

Comments and Opinions.

Strauss' "Salome " and E. A. B. M R. E. A. BAUGHAN, in "The Daily News," declares he is "personally delighted that the public of New York should have expressed itself so forcibly" in the matter of the performance of the Wilde-Strauss opera. For our part, we think the said "public," subscribers and landlords have only succeeded in making themselves appear supremely ridiculous in the eyes of the broadminded inhabitants of Europe. A week or so ago the opera in question had been played at as many as thirty-five different operatic centres. Is the moral strength of New York a model for the older countries in which performances of the opera have been sanctioned? Do we consider New York better governed than Berlin? many as thirty-five different operatic centres. Is the moral strength of New York a model for the older countries in which performances of the opera have been sanctioned? Do we consider New York better governed than Berlin? We would wish to give a heavy knock on the head to the Puritanical nonsense of New York. It lingers a little, however, in this country. We will fight, with all our strength, against any revival of the movement. We do not want, merely, an exterior virtue. Let a person practice what he preaches. We know, however, he sometimes gets into hot water for his honesty : and is so wrongly judged. For instance, the French are frequently rated by English-men more immoral than other nations. Are they? We say it is simply the Frenchman frankly admits the weak-nesses that the flesh is heir to. That is what materially helps to make him so charming: only, however, to enlightened and non-humbugging.Englishmen. We admit that Salome's embracing of the severed head of John the Baptist is not exactly an event that is of drawing-room refinement. But, after all, on the stage, it is only a pro-perty severed head : however real the performance, no one imagines he sees a real human head on the silver shield. The few Puritans who find it advantageous to be Puri-tanical have never openly objected to the really-disgust-ing sights in our English streets : to wit, a newly-killed sheep hanging up in a shop front, horribly bleeding from the nose and in full view of passers-by. The New York Puritans, dear good god-loving souls, must come over here and prohibit it instantly, seconded by London's Puritans. Let us be sincere—let us not make such a fuss over the exhibition of a property human head. Let us, also, not stupidly associate Oscar Wilde's moral twist with the distinguished literary work he bequeathed to us. The "wickedest" men have often produced the best art. A heading in E. A. B.'s article runs: "Phosphorescence of Decay." Would he declare the portion of the Bible that relates the foundation of the Wilde-Strauss set out with no pinfaithiopic end. A regard for the public is stultifying to an art's growth. The public must be lead, as Wagner, among others, leads them. He was no Puritan. And he suffered, in a degree, for his non-humbug. As to the question of so-called morbidity in modern music, that is merely a sign of the times. There will be a re-action, but we shall go back to so-called mor-bidity as surely as cheerfulness will follow. There is no drama, however, in pure cheerfulness. We must have a cloud. "Salome" has not the immense reach of a Shakespearian drama, but it is human, and we read the Bible narrative with reverence and an increasing know-ledge of human nature. Why, if the subject is so inde-cent? Enough has been said. But we cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from the Berlin correspondent of "The Musical World": "The production of this mar-vellous work was an epoch in our theatrical annals. The theme of 'Salome' is exotic and terrible, to many people even revolting, but—in contra-distinction to the legendary plots of Wagner's operas—it is true, and the characters pulsate with life. As to the music, it holds one spell-bound, from the moment the curtain rises (unannounced by overture) to the end of the one long act that comprises the gigantic work. It is the greatest music-drama of the age, of that there can be no doubt; and it is not the con-catenation of discords some neonle would have us believe On the contrary, there are passages of exquisite beauty, of most delicate melody; 'Salome' has been not inaptly

compared to a vast Rubens picture, which cannot be exanited amined and criticised at a near distance, but which gains in proportion to the attention bestowed upon it " It is strange that the centre of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" being rotten with decay and a "pandering" to sensualism, according to E.A.B., that the Be rlin correspondent in question should declare that Strauss' "Salome" is the greatest music-drama of the age . THE MUSICAL STANDARD shall not be Puritanizal like "The Daily News." We believe in liberty in art---in being, i2019-03-17r Jissen Women's University Library Decaminded. Even more than that, we will fight for it.

LITERARY NOTES.

In these suffragette days, when chain-mail for the House of Commons police seems what the doctors call indicated, it is refreshing to find at least one of the weaker sex with the courage of his opinions.' In his "Autour du féminisme "M. Théodore Joran flings himself into the breach, and with more zeal than grammar denounces the feminist movement as "the unclean and dangerous reptile who ought to be crushed." His style is not impeccable, and has drawn upon him the castigation of M. Salomon Reinach. the learned secretary-general of the Académie des Inscriptions, who, in a notice in the "Revue Critique," has not only reflected upon M. Joran's parts of speech to some purpose, but has shown that, schoolmaster though he is, he has not even a distant acquaintance with the Latin tongue. Yet M. Joran gives some excellent and weighty reasons for the services of women being paid at a less rate than those of men. He says in effect that women do not have to live on their wages, that they do not spend money on tobacco or drinks for their fellows, and that they can make their own clothes. The first of these reasons has, indeed, little foundation outside the trade of literature, where the lady bread-snatcher often obtains an undue preference by the wealth which enables her to cultivate the social amenities; but the second seems of unanswerable cogency, and the late Sir Walter Besant com-mented more than once on the shameful fact that girls do not stand treat to each other. But it is the third which affords most hope to the down-trodden male, and points out the means by which he will soon be able to defy female competition. Let him but learn to make his own clothes, and he will be able to live on the slender stipend which is, *teste* M. Joran, suffi-cient for the woman-worker. Perhaps it is after this end that some of the most advanced members of the present Parliament are striving. If so, I gather from the strictures of my fellow-journalists in the "Tailor and Cutter " that their efforts, though praiseworthy in beginners, have not yet been crowned with much success.

Signs are not wanting, however, that, in the matter of clothes, men and women are beginning to think more nearly alike than of old. An article by M. Marcel Boulenger on "Le Dandysme," which is in form a review of M. Boutel de Monvel's "Beau Brummel" and M. Jacques Boulenger's "Les Dandys sous Louis Philippe "—how is this, by the way, for, as bill-discounters say, pig upon pork?—gives one the sad im-pression that the race of dandies is extinct. The nearest the reviewer can get to a modern copy of the gentlemen who in Queen Elizabeth's time used to spend a fortune on a coat is the late Oscar Wilde. But that person was no more a dandy than was the deceased nobleman who appeared in private theatricals in trousers bespangled with real diamonds. The poet was indeed known to wear knee-breeches in morning dress, but the object, as in the other case mentioned, was, plainly to draw attention to his legs and otherwise to make himself conspicuous. Either achieve-ment would be repulsive to the true dandy, whose whole aim in life was to be not gorgeously but perfectly dressed, and who would have blushed even more to find himself a day in advance of the fashion than at being a even more to find himself a day in advance of the fashion than at being a day behind it. If any one seeks confirmation of this, let him study the charming scene—perhaps one of the wittiest in the English language—in Vanbrugh's "Relapse," where Lord Foppington, the prince of coxcombs, and proud, as he says, to be at the head of so prevailing a party, devotes himself to the serious task of adorning his person. Such an enthusiast would have dressed well on a desert island, and probably cared very little whether any one saw his clothes or not; but who has heard of a woman going gorgeously excent for the nurpose of outshining her own say or going gorgeously except for the purpose of outshining her own sex, or attracting the other? Wherefore it follows that, the advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding, there can be no such thing as "Lady Dandies.'

chard Strauss.

Wilde. Celui-ci a délibérément supprimé tout ce qui pouvait servir d'exposition. Il nous a supposés suffisamment instruits du sujet pour nous jeter dès l'abord dans l'action. De la sorte, celle-ci peut se dérouler avec une intensité dramatique singulièrement poignante dans le court intervalle qui sépare le crépuscule du lever du soleil La Mort, l'Amour, et l'Amour dans la Mort, voilà toute la pièce : Mort, Narra-both, le jeune capitaine qui ne peut supporter les paroles enfiévrées que Salomé adresse à Jochanaan; mort Jochanaan, morte Salomé ; mort bientôt Hérode Antipas. C'est devant la tête morte du

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would willingly read of the trial of Wainwright, the poisoner, whom some of us only know through the essay by Mr. Oscar Wilde ; of Thurtell, whom we know from references in George Borrow. in Carlyle, and in many another quarter-only the other day that clever and prolific writer, "Dick Donovan," wrote a novel upon it—above all of Müller, who somewhere in the sixties created a fever excitement through England by murdering a Mr. Briggs in a railway carriage. That trial is known to the present generation only by an amusing reference by Mr. Matthew Arnold. There are great possibilities in a series of this kind if only they have such good introductions and so many interesting notes as are to be found in Mr. Hodge's

Musique à l'Etranger

Première représentation, à l'Opéra royal de Dresde, de Salomé, drame lyrique, en un acte, d'Oscar Wilde; musique de M. Ri-

(De notre envoyé spécial)

LA

L'Opéra de Dresde, coutumier de belles fètes musicales, vient de représenter pour la premières fois la Salomé, de M. Richard Strauss. C'est un événement d'une importance toute particulière, en raison du nom de M. Strauss et de la valeur exceptionnelle de son œuvre.

Le sujet de la pièce est trop connu pour qu'il soit utile d'y beaucoup insister. Tous les lettrés savent l'éclat du conte d'Hérodias, de Flaubert. Ils possèdent. ainsi la donnée de la Salomé, d'Oscar

Baptiste que Salomé chante ses plus douces, ses plus amoureuses plaintes, c'est à une femme morte que ressemble cette lune laiteuse et fugitive qui traverse lentement le ciel. Mais elle ressemble aussi à la beauté d'une « jeune vierge », et ce sont des mots d'amour que lui adressent Salomé et Hérode, car elle est faite à l'image de leur pensée et de leur destin. Ce n'est point la Juive, «si charmante et touchante d'humilité », que représente Salomé, c'est la Syrienne qui inspira le Cantique des cantiques, pour qui l'inceste est presque une loi, et Sémiramis, Loth et Myrrha des divinités. C'est la Syrienne en proie aux sept démons qui confond, dans son culte d'amour, la beauté, la mort et la résurrection ; et si l'histoire ne l'eût rendue véridique, nulle fable n'eût été plus singulièrement profonde que celle de la rencontre de la fille d'Hérodiade avec celui qui le premier versa l'eau du baptême sur le front du Ressuscité. Elle apostrophe audacieusement saint Jean; son amour, son désir, elle l'exprime avec l'ardeur d'un adolescent, et comme la Sulamite, c'est elle qui lui peint ses charmes dans un langage qui semble emprunté au Cantique des

Jochanaan, je suis amoureuse de ton corps! Jochanaan, ta chair est blanche comme les lis d'un champ, que la faucille n'a jamais effleurés. Ta chair est blanche comme la neige des monts de la Judée. Les roses du jardin de la reine d'Arabie ne sont point anssi blanches que ton corps; ni les roses du jardin de la Reine, ni les premières lucurs du crépuscule sur les feuilles, ni le sein de la lume sur la mer ne sont aussi blancs que ton

corps. Laisse-le-moi caresser, ton corps ! Je désire ta bouche, Jochanaan! Ta bouche est comme un ruban d'écarlate au sommet d'une tour d'ivoire! Elle est comme un fruit de grenade, fendu par un couteau d'argent Les fleurs de grenade, dans les jardins de Tyr lus brûlantes que les roses, ne sont poin ussi rouges. Les rouges fanfares des trom ettes, qui annoncent l'arrivée des Rois e evant lesquelles l'ennemi tremble, sor he est plus rouge que les pieds des vendan urs qui pressent le vin dans les pressoirs ale est plus rouge que les pattes des tourte elles qui nichent dans les temples. Ta bou he est comme un rameau de corail dans epuscule de la mer, comme la pourpre de tresors de Moab, la pourpre des Rois. Rie dans le monde n'est aussi rouge que ta houche. Laisse-la-moi baiser, ta bouche.

(1) Je traduis ce fragment du texte allemand. d'ailleurs remarquable, de M. Lachmann, l'édi-tion française originale étant introuvable.

Ainși, sans encombrante exposition, sans peinture approfondie de caractères, sans fausse psychologie, les personnage s'expriment et s'expliquent eux-mêmes Ils disent leurs haines et leurs désirs Jochangan, sa haine des Pharisiens et des Sadducéens; Hérodias, sa haine de Jochanaan; Salomé, ses désirs angoissés, ses espiègleries sanglantes, son indifférence à la mort de Narraboth dont le cadavre la sépare de Jochanaan, sans qu'elle cesse pour cela ces appels qui ne connaissent point de pudeur. Hérode par la seule vertu du mouvement drama ique, est tracé de main de maître. Il est craintif, nerveux, luxurieux et désordonné; ses appétits ne sont point gloutons, il aime la débauche raffinée; l'inceste le tente : il implore Salomé de boire dan sa coupe, de mordre un fruit qu'il aché vera, de s'asseoir sur son trône, de par ager, sa puissance, enfin de danser.

La Danse de Salomé! Mais ici la mu sique intervient. Qu'est devenu sous la plume du musicien ce poème d'une sen sualité aussi franche, d'une poésie aussi troublante, mais où l'émotion plastique entre pour une part infiniment plus grande que l'humanité? Salomé n'est point devenue une cantilène languid soupirée à peine et d'un charme affadé M. Strauss a compris que dans cett volupté il y avait du sang ; et c'est avec du sang qu'il a exprimé, la sensualité de Salomé. On ne trouve dans sa partition aucune de ces pages « charmantes » qui semblent être le propre de tout orientalisme. Tout y est fort et noble. Ne pensez pas pour cela que la poésie de la pièce ait disparu; bien au contraire; elle est simplement traduite avec des movens qui ne sont point traditionnels. Il serait difficile de trouver une idée mieux adaptée au caractère du personnage que cell de Salomé ; une scène plus évocatrice que La première, où le paysage tout baigne de lune semple, émaner de l'orchestre même, tandis, que Salomé prodigue Narraboth les plus séduisantes avances Par contre, c'est avec un lyrisme d'un intensité, d'une violence extrêmes, qu'es rendue la longue scène entre Salomé et le Baptiste. On imagime malaisément les accents de plus en plus exaspérés que M. Strauss a trouvés pour traduire l'au dacieux langage de la fille d'Hérodiade ai Il n'a point chanté son amour en mélopées plaintives, mais il a décel toute la puissance tragique que renferme cette sorte d'érotisme funèbre, cet impur parfum des cultes de Syrie dont parle

Il a évoqué un Orient non point brutal mais d'une extrême violence de couleur non pas raffiné, mais d'une sensualite véritablement barbare, et tout cela sans diappareil obligé de doubles pédales surmontées de gammes mineures où jouen de faciles secondes augmentées; il a à peine indiqué par des suites de tons en tiers une atmosphère particulière et la danse même de Salomé, toute vivante. toute heurtée de rythmes qui s'entrechoquent comme des cris de luxure, exprime le « drame » avec autant d'intensité que la parole.

Il ne m'est pas permis d'analyser en détail une œuvre qui s'annonce comme l'une des manifestations les plus importantes de l'art contemporain. Salomé est la première œuvre allemande de grand style qui s'écarte sensiblement de la forme wagnérienne. A ce point de vue particulier, la représentation fut d'un intérêt capital, autant par la nouveauté propre du développement musical dramatique inauguré par M. Strauss, que par les intéressantes comparaisons qu'elle suscite avec certaines œuvres récemment parues en France. Ainsi paraît se généraliser une évolution dans le drame lyrique qui semble devoir donner des résultats inattendus.

Plus personnel que Feuersnot, d'invention mélodique plus choisie, Salomé vaut éncore par la prodigieuse qualité de la mise en œuvre. La mélodie y est dégagée de toute harmonie traditionnelle. L'écriture y est d'une liberté qui semble braver toute contrainte. Il ne faudrait point en uger d'après une réduction de piano; elle que soit sa perfection, elle ne aurait rendre la séduction d'un orchesre merveillenx de variété, de souplesse t d'invention, où les plus invraisemblaes duretés d'écriture se fondent en un

La longue attente qui précède l'appation de la tête du Baptiste hors de la terne, la longue scène ou Salomé tendre et haineuse baise enfin les lèvres du mort, son triomphe où l'amour même. 's'exaspère encore, sont des pages où l'on trouve une émotion rare qu'il est donné à peu d'artistes de faire sentir.

Certes M. Richard Strauss ne s'est point laissé tenter par ces curiosités insumentales que son sujet et sa virtuosité téchnique lui eussent permis. Mais cependant, à maintes reprises c'est à l'orchestre que sont dues les plus rares impressions tragiques. Je citerai entre autres, pendant la scène ou Salomé at-tend la tête de Jochanaan, les gémissements que produisent sur un roulement de timbales, les sons harmoniques des contrebasses à découvert. Cela est neuf et prodigieusement expressif.

Un instrument nouveau, déjà utilisé dans la Symphonia Domestica apparaissait nour la première fois dans un orchestre de théâtre : c'est «l'heklophone», instrument dont Wagner réclamait la création il y a une quarantaine d'années. C'est un instrument en bois, à anche, à "l'octave inférieure du hautbois - dont Ia sonorité très caractéristique, est douce et mordante à la fois.

Il me reste, après avoir essayé de vous dire la valeur singulière de Salomé, de vous parler de son interprétation. Là aussi ce fut un émerveillement. Grâce aux soins intelligents d'un intendant général ami des arts et très averti de tout ce qui les concerne. Son Excellence le comte de Seebach, Salomé a été réalisée de facon à soutenir la comparaison avec les scènes les plus réputées d'Europe. Un orchestre de cent musiciens, d'une homogénéité, d'une sonorité remarquables, était conduit par M. Von Schuch, l'éminent capellmeister qui, depuis plus de trenteans, préside aux destinéées de l'Opéra de Dresde.Il a conduit cette partilion, d'une. difficulté inouïe avec une sûreté, une souplesse et une ardeur réellement ad-

M. Burrian chantait Hérode, dessinant le rôle en une curieuse silhouette de despote maladif et inquiet; il a osé le pousser par moment jusqu'au grotesque et a reconstitué ainsi la figure saisissante que l'auteur avait conçue.

Mme Wittich n'a pas le physique qui couvient à Salomé, mais a chanté le rôle avec une expression si intense, avec une chaleur și persuasive, qu'elle est parve-nue à donner l'illusion d'une. Salomé idéale. Jochanaan, c'était M. Perron bien connu des habitués de Bayreuth. qui apprécient son expérience et son autorité. Le Quintette des juifs — un épisode remarquable de la pièce — a été: rendu à la perfection par des artistes de premier ordre, qui ont consenti à jouer ces personnages secondaires. Il est vraique ce morceau est d'une telle complexité musicale que seuls des chanteurs de grande valeur pouvaient l'exécuter

Une mise en scène d'un goût parfait, des éclairages judicieusement réglés, un décor d'une ingénieuse poésie, dû au taent de M. Rieck, complétaient l'attrait du spectacle.

