



Jissen Women's University Rare Books
Honma Hisao Collection

Digital Archives of Mason Library

Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. 9

"SA
PRE
OPE

What
to be
rather
York,
brows
"Salom
politan
Sever
said th
so muc
cally k
splendi
duction
So "a
with a
shock
Chatelet
Richard
The o
the orch
Strauss
The
Wilde's
The
Herod's
quoting
both. P
the festi
Sudden
bouring
Jochana
the voice
advent
The P
prophet
her. N
the Prin
On see
him that
raboth h
dead at
not even
the Prop
DANCE O
Jochana
he curses
the wife
come out
cited by
vites Sal
drink fr
him.
Salome,
tion that
request
the "Dan
danced, a
at the Ki
ransom.
Prophet
pleader of
Herod o
of his kin
outfitter
and prose
heard.
Salome
hatched
to be inst
The ver

aily tel

HIS M

Mr. Tree's
the revival of
will give place
On Wednesday
Wilde's comed
the following:
Lord Illingwo
Sir John Post
Lord Alfred R
Mr. Kelvil, M
The Ven. Jam
(Doctor of W
Gerald Arbuth
Farquhar (Bat
Francis (Foot
Lady Hunstan
Lady Caroline
Lady Sturtell
Mrs. Allenby
Hester Worrie
Alice (Maid)
Mrs. Arbuthnot

Miss Hilda Moore.
Miss Marion Terry.

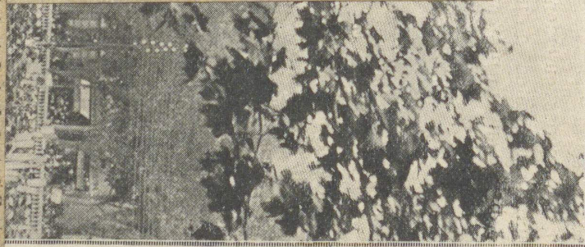
STRAUSS'S "SALOME."

Strauss's opera "Salome," which the English journalists were privileged to see in Dresden, impressed them more than it did their German colleagues. Curiously enough, the Germans were cold and critical, while the Englishmen fell completely under the spell. Certainly the opera owes little of its fascination to the "book." Wilde's play, on which it is founded, is a singularly frigid piece of work, for all the violence of its language. It is really a series of lyrics in the vein of Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," with a few suggestions from the Song of Songs thrown in to remind us that the scene is laid in Judaea and not in Paris; the passion of Salome for John is cold and mechanical; its very perversity becomes dull and platitudinous; her passionate declarations of love have no dramatic force, but are comparable rather in their effect to some lurid decorative frieze in a dark and gloomy chamber. Everything else is abstract, mechanical, symmetrically perverse. The play could thrill no one, but the opera is a succession of "thrills." The grinning skeletons start into life, and we get the impression that we are witnessing the play of human passion. It is an amazing transformation.

The opera is in three scenes, which run on without a break. In the first Salome induces her lover, Narraboth, to call John from prison, and declares her passion in language which John's denunciations only serve to inflame. In the second Herod and Herodias enter and quarrel over Salome, to whom the wife thinks that the father is paying too much attention. Then follows the dance, after which Salome asks for the head of John on a charger, and in spite of the entreaties of Herod, who is superstitious and cowardly, as well as lustful, obtains her request. In the next scene she takes from the dead man the kisses that the living had refused; and Herod, whether from jealousy or a revulsion of feeling, has her killed by his soldiers. It is a repulsive story, even in its barest outlines, and the details add horror, disgust, and terror. The poetic fallacy is employed freely; the skies pour on such wickedness; Herod hears the rushing of heavy wings in mid-air; and in an atmosphere of gloom, heavy with coming storms, the one steady light comes from Salome's infamous lust. The music succeeds where the words fail, because it can blur the details into moods. The whole effort of the composer is to create an atmosphere, to portray certain abstract states of mind; the opera is, in fact, a "tone poem," "programme music" to which the vocal parts supply explanation and commentary. Wagner never carried his theories quite so far as that. You could disarticulate the whole of "Salome"

