics 'attached to the paper spoke of the affair as being an 'indifferent performance of indifferent tragedies,' and then said it was 'a simple affectation to profess to enjoy it,' and that it 'was not, 'as some people seem to think, a mark of culture, but only of insufficient culture 'not to acknowledge that one is bored by this kind of thing.' An affronted critic wrote 'to the paper, complaining of the charge of affectation and insufficient culture, and was promptly rebuked as 'a bumptious correspondent, and told that his letter convinced the critic that he was one of those affected persons whose misdirected zeal the writer deplored. This attitude is not a novelty. Most of the critics, when I was a boy, charged the professed admirers of Wagner with being impostors or imbeciles; later on, anyone who professed 'to like the pictures of Whistler or Rossetti or Burne-Jones, or any of the Impressionists, 'was accused of affectation. When Ibsen was introduced to England the conservative critics raved, and alleged that the Ibsenites (or Obscenites—the word was considered very witty) were humbugs; this was the least offensive of their charges. The same kind of thing happened in the case of Maeterlinck. One might cite many other instances.

"It is a curious form of attack. Why should I, who had much pleasure and certainly 'no boredom, if a shade of disappointment, from Mr. Yeats's play and Mrs. Campbell's 'beautiful acting, be charged with affectation because I said so, and also with insufficient culture? There is a certain amount of inconsistency in the charges which may be disregarded. Of course, I am insufficiently cultured. There are thousands of plays and books that I ought to have read, of dramas I ought to have witnessed, of pictures I ought to have seen, masses of music I ought to have heard—and have not—and, therefore, I am a person 'of very insufficient culture. But the writer in question should offer some evidence of his 'own sufficiency of culture before alleging that my opinion concerning the play and the 'performance is due to a lack of culture. After all, in a free country one would seem 'entitled to express an opinion on a question of art without being called a liar by someone 'who takes a different view. The matter is one of some importance, because the attack is 'insidious and dangerous. The deadliest weapon in the hands of the critic is the allegation 'of boredom. You may say that a piece is vulgar, indelicate, inartistic, indecent, full of 'chestnuts,' old-fashioned, 'melodramatic,' violent, ill-constructed, or unoriginal 'without doing fatal injury, but if you allege that you and everybody else suffered from 'boredom your attack may be fatal. This, I think, is the reason why the charge is so often 'made by people with strong prejudices.

"There is something to be said on both sides. No doubt the lovers of the severer form of 'drama, the worshippers of Shaw, the body which has supported the societies of which the 'Independent Theatre was the first and has regarded the Court Theatre for a while as a 'kind of Mecca, are not always judicious when talking about musical comedy and comic opera, 'and some members of it have been very narrow-minded. They have refused to admit the 'merit of any comic operas, except those of Gilbert and Sullivan, they have lavished 'indiscriminating abuse upon almost all others, have looked upon Daly's Theatre and the 'Gaiety and the Prince of Wales' as so many Nazareth. This, of course, has caused a great 'deal of annoyance to the lovers of musico-dramatic work, some of whom have been quite 'indiscriminate in their loves. Moreover, some of the austere folk have denounced melodrama 'and the so-called romantic comedy, without drawing nice distinctions. This indiscriminate 'denunciation has naturally caused annoyance and reprisals. Still, a strong difference of 'attitude exists. Because I dislike 'A Chinese Honeymoon' enormously, because wild

Deirdre "and Electra"

A curious form of attack.

"Boredom"

Narrow-minded critics.

Palates differ.

Intolerance.

Its result.

An eccentric
clique.The evil of free
lists.

"motorbuses could not drag me to see 'The Scarlet Pimpernel,' I do not doubt, or pretend to doubt, that hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of people have enjoyed them. When an eminent member of the Bar told me that he had been three times to see 'A Chinese Honeymoon,' I did not charge him with affectation or insufficient culture, I merely put him, in my mind, into a particular interesting class. When a charming lady told me at dinner that she doted on 'The Scarlet Pimpernel,' and would like to go and see it every night, I knew she was in earnest, and asked her to point out her husband to me; he did look a little careworn. Without for one moment believing in the phrase 'De gustibus non est disputandum' as ordinarily interpreted, I fully recognise that palates differ. If M. Steinheil chose to dine upon cold pork-pie, sausage, cold veal, and lobster, as the papers allege, I am not surprised that he died, only a little amazed that the French police are puzzled as to the cause of his death, but I see no reason for charging him with affectation in eating such a meal, or insufficient culture, though it was hardly the banquet of a gourmet. I have shuddered at a costly *Bouillabaisse chez Roubillon* at Marseilles without doubting that poor old 'G. A. S.' loved the dish. I prefer homely beer to any of the white wines of the Rhine; yet I believe that many people honestly enjoy those high-priced varieties of weak-minded vinegar, and am sure that it is not affectation that causes some people to profess to like black-pudding and tripe and onions.

"The matter has its serious aspect. The attacks made, very unfairly I think, upon the novel forms of drama by conservative critics, when they take this form of alleging that not only the critic but the audience was bored, and that professed admirers are insincere, undoubtedly are very effective, and certainly are sometimes made in good faith. There are people so foolish as to think that nobody can like what they do not; also so fatuous as to consider that no one ought to like what they do not: but to jump from this to alleging that the professed admirers of ambitious works are humbugs is outrageous. I do not doubt that the butcher-boy enjoys 'Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet-street.' Why should he disbelieve the statement by me that I get pleasure from a performance of a 'Hedda Gabler,' which would hardly appeal to him? In my belief large numbers of playgoers have been kept away from able and ambitious dramas, written by dramatists with a true artistic aim, because of the oft repeated allegations by newspaper writers who did not like them that everybody was bored; also, I think that the wholesale denunciation of the lighter forms of dramatic and musico-dramatic forms of entertainment by some of the critics has weakened their influence, has led the man in the street to think that if Mr. X or Y or Z can find no pleasure in what he likes that he will get no entertainment from what they admire. One supposes, at least hopes, that dramatic critics of all kinds and grades have an honest desire for the advance and success of British drama. They will hardly be successful in their wishes unless on each side a little more tolerance is shown for the opinions professed by members of the other.

That is the commencement of Mr Spence's article. The insufferable attitude which he objects to is peculiar to England alone. It seems to be the prerogative of a peculiarly eccentric clique in London to find in the work of young poets and young painters something which is vile and not to be endured.

This clique positively hates beauty and the people who live to create beauty. It is composed of people who are intolerable and intolerant. They are a wretched and ignorant little set who go about calling themselves the majority, and, as Mr Spence says, they are dangerous because, like scandalmongers, they go about whispering that every one is bored by Beauty.

I think Mr Spence is far too good when he tries to set the example of tolerance for the sake of these wretches. I think his tolerance does them too much honour. They care not a scrap for the mild and courteous remonstrance for their skin is thick and their conscience dull.