Robert Brussel.

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Musique à l'Etranger

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Première représentation, à l'Opéra royal de Dresde, de *Salomé*, drame lyrique, en un acte, d'Oscar Wilde; musique de M. Ri-chard Strauss.

(De notre envoyé spécial)

L'Opéra de Dresde, coutumier de belles fètes musicales, vient de représenter pour la premières fois la *Salomé*, de M. Ri-chard Strauss. C'est un événement d'une importance toute particulière, en raison du nom de M. Strauss et de la valeur exceptionnelle de son œuvre. Le sujet de la pièce est trop connu pour qu'il soit utile d'y beaucoup insister. Tous les lettrés savent l'éclat du conte d'*Hérodias*, de Flaubert. Ils possèdent ainsi la donnée de la *Salomé*, d'Oscar Wilde.

Wilde.

Celui-ci a délibérément supprimé tout ce qui pouvait servir d'exposition. Il nous a supposés suffisamment instruits du sujet pour nous jeter dès l'abord dans l'action. De la sorte, celle-ci peut se dé-rouler avec une intensité dramatique singulièrement poignante dans le court intervalle qui sépare le crépuscule du lever du soleil.

intervalle qui separe le crepuscule du lever du soleil. La Mort, l'Amour, et l'Amour dans la Mort, voilà toute la pièce : Mort, Narra-both, le jeune capitaine qui ne peut sup-porter les paroles enfiévrées que Salomé adresse à Jochanaan ; mort Jochanaan, morte Salomé ; mort bientôt Hérode Antipas. C'est devant la tête morte du Baptiste que Salomé chante ses plus dou-ces, ses plus amoureuses plaintes, c'est à une femme morte que ressemble cette lune laiteuse et fugitive qui traverse len-tement le ciel. Mais elle ressemble aussi à la beauté d'une « jeune vierge », et ce sont des mots d'amour que lui adressent Salomé et Hérode, car elle est faite à l'image de leur pensée et de leur destin. Ce n'est point la Juive, « si charmante et touchante d'humilité », que représente Salomé, c'est la Syrienne qui inspira *le Cantique des cantiques*, pour qui l'inceste act procure une loi et Céreirerei e une leise une le

Salomé, c'est la Syrienne qui inspira le Cantique des cantiques, pour qui l'inceste est presque une loi, et Sémiramis, Loth et Myrrha des divinités. C'est la Sy-rienne en proie aux sept démons qui confond, dans son culle d'amour, la beauté, la mort et la résurrection; et si l'histoire ne l'eût rendue véridique, nulle fable n'eût été plus singulièrement pro-fonde que celle de la rencontre de la fille d'Hérodiade avec celui qui le premier versa l'eau du baptême sur le front du Ressuscité. Elle apostrophe audacieuse-ment saint Jean; son amour, son désir, elle l'exprime avec l'ardeur d'un adoles-cent, et comme la Sulamite, c'est elle qui cent, et comme la Sulamite, c'est elle qui lui peint ses charmes dans un langage qui semble emprunté au Cantique des cantiques (1) :

Jochanaan, je suis amoureuse de ton corps! Jochanaan, ta chair est blanche comme

Jochanaan, je suis amoureuse de ton corps! Jochanaan, ta chair est blanche comme les lis d'un champ, que la faueille n'a jamais effleurés. Ta chair est blanche comme la neige des monts de la Judée. Les roses du jardin de la reine d'Arabie ne sont point aussi blanches que ton corps ; ni les roses du jardin de la Reine, ni les premières lueurs du crépuscule sur les feuilles, ni le sein de la lune sur la mer ne sont aussi blancs que ton corps. Laissè-le-moi caresser, ton corps ! De désire ta bouche, Jochanaan! Ta bouche est comme un ruban d'écarlate au sommet d'une tour d'ivoire ! Elle est comme un fruit de grenade, fendu par un couteau d'argent ! pus brûlantes que les roses, ne sont point aussi rouges. Les rouges fanfares des trom-péttes, qui annoncent l'arrivée des Rois et devaat lesquelles l'ennémi tremble, sont moins rouges que les pieds des vendan-geurs qui pressent le vin dans les pressoirs. Elle est plus rouge que les pattes des tourte-relles qui nichent dans les temples. Ta bou-che est plus rouge que les pattes des tourte-relles qui nichent dans les temples. Ta bou-che est plus rouge que les pattes des tourte-relles qui nichent dans les temples. Ta bou-che est comme un rameau de corail dans le crépuscale de la mer, comme la pourpre des trésors de Moab, la pourpre des Rois. Rien dans le monde n'est aussi rouge que ta bou-che. Laisse-la-moi baiser, ta bouche.

(1) Je traduis ce fragment du texte allemand, d'ailleurs remarquable, de M. Lachmann, l'édi-tion française *originale* étant introuvable.

2019-03-17

Ainși, sans encombrante exposition, sans peinture approfondie de caractères, sans peinture approfondie de caractères, sans lausse psychologie, les personnages s'expriment et s'expliquent eux-mèmes. Ils disent leurs haines et leurs désirs : Jochanaan, sa haine des Pharisiens et des Sadducéens; Hérodias, sa haine de Jochanaan; Salomé, ses désirs angois-sés, ses esplègleries sanglantes, son in-différence à la mort de Narraboth dont le cadayre la sépare de Jochanaan, sans qu'elle cesse pour cela ces appels qui ne connaissent point de pudeur. Hérode, par la seule vertu du mouvement drama-tique, est tracé de main de maître. Il est craintif, nerveux, luxurieux et désor-donné; ses appétits ne sont point glou-tons, il aime la débaucheraffinée; l'inceste le tente : il implore Salomé de boire dans

donne; ses appetits ne sont point glou-tons, il aime la débaucheraffinée; l'inceste le tente : il implore Salomé de boire dans sa coupe, de mordre un fruit qu'il achè-vera, de s'asseoir sur son trône, de par-tager, sa puissance, enfin de danser. La Danse de Salomé! Mais ici la mu-sique intervient. Qu'est devenu sous la plume du musicien cè poème d'une sen-sualité aussi franche, d'une poésie aussi troublante, mais où l'émotion plastique entre pour une part infiniment plus grande que l'humanité? Salomé n'est point devenue une cantilène languide, soupirée à peine et d'un charme affadé. M. Strauss a compris que dans cette volupté il y avait du sang; et'c'est avec du sang qu'il a exprimé la sensualité de Salomé. On ne trouve dans sa partition aucune de ces pages « charmantes » qui semblent être le propre de tout orienta-lisme. Tout y est fort et noble. Ne pensez pas pour cela que la poésie de la pièce ait disparu; bien au contraire; elle est simolement traduite avec des movens pas pour cela que, la poésie de la pièce ait disparu; bien au contraire; elle est simplement traduite avec des moyens qui ne sont point traditionnels. Il serait difficile de trouver une idée mieux adap-tée au caractère du personnage que celle de Salomé; une scène plus évocatrice que la première, où le paysage tout baigné de lune semple, emaner de l'orchestre mêmé, tandis, que Salomé prodigue à Narraboth les plus séduisantes avances. Par contre, c'est avec un lyrisme d'une intensité, d'une vielence extrêmes, qu'est

intensité, d'une violence extrêmes, qu'est rendue la longue scène entre Salomé et le Baptiste. On imagime malaisément le Baptiste. On imagime malaisément les accents de plus en plus exaspérés que M. Strauss a trouvés pour traduire l'au-dacieux langage de la fille d'Hérodiade. a II, pià point chanté son amour en mélopées plainfives, mais il a décelé toute la puissance tragique que renferme cette sorte d'érotisme funèbre, cet impur parfum des cultes de Syrie dont parle Michelet. Il a évoqué un Orient non point brutal

Il a évoqué un Orient non point brutal. mais d'une extrême violence de couleur, non pas raffiné, mais d'une sensualité véritablement barbare, et tout cela sans liappareil obligé de doubles pédales surmontées de gammes mineures où jouent de faciles secondes augmentées; il a à peine indiqué par des suites de tons en-tiers une atmosphère particulière et la danse même de Salomé, toute vivante, toute heurtée de rythmes qui s'entre-choquent comme des cris de luxure, ex-prime le « drame » avec autant d'inten-

prime le « drame » avec autant d'inten-sité que la parole. Il ne m'est pas permis d'analyser en détail une œuvre qui s'annonce comme l'une des manifestations les plus impor-tantes de l'art contemporain. Salomé est la première œuvre allemande de grand style qui s'écarte sensiblement de la forme wagnérienne. A ce point de vue particulier, la représentation fut d'un intérêt capital, autant par la nouveauté propre du développement musical dra-matique inauguré par M. Strauss, que par les intéressantes comparaisons qu'elle suscite avec certaines œuvres récemment suscite avec certaines œuvres récemment parues en France: Ainsi paraît se géné-raliser une évolution dans le drame lyrique qui semble devoir donner des résul-tats inattendus.

Plus personnel que *Feuersnot*, d'inven-tion mélodique plus choisie, *Salomé* vaut encore par la prodigieuse qualité de la mise en œuvre. La mélodie y est dégagée de toute harmonie traditionnelle. L'écri-ture y est d'une liberté qui semble braver toute confrainte. Il ne faudrait point en juger d'après une réduction de piano; juger d'après une réduction de piano; quelle que soit sa perfection, elle ne saurait rendre la séduction d'un orches-tre merveillenx de variété, de souplesse et d'inventijissen Wohlen's University tibrary bla-bles duretés d'écriture se fondent en un ravissement. ravissement.

La longue attente qui précède l'appa-rition de la tête du Baptiste hors de la citerne, la longue scène ou Salomé tén-dre et haineuse baise enfin les lèvres du indrt, son triomplie où l'amour même s'exaspère encore, sont des pages où l'on trouve une émotion rare qu'il est donné a peu d'artistes de faire sentir. Certes M. Richard Strauss ne s'est point laissé tenter par ces curiosités ins-trumentales que son sujet et sa virtuo-sité technique lui eussent permis. Mais cependant, à maintes reprises c'est à l'orchestre que sont dues les plus rares impressions tragiques. Je citerai entre autres, pendant la scène ou Salomé at-tend la tête de Jochanaan, les gémisse-ments que produisent sur un roulement de timbales, les sons harmoniques des contrébasses à découvert. Cela est neuf et podigieusement expressif.

contrebasses à découvert. Cela est neuf et prodigieusement expressif. Un instrument nouveau, déjà utilisé dans la Symphonia Domestica apparais-sait pour la première fois dans un or-chestre de théâtre : c'est «l'heklophone», instrument dont Wagner réclamait la création il y a une quarantaine d'années. C'est un instrument en bois, à anche, à l'octave inférieure du hautbois — dont la sonorité très caractéristique, est douce et mordante à la fois. Il me reste, après avoir essayé de vous dire la valeur singulière de Salomé, de vous parler de son interprétation. Là

vous parler de son interprétation. La aussi ce fut un émerveillement. Grâce aux soins intelligents d'un intendant général ami des arts et très averti de tout ce qui les concerne. Son Excellence le comte de Seebach, Salomé a été réalisée de façon à soutenir la comparaison avec les scènes les plus réputées d'Europe. Un orchestre de cent musiciens, d'une homogénéité, d'une sonorité remarquables, était con-duit par M. Von Schuch, l'éminent ca-pellmeister qui, depuis plus de trenteans, préside aux destinéees de l'Opéra de Dresde. Il a conduit cette partilion, d'une difficulté inouïe avec une sûreté, une souplesse et une ardeur réellement ad-mirables.

mirables. M. Burrian chantait Hérode, dessinant

mirables.
M. Burrian chantait Hérode, dessinant le rôle en une curieuse silhouette de despote maladif et inquiet; il a osé le pousser par moment jusqu'au grotesque et a reconstitué aiasi la figure saisis-sante que l'auteur avait concue.
Mme Wittich n'a pas le physique qui couvient à Salome, mais a chanté le rôle avec une expression si intense, avec une chaleur si persuasive, qu'elle est parve-nue à donner l'illusion d'une Salomé idéale. Jochanaan, c'était M. Perron, bien connu des habitués de Bayreuth, qui apprécient son expérience et son au-torité. Le Quintette des juifs — un épi-sode remarquable de la pièce — a été rendu à la perfection par des artistes de premier ordre, qui ont consenti à jouer ces personnages secondaires. Il est vrai-que ce morceau est d'une telle com-plexité musicale que seuls des chanteurs de grande valeur pouvaient l'exécuter ainsi. ainsi.

Une mise en scène d'un goût parfait, des éclairages judicieusement réglés, un décor d'une ingénieuse poésie, dù au ta-lent de M. Rieck, complétaient l'attrait du spectacle.

Robert Brussel:

LE FIGARO - LUNDI 18 DECEMBRE 1905

THE WAYFARER. Sunt lacrimae rerum.-VERGIL.

Ir would be hard to find a sadder book than ment is not surprising. It is quite in the way himself. It was Humility.

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world, when at his best, is consummate read with dry eyes the story of the prisoner which is one of the puzzles of his character; he stand in that dreary corridor "that, before the flings an ornament just where perfect simplicity whole crowd, whom an action so sweet and lightly it rides, even when least in place, on the surface of thought; how perfectly it fits, bowed head, I passed him by." when it is in place at all, the thought under- The contentment was not then of pride; it lying! He was a true artist. But his failure lay where he least suspected it, in the fact that artists have been notably small and mean in themselves; had they turned their attention on themselves, their art would have been meant at all themselves, their art would have been meant at all themselves art there would have been meant at all themselves art there would have been meant at all themselves art there would have been meant at all themselves art there would have been meant at all themselves art there would have been meant at all themselves art there would have been meant at all themselves art there would have been meant at all themselves art there would have been meant at all themselves art there would have been meant at all themselves art there would have been meant at all themselves art there would have been meant at all themselves are there would have been meant at all the transmission for the lack the transmission for the transmission for the transmission for the lack the transmission for the transmi mean-nay, there would have been no art at all, Hence a marvel. I have said that an artist's can't be referring to me. but only a dreary presentment of dreary nature. I do not think we should care much for a por-trait of himself, unidealised, by Burns; there is trait of himself, unidealised, by Burns; there is work of Oscar Wilde, this cry de profundis, deals | He must be speaking of , rated. I had a high appreciati enough and to spare in "Willie brewed wholly with himself, and yet it is an almost a peck o'maut." Imagine Turner painting his flawless work of art. How can this be? It is

made the intolerable mistake of directing them upon himself. His cry out of the deep begins with the recognition of this blunder. He had his out it is not it is and he shrinks from the vulgarity. Do not expect to find a new style in the man; upon himself. His cry out of the deep begins with the recognition of this blunder. He had tried to make his own life a work of art, and the result was utter failure. It is true that he does not recognise more than a small part of the reason for the failure, but the fact is borne in upon him irresistibly. He had meant to make his life a harmony of refined pleasures. To accentuate them he had made experiment of the grossly sensual, but he hints—and handled this lightly, not in the vulgar way that his accusers imagined: it was the tentative discord that was to be resolved, the tentative discord that was to be resolved, the muck, if you will, out of which the blossom of a flower-like life was to spring. He was to him, I say; for he has hold of one thread in the bigs of the artistic temperament. Bear with him, I say; for he has hold of one thread in the stand before the world a symbolic man, the strand of truth, and you will not be surprised stand before the world a symbolic man, the eponymous master of a consummate culture. Such was his aim. Now picture this man on a certain day as he describes himself : handcuffed, in hideous convict garb, standing under a Not the stand of truth, and you will not be surprised to find that in his prison cell he makes a new discovery of the Man of Sorrows. Have patience with him still; for he cannot speak even now without a flavour of impertinence. The man and users in the stand of truth, and you will not be surprised to find that in his prison cell he makes a new with in still; for he cannot speak even now without a flavour of impertinence. The man and users i use November drizzle on the platform at Clapham Junction, where for one whole half-hour fre-quent trains disgorge their vulgar load, first to look with gaping curiosity at the gaol-bird and then, when it is buzzed about who he is, to break out into open jeers. What is wanting to the accurate the sky, the curcum-the style are one. If he wrote otnerwise, you will have need of all your patience. And yet break out into open jeers. What is wanting to the accurate the sky, the curcum-the style are one. If he wrote otnerwise, you will have need of all your patience. And yet break out into open jeers. What is wanting to the accurate the sky, the curcum-the style are one. If he wrote otnerwise, you will have need of all your patience. And yet begins the tragedy in grim earnest. We have had only the prologue so far. It would seem the prologue sof far. It November drizzle on the platform at Clapham the style are one. If he wrote otherwise, you

nothing; but I venture on a conjecture. That for consummate works of art. He has discovered tiful thing in the world, which was so marked a verted; he scorns the thought. He is still himfeature of his artistic creed—a reverence utterly self; his artistic powers are returning in full unlike that which honours the temple of the flood; he can find expression. And now he has Holy Ghost, but having affinities even with this, what he never had before, something worthy and better at least than the hatred of the fakir of expression. He has found it in the deep. for his tortured frame-this reverence may He is content. To him there is no crying of have stayed the hand of destruction. I could deep to deep: there is no answering height. as soon imagine Oscar Wilde breaking an Religion has no meaning for him, he says exquisite vase, because it had been put with growing cheerfulness; if such things to some vile use, as destroying his own must be, he would have a religion espebody because of its vile surroundings. cially designed for those who cannot believe, He survived one year of unutterable misery. an altar without tapers, where a priest

utterance. Months afterwards he receives the] meaning for him either. He does not regret boon of paper, and he begins to write down, anything that he has done, save that unlucky

deepens. There are some who refuse to take He was not himself great; he was vastly of the common day makes or unmakes characthe book seriously. One critic has said that smaller even than he supposed, for he clung ter, and that what one has done in the secret Wilde never was in the deep, was incap- pathetically to the idea that he was a great chamber one has some day to cry aloud on able of it, and therefore could not cry out of the deep. To me, as I read, sincerity mailiar to some, though strange to him, he away before his new cheerfullies. During

facile judgment. For there is much of pose in the book. But then all that would be odiously artificial and insincera in the good stolid Philistine is the insincere in the good stolid Philistine is the the social law struck him down. His con- his imprisonment, Oscar Wilde wrote the Ballad natural expression of this man's innermost self. I call him an artist. He was a true ortist. Such multiple can be gave to the for it began with gratitude for an act of for it began with gratitude for an act of the social law struct the man who can artist. Such writing as he gave to the kindness. I do not envy the man who can art. It was marred, to be sure, by an occasional catastrophic lapse from good taste, is needed. But what ornament it is ! And how simple hushed into silence, he might gravely

he was not an artist all through. Art is never him before; now he knew the reality. And he handing me the sheet. the latter, as it enabled me to show the reality and her handing me the sheet. self-centred. The artist looks out of himself to found it wrapped up with suffering. This again steady-goer to say?" I and remain in contact with B something far greater than himself, seizes it as no other man can, and gives it expression both fachion, but which he had resolutely not some truths foot's students and the clergy trict. no other man can, and gives it expression both fashion, but which he had resolutely put away Oscar Wilde," he and We, though in a measure sur no other man can, and gives it expression both for himself and for other men. Many great artists have been notably small and mean in discovered it to be of supreme beauty. To is a sugly and shameful. Now he discovered it to be of supreme beauty. To is a sugly and shameful. Now he discovered it to be of supreme beauty. To is a sugly and shameful. Now he discovered it to be of supreme beauty. To

own surroundings. Now Oscar Wilde was more interested in himself than in anything else in self, but upon himself as the shrine of that far Posing was therefore natural to him, and did out in the least hinder singular . But what not in the least hinder sincerity. But what about art? Having great artistic powers, he to him that some reader may be expect-used to him that some reader may be expect-used to him that some reader may be expect-

misery extreme. Say that this man was not in cast in the end into artistic mould. He is the deep! A year passes over him; a year of prison life, or rather of death—a death that will not be ended. His one consuming desire has been for that end. Why has he not forced it? Surely the means are not wanting. Of this he tells of this net in the tells of the approaching catastrophe; he must meet it with renewed hopes. He builds a whole palace of expectation out of his new discovery. He has found in himself the material to enact a tragedy. And according to the law of tragedy he must be unconscious of the approaching catastrophe; he must a whole palace of expectation out of his new discovery. He has found in himself the material to enact a tragedy. And according to the law of tragedy he must be unconscious of the approaching catastrophe; he must a whole palace of expectation out of his new discovery. He has found in himself the material the meaning, the beauty of life. He is not con-Then comes a change, and he begins to find *Methuen and Co.

