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Oscar Wilde Scrapbook

Vol. 8

Dec. 18 1908

Liverpool Daily Courier,

THE ARTIST IN ATTITUDES.

REVIEWS. By Oscar Wilde. MISCELLANIES, by Oscar Wilde; being the last Two Volumes of the Complete Edition of his Works. Edited by Robert Ross. London: Methuen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.

Perhaps the only unforgiveable thing about punning is the fact that it is often unavoidable—the child, not of impudence, but of mere respectable honesty; and certainly, no matter how high and holy one's abhorrence of the practice might be, one would find it quite impossible not to remark that these two volumes are in many ways much the Wildest of the series they conclude. For they contain the last gleanings of an Editor determined to add the virtue of absolute completeness to all the others which his work displays; and they largely consist, in consequence, of casual critiques and running comments—jottings, memoranda, juvenilia—things to which Wilde himself (as Mr. Ross blandly admits) would indignantly have denied the right of resurrection. Much of the writing in these two books, that is to say, is writing done en deshabille—lights out, orchestra empty, the house an uncritical void; and they may thus be taken as disclosing Wilde's genius reduced to its L.C.M. They are like the swift sketches and studies of a painter, done without thought for effect, showing his talent stripped to the buff. To open either of them (but especially perhaps the first—which contains so much writing done when Wilde was editing the "Woman's World"—done, therefore, not infrequently, merely to fill a gap or turn a page) is like creeping upon a suspect unawares—coming upon him (say) as he talks in his sleep—and discovering, then, how thoroughly authentic were the sources from which his calculated public triumphs derived their splendour of effect.

That, then, is the chief charm and value of these two volumes: a charm, as of something intimate and personal, which will be felt by everybody; and a value which will certainly be not least appreciated by those who have never been troubled by any suspicions, never felt the least doubt of the fundamental strength and solidity of their writer's genius. For, to all but a few believers, it has always been difficult to remember that it was no more possible for Wilde to trespass beyond the bounds of his own personality than it is for any other great artist—and that, when he seemed most fantastically insincere, this great "artist in attitudes" was still expressing his own personality, still faithfully obeying the mandates of a fundamental instinct. That such forgetfulness, although uncritical enough, was still so human as to be forgiveable, not even the faithful few will deny; and they, too, will therefore applaud Mr. Ross's act of loyal treachery. They owe much to him for his delicate and scrupulous labours in connection with this edition; but for nothing probably will he stand more in need of their approving gratitude than for this: that he has been brave enough to attach this indefeasible certificate of genuineness to the work of the most widely-suspected of all the writers of last century.

D. S.

Glasgow Herald

Dec. 12 1908

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Sir,—In poring over the catalogues of the Glasgow Public Libraries I have failed to find any work of which Oscar Wilde is the author or the subject. I have asked library attendants the reason of the omission, and was told that the only way I could get the desired information was by applying to the Libraries Committee. I am aware that I am not the only person who has noticed this curious state of affairs. I recently met a gentleman who had asked the same question and received the same answer as I did, and he suggested to me that "The Libraries Committee were deterred from entertaining any suggestion to purchase Wilde's works because of the events of the latter years of his life!" Is this the reason? If so (but I hope not), it is surprising that a body which prides itself (as the Glasgow Corporation does) on its progress and up-to-dateness should look on the matter in that light.

The unenviable notoriety to which Oscar Wilde attained shortly before the close of his life has nothing whatever to do with his works or their place in literature.—I am, etc.,

W. L. HENRY.

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Little need be said on the subject of Mr Wilde's aberration. As to the man himself, that he was not so black as has been painted may be gathered from the eloquent tribute Miss Ellen Terry pays to him in her autobiography. Also, a reading of his friend Mr Robert Harborough Sherard's "The Story of an Unhappy Friendship," in which he tells of Mr Wilde as he knew him, will convey a better than the accepted impression of him. It is a tribute to Mr Wilde as a husband that his wife, whilst suffering illness and against restraining influences, journeyed from Genoa to visit him in prison. He was a great-hearted and lovable personality.

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He was a man of great kindliness of heart, infinite tolerance and charity. To these qualities Miss Ellen Terry in her book recently published pays a very warm and eloquent tribute; and there are many others. His friend, Robert Harborough Sherard, in "The Story of an Unhappy Friendship," has written of Mr Wilde as he knew him. The book has now been published by Mr Werner Laurie in a shilling edition, and a reading of it will certainly convey a better opinion of its subject.

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The unenviable notoriety to which Oscar Wilde attained shortly before the close of his life has no connection whatever with his works or their place in literature. If you (or the Corporation) are to judge a man's works by the moral standard of his private life, then the Corporation Libraries Committee ought to immediately withdraw from circulation its dozens of copies of the works of Robert Burns. It may also be noted that the misdeeds of Wilde's private life have not had the slightest influence upon, and there is not the slightest trace of them discernible in, his works; whereas the many lamentable failings of Burns' private life have an unpleasant knack of appearing frequently in his poems. I have merely taken Burns as an example; I know that there are others. I do not despise Burns, but I am not so blinded by his reputation (and I do not suffer from "Bardolatry") as to pass over his failings without seeing them.

LITERATURE.

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Liverpool Daily Post

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On the Continent, especially in Germany and Russia, Mr Wilde has long since come into his own. They regard the treatment which an English mob, in its revolting ignorance and savagery, meted out to him, before and after the trial, as his martyrdom; and the subsequent neglect of his writings as a supreme example of our indifference (hatred even) to letters, our innate philistinism — the apotheosis of "pork-butcherdom!"

Yet in this country there is clearly a desire being manifested to know more of the work of this, one of the brightest geniuses of the nineteenth century. He may be most remembered at present for his amazingly witty and altogether delightful plays. One of those, "The Importance of Being in Earnest," was revived successfully eighteen months ago at His Majesty's Theatre, London, by Mr Tree. His "Salome," a tragedy, was played with extraordinary success at Berlin, the music being set by Richard Strauss. A one-act play of Mr Wilde's, "A Florentine Tragedy," was staged by Mrs Patrick Campbell at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, in the autumn of this year before Royalty, and it was well received by the large audience. I believe I am right in saying it was produced in Glasgow also; and Glasgow playgoers present will not have forgotten the characteristically gorgeous diction. Mr Wilde will certainly be remembered for his psychological novel, "The Portrait of Dorian Gray," for the brilliantly prophetic "Soul of Man," and for his "Intentions," and his "Sphinx." "The events of the latter years of his life"—the words are suggestive. The publication of "The Ballad of Reading Jail," one of the most powerful and telling indictments of our prison system ever penned, and after his death of the "De Profundis," which has been well named the "philosophy of suffering and failure," and which contains that wonderful exposition of Christ's character—These could be fairly described as events.

It is to be hoped that the committee of Glasgow public libraries will see their way to have the recently-published complete edition of Mr Wilde's works available for the Glasgow public soon.

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Indiana University Library

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Jiss 2019-03-18 University of Glasgow Library

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Jissen Women's University Library 2010-03-18

Irish Times · Dec · 26 · 1908

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The Late Mr Oscar Wilde.

TO THE EDITOR.

As an admirer of the late Mr Oscar Wilde's genius I cannot allow the paragraph which appeared last evening under "Literature, Art, and Letters" to pass without some protest. One would have thought that by this time we had escaped from the error of being unable to judge literature on its own merits and apart from the individual character of writers. Mr Wilde is not the only genius who would be excluded if such a "test" were applied, and to give countenance to it to the interest of mentioning other writers and poets would be wasteful and ridiculous excess. Apart from that on the eminent authority of Dr Havelock Ellis the question of Mr Wilde's aberration is one for the mental expert alone.

The presence of so many distinguished men at the dinner-celebration certainly does not bear out your contributor's suggestion of slightness of thought and so on; while with regard to the oblivion which he contemplates it was interesting to be told by Mr Robert Ross that there is not only a growing feeling in favour of a memorial to Mr Wilde's genius but that he had already received a subscription of £2,000 toward that end.

The reference to Mrs Maybrick's book is particularly inept. There is no comparison whatever between the "De Profundis" and Mrs Maybrick's book. The "De Profundis" is a letter written to Mr Wilde's friends while he was in prison. It was not published until after his death. It is due to Mr Wilde's memory to record that, on leaving prison, he was approached by the representative of some enterprising American publishers with a view to writing his "experiences." A very substantial sum was offered. Though absolutely penniless, Mr Wilde answered, "I cannot understand how such a proposal could be made to a gentleman," and that was one of his characteristics. It may be mentioned also that he appealed very earnestly in a letter to the "Daily Chronicle" on behalf of the children in prison, a few days after his release.

He was a man of great kindliness of heart, infinite tolerance and charity. To these qualities Miss Ellen Terry in her book recently published pays a very warm and eloquent tribute; and there are many others. His friend, Robert Harborough Sherard, in "The Story of an Unhappy Friendship," has written of Mr Wilde as he knew him. The book has now been published by Mr Werner Laurie in a shilling edition, and a reading of it will certainly convey a better opinion of its subject.

A. M. DOWNIE.

Lanark, December 9, 1908.

[Without entering here into the merits of the questions raised, we may set our correspondent right on one point. The paragraph to which he takes exception was not ours, but, as was indicated, an extract from the London "Daily News."]

Dec. 14. 1908

The Late Mr Oscar Wilde.

TO THE EDITOR.

I am glad to see a letter in your columns protesting against the words of the paragraph quoted by you the other evening from a London newspaper. I have often, when poring over the catalogues of our public libraries, thought it strange that there was not a single volume of which Oscar Wilde was the author or the subject. I have asked the library attendant the reason, but the answer was that I would get the information I wanted by [illegible] the Library Committee. I am aware that I am not the only person who has noticed this curious state of affairs; I recently met a gentleman who had asked the same question and received the same answer as I did, and he suggested to me that the reason was that "the Corporation (and the Libraries Committee) were deterred from entertaining the suggestion of purchasing Wilde's works because of the events of the latter years of his life!" Is this the reason? If so, it is surprising that a body which prides itself (as the Glasgow Corporation does) on its progress and up-to-dateness should look on the matter in that light.

The unenviable notoriety to which Oscar Wilde attained shortly before the close of his life has no connection whatever with his works or their place in literature. If you (or the Corporation) are to judge a man's works by the moral standard of his private life, then the Corporation Libraries Committee ought to immediately withdraw from circulation its dozens of copies of the works of Robert Burns. It may also be noted that the misdeeds of Wilde's private life have not had the slightest influence upon, and there is not the slightest trace of them discernible in, his works; whereas the many lamentable failings of Burns' private life have an unpleasant knack of appearing frequently in his poems. I have merely taken Burns as an example; I know that there are others. I do not despise Burns, but I am not so blinded by his reputation (and I do not suffer from "Bardolatry") as to pass over his failings without seeing them.

LITERATURE.

December 11, 1908.

Dec. 16. 1908

The Works of the Late Mr Oscar Wilde.

TO THE EDITOR.

With the appearance of the letter over the signature "Literature" in to-night's "News" I am constrained to say a few things in justice to the memory of the late Mr Oscar Wilde. I can scarcely credit the committee of Glasgow public libraries with having refused to admit Mr Wilde's works. They would be doing the reading public, especially the thinking section of it, an incalculable injustice. Such a decision could only be come to by a body who had not the intellectual capacity to appreciate literature. The explanation would seem to be that his [illegible] with no little interest. They expect a vi[illegible] way, following the doings of Carry Nation[illegible] bench. Paisley license-holders are, by th[illegible] already received criticism of the loca[illegible] practices; for the point is one which ha[illegible] to keep the members clear of possible mal[illegible] also by many licensing authorities. The Association officials are evidently anxiou[illegible] panies insuring against loss of license and [illegible] tice is one which is condemned by the com[illegible] it being specially pointed out that the prac[illegible] the matter by the local Trade Association, [illegible] ary. Attention is at present being called to [illegible] season a gentle reminder has become neces[illegible] seems that with the advent of the festive [illegible] purpose of inducing their custom; but i[illegible] supplying eatables free to the public for the [illegible] trade giving calendars or other gifts, and [illegible]

It is now close on nine months sinc[illegible] Paisley and District Licensed Trade Associa[illegible] tion adopted a resolution disapprovin[illegible] strongly of the practice of members of th[illegible]

[illegible] unions, with the rank and file.

[illegible] the executive and not, as in the case of mos[illegible] dates from the Miners' Federation lies wit[illegible] will take place. The choosing of the candi[illegible] just possible that some further change[illegible] constituency may be invited into Fife, and [illegible] of the aspirants already placed on a weste[illegible]

2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library 612

Dec. 16. 1908

The Works of the Late Mr Oscar Wilde.

TO THE EDITOR.