But there is something we must not forget. This little clique here spoken of is always boasting that it is the public, (as if that could stand as an excuse for its sterility) and has succeeded in coining so many phrases for the occupants of the stalls and the pit to make use of, that even today we find really nice people with the best will in the world talking utter nonsense at the theatre. If the managers were to cancel all the free lists, things would be better, for it is obvious that it is the well-to-do, ill-doing ladies and gentlemen who get their

seats for nothing who start all this chatter. English audiences must talk at all costs, and as they cannot talk sense they must talk nonsense, and generally harmful nonsense. In other lands the theatre public is a most intelligent body of people, intensely serious and not afraid of being so: intensely fond of these very plays, 'Deirdre' and 'Electra,' by these very poets, Yeats and Hofmannsthal, about whom these imbeciles in the London stalls choose to be impertinent. What right has any man or woman in the London stalls to have anything to say about the work of Mr Yeats or Mr Hofmannsthal? I can bring countless reasons to show that these creatures should remain entirely silent before two such beautiful works, and give proof beyond measure why public and critics alike should remain silent.... yes, entirely silent.... when in the presence of a masterpiece. (1) If such an ignoramus should proffer me his opinion that the works in question are *not* masterpieces he will be unable to say why or to defend his assertion, whereas I shall be able to afford him convincing proof as to the truth of mine.

But I fear these creatures are not even answerable for their opinion: they are answerable for someone else's opinion, and that 'someone else' is that little clique composed of those who enter the theatre without paying for their seats: and let it be understood clearly that that little clique is composed of a group of men of whom half are on the stage and half in the stalls.

There is a conspiracy on the part of some of the managers and a few over-fed sleepy actors to prevent the development of this younger theatre as represented by its poets, its actors and its other members; and let me tell these gentlemen,... and here I can drop the impersonal note and be as personal as is necessary.... let me tell you, gentlemen, that you shall not succeed, but it is we who shall succeed.

To begin with, you are a set of cowards. You are entirely afraid to come out and fight for your cause because you know that yours is the old cause of the incapable. The incapable, as you know quite well, fight more meanly than any other body of people. The incapable have grown fat and unhealthy through the success of their incapacity, and that is the success which I attribute to you. If the standard which you have lowered till it trails on the ground be raised but a foot higher your occupation is gone. You have the cleverness, the cunning, to know this, but you have not the cleverness to know how to hide yourselves entirely and we are now taking steps to marshal your names in order so that we may make an exhibition of you before these sycophants of yours, whom you tell to whisper it about that the world is bored by the works of young masters who will not permit their works to be defiled by the unutterable clamminess of your touch.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Committees still hold the belief that they can rule the fate of the world, guide the forces of man and generally keep everything straight, and so a Committee has been formed to teach people to keep their hands from picking and stealing, and, queerly enough, the meeting for this purpose is convoked in Berlin, in the very hot-bed of the pickers and stealers. Far reaching revisions of the Copyright Law have been lately reported, and everyone reads these voluminous reports, looking for some sign in this heavenly firmament,... some sign that they are living in an age of civilization where there are banks for other things than bonds and strong rooms for other things than gold. But, alas, no sign is to be seen. The columns of reports show only too clearly that there is no protection against the thief.

The thief is a peculiar kind of man. A thief is not one who annexes a purse or an idea and enlarges it and returns it to the people or the owner in a better state than he took it; but he is a thief who takes a purse or an idea and robs it of what it contains and returns it to the people or the owner guaranteeing that it is improved, and backing his guarantee by much advertisement and influence.

(1) If a man approaches a work of art with any desire to exercise authority over it and the artist, he approaches it in such a spirit that he cannot receive any artistic impression from it at all. The work of art is to dominate the spectator: the spectator is not to dominate the work of art. The spectator is to be receptive. "The Soul of Man." Oscar Wilde.

A conspiracy.

The incapable.

Committees.

THE EIGHTH
COMMANDMENT.The trials of
Artists.American
Influence.The withdrawal
of the Artist.Two classes
only.

Mr E. F. Spence.

Now that is what is done every day in regard to ideas. No one would be fooled about such a thing were purses merely the stolen goods, for everyone knows the difference between a full and an empty purse, but few know the difference between a full and an empty idea. I make bold to say that there is not an artist in the world who would grudge another man stealing his genius (if, by the way, it *could* be stolen), transforming it into something more beautiful and passing it on to the world. Artists are perhaps the most generous people on the round globe and their trials today are far sterner than they were formerly, for they are not only witnesses of the theft and ruination of their ideas, they are doomed to stand by while the people hysterically applaud the transformation of good to bad, and to listen to the cries of the hawkers who are announcing "all the latest improvements".

All the conferences in the world on the question of International Copyright are not going to alter this, and the only question which remains to be answered is, Is this a sign of the natural death of the Arts? It is folly for Nature to contend against dissolution, and if the Arts are dying, then why waste any more time over them? A quick and tidy death is far more desirable than a protracted one.

Perhaps the winds from America which are assisting in this destruction—which I, as an artist, must look on as the utmost folly of all follies—perhaps this wind bringing on its currents the wonders of electricity and the marvels of aviation, perhaps this wind will blow good stuff around the world. Perhaps it is really time to put away childish things such as music, poetry and the rest; or, to put it differently, perhaps it is time for the artists gracefully to retire from the field. There is such a thing as over-staying one's welcome.

To those who wish to be rid of us, those last words on the doorstep are really rather a bore, although to the departing guest who wishes to stay they are the pleasantest of all. Still, it would be far more tasteful of the artists to retire before the hour is too late and before everyone is yawning. Perhaps a little ceremony to mark the moment would be a graceful act on the part of the world; a little conference perhaps on that; perhaps a few speeches of thanks to the artists for their labours, more especially for the labours of their fore-fathers whose works have supported so very many wealthy families for many centuries and still continue to be the pride (?) of the centres of Europe.

And there are reasons why the artist should retire once and for all. He does not usually like posing, although today it is the general belief that every artist is a poseur, and so this enforced position of his today of lying posed upon the rack is thoroughly distasteful to him. There is too much talk about the "will to endure" today. That is almost as gross as its opposite: it has become with nearly three-fourths of the people today a pose which they are forced to accept through necessity. Not that I mean "necessity" in the trifling matter of bread and butter. I mean the need of the nourishment of their ancient pride and nobility. It is this need and this starvation which fill Trafalgar Square today, and which bring out five thousand policemen to prevent twenty women entering Parliament, and which will in time breed some strange and terrible resistance among those who practise the arts, unless, as I have suggested, they retire freely. By doing so they would thus save the face of those for whom they have continually laboured... their children, the vulgar people. For the earth is made up of two classes only: artists and the vulgar: there is no other distinction between people than this.

The vulgar have got the upper hand so it is best that the artist should retire. Then there will be no further need for these farces which are called "Conferences" to decide matters relating to International Copyright. Then everybody will be free to take any ideas they can find, for there will be no longer any ideas to lose. As it is, about a handful of men on the earth provide the rest with ideas, and the rest arrange International Copyright Laws. What on earth is the use then of them to any but "the rest"?

Mr E. F. Spence, writing in the *Westminster Gazette* on the 28th November, says, "To the bulk of the people ideas seem hardly the subject of property: even the stern moralist who would hesitate to steal an umbrella, or to exchange an old for a new Gibus, at a crush, thinks lightly of the theft of an idea; and I doubt whether the convicted plagiarist would be banished from any club. Nevertheless, no thoughtful person can deny that in a court of morals the theft of an idea, which has been so far realised as to become the subject of property, is quite as dishonourable as the theft of a gold watch and chain".

Mr Spence indicates that a conference on morality would be more profitable: he suggests

THE EIGHTH
COMMANDMENTSomething
Stern needed.

that priest's laws, not patent laws, are more desirable. He addresses himself, with fine toleration, to the deafest city in Europe; he appeals to its morals, the morals of London... and on matters relating to theft!!! He suggests a new idea, a new moral, to the people of London. This is not merely tolerant; it is decidedly bold. It suggests that London is deficient in its knowledge of how many morals there are.