first in disjointed periods, afterwards with in- appeal to the social law. He is a born anticreasing fluency and sustained development, nomian, he says, and knows that nothing that that which Jscar Wilde wrote in Reading Gaol, the thoughts which were clamorous for speech. he does matters, but only what he is. Has he And what is the change? He discovered then forgotten that shrewd discovery of the pages become more cheerful; for the tragedy something in himself. It was a great thing. earlier days of sorrow, "that every little action speaks from every page. But the adverse judg- found within himself a thing far greater than his first year in prison he could do nothing of the Philistine to refuse to believe in the He describes the discovery in words of despair, crying, "What an ending, what an exquisite grace, and, as I declare, of perfect appalling ending!" Now he cried, "What a This inveterate practitioner in the art of pose! sincerity. He found that he had no quarrel beginning, what a wonderful beginning!" Men Here he is, posing to himself as usual in his with the world, none with the society which had pointed to him as showing whither the nere he is, posing to minsen as usual in its prison-cell, and writing himself down, as soon as he has the privilege of paper and ink, that he may afterwards pose before the world. It is a facile indument. With the world, none with the society which had trampled him underfoot, none with him-self-here the deeper tragedy begins—save on the one score that when attacked in the first intervaled to social law for pro-

VIATOR.

March 31, 1905

THE WAY Et tu, Brute "HERE is the Guardian" all doors were closed against a t last I passed a Civil Service exat obtained a post, but was offered time a clerkship with a solicitor.

orn of a woman-mad sid—to save the world stened to that Magniy 1 by Jesus Christ. ace came through

t the Houses of God tarrs the petitions for Ma increased by twenty Lisme time they heard o laxity with regard to H And our own divorce used last week, showed of women, and for the

 ment and general culture, ears a
 ever eager to hear and see how th
 man talked and conducted himse splendid opportunity is afforded the who lives near a staff of clergy students. Some regarded me as ng specimen of pit life; the grea owever, were ready to lend m answer, when they were able, the questions with which I plied them It is not my purpose here to sh young Churchman can raise a lo of language and manner, and sneers and ridicule turned into re thankful to say I never left Sun commencing to teach at the age and afterwards took a Bible-cla

I passed the Preliminary Examin Incorporated Law Society, but r articled, as I continued to hop earlier wish would be fulfilled. A twenty-three, I was able to take a course at Durham University. dream of Oxford was not realized. economy I was able to stay at years, and then read for the Bisl nation, on £120.

I had, by reading aloud with th heis phonetic dictionary, so far correcte tricities of the pit dialect that my not suspected. I had no wish to public school lad. The college ch were taken to my humble abode. knowing made no difference in th towards me, those who changed th

I believe that when there is a r esire on the part of any young 1 Holy Orders, ordinary intelligence hing more than ordinary application God's help, result in the desired candidates for Holy Orders.

A DURE

Approximation of the second se

ER 24, 1906. TRIBUNE, THE DRAMA IN BERLIN -----BY WILLIAM ARCHER. II.—SUDERMANN AND WEDEKIND.

What, now, of the modern German drama? Much as I admire and value the rich dramatic literature which has sprung up during the past seventeen or eighteen years, I must own that I cannot view without a little disquietude the present position of affairs.

During my week in Berlin I saw two modern German plays—"Das Blumenboot," by Sude mann, and "Erdgeist," by Frank Wedekind the former a new play, running almost (but no quite) without interruption at the Lessing Theater, the latter played for one night as a repertory-piece at the Deutsches Theater. So far as I know, these were the only modern German plays of any note performed during my stay in Berlin. This was partly, no doubt, a mere chance. A few days earlier I might have seen Hauptmann's "Fuhrmann Hentschel" at the Lessing Theater; a few days later Hartleben's "Rosenmontag" was to be played at the same theatre; and at the Deutsches Theater a new play by a new author was announced for production. Still, I could not but see something symptomatic in the great preponderance of old over new, of foreign over native work, in the bills of the leading

Shakespeare, Schiller, Ibsen, Wilde, Shaw, Gorky held the stage on every hand, but where were Max Halbe, George Hirschfeld, and others of that brilliant younger generation which came to the front in the early nineties? Where were Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal? Where were even the men of smaller intellectual pretensions-Otto Ernst, Max Dreyer, Philippi, Fulda, Beyerlein? It seemed to me undeniable, in the first place, that some of the young geniuses of the 'nineties. had proved sad disappointments-one-play men, with no stamina or power of development. In the second place, I could not but feel that cosmopolitanism was being overdone, and that the public had gone a wandering after strange gods, to the neglect of-I will not say native genius-but native talent.

THE LAST OF OSCAR WILDE. From The London Sphere.

A report has recently been published to the effect that Mr. Oscar Wilde is still alive—the ind of rumor that frequently surrounds any nan in whose life there was an element of mystery. In this connection a portrait of Mr. Wilde's grave appeared in "The Tatler" for July 9, and I have received from Mr. Robert Ross, vho, it will be remembered, recently edited "De profundis" for publication, the following letter lated Reform Club, July 20:

lated Reform Club, July 20: Since the absurd report of Mr. Wilde being still live appeared in the papers I have received 378 stters from different sources asking me if the re-ort were true. Perhaps you will make known to hose interested in the subject the following facts: At the time of his death Mr. Wilde owed a con-iderable sum of money to Paris tradespeople, who ut of regard for a fallen and distinguished man contrary to all French instincts) had given him onsiderable credit. When nursing him during his ast illness he asked me, as one of his most inti-nate friends, that in the event of his death I hould endeavor to see that those who had been ind to him were paid. Instead of raising diffi-ulties, as they might easily have done, the French reditors, directly he was dead, accepted without ny demur my personal promise that they would a paris when he is registered at the hotel under n Assumed name is one of the most expensive xuries in the world, and Wilde's body was very arily taken to the Morgue. His illness had been (reat expense to his friends and there was really money to buy a suitable plot of ground for his ave and funeral expenses until the French cred-try, who had shown more than human charity, are fully compensated. I therefore hired a plot ground at Bayneux and placed a simple slow ment for the use of a "concession temperaire." shocks a great many visitors to Bayneux to reachings of the French creditors have been satis-t, and by next year Wilde's hat webeen satis-In that the grave is only a temporary one. But -thirds of the French creditors have been satis--thirds of the French creditors have been satis-the been carried out. I shall then move the re-ins to a permanent resting place at Père la tise, and a suitable monument will be erected them. I receive numerous letters expressing mishment at the nature of the grave at Bay-and the fact that it is only a temporary one. I have given you the reason. I venture to that no one who knows the circumstances think that I should have followed any other 2.

ABOUT THE THEATRE. BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE DRAMA IN BERLIN.—III.

once or twice during my stay in Berlin.

Solf-street, ot. James oraguesta IN OCTOBER 27, 1906. VI Apply TREGEAR, House Agent, West Bognor. DOGNOR, FURNISHED HOUSES for illisrds, musicales, charming excursions. Tariff from E. Kiech TERNET-LES-BAINS, the winter Spa for theu HOLIDAY RESORTS. ONDON.—NORFOLK HOTEL, Harrington nd 'Dessi, South Kesnington (elose underground Railwa nd 'Dessi; chet'i electric light, pasenger lift; enclose nites for familiet, inclusive terms 9s, per day; 'phone 71 ANNES.-Hotel de la Plage. First-class ; delight HOTELS. EIS:IS FUNN, M.D., 5, ENGLEGE, EGYPTE, LONGON, N.W. SUCHTY, MARIES, SUCHTY, MARIES, SUCHTY, MARIES, SUCHTY, MARIES, SUCHTY, MARIES, SUCHTY, MARIES, SUCHTY, SUCHT, SUCHTY, SUC CORPORATION AND A CONTARS OF SAILINGS FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF SAILINGS see Mile Programme free on spulleshon THOS, COOK & SON S.Y. "ARGONAUT" CHUISES, FOR A BERRED OM COS S.Y. "ARGONAUT" CHUISES, FOR A BERRED, FOR A BERRED OM COS S.Y. "ARGONAUT" CHUISES, FOR A BERRED, FOR A BERRED OM COS S.Y. "ARGONAUT" CHUISE SAIL COMBINED BOOKINGS by Egyptian and Sudar pointy in UPPER EGYPT and to KHARTOUM and GONDORORO VEW and Juxuriously furnished STEAMERS and Pervate particles. BY TOURIST STEAMER £20. Frequent satifings between CAIRO, LUXOR, ASSUAN, an the SECOND CATARACT andoring a transmission of the sevent with losure and confort the principal TEMPLIES, MON MENTS, TOMES, and ANTIQUITIES of UPPER EGYPT. TO ASSUAN AND BACK, Py TOUKIST STEAMLER from E.S., De TOUKIST STEAMLER from E.S., COOK.2 AILE SERVICES. .29UOT And Branch Offices, PERSONAL EFFECTS and Branch Offices, and Pringer-Church, House Packing, Storge, and Insurance, Occa Matches, Moroy Carlos, House Packing, Storge, and Insurance, Occa Matches, Dooked by all Linge, -THO Matches, -THO DEPARTMENT. LORWARDING COOK.2 EI2 to £20 inclusive: Sallings every 10 days. BOOTH LINE, 8, Adelphi-terrace, Strand; 50, James-stree 23 to 27 Days £16 1st Class throughout. tours to PORTUGAL and MADEIRA. 15 to 27 Day other to M BOOTH LIVE RESORT. AN IDEAL WINTER RESORT. AN UNTER IN THE RESORT. A structure of the stru To Special prime from Wateries to Southampton every Saturdary with Madeira, User Margine, More 1, Work 2, Work 2, More 3, Mor BOXYL WAIL SERVICE. Inion-Gystefe LINE n screw, 10,915 tons, No an israqual worse fifwt sgust soft

profoundly felt; but effective it certainly was, except in the scene of the burning of Lövborg's manuscript, where a departure from the "business" prescribed by the poet was, as usual,

A SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE. Before closing these hasty notes I must say something of a very interesting experiment which Director Reinhardt, of the Deutsches Theater, has in view. Immediately adjoining the theatre he already occupies, he is building England and Russia (but mainly England) a new theatre for a series of what he calls hold the bill, to the entire exclusion of Ger- "Kammerspiele"-" chamber performances" in many, at the Kleines Theater. This is rather a the sense in which we speak of "chamber hall than a theatre, seating scarcely more than 300 people. Access to it is gained by a single staircase, opening from Unter den Linden. What the County Council would say to this arrangement I do not know-or rather I do effect. Subscribers alone are to be admitted to know. Nor is one re-assured, on entering, to find that the walls of the auditorium are en-tirely lined with painted canvas. The hall is been's "Ghosts," with Frau Sorma as Mrs. as nearly as possibly square, and is painted to Alving and Herr Reinhardt himself as Engrepresent (vaguely) the interior of an ancient strand; (2) "Frank Wedekind's New Work "-(it temple. Grotesque masks hang at intervals is reported that this means Wedekind's hitherto from the cornice, and wreaths of incense-smoke are shown ascending from tripods and eddying round the walls. The whole effect of this constrict decoration is grey, chill, and un-pleasant. Meanwhile the proscenium of the wide and low stage represents the portico of the former character and Frau Eysoldt in the latter (2) theory ""Holds Cables". the temple, illogically turned inwards, as though in a fit of architectural introspection. I fancy (though I may be wrong) that this Determined that the temple and France of Being Earnest"; (6) "Amoureuse," scheme of decoration was chosen as being in some way appropriate to Oscar Wilde's "Salome," which was produced at the Liftle Theatre. The plays I saw at it were "The Ideal Husband" and "You Never Can Tell." by Bernard Shaw; (6) "Amoureuse," "Emilia Galotti." For admission to first per-formances the prices are to be 20s. and 15s. For the five repetitions of each production the prices are to product to the second Gorky's "Nachtasyl" ("The Lower Depths") I was unable to see, though it was performed Pursuing his usual system, Director Reinhardt is entrusting each of the plays in this series to the care of a well-known artist, who is not only to design the scenery and costumes, but to arrange all the effects of light, and to be responsible, in fact, for the whole series of stage pictures. He showed me the designs for "Ghosts" and for "Aglavaine et Sélysette" and certainly they promise to be most original and beautiful.

THE ECONOMIC PROBLEM.

But what of the economics of these "Kammerspiele"? At a rough calculation, I make out that supposing every seat to be sold at the series of 48 performances, the total receipt cannot be more than about £6,000, which gives about £750 for each production. How is it possible to pay for the designing and making of scenery and costumes, to meet the rent (or interest on capital), actors' salaries, and other expenses, and to have anything over out f £750? No doubt the "Kammerspiele" can e worked economically in connexion with the Deutsches Theater, and can be employed to "feed" the repertory of that institution; but still I am puzzled to imagine "how it is done.' This economic problem, however, arises not only in connexion with the "Kammerspiele," but in connexion with both the literary theatres of Berlin. How do the Deutsches Theater and the Lessing Theater subsist? They have no subvention, yet they exclude long runs (except in very rare instances), and play in the most liberal style a repertory that would do credit to a richly-subventioned theatre. It must not be supposed that salaries are very low or that living is cheap in Berlin. Rents and taxes are very high, provisions very dear. The salaries of leading actors range from £1,000 to £1,300 a year. The regularly-engaged com pany at the Deutsches Theater numbers some seventy performers. How can such theatres be made self-supporting?

I cannot give a complete answer to the question, but I can suggest some partial explanations. In the first place, it is probable that neither Herr Reinhardt nor Dr. Brahm is so burdened with rent as are their London col leagues. Both theatres, I take it, belong to societies or syndicates who have acquired them with other than purely commercial motives, and are not bent on getting the highest possible interest on their money. Doubt less they are in the main paying institutions; but their proprietors would rather have low interest and good art than let the houses at the highest competition rents to showmenmanagers, who would run any "attraction" that promised to pay. Secondly, Berlin managers effect a considerable economy in two did not hear a single note of entr'acte music; and oh! it was a relief. Thirdly, Berlin managers secure a high average of attendance at their theatres by making theatre-going somewhat cheaper and very much easier and more comfortable than in England. The dearest seats cost about eight shillings; the silly superstition of "evening dress" is unknown; and in the middle of each performance there is a long entracte, during which almost the whole audience troops into the foyer, where excellent refreshments are to be had at reasonable prices. The result of all this is that the music-halls and variety-shows are not nearly such serious TGN rivals to the theatre in Berlin as they are in London. When will London managers learn o prefer a paying spectator in a morning coat to a dead-head in a white choker?

THE WAYFARER.