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On the Continent, especially in Germany and Russia, Mr Wilde has long since come into his own. They regard the treatment which an English mob, in its revolting ignorance and savagery, meted out to him, before and after the trial, as his martyrdom; and the subsequent neglect of his writings as a supreme example of our indifference (hatred even) to letters, our innate philistinism — the apotheosis of "pork-butcherdom!"

Yet in this country there is clearly a desire being manifested to know more of the work of this, one of the brightest geniuses of the nineteenth century. He may be most remembered at present for his amazingly witty and altogether delightful plays. One of those, "The Importance of Being in Earnest," was revived successfully eighteen months ago at His Majesty's Theatre, London, by Mr Tree. His "Salome," a tragedy, was played with extraordinary success at Berlin, the music being set by Richard Strauss. A one-act play of Mr Wilde's, "A Florentine Tragedy," was staged by Mrs Patrick Campbell at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, in the autumn of this year before Royalty, and it was well received by the large audience. I believe I am right in saying it was produced in Glasgow also; and Glasgow playgoers present will not have forgotten the characteristically gorgeous diction. Mr Wilde will certainly be remembered for his psychological novel, "The Portrait of Dorian Gray," for the brilliantly prophetic "Soul of Man," and for his "Intentions," and his "Sphinx." "The events of the latter years of his life" —the words are suggestive. The publication of "The Ballad of Reading Jail," one of the most powerful and telling indictments of our prison system ever penned, and after his death of the "De Profundis," which has been well named the "philosophy of suffering and failure," and which contains that wonderful exposition of Christ's character—These could be fairly described as events.

It is to be hoped that the committee of Glasgow public libraries will see their way to have the recently-published complete edition of Mr Wilde's works available for the Glasgow public soon.

I am, Sir, Yours, etc., [illegible] BROWNIE.

Lanark, December 14, 1908.

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Glasgow News. 18 Dec 1908

Mr Filson Young's "When the Tide Turns."

TO THE EDITOR.

In your issue of the 10th inst. a contributor of literary notes makes the following remark about a recent work of mine:—

I have not seen it mentioned anywhere that Mr Filson Young's "When the Tide Turns," a novel of a distinctly clever though singularly unpleasant order, appears to have been founded upon the life story of Aubrey Beardsley. The artist's passionate devotion to line drawing, his strange unconsciousness of colour, his instinctive leanings towards the horrible, the morbid and the grotesque, rather than the beautiful in art, are strongly accentuated, in the person of Rupert, while the brilliant, erratic, and wholly non-moral literary genius, whose downfall brings about the social ostracism of the hero, is evidently intended as a fictional study of Oscar Wilde.

I shall be glad if you will give publicity—first, to my absolute denial of what your contributor supposes; and second, to my protest against the impertinence of an assumption of this kind—an impertinence no less to the memory of the two artists named than to me. Except that one of my characters was a "non-moral" poet, and that the other was an artist in the land of line-drawing for which Aubrey Beardsley was famous, there is nothing whatever in common between my characters and my alleged models—as your contributor would know if he had the slightest acquaintance with the facts either of Aubrey Beardsley's or Oscar Wilde's life.

FILSON YOUNG.

53 Upper Brook Street,
Park Lane, W.

133 **Beardsley.**—Young (Filson) When the Tide Turns, with *cold. frontis.* cr 8vo. cloth, fine copy, 1908 3s 6d
In Rupert Savage and Cyril Midwood we see Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde.

Era, Dec. 19. 1908

AMUSEMENTS IN ROTTERDAM.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROTTERDAM, DEC. 14.—

ANOTHER "off-night" at the Grand was devoted to a performance of Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*, by the Hagespelers. This company (the Players of the Hague) is under the artistic leadership of Edward Verkade, who is at the same time the leading man of the organisation. The business-management is in the hands of Mr. M. J. de Haan, who is at the head of a concert and theatre bureau at the Hague, and thanks to whose able and wise pilotage a number of dramatic and musical attractions are steering free of the many shoals that beset the artistic main. *Een Ideaal Echtgenoot* was carefully staged, and the dresses worn by the ladies of the cast were rich and tasty. The play as a whole caught the public taste, many of the telling portions of the dialogue being thoroughly appreciated. The acting was fairly even, Miss Meina Irwen being entitled to a word of praise for her characterisation of the adventuress, Miss Chevely.

Tatler Dec. 9. 1908

Business and Pleasure.

"The public," Oscar Wilde once said, "knows the price of everything and the value of nothing," but such cannot be said against the company of six young

Sunday Chronicle. Dec. 6. 1908

A Wonderful Woman.

D'Oyly Carte was a poor man when he sealed a partnership with Gilbert and Sullivan in 1875. He was already a rich man when he caused the Savoy Theatre to be built in 1881. It was easily the most beautiful theatre in London for a long time, incredible as this may seem to present-day playgoers. The adjacent Savoy Hotel gave an impetus to the building of palatial public-houses in London, which is not spent yet. A little later, the English Opera House, though it failed lamentably, endured as the most remarkable music-hall in the world—and all this sprang from "Trial by Jury" at the dirty little Royalty.

Almost from the outset of his career Mr. Carte had an efficient assistant in Mrs. Carte, who, as Helen Black, had a brilliant career at London University. She chose to be known as Helen Lenoir, and became Mr. Carte's secretary and manager. Independently she ran a lecture agency, exploiting Archibald Forbes, Matthew Arnold, Oscar Wilde, and Sergeant Ballantine. The Savoy Hotel was the creature of her brain, and her pet scheme. Now, Mrs. Carte is actually the wife of Mr. Stanley Boulter, a distinguished lawyer who forsook the bar for finance.

Bradford Observer. Dec. 17. 1908

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRAGEDY.

SHAKSPEARE UP-TO-DATE.

Mr. J. C. Powys delivered his concluding lecture of the series on "The Tragedies of Shakspeare" at the Bradford Mechanics' Institute last night. Mr. J. H. Heighton presided and there was a large audience.

Mr. Powys said that his object was to endeavour to draw from the four plays which had been considered in previous lectures, and other great tragedies of Shakspeare, a clear, definite, and unmistakable philosophy that might be called the philosophy of Shakspeare—Shakspeare up to date. He was not concerned with the stories of Shakspeare's life. He put aside Shakspeare the man in favour of the author. He (Mr. Powys) had staked his reputation on the fact that the philosophy of Shakspeare could be put on the table alongside that of other great philosophers. It was a very difficult task, and he asked his hearers to bear with him if he stumbled over it. With regard to the religion of Shakspeare, he said that in his treatment of religion he gave his assent to that remote, long pilgrimage of human feeling which, defined and made visible in dogma, ritual, and sacrament, had been called the church. He showed a curious bias in favour of authority. Only one religion for Shakspeare represented humanity. He thought they could draw from the plays a trend in favour of Roman Catholicism. For aught he knew Shakspeare might have been a Protestant, but if he was a Protestant in his reason in his heart he was a Catholic. There was a certain Catholicity in the plays. Shakspeare's temperament was objective, just as Mr. Bernard Shaw was essentially a subjective thinker. Shakspeare was drawn to Catholicism from his objectivity.

In considering Shakspeare's ethics the lecturer compared his ideas with those of Ibsen, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, and Friedrich Nietzsche.

"QUEEN MARIAMNE."

QUEEN MARIAMNE. By the Author of *Borgia*. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)

Three years ago, in reviewing *Borgia*, we spoke of the author as working in flashes and leaving long stretches of dulness between them. His new play is all flashes—flash upon flash of material splendour, of love and rage; and yet gleaming with a steady light that seems to be reflected from burning Eastern skies on ropes of jewels, marble, weapons, gold, and gorgeous fabrics. It is seldom that English work succeeds in presenting so vividly the atmosphere of the East—an atmosphere, at any rate, which convinces those who do not know the East. The reader's very senses seem to be assailed with the hot, dry air, the heavy scents of balsam and cedarwood, the cool marble, and the rare tinkle of water, the gleam and clash of jewels, the violent light and the sudden, artificial darkness, all the overpowering sensuousness of the days of ancient splendour. And the people are all tigers: Herod himself, the usurping Arabian, his sister Salome, Cleopatra. Even Mariamne herself, of the old Royal house, who passes through these scenes like a shadow, has something tigerish about her. They all seem to move swiftly, silently, and stealthily, and they are all beautiful with a kind of wild, animal beauty, for all that they are oiled and curled and dressed in the richest stuffs. Throughout the play, from the moment when Herod watches the rightful heir, young Aristobulus, bathing with his Gaulish guard in the Royal pleasure-house, to that when Herod leans whispering over the embalmed body of Mariamne, this physical beauty is held insistently before us.

We have, then, once more a sumptuous spectacle, the vividness of which is not attained by any cataloguing or elaboration of detail, as in Wilde's *Salome*, but comes from the author's intense realization of his idea of the period. We have not, on the other hand, a first-rate play, though in this respect *Queen Mariamne* is an advance on *Borgia*. It is better constructed, more closely knit, and more concentrated; but not perfectly so. Its story is the historical story of Herod the Great up to the death of Mariamne his wife, very little, if at all, changed for poetical purposes. We [illegible] the murder of Mariamne's brother Aristobulus, [illegible] be believed, an even rarer spirit. It is certain at any rate that Louis owed much to the inspiring influence and companionship of his kinsman, "Bob" Stevenson, as he was always called, was one of those men whose memory is all the more cherished by their friends because the full measure of their gifts was never given to the world. He was possessed of many talents and of at least one form of genius. By the common admission of all who knew him well, he was the best talker of his generation. *Agnoy Agnoy*, it may be said (alas! that was his luck), but implying how many other qualities and attainments! It is unfortunate that the only achievements, excellent as they are, which he has left behind are in the medium most reluctant to him. He only took to writing comparatively late in life, and as a desperate resource. Mr. Low gives us an amusing and pathetic account of "the drastic measures taken to yoke his errant spirit to the plough." "He was given a task, and, at his own request, locked up in a room until he had accomplished the required amount of copy." He had wished to be a painter; but here, it is confessed, he was a failure, though Mr. Low says he had a remarkable feeling for colour, from which "under conditions more sympathetic" more perhaps might have resulted. He had a wide and varied range of interests, and all the arts were dear to him and familiar. Though he is best remembered as a critic of painting and

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS.

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS. By WILL H. LOW. (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s. net.)

The name of Mr. Will H. Low, an American artist of distinction, whose decorative and illustrative work is well known, has gained an even wider currency by an indirect channel. Hundreds of people who have never had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Low's own designs know him as one of the chief intimates of Louis Stevenson, as the Painters," he was, as Mr. Low says, "appreciative without flattery and critical without injustice."

There are some delightfully characteristic incidents and anecdotes related here, the story of the venerable and precious "last bottle," invented by R.L.S. for the delectation of Mrs. Low, the episode of the barge—*The Eleven Thousand Virgins*, with its projected decorations and "bridal chamber" in the manner of Boucher or Fragonard—which never felt the impulse of the breeze, but "rotted in the stream where she was beautified"; and there are some admirable fragments from unpublished letters, but to attempt to detach these things would be to spoil them. Mr. Low has many studio-stories, and they are all pleasant. We like the aged model of "classic" taste, who nobly refused to pose for Alexander in the attitude his young employer demanded. "'Not thus,' quoth the Père Gélon, 'does a King ordain the burning of his palace, but in this manner,' giving a pose inspired by the Oath of the Horatii by David. And the submissive artist was forced to accept the hackneyed attitude." Painters will all recognize a type in the late Mr. Babcock, an American artist who lived at Barbizon. "I have known him at the times of my sojourns in France, five or six years often elapsing between them, to place a small panel on his easel with the remark, I think I have done something to this since you saw it last.' Art is long, it is true, but my friend forgot that the artist is not eternal." And the Whistlerian tradition is enlarged by the story of Homer Martin, a veteran of the brush, who, "while visiting Whistler during the days when the latter lived in temporary splendour, all but disconcerted his imperturbable host, who was below receiving his guests for a formal dinner, by a bland inquiry from the vantage ground of an upper story, 'Jimmy, where do you keep the scissors you trim your cuffs with?'" The temper with which Mr. Low discusses his art and all his fellow artists is one of genuine magnanimity, dwelling honestly on the best side; and his affection for the pleasant land of France, *alma mater artium*, and recognition of the persistent virtues of her sons, are as sympathetically felt as generously expressed. The ampler air, the "larger liberty of thought and action that in France is vouchsafed to the children of the arts" (thirty years ago even more sensible to the American or British nostril than now), breathes gratefully through these pages, and blends with all the kindly memories and prepossessions of youth. "You had the best, and only the best, of Louis," Henley said regretfully later on, when he had himself too roughly broken the golden thread of association, "you met on the footing of youth," of youth which believes all things and hopes all things, which is often essentially wiser than time and experience, which judges its comrades perforce by what they are, not by what they have done or failed to do.