How charmingly Mr Spence writes! With up-lifted finger he seems to say, in the somewhat kindly tone of the old Englishman, "Now then, you know, my boy,... no umbrellas, no crush hats; and if you can manage it, try also to resist forging cheques!"

I am afraid that very little will be done by so kindly an exhortation as this. I am afraid that it needs something sterner than this, and I am also afraid that no amount of copyright law will ever be so complete that it cannot be circumvented. Ideas, as I have said above, are not actually stolen, but their worth is stolen and something worthless is substituted under the same name. *Ideas cannot be stolen and their value preserved by the thief.* (1) This is what should be told to the people, this is what the world should be taught: this truth, fully understood, would be of more protection to the work of the artist than any number of Copyright Laws, however well revised. For there is nothing a receiver of stolen goods detests more than to be cheated by a thief.

JOHN BALANCE.



A NOTE ON APPLAUSE by Adolf Furst.

In the Moscow Art-Theatre applause plays a very minor role. In England no play can live without it. No actor takes a call before the curtain; hence there is no applause.

Reader: Isn't that very dull?

Writer: You might think so, Moscow doesn't. It is all a matter of the point of view. When the acting is poor an enthusiastic roaring and thundering audience are necessary to keep up the spirits; but when the acting is absorbing, applause is not needed... and if the actor wont come and bow, or the curtain rise after it has once fallen,... well then, applause becomes futile.

Reader: Who ever heard of such an idea?

Writer: My dear reader, it is not an idea, it is an established fact. Remove the reason for applause and you prevent the applause itself, and in doing so prevent a vulgarity.

Reader: But it is the natural desire to want to applaud when you see something good.

Writer: Rather is it an unnatural habit. You do not applaud a thing, only a man or a woman. Applause is the flattery of the strong by the weak.

If the conductor and musicians of an orchestra were not seen we should never applaud music. We do not applaud architecture, painting, sculpture or literature.

It is only when the poet appears that we suddenly become excited through fear of the superior force of the man..... we scent a danger..... we burst out into applause. We do not applaud the Atlantic Ocean or the poems of the Ocean, but, catching sight of the man who can swim furthest in that Ocean, we utter birdlike and beastlike cries.... what Barbarism! The air and the poems of the air leave us calm,... but the arioplanist we greet with enthusiasm.... we feel it is better for us to be friends with such a man. Applause is the gross expression of a fear awakened in the presence of a man in a stronger position than that held by ourselves. The sooner applause is banished from the theatre the better for actors and audience. The way partly to prevent it is to leave the curtain down at the end of each act and not raise it again till the beginning of the next act, and to give up the bad practice of the actor appearing before the curtain.

Reader: But the audience want it, they want to see their favorites again and again.

Writer: Then let there be a new kind of Zoo, with men and women on view in the cages.

(1) Like the Blue Birds in the Maeterlinck tale which turn black when caged and carried off, so do ideas lose all their colour in the hands of a thief.



BOOK REVIEW

FAUST AT "HIS MAJESTY'S"
Adapted by Stephen Phillips & J. Comyns Carr. (Macmillan & Co.) Price 4/-

The Dramatist finds the materials for his Art in the relations of Man with himself: with his experience, i. e. with his fellow men, with women; and with the Infinite, God or Destiny. All dramatic *motifs* will come under one of these heads, and the greatest Dramas to some extent deal with them all, though it will generally be found that one or other of them has supplied the leading theme. The tragedy of Hamlet for instance, is that of his own personality, which his egotism, pushed to insanity, identifies with the Infinite; his relations with others, with his father's spirit or with Ophelia, serve merely as foils or illustrations to that main idea.

The great dramatists, being not only poets and philosophers but also great artists, their subsidiary *motifs* are apt to be treated with such patient craft and wealth of detail that it is not always very easy to determine the fundamental theme of the drama. Especially is this the case with Faust. The skill with which the subordinate characters are drawn, the precision and richness of the secondary events in the action, not to speak of the intricate symbolism of the Second Part, serve as much to veil as to indicate the main idea. The popular imagination has naturally seized on the romance of Faust and Gretchen as the principal theme of the poem. The "heart" is easily moved by the tears of maidens who love more well than wisely, and seduction must inevitably appear to those many people who are constitutionally unable to raise their psychic lives out of the soft valleys of sense and emotion, as the one supremely tragic climax of experience. To such as these "Faust" under the title of "The Woes of Gretchen" is nothing but a pendant to the "Sorrows of Werther." The Management of "His Majesty's" whose primary duty is to entertain the public, very properly takes this view and Messrs Stephen Phillips and Comyns Carr have "freely adapted" and cut the poem to suit it. These gentlemen seem to call for neither praise nor blame. Since it had to be done, I daresay they have done it as well as was possible. And when we remember the spectacular resources of which Mr. Tree has so often given us proof, the enormous success of the venture is more than amply justified. It is just possible however that some of the

delighted occupants of the Stalls, or perhaps the Pit, of that comfortable House, in the intervals of the "Ohs!" drawn from their dinner-laden bosoms by each fresh culmination of scenic display, may have asked themselves what Goethe's meaning really was. Is it really the case, they may have pondered, in an *entr'acte*, unheeding the proffered bonbon or lemonade (and even the charming persons who sell them), that the mightiest intellect of modern times found such profound significance in the episode of Gretchen's adventure that he chose it for the great work of his life, lavishing on it his utmost resources of wisdom and fancy? Is the eternal Magdalen the true "Womansoul who leads us onward and up?" To any such devout enquirers into Goethe's meaning I would suggest that there is another and a deeper interpretation.

The conflict between pure thought and experience forces itself very soon upon the attention of the student of philosophy. It presents itself in various forms. Hegel's Absolute Idea eternally realized in full perfection as it demonstrably must be, in the World, jars hopelessly with the circumstances of the destruction of Messina or indeed with the fact of five minutes of toothache. If "Reality" is placed in that which can without logical contradiction be formulated as such, then experience leaping exultantly from one shattered category of thought to another is evidently "unreal." On the other hand experience is given us and without it we should not know ourselves at all, much less as the "spirit" of Hegelian philosophers. Here is a hopeless *impasse*. "What must be is" says the metaphysician with logical truth; but the premisses of that perfectly correct deduction cannot throw even the faintest gleam of light on what will be. Experience goes its reckless way careless of the conditions which from motives of the highest rationality we wish to impose on it; it can only be conquered on its own terms. Those who will not accept them are sterilized, they have denied an instinct deeper than the instinct of knowledge, they have denied the instinct of life. This negation was always to Goethe the one sin against the Holy Ghost. Faust, in the first scene, is represented at the close of a long life passed in the accumulation of abstract knowledge, with his hands empty, his nature starved. So intolerable is his boredom that he sees no escape but suicide. He is checked in this purpose by the accidental revival of the religious mood which dissolves him in sentimental memories of his childhood. But the religious mood is bound up with the assertion of the manifestly incredible dogma of Christ's resurrection. His learning has at least convinced him of the impossibility of such a solution of the world's mystery as that. Then he walks abroad with Wagner the simple-minded enthusiast of knowledge, and the respect which his disciple and his fellow-citizens have for his wisdom turns to ironic gall in his breast. At length he fully realizes

his delusion and turns to life. But how to reach it? His waning powers and his sophisticated mind preclude the path of unconscious instinct. There is no way but one; only the Devil can lead him into the school of experience. So to the Devil he goes. In that school he learns both to love and to suffer, but is never bored again. As the Devil's apprentice he at length arrives through the changing lessons of experience, and the varied functioning of his own nature at acquiescence in human lot and reconciliation with destiny, which he sees at last as part of himself. For the Devil is the force which attempts evil but can only achieve good. Thus the mystery of life solves itself for him in the continuous act of life. This is what I would like to murmur into the ear of the enquiring pleasure seeker at "His Majesty's"

A. L. T.

LE THÉÂTRE DE MONSIEUR.
Péridaud (L.): Paris, Librairie E. Jorel, un vol. in-8., prix 5 fr.