and label each fragment with some abstract description, as "fear," "love," "horror," "anger," and so forth; it is a complete anatomy of sexual passion in music, expressed not in simple and easily recognisable *Leitmotive*, as with Wagner, but in elaborate musical equations, subject to endless variations and refinements, and thrown out in violent contrast against the darkest and gloomiest of backgrounds. For the time the illusion is complete. It is only afterwards that one begins to realise that we have been in a museum and not amongst real men and women. Artistically the music is justified by the subject, but the quality of the emotion is, one suspects, poor enough. Musical criticism of "Salome" would only be possible to persons of musical learning, and even then only after long and careful study of the score. But on general grounds one feels pretty certain, with some of the Germans to whom I talked, that the opera does not show the true future development of music. It is too much occupied with the extremes; it completely ignores the middle register of human emotions, in which the fullest and subtlest harmonies lie; the result is often small enough compared with the musical means taken to secure it. One can imagine a genius writing a tune for a tin whistle which would touch a deeper and more genuine emotion than "Salome," with all its orchestral polyphony.

The performance at Dresden was exceedingly fine in every respect; the Salome of Frau Krull was as great an achievement in acting as in singing. The "Salome" at Dresden and the "Tannhäuser" at Munich (which we saw on the following day) filled one with bitter regrets over the neglect of opera in Manchester. What is possible at Dresden and Munich cannot be impossible at Manchester, the centre of a far greater population and wealth, and the home of an orchestra which, under Dr. Richter, is, or could easily become, superior to any in Germany. At Cologne there is a municipal orchestra, which gave us a charming concert before dinner in the Gürzenich. I forget exactly how much the Manchester Corporation paid for the "Captive Andromache" or how much it pays for the contemptible musical performances in the parks, but if a municipality is to do service for art I wish someone would rise and urge the claims of musical art. In Manchester, of all places, music ought not to be left in the position of Cinderella. Is there no room on the Infirmary site for a hall capable of being used as an opera-house on occasion, where Manchester, with the help of Dr. Richter's orchestra, could revive its old reputation as the musical capital of England?



the music... of interest
and use to Strauss enthusiasts;
especially to those who already possess
a score.

are most divided. Many hold that
Strauss's orchestra entirely mars the
drama, and so is an artistic failure.

"SALOME" IN PARIS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Tuesday Night.

Paris gave an extraordinary welcome last night Dr. Richard Strauss and to his opera on Oscar Wilde's "Salome," sung in German by the best company of singers in Germany, and stage-managed by Löwenfeld, of the Stuttgart Theatre Royal. The President of the Republic, Mmes. and Mdlles. Lilies occupied a box, and "all Paris" filled the theatre. The old Châtelet had not seen such a throng for many an evening. Not to have been "Salome" last night ruled a Parisian out of the fashion smart set, and those who failed to get there furiously making up for a lost opportunity by king seats for the next performance. The offices of Mme. Astruc, who manages the undertaking, are crowded all day with people who consider it a favour to be allowed to buy tickets at large prices. Richard Strauss, for all his apparent detachment and the which seems to say that he cares not a rap what audiences may think, must have been inwardly sed when the "Tout Paris" called him twelve or so, with Frau Destinn and Herren Burrian Feinhals, after the curtain. No composer has been a greater or more sudden "draw" in Paris since 1893.

Honest critics who saw "Salome" once in Germany could judge it on one hearing must be men of just. Barring those, the best-trained ear cannot quite "take in" and remember after a single performance the extraordinary music of Dr. Strauss's work, which plays in about an hour and three-quarters. One can but record impressions, some like, some picturesque, others haunting and terrible. The one that stands out foremost is that of climax, fearful in the story and as fearful in music. Herod, exasperated by Salome's dogged hours for the head of Jokanaan, sends the ring of the death-warrant to the executioner, standing with drawn scimitar, who steps down into the pit. No voice is heard, but the orchestra sounds a terrible, long-drawn murmur. Salome then sings watching, and the murmur of strange sounds, which one feels one never heard the like before, on in the orchestra. It becomes gradually fiercer and higher pitched. The strings bring in an aching combination of sounds, not loud but fearfully lent. The feeling of tension and agonising enas produced by the music is an effect of sheer us. The strident strings work on the nerves till thinks one can bear it no longer. A horrible and arthly scream from the orchestra, and one knows head has fallen. Note that the orchestra gives rash or percussion, which would have been the ous effect for an everyday dramatic composer.