2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library 614

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This Mariamne and the atmosphere we have described suffice to make the play worth attention. It contains, moreover, many outbursts of impassioned poetry. The author has been wise in not attempting to give his language a sham Biblical turn; we are not continually forced to contrast it unfavourably with that of the "Song of Songs." But the flow of the poetry suffers from the amphibious nature of a play printed in a book. These constant pauses, abrupt changes, half-finished sentences—all the things that need dashes and rows of full-stops to indicate—are effective on the stage, but they are annoying in print. The outstanding fault of *Queen Mariamne* is a jerkiness, both in the dialogue and in the conduct of the plot; but it is a fault that the reader will be inclined to overlook for the sake of the play's high passion and vivid actuality.

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The kind of life here recalled is largely that of a particular province of Bohemia, a district usually regarded as specially lawless and irresponsible, though in reality no less than others subject to conventions and prescripts of its own. As Mr. Low quotes his friend R. A. M. S. saying to an offender, "You can do things in church, at home, that you can't do in Barbizon." It is in Barbizon and its neighbourhood, and in the students' quarter of Paris, that the scene is laid, at any rate in the chief part of the book. Mr. Low went to Paris as a young, eager, impecunious student in 1873, and soon became a pupil in the atelier of Carolus Duran. This was a bold step to take, for the revolutionary methods of the famous Carolus were under the ban of the academic hierarchy, though his pupils consoled themselves by repeating that they were "logical," always a great comfort to the French mind. He made them paint at once from the model, without going through the precious drill of drawing from the cast and the life, a seductive, but certainly arduous training. "Logical rectitude reinforced by the example of the great Velasquez are but feeble props for the despairing student struggling in the mesh of overpowering difficulty." It was while thus "floundering in colour and shapeless form" that Mr. Low in 1874 first met Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson, and a little later his cousin, Robert Louis, who had come on a visit. He at once succumbed to the "appealing and imperative" fascination of Louis, though it had taken him much longer to appreciate the qualities of the elder cousin, a shyer and more elusive, though, if the report of more than one friend may be believed, an even rarer spirit. It is certain at any rate that Louis owed much to the inspiring influence and companionship of his kinsman. "Bob" Stevenson, as he was always called, was one of those men whose memory is all the more cherished by their friends because the full measure of their gifts was never given to the world. He was possessed of many talents and of at least one form of genius. By the common admission of all who knew him well, he was the best talker of his generation. Δῶρον ἄδωρον, it may be said (alas! that was his luck), but implying how many other qualities and attainments! It is unfortunate that the only achievements, excellent as they are, which he has left behind are in the medium most reluctant to him. He only took to writing comparatively late in life, and as a desperate resource. Mr. Low gives us an amusing and pathetic account of "the drastic measures taken to yoke his errant spirit to the plough." "He was given a task, and, at his own request, locked up in a room until he had accomplished the required amount of copy." He had wished to be a painter; but here, it is confessed, he was a failure, though Mr. Low says he had a remarkable feeling for colour, from which "under conditions more sympathetic" more perhaps might have resulted. He had a wide and varied range of interests, and all the arts were dear to him and familiar. Though he is best remembered as a critic of painting and, especially, as the author of the two books on Velasquez and Rubens (the only permanent salvage from a large output), he started writing, as Mr. Low reminds us, as musical critic for the *Saturday Review*.

> Until that time, with all our intimacy, I ignored completely that he knew aught of music. Later, one night in London, when in company with some professional musicians, I heard his brilliant flow of talk, interspersed with the use of technical terms and the weighing of nice distinctions of an art unfamiliar to me, but listened to with evident approval by his more savant auditors, I marvelled at his various gifts.

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2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library 615

133 **Beardsley.**—Young (Filson) When the Tide Turns, with *cold. frontis.* cr 8vo, cloth, fine copy, 1898 3s 6d

In Rupert Savage and Cyrll Midwood we see Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde.

Jisse 2019-03-18 University of Leeds Library

Glasgow News. 18 Dec 1908

Mr Filson Young's "When the Tide Turns."

TO THE EDITOR.

In your issue of the 10th inst. a contributor of literary notes makes the following remark about a recent work of mine:—

I have not seen it mentioned anywhere that Mr Filson Young's "When the Tide Turns," a novel of a distinctly clever though singularly unpleasant order, appears to have been founded upon the life story of Aubrey Beardsley. The artist's passionate devotion to line drawing, his strange unconsciousness of colour, his instinctive leanings towards the horrible, the morbid and the grotesque, rather than the beautiful in art, are strongly accentuated, in the person of Rupert, while the brilliant, erratic, and wholly non-moral literary genius, whose downfall brings about the social ostracism of the hero, is evidently intended as a fictional study of Oscar Wilde.

I shall be glad if you will give publicity—first, to my absolute denial of what your contributor supposes; and second, to my protest against the impertinence of an assumption of this kind—an impertinence no less to the memory of the two artists named than to me. Except that one of my characters was a "non-moral" poet, and that the other was an artist in the land of line-drawing for which Aubrey Beardsley was famous, there is nothing whatever in common between my characters and my alleged models—as your contributor would know if he had the slightest acquaintance with the facts either of Aubrey Beardsley's or Oscar Wilde's life.

FILSON YOUNG.

53 Upper Brook Street,
Park Lane, W.

Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde.

Jissen Women's University Library 2019-03-18

Era, Dec. 19. 1908

AMUSEMENTS IN ROTTERDAM.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROTTERDAM, DEC. 14.—

ANOTHER "off-night" at the Grand was devoted to a performance of Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*, by the Hagespelers. This company (the Players of the Hague) is under the artistic leadership of Edward Verkade, who is at the same time the leading man of the organisation. The business-management is in the hands of Mr. M. J. de Haan, who is at the head of a concert and theatre bureau at the Hague, and thanks to whose able and wise pilotage a number of dramatic and musical attractions are steering free of the many shoals that beset the artistic main. *Een Ideaal Echtgenoot* was carefully staged, and the dresses worn by the ladies of the cast were rich and tasty. The play as a whole caught the public taste, many of the telling portions of the dialogue being thoroughly appreciated. The acting was fairly even, Miss Meina Ir[illegible] a word of praise for her characterisation of the adventuress, Miss Chevely.

Jissen Women's University Library 2019-03-18

Tatler Dec. 9. 1908

Business and Pleasure.

"The public," Oscar Wilde once said, "knows the price of everything and the value of nothing," but such cannot be said [illegible] young

Jissen Women's University Library 2019-03-18 619

Sunday Chronicle. Dec. 6. 1908

A Wonderful Woman.

D'Oyly Carte was a poor man when he sealed a partnership with Gilbert and Sullivan in 1875. He was already a rich man when he caused the Savoy Theatre to be built in 1881. It was easily the most beautiful theatre in London for a long time, incredible as this may seem to present-day playgoers. The adjacent Savoy Hotel gave an impetus to the building of palatial public-houses in London, which is not spent yet. A little later, the English Opera House, though it failed lamentably, endured as the most remarkable music-hall in the world—and all this sprang from "Trial by Jury" at the dirty little Royalty.

Almost from the outset of his career Mr. Carte had an efficient assistant in Mrs. Carte, who, as Helen Black, had a brilliant career at London University. She chose to be known as Helen Lenoir, and became Mr. Carte's secretary and manager. Independently she ran a lecture agency, exploiting Archibald Forbes, Matthew Arnold, Oscar Wilde, and Sergeant Ballantine. The Savoy Hotel was the creature of her brain, and her pet scheme. Now, Mrs. Carte is actually the wife of Mr. Stanley Boulter, a distinguished lawyer who forsook the bar for finance.

Jisc 2019 03 18 Women's University Library

Bradford Observer. Dec. 17. 1908

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRAGEDY.

SHAKSPEARE UP-TO-DATE.

Mr. J. C. Powys delivered his concluding lecture of the series on "The Tragedies of Shakspeare" at the Bradford Mechanics' Institute last night. Mr. J. H. Heighton presided and there was a large audience.

Mr. Powys said that his object was to endeavour to draw from the four plays which had been considered in previous lectures, and other great tragedies of Shakspeare, a clear, definite, and unmistakable philosophy that might be called the philosophy of Shakspeare—Shakspeare up to date. He was not concerned with the stories of Shakspeare's life. He put aside Shakspeare the man in favour of the author. He (Mr. Powys) had staked his reputation on the fact that the philosophy of Shakspeare could be put on the table alongside that of other great philosophers. It was a very difficult task, and he asked his hearers to bear with him if he stumbled over it. With regard to the religion of Shakspeare, he said that in his treatment of religion he gave his assent to that remote, long pilgrimage of human feeling which, defined and made visible in dogma, ritual, and sacrament, had been called the church. He showed a curious bias in favour of authority. Only one religion for Shakspeare represented humanity. He thought they could draw from the plays a trend in favour of Roman Catholicism. For aught he knew Shakspeare might have been a Protestant, but if he was a Protestant in his reason in his heart he was a Catholic. There was a certain Catholicity in the plays. Shakspeare's temperament was objective, just as Mr. Bernard Shaw was essentially a subjective thinker. Shakspeare was drawn to Catholicism from his objectivity.

In consi[illegible] lecturer compared his ideas with those of Ibsen, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, and Friedrich Nietzsche.

Jissen 2009-03-18 University 621 library

"QUEEN MARIAMNE."

QUEEN MARIAMNE. By the Author of *Borgia*. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)

Three years ago, in reviewing *Borgia*, we spoke of the author as working in flashes and leaving long stretches of dulness between them. His new play is all flashes—flash upon flash of material splendour, of love and rage; and yet gleaming with a steady light that seems to be reflected from burning Eastern skies on ropes of jewels, marble, weapons, gold, and gorgeous fabrics. It is seldom that English work succeeds in presenting so vividly the atmosphere of the East—an atmosphere, at any rate, which convinces those who do not know the East. The reader's very senses seem to be assailed with the hot, dry air, the heavy scents of balsam and cedarwood, the cool marble, and the rare tinkle of water, the gleam and clash of jewels, the violent light and the sudden, artificial darkness, all the overpowering sensuousness of the days of ancient splendour. And the people are all tigers: Herod himself, the usurping Arabian, his sister Salome, Cleopatra. Even Mariamne herself, of the old Royal house, who passes through these scenes like a shadow, has something tigerish about her. They all seem to move swiftly, silently, and stealthily, and they are all beautiful with a kind of wild, animal beauty, for all that they are oiled and curled and dressed in the richest stuffs. Throughout the play, from the moment when Herod watches the rightful heir, young Aristobulus, bathing with his Gallish guard in the Royal pleasure-house, to that when Herod leans whispering over the embalmed body of Mariamne, this physical beauty is held insistently before us.

We have, then, once more a sumptuous spectacle, the vividness of which is not attained by any cataloguing or elaboration of detail, as in Wilde's *Salome*, but comes from the author's intense realization of his idea of the period. We have not, on the other hand, a first-rate play, though in this respect *Queen Mariamne* is an advance on *Borgia*. It is better constructed, more closely knit, and more concentrated; but not perfectly so. Its story is the historical story of Herod the Great up to the death of Mariamne his wife, very little, if at all, changed for poetical purposes. We have the murder of Mariamne's brother Aristobulus, the heir to the Throne which Herod has won; Herod's visit to Rome and Mariamne's confinement during his absence in charge of a keeper, who has orders to kill her if news should come of Herod's death; the betrayal of that keeper and his execution on Herod's return. Meanwhile Cleopatra, in love both with Herod and his city of Jericho, comes to complicate the relations of husband and wife; and after the King's second visit to the west, the story ends with Marianne's supposed attempt on his life (which here is shown to be a machination of Cleopatra in league with Salome) and her consequent execution. In all this the character of Herod is clear enough—the violent, crafty Edomite, a man of power and mighty passions, but still something of a *parvenu*, fearful for the affection of his Royal wife and for the Throne which he has not inherited. His love for Mariamne is a kind of fury, a possession; and suspicion, joined with that uneasiness of the *parvenu*, turn it naturally enough into a fury of hatred, in which passion still plays its part. He is a man of strange fancies and sick longings. Mariamne herself is a much finer, more subtle piece of work, and much harder to apprehend. Only with an effort—an effort well worth making—does one come close to this remote and silent Queen. Only once does she break down her constant reserve; and that is in a brief flash of rage at Herod's mother and sister, who have been goading her beyond endurance. For the most part she treats their jealousy and their "nagging" with quiet contempt, as she treats all the intrigues and insults of Cleopatra. Even with Herod she is reserved and silent; it is not from her words that we learn how her love for the man is at war with her contempt for the usurping barbarian and her hatred of the tyrant. It is certainly not from her words that we gain the unwavering consciousness of her superiority to all about her; the superiority of youth (there is always something virginal and girlish about her), of race, of beauty, and of character.