Monsieur Louis Péridaud publie le premier volume d'un vaste travail sur les grandes et les petites scènes de Paris pendant la Révolution, le Consulat et l'Empire. *Le Théâtre de Monsieur*, dont il nous conte aujourd'hui l'histoire, fut fondé dans la salle de spectacle des Thuilleries par Léonard, le perruquier de Marie Antoniette, et Viotti, le violoniste compositeur. Après de nombreuses difficultés, ils avaient obtenu du Comte de Provence d'ouvrir leur établissement sous son patronage. Lorsque la Cour abandonna Versailles pour rentrer à Paris, les deux associés reçurent l'ordre de quitter les Thuilleries. Ils se rendirent alors à la Foire Saint Germain, dans la petite salle des Variétés, qu'avait occupée Nicolet; mais leur séjour dans ce local fut de courte durée: au bout de quelques mois, il s'installaient dans un édifice tout battant neuf, qu'ils venaient d'élever à leurs frais rue Feydeau. L'aventure de Varennes rendit le frère du Roi tellement impopulaire que Léonard et Viotti se virent dans l'obligation de débaptiser leur théâtre. Il s'appela désormais le Théâtre Feydeau. On trouvera dans l'ouvrage de M. Péridaud le nom de tous les artistes qui appartenirent à la troupe de *Monsieur*, le titre des pièces, qu'ils jouèrent et de curieuses anecdotes sur leurs représentations. C'est un livre d'une documentation solide, où les faits sont exposés avec autant de clarté que d'agrément.

MONSIGNY ET SON TEMPS.
Pougin (A): Paris, Librairie Fischbacher, un vol. in-8., prix 10 fr.

Excellent monographie, dont le besoin se faisait sentir. Si nous possédions en effet plusieurs travaux sur Grétry, nous n'avions aucun ouvrage consacré à Monsigny. Et pour tant, l'auteur de *Rose et Colas* ne le cède en rien à l'auteur de *Richard*. Bien que pourvu d'une instruction musicale insuffisante, Mon-

signy par son exquise sensibilité, par sa puissance d'émotion, par son inspiration abondante et variée mérite d'être considéré comme une des gloires de l'opéra comique. M. Arthur Pougin retrace la vie et la carrière de son héros avec une minutieuse exactitude. Grâce à des papiers de famille, dont il a eu communication, il rectifie nombre d'erreurs et apporte des faits nouveaux. Il analyse les partitions; il en présente les interprètes: Caillot, Clairval, Mme. Dugazon, les Larnette et les Triol. Et son intéressante étude est accompagnée d'une série d'illustrations (portraits, costumes et décors) fournies par le Musée de l'Opéra, la Bibliothèque nationale et des collections privées.

MAISTRE PIERRE PATELIN
publié par M. E. Schneegans, professeur de langue et de littérature françaises à l'Université de Heidelberg. Bibliotheca romana. Strasbourg. Heitz & Mündel. Un vol. in-12, prix 0 fr., 50 cent.

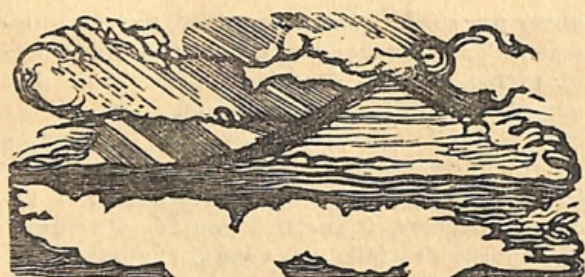
C'est le text de la première édition connue, l'édition sortie de l'officine de Guillaume Le Roy, que reproduit M. Edouard Schneegans. Il en respecte l'orthographe et donne en notes les variantes des éditions de Pierre Levet, Germain Beneaut et Marion De Malaunoy. La notice de M. Schneegans sur la célèbre farce du XV. siècle est aussi savante que spirituelle. Signalons en particulier la page où se trouve réfuté le jugement sévère d'Ernest Renan. Il est impossible de mieux expliquer les choses et de les ramener à de plus justes proportions. Un glossaire facilite l'intelligence du texte. De fidèles reproductions font connaître au lecteur les bois d'un réalisme si vigoureux, qui ornent le *Pathelin* de Pierre Levet. Ce nouveau volume de la Bibliotheca romana est digne de la précieuse collection destinée à mettre à la portée de tous, en des éditions scientifiquement établies, les chefs d'œuvre des littératures française, italienne, espagnole et portugaise.

ANNALES DU THÉÂTRE ET DE LA MUSIQUE. *Stoullig (E.): Tome XXXIII. Paris, Ollendorff. Un vol. in-18. Prix: 3 fr. 50.*

Dans son nouveau volume, M. Edmond Stoullig dresse le bilan de l'année 1907. Nous n'avons pas à faire l'éloge de cette publication. Tout le monde en connaît les mérites. Elle fournira les plus précieux documents aux futurs historiens de notre théâtre. La préface de M. Nozière "Contre toute tradition" est d'une délicieuse ironie.

JEAN-JACQUES OLIVIER.





FOREIGN NOTES

NEW YORK.

The cornerstone of the New Theatre in New York is laid, and the ceremony connected with it has gone off: we might say it has "gone off fine." The kind of work which this theatre is built to enshrine is, according to Mr Richard Watson Gilder, the poetical works of Shakespeare until something better can be found, and that Shakespeare is going to be put on in the most lavish way may be gathered from the lavish way in which the corner stone was laid.

Many beautiful rose trees were stripped of their blossoms so that a bower might be formed for Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Gilder, Mr Thomas, Mr Finley, Mayor Mclellan and Miss Geraldine Farrar.

What a thoughtless way to commence anything new! Could not the art of any man in America devise a canopy which should be worthy enough without having resource to nature pure and simple and without the massacre of many beautiful flowers, those flowers which the Emperor Huensung of the Tang Dynasty loved so much that he hung tiny golden bells on the branches of the trees to keep the birds from them... those flowers that he went often in the spring time with his court musicians to give pleasure to by playing the music of moderation?

If the Society of the West chooses to choke its tables with a glut of cut flowers, surely the artists of the West can learn something from the artist of the East... can learn from them the respect which is due to flowers? How right is Okakura-Kakuzo when he writes about this matter: "Sad as it is, we cannot conceal the fact that in spite of our companionship with flowers we have not risen very far above the brute. Scratch the sheepskin and the wolf within us will soon show his teeth. It has been said that a man at ten is an animal, at twenty a lunatic, at thirty a failure, at forty a fraud, and at fifty a criminal. Perhaps he has become a criminal because he has never ceased to be an animal. Nothing is real to us but hunger, nothing sacred except our own desires. Shrine after shrine has crumbled before our eyes; but one altar forever is reserved, that whereon we burn incense to the supreme idol... ourselves. Our god is great, and money is his Prophet! We devastate nature in order to make sacrifice to him. We boast that we have conquered

"Matter and forget that it is Matter that has enslaved us. What atrocities do we not perpetrate in the name of culture and refinement!"