lays on discreetly and with restraint throughout scene, but works up in the hearer's mind a subtle or. Salome receives the head, kisses the lips, holds the salver aloft in triumph. The effect of music changes to furious and gloating endasam. Salome's long soliloquy is a marvellous of music. It never drags for a moment or falls one from wonderful characterisation. Salome, ting horribly and railing horribly at the dead is of the Song of Solomon, furious with desire passionately despairing, is painted in every mood the subtlest and most penetrating, varied, and erful music. If critics continue to find no melody Richard Strauss after Salome's monologue, their is hopeless. Her moods are expressed in arrest-themes, and her thirst of desire in a magnificent use. The end now comes swiftly. Herod peers from beneath the cloak which has hidden his, orders the lights to be put out, mounts to a r, suddenly turns ordering Salome's death, and second the men-at-arms have crushed her under r huge shields.

on all that leads up to the great climax one many intense impressions. Perhaps, the first is n by the voice of John the Baptist rising in ne melody from the pit. Throughout the play wards the contrast between the holiness of nman, and the passion, the fever, and the fret of round him, is dramatically kept up by the comr. Yet the scene between Jokanaan and Salome ng "I will kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan," remains vividly in the memory than one would have exed. A second hearing might deepen the impresed. But a first leaves one with the thought that me's perverse passion is less strongly told by the de then than later. But this scene after the

entrance of Herod cannot be forgotten. Herod's character, frothy, cruel, depraved, and fearful, is painted in the music of his speeches with marvellous intensity. The man lives at once when we have heard him for a moment. Another amazing impression is left by the quintet of the five disputing Jews, which is a masterpiece of part writing, a marvel of picturesqueness and humour, and a terror to singers. Herod has silenced the Jews, and asks Salome to dance. The speeches with which he wheedles her are musically admirable. The dance of the seven veils is already famous. One need hear its accompanying music only once never to forget the astonishing touches of fantastic and perverse voluptuousness with which it begins. Merely in the use of wood-winds which capriciously banter with curious fragments of themes, the composer shows an extraordinary imagination. After the dance comes one of his subtle touches. Herod has promised Salome whatever she may ask for. She says, softly, "I will have on a salver—" and is interrupted by Herod laughing and pleased, then, when he has done, adds, "the head of Jokanaan." She coos the words softly on a phrase which haunts one, rising to altissimo on the name "Jokanaan." The phrase remains in the ear as a marvellous expression of perverse and cruel desire. After that she repeats the words on different phrases, obstinate, angry, and, at last, fierce and furious, when Herod gives way, and the stupendous climax comes.

Paris has ratified the verdict that this is the greatest music drama since Wagner. Even a first impression, however inadequate, of so extraordinarily complex a score, is indelible. The music is essentially and perfectly dramatic. It keeps the ear constantly interested, and it is constantly developing and illuminating the story played on the stage. All one can say against it is that it is too full of ideas, too much crowded with meanings, and that a first hearing overwhelms and exhausts the hearer. The rendering last night cannot, I think, ever have been bettered. Frau Destinn, in spite of a rather unsuitable physique, is the real Salome, with all her passion and devilry, and her singing was magnificent. Herr Burrian's Herod is an even finer piece of acting, and he is an equally fine singer. He expresses the depraved weakness and the hideous humour of the character with marvellous intensity. Herr Feinhals's splendid voice chants magnificently the prophetic speeches of Jokanaan, but his make-up is rather stagey. Frau Sengern, of the Leipzig Stadttheater, an effective actress and singer, was Herodias. "Luo tour de force of the Jews' quintet was accomplished by the chorus of one bass and four tenors with mastery dexterity. Under the leadership of Dr. Strauss, the orchestra, on which lies by far the heaviest burden of one of the most difficult scores ever written, played admirably. Mdlle. Trouhanova, of the Monte Carlo Opera, who impersonated Salome for the dance of the seven veils, rendered plastically the spirit of the music with intelligent art.

Morning Post,

"SALOME" AT THE CHATELET.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, MAY 7.

The production of "Salomé" at the Châtelet has been one of the most eagerly anticipated events of the theatrical season, and tickets for the dress rehearsal (which has gradually taken the place of the first night in the Paris theatrical world) were distributed with jealous care among a host of importunate claimants. The drama of Oscar Wilde, blended with the music of Richard Strauss, is like an incrustation of gorgeous jewels interwoven with the threads of some glowing drapery, with this defect, that the sparkle of the one is at times half smothered in the exuberant richness of the other. Written originally in French, the words were rendered last night in German, which, perhaps, was a change that made for greater effect and harmony. Judged as a drama the poem was certainly prolific in situations of dramatic intensity.