This Mariamne and the atmosphere we have described suffice to make the play worth attention. It contains, moreover, many outbursts of impassioned poetry. The author has been wise in not attempting to give his language a sham Biblical turn; we are not continually forced to contrast it unfavourably with that of the "Song of Songs." But the flow of the poetry suffers from the amphibious nature of a play printed in a book. These constant pauses, abrupt changes, half-finished sentences—all the things that need dashes and rows of full-stops to indicate—are effective on the stage, but they are annoying in print. The outstanding fault of *Queen Mariamne* is a jerkiness, both in the dialogue and in the conduct of the plot; but it is a fault that the reader will be inclined to overlook for the sake of the play's high passion and vivid actuality.

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS.

26 Dec. 1908

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS. By WILL H. LOW. (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s. net.)

The name of Mr. Will H. Low, an American artist of distinction, whose decorative and illustrative work is well known, has gained an even wider currency by an indirect channel. Hundreds of people who have never had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Low's own designs know him as one of the chief intimates of Louis Stevenson, as the friend to whom are addressed the interesting expository epilogue to "The Wrecker" and some of the most characteristic verses of "Underwoods." And it is in fact, as we see, as a chronicler of friendships, in which that of Louis Stevenson takes a foremost place, rather than as an autobiographer, that Mr. Low has written this pleasant, modest, and eminently readable book. The episodes of his own career and art are used only as the necessary framework on which to hang a series of "partial portraits," touched with a lively and kindly hand; true, no doubt, to fact as well as to friendship, and complete as far as they go, but drawn with a loyal and avowed *parti pris*. In Mr. Low's gallery there is no room for any but "advantageous" likenesses, and he is quite incapable of any of those back-handed strokes with which the candid friend (nowadays much in evidence) is wont to enliven his picture. His reminiscences of men and things, of whatsoever sort, are throughout untinged with any strain of bitterness; the sole *amari aliquid* to be found in them is the natural and inevitable one of loss and regret, and the passage of time's all-severing wave. The presentation might doubtless be supplemented all round; but allowing for Mr. Low's essential amiability of habit and method, we are able to enjoy a sufficiently vivid sense of the incidents and scenes and characters depicted, guessing a little at things unsaid and drawing here and there on our knowledge of life.

The kind of life here recalled is largely that of a particular province of Bohemia, a district usually regarded as specially lawless and irresponsible, though in reality no less than others subject to conventions and prescripts of its own. As Mr. Low quotes his friend R. A. M. S. saying to an offender, "You can do things in church, at home, that you can't do in Barbizon." It is in Barbizon and its neighbourhood, and in the students' quarter of Paris, that the scene is laid, at any rate in the chief part of the book. Mr. Low went to Paris as a young, eager, impecunious student in 1873, and soon became a pupil in the atelier of Carolus Duran. This was a bold step to take, for the revolutionary methods of the famous Carolus were under the ban of the academic hierarchy, though his pupils consoled themselves by repeating that they were "logical," always a great comfort to the French mind. He made them paint at once from the model, without going through the precious drill of drawing from the cast and the life, a seductive, but certainly arduous training. "Logical rectitude reinforced by the example of the great Velasquez are but feeble props for the despairing student struggling in the mesh of overpowering difficulty." It was while thus "floundering in colour and shapeless form" that Mr. Low in 1874 first met Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson, and a little later his cousin, Robert Louis, who had come on a visit. He at once succumbed to the "appealing and imperative" fascination of Louis, though it had taken him much longer to appreciate the qualities of the elder cousin, a shyer and more elusive, though, if the report of more than one friend may be believed, an even rarer spirit. It is certain at any rate that Louis owed much to the inspiring influence and companionship of his kinsman. "Bob" Stevenson, as he was always called, was one of those men whose memory is all the more cherished by their friends because the full measure of their gifts was never given to the world. He was possessed of many talents and of at least one form of genius. By the common admission of all who knew him well, he was the best talker of his generation. Δῶρον ἄδωρον, it may be said (alas! that was his luck), but implying how many other qualities and attainments! It is unfortunate that the only achievements, excellent as they are, which he has left behind are in the medium most reluctant to him. He only took to writing comparatively late in life, and as a desperate resource. Mr. Low gives us an amusing and pathetic account of "the drastic measures taken to yoke his errant spirit to the plough." "He was given a task, and, at his own request, locked up in a room until he had accomplished the required amount of copy." He had wished to be a painter; but here, it is confessed, he was a failure, though Mr. Low says he had a remarkable feeling for colour, from which "under conditions more sympathetic" more perhaps might have resulted. He had a wide and varied range of interests, and all the arts were dear to him and familiar. Though he is best remembered as a critic of painting and, especially, as the author of the two books on Velasquez and Rubens (the only permanent salvage from a large output), he started writing, as Mr. Low reminds us, as musical critic for the *Saturday Review*.

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2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library 622

Dec 18, 1908

HAMMERSMITH ETHICAL SOCIETY.

The subject presented for consideration at Flora Gardens School on Sunday evening was the relation between ethics and art. The speaker was Mr. Walter Hogg, LL.B., and Mr. Leighton occupied the chair. The lecture, while proclaiming the speaker's definite views as to the relationship, was characterised by the broad and open-minded treatment accorded to the important moral questions involved. The subject offered many provocations to discussion, and the audience readily availed themselves of the excellent opportunities for free exchange of opinion given at the meetings of the Society. As might have been anticipated, the question of indecent literature, studies of the nude in paintings and sculpture, etc., received much attention. In the view of the lecturer, such should be condemned as conducive to harmful effects far in excess of the benefits to be obtained from them. Works of art had undoubtedly very great ethical effect. Just as, in the contemplation of the scenery of nature, one is led to think on the wonder of the universe, so in the perusal of the works of, say, Rabelais or Oscar Wilde, one could not escape being imbued with the heavy atmosphere of sensuality, undeniably harmful in its effects, in which these works are steeped. Therefore, in the interests of our safety and happiness, art should give place to ethics, and the harmful influence should be removed even at the cost of the pleasure given by the wit and skill accompanying it. It was further objected, however, that this need not be, if the works in question were freely and openly circulated, as in France and Germany, and the people, by sheer familiarity, and by education, taught to enjoy them without harm. The harm would thus be nullified, while if, on the contrary, the publications were viewed in secret, as they would be, in spite of all precautions, the evil, as is well-known, would be magnified. Here the oft-disputed question as to the wisdom of suppressing anything whatever by legislation again was put forward as meriting serious consideration. It was also pointed out that art could be detrimental to our well-being in influencing us in other ways. Tennyson's poem, "Maud," was quoted as teaching quite bad politics, though as a work of art it ranked high. There was no connection between a great artist and a good man, as evidenced by the lives of many noted artists. To repeat, art, in the lecturer's opinion, should be subservient to ethics. Where a work of art was antagonistic to the good of the community, it should be sacrificed, even if in the censorship mistakes might be made sometimes.

During the evening two songs were charmingly rendered by Miss Bowman. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. F. Iselin will speak on the subject of "A Citizen Army."

DECEMBER 20. 1908.

SUNDAY TIMES.

A young playwright of promise, yet lacking in discipline, and all too prone to re-introduce the epigrammatic style of Oscar Wilde without possessing that great author's aristocracy of wit, has scored some success with two plays off his own bat, "The Education of Elizabeth" and "Bellamy the Magnificent," and an adaptation of Mr. Locke's novel "Idols," of which the court scene, being the almost accurate representation of the real thing, redeemed the melodramatic possibilities to some extent.

Sporting Life Dec. 21. 1908

A pleasant, sentimental piece was "Her Father" (adapted from the French by Mr Michael Morton), and Mr Roy Horniman's "Bellamy the Magnificent," with its epigram and paradox so reminiscent of the plays of Oscar Wilde, although its tragic ending was quite at variance with the rest of the piece, won [illegible] measure of success.

Manchester Guardian

Dec. 24. 1908

JOHN THE BAPTIST. A Play. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. London: John Lane. Pp. 202. 5s. net.

It is difficult to avoid comparison between Sudermann's austere, majestic, and profoundly moving "John the Baptist" and Wilde's "Salomé," plays written ostensibly round the same theme. There was discernment as well as wit in the Beardsley drawings to "Salomé"—the reckless anachronisms of faun and satyr, puff-box and pierrot, the stocking of Salomé's bookshelves with "Nana," "Manon Lescaut," and the "Fleurs du Mal." Wilde's play made no effort to mirror the past; its concern was its own exquisite and feverish perfection, the distilling of rare and subtle poisons, maladies of later centuries than the first. Sudermann's tragedy is essentially the tragedy of John, and the events of the play follow the simple lines of the story as it is to be found in Flaubert. "Malgré moi, je l'aime," says Antipas in the French. "Baptist, thou hast so long been my enemy, canst thou not possibly be my friend?" says Sudermann's Herod. Herodias the courtesan, Salomé the paltry little hussy, Herod himself, except in so far as he is a fellow-inquirer with John, stand outside the play, of which the strife is not between nations and creeds but in the bosom of the prophet. John is not shown to us as the savage old fire-eater of tradition, hurling defiance from the bottom of his cistern like some wild beast in its lair. He has heard of the strange gospel of love preached on the Galileean shore, the gospel that laid more stress on the gathering of the grain into the barn than on the everlasting burning of the chaff. Love to John has been a synonym for evil, for the braying of the ass and the whining of dogs in the spring, for the courtesan's preparing of her couch. He is tortured with doubt, doubt as to whether he has borne brave testimony and as to whether the Master will bear him out. We can think of nothing in the literature of the stage more touching than John's request that death may be delayed that he may hear from his messengers what manner of man this prophet of Galilee may be, or more impressive than the rapt ecstasy of his deliverances. This play makes one more impatient than ever of the day of tolerance on our stage of all great and noble themes. It contains some admirably human touches, such as the complaint of the greengrocer that it was less easy for him, who had to hold stock over feast-days, to be righteous in the sight of the Lord than it was for his more fortunate neighbour, the woollen merchant. In this country we are little likely to care how such a play would act. It is a profoundly beautiful thing to read. Miss Beatrice Marshall's translation is excellent, and reflects well the sombre glory of what is more in the nature of a canticle than a stage play.

Dec. 26. 1908

Birmingham Post

Mr. Lawrence Lowell's profound study of the British Constitution must have a place in any record of the year; so, in the realms of pure literature, must the initial volumes of the ambitiously planned Cambridge History and the Collected Works of Oscar Wilde.

MORNING POST.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—Please allow a non-University man to add a few names to "B. H. H.'s" list of University poets. Oxford has claims on John Lydgate and Stephen Hawes, John Heywood, Nicholas Udall, Sir Edward Dyer, Thomas Watson, William Warner, and probably Richard Barnfield; on that great trio—Lyly, Peele, and Lodge—on John Marston, George Chapman, and Philip Massinger, the dramatists; on the exquisite Samuel Daniel, and, according to Sir Aston Cokayne, on Michael Drayton, on Sir John Beaumont, Sir John Davies, William Browne, of Tavistock, and George Wither; also on Mr. Dobell's "discovery," Thomas Traherne. Denham, Cartwright, and Corbet, Lovelace and Henry King, Edward Sherburne, Thomas Stanley, Sidney Godolphin, and Davenant. Rochester and John Oldham carry the tradition down to Otway and Collins, after whom Cambridge for a period have much the best of matters, though I must mention the name of T. L. Beddowes.

In very recent days Oxford has almost a monopoly: Eugene Lee-Hamilton, T. E. Brown, Mr. Robert Bridges, Ernest Dowson, Oscar Wilde, John Addington Symonds, Mr. A. E. Housman, Lord Alfred Douglas, Lionel Johnson, Herbert Trench, Alfred Noyes, and Gerald Gould, in addition to those "B. H. H." refers to, being balanced by few, to my knowledge, save that genius, much under-rated as a poet, Frederick Myers. I must admit, however, that I do not know to which University Mr. Charles Doughty (perhaps the greatest of all), and many others belong, and am, therefore, very probably doing Cambridge an injustice. I might add to the Oxford list several living members of the Horace Club, and the name of John Ruskin, who was always a poet save when he deliberately wrote poetry.