And again, "The wanton waste of flowers among Western communities is even more appalling than the way they are treated by Eastern Flower Masters. The number of flowers cut daily to adorn the ballrooms and banquet-tables of Europe and America, to be thrown away on the morrow, must be something enormous; if strung together they might garland a continent. Beside this utter carelessness of life, the guilt of the Flower-Master becomes insignificant. He, at least, respects the economy of nature, selects his victims with careful foresight, and after death does honour to their remains. In the West the display of flowers seems to be a part of the pageantry of wealth... the fancy of a moment. Whither do they all go, these flowers, when the revelry is over? Nothing is more pitiful than to see a faded flower remorselessly flung upon a dung heap."

However, Miss Geraldine Farrar singing of the Star Spangled Banner must have been very inspiring. The poem of Mr Richard Watson Gilder must have sounded very noble, and the picture of the uncovered heads of the other gentlemen standing round the grave must have struck the hardest heart with pity. But that these poor roses should have been dragged into the scandal...no, no, no! That was a bad omen for the future of the New Theatre in New York. P. G.

THE CINEMETOGRAPH.

The authorities are acting in time.... the Mayor of New York has revoked all licences for cinematograph exhibitions here. That means that five hundred and fifty places where such shows are given have been closed. There has been much protest from people of New York at the character of many of the exhibitions. This is an excellent act on the part of the authorities who are looked to to protect us from so called Religious Films which are nothing short of vulgar exhibitions of subjects far too sacred to be turned into shows of this kind. Sunday performances have been abolished here so that those firms that waste their time and money preparing "Religious" Films need do so no longer. Their Sunday business has been successfully knocked on the head.

PARIS.

The Muse of the Art of the Theatre continually fails to keep her appointment with this city, and she thereby places her impresario in a very awkward predicament from which he annually extracts himself, but not without some difficulty. This year he has had to resort to "feeding the brutes." An announcement therefore appears to the effect that the managers of some of the

fashionable Parisian Theatres are arranging to serve dinners in their houses which the wayward Muse has deserted.

This piece of news is received by all right-thinking people with a relief which almost borders upon a sensation. Yet it must not be thought for one moment that we impute any lack of dignity on the part of the Parisians. A dead city peopled with phantoms bedecked with diamonds and disease, it still carries on its sleeve a certain dignity which even daws will not peck at.... for reasons.

For all that the dinner bell ringing in the Theatre causes a silver-grey blush to spring to the cheeks of the *claqueur*...the audience. Its duties are a burden to it; it pays almost nothing, and a dinner or two during the evening will make the time pass less drearily. At the Opera House there is Paillard the *restaurateur*: his light suppers seem like the afterglow of some dead lamp. They punctuate the "Gotterdammerung." They last sometimes an hour and a half, and for this reason Mr. Paillard has been approached as to whether or no he is in favour of the principal performers appearing before the curtain at the end of an act.

It is suggested that he should take advantage of the privilege.

Mr Paillard is reputed to have replied that so long as his light suppers are not eaten upon the boards of the stage he and his waiters will not be able to bring themselves to appear personally before the curtain, no matter how great the applause may be. The "Journal des Théâtres" states that complications may arise owing to Mr Paillard's obduracy, and to avoid anything in the nature of a disturbance a deputation of the other artists will wait upon him at his Hôtel. J. de S.

BRUSSELS.

The Theatre here is as fashionable as ever, the Art of the Theatre as unpopular. Often we have shocking attempts to imitate the work of individual artists who visit us from time to time.

This was the case when Miss Isadora Duncan danced here some time ago. The opera went mad for a while. It made its ballet girls costume themselves in things which resembled night dresses more than Greek robes, and the ballet master, evidently bent on the sincerest form of insult, made the poor ballet dancers more miserable by forcing them to prance about in a manner more distraught than buoyant... and the result was villainous.

Fancy sixty or seventy chic girls, thoroughly at home in frills and tights, having to discard both... for bareness and bedroom wear! The poor dears took it amiably enough, but so sadly! They felt so ashamed for once, and the audience so full of pity. We were all horrified here, for we love our old-fashioned ballet with its foolery and its frills, and its fine, if fading, echo of a noble century. If the master of the ballet has the desire to

bring back the "Greek Dance" (whatever that namey thing may be), he might spare us his experiments for a few years, and in the meantime find his Greek girls, instil into them, (if he knows it himself), the Greek belief, make them dance to Greek music, and so do the thing more thoroughly. If it should take him ten years we should not complain, and perhaps our children would rejoice. Still, Brussels has little to complain of as a rule, and if the "Greek Cult",... that is to say, the imitations of the performance of a beautiful personality, (1) threatens us for a while, the clouds vanish, all the sooner by the assistance of the many serious and learned essays and books which come to us often enough.

To these can be added the lectures lately given here by Mr Jean Jacques Olivier, one of the first of the living Theatrical Historians, whose interesting study of the actor Lekain, & other books relating to the 18th Century Theatre in France, form so valuable a contribution to Theatrical Literature.

FLORENCE.

Students of the Theatre in Florence will be interested to learn that a series of lectures dealing with the Art and History of the stage will be given here in connection with *The Mask* in the months of April and May. These lectures will be delivered some in English and some in French, and Italian, the names of the lecturers and the subjects of the lectures being announced later. J. S.

LONDON.

THE AFTERNOON THEATRE.

I may be prejudiced, (how well this beginning reminds me of the opening of a scathing remark by some Londoner who is going to tell me he does not like my writings!), I may be prejudiced against the Afternoon Theatre on account of my affection for the Evening Theatre: I may be inclined to wonder why in the name of goodness we should have a theatre *all* the time, more especially why we should have a theatre during that time when artificial light is surely undesirable. On the other hand I can quite understand that the hour is shortly approaching when we shall have the Breakfast Theatre. The Supper Theatre is already with us, according to the reports from Paris. And then there will be the "Hurried Lunch Theatre": there will be the "Never Come Home to Tea" Theatre, and finally the "In time for the 2d Tube" Theatre.

Whatever one may feel about this matter of too much or too little theatre there is no doubt about one thing. It is, that if we have a theatre which opens at a somewhat uncommon hour it must contain something of uncommon quality.

(1) We suppose our correspondent to refer to Miss Isadora Duncan. Ed.

I can in a way imagine a theatre beginning at eight o'clock in the morning, (they do it in the East.), and I can imagine people being brought out of their beds to go to that theatre at eight o'clock in the morning, but there must be something very fine indeed to be seen there to make people do so. I was not able to go to the Afternoon Theatre myself for two reasons. First of all, I was not invited, and secondly I was very busy preparing myself for a fatal plunge into one of the new Frohmann theatres that evening. I had promised myself a whole day of undisturbed rest before venturing into that terrible atmosphere, but I knew I could rely on the instinct and taste of two of my colleagues who had accompanied me often to different performances. I asked them to write me as to what they thought of the performance of "Hannele." I received two letters the next day. One began on the subject of the Anglo-Russian entente, passed on to matters of foreign art and then somehow or other glided into a gloomy talk about death. After a page or two in this strain the writer proceeded: "And speaking of being dead, I saw 'Hannele' brilliantly misinterpreted... misunderstood with 'quite marvellous instinct... it is wonderful how skilfully men escape the toils of Beauty.'" The writer then went on to speak of Shakespeare, of the art of India and other beautiful things which evidently had nothing to do with the Afternoon Theatre and are therefore not necessary to be rewritten here. So much for my first colleague. My second correspondent went into more detail. "I thought 'Hannele' at His Majesty's Theatre very bad. When it was originally given in England there was something lovely about it. There was no attempt at stage effect then... it was not pretentious. The acting was not wonderful, but it was not gaudy, it was not showy. At His Majesty's the show was what has been described as 'a Christmas Card Show. Mr Ainley was well enough as the Schoolmaster. Miss Marie Lohr looked very pretty as 'Hannele'.... and the rest of the communication was libellous." Now, what is to be done when, unable to face a Matinée and an evening performance in the same day, and when you ask intelligent people to report to you intelligently about one of the two they are unable to find anything to praise? There must be something back of it all... Perhaps there is actually nothing to praise! Perhaps I am prejudiced, but if I had been there I think I could have extracted some pleasure out of the performance and found something and some one to praise. There is the Box Office, for instance, and the amiable man who guards it. There are the programme sellers: there are the obedient lime light workers: there are the scene shifters: there is the orchestra, and there is