Sunt lacrimae rerum.-VERGIL. IT would be hard to find a sadder book than that which Jscar Wilde wrote in Reading Gaol, De Profundis.* The sadness grows as the pages become more cheerful; for the tragedy deepens. There are some who refuse to take He was not himself great; he was vastly of the common day makes or unmakes characthe book seriously. One critic has said that smaller even than he supposed, for he clung ter, and that what one has done in the secret Wilde never was in the deep, was incap-pathetically to the idea that he was a great chamber one has some day to cry aloud on pathetically to the idea that he was a great the hourston." It some to be fading able of it, and therefore could not cry out personage in literature; but by a paradox the housetop." It seems to be fading A of the deep. To me, as I read, sincerity familiar to some, though strange to him, he away before his new cheerfulness. During speaks from every page. But the adverse judg-found within himself a thing far greater than his first year in prison he could do nothing ment is not surprising. It is quite in the way himself. It was Humility. of the Philistine to refuse to believe in the artist's sincerity. And this fellow, above all! This invotorate practitioner in the art of posed! This inveterate practitioner in the art of pose! exquisite grace, and, as I declare, of period apparing what a wonderful beginning!" Men sincerity. He found that he had no quarrel beginning, what a wonderful beginning!" Men Here he is, posing to himself as usual in his prison cell and writing himself down as such with the world, none with the society which had pointed to him as showing whither the

then all that would be odiously artificial and insincere in the good stolid Philistine is the natural expression of this man's innermost self. I call him an artist. He was a true self. I call him an artist. He was a true for it began with gratitude for an act of curtain; let us go in silence. artist. Such writing as he gave to the kindness. I do not envy the man who can world, when at his best, is consummate read with dry eyes the story of the prisoner art. It was marred, to be sure, by an brought to the Bankruptcy Court for his public occasional catastrophic lapse from good taste, examination, and of the friend who took his which is one of the puzzles of his character; he stand in that dreary corridor "that, before the flings an ornament just where perfect simplicity whole crowd, whom an action so sweet and is needed. But what ornament it is ! And how simple hushed into silence, he might gravely lightly it rides, even when least in place, on raise his hat to me as, handcuffed and with the surface of thought; how perfectly it fits, bowed head, I passed him by." when it is in place at all, the thought underlying! He was a true artist. But his failure was of humility. And this was a new thing to lay where he least suspected it, in the fact that Oscar Wilde. The word had no meaning for he was not an artist all through. Art is never him before; now he knew the reality. And he handing me the sheet. "And what has the self-centred. The artist looks out of himself to found it wrapped up with suffering. This again something far greater than himself, seizes it as was a thing which he knew indeed after a no other man can, and gives it expression both fashion, but which he had resolutely put away for himself and for other men. Many great from himself as ugly and shameful. Now he passage. artists have been notably small and mean in discovered it to be of supreme beauty. To themselves; had they turned their attention on themselves, their art would have been small and but only a dreary presentment of dreary nature. but only a dreary presentment o I do not think we should care much for a portrait of himself, unidealised, by Burns; there is work of Oscar Wilde, this cry de profundis, deals enough and to spare in "Willie brewed wholly with himself, and yet it is an almost a peck o'maut." Imagine Turner painting his flawless work of art. How can this be? It is own surroundings. Now Oscar Wilde was more because he is intent, not upon himself for him-

not in the least hinder sincerity. But what here a conversion. The thought occurs about art? Having great artistic powers, he to him that some reader may be expectmade the intolerable mistake of directing them ing this, and he shrinks from the vulgarity. upon himself. His cry out of the deep begins Do not expect to find a new style in the man; with the recognition of this blunder. He had his artistic method was long since formed, and tried to make his own life a work of art, and the remains intact. You must look for a graceful result was utter failure. It is true that he does impertinence of phrase, and you will find it. not recognise more than a small part of the He has a new subject, but he treats it in the old reason for the failure, but the fact is borne in way. His new experience leads him to study upon him irresistibly. He had meant to make with new interest a personality which had long his life a harmony of refined pleasures. To before fascinated him. Christian, bear with accentuate them he had made experiment him; have patience with the Oscar Wilde of of the grossly sensual, but he hints-and old days who always considered "the young the hint is full of interest-that he had Galilean peasant" one of the most charming handled this lightly, not in the vulgar figures of romance, delighting above all in way that his accusers imagined: it was the Renan's "Fifth Gospel," and finding in the tentative discord that was to be resolved, the Sermon on the Mount the most delicate suggesmuck, if you will, out of which the blossom of tions of the artistic temperament. Bear with a flower-like life was to spring. He was to him, I say; for he has hold of one thread in the

look with gaping curiosity at the gaol-bird and then, when it is buzzed about who he is, to break out into open jeers. What is wanting to begins the tragedy in grim earnest. We have

or rather of death-a death that will not be of the approaching catastrophe; he must ended. His one consuming desire has been for meet it with renewed hopes. He builds that end. Why has he not forced it? Surely a whole palace of expectation out of his new the means are not wanting. Of this he tells discovery. He has found in himself the material nothing; but I venture on a conjecture. That for consummate works of art. He has di tiful thing in the world, which was so marked a verted; he scorns the thought. He is still himfeature of his artistic creed—a reverence utterly self; his artistic powers are returning in full unlike that which honours the temple of the flood; he can find expression. And now he has Holy Ghost, but having affinities even with this, what he never had before, something worthy and better at least than the hatred of the fakir of expression. He has found it in the deep. for his tortured frame-this reverence may He is content. To him there is no crying of have stayed the hand of destruction. I could deep to deep: there is no answering height. as soon imagine Oscar Wilde breaking an Religion has no meaning for him, he says exquisite vase, because it had been put with growing cheerfulness; if such things to some vile use, as destroying his own must be, he would have a religion espebody because of its vile surroundings. cially designed for those who cannot believe, He survived one year of unutterable misery. an altar without tapers, where a priest *Methuen and Co.

utterance. Months afterwards he receives the meaning for him either. He does not regret boon of paper, and he begins to write down, anything that he has done, save that unlucky first in disjointed periods, afterwards with in-creasing fluency and sustained development, nomian, he says, and knows that nothing that

tacile judgment. For there is much of pose in the book. But then all that would be adjought artificial and the who had lived to defy social law. In the artistic life leads a man." Did no voice cry to him, "Thou fool, this

work must be cramped and small, poor and mean, if he be intent on himself. Now this work of Oscar Wilde, this cry de profundis, deals wholly with himself, and yet it is an almost flawless work of art. How can this be? It is near half of enthusiastic eutogy both of the man and of his book.' I don't recognize the description. He must be speaking of someone else." "Find someone whom it fits better," he said, "and I will agree. He is not the only one who has the glory of Christ dawned on a man, it dawned work must be cramped and small, poor and half of enthusiastic eulogy both of the man and mean, if he be intent on himself. Now this of his book.' I don't recognize the description he glory of Christ dawned on a man, it dawned interested in himself than in anything else in self, but upon himself as the shrine of that far Posing was therefore natural to him, and did ing. Do not imagine that you are to find stand before the world a symbolic man, the strand of truth, and you will not be surprised eponymous master of a consummate culture. to find that in his prison cell he makes a new Such was his aim. Now picture this man on a discovery of the Man of Sorrows. Have patience certain day as he describes himself: handcuffed, with him still; for he cannot speak even now in hideous convict garb, standing under a without a flavour of impertinence. The man and November drizzle on the platform at Clapham the style are one. If he wrote otherwise, you Junction, where for one whole half-hour fre-quent trains disgorge their vulgar load, first to will have need of all your patience. And yet

the agony? The place, the sky, the circum- had only the prologue so far. It would seem stances, are all perfectly adapted to make his that this most artistic man is to have his life misery extreme. Say that this man was not in cast in the end into artistic mould. He is he deep! A year passes over him; a year of prison life, a year passes over him; a year of prison life, he wo f tragedy he must be unconscious s for the human body as the most beau-the meaning, the beauty of life. He is not con-Then comes a change, and he begins to find without hope shall minister unconsecrated bread and a wineless cup. Morality has no

the thoughts which were clamorous for speech. And what is the change? He discovered something in himself. It was a great thing. something in himself. It was a great thing. earlier days of sorrow, "that every little action here he is, posing to himself as usual in his prison-cell, and writing himself down, as soon as he has the privilege of paper and ink, that he may afterwards pose before the world. It is a facile indument. with the world, none with the society which had trampled him underfoot, none with him-self—here the deeper tragedy begins—save on the one score that when attacked in the first indument.

VIATOR.

March 31, 1905 THE CHURCI TIMES.

THE WAYFARER. Et tu, Brute.-CASAR.

steady-goer to say?" I asked indifferently. "Some wholesome truths about your essay on Oscar Wilde," he answered, showing the

your business," he replied quickly, "is to make Dther men have sinned as deeply as he, and yourself intelligible to them, or else to give up writing." "Do you always make your sermons trampling it in fury. For him it was a thing intelligible," I sneered, "to your ironmongers to be delicately tasted: not to be allowed to and drapers? "I do my best," he answered; "at all events, I do not go out of my way to puzzle them. Look at your Russian anarchist again. Yes, I know what you meant, and agree with you; but how many would understand? And why should you want to advertise your connexion with a disreputable affair in hell is not among the sensuous, but rather in

This was startling, for Harvey is no pharisee in respect of the company he keeps. I did not, however, try a retort. "But remember" I n respect of the company he weeps. I due "," I make him pay the full proc agree with you, nowever, try a retort. "But remember," I the divine call? I did not agree with you, pleaded lazily, "that I am a professed wayfarer. I go through the world studying men and their cities." "And their mores," he comedy out of Oscar Wilde. He caught added bitterly; "that, I suppose, is why you study Oscar Wilde, if he could be called a man." I know my friend's feeling on the subject, and respect it. Therefore I said nothing, and he eturned to his theme with a less caustic manner. I really don't know how you could write about him at all without strong condemnation. Of course, what this man says about 'enthusiastic eulogy' is nonsense. But how could you deal so gently with the man and the book?" I broke in: "How would you treat a notorious the deselation. At least you do not show so gently with the man and the book for the deselation. At least you do not show the broke in : "How would you treat a notorious bully if you found him lying in the street with a shattered limb? Would you show respect for his calibration to the poor his calibration.

"The parable is beside the mark," he said; your man was not lying wounded and helpless; he was rather cock-a-hoop, riding the high horse." "O that is your grievance, is it?" I replied; "You agree with those who say that he Market did not say all this to Harvey exactly as it is was not in the deep at all." "He was once in the deep, I grant you," answered Harvey; "but the man you dealt with was not the poor wretch eating his heart in prison; was the author, dead of course, but still the author of an impertinent, impenitent book, which is rushing through edition after edition." "Oh, that is your grievance, is it?" I repeated; "The facts do beget envy. My books struggle painfully through one edition." "I don't write books," he retorted, "and so I am not stirred by envious comparisons; but it does stir my gall to see such a man treated as the hero of a tragedy."

"Ah! that looks like the real grievance," I protested; " and do you agree with the critic who thought that I was treating an artist as superior to ordinary morality ?" "I don't make . that blunder," he replied more gently, "but I ask myself why you, with your austere code of ethics-yes, you are austere-dealt so tenderly with a man who flouted all morality." "And is it not possible," I argued, "that my austerity, on which you insist, would make me deal more sternly with a solemn pretender to morality than with a frothy artist who scouts morality?" "Possibly," he agreed, "but what about the frothy artist as a hero of tragedy?

"Wait a moment," I pleaded ; "You say that he was impertinent. That is what I called him, You say that he was impenitent. That is what I said. You allow that he was once in the deep; how do you conceive that he got out of it?" "By a balloon filled with his own gas," suggested Harvey. "Which burst and let him down again," I continued ; "there may be something in that; and I believe Icarus has been made a subject of tragedy. But I would rather say that he was never out of the deep at all. He lighted up the abyss with fairy lamps, and told himself that he was walking in sunshine. Now for the tragedy." "It sounds more like a pantomime," said Harvey.

"Oh," I cried, "you must have a high-souled, stainless hero, entangled in the chain of destiny. That may be good Greek poetics, especially it you leave out Euripides, but it seems to me not very Christian. Or would you say that there is no tragedy in Macbeth, r in the dismal failure of a certain frothy artist named Hamlet, or in the ruin of Lear,

he ill-tempered, exacting old fool? Perhaps ou do not believe that of our pleasant vices re make whips to scourge us, or do not think uch scourging the stuff of tragedy. I am ontent with what the great masters have iosen. But I see in Oscar Wilde's book a leeper tragedy than any they have written, or none of them dare go very far into the "I am beginning to think," I said, "that there are some stupid people about." "And your business," he replied quickly, "is to make rampling it in fury. For him it was a thing formed, and it prevailed. When the heavenly vision came, what did he make of it? He seized it eagerly as new material for artistic work. Is not that a sufficiently tragic failure? His place like the Cosmopolitan? I don't know how you the company of him who made il gran rifiuto. Do you remember your complaint of John In comedy out of Oscar Wilde. He caught would be a horrible tragedy, he said, if he did not live to do the new artistic work that was become possible for him. But he put the thought away: he would do this work. The catastrophe came swiftly. 'Ring down the ourtain,' I said, 'and let us go home in silence.' You do not wish always to show the end of you toss him roughly into a cart, with a special Church. Others have done this with unction. farce of a death-bed reconciliation to the To my mind, the failure was complete before he left his prison; the harvest of tragedy was

> re set down. Our conversation is more vernacular, and I reached my end through many interruptions. But I give the substance. We parted, as we seldom do, in disagreement.

a glimpse of the catastrophe himself: i

gathered when he made his choice. The rest

Jissen Women's University Library

VIATOR.

the present position of affairs.

From The London Sphere

2019-03-17

3ER 24, 1906. TRIBUNE,

THE DRAMA IN BERLIN

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

II.-SUDERMANN AND WEDEKIND.

What, now, of the modern German drama? Much as I admire and value the rich dramatic literature which has sprung up during the past seventeen or eighteen years, I must own that I cannot view without a little disquietude

During my week in Berlin I saw two modern German plays—"Das Blumenboot," by Suder mann, and "Erdgeist," by Frank Wedekindthe former a new play, running almost (but no quite) without interruption at the Lessing Theater, the latter played for one night as a repertory-piece at the Deutsches Theater. So far as I know, these were the only modern German plays of any note performed during my stay in Berlin. This was partly, no doubt, a mere chance. A few days earlier I might have seen Hauptmann's "Fuhrmann Hentschel" at the Lessing Theater; a few days later Hartleben's "Rosenmontag" was to be played at the same theatre; and at the Deutsches Theater a new play by a new author was announced for production. Still, I could not but see something symptomatic in the great preponderance of old over new, of foreign over native work, in the bills of the leading

Shakespeare, Schiller, Ibsen, Wilde, Shaw, Gorky held the stage on every hand, but where were Max Halbe, George Hirschfeld, and others of that brilliant younger generation which came to the front in the early nineties? Where were Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal? Where were even the men of smaller intellectual pretensions—Otto Ernst, Max Dreyer, Philippi, Fulda, Beyerlein? It seemed to me undeniable, in the first place, that some of the young geniuses of the 'nineties had proved sad disappointments-one-play men, with no stamina or power of develop-In the second place, I could not but feel that cosmopolitanism was being overdone, and that the public had gone a wandering after strange gods, to the neglect of-I will not say native genius-but native talent.

THE LAST OF OSCAR WILDE.

A report has recently been published to the effect that Mr. Oscar Wilde is still alive—the ind of rumor that frequently surrounds any nan in whose life there was an element of nystery. In this connection a portrait of Mr. Wilde's grave appeared in "The Tatler" for July 9, and I have received from Mr. Robert Ross, who, it will be remembered, recently edited "De profundis" for publication, the following letter lated Reform Club, July 20:

ated Reform Club, July 20: Since the absurd report of Mr. Wilde being still live appeared in the papers I have received 378 sitters from different sources asking me if the re-ort were true. Perhaps you will make known to hose interested in the subject the following facts: At the time of his death Mr. Wilde owed a con-iderable sum of money to Paris tradespeople, who ut of regard for a fallen and distinguished man pontrary to all French instincts) had given him onsiderable credit. When nursing him during his ast illness he asked me, as one of his most inti-nate friends, that in the event of his death I hould endeavor to see that those who had been ind to him were paid. Instead of raising diff-ulties, as they might easily have done, the French reditors, directly he was dead, accepted without ny demur my personal promise that they would e paid in course of time. For a foreigner to die a Paris when he is registered at the hotel under n assumed name is one of the most expensive inverses in the world, and Wilde's body was very variy taken to the Morgue. His illness had been treat expense to his friends and there was really money to buy a suitable plot of ground for his is atset to spend a large sum of money on his is atset to spend a large sum of money on his is a suith him at the last, that it would be in a date to a spend a large sum of money on his is a function and by a rent to the French cred-ors, who had shown more than human charity, ere fully compensated. I therefore hired a plot ground at Bayneux and placed a simple store or the place, and I pay a rent to the Brench cred-ors, who had shown more than human charity, ere fully compensated. I therefore hired a plot ground at Bayneux and placed a simple store or the place, and I pay a rent to the Brench cred-ors, who had shown more than human charity, ere fully compensated. I therefore hired a plot ground at Bayneux and placed a simple store or the place, and I pay a rent to the Brench cred-ity or this of the French creditors have been sattis-ed, and by n hirds of the French creditors have been and by next year Wilde's last wish been carried out. I shall then move se, and a suitable monument will be erected them. I receive numerous letters expressing ishment at the nature of the grave at Bay-and the fact that it is only a temporary one. I have given you the reason. I venture to α that no one who knows the circumstances think that I should have followed any other

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BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE DRAMA IN BERLIN.—III.

England and Russia (but mainly England) hold the bill, to the entire exclusion of Ger-many, at the Kleines Theater. This is rather a hall than a theatre, seating scarcely more than 300 people. Access to it is gained by a single to accommodate an audience of only 200. On staircase, opening from Unter den Linden. the other hand, the revolving stage is very What the County Council would say to this arrangement I do not know-or rather I do know. Nor is one re-assured, on entering, to find that the walls of the auditorium are entirely lined with painted canvas. The hall is Ibsen's "Ghosts," with Frau Sorma as Mrs. as nearly as possibly square, and is painted to represent (vaguely) the interior of an ancient Strand; (2) "Frank Wedekind's New Work"—(it temple. Grotesque masks hang at intervals is reported that this means Wedekind's hitherto from the cornice, and wreaths of incense-smoke unacted "child tragedy" entitled "Frühlings are shown ascending from tripods and eddying round the walls. The whole effect of this eccentric decoration is grey, chill, and un-pleasant. Meanwhile the proscenium of the wide and low stage represents the portico of the temple illogically turned inwards as the temple, illogically turned inwards, as though in a fit of architectural introspection. I fancy (though I may be wrong) that this whome of dentities and real bysolid in the comedy by Oscar Wilde, said to be "The Im-portance of Being Earnest"; (6) "Amoureuse," scheme of decoration was chosen as being in some way appropriate to Oscar Wilde's "Salome," which was produced at the Little Theatre. The plays I saw at it were "The Ideal Husband" and "You Never Can Tell." Gorky's "Nachtasyl" ("The Lower Depths") prices are to range from 15s. to 5s. I was unable to see, though it was performed Pursuing his usual system, Director Reinhardt

once or twice during my stay in Berlin. York-street, Dt. Jantes s'aguatas with OCTOBER 27, 1906. J TREGEAR, House Agent, West Bogno B witce months at very low rentals. Information for the TERNET-LES-BAINS, the winter Spa for the HOLIDAY RESORTS. terms 9s. per day; 'phone 71 d Dates]; chef; electric light, passenger lift; enclose

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rofoundly felt; but effective it certainly was, except in the scene of the burning of Lövborg's anuscript, where a departure from the "busi ness" prescribed by the poet was, as usual,

A SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.

Before closing these hasty notes I must say something of a very interesting experiment which Director Reinhardt, of the Deutsches Theater, has in view. Immediately adjoining the theatre he already occupies, he is building is entrasting each of the plays in this series to the care of a well-known artist, who is not only to design the scenery and costumes, but to arrange all the effects of light, and to be responsible, in fact, for the whole series of stage pictures. He showed me the designs for 'Ghosts" and for "Aglavaine et Sélysette" and certainly they promise to be most original and beautiful.

THE ECONOMIC PROBLEM.