Among Cambridge poets omitted by "B. H. H." may be mentioned John Skelton, George Gascoigne, Fulke Greville, Donne (who belonged to both, as did Braithwaite, Randolph, and perhaps Greene and Shirley), Henry Constable, Thomas Nash, John Still, Thomas Heywood, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Sir John Suckling, John Cleveland, Matthew Prior, John Byrom, Christopher Smart (also at Durham), W. M. Praed, and Charles Kingsley.—Yours, &c.,

J. W. H.

Dec. 16.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

SIR,—In your issue of the 12th inst. a correspondent has an interesting letter on Oxford and Cambridge Poets. He puts forth the old comparison of Oxford and Cambridge as poetic nurseries, and, while granting that "it may be chiefly a matter of chance whether a budding poet is sent to either University," claims that the comparison from certain standpoints is curious. After having scheduled the poets according to their Universities, he asks, "Can your readers add to or correct the list?" I gladly accept his invitation, and point out that in the list of poets claimed by Oxford the name of John Leicester Warren—afterwards Lord de Tabley—is not found. The omission is evidently an oversight. It is not necessary to attempt to justify Lord de Tabley's name in the list quoted, but I might quote the following from a short biographical notice of Lord de Tabley by Mountstuart Grant Duff: "A convenient opportunity of estimating Lord de Tabley's comparative merit is afforded by the volume in which Mr. Miles has brought together specimens taken from him and from a number of contemporary poets, including Mr. William Morris, Mr. Swinburne, and twelve others. It appears to me that he holds his own extremely well in this honourable company." Lord de Tabley, I believe, took his degree as a member of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1857.—Yours, &c.,

J. F. W. D.

Diocesan Chambers, Manchester, Dec. 16.

Wilde: Picture of Dorian Gray 144
" Works; Miscellanies.
" Reviews .. 96-193-351-384

Chicago Tribune

MONUMENT TO OSCAR WILDE?

Anonymous Gift Announced at Dinner in Recognition of Publication of Works.

[BY CABLE TO THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, Dec. 5.—One hundred and twenty-five dollars has been given toward the erection of a monument to Oscar Wilde in Père la Chaise cemetry, Paris, by a donor who desires to remain anonymous. Announcement to this effect was made at a complimentary dinner at the Ritz hotel to Robert Ross in recognition of his publication of Wilde's works in the face of considerable difficulty owing to the author's estate being in bankruptcy.

The large company present included Sir Martin Conway, the duchess of Sutherland, Lord Howard de Walden, who generally is supposed to be the anonymous donor of the monument; Edmund Gosse, William Archer, and H. G. Wells.

Mr. Ross, replying to a toast, said he had been informed in 1901 by the official bankruptcy court that none of Wilde's works had any literary or commercial value, but by sales of "De Profundis" at home and abroad he soon hoped to help pay off $30,000 of Wilde's debts.

Birmingham Post

Dec. 30 1908

The "Lotus Library" of Messrs. Greening is the richer by the inclusion of Flaubert's "Salammbo" and seven short stories of Pierre Louys which have been collected under the title of "Woman and Puppet," the longest among them. Louys, friend of Oscar Wilde, and author of "Aphrodite," is an artist first and last: one who has written fair literature and—other kinds. Here he is represented by characteristic work, which may do no harm to readers of mature years. Mr. Arthur Symonds contributes a critical introduction to "Salammbo," which might have come into the world without such adventitious aid. In its vivid colouring, its epic force and breadth, its extraordinarily successful evocation of the very atmosphere of a past age, it stands for ever among the masterpieces of historical fiction. It bears translation well.

Southport Guardian

Dec. 31 1908

Mr. G. F. Monkshood, who is already responsible for some of the most interesting issues in Messrs. Greening's "Lotus Library" (1s. 6d. net), the dainty and convenient series in which some of the best of modern French classics have been introduced to English readers, renders another obligation in his translation and adaptation of a volume of short stories by Pierre Louys, known a decade ago only as the friend to whom Oscar Wilde dedicated his "Salome," and now "famous throughout the land of Mind as author of Aphrodite"—"the most amazing study of antiquity since the Salammbo of Flaubert." Here under the title of "Woman and Puppet" we have a series of six exquisite short stories which followed the Aphrodite—"Woman and Puppet," "of deepest human intent"; "Leda," "Byblis," "The Artist Triumphant," and "A New Pleasure," superb little books"; and "The Hill of Horsel," a clever "fusing of fact and fiction." "Immortal Love," which completes the volume, is an adaptation from "Aphrodite," and the whole book is an interesting contribution to Anglo-French literature. In the Lotus Library is also issued a new translation, by J. W. Matthews, of Gustave Flaubert's great classic, "Salammbo." Mr. Arthur Symons, in an interesting introduction, discussing Flaubert's distinctive yet changing style—"each book has its own rhythm, perfectly appropriate to its subject matter."

2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library 623

2 West London Observer, Dec. 18, 1908

HAMMERSMITH ETHICAL SOCIETY.

The subject presented for consideration at Flora Gardens School on Sunday evening was the relation between ethics and art. The speaker was Mr. Walter Hogg, LL.B., and Mr. Leighton occupied the chair. The lecture, while proclaiming the speaker's definite views as to the relationship, was characterised by the broad and open-minded treatment accorded to the important moral questions involved. The subject offered many provocations to discussion, and the audience readily availed themselves of the excellent opportunities for free exchange of opinion given at the meetings of the Society. As might have been anticipated, the question of indecent literature, studies of the nude in paintings and sculpture, etc., received much attention. In the view of the lecturer, such should be condemned as conducive to harmful effects far in excess of the benefits to be obtained from them. Works of art had undoubtedly very great ethical effect. Just as, in the contemplation of the scenery of nature, one is led to think on the wonder of the universe, so in the perusal of the works of, say, Rabelais or Oscar Wilde, one could not escape being imbued with the heavy atmosphere of sensuality, undeniably harmful in its effects, in which these works are steeped. Therefore, in the interests of our safety and happiness, art should give place to ethics, and the harmful influence should be removed even at the cost of the pleasure given by the wit and skill accompanying it. It was further objected, however, that this need not be, if the works in question were freely and openly circulated, as in France and Germany, and the people, by sheer familiarity, and by education, taught to enjoy them without harm. The harm would thus be nullified, while if, on the contrary, the publications were viewed in secret, as they would be, in spite of all precautions, the evil, as is well-known, would be magnified. Here the oft-disputed question as to the wisdom of suppressing anything whatever by legislation again was put forward as meriting serious consideration. It was also pointed out that art could be detrimental to our well-being in influencing us in other ways. Tennyson's poem, "Maud," was quoted as teaching quite bad politics, though as a work of art it ranked high. There was no connection between a great artist and a good man, as evidenced by the lives of many noted artists. To repeat, art, in the lecturer's opinion, should be subservient to ethics. Where a work of art was antagonistic to the good of the community, it should be sacrificed, even if in the censorship mistakes might be made sometimes.

During the evening two songs were charmingly rendered by Miss [illegible]. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. F. Iselin will speak on the subject of "A Citizen Army."

Jissen 2019-03-18 University of Library

DECEMBER 20. 1908.

SUNDAY TIMES.

A young playwright of promise, yet lacking in discipline, and all too prone to re-introduce the epigrammatic style of Oscar Wilde without possessing that great author's aristocracy of wit, has scored some success with two plays off his own bat, "The Education of Elizabeth" and "Bellamy the Magnificent," and an adaptation of Mr. Locke's novel "Idols," of which the court scene, bei[illegible]sentation of the real thing, redeemed the melodramatic possibilities to some extent.

Jisc 2019-03-18 University of Leeds Library

Sporting Life. Dec. 21. 1908

A pleasant, sentimental piece was "Her Father" (adapted from the French by Mr Michael Morton), and Mr Roy Horniman's "Bellamy the Magnificent," with [illegible] reminiscent of the plays of Oscar Wilde, although its tragic ending was quite at variance with the rest of the piece, won [illegible] their measure of success.

2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library

Manchester Guardian

Jul. 24. 1908

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It is difficult to avoid comparison between Sudermann's austere, majestic, and profoundly moving "John the Baptist" and Wilde's "Salomé," plays written ostensibly round the same theme. There was discernment as well as wit in the Beardsley drawings to "Salomé"—the reckless anachronisms of faun and satyr, puff-box and pierrot, the stocking of Salomé's bookshelves with "Nana," "Manon Lescaut," and the "Fleurs du Mal." Wilde's play made no effort to mirror the past; its concern was its own exquisite and feverish perfection, the distilling of rare and subtle poisons, maladies of later centuries than the first. Sudermann's tragedy is essentially the tragedy of John, and the events of the play follow the simple lines of the story as it is to be found in Flaubert. "Malgré moi, je l'aime," says Antipas in the French. "Baptist, thou hast so long been my enemy, canst thou not possibly be my friend?" says Sudermann's Herod. Herodias the courtesan, Salomé the paltry little hussy, Herod himself, except in so far as he is a fellow-inquirer with John, stand outside the play, of which the strife is not between nations and creeds but in the bosom of the prophet. John is not shown to us as the savage old fire-eater of tradition, hurling defiance from the bottom of his cistern like some wild beast in its lair. He has heard of the strange gospel of love preached on the Galileean shore, the gospel that laid more stress on the gathering of the grain into the barn than on the everlasting burning of the chaff. Love to John has been a synonym for evil, for the braying of the ass and the whining of dogs in the spring, for the courtesan's preparing of her couch. He is tortured with doubt, doubt as to whether he has borne brave testimony and as to whether the Master will bear him out. We can think of nothing in the literature of the stage more touching than John's request that death may be delayed that he may hear from his messengers what manner of man this prophet of Galilee may be, or more impressive than the rapt ecstasy of his deliverances. This play makes one more impatient than ever of the day of tolerance on our stage of all great and noble themes. It contains some admirably human touches, such as the complaint of the greengrocer that it was less easy for him, who had to hold stock over feast-days, to be righteous in the sight of the Lord than it was for his more fortunate neighbour, the woollen merchant. In this country we are little likely to care how such a play would act. It is a profoundly beautiful thing to read. Miss Beatrice Marshall's translation is [illegible] sombre glory of what is more in the nature of a canticle than a stage play.

2019 Sophia Women's University Library 627

Dec. 26. 1908

Birmingham Post

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Jissen 2019-03-18 University Library

DECEMBER 17, 1908.

MORNING POST,

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POETS.

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J. W. H.

Dec. 16.

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SIR,—In your issue of the 12th inst. a correspondent has an interesting letter on Oxford and Cambridge Poets. He puts forth the old comparison of Oxford and Cambridge as poetic nurseries, and, while granting that "it may be chiefly a matter of chance whether a budding poet is sent to either University," claims that the comparison from certain standpoints is curious. After having scheduled the poets according to their Universities, he asks, "Can your readers add to or correct the list?" I gladly accept his invitation, and point out that in the list of poets claimed by Oxford the name of John Leicester Warren—afterwards Lord de Tabley—is not found. The omission is evidently an oversight. It is not necessary to attempt to justify Lord de Tabley's name in the list quoted, but I might quote the following from a short biographical notice of Lord de Tabley by Mountstuart Grant Duff: "A convenient opportunity of estimating Lord de Tabley's comparative merit is afforded by the volume in which Mr. Miles has brought together specimens taken from him and from a number of contemporary poets, including Mr. William Morris, Mr. Swinburne, and twelve others. It appears to me that he holds his own extremely well in this honourable company." Lord de Tabley, I believe, took his degree as a member of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1857.—Yours, &c.,

J. F. W. D.

Diocesan Chambers, Manchester, Dec. 16.

Jissen 2009-03-18 University Library

Jissen Women's University Library
2009-03-18
Works ; Miscellanies,
Reviews .. 96-193-351-384

Chicago Tribune

MONUMENT TO OSCAR WILDE?

Anonymous Gift Announced at Dinner in Recognition of Publication of Works.

[BY CABLE TO THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.]

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Mr. Ross, replying to a toast, said he had been informed in 1901 by the official bankruptcy court that none of Wilde's works had any literary or commercial value, but by sales of "De Profundis" at home and abroad he so[illegible] $20,000 of Wilde's debts.

Jissen Women's University Library 2019-03-18 631

Birmingham Post

Dec. 30 1908

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2019-03-18 Women's University Library 632

Southport Guardian

Dec. 30 1908

Mr. G. F. Monkshood, who is already responsible for some of the most interesting issues in Messrs. Greening's "Lotus Library" (1s. 6d. net), the dainty and convenient series in which some of the best of modern French classics have been introduced to English readers, renders another obligation in his translation and adaptation of a volume of short stories by Pierre Loüys, known a decade ago only as the friend to whom Oscar Wilde dedicated his "Salome," and now "famous throughout the land of Mind as author of Aphrodite"—"the most amazing study of antiquity since the Salammbo of Flaubert." Here under the title of "Woman and Puppet" we have a series of six exquisite short stories which followed the Aphrodite—"Woman and Puppet," "of deepest human intent"; "Leda," "Byblis," "The Artist Triumphant," and "A New Pleasure," superb little books": and "The Hill of Horsel," a clever "fusing of fact and fiction." "Immortal Love," which completes the volume, is an adaptation from "Aphrodite," and the whole book is an interesting contribution to Anglo-French literature. In the Lotus Library is also issued a new translation, by J. W. Matthews, of Gustave Flaubert's great classic, "Salammbo," Mr. Arthur Symons, in an interesting introduction, discussing Flaubert's distinctive yet changing style—"each book has its own rhythm, perfectly appropriate to its subject matter."