the man who rings the curtain up and down. All honourable positions, and always filled creditably and, seemingly, with, the utmost enthusiasm; and I do think that, had I witnessed "Hannele" I should have given much praise to these excellent men of the ranks. As for the captains, if, as according to the reports, they had been untrue to all the canons of art, well... well... we all know what is done to the traitors to a cause.

TRADITION

Mr H.B. Irving continues to delight the public by performing for them the plays his father made famous. Opinion is a little divided as to whether he should not leave these plays alone and choose others which belong more rightfully to his own personality, but I am entirely of the opinion that no one has a better right to enact these plays, and in my judgment no one does or could act them better. To say that the performances are not the same as those which Henry Irving gave us is no more than to say that Charles Kean's performances of Shylock or Richard III were not the same as those of Edmund Kean. There cannot be anything more becoming than that a son should keep alive the memory of his father, and there is no better way to do it than what young Henry Irving is doing at present. G.H.



EDITORIAL NOTES

One of Mr Bernard Shaw's latest utterances convinces us that he is just beginning to perceive wherein lies the difference between an artist and a socialist, wherein lies the difference between beauty and ugliness, and wherein lies the difference between William Blake and Mr Bernard Shaw. We all know Blake's splendid lines from "A vision of the Last Judgment" in which he says "I assert, for myself, that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance and not action. What it will be questioned, when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire somewhat like a guinea? Oh! no, no, I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God

"Almighty!" I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, and not with it." Mr Bernard Shaw writes: "If you stand on Holborn Viaduct and take a snapshot of the things that are occurring, you have an exact, superficial record; but you know nothing of Holborn Viaduct in any spiritual or truthful sense. If, on the other hand, another man, instead of saying, 'There are men and women walking up and down the street,' says 'I see a ladder stretched from earth to heaven, with angels ascending and descending,' you not only find that man much more interesting than the other, but I suggest that there would be genuine truth at the bottom of what he said, that there was some thing to be got out of it, that possibly he was a man able to make a revelation to you." Now it seems to us, when we call to mind Mr Bernard Shaw's writings of many years that he has written in mockery against all that is beautiful: that is to say, all that is not actual, all that cannot be seen with the corporeal eye. Had he sincerely felt and seen with Blake, all this time we had been receiving poems instead of satires; for Mr Bernard Shaw, instead of seeing "men and women walking up and down the street" would have seen "a ladder stretched from earth to heaven, with angels ascending and descending, and we would have found 'that man much more interesting than the other' and we are quite sure there would have been 'genuine truth at the bottom of what he said' and that 'possibly he was a man able to make a revelation' to us. But Mr Shaw has always pointed out the street, and said it is a street and nothing but a street; that it is the ugliest street on the face of the earth; that there is only one thing to do and that is to sneer at it and to walk up and down it. And as he has looked upon the street with the corporeal eye so has he looked upon the sun with the corporeal eye, and in the same way has he looked upon the trees, the animals, the men and women of the suburb in which he has chosen to dwell. Now what makes Mr Shaw shift his whole ground in this manner? Has influence been brought to bear upon him? We fear it is too late. The old laws remain the same as they ever did and poets and artists are born, not influenced into being. Mr Shaw is the type of the self-made artist and there is no such thing as a genuine artist who has made himself; and yet self-made artists abound all over the place. It is as much a profession today to be "an artist" as to be anything else. Mr Shaw, like one of the characters in his own plays, has felt behind him that propelling power of moral purpose which has shot him from Dublin into London with the direct purpose of reforming London; and having given us a sermon... a bitter sermon... and

mocked at all things to do with the poor people of London, he winds up by turning on the sanctimonious smile and suggesting that later on he will see ladders stretching from London to Heaven, and the angels of Adelphi Terrace ascending and descending thereon.

We are very thankful to see that the Religious Film Firms are having a bad time of it in New York. Our correspondent in New York points out in another column that the people of that town have protested against the whole traffic, so that the Mayor of New York closed five hundred and fifty of the places where such blasphemies are perpetrated. In the July, August and January numbers of *The Mask* we drew attention to the danger of permitting such exhibitions and we hope the authorities will act in the severest possible way and will not rest until they have passed a law, preventing horrors of any description leaking through to the public by this deadly process. Besides the unspeakable horror of these Religious Films there are other horrors which it would be good to prevent. Far too many murders and suicides are shown in this realistic manner. It conduces to murder and suicide... it is in no way a prevention... scientists should be consulted on such matters if there be any doubt in the mind of the authorities. Some time ago picture posters depicting such horrors were banned in England. There must be some reason behind such a censorship. We hope this whole matter of the censorship of Cinematograph Films will be carried through sternly and thoroughly.

Mr William Archer has made a wonderful new "arrangement." As announced in *The Author* it reads as follows: "Mr William Archer has now made an arrangement with Messrs. Curtis, Brown & Massie by which he will, if desired by the authors, prepare a detailed criticism and comment on all plays submitted to him. A feature of the arrangement is that Mr Archer will report, not only on completed plays, but also on scenarios, and may thus be able to help many a good idea from going wrong, and may also be able to nip in the bud some of the hopeless plays on which authors might otherwise waste their time." We think that this is about the last word that can be said in the matter of play writing. The idea of Mr William Archer seriously "helping to save many a good idea from going wrong"... in fact, preventing a single dramatic egg from being addled, is stupendous; the picture of Mr Archer "nipping in the bud" some of the "hopeless plays on which authors might otherwise waste their time" is delicious. How many beautiful flowers Mr Archer will destroy if he gets the chance! We see him wandering round the garden, pausing before