But what of the economics of these "Kammerspiele"? At a rough calculation, I make out that supposing every seat to be sold at the series of 48 performances, the total receipt cannot be more than about £6,000, which gives about £750 for each production. How is it possible to pay for the designing and making of scenery and costumes, to meet the rent (or interest on capital), actors' salaries, and other expenses, and to have anything over out f £750? No doubt the "Kammerspiele" can e worked economically in connexion with the Deutsches Theater, and can be employed to feed" the repertory of that institution; but ill I am puzzled to imagine "how it is done." This economic problem, however, arises not only in connexion with the "Kammerspiele," but in connexion with both the literary theatres of Berlin. How do the Deutsches Theater and the Lessing Theater subsist? They have no subvention, yet they exclude long runs (except in very rare instances), and play in the most liberal style a repertory that would do credit to a richly-subventioned theatre. It must not be supposed that salaries are very low or that living is cheap in Berlin. Rents and taxes are very high, provisions very dear. The salaries of leading actors range from £1,000 to £1,300 a year. The regularly-engaged com pany at the Deutsches Theater numbers some seventy performers. How can such theatres be made self-supporting?

I cannot give a complete answer to the question, but I can suggest some partial explanations. In the first place, it is probable that neither Herr Reinhardt nor Dr. Brahm is so burdened with rent as are their London colleagues. Both theatres, I take it, belong to societies or syndicates who have acquired them with other than purely commerce motives, and are not bent on getting the highest possible interest on their money. Doubt less they are in the main paying institutions but their proprietors would rather have low terest and good art than let the houses at the highest competition rents to showmen-managers, who would run any "attraction" that promised to pay. Secondly, Berlin a managers effect a considerable economy in two -ways: their advertising expenses are compara-E tively trifling, and they have no orchestras to support. In the four theatres I visited I did not hear a single note of entracte music; and oh! it was a relief. Thirdly, Berlin managers secure a high average of attendance at their theatres by making theatre-going some what cheaper and very much easier and more comfortable than in England. The dearest seats cost about eight shillings; the silly supern stition of "evening dress" is unknown; and in the middle of each performance there is a long entr'acte, during which almost the whole audience troops into the foyer, where excellent refreshments are to be had at reasonable prices. The result of all this is that the music-halls and variety-shows are not nearly such serious rivals to the theatre in Berlin as they are in London. When will London managers learn to prefer a paying spectator in a morning coat to a dead-head in a white choker?

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ment is not surprising. It is quite in the way himself. It was Humility. of the Philistine to refuse to believe in the artist's sincerity. And this fellow, above all facile judgment.

self. I call him an artist. He was a true for it began with gratitude for an act of curtain; let us go in silence. artist. Such writing as he gave to the kindness. I do not envy the man who can world, when at his best, is consummate read with dry eyes the story of the prisoner art. It was marred, to be sure, by an occasional catastrophic lapse from good taste, examination, and of the friend who took his which is one of the puzzles of his character; he stand in that dreary corridor "that, before the flings an ornament just where perfect simplicity whole crowd, whom an action so sweet and is needed. But what ornament it is ! And how simple hushed into silence, he might gravely lightly it rides, even when least in place, on raise his hat to me as, handcuffed and with the surface of thought; how perfectly it fits, bowed head, I passed him by." when it is in place at all, the thought under- The contentment was not then of pride; it lying! He was a true artist. But his failure was of humility. And this was a new thing to lay where he least suspected it, in the fact that Oscar Wilde. The word had no meaning for he was not an artist all through. Art is never him before; now he knew the reality. And he self-centred. The artist looks out of himself to found it wrapped up with suffering. This again something far greater than himself, seizes it as was a thing which he knew indeed after a no other man can, and gives it expression both fashion, but which he had resolutely put away for himself and for other men. Many great from himself as ugly and shameful. Now he passage. artists have been notably small and mean in discovered it to be of supreme beauty. To themselves; had they turned their attention on suffer with humility is to know the good of

themselves, their art would have been small and | life. mean-nay, there would have been no art at all, but only a dreary presentment of dreary nature. I do not think we should care much for a por-trait of himself, unidealised, by Burns; there is mean-nay, there would have been no art at all, Hence a marvel. I have said that an artist's enough and to spare in "Willie brewed wholly with himself, and yet it is an almost a peck o'maut." Imagine Turner painting his flawless work of art. How can this be? It is own surroundings. Now Oscar Wilde was more because he is intent, not upon himself for himinterested in himself than in anything else in self, but upon himself as the shrine of that far the world.

Posing was therefore natural to him, and did not in the least hinder sincerity. But what not in the least hinder sincerity. But what here a conversion. The thought occurs about art? Having great artistic powers, he to him that some reader may be expectmade the intolerable mistake of directing them ing this, and he shrinks from the vulgarity. upon himself. His cry out of the deep begins Do not expect to find a new style in the man; with the recognition of this blunder. He had his artistic method was long since formed, and tried to make his own life a work of art, and the remains intact. You must look for a graceful result was utter failure. It is true that he does impertinence of phrase, and you will find it. not recognise more than a small part of the He has a new subject, but he treats it in the old reason for the failure, but the fact is borne in way. His new experience leads him to study upon him irresistibly. He had meant to make with new interest a personality which had long his life a harmony of refined pleasures. To before fascinated him. Christian, bear with accentuate them he had made experiment him; have patience with the Oscar Wilde of of the grossly sensual, but he hints-and old days who always considered "the young the hint is full of interest-that he had Galilean peasant" one of the most charming handled this lightly, not in the vulgar way that his accusers imagined: it was the Renan's "Fifth Gospel," and finding in the tentative discord that was to be resolved, the Sermon on the Mount the most delicate suggesmuck, if you will, out of which the blossom of tions of the artistic temperament. Bear with a flower-like life was to spring. He was to him, I say; for he has hold of one thread in the stand before the world a symbolic man, the strand of truth, and you will not be surprised eponymous master of a consummate culture. to find that in his prison cell he makes a new Such was his aim. Now picture this man on a discovery of the Man of Sorrows. Have patience certain day as he describes himself: handcuffed, with him still; for he cannot speak even now in hideous convict garb, standing under a without a flavour of impertinence. The man and November drizzle on the platform at Clapham the style are one. If he wrote otherwise, you Junction, where for one whole half-hour fre- might begin to doubt his sincerity. You quent trains disgorge their vulgar load, first to will have need of all your patience. And yet look with gaping curiosity at the gaol-bird and you may read not without profit. then, when it is buzzed about who he is, to He grows cheerful in his humility. And now break out into open jeers. What is wanting to begins the tragedy in grim earnest. We have the agony? The place, the sky, the circumstances, are all perfectly adapted to make his that this most artistic man is to have his life had only the prologue so far. It would seem misery extreme. Say that this man was not in cast in the end into artistic mould. He is

A year passes over him; a year of prison life, law of tragedy he must be unconscious to enact a tragedy. And according to the or rather of death-a death that will not be of the approaching catastrophe; he must ended. His one consuming desire has been for meet it with renewed hopes. He builds that end. Why has he not forced it? Surely a whole palace of expectation out of his new

utterance. Months afterwards he receives the meaning for him either. He does not regret boon of paper, and he begins to write down, anything that he has done, save that unlucky De Profundis.* The sadness grows as the pages become more cheerful; for the tragedy something in himself. It was a great thing. deepens. There are some who refuse to take the book seriously. One critic has said that smaller even than he supposed, for he clung ter, and that what one has done in the secret Wilde never was in the deep, was incap-able of it, and therefore could not cry out personage in literature; but by a paradox the housetop." It seems to be fading of the deep. To me, as I read, sincerity speaks from every page. But the adverse judg-ment is not compared by the adverse judg-found within himself a thing far greater than his first year in prison he could do nothing else but wring his hands in impotent He describes the discovery in words of despair, crying, "What an ending, what an exquisite grace, and, as I declare, of perfect appalling ending!" Now he cried, "What a This inveterate practitioner in the art of pose! sincerity. He found that he had no quarrel beginning, what a wonderful beginning !" Men Here he is, posing to himself as usual in his with the world, none with the society which had pointed to him as showing whither the prison-cell, and writing himself down, as soon had trampled him underfoot, none with him- artistic life led: he would do such work in the as he has the privilege of paper and ink, that he self-here the deeper tragedy begins-save on future, carved out of his sufferings, that he may afterwards pose before the world. It is a the one score that when attacked in the first might cry in triumph, "Yes! this is just where

instance he had appealed to social law for pro- the artistic life leads a man." For there is much of pose in the book. But tection, he who had lived to defy social law. Did no voice cry to him, "Thou fool, this then all that would be odiously artificial and Even so he bowed to the justice of the result; night thy soul shall be required of thee !" After insincere in the good stolid Philistine is the the social law struck him down. His con- his imprisonment, Oscar Wilde wrote the Ballad natural expression of this man's innermost tentment was not • contentment of pride, of Reading Gaol, and then died. Ringdown the VIATOR.

March 31, 1905

THI

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THE WAY all doors were closed against a last I passed a Civil Service examined Et tu, Brute "HERE is the Guardian time a clerkship with a solicitor. handing me the sheet. the latter, as it enabled me to s steady-goer to say?" I and remain in contact with B "Some wholesome truthe "Some wholesome truthe trict." Oscar Wilde," he ar We, though in a measure sur

roundings, are, nevertheless, the environment. I regard the fri help of the clergy and student "Nonsense," I replied, might call me 'a clever w eal compensation for the lack School career. I fully recogniz nastiest things you can!

 rated. I had a high appreciate
 ment and general culture, ears a
 ever eager to hear and see how th
 man talked and conducted himse
 splendid opportunity is afforded t
 who lives near a staff of clergy
 chidents. Some recented means students. Some regarded me as ing specimen of pit life; the great however, were ready to lend me answer, when they were able, the questions with which I plied them

Dictured to themselves and love. Let her mis-mes as sweet and fresh It is not my purpose here to sh young Churchman can raise a lo marriage, the union roman for life, under a st there be Christian et there be Unished in of language and manner, and i sneers and ridicule turned into re thankful to say I never left Sun en to-day, of many a commencing to teach at the age and afterwards took a Bible-c r work to do, that was the Obristian ideal. men.

I passed the Preliminary Examin Incorporated Law Society, but r articled, as I continued to hop earlier wish would be fulfilled. A Dreast the hope of all or woman the story of twenty-three, I was able to take a course at Durham University. ng's lesson, they might honour and the source ong as that anthem be dream of Oxford was not realized. tened to that Magnit economy I was able to stay at years, and then read for the Bisl am-namove a to i nation, on £120. by Jesus Christ. Go I had, by reading aloud with th

phonetic dictionary, so far correcte tricities of the pit dialect that my bat maternity to wor Ceeping up the Christia Sist. The restoration of not suspected. I had no wish public school lad. The college deemer was born, wa d do what women conid d do what women conid ving of sooiety. Woman, were taken to my humble abode knowing made no difference in towards me, those who changed t estanding those tendenwere not worth knowing. T order.

I was ordained deacon by Bish ane ides, they were helpand priest by Bishop Westcott. s and indolent love of s and indolent love of men and women befoot advised me to stay in the Durl Bishop Westcott, knowing my ad moressed of twenty rame time they peard is Day. It was time is all those were ten-orest up the home, or presents the best is prungess of the rese raining, offered me my present l is a colliery parish with a popula 4,000, some five years ago. I believe that when there is a

lesire on the part of any young Holy Orders, ordinary intelligence

DCTOBER 24, 1906. TRIBUNE,

THE DRAMA IN BERLIN

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

II.-SUDERMANN AND WEDEKIND.

What, now, of the modern German drama? Much as I admire and value the rich dramatic iterature which has sprung up during the ast seventeen or eighteen years, I must own hat I cannot view without a little disquietude he present position of affairs.

During my week in Berlin I saw two modern German plays—"Das Blumenboot," by Suder mann, and "Erdgeist," by Frank Wedekind the former a new play, running almost (but no uite) without interruption at the Lessing Theater, the latter played for one night as repertory-piece at the Deutsches Theater. So ar as I know, these were the only modern lerman plays of any note performed during my stay in Berlin. This was partly, no doubt, a mere chance. A few days earlier I might have seen Hauptmann's "Fuhrmann Hentschel" at the Lessing Theater; a few days ater Hartleben's "Rosenmontag" was to be played at the same theatre; and at the Deutsches Theater a new play by a new author was announced for production. Still, I could not but see something symptomatic in the great preponderance of old over new, of foreign over native work, in the bills of the leading

Shakespeare, Schiller, Ibsen, Wilde, Shaw, forky held the stage on every hand, but where were Max Halbe, George Hirschfeld, and others of that brilliant younger generation which came to the front in the early nineties? Where were Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal? Where were even the men of smaller intellectual pretensions-Otto Ernst, Max Dreyer, Philippi, Fulda, Beyerlein? It seemed to me undeniable, in the first place, hat some of the young geniuses of the 'nineties. had proved sad disappointments-one-play with no stamina or power of developnent. In the second place, I could not but feel that cosmopolitanism was being overdone, and that the public had gone a-wandering after strange gods, to the neglect of-I will not say native genius-but native talent.

THE LAST OF OSCAR WILDE. From The London Sphere.

A report has recently been published to the effect that Mr. Oscar Wilde is still alive—the kind of rumor that frequently surrounds any man in whose life there was an element of mystery. In this connection a portrait of Mr. Wilde's grave appeared in "The Tatler" for July 19, and I have received from Mr. Robert Ross, who, it will be remembered, recently edited "De Profundis" for publication, the following letter dated Reform Club, July 20: dated Reform Club, July 20:

dated Reform Club, July 20: Since the absurd report of Mr. Wilde being still alive appeared in the papers I have received 378 letters from different sources asking me if the re-port were true. Perhaps you will make known to those interested in the subject the following facts: At the time of his death Mr. Wilde owed a con-siderable sum of money to Paris tradespeople, who out of regard for a fallen and distinguished man (contrary to all French instincts) had given him considerable credit. When nursing him during his last illness he asked me, as one of his death I should endeavor to see that those who had been hind to him were paid. Instead of raising diffi-culties, as they might easily have done, the French any demur my personal promise that they would be paid in course of time. For a foreigner to die in Paris when he is registered at the hotel under an assumed name is one of the most expensive uvaries in the world, and Wilde's body was very have. It also occurred to me, and to the friend yo money to buy a suitable plot of ground for his ave. It also occurred to me, and to the friend was with him at the last, that it would be in brave and funeral expenses until the French cred-itors, who had shown more than human charity, were fully compensated. I therefore hired a plot of ground at Express and I pay a rent to the French gov-ermment for the use of a "concession temporaire." It shocks a great many visitors to Bayneux to

ABOUT THE THEATRE. BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

except in the scene of the burning of Lövborg's manuscript, where a departure from the "business" prescribed by the poet was, as usual A SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.

foundly felt; but effective it certainly was,

Before closing these hasty notes I must say something of a very interesting experiment which Director Reinhardt, of the Deutsches Theater, has in view. Immediately adjoining

the theatre he already occupies, he is building England and Russia (but mainly England) a new theatre for a series of what he calls hold the bill, to the entire exclusion of Ger-many, at the Kleines Theater. This is rather a the sense in which we speak of "chamber hall than a theatre, seating scarcely more than 300 people. Access to it is gained by a single staircase, opening from Unter den Linden. the other hand, the revolving stage is very What the County Council would say to this large, and will admit of every sort of scenic arrangement I do not know—or rather I do know. Nor is one re-assured, on entering, to find that the walls of the auditorium are en-tirely lined with painted canvas. The hall is as nearly as possibly square, and is painted to Alving and Herr Reinhardt himself as Engrepresent (vaguely) the interior of an ancient strand; (2) "Frank Wedekind's New Work" temple. Grotesque masks hang at intervals is reported that this means Wedekind's hitherto from the cornice, and wreaths of incense-smoke unacted "child tragedy" entitled "Frühlings are shown ascending from tripods and eddying Erwachen," or "Stirrings of Spring," but I find round the walls. The whole effect of this it difficult to believe that this series of scenes eccentric decoration is grey, chill, and un- can be actable, even in Berlin); (3) Maeterlinok's pleasant. Meanwhile the proscenium of the "Aglavaine et Sélysette," with Frau Sorma in wide and low stage represents the portico of the former character and Frau Eysoldt in the the temple, illogically turned inwards, as latter; (4) Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler"; (5) a though in a fit of architectural introspection. | comedy by Oscar Wilde, said to be "The Im-I fancy (though I may be wrong) that this scheme of decoration was chosen as being in by Porto Riche; (7) "Mensch und Uebersome way appropriate to Oscar Wilde's mensch," by Bernard Shaw; (8) Lessing's "Emilia Galotti." For admission to first per-"Salome," which was produced as the "The Theatre. The plays I saw at it were "The Ideal Husband" and "You Never Can Tell." Ideal Husband" and "You Never Depths") brices are to range from 15s, to 5s. Salome," which was produced at the Little Pursuing his usual system, Director Reinhardt I was unable to see, though it was performed is entrusting each of the plays in this series to once or twice during my stay in Berlin. the care of a well-known artist, who is not only "AN IDEAL HUSBAND." It seemed odd to come to Berlin to see a play arrange all the effects of light, and to be re-

which we, in England, should hold so essen-tially old-fashioned as "An Ideal Husband." sponsible, in fact, for the whole series of stage pictures. He showed me the designs for Here, if you like, is Sardou, and not very good 'Ghosts" and for "Aglavaine et Sélysette" Sardou either! Why should the critics allow and certainly they promise to be most original Oscar Wilde to steal the horse, while Suder- and beautiful.