2019-07-18 Women's University Library 633

Fritz Thaulow and Oscar Wilde at Dieppe, 1897.

[Translated with the author's kind permission from the Norwegian of Christian Krogh.]

FROM early morning till seven at night Fritz Thaulow sat painting, painting. Even when talking with him in his studio one never saw his face, but only his back. The conversation turned mainly on his new method of painting, of which I had seen some examples in the last Salon. This method was called in Paris the Thaulow process. However, he had no intention of giving the secret away, and though I observed him closely behind a mask of assumed indifference, I could not by merely watching him paint discover the secret myself. At last I gave it up, and was leaving the room when he called me back and told me all about his method.

But, he said, that's not what I'm doing now. Far from it. I'm doing something much finer, much more delicate. What do you say to tubes of glass?—But that secret I'll never give away.

After some time I heard him calling all over the house for me. After all, he might tell me, he said, because the method was far too complicated for me to follow. It proved, in fact, difficult—far too difficult for me . . .

For several days he had been talking of inviting two young French painters who were working in the neighbourhood. I had seen these young fellows. They looked bright and pleasant enough, and also penniless. I particularly noticed that one of them never wore stockings.

Great arrangements were made for the dinner. The menu was carefully studied, and the wine-list well conned. There was no need to do this, I thought. Those brigands would be just as delighted with Chianti or cider.

I was still more surprised on finding that Thaulow, a little before dinner, had changed his grey velvet knee-breeches that bore the marks of painting and cycling for a pair of dove-grey striped trousers, white vest, long dress coat, and smart tie. So I went in and rubbed off one of my paint-spots.

But I understood it all when I came back. For to my amazement, Thaulow, who was evidently enjoying his little joke, introduced me, not to the young French painters, but to a tall, elegant gentleman of striking physiognomy—Mr. Oscar Wilde!

At dinner the conversation turned upon the Queen of England's Jubilee.

"I suppose it's really because she represents the greatness of England that the enthusiasm is so enormous," said Thaulow.

"Not at all; it's because of her personality. She is really a personality. She's a woman, a thorough woman, and superlatively aristocratic.

"Have you ever met her?"

"Yes, in a big garden party given by the Prince of Wales. I shall never forget her. She walked through the garden on the Prince's arm. She has the most exquisite bearing: thus—(he made waving motions in the air with his hands to indicate what he meant. He very often used his hands in this way to express his ideas.) She looked like a ruby mounted in jet. She is very small, and she moved thus—(here he imitated her walk with his hand on the table cloth.) Everybody moved aside as she approached. By the rules of Court etiquette no one is allowed to look at her face in front, but only in profile. This makes it rather difficult, for you have to take care when her eye rests on you. Then you must bow and move towards her. She gives her hand like this. (Here he lifted his delicate, aristocratic hand; and it struck me that he himself bore a resemblance to Queen Victoria.) She has the most beautiful hands and the most beautiful wrists. I stood there with Bastien Lepage. He was simply wild with enthusiasm. 'I must paint this woman,' he said. 'If I may paint her, I'll swear never to paint another woman in my life.' I promised to ask the Prince of Wales. The Prince replied that it was impossible. Bastien Lepage was inconsolable.

"She has the most delicate feeling and the rarest tact. Once she was going to open Parliament. There's a very ancient rule that on State occasions the Queen must not venture out unless accompanied by her chief lady-in-waiting. The chief lady must also be the first duchess in the land. At that time it was the Duchess of Sutherland.

"All the Court functionaries stood in the hall whispering to each other that the Duchess had not yet arrived. They were horrified. It was only a very few minutes to the time fixed for starting; and that, you know, is always to the second. Still the Duchess did not arrive. Another minute passed. Then they got a shock; the Queen herself appeared at the top of the stairs. What was to be done? Who dared tell her the incredible thing that the Duchess had not arrived? The Queen came to the very bottom of the stairs. She looked calmly round and asked, 'Where is the Duchess?' For a moment or two no one dared answer. At last one of the ladies advanced, 'Your Majesty, the Duchess has not arrived.' What would happen? The Queen did not move. She only folded her hands, those beautiful hands. She remained standing and waiting. Profound silence reigned. All eyes were rivetted on the entrance. Five minutes passed. No Duchess. Ten minutes. A carriage was heard. It is the Duchess, a young and very beautiful lady. She sees the Queen standing in waiting. She approaches with bowed head, stammering broken words. What would happen? Disgrace? Dismissal? 'It appears to me,' said the Queen, 'that your watch does not go well. Allow me.' She lifted with both hands, those beautiful hands, a priceless chain over her head, and hung it round the neck of the kneeling Duchess. On the chain was suspended the Queen's watch, set with diamonds forming her name."

"It must be intolerable to live under such etiquette," said Thaulow.

"Oh, they all become slaves, all of them. They don't live their own lives; they live other people's lives. The first and only question for them every morning is: How is Her Majesty to-day, happy or sad? The question begins right down below, and climbs the stairs until it reaches the attendants surrounding Her Majesty's bedchamber. The lady-in-waiting who can give any information acquires an enormous prestige. And as the answer returns, sounding through all the rooms downstairs, the expression on all faces becomes either happy or sad. Before the answer arrives the faces have no expression at all. A courtier's face has absolutely no expression in the morning till the bulletin appears. They are slaves."

"How revolting!"

"Oh, but they get to like it. It becomes second nature to them. If an old courtier is dismissed from Her Majesty's service, he grows wretched. He often dies of it. You see he cannot breathe in any other air. Courtiers and actors all live other people's lives. And most people really do so more or less. Everybody has someone concerning whom he asks: Is Her Majesty happy to-day or peradventure sad?"

"The Royal Family, I suppose, is very popular in England; even the foreign section of it?"

"Not the Emperor of Germany. He doesn't care much for England or English ways. He was extremely annoyed because he wasn't allowed to wear a uniform at the garden-party. He has, you know, marvellous uniforms. When he turns out in one he creates a sensation. Well, he was informed that it was not the custom to attend a garden-party in uniform. He addressed himself to his uncle, the Prince of Wales. But he was told it was quite impossible. Then he appealed to his grandmother, the Queen. She replied, 'I have never heard of a uniform at a garden-party.' So he had to come in an ordinary black coat like everybody else. And nobody looked at him; and nobody asked who he was. But he made up for it in the evening at the Opera. There in his box he looked magnificent in his gold and white, and everybody's eyes were fixed on him the whole evening."

"Well, he's quite an interesting man, quite amusing; not like the others."

"I don't know if he's anything in himself. But there have been two Royal personages really interesting—Rudolph of Austria and Ludwig of Bavaria. The one was murdered by his lover's brother. The other killed his doctor and then himself. They didn't live other people's lives."

"Don't you find that all actors are slaves? Sarah Bernhardt, for instance?"

"Oh, no, not Sarah. Sarah is a splendid exception in that, as in everything else. She is a great woman as well as a great genius."

"Strange that she can keep young so long."

"Oh, that's due to her caprices. She says herself, 'You never grow old so long as you indulge your caprices. When you cease, you grow old immediately.'"

"You have a famous actress in England now—Ellen Terry. Is she as great as Sarah Bernhardt?"

"No, she is only great as a woman. She is more of a woman than anyone I have ever seen, except Queen Victoria."

"Don't you think Watts the greatest English painter?"

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2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library 634

Fritz Thaulow and Oscar Wilde at Dieppe, 1897.

[Translated with the author's kind permission from the Norwegian of Christian Krogh.]

FROM early morning till seven at night Fritz Thaulow sat painting, painting. Even when talking with him in his studio one never saw his face, but only his back. The conversation turned mainly on his new method of painting, of which I had seen some examples in the last Salon. This method was called in Paris the Thaulow process. However, he had no intention of giving the secret away, and though I observed him closely behind a mask of assumed indifference, I could not by merely watching him paint discover the secret myself. At last I gave it up, and was leaving the room when he called me back and told me all about his method.

But, he said, that's not what I'm doing now. Far from it. I'm doing something much finer, much more delicate. What do you say to tubes of glass?—But that secret I'll never give away.

After some time I heard him calling all over the house for me. After all, he might tell me, he said, because the method was far too complicated for me to follow. It proved, in fact, difficult—far too difficult for me . . .

For several days he had been talking of inviting two young French painters who were working in the neighbourhood. I had seen these young fellows. They looked bright and pleasant enough, and also penniless. I particularly noticed that one of them never wore stockings.

Great arrangements were made for the dinner. The menu was carefully studied, and the wine-list well conned. There was no need to do this, I thought. Those brigands would be just as delighted with Chianti or cider.

I was still more surprised on finding that Thaulow, a little before dinner, had changed his grey velvet knee-breeches that bore the marks of painting and cycling for a pair of dove-grey striped trousers, white vest, long dress coat, and smart tie. So I went in and rubbed off one of my paint-spots.

But I understood it all when I came back. For to my amazement, Thaulow, who was evidently enjoying his little joke, introduced me, not to the young French painters, but to a tall, elegant gentleman of striking physiognomy—Mr. Oscar Wilde!

At dinner the conversation turned upon the Queen of England's Jubilee.

"I suppose it's really because she represents the greatness of England that the enthusiasm is so enormous," said Thaulow.

"Not at all; it's because of her personality. She is really a personality. She's a woman, a thorough woman, and superlatively aristocratic.

"Have you ever met her?"

"Yes, in a big garden party given by the Prince of Wales. I shall never forget her. She walked through the garden on the Prince's arm. She has the most exquisite bearing: thus—(he made waving motions in the air with his hands to indicate what he meant. He very often used his hands in this way to express his ideas.) She looked like a ruby mounted in jet. She is very small, and she moved thus—(here he imitated her walk with his hand on the table cloth.) Everybody moved aside as she approached. By the rules of Court etiquette no one is allowed to look at her face in front, but only in profile. This makes it rather difficult, for you have to take care when her eye rests on you. Then you must bow and move towards her. She gives her hand like this. (Here he lifted his delicate, aristocratic hand; and it struck me that he himself bore a resemblance to Queen Victoria.) She has the most beautiful hands and the most beautiful wrists. I stood there with Bastien Lepage. He was simply wild with enthusiasm. 'I must paint this woman,' he said. 'If I may paint her, I'll swear never to paint another woman in my life.' I promised to ask the Prince of Wales. The Prince replied that it was impossible. Bastien Lepage was inconsolable.

"She has the most delicate feeling and the rarest tact. Once she was going to open Parliament. There's a very ancient rule that on State occasions the Queen must not venture out unless accompanied by her chief lady-in-waiting. The chief lady must also be the first duchess in the land. At that time it was the Duchess of Sutherland.

"All the Court functionaries stood in the hall whispering to each other that the Duchess had not yet arrived. They were horrified. It was only a very few minutes to the time fixed for starting; and that, you know, is always to the second. Still the Duchess did not arrive. Another minute passed. Then they got a shock; the Queen herself appeared at the top of the stairs. What was to be done? Who dared tell her the incredible thing that the Duchess had not arrived? The Queen came to the very bottom of the stairs. She looked calmly round and asked, 'Where is the Duchess?' For a moment or two no one dared answer. At last one of the ladies advanced, 'Your Majesty, the Duchess has not arrived.' What would happen? The Queen did not move. She only folded her hands, those beautiful hands. She remained standing and waiting. Profound silence reigned. All eyes were rivetted on the entrance. Five minutes passed. No Duchess. Ten minutes. A carriage was heard. It is the Duchess, a young and very beautiful lady. She sees the Queen standing in waiting. She approaches with bowed head, stammering broken words. What would happen? Disgrace? Dismissal? 'It appears to me,' said the Queen, 'that your watch does not go well. Allow me." She lifted with both hands, those beautiful hands, a priceless chain over her head, and hung it round the neck of the kneeling Duchess. On the chain was suspended the Queen's watch, set with diamonds forming her name."

"It must be intolerable to live under such etiquette," said Thaulow.

"Oh, they all become slaves, all of them. They don't live their own lives; they live other people's lives. The first and only question for them every morning is: How is Her Majesty to-day, happy or sad? The question begins right down below, and climbs the stairs until it reaches the attendants surrounding Her Majesty's bed-

2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library 635

chamber. The lady-in-waiting who can give any information acquires an enormous prestige. And as the answer returns, sounding through all the rooms downstairs, the expression on all faces becomes either happy or sad. Before the answer arrives the faces have no expression at all. A courtier's face has absolutely no expression in the morning till the bulletin appears. They are slaves."

"How revolting!"

"Oh, but they get to like it. It becomes second nature to them. If an old courtier is dismissed from Her Majesty's service, he grows wretched. He often dies of it. You see he cannot breathe in any other air. Courtiers and actors all live other people's lives. And most people really do so more or less. Everybody has someone concerning whom he asks: Is Her Majesty happy to-day or peradventure sad?"