every other tree and, with a sigh, breathing forth the dread words, "Hopeless, hopeless, hopeless!" We see him passing onwards, nipping to the right and to the left: we see him carrying all these buds and throwing them to the poultry whose eggs he is going to take under his wing: we see him carrying all these eggs back to the house, and we must say that we would give anything to see him slip with the whole basket, and, after a good scolding from his housekeeper, promise he will never do it again. For really, if the report is right, Mr Archer's attempt is one of the most stupendous pieces of impertinence which has ever been flung in the face of an intelligent world. To begin with, what right has Mr Archer to comment on any plays? He knows less about the creation of a play than these young authors whom he proposes to help. He has held authoritative positions on papers in England, and has done more damage to the English Theatre than any other man we can call to mind through the awful earnestness with which he regards himself and his mission, ...an earnestness not tempered by a sense of beauty or humanity; through the self-conscious yet uninspired rapture in which he is never caught even napping; through the undisguised melancholy attitude towards things which are beautiful and beyond his power either to create or understand; through these infirmities he has unwittingly done great harm to the quite unprejudiced minds of the English Playgoers. Besides this Mr Archer has never, so far as we know, written a play, and if he has we have heard very little about it. Mr Archer is therefore one of the last people to be of any vital use in such a matter. After a work is finished, and while the world is criticising it, the professional critic has the same liberty as the public to give his opinion, and he has the added advantage of being able to express the opinion in public. But when the critic over-steps the limits of discretion, and, with a show of valour, prepares to tussle with the Muse in private on behalf of some trembling author who is waiting in the anti-chamber, this strikes us as really a little too much. Artists all the world over know quite well that when they wish for assistance there is only one man to whom they can go, and that is to the Artist. If a young painter does not know what to do he goes to another painter who is more talented, or he studies under a master of painting: but he never goes to the professional critic. In this manner he follows the custom of the carpenter, the smith, the weaver and other straightforward craftsmen, and who is there to say he does wrong? Again, a nice book of poems we should have had if young John Keats, whom most of the critics would have liked to have "nipped in the bud," had submitted his masterpiece to the famous Mr Z., the writer in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine & of one of the most stupidly misleading criticisms which England has

ever had to suffer for. One can say now of this impertinent person, this wretched creature, this poltroon, this funny gentleman, this writer, in short, this critic, we can say of him that his disgrace is today complete in the eyes of the entire world; that his lack of intellect, his lack of critical ability, his conceit, is tremendously laid bare and the poet gloriously vindicated. And history preserves for us the names of hundreds of artists who, permitted to go their own way, developed by their own talent if at all they developed, and never through the assistance of either the public or the critic. To attack a great artist is, after all, very little, for, as Keats writes, "Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own Works," and that is ever the attitude of the great artist towards his own works. No critic can be so critical as the artist, and outside criticism has but this momentary effect on the great artists. But criticism applied to beginners, to those who are not great artists but who are talented men, is, unless it be to praise, a vile thing at best. Nevertheless, it exists. We accept it; it has grown into a convention. But that we should add to this vile thing a more vile one, that it should be proposed that one who lades out criticism after the work is done, should ladle it out in advance while the work is being conceived, surpasses all the horrors imaginable by a man of imagination. There is something ghoul-like about such a thing, there is something uncanny and creepy about it; it suggests a new kind of vampire. The horrible stories of vampires who sucked the blood from men are not so horrible as the idea of a vampire that should prey upon something which is half-born. It would be criminal to the last degree for a man in a position such as Mr Archer proposes for himself, to nip any play in the bud, to nip any single play which any young author may have written because he, Mr Archer, thinks it is hopeless. What Mr Archer thinks he is at perfect liberty to think, but he should not be permitted to be in the position of nipping anything in the bud. There is nothing which it is necessary to nip in the bud; there is nothing which, by development, cannot advance a stage further. If some monstrosity in nature is born it is permitted to live on and it has been seen that it in no way harms itself or others. The single excuse which may be found for putting an end to life is when the life in question is miserable to itself on account of physical pain. Now, no work of art can do any harm to anyone, neither can it suffer personal pain. Therefore there is no reason for putting it out of existence. Those people who would tell us they are very grateful to this proposal of Mr Archer's and will avail themselves of it are the dunder heads, and do not count.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, as Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, has been saying some very splendid things to the students. We should like to have heard the students cheer. He spoke against the dealer in pictures; he spoke of how the world had learnt to gamble in Old Masters. He mentioned how Millet's "Angelus", which was originally sold for £40 was then resold for £72; then, at successive sales, for £480, £1520, £6400, £22,020, and finally for £32,000. Yet the artistic value of the picture had not altered. And to this gambling he attributed the present unhappy condition of living artists. That Sir Hubert von Herkomer was thinking of the younger school of artists there can be no doubt, and he deserves and will receive the affectionate thanks of all these young fellows: because what Sir Hubert said is not the sort of thing a man of his position in London is generally heard saying, and it denotes a particularly courageous and fine nature. He then spoke of wood engravers and their art and regretted that the snap-shotter had taken the place of the illustrator of the journals. He showed how the snap-shot machine was a cheaper article to buy than the right hand of an artist and how this was sufficient reason for employing the snap-shotter. He put the whole weight of his argument against the value of the work of the snap-shotter: he pointed out that once perhaps in a thousand times a man or woman in the act of walking, shaking hands or tumbling off a horse might turn out passably presentable and interesting in a snap shot, but that in the other nine hundred and ninety nine cases the snap shot was little short of a personal libel against which there was no legal redress: To the assertion by the trade that the camera can make no mistakes he replied that the man who held the camera could and even did make mistakes. He stated that the public were accepting an inferior article when there was no real reason for their accepting it. We do not see the value of Sir Hubert's line of argument in this particular instance. The artist cannot and will not feed the minds of the curious, and we cannot see why Sir Hubert should advocate such as a desirability. We wish that the courageous speaker had pointed out that that it is mainly in England that the snap shotter has taken such a foremost position, and had put forth the modest plea that, although the snap shotter should reign, the wood engraver should be permitted at any rate to live. The artist is little concerned with the acknowledgement of his supremacy: but, like all other creators on the round globe, he likes to receive all the rights due to inferiority if the "privileges" due to the "Superior" ones are to be withheld from him. We cannot think that the artist would like to compete with the rapidity and cheapness of the process block maker:

in fact, we are quite certain that the public should guard its artists against the likelihood of such a competition. Haste is an enemy to Art, and therefore Art can have nothing to do with the Daily Newspaper. One of the things which artists have always taught the world and which they are still attempting to teach it, is to take time. Men who can take time are important to the world, and the civilisation built on the principles laid down by men who take time would be the grandest civilisation which the mind can conceive. The climax of Rush has been reached and tomorrow will hold for us such a civilisation. Time, and the idea of time, frightens everyone. America is peopled by men and women who dread the loss of a second. We think many men must have died there through chagrin on remembering the loss of a year: and there is no doubt whatever that many beautiful women have grown swiftly old because of this fear. When speaking of a woman of fifty whose expression is as young as ever, people say, "time makes no impression on her": and that is just it. She is not frightened of time: she knows that she is as limitless as time and she is therefore one of those beings who belong to that civilisation which we expect will be with us Tomorrow. The moment that a million men and women will look upon time without fear, that moment shall we be in the ideal state. All men and women will look beautiful and will act beautifully because time will be at their service. And this is what has always raised the artist above his fellows, this sense that he is master of time.