THE ECONOMIC PROBLEM.

mann may not even look over the hedge? Of course the answer lies in the different pre-But what of the economics of these "Kamcensions of the two authors. "Das Blumenmerspiele"? At a rough calculation, I make boot" is a vast and serious "machine" put out that supposing every seat to be sold at the series of 48 performances, the total receipt cannot be more than about £6.000, which gives about £750 for each production. How is it possible to pay for the designing and making of scenery and costumes, to meet the rent o hear the well-remembered paradoxes and (or interest on capital), actors' salaries, and epigrams trying in vain to trip it gaily in an other expenses, and to have anything over out uncongenial tongue. Could their author have of £750? No doubt the "Kammerspiele" can foreknown that his wit was destined to sur- be worked economically in connexion with the vive, not in English or in French, but in Ger- Deutsches Theater, and can be employed to man, he would probably have seen in the fact | "feed" the repertory of that institution; bu the ultimate irony of Fate. And, apart from still I am puzzled to imagine "how it is done." tragic memories, the performance of the first act was, in itself, melancholy enough. The only in connexion with the "Kammerspiele This economic problem, however, arises not guests at Lady Chiltern's reception all com- but in connexion with both the literary orted themselves as though there were a theatres of Berlin. How do the Deutsches eath in the house. I am told that this is Theater and the Lessing Theater subsist? They the German idea of reproducing the manners | have no subvention, yet they exclude long runs of the British Aristocracy—the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. In the later acts, things brightened up a bit, Herr Harry Walden, who played Viscount Goring (Mr. Charles Hawtrey's part), is a clever, quiet, in- low or that living is cheap in Berlin. Rents cisive comedian, with nothing at all of Mr. and taxes are very high, provisions very dear. Hawtrey's touch-and-go irresponsibility. Seen in profile, with his eye-glass screwed into his eye, he rather resembled a youthful Mr. Chamberlain. Comic enough, to an English observer, was his transference | made self-supporting?

to Lord Goring of that German ideal of "de-portment" which consists in standing with tion, but I can suggest some partial explana your body bent forward from the waist, and letting your white-gloved hands hang straight neither Herr Reinhardt nor Dr. Brahm is so down in front of you, as though they and your burdened with rent as are their London colarms were inert sandbags over which you had leagues. Both theatres, I take it, belong to no control. But this superficial absurdity is societies or syndicates who have acquired inseparable from the attempts of one nation them with other than purely commercial to represent the manners of another. How motives, and are not bent on getting the highudicrous must English performances of est possible interest on their money. Doubt "Magda," or "Lights Out" appear in German less they are in the main paying institutions but their proprietors would rather have low

interest and good art than let the houses at the highest competition rents to showmen managers, who would run any "attraction" "Man kan nie wissen" went a great deal more gaily than "Ein idealer Gatte," as, in-that promised to pay. Secondly, Berlin deed, a farce would naturally go more gaily managers effect a considerable economy in two than a drawing room drama. It was surprising ways: their advertising expenses are compara-

forward at one of the leading literary theatres of Berlin; "Ein idealer Gatte" is a light, unpretending trifle produced by way of pastime at a theatre mainly devoted to exotic experinent. It was melancholy, after all these years,

feature of his artistic creed—a reverence utterly self; his artistic powers are returning in full unlike that which honours the temple of the flood; he can find expression. And now he has Holy Ghost, but having affinities even with this, what he never had before, something worthy and better at least than the hatred of the fakir of expression. He has found it in the deep. for his tortured frame-this reverence may He is content. To him there is no crying of have stayed the hand of destruction. I could deep to deep: there is no answering height. as soon imagine Oscar Wilde breaking an Religion has no meaning for him, he says exquisite vase, because it had been put with growing cheerfulness; if such things to some vile use, as destroying his own must be, he would have a religion espe-He survived one year of unutterable misery. Then comes a change, and he begins to find without hope shall minister unconsecrated *Methuen and Co.

discovery. He has found in himself the material nothing; but I venture on a conjecture. That for consummate works of art. He has discovered reverence for the human body as the most beau- the meaning, the beauty of life. He is not conre working the gravest was the craving for tiful thing in the world, which was so marked a verted; he scorns the thought. He is still him cially designed for those who cannot believe,

an altar without tapers, where a priest

bread and a wineless cup. Morality has no

LADY DAY AT WINC: CATHEDRAL. As a constant of the second se THE DEAN ON MARRIAGE AND He r the place, and I pay a rent to the French gov-ment for the use of a "concession temporaire." shocks a great many visitors to Bayneux to in that the grave is only a temporary one. But othirds of the French creditors have been satis-, and by next year Wilde's last wishes will be been carried out. I shall then move the re-ins to a permanent resting place at Père la lise, and a suitable monument will be erected instration a permanent of the grave at Bay-x and the fact that it is only a temporary one, I have given you the reason. I venture to that that no one who knows the circumstances think that I should have followed any other rse.

her youth and inc. perience somewhat on credit. The performance I saw was the fifteenth or thereabouts; but from the way the piece went I should judge it likely to have a good run. should judge it inter at the proven and

SHAW AND DICKENS.

eyes!

how reaching the audience rose to Mr. Shaw's whimsicality, except where, in the last act, it positively runs mad. The scene of the family council had a distinctly refrigerating effect; but otherwise the piece went nearly as well at the Kleines Theater as at the Court. The part which suffered most was that of the waiter, the immortal William: it was not very well played, and its humour seldom got over the footlights. Herr Walden was better suited to the part of the dialectical deruist then to that tively trifling, and they have no or to the part of the dialectical dentist than to that stition of "evening dress" is unknown; and in of Lord Goring; and two of the minor parts- the middle of each performance there is a long the cantankerous father and the K.C.-were at entracte, during which almost the whole audileast as well played as they ever have been in England. On the other hand, the Terrible Twins came off but passably, and though the Gloria was an able actress, we had to take and variety-shows are not nearly such serious

be an idea in Bersin that "It as coun une rampant in England. The decoration of ord Goring's chambers suggested a Viennes mholsterer's show-room at an internationa

exhibition. Another piece of English origin of which I aw a portion was "Klein Dorrit," by Herr . von Schönthan, at the Royal Theatre. But ruly it had little enough to do with Dickens. The Father of the Marshalsea was tolerably re produced, and excellently acted by Herr Vol mer; but Dickens's tender, elegiac heroine be ame a notable, bustling, strong-minded young voman, much given to boxing the ears of those who displeased her, and not at all disinclined o aid and abet her father in his cadging for testimonials." In the second act, a gentlema announcing himself as " Baronet Georges Spark er" made his appearance, accompanied by iery Spanish-American wife, "Lady Inèz Sparkler." Their business I did not wait to ascertain, but stole away-not without a secret remor lest one of the gorgeous flunkeys perading the corridors might arrest me for lèse najesté. The production of such a play as Klein Dorrit" shows how completely the chauspielhaus stands outside the literary

IBSEN IN BERLIN.

Ibsen is the only dramatist who can compete vith Shakespeare in point of prevalence on the Berlin stage. Four of his plays are at present in the current repertory-played, that is to say, not every night, but two or three times a week. One is "Lady Inger of Oestraat," at the Schil ler Theater-an immensely popular East End playhouse. The other three—"The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," and "Hedda Gabler"—are drawing large audiences at the Lessing Theater, the director of which, Dr. Brahm, tells me that he contemplates an Ibsen Cycle, to include al the poet's modern plays. I was fortunate enough to see "The Wild Duck" and "Hedda Gabler," both quite admirably mounted and performed. The Hialmar Ekdal of Herr Albert Bassermann slightly disappointed me. lacked the sublime simplicity which is Hial mar's chief characteristic. The actor tried to do too much with the part: he played with it. instead of letting it play itself. The beginning of wisdom for an Ibsen Ibsen actor is, "Never do anything that is not clearly set down for you, or cannot be necessarily in ferred from what is set down." On the other hand four of the characters in "The Wild Duck" were quite perfectly acted. The Gina of Frau Else Lehmann was as good as that which Frau Rosa Bertens gave us at the Great ueen Street Theatre last season-better it could not be. Frl. Ida Orloff was a delightful Hedwig ; Herr Hans Marr played Dr. Relling as a burly bearded, spectacled Bohemian, and made th haracter absolutely real and convincing; and Herr Oscar Sauer's Gregers Werle was one of the very ablest pieces of acting I ever saw-a great effect, and an absolutely right effect. being attained by perfect simplicity of means, n "Hedda Gabler," too, the excellence of Herr auer's Judge Brack stood out conspicuously The other parts were well, but not brilliantly layed. One missed in Herr Rudolf Rittner's Eilert Lövborg the suggestion of a certain by one romantic attractiveness, which surely be ongs to the part. Hedda could never, even in magination, have seen this Lövborg "with vine eaves in his hair." The Hedda of Frl. Irene Triesch was superficially effective rather that

THE WAYFARER. Sunt lacrimae rerum. -- VERGIL

It would be hard to find a sadder book than that which Oscar Wilde wrote in Reading Gaol, De Profundis.* The sadness grows as the De Profundis.* The sadness grows as the pages become more cheerful; for the tragedy pages become more cheerful; for the tragedy deepens. There are some who refuse to take the book seriously. One critic has said that Wilde never was in the deep, was incap-able of it, and therefore could not cry out of the deep. To me, as I read, sincerity speaks from every page. But the adverse judg-ment is not surprising. It is quite in the way of the Philistine to refuse to believe in the artist's sincerity. And this fellow, above all ! This inveterate practitioner in the art of pose ! Here he is, posing to himself as usual in his Here he is, posing to himself as usual in his prison-cell, and writing himself down, as soon as he has the privilege of paper and ink, that he may afterwards pose before the world. It is a facile judgment.

For there is much of pose in the book. But then all that would be odiously artificial and insincere in the good stolid Philistine is the insincere in the good stolid Philistine is the natural expression of this man's innermost self. I call him an artist. He was a true artist. Such writing as he gave to the world, when at his best, is consummate art. It was marred, to be sure, by an occasional catastrophic lapse from good taste, which is one of the puzzles of his character; he flips an ornement just where perfect simulicity. flings an ornament just where perfect simplicity is needed. But what ornament it is ! And how is needed. But what ornament it is ! And how lightly it rides, even when least in place, on the surface of thought; how perfectly it fits, when it is in place at all, the thought under-lying! He was a true artist. But his failure lay where he least suspected it, in the fact that he was not an artist all through. Art is never self-centred. The artist looks out of himself to something far greater than himself, seizes it as no other man can, and gives it expression both something far greater than nimself, soizes it as no other man can, and gives it expression both for himself and for other men. Many great artists have been notably small and mean in themselves; had they turned their attention on themselves, their art would have been small and mean-nay, there would have been no art at all, but only a dreary presentment of dreary nature. I do not think we should care much for a por-trait of himself, unidealised, by Burns; there is enough and to spare in "Willie brewed enough and to spare in "Willie brewed a peck o'maut." Imagine Turner painting his own surroundings. Now Oscar Wilde was more interested in himself than in anything else in

Posing was therefore natural to him, and did not in the least hinder sincerity. But what about art? Having great artistic powers, he made the intolerable mistake of directing them upon himself. His cry out of the deep begins with the recognition of this blunder. He had tried to make his own life a work of art, and the result was utter failure. It is true that he does not recognise more than a small part of the reason for the failure, but the fact is borne in upon him irresistibly. He had meant to make his life a harmony of refined pleasures. To his fife a narmony of refined pleasures. To accentuate them he had made experiment of the grossly sensual, but he hints—and the hint is full of interest—that he had handled this lightly, not in the vulgar way that his accusers imagined: it was the tentative discould that was to be resclied the tentative discord that was to be resolved, the muck, if you will, out of which the blossom of a flower-like life was to spring. He was to stand before the world a symbolic man, the stand before the world a symbolic man, the eponymous master of a consummate culture. Such was his aim. Now picture this man on a certain day as he describes himself: handcuffed, in hideous convict garb, standing under a November drizzle on the platform at Clapham Junction, where for one whole high Junction, where for one whole half-hour fre-quent trains disgorge their vulgar load, first to look with gaping curiosity at the gaol-bird and then, when it is buzzed about who he is, to break out into open jeers. What is wanting to the agony? The place, the sky, the circum-stances, are all perfectly adapted to make his misery extreme. Say that this man was not in the deep!

A year passes over him; a year of prison life, A year passes over him; a year of prison life, or rather of death—a death that will not be ended. His one consuming desire has been for that end. Why has he not forced it? Surely the means are not wanting. Of this he tells nothing; but I venture on a conjecture. That reverence for the human body as the most beau-tiful thing in the world, which was so marked a feature of his artistic creed—a reverence utterly feature of his artistic creed—a reverence utterly unlike that which honours the temple of the Holy Ghost, but having affinities even with this, and better at least than the hatred of the fakir for his tortured frame-this reverence may have stayed the hand of destruction. I could as soon imagine Oscar Wilde breaking an exquisite vase, because it had been put to some vile use, as destroying his own body because of its vile surroundings. He survived one year of unutterable misery. Then comes a change, and he begins to find 2019-03-17 *Methuen and Co.

utterance. Months afterwards he receives the boon of paper, and he begins to write down, first in disjointed periods, afterwards with in-creasing fluency and sustained development,

the thoughts which were clamorous for speech. And what is the change? He discovered something in himself. It was a great thing. He was not himself great; he was vastly smaller even than he supposed, for he clung pathetically to the idea that he was a great personage in literature; but by a paradox familiar to some, though strange to him, he found within himself a thing far greater than

found within himself a thing far greater than himself. It was Humility. He describes the discovery in words of exquisite grace, and, as I declare, of perfect sincerity. He found that he had no quarrel sincerity. He found that he had no quarrel with the world, none with the society which had trampled him underfoot, none with him-self-here the deeper tragedy begins—save on the one score that when attacked in the first instance he had appealed to social law for protection, he who had lived to defy social law. Even so he bowed to the justice of the result; the social law struck him down. His con-tentment was not • contentment of pride, for it began with gratitude for an act of kindness. I do not envy the man who can read with dry eyes the story of the prisoner read with dry eyes the story of the prisoner brought to the Bankruptcy Court for his public examination, and of the friend who took his stand in that dreary corridor "that, before the whole crowd, whom an action so sweet and simple hushed into silence, he might gravely raise his hat to me as hendenfied and with raise his hat to me as, handcuffed and with bowed head, I passed him by."

The contentment was not then of pride; it was of humility. And this was a new thing to Oscar Wilde. The word had no meaning for him before; now he knew the reality. And he found it wrapped up with suffering. This again was a thing which he knew indeed after a fashion but which he knew indeed after a fashion, but which he had resolutely put away from himself as ugly and shameful. Now he discovered it to be of supreme beauty. To suffer with humility is to know the good of life.

Hence a marvel. I have said that an artist's work must be cramped and small, poor and mean, if he be intent on himself. Now this mean, if he be intent on himself. Now this work of Oscar Wilde, this cry de profundis, deals wholly with himself, and yet it is an almost flawless work of art. How can this be? It is because he is intent, not upon himself for himself, but upon himself as the shrine of that far greater thing than himself—humility in suffering. Do not imagine that you are to find here a conversion. The thought occurs to him that some reader may be expect-ing this, and he shrinks from the vulgarity. Do not expect to find a new style in the man; his artistic method was long since formed, and remains intact. You must look for a graceful impertinence of phrase, and you will find it, He has a new subject, but he treats it in the old way. His new experience leads him to study with new interests with new interest a personality which had long before fascinated him. Christian, bear with him; have patience with the Oscar Wilde of old days who always considered "the young Galilean peasant" one of the most charming figures of romance, delighting above all in Renan's "Fifth Gospel," and finding in the Sermon on the Mount the most delicate suggestions of the artistic temperament. Bear with him, I say; for he has hold of one thread in the strand of truth, and you will not be surprised to find that in his prison cell he makes a new discovery of the Man of Sorrows. Have patience with him still; for he cannot speak even now without a flavour of impertinence. The man and the style are one. If he wrote otherwise, you might begin to doubt his sincerity. You will have need of all your patience. And yet you may read not without profit.

He grows cheerful in his humility. And now begins the tragedy in grim earnest. We have We have had only the prologue so far. It would seem that this most artistic man is to have his life cast in the end into artistic mould. He is cast in the end into artistic mould. He is to enact a tragedy. And according to the law of tragedy he must be unconscious of the approaching catastrophe; he must meet it with renewed hopes. He builds a whole palace of expectation out of his new discovery. He has found in himself the material for consummate works of art. He has discover for consummate works of art. He has discovered the meaning, the beauty of life. He is not con-verted; he scorns the thought. He is still himself; his artistic powers are returning in full flood; he can find expression. And now he has flood; he can find expression. And now he has what he never had before, something worthy of expression. He has found it in the deep. He is content. To him there is no crying of deep to deep: there is no answering height. Religion has no meaning for him, he says with growing cheerfulness; if such things must be, he would have a religion espe-cially designed for those who cannot believe, an altar without tapers, where a priest an altar without tapers, where a priest without hope Jissen Women's University Library bread and a wineless cup. Morality has no

meaning for him either. He does not regret anything that he has done, save that unlucky appeal to the social law. He is a born anti-nomian, he says, and knows that nothing that he does matters, but only what he is. Has he then forgotten that shrewd discovery of the earlier days of sorrow, "that every little action of the common day makes or unmakes charac ter, and that what one has done in the secret ter, and that what one has done in the secret chamber one has some day to cry aloud on the housetop." It seems to be fading away before his new cheerfulness. During his first year in prison he could do nothing else bat wring his hands in impotent despair, crying, "What an ending, what an appalling ending!" Now he cried, "What a basing what a wonderful basinging !" Mon beginning, what a wonderful beginning !" Men had pointed to him as showing whither the artistic life led: he would do such work in the artistic life led: he would do such work in the future, carved out of his sufferings, that he might ory in triumph, "Yes! this is just where the artistic life leads a man." Did no voice cry to him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!" After

his imprisonment, Oscar Wilde wrote the Ballad of Reading Gaol, and then died. Ring down the curtain; let us go in silence.

VIATOR.

March 31, 1905

THE WAY

Et tu, Brute "HERE is the Guardian handing me the sheet. steady-goer to say?" I "Some wholesome truths Oscar Wilde," he an Oscar passage. "Nonsense," I replied,

might call me 'a clever w nastiest things you can can't be referring to me. half of enthusiastic eulog of his book.' I don't rec. He must be speaking of ,

ter there be Ornishan Sea and grace flourished in Fand love. Let her mis-Ones as sweet and fresh of themselves t The these, they were help--i. lorder, estanding those benden-the set of the set of the set of the downar, when wonder, on the the set of the set of the set of the place came through the place came through the set of the the christian the set of the the world, set of the the set of the the set of the set of the set of the the set of the the set of the set of the set of the the set of the the set of the set of the set of the the set of the the set of the set of the set of the the set of the the the the set of the the the set of the the set of the set of the set of the the set of the the the set of the the set of the set of the the set of the the the set of the the the set of the the the set of the the the set of the the set of the the set of the the the set of the the set of the the the set of the set of the set of the set of the the set of the the set of the

A home. In France they rester the steady pro-te security the President of tags the way. In the President of tags the way. In the President of tags the way. In the President of tags the President of tags the President of the President of the Houses of the tags the President of the Houses of the President of the Houses of the President of the Houses of the President the the Houses of the President of the Houses of the President of the Houses of the President the the Houses of the President of the House the House of the Houses of the President of t

all doors were closed against a last I passed a Civil Service e: obtained a post, but was offer time a clerkship with a solicito the latter, as it enabled me t and remain in contact with foot's students and the clerg trict.

foot's students and the clerg foot's students and the clerg trict. We, though in a measure s roundings, are, nevertheless, t environment. I regard the help of the clergy and stude real compensation for the lac School career. I fully recogn of Newman's reply in answer t "Which has most influence on ing or residence?" Residence of rated. I had a high apprecia ment and general culture, ears ever eager to hear and see how man talked and conducted him splendid opportunity is afforded man talked and conducted him splendid opportunity is afforded who lives near a staff of clerg students. Some regarded me a ing specimen of pit life; the gr however, were ready to lend r answer, when they were able, th questions with which I plied the It is not my purpose here to a young Churchman can raise a of language and manner., and sneers and ridicule turned into r thankful to say I never left Su commencing to teach at the age and afterwards took a Bible-ci men.