"The Royal Family, I suppose, is very popular in England; even the foreign section of it?"

"Not the Emperor of Germany. He doesn't care much for England or English ways. He was extremely annoyed because he wasn't allowed to wear a uniform at the garden-party. He has, you know, marvellous uniforms. When he turns out in one he creates a sensation. Well, he was informed that it was not the custom to attend a garden-party in uniform. He addressed himself to his uncle, the Prince of Wales. But he was told it was quite impossible. Then he appealed to his grandmother, the Queen. She replied, 'I have never heard of a uniform at a garden-party.' So he had to come in an ordinary black coat like everybody else. And nobody looked at him; and nobody asked who he was. But he made up for it in the evening at the Opera. There in his box he looked magnificent in his gold and white, and everybody's eyes were fixed on him the whole evening."

"Well, he's quite an interesting man, quite amusing; not like the others."

"I don't know if he's anything in himself. But there have been two Royal personages really interesting—Rudolph of Austria and Ludwig of Bavaria. The one was murdered by his lover's brother. The other killed his doctor and then himself. They didn't live other people's lives."

"Don't you find that all actors are slaves? Sarah Bernhardt, for instance?"

"Oh, no, not Sarah. Sarah is a splendid exception in that, as in everything else. She is a great woman as well as a great genius."

"Strange that she can keep young so long."

"Oh, that's due to her caprices. She says herself, 'You never grow old so long as you indulge your caprices. When you cease, you grow old immediately.'"

"You have a famous actress in England now—Ellen Terry. Is she as great as Sarah Bernhardt?"

"No, she is only great as a woman. She is more of a woman than anyone I have ever seen, except Queen Victoria."

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2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library 636

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Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

THE Mrs. Humphry Ward of France, M. René Bazin, has visited these shores, and has been interviewed. In comparing him to Mrs. Humphry Ward, I am unfair to the lady in one sense and too generous in another. M. Bazin writes perhaps slightly better than Mrs. Humphry Ward, but not much. Per contra, he is a finished master of the art of self-advertisement, whereas the public demeanour of Mrs. Humphry Ward is entirely beyond reproach. M. Bazin did not get through his interview without giving some precise statistical information as to the vast sale of his novels. I suppose that M. Bazin, Academician and apostle of literary correctitude, is just the type of official mediocrity that the "Alliance Française" was fated to invite to London as representative of French letters. My only objection to the activities of M. Bazin is that, not content with a golden popularity, he cannot refrain from sneering at genuine artists. Thus, to the interviewer, he referred to Stéphane Mallarmé as a "fumiste." No English word will render exactly this French slang; it may be roughly translated as a practical joker with a trace of fraud. There may be, and there are, two opinions as to the permanent value of Mallarmé's work, but there cannot be two informed and honest opinions as to his profound sincerity. It is indubitable that he had one aim—to produce the finest literature of which he was capable, and that to this aim he sacrificed everything else in his career. A charming spectacle, this nuncio of mediocrity and of the Académie Française coming to London to assert that a distinguished writer like Mallarmé was a "fumiste"! If anyone wishes to know what is thought of Mallarmé by the younger French school, let him read the Mallarmé chapter in André Gide's "Pretextes." In this very able book will be found also some wonderful reminiscences of Oscar Wilde in the same vein as those printed in last week's NEW AGE.

* * *

Speaking of the respect which ought to be accorded to a distinguished artist, there is an excellent example of propriety in Dr. Levin Schücking's review of Swinburne's "Age of Shakespere," which brings to a close the extraordinarily fine first number of the "English Review." Dr. Schücking shows that he is quite aware of the defects of manner which mark the book, but his own manner is the summit of courteous deference such as is due to one of the chief ornaments of English literature, and to a very old man. "A Man of Kent" ("British Weekly"), in commenting on the article, regrets its timidity, and refers to Swinburne as the "howling dervish" of criticism. This is the kind of lapse from decorum which causes the judicious not to grieve but to shrug their shoulders. Probably "A Man of Kent" would wish to withdraw it. I trust he is aware that "The Age of Shakspere" is packed full of criticism whose insight and sensitiveness no other English critic could equal.

* * *

By the way, the case of Jacob Tonson *v.* Claudius Clear of the "British Weekly" is proceeding. Claudius Clear would not put five guineas on his opinion, but he offered, if I would write the essay on "Work and Worry," to pay me for the right to print it in the "British Weekly." Lest I might be mistaken for Hackenschmidt, I accepted this suggestion. The essay is now written and in the hands of Claudius Clear, and will, I presume, appear in due course. Claudius Clear will take nobody's opinion but his own as to whether I have succeeded in doing what he defied anybody to do. But he has said: "I shall not be in the least surprised if he does succeed." I may be allowed to recall the terms of his challenge. After defending the platitudes of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson and quoting some extremely platitudinous sentences from Bulwer Lytton, he wrote: "We have any number of clever young men with an eye for what are called Tupperisms . . . but I defy any of them to write an essay, say, on 'Work and Worry,' which shall be readable, intelligent, and helpful without putting in some sentences as bad in themselves as any of Bulwer Lytton's." I shall expect Claudius Clear, if he thinks I have failed, to state exactly how and where.

* * *

Referring to Lord Alfred Douglas as a poet, I said recently: "I have an early and unprocurable volume of his that, to speak mildly, is not for sale." Lord Alfred Douglas has filled nearly a page of the "Academy" with abuse *apropos* of this statement. He says that in stating that I possess an unprocurable volume of his I made a "serious blunder." Of course, in one sense, no book is unprocurable. A first folio Shakespere is not unprocurable. I naturally meant that the book was unprocurable through the ordinary trade channels. It is. Lord Alfred Douglas admits that it is for the present out of print. He says, further, that in stating that my volume is not for sale I made a "further blunder of an even more serious nature," and he talks of solicitors. I know a great deal more about solicitors than Lord Alfred does. Still, I venture to repeat that my volume is *not* for sale. I suppose I ought to know. Though I was once one of the most regular contributors to the "Academy," that fact does not give the present editor and proprietor any right to dictate to me as to what books I must sell and what books I may keep. My statement was intended as a high compliment to the poet in Lord Alfred Douglas. It of course meant that nothing would induce me to part with the volume. It has caused pain instead of pleasure. I regret this. I also regret that Lord Alfred Douglas could not express his pain with more dignity. And he himself should beware of solicitors. To describe the Christmas plate of THE NEW AGE as "horrible" before he had seen it was an act which could not possibly be defended in a libel action as fair criticism.

JACOB TONSON.

New Truths for Old. By Robb Lawson. (New Age Press.)

At a time when so many ideas about the importance of psychology are flooding the country, it is not surprising that many literary writers should appear whose methods are perhaps more psychological than literary. It is only at rare intervals that Nature achieves a St. Augustine or Oscar Wilde, whose methods are both literary and psychological. These many writers are mostly occupied with the idea of self-revelation, with enlightenment not as to light, but as to soul-states. They see themselves, as it were, projected into space, and they see some at least of the errors in their own make-up, and endeavour to remove some of the ignorance which threatens their grasp of truth. So, in time, truth reappears tested by temperament. Thus in Mr. Lawson's book we watch certain forms of experience tested by a perverse temperament reappear as individual opinion. The value and trend of this opinion may be gathered from the curious titles of his essays; among them, The Decay of Individuality, The Futility of Speech, The Use of Eugenics.

As a psychological document the book is interesting and readable, and is, on this side, commended to all who are averse from the dross from lazy minds and seek the gold from industrious minds. The chief fault lies in its title, "New Truths for Old." A truth is never old, for what is a truth at any time is a truth for all time. Again, nothing is new except the old, and therefore the exchange suggested is impossible. You cannot exchange a thing for itself. The title thus should not be "New Truths for Old," but "The Sad Uses of Perversity."

Knowing that Lady Randolph was the friend in greater or less degree of several eminent literary men and women, English and foreign, the reader of her "Reminiscences" may be inclined to wonder during the first two hundred pages or so why she has nothing to say about them. In her earlier chapters we have scores of excellent little pen-portraits of kings and other rulers of the earth, leading politicians and quaint or important social figures; but of the writers of books—of men who are authors primarily and politicians only in a secondary sense—we have nothing until the volume already slopes downwards to its end. Then suddenly we come upon, first, Paul Bourget, then Wilde, and later, Marion Crawford, and after another interval, John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Clifford, Bernard Shaw, and John Morley, all grouped about the story of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*.

36 List of Miscellaneous Books.

WILDE (Oscar) Works of, *printed throughout on Japanese vellum*, 13 vols, 8vo, *vellum, gilt tops, other edges uncut*, A SUMPTUOUS EDITION, NEW, 26 guineas 1908

CONTENTS:—

Lady Windermere's Fan
The Importance of being Earnest
Poems
Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and other Pieces
De Profundis
Reviews
Salome, a Florentine Tragedy; and Vera
An Ideal Husband
The Duchess of Padua
A Woman of No Importance
A House of Pomegranates, and other Tales
Intentions, and the Soul of Man
Miscellanies

Only 80 copies of this edition were issued.

2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library 637

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2018-03-18 Bissell-Women's University Library 638

NEW AGE DECEMBER 17, 1908

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Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

THE Mrs. Humphry Ward of France, M. René Bazin, has visited these shores, and has been interviewed. In comparing him to Mrs. Humphry Ward, I am unfair to the lady in one sense and too generous in another. M. Bazin writes perhaps slightly better than Mrs. Humphry Ward, but not much. Per contra, he is a finished master of the art of self-advertisement, whereas the public demeanour of Mrs. Humphry Ward is entirely beyond reproach. M. Bazin did not get through his interview without giving some precise statistical information as to the vast sale of his novels. I suppose that M. Bazin, Academician and apostle of literary correctitude, is just the type of official mediocrity that the "Alliance Française" was fated to invite to London as representative of French letters. My only objection to the activities of M. Bazin is that, not content with a golden popularity, he cannot refrain from sneering at genuine artists. Thus, to the interviewer, he referred to Stéphane Mallarmé as a "fumiste." No English word will render exactly this French slang; it may be roughly translated as a practical joker with a trace of fraud. There may be, and there are, two opinions as to the permanent value of Mallarmé's work, but there cannot be two informed and honest opinions as to his profound sincerity. It is indubitable that he had one aim—to produce the finest literature of which he was capable, and that to this aim he sacrificed everything else in his career. A charming spectacle, this nuncio of mediocrity and of the Académie Française coming to London to assert that a distinguished writer like Mallarmé was a "fumiste"! If anyone wishes to know what is thought of Mallarmé by the younger French school, let him read the Mallarmé chapter in André Gide's "Pretextes." In this very able book will be found also some wonderful reminiscences of Oscar Wilde in the same vein as those printed in last week's NEW AGE.

* * *

Speaking of the respect which ought to be accorded to a distinguished artist, there is an excellent example of propriety in Dr. Levin Schücking's review of Swinburne's "Age of Shakespere," which brings to a close the extraordinarily fine first number of the "English Review." Dr. Schücking shows that he is quite aware of the defects of manner which mark the book, but his own manner is the summit of courteous deference such as is due to one of the chief ornaments of English literature, and to a very old man. "A Man of Kent" ("British Weekly"), in commenting on the article, regrets its timidity, and refers to Swinburne as the "howling dervish" of criticism. This is the kind of lapse from decorum which causes the judicious not to grieve but to shrug their shoulders. Probably "A Man of Kent" would wish to withdraw it. I trust he is aware that "The Age of Shakspere" is packed full of criticism whose insight and sensitiveness no other English critic could equal.

2019-03 Women's University Library

* * *

By the way, the case of Jacob Tonson *v.* Claudius Clear of the "British Weekly" is proceeding. Claudius Clear would not put five guineas on his opinion, but he offered, if I would write the essay on "Work and Worry," to pay me for the right to print it in the "British Weekly." Lest I might be mistaken for Hackenschmidt, I accepted this suggestion. The essay is now written and in the hands of Claudius Clear, and will, I presume, appear in due course. Claudius Clear will take nobody's opinion but his own as to whether I have succeeded in doing what he defied anybody to do. But he has said: "I shall not be in the least surprised if he does succeed." I may be allowed to recall the terms of his challenge. After defending the platitudes of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson and quoting some extremely platitudinous sentences from Bulwer Lytton, he wrote: "We have any number of clever young men with an eye for what are called Tupperisms . . . but I defy any of them to write an essay, say, on 'Work and Worry,' which shall be readable, intelligent, and helpful without putting in some sentences as bad in themselves as any of Bulwer Lytton's." I shall expect Claudius Clear, if he thinks I have failed, to state exactly how and where.