The distinguished woman known to us as Miss Mary Anderson has been telling a reporter in America that she considers there is a gradual decline in all the arts. She says that the Hamlet of years ago, Booth's Hamlet was a far more brilliant thing than Forbes Robertson's Hamlet. In passing we may remark what a jar it is to hear people speak of these characters of Shakespeare's such as Macbeth, Othello and Hamlet as "Irving's Macbeth" or "Bernhardt's Hamlet" or "Salvini's Othello." It shows clearly how people have come to look upon an actor as a creator, whereas he can at best be only an interpreter until he ceases to perform plays created by another. Miss Anderson says, "We have lost the flare of our ideas in art; they burn more quietly, less brilliantly." She seems to want them to be more brilliant and less quiet, less steady. But that light is best which burns with the fiercest brilliance and the most constant tranquillity. And when such a light appears people shade their eyes from it and retire far away before they dare look at it. Such a light cannot be hailed instantly; it is akin to the face of God which no man can look upon and live. Let time elapse and distance separate it from the

beholder, and lo, the telescopes are out at once. Still, for the sake of the developments of art, European or National, it will be well that the beholders should exercise their faculties of observation and accustom their eyes to the higher rather than the lower lights, so that they may not be heard later laughing at the sun. / / /

INCIDENTAL MUSIC. /

Mr George Alexander L. C. C. speaking at the annual conference of teachers in elementary and secondary schools at the Holborn Restaurant on January 7th said that, important as music was, it was limited in its scope. He then tried to explain what he meant but the explanation does not seem to make his cryptic statement any clearer. / He said that, when he contemplated the production of "Paolo and Francesca" he approached his old friend Sir Arthur Sullivan and asked him to write the music. Sir Arthur replied, "My dear Alexander, the theatre is not the place for music. When the curtain is up the music interrupts the actors, and when the curtain is down the music interrupts the audience." / / /

Mr George Alexander being a man with a sense of humour evidently wished to score a point for music and musicians by relating this genial sarcasm uttered by Sir Arthur Sullivan. What exactly Mr George Alexander was aiming at is not clear. Perhaps he wished to show quite simply that soft music is a nuisance in the theatre, and quoted Sir Arthur Sullivan in support of his argument. As a matter of fact musicians do not relish the idea of writing incidental music to punctuate the voices of the players, for the music is seldom properly heard, is played *pianissimo*, is often cut here, there and everywhere, and the Muse of Music is not pleased by this position of her son. / The late Sir Henry Irving, it is reported, spent vast sums of money on the purchase of incidental music for the theatre, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir H. Mackenzie, Edward German and Sir Villiers Stanford supplying him with the goods; but to write music which should accompany the voice of an Irving may be some excuse for a bad practise, and every rule has its exceptions. / / /

It is of course well known that incidental music is comparatively unknown in the other European centres, such music being regarded as an entirely illegitimate means of heightening the significance of a drama. The audiences in the continental cities would object to this irritating tinkle because at best it can only make but a sentimental appeal, allied as it is to moments of dramatic sentiment. These audiences are glad to avoid sentiment as much as possible so that they may get deeper under the skin of the drama. In the English Theatre false sentiment reigns supreme in a mawkish kind of way, and it is only innovators like Mr Granville Barker who are bold enough to release us from the tasteless tyranny of sentiment gone to seed. / / /

What is the matter with Mr George Bernard Shaw? In an interview, (January 25, Daily Telegraph) he flattered all the actors whom he had previously abused like pick-pockets: he attacked critics for being cruel to actors, as though he had himself never written the cruellest things about actors in the Saturday Review, and he made all sorts of rash and incorrect statements which he used not to do in the time of Henry Irving. Reading the interview we came across a passage relating to Mr Gordon Craig in which Mr Shaw says that, as he could not annex Mr Craig as actor he would annex him as scenic decorator, and would "borrow his curtains." / / /

But on making enquiries we ascertained that no such curtains exist. /

This is Mr Craig's reply as given to our representative, "I know nothing about any 'curtains... and I possess none. I cannot guess what Mr Bernard Shaw can mean. Years ago when I was a boy, and Mr Shaw in his prime, I made an experiment or two with some 'draped stuff instead of scenery, but that was because the theatre was not rich enough to run to wood and canvas. I was excused the offence I suppose on account of my youth, but I gather that Mr Shaw is quite old enough to know better." /

"I suppose it is this old threadbare curtain idea which Mr Shaw is alluding to... and I hope for his own sake he will find it of a piece with his plays. If he is keen about it he is perfectly welcome to it. Why not?... everyone may borrow ideas, but I feel that it's always best to borrow the latest... they are so much more likely to be fresh. Still, for Shakespeare, those curtains are rather nice: they will do... anything does for Hamlet & Cymbelene. But when it comes to supplying scenery to the author of "Mrs Warren's Profession" and "Don Juan in Hell" something sterner, grander, is necessary; something more like Trafalgar Square on a Sunday.... No?" / /

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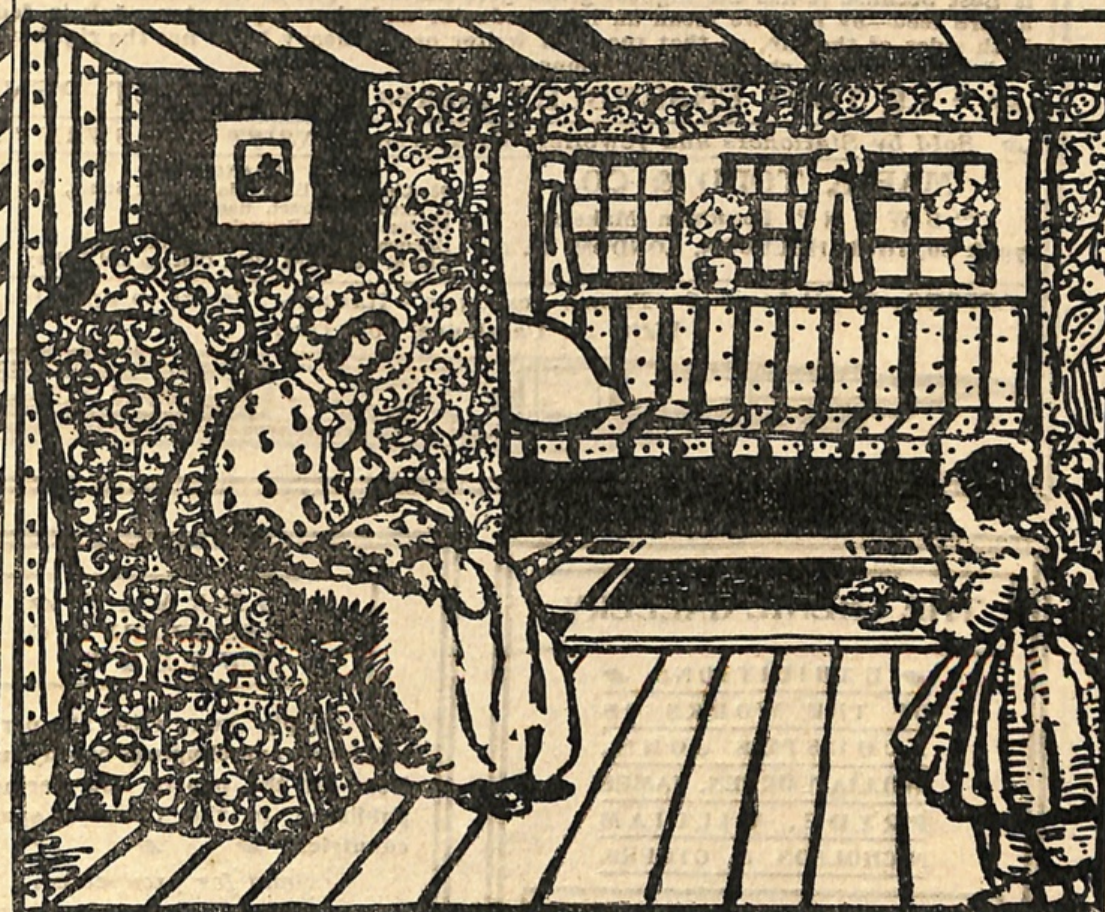
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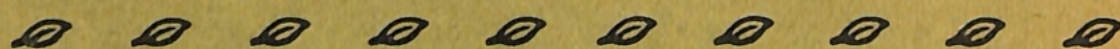
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