I passed the Preliminary Exam I passed the i remninary bran Incorporated Law Society, but articled, as I continued to he earlier wish would be fulfilled. earlier wish would be fulfilled. twenty-three, I was able to take course at Durham University. dream of Oxford was not realized, economy I was able to stay at years, and then read for the Bis nation, on £120. I had, by reading aloud with t phonetic dictionary, so far correct tricities of the pit dialect that m not suspected. I had no wish t public school lad. The college c

phonetic dictionary, so far correct tricities of the pit dialect that m not suspected. I had no wish ti public school lad. The college c were taken to my humble abode. knowing made no difference in ti towards me, those who changed th were not worth knowing. I was ordained deacon by Bisho and priest by Bishop Westcott. B foot advised me to stay in the Duri Bishop Westcott, knowing my training, offered me my present I is a colliery parish with a popula 4,000, some five years ago. I believe that when there is a r desire on the part of any young I Holy Orders, ordinary intelligence thing more than ordinary applicat God's help, result in the desired candidates for Holy Orders.

LADY DAY AT WINC CATHEDRAL. THE DEAN ON MARRIAGE AND HO THE 25th of March, the Feast of t ciation, has now for some years been as a great day for prayer, intere

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THE WAYFARER.

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Et tu, Brute.-C.ESAB "HERE is the *Guardian* at you," said Harvey, handing me the sheet. "And what has the steady-goer to say?" I asked indifferently. "Some wholesome truths about your essay on Oscar Wilde," he answered, showing the

passage. "Nonsense," I replied, when I had read; "he might call me 'a clever writer '-it is one of the nastiest things you can say of a man-but he can't be referring to me. 'Two columns and a half of enthusiastic eulogy both of the man and The must be speaking of someone else." "Find someone whom it fits better," he said, "and I will agree. He is not the only one who has complained, you know."

"I am beginning to think," I said, "that here are some stupid people about." "And there your business," he replied quickly, "is to make your business," he replied quickly, "is to make yourself intelligible to them, or else to give up writing." "Do you always make your sermons intelligible," I sneered, "to your ironmongers and drapers?" "I do my best," he answered; "at all events, I do not go out of my way to puzzle them. Look at your Russian anarchist again. Yes, I know what you meant, and agree with you; but how many would under-stand? And why should you want to adver-tise your connexion with a disreputable affair tise your connexion with a disreputable affair like the Cosmopolitan? I don't know how you can stand it yourself."

This was startling, for Harvey is no pharisee in respect of the company he keeps. I did not, however, try a retort. "But remember," I pleaded lazily, "that I am a professed wayfarer. I go through the world studying men and their cities." "And their mores," he added bitterly; "that, I suppose, is why you study Oscar Wilde, if he could be called a man."

I know my friend's feeling on the subject, and I respect it. Therefore I said nothing, and he returned to his theme with a less caustic manner. "I really don't know how you could write about him at all without strong condemnation. Of course, what this man says about 'enthusiastic eulogy is nonsense. But how could you deal so gently with the man and the book ?" I broke in : "How would you treat a notorious bully if you found him lying in the street with a shattered limb? Would you show respect for his splintered bones and torn tissue? Or would you toss him roughly into a cart, with a special twist of the broken leg?"

"The parable is beside the mark," he said ; "your man was not lying wounded and help-less; he was rather cock-a-hoop, riding the high horse." "O that is your grievance, is it?" I replied; "You agree with those who say that he was not in the deep at all." "He was once in the deep, I grant you," answered Harvey; "but the man you dealt with was not the poor wretch eating his heart in prison; was the author, dead of course, but still the author of an impertinent, impeni-tent book, which is rushing through edition after edition." "Oh, that is your grievance, isit?" I repeated; "The facts do beget envy. My books struggle painfully through one edi-tion." "I don't write books," he retorted, "and so I am not stirred by envious com-parisons; but it does stir my gall to see such a man treated as the hero of a tragedy." "Ah! that looks like the real grievance," I protocted."

who thought that I was treating an artist as superior to ordinary morality?" "I don't make that blunder," he replied more gently, " but I ask myself why you, with your austere code of ethics—yes, you are austere—dealt so tenderly with a man who flouted all morality." "And is it not possible," I argued, "that my austerity, on which you insist, would make me deal more sternly with a solemn pretender to morality than with a frothy artist who scouts morality?" "Possibly," he agreed, "but what about the frothy artist as a hero of tragedy?

"Wait a moment," I pleaded ; "You say that he was impertinent. That is what I called him. You say that he was impenitent. That is what I said. You allow that he was once in the deep; how do you conceive that he got out of it?" "By a balloon filled with his own gas," suggested Harvey. "Which burst and let him down again," I continued; "there may be something in that; and I believe Icarus has been made a subject of tragedy. But I would rather say that he was never out of the deep at all. He lighted up the abyss with fairy lamps, and told himself that he was walking in surphine. Now for the tragedy." "It sounds more like a pantomime," said Harvey.

"Oh," I cried, "you must have a high-souled, stainless hero, entangled in the chain of destiny. That may be good Greek poetics, especially it you leave out Euripides, but it seems to me not very Christian. Or would you say that there is no tragedy in Macbeth, or in the disma2019103-17 a clissen Women's University Library artist named Hamlet, or in the ruin of Lear,

he ill-tempered, exacting old fool? Perhaps ou do not believe that of our pleasant vices ve make whips to scourge us, or do not think uch scourging the stuff of tragedy. I am ontent with what the great masters have hosen. But I see in Oscar Wilde's book a ceper tragedy than any they have written, or none of them dare go very far into the ecret of spirit. If ever God spoke to a human oul in our days He spoke to this Oscar Wilde n Reading Gaol. Some readers of the book nay be furious at the idea; but you should not be; you are no pharisee. If ever the gospel of he glory of Christ dawned on a man, it dawned n that crushed, remorseful, impenitent, de-pairing sinner, when he discovered the race of humility and the beauty of suffering. And having received this gift, what did he make of it? I have told the damning truth about he man, that he had tried to make his own ife-all muck and emptiness-a work of art. Other men have sinned as deeply as he, and have hated their sin, treading it in anger, and trampling it in fury. For him it was a thing to be delicately tasted: not to be allowed to master him, of course, but to be touched lightly as one of many sensations. The habit was as one of many sensations. The habit was formed, and it prevailed. When the heavenly vision came, what did he make of it? He seized it eagerly as new material for artistic work. Is not that a sufficiently tragic failure? His place in hell is not among the sensuous, but rather in the company of him who made il gran rifiuto. Do you remember your complaint of John Inglesant, that Shorthouse had not the courage to make him pay the full price for his refusal of the divine call? I did not agree with you, because comedy is as true to life as tragedy, and as divine. But you can make no comedy out of Oscar Wilde. He caught a glimpse of the catastrophe himself: it would be a horrible tragedy, he said, if he did not live to do the new artistic work that was become possible for him. But he put the thought away: he would do this work. The catastrophe came swiftly. 'Ring down the curtain,' I said, 'and let us go home in silence.' You do not wish always to show the end of the catastrophe on the stage—the murders, the desolation. At least you do not show the victims going down to the pit. I had no wish, and no need, to enlarge on those last sordid months at Paris, or the poor farce of a death-bed reconciliation to the Church. Others have done this with unction. To my mind, the failure was complete before he left his prison; the harvest of tragedy was gathered when he made his choice. The rest was but gleaning."

I did not say all this to Harvey exactly as it is here set down. Our conversation is more vernacular, and I reached my end through many in-terruptions. But I give the substance. We parted, as we seldom do, in disagreement.

VIATOR.

OCTOBER 24, 1906. TRIBUNE,

THE DRAMA IN BERLIN

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

II.—SUDERMANN AND WEDEKIND.

What, now, of the modern German drama? Much as I admire and value the rich dramatic literature which has sprung up during the past seventeen or eighteen years, I must own that I cannot view without a little disquietude the present position of affairs.

During my week in Berlin I saw two modern German plays—"Das Blumenboot," by Suder-mann, and "Erdgeist," by Frank Wedekind— the former a new play, running almost (but not quite) without interruption at the Lessing Theater, the latter played for one night as a repertory-piece at the Deutsches Theater. So far as I know, these were the only modern German plays of any note performed during my stay in Berlin. This was partly, no doubt, a mere chance. A few days earlier I might have seen Hauptmann's "Fuhrmann Hentschel" at the Lessing Theater; a few days later Hartleben's "Rosenmontag" was to be played at the same theatre; and at the Deutsches Theater a new play by a new author was announced for production. Still, I could not but see something symptomatic in the great preponderance of old over new, of foreign over native work, in the bills of the leading theatres.

Shakespeare, Schiller, Ibsen, Wilde, Shaw, Gorky held the stage on every hand, but where were Max Halbe, George Hirschfeld, and others of that brilliant younger generation which came to the front in the early nineties? Where were Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal? Where were even the men of smaller intellectual pretensions-Otto Ernst, Max Dreyer, Philippi, Fulda, Beyerlein? It seemed to me undeniable, in the first place, that some of the young geniuses of the 'nineties. had proved sad disappointments-one-play men, with no stamina or power of development. In the second place, I could not but feel that cosmopolitanism was being overdone, a Jis2019400neh7s University 205ary wandering after strange gods, to the neglect of-I will not say native genius-but native talent.

THE LAST OF OSCAR WILDE.

From The London Sphere.

A report has recently been published to the effect that Mr. Oscar Wilde is still alive—the kind of rumor that frequently surrounds any man in whose life there was an element of mystery. In this connection a portrait of Mr. Wilde's grave appeared in "The Tatler" for July 19, and I have received from Mr. Robert Ross, who, it will be remembered, recently edited "De Profundis" for publication, the following letter dated Reform Club, July 20:

Since the absurd report of Mr. Wilde being still alive appeared in the papers I have received 378 letters from different sources asking me if the report were true. Perhaps you will make known to those interested in the subject the following facts: At the time of his death Mr. Wilde owed a con-siderable sum of money to Paris tradespeople, who out of regard for a fallen and distinguished man (contrary to all French instincts) had given him considerable credit. When nursing him during his last illness he asked me, as one of his most intimate friends, that in the event of his death I should endeavor to see that those who had been kind to him were paid. Instead of raising difficulties, as they might easily have done, the French creditors, directly he was dead, accepted without any demur my personal promise that they would be paid in course of time. For a foreigner to die in Paris when he is registered at the hotel under an assumed name is one of the most expensive uxuries in the world, and Wilde's body was very learly taken to the Morgue. His illness had been great expense to his friends and there was really to money to buy a suitable plot of ground for his mave. It also occurred to me, and to the friend Who was with him at the last, that it would be in bad taste to spend a large sum of money on his grave and funeral expenses until the French creditors, who had shown more than human charity, were fully compensated. I therefore hired a plot of ground at Bayneux and placed a simple stone over the place, and I pay a rent to the French government for the use of a "concession temporaire." It shocks a great many visitors to Bayneux to learn that the grave is only a temporary one. But two-thirds of the French creditors have been satis-fied, and by next year Wilde's last wishes will have been carried out. I shall then move the re-mains to a permanent resting place at Père la Chaise, and a suitable monument will be erected over them. I receive numerous letters expressing astonishmelissen (2010) at Bay-neux and disenvery on the reason. I venture to hut I have given you the reason. I venture to think that no one who knows the circumstances will think that I should have followed any other course.

ABOUT THE THEATRE. BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

England and Russia (but mainly England) hold the bill, to the entire exclusion of Ger-many, at the Kleines Theater. This is rather a hold the bill, to the entire exclusion of Ger-many, at the Kleines Theater. This is rather a hall than a theatre, seating scarcely more than 300 people. Access to it is gained by a single staircase, opening from Unter den Linden. What the County Council would say to this arrangement I do not know—or rather I do know. Nor is one re-assured, on entering, to find that the walls of the auditorium are en-tirely lined with painted canvas. The hall is as nearly as possibly square, and is painted to represent (vaguely) the interior of an ancient temple. Grotesque masks hang at intervals from the cornice, and wreaths of incense-smoke are shown ascending from tripods and eddying round the walls. The whole effect of this eccentric decoration is grey, chill, and un-pleasant. Meanwhile the prosenium of the wide and low stage represents the portico of the temple, illogically turned inwards, as though in a fit of architectural introspection. I fancy (though I may be wrong) that this scheme of decoration was chosen as being in Some way appropriate to Oscar Wilde's I fancy (though I may be wrong) that this scheme of decoration was chosen as being in some way appropriate to Oscar Wilde's "Salome," which was produced at the Little Theatre. The plays I saw at it were "The Ideal Husband" and "You Never Can Tell." Gorky's "Nachtasyl" ("The Lower Depths"). I was unable to see, though it was performed once or twice during my stay in Berlin.

"AN IDEAL HUSBAND."

It seemed odd to come to Berlin to see a play It seemed odd to come to Berlin to see a play which we, in England, should hold so essen-tially old-fashioned as "An Ideal Husband." Here, if you like, is Sardou, and not very good Sardou either! Why should the critics allow Oscar Wilde to steal the horse, while Suder-mann may not even look over the hedge? Of course the answer lies in the different pre-tensions of the two authors. "Das Blumen-boot" is a vast and serious "machine" put forward at one of the leading literary theatres of Berlin; "Ein idealer Gatte" is a light, un-pretending trifle produced by way of pastime of Berlin; "Ein idealer Gatte" is a light, un-pretending triffe produced by way of pastime at a theatre mainly devoted to exotic experi-ment. It was melancholy, after all these years, to hear the well-remembered paradoxes and epigrams trying in vain to trip it gaily in an uncongenial tongue. Could their author have foreknown that his wit was destined to sur-vive, not in English or in French, but in Ger-man, he would probably have seen in the fact the ultimate irony of Fate. And, apart from tragic memories, the performance of the first act was, in itself, melancholy enough. The guests at Lady Chiltern's reception all com-ported themselves as though there were a death in the house. I am told that this is the German idea of reproducing the manners of the British Aristocracy—the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. In the later of the British Aristocracy—the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. In the later acts, things brightened up a bit. Herr Harry Walden, who played Viscount Goring (Mr. Walden, who played Viscount Goring (Mr. Charles Hawtrey's part), is a clever, quiet, in-cisive comedian, with nothing at all of Mr. Hawtrey's touch-and-go irresponsibility. Seen Hawtrey's touch-and-go irresponsibility. Seen in profile, with his eye-glass screwed into his eye, he rather resembled a youthful Mr. Chamberlain. Comic enough, to an English observer, was his transference to Lord Goring of that German ideal of "de-portment" which consists in standing with your body bent forward from the waist, and letting your white-gloved hands hang straight down in front of you, as though they and your arms were inert sandbags over which you had no control. But this superficial absurdity is inseparable from the attempts of one nation to represent the manners of another. How ludicrous must English performances of "Magda," or "Lights Out" appear in German eyes!

SHAW AND DICKENS.

SHAW AND DICKENS. "Man kan nie wissen" went a great deal more gaily than "Ein idealer Gatte," as, in-deed, a farce would naturally go more gaily than a drawing-room drama. It was surprising how readily the audience rose to Mr. Shaw's whimsicality, except where, in the last act, it positively runs mad. The scene of the family council had a distinctly refrigerating effect; but otherwise the piece went nearly as well at the Kieines Theater as at the Court. The part which suffered most was that of the

profoundly felt; but effective it certainly was, except in the scene of the burning of Lövborg's manuscript, where a departure from the "busi-ness" prescribed by the poet was, as usual,

A SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.

A SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE. Before closing these hasty notes I must say something of a very interesting experiment which Director Reinhardt, of the Deutsches Theater, has in view. Immediately adjoining the theatre he already occupies, he is building a new theatre for a series of what he calls "Kammerspiele"—" chamber performances" in the sense in which we speak of "chamber "Kammerspiele "—" chamber performances" in the sense in which we speak of "chamber music." The theatre, luxuriously appointed, is to accommodate an audience of only 200. On the other hand, the revolving stage is very large, and will admit of every sort of scenic effect. Subscribers alone are to be admitted to these performances. Between October and March eight productions are promised: (1) Users's "Cheets." with Frey Sorma as Mrc. effect. Subscribers alone are to be admitted to' these performances. Between October and March eight productions are promised: (1) Ibsen's "Ghosts," with Frau Sorma as Mrs. Alving and Herr Reinhardt himself as Eng-strand; (2) "Frank Wedekind's New Work"--(it is reported that this means Wedekind's hitherto unacted "child tragedy" entitled "Frühlings Erwachen," or "Stirrings of Spring," but I find it difficult to believe that this series of scenes can be actable, even in Berlin); (3) Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine et Sélysette," with Frau Sorma in the former character and Frau Eysoldt in the latter; (4) Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler"; (5) a comedy by Oscar Wilde, said to be "The Im-portance of Being Earnest"; (6) "Amoureuse," by Porto Riche; (7) "Mensch und Ueber-mensch," by Bernard Shaw; (8) Lessing's "Emilia Galotti." For admission to first per-formances the prices are to be 20s. and 15s. For the five repetitions of each production the prices are to range from 15s. to 5s. Pursuing his usual system, Director Reinhardt is entrusting each of the plays in this series to the care of a well-known artist, who is not only to design the scenery and costumes, but to arounce all the affacts of light, and to be rethe care of a well-known artist, who is not only to design the scenery and costumes, but to arrange all the effects of light, and to be re-sponsible, in fact, for the whole series of stage pictures. He showed me the designs for "Ghosts" and for "Aglavaine et Sélysette"; and certainly they promise to be most original and beautiful.

THE ECONOMIC PROBLEM.

THE ECONOMIC PROBLEM. But what of the economics of these "Kam-merspiele"? At a rough calculation, I make out that supposing every seat to be sold at the series of 48 performances, the total receipt cannot be more than about £6,000, which gives about £750 for each production. How is it possible to pay for the designing and making of scenery and costumes, to meet the rent (or interest on capital), actors' salaries, and other expenses, and to have anything over out of £750? No doubt the "Kammerspiele" can be worked economically in connexion with the Deutsches Theater, and can be employed to "feed" the repertory of that institution; but still I am puzzled to imagine "how it is done."