* * *

Referring to Lord Alfred Douglas as a poet, I said recently: "I have an early and unprocurable volume of his that, to speak mildly, is not for sale." Lord Alfred Douglas has filled nearly a page of the "Academy" with abuse *apropos* of this statement. He says that in stating that I possess an unprocurable volume of his I made a "serious blunder." Of course, in one sense, no book is unprocurable. A first folio Shakespere is not unprocurable. I naturally meant that the book was unprocurable through the ordinary trade channels. It is. Lord Alfred Douglas admits that it is for the present out of print. He says, further, that in stating that my volume is not for sale I made a "further blunder of an even more serious nature," and he talks of solicitors. I know a great deal more about solicitors than Lord Alfred does. Still, I venture to repeat that my volume is *not* for sale. I suppose I ought to know. Though I was once one of the most regular contributors to the "Academy," that fact does not give the present editor and proprietor any right to dictate to me as to what books I must sell and what books I may keep. My statement was intended as a high compliment to the poet in Lord Alfred Douglas. It of course meant that nothing would induce me to part with the volume. It has caused pain instead of pleasure. I regret this. I also regret that Lord Alfred Douglas could not express his pain with more dignity. And he himself should beware of solicitors. To describe the Christmas plate of THE NEW AGE as "horrible" before he had seen it was an act which could not possibly be defended in a liber action as fair criticism.

JACOB TONSON.

2019-03-18 Women's University Library 642

NEW AGE DECEMBER 31 1908

New Truths for Old. By Robb Lawson. (New Age Press.)

At a time when so many ideas about the importance of psychology are flooding the country, it is not surprising that many literary writers should appear whose methods are perhaps more psychological than literary. It is only at rare intervals that Nature achieves a St. Augustine or Oscar Wilde, whose methods are both literary and psychological. These many writers are mostly occupied with the idea of self-revelation, with enlightenment not as to light, but as to soul-states. They see themselves, as it were, projected into space, and they see some at least of the errors in their own make-up, and endeavour to remove some of the ignorance which threatens their grasp of truth. So, in time, truth reappears tested by temperament. Thus in Mr. Lawson's book we watch certain forms of experience tested by a perverse temperament reappear as individual opinion. The value and trend of this opinion may be gathered from the curious titles of his essays; among them, The Decay of Individuality, The Futility of Speech, The Use of Eugenics.

As a psychological document the book is interesting and readable, and is, on this side, commended to all who are averse from the dross from lazy minds and seek the gold from industrious minds. The chief fault lies in its title, "New Truths for Old." A truth is never old, for what is a truth at any time is a truth for all time. Again, nothing is new except the old, and therefore the exchange suggested is impossible. You cannot exchange a thing for itself. The title thus should not be "New Truths for Old," but "The Sad Uses of Perversity."

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WILDE (Oscar) Works of, *printed throughout on Japanese vellum*, 13 vols, 8vo, *vellum, gilt tops, other edges uncut*, A SUMPTUOUS EDITION, NEW, 26 guineas 1908

CONTENTS :—

Lady Windermere's Fan
The Importance of being Earnest
Poems
Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and other Pieces
De Profundis
Reviews
Salome, a Florentine Tragedy ; and Vera
An Ideal Husband
The Duchess of Padua
A Woman of No Importance
A House of Pomegranates, and other Tales
Intentions, and the Soul of Man

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Only 80 copies of this edition were issued.

Knowing that Lady Randolph was the friend in greater or less degree of several eminent literary men and women, English and foreign, the reader of her "Reminiscences" may be inclined to wonder during the first two hundred pages or so why she has nothing to say about them. In her earlier chapters we have scores of excellent little pen-portraits of kings and other rulers of the earth, leading politicians and quaint or important social figures; but of the writers of books —of men who are authors primarily and politicians only in a secondary sense—we have nothing until the volume already slopes downwards to its end. Then suddenly we come upon, first, Paul Bourget, then Wilde, and later, Marion Crawford, and after another interval, John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Clifford, Bernard Shaw, and John Morley, all grouped about the story of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*.

Books.

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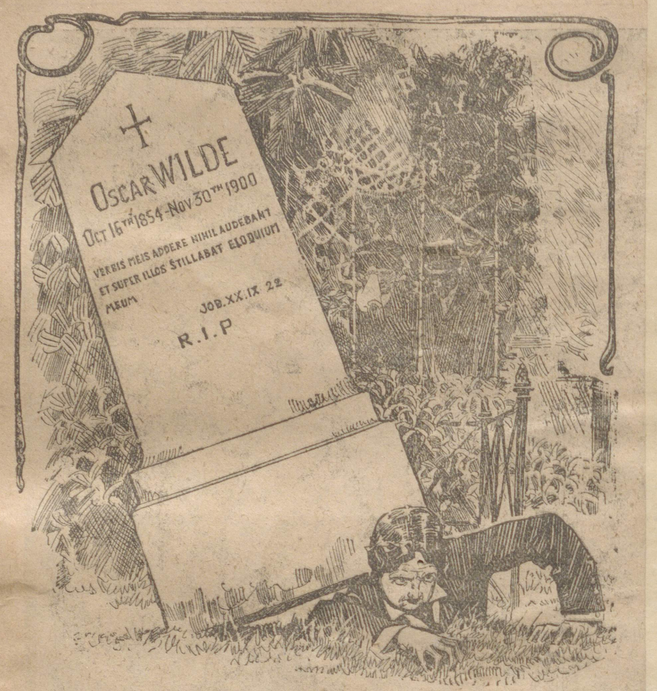
2019-03-18 Women's University Library 645



IS OSCAR WILDE ALIVE?

Is it Possible that the Famous Aesthete Accomplished His Greatest Paradox when a "Dummy" was Buried in His Grave—and Has He "Resurrected" Himself "Incognito"?

Northern Daily Telegraph (Blackburn)
Dec. 3 1908

A MONUMENT TO OSCAR WILDE.

The literary executor of Oscar Wilde, Mr Robert Ross, announces that, from an anonymous donor, he has received £3,000 for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to Wilde at Pere-la-Chaise. The only condition of the gift was that the monument should be carried out by the young sculptor Jacob Epstein. The announcement was made at a dinner given to honour the manner in which Mr Ross has carried out his duties as literary executor. Sir Martin Conway was in the chair, with the Duhess of Sutherland on his right. Mr Ross mentioned that the receipts from the production of Wilde's plays in Germany, together with the first proceeds of "De Profundis," had by the middle of 1906 paid off all the English creditors, with a surplus to satisfy in full the French cerditors.

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WAS that body which eight years ago was borne out of the little Hôtel d'Alsace, in the Rue des Beaux Arts, in Paris, and buried in the Cimitière des Bagneux—was it that of the aesthete? Was it that of the man who, dying, had taken with him all the bitterness and shame which had been heaped upon him, to hide it all for ever with his bones in the grave?

Or was it to an unknown man and not to Oscar Wilde that the last rites of the Church were administered on that rainy November day, while only Dupoire, the landlord of the little hotel and the priest were at the bedside?

This is the doubt that for more than a year has been whispered about the studios and salons of Paris and London, and that has now become crystallized in the minds of many many people as an absolute conviction.

Bit by bit the story has grown, bit by bit the evidence has increased until at last it stands out clearly, not to be passed over, a thing believed by nine-tenths of those who knew Wilde, and are familiar with his life after his discharge, broken and crushed, from Reading gaol.

If this be so, master of paradox that he was, Oscar Wilde has lived his greatest paradox. His life had become an epigram. Wilde loved both paradox and epigram.

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Into the story come the names of two great actresses, one of them dead, the other at the zenith of her triumph—Sibyl Sanderson and Mary Garden. For it was Sibyl Sanderson who, so runs this tale of the studios, covered Wilde with the mantle of oblivion and drew him out again into life.

It was to Mary Garden, who owes the first steps in her career to Sibyl Sanderson, that the actress, now dead, entrusted, when dying, the secret of the poet, and it was from Mary Garden that she received solemn promise to keep the secret and to be a friend of Wilde until the end, so it is said.

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Why was it that next day when Petuel entered the chamber Wilde would not speak to him nor indeed ever speak to him again? Why was it that the garçon could barely discern in the dimness any resemblance between the face on the pillows and that of the man who for months had jested and laughed with him? Why, if this were Wilde, was it that the new friends who had been constantly with him until then, were all so mysteriously absent the day that death came and did not appear until the following morning?

That Wilde embraced Catholicism in his last moments and died with a priest beside him has been the supreme mystery of his life to those who knew him and his mind. But there is no mystery if another had taken his place.

The little Rue des Beaux Arts runs one block only, and stops short right at the big gate of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, which gives it its name. Grisettes and students fill the old houses that line it. At No 13 is the Hotel d'Alsace. Into a second story back room of this house Wilde crept after every door in Paris had been shut to him. Five minutes' walk away was the great hotel Voltaire of his imperial days. At the back of the house was a small garden, and there he would spend his afternoons reading, writing, sipping absinthe.

Monsieur Dupoirier kept the Alsace. He had known Wilde in his prosperous days, and it was he who had offered him this shelter when his misfortunes had reached a crisis, after he had been turned out of the Hotel Marsollier because he could not pay his bills.

There he lived for months in the blackest melancholy until the most faithful of all friends, the man who had stood by him during his trial, during the life in prison, had made Italy possible for him and had watched over him like a brother, found him. After that Wilde no longer lacked money. But he lacked the only thing that made life worth living to him—applause.

It was on November 30, 1900, that the end came, an end of Oscar Wilde, so far as the world was concerned, at any rate. Death to the man in the room came suddenly, while all the poet's friends were away. For four days he had been critically ill, and three friends had been with him night and day. It was said that the crisis had come when they were not there. Only M. Dupoirier was present. He ran out and brought in a priest. Supreme unction was administered and the occupant of the chamber died with the crucifix at his lips. This conversion caused much surprise at the time, but it was explained that Wilde had

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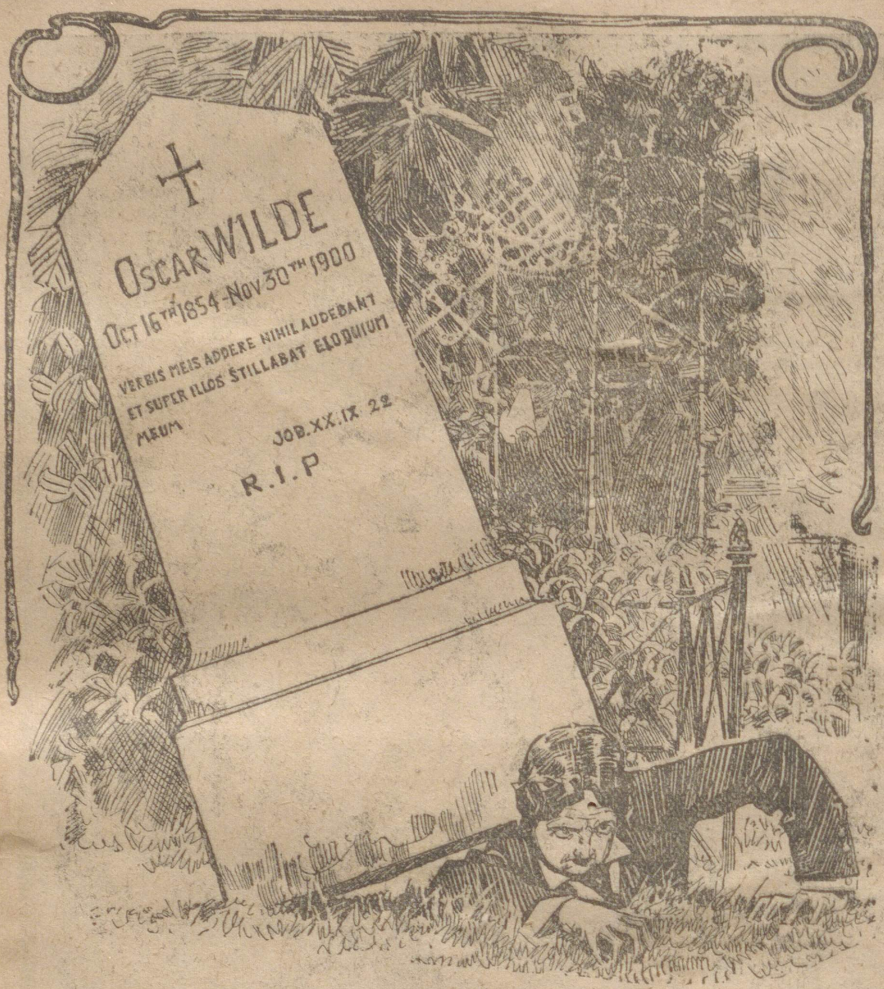

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2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library 647

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ILLUSTRATED POLICE BUDGET

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ちとかあつた。彼はふふの文人畫家
の自由な拘束さ小あり生活について話つた。
とらつけダウンのバックフェーめぐりに浴

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