This economic problem, however, arises not only in connexion with the "Kammerspiele," but in connexion with both the literary theatres of Berlin. How do the Deutsches Theater and the Lessing Theater subsist? They have no subvention, yet they exclude long runs (except in very rare instances), and play in the most liberal style a repertory that would do credit to a richly-subventioned theatre. It do credit to a richly-subventioned theatre. It must not be supposed that salaries are very low or that living is cheap in Berlin. Rents and taxes are very high, provisions very dear. The salaries of leading actors range from £1,000 to £1,300 a year. The regularly-engaged com-pany at the Deutsches Theater numbers some seventy performers. How can such theatres be made self-supporting?

made self-supporting? I cannot give a complete answer to the ques-tion, but I can suggest some partial explana-tions. In the first place, it is probable that neither Herr Reinhardt nor Dr. Brahm is so burdened with rent as are their London col-leagues. Both theatres, I take it, belong to societies or syndicates who have acquired them with other than purely commercial motives, and are not bent on getting the high-est possible interest on their money. Doubt-less they are in the main paying institutions; but their proprietors would rather have low interest and good art than let the houses at the highest competition rents to showmen-managers, who would run any "attraction" that promised to pay. Secondly, Berlin managers effect a considerable economy in two managers effect a considerable economy in two ways: their advertising expenses are compara-tively trifling, and they have no orchestras to support. In the four theatres I visited I did not hear a single note of entr'acte music; and oh! it was a relief. Thirdly, Berlin and out it was a rener. Infinity, being managers secure a high average of attendance at their theatres by making theatre-going some-what cheaper and very much easier and more comfortable than in England. The dearest seats cost about eight shillings; the silly super-stition of "evening dress" is unknown; and in the middle of each negtermence there is a lowe the middle of each performance there is a long entracte, during which almost the whole audi-ence troops into the foyer, where excellent re-freshments are to be had at reasonable prices. The result of all this is that the music-halls rivals to the theatre in Berlin as they are in London. When will London managers learn to prefer a paying spectator in a morning coat to a dead-head in a white choker?

The part which suffered most was that of the waiter, the immortal William: it was not very well played, and its humour seldom got over the footlights. Herr Walden was better suited the roomgenes. Includent and the the test that to that to the part of the dialectical dentist than to that of Lord Goring; and two of the minor parts— the cantankerous father and the K.C.—were at the cantankerous father and the later there in least as well played as they ever have been in England. On the other hand, the Terrible Twins came off but passably, and though England. On the other hand, the Terrible Twins came off but passably, and though the Gloria was an able actress, we had to take her youth and indeperience somewhat on credit. The performance I saw was the fifteenth or thereabouts; but from the way the piece went. I should judge it likely to have a good run, were quite efficiently increased in the source for the source of the seventiation performance is an international configuration of Lord Goring's chambers suggested a Viennese upholsterer's show-room at an international exhibition.

Apother piece of English origin of which I aw a portion was "Klein Dorrit," by Herr aw a portion was "Klein Dorrit," by Herr F. von Schönihan, at the Royal Theatre. But truly it had little enough to do with Dickens. The Father of the Marshalsea was tolerably re-produced, and excellently acted by Herr Voll-mer; but Dickens's tender, elegiac heroine be-came a notable, bustling, strong-minded young woman, much given to boxing the ears of those who displeased her, and not at all disinclined to aid and abet her father in his cadging for "testimonials." In the second act, a genileman announcing himself as "Baronet Georges Spark-ler" made his appearance, accompanied by a fiery Spanish-American wife, "Lady Inez Sparkler." Their business I did not wait to ascertain, but stole away—not without a secret Sparkier." Iner business I did not wait to ascertain, but stole away—not without a secret tremor lest one of the gorgeous flunkeys per-vading the corridors might arrest me for lese majesté. The production of such a play as "Klein Dorrit" shows how completely the Schauspielhaus stands outside the literary movement.

IBSEN IN BERLIN.

Ibsen is the only dramatist who can compete with Shakespeare in point of prevalence on the Berlin stage. Four of his plays are at present in the current repertory—played, that is to say, Berlin stage. Four of his plays are at present in the current repertory—played, that is to say, not every night, but two or three times a week. One is "Lady Inger of Oestraat," at the Schil-ler Theater—an immensely popular East End playhouse. The other three—"The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," and "Hedda Gabler"—are drawing large audiences at the Lessing Theater, the director of which, Dr. Brahm, tells me that he contemplates an Ibsen Cycle, to include all the poet's modern plays. I was fortunate enough to see "The Wild Duck" and "Hedda Gabler," both quite admirably mounted and performed. The Hialmar Ekdal of Herr Albert Bassermann slightly disappointed me. It lacked the sublime simplicity which is Hial-mar's chief characteristic. The actor tried to do too much with the part: he played with it, instead of letting it play itself. The beginning of wisdom for an Ibsen actor is, "Never do anything that is not clearly set down for you, or cannot be necessarily in-ferred from what is set down." On the other hand four of the characters in "The Wild Duck" were quite perfectly acted. The Gina of Frau Else Lehmann was as good as that which Frau Rosa Bertens gave us at the Great Queen Street Theatre, last season—better it could not be. Fril. Ida Orloff was a delightful Hedwig; Herr Hans Marr played Dr. Relling as a burly; Queen Street Theatre last season—better it could not be. Frl. Ida Orloff was a delightful Hedwig; Herr Hans Marr played Dr. Belling as a burly, bearded, spectacled Bohemian, and made the character absolutely real and convincing; and Herr Oscar Sauer's Gregers Werle was one of the very ablest pieces of acting I ever saw—a great effect, and an absolutely right effect, being attained by perfect simplicity of means. In "Hedda Gabler," too, the excellence of Herr Sauer's Judge Brack stood out conspicuously. The other parts were well, but not brilliantly, played. One missed in Herr Rudolf Rittner's Eilert Lövborg the suggestion of a certain by played. One missed in Herr Rudolf Rittner's Bilert Lövborg the suggestion of a certain by-gone romantic attractiveness, which surely be-longs to the part. Hedda could never, even in imagination, have seen this Lövborg "with vine-leaves in his ha2019-03217 Hedda Jissen Women's Triesch was superficially effective rather than

THE ACADEMY OCT 7, 1905.

"INTENTIONS"

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Oscar Wilde : Intentions. Traduction française de HUGUES REBELL. (Paris : Charles Carrington.)

THE translation into French of Oscar Wilde's "Intentions." done by Hugues Rebell on his death-bed, is accurate and adequate. The only error I have noticed, in a comparison of two or three pages taken at random, is in the rendering of "The horses of Mr. William Black's phaeton do not soar towards the sun. They merely frighten the sky at evening into violent chromolithographic effects." "Ils se contentent," the French reads, "d'épouvanter le ciel du soir, avec de violents effets de chromos." Almost every English name is correctly spelt : a rare distinction in books printed in France. "Hazzlitt" and "Collin" are the only exceptions I have observed.

The prose of Oscar Wilde loses little in translation into French: a certain flash and snap, but hardly more. Delicacies of the emotions and the imagination are what lose most in translation, and of these Wilde had none. His work had resonance, but no music; colour, but no atmosphere; vivid intelligence, but no meditation. Much of its form came to it from France, and returns into French willingly. "Intentions" is full of ideas, and the ideas remain: not profound ideas, but often startling enough to be instructive. M. Charles Grolleau, in his preface, says admirably:

"Intentions est bien loin de ne contenir que des paradoxes. Ceux quⁱ s'y trouvent, en tout cas, sont très divers par essence. Les uns, purs divertissements verbaux, sont à négliger après l'attention d'une seconde que leur accorde notre surprise. Les autres sont d'une plus noble famille et créent l'étonnement durable et fécond du paradoxe né viable s'il est une vérité neuve."

Wilde wrote to astonish, but he wrote out of a ceaselessly active brain, itself genuinely amused by its efforts to amuse. This book of "Intentions" has the stimulus of irresponsible talk. Its pretence at a strict logic is part of the joke, and deceives only those who are meant to be deceived.

To the English reader, the most valuable part of this volume is the interpretation of Wilde hinted at in the fragments of that essay which Hugues Rebell did not live long enough to write. The author of "La Nichina" began his short and too hurried career with the promise of something really vital. Not since Casanova has there been so intimate a revival or reconstruction of Casanova's Venice. The book was crude and brutal, but it lived. After that came novel after novel, too precipitately, and with too little care for anything but the grosser side of things. But the man had a personal attitude, in spite of these concessions, and his opinions, on literature as on other matters, had the value of an absolute independence. Though, at the time of the trial, he had written in the "Mercure de France" a fervid "Défense d' Oscar Wilde," he had no illusion as to the actual value of much of Wilde's work. Thus we find him noting, with perfect fairness:

"Wilde n'a rien d'achevé. Son œuvre est très intéressante, parce qu'elle est caractéristique d'un temps; elle a une valeur documentaire, mais elle n'a pas de valeur vraiment littéraire. Dans la Duchesse de Padoue il imite Hugo et Sardou, dans le Portrait de Dorian Gray, Huysmans. Intentions est le bréviaire du symbolisme. Les idées que s'y trouvent sont dans Mallarmé, dans Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Ses poèmes en vers sont inspirés de Swinburne. Les Poèmes en prose sont ce qu'il y a de plus original dans son œuvre; ils représentent assez la causerie du poète, mais comme ils lui sont inférieurs!"

All this is true, though it does not say everything, forgetting his finest work, the modern plays, in which alone he becomes a master; and forgetting also many other influences, Pater throughout, and Maeterlinck and the "Tentation de Saint Antoine" in "Salome." But the comparison with Mallarmé is significant:

"Mallarmé a une œuvre très mince, il est vrai, mais qui tout de même existe. Certains vers sont d'une beauté admirable. . . . Wilde, par malheur, était esthète avant d'être poète. Il produisait des œuvres omme des gageures."

There, it seems to me, the essential thing is said.

Wilde wrote much that was true, new, and valuable about art and the artist. But, in everything that he wrote, he wrote from the outside. He said nothing which had not been said before him, or which was not the mere wilful contrary of what had been said before him. In his devotion to beauty he seemed to have given up the whole world, and yet what was most tragic in the tragedy was that he had never recognised the true face of beauty. He followed beauty, and beauty fled from him, for his devotion was that of the lover proud of many conquests. He was eager to proclaim the conquest, and too hasty to distinguish between beauty and beauty's handmaid. His praise of beauty is always a boast, never an homage. When he attempted to create beauty in words he described beautiful things. "Salome" is a catalogue.

In the comedies, where the talker is at last free to do nothing but talk, we find a genuine thing, a thing of marvellous ingenuity, a thing of unsurpassed cleverness. They add a new, wild grace to the English stage. But, even here, we find only astonishment, not beauty. The Importance of being Earnest is an enchanting game, which one is glad that some one has played to amuse grown-up people. It is better than the best topsyturveydom of Mr. Gilbert; it will survive, with the "Bab Ballads" and the "Ingoldsby Legends." ARTHUR SYMONS.

17726.1906.

THE LITERARY WEEK

MR. J. W. MACKAIL, who succeeds to the Oxford Professorship of poetry, resembles Matthew Arnold, the most illustrious of his predecessors in the chair, in being a Balliol man and a Civil Servant in the Education Department, in which he is Senior Examiner. He was the third of a remarkable trio of Newdigate prize-winners, his two immediate predecessors in the honour being Oscar Wilde and Sir Rennel Rodd, whose early verses may be compared with his in the back numbers of the defunct "Waifs and Strays." Wilde, of course, was much more a wit than a poet, much more clever than inspired. Rodd and Mackail were far more spontaneous singers, though the former imitated Swinburne, while the latter modelled himself on William Morris. The influence of Matthew Arnold, afterwards to reappear in the work of Mr. Laurence Binyon, was just then in abeyance among Oxford poets.

Mr. Mackail's published works are : a translation of the "Aeneid," the "Eclogues" and "Georgics" into Prose; an edition with translation of select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology; "Biblia Innocentium," in which he told for children the story of the Chosen People before and after the coming of Christ; "The Sayings of the Lord Jesus Christ as recorded by His Four Evangelists"; a University Extension Manual on Latin Literature; a much discussed and not altogether successful Life of William Morris, and a translation of the "Odyssey." He was also one of the three poets who together published two volumes of original poetry, called "Love in Idleness" and "Love's Looking Glass."

No doubt it is largely his duties at the Education Office that have prevented Mr. Mackail from quite fulfilling the high expectations which his Oxford contemporaries formed of him. To them it is a disappointment that he gave up to the translation, whether of Homer, Virgil, or Maeterlinck, talents that seemed destined to win distinction, through work of a more original kind. His translations, however, have always been admirable, though, in reproducing the "Odyssey" in the metre of Omar Khayyam, he was making an experiment fore-ordained to comparative failure, the form not being much more suitable to its purpose than the form of, say, "In Memoriam" or a "Bab Ballad." This matter, however, has already been dealt with in our columns. Mr. Mackail's functions, as professor, will be critical, not constructive, and we can trust him to perform them well, even if it is too much to expect him to be as amusing as Matthew Arnold was when he reviewed the poetical excursions of Francis Newman.

The Professorship was founded in 1708 with the proceeds of a legacy bequeathed for that purpose by Henry Birkhead, who, though he first saw the light near St. Paul's, is perhaps best described as a Latin poet. The Professor is elected for five years, and at the end of that period he may be elected for another five, but no one may occupy the chair for more than a decade. The first successful candidate was the Rev. Joseph Trapp, the supposed author of the epigram about the King, who sent a troop of horse to Oxford but books to Cambridge, and till 1857 all the Professors of Poetry were clergymen. In that year, however, Matthew Arnold was appointed, and it is curious to note that since then they have all been laymen. The duties are not onerous. There is a lecture to be given three times a year, the task of looking over University prize essays, and the delivery of a Latin speech biennially. Residence at Oxford is not compulsory, but on the other hand the emoluments of the Professorship are not great.

In the list of twenty-four professors there are many well-known names. Thus, for instance, among the clergymen we find Thomas Warton, Edward Copleston, Milman and Keble. Matthew Arnold, who objected to being called a Professor and to looking over the poems for the "Newdigate," abandoned the post with regret, and was anxious that Browning should take his place. But Browning, with all his virtues, had this fatal defect, that he was not an Oxford man, although the authorities gave him an honorary degree and did all they could to make him one.

After more than a quarter of a century, Sir Francis Burnand retires from the editorship of *Punch*, full of years, honour—and fun. In those twenty-five years he made great changes in the paper. The most important was this, that whereas under his predecessor *Punch* definitely took and persons as subject to the criticism of the little philosopher with the big nose and the hump. That is not to and persons as subject to the criticism of the little philophiter with the big nose and the hump. That is not to and persons as subject to the criticism of the little philosay that the balance was always equally held, and that there were no periods when predilections were noticeable; there were no periods whole, *Punch* has not been under Sir there were not predilections were noticeable;

JAN. 11, 1905

THE SKETCH.

THE GERMAN AND THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF AN OSCAR WILDE PLAY; AND A NEW BALLET.



Guido Ferranti (Herr Konrad Gebhardt). A SCENE FROM THE FIFTH ACT OF OSCAR WILDE'S TRAGEDY "THE DUCHESS OF PADUA," PRODUCED AT THE GERMAN THEATRE IN HAMBURG: A DUNGEON IN THE PUBLIC PRISON OF PADUA. [Photograph by H. J. Meissner.

" I do not come to ask for pardon now, Seeing I know I stand beyond all pardon, A very guilty, very wicked woman; Enough of that: I have already. Sir, Confessed my sin to the Lords Justices;

MAY 10, 1905

They would not listen to me; and some said did invent a tale to save your life, You having trafficked with me: others said That woman played with pity as with men; **THE SKETCH.**

"Others that grief for my slain Lord and husband Had robbed me of my wits: they would not hear me, And, when I sware it on the holy book, They bade the doctor cure me."

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THE production of "Salome" this evening draws attention to one of those glaring acts of inconsistency which make England a byword for stupidity and something worse amongst the nations of Europe. Because Salome and Herod, purely historical personages, a record of whose career may be found in any classical history, happen to be mentioned in the Bible, the Lord Chamberlain refuses to give his licence to the play, for the performances of

which money may, therefore, not be taken at the doors. By the simple expedient, however, of selling seats beforehand to people, who by the act of purchasing them become subscribers to a Society, the performance takes place over the Lord Chamberlain's head. On the other hand, for the last two years and more anyone who has chosen to buy a ticket for "Everyman" has been able to witness the impersonation not of a mere historical character, but of the Deity Himself. The whole difference appears to be that because morality-plays were written before the Lord Chamberlain's authority came into being their performance is perfectly lawful, while the Lord Chamberlain's office vetoes plays in which the same characters are reproduced if they are written by modern authors. For the same reason, words are spoken in Shakspere which would never be tolerated if the Censor had them submitted to him in a modern work.

s University Library

Daily Telegraph.

Our Vianna Correspondent informs us that all idea at performance in that city of Richard Strauss's new opera, "Salome," the libretto of which had bee. adapted from Oacar Wilde's drama, has been abandcned. The work had been fully rehearsed, and was to have been produced early in November at the Opera House, but the censor, whose approval of the libretto is necessary ere any performance can be given, has withheld his sanction, on the ground that the drama is opposed to morality and religion, and consequently not suitable for the Court theatres.

001.31.1995

Our Vienna Correspondent writes: As I have already reported, Strauss's new opera, "Salome," has

of the immoral character of Oscar Wilde's

extremely anxious that Strauss's new opera

been refused by the Censor of the Court theatres of

libretto. The director of the Opera, Gustav Mahler

should not be lost to Vienna, has addressed a petition to the Censor asking that permission may be

granted to revise the objectionable text-book

MORNING POST,

Richard Strauss's new opera "Salomé," founded on Oscar Wilde's play of that name, will, it is stated, be produced at the Theatre Royal, Turin, in the course of the coming winter. Curiously enough the principal part in this work will be undertaken by an artist whose name is Madame Salomé Krusceniske.

The Star. 29 Sept. 1905.

Nov. 20 is now spoken of as the dat of the production of Strauss's "Salome" at Dresden. The chief parts will be sung by Frau Wittich, Herr Burrian, and Har Perron. A writer in a Dresden paper, who is not only an enthusiast but has seen the piano score, speaks of it as being quite as much a new departure in musical expression as "Tristan" was in its own day. We shall see.

believed that this request will be favourably entertained. The figure of John in the librette will orobably receive another name, and so the character be made to lose its Biblical connection. It is recalled that the "Huguenots" was originally rejected by the Censor and then allowed to appear on the stage in a changed form.

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