Salomé (Frau Emmy Destinn, of the Royal Opera, Berlin) lacked at the commencement the bearing one might expect of the daughter of the Tetrarch's Queen. She scolded the soldiers rather than commanded them, and coaxed Narraboth, the Captain of the Guard, instead of seeming to lure him. But as the action of the play developed she did full justice to the character of the Princess as Wilde portrayed her, a feline, raging, caressing being, mad and cunning with sinister passion. The difficult part of Jokanaan,

the Prophet, was played by Herr Fritz Feinhals, of the Royal Theatre, Munich, and his entrance was one of the most striking stage effects that I have seen. A strained and expectant hush fell on the scene; Princess, Syrians, and guards watched breathlessly the well-like mouth of the great cistern, and after what seemed an interminable agony of waiting the fearsome hidden Thing, the wild seer of the wilderness whom none could silence and none could rede, came forth like some majestic, untameable beast driven into the light of day. Compared with his stark, menacing mien and thunderous bodings of calamities and retributions, the voluptuous sinuosity and extravagant posturings of Salomé, with her insensate erotic invocations, made a highly effective contrast. And then came the Prophet's return to his dungeon, amid an orchestral accompaniment of embodied fear and foreboding that receded and receded and yet seemed as if it would never die away; and the baffled Princess is left standing alone, with a background of whispering, staring soldiers.

The Herod of Herr Burrian was sufficiently well acted, but in a vein one associates more with some bustling nervous medieval Burgomaster than with the gloomy Idumean despot. "The Tetrarch wears a sombre look" is remarked by one of the characters in the play, but the Herod of last night was fuming or boisterous rather than sombre, and his quarrels with Herodias degenerated into squabbles.

The dance of the Seven Veils (which was gracefully executed by Mlle. Trouhanova, of the Opéra, Monte Carlo) led up to another dramatic episode, when Salomé, panting, malicious, with smouldering triumph in her caressing voice, sends a shiver of horror through the assembly by demanding the head of Jokanaan. Herod offers as a substitute everything that his terror and agitation can suggest: his precious stones, his gifts from Caesar, his magic-working talismans, his wonderful droves of white peacocks, even (to the scandal and alarm of the Jews at his Court) the Veil of the Temple. But, he is bargaining with love and hate, and a woman, and he cannot beat down the price. "Give me the head of Jokanaan," is the coldly-reiterated answer that comes from Salomé's hungry lips. And the Death-ring is given to the Nubian executioner, who carries a sharp sword and a great silver dish down into the mouth of the cistern. Then there is another hush of strained waiting and watching. Salomé alone moves restlessly at the mouth of the cistern, alternately listening and chafing like an unfed beast of prey. Then there is a murmur and a cry and a general falling away of the crowd gathered round the Tetrarch's seat; the arm of the executioner has emerged from the dungeon stair head, thrusting into the light of the blazing torches something swathed in a crimson wrapping. With a cry of joy the daughter of Herodias seizes her spoil, the guerdon of her dancing for the Tetrarch. "Ah! thou wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan. Well! I will kiss it now." And, as she kneels there, fondling and loving the dead thing she has killed, like some lithe feline purring over its prey, the torches are quenched and the scared spectators steal away and leave her alone in her grisly orgy. And there the curtain should come down. The final onrush of the soldiers, who strike her down to her death with their bucklers at Herod's command, adds nothing to the horror of the tragedy, and is not convincing.

I have attempted to deal with the piece from the dramatic aspect only. The orchestral accompaniment was rendered by 110 musicians of the Association des Concerts Colonne, conducted by Herr Richard Strauss himself, who shared in the enthusiastic applause which greeted the close of the play. Possibly the piece was not entirely to the taste of the audience as a whole, but those who appreciated its sumptuous setting and dramatic rendering were unstinting in their approbation, and the curtain had to be raised again and again.

Bath Chronicle, May 2.

Messrs. Vickars send the very interesting, if correct, information that the late Oscar Wilde is supposed to be the author of a book entitled "A Holiday in Hades," which they propose to issue under the pseudonym of "David Scoffern." We are accustomed to the continual returns to activity of the shade of the late Adeline Sargant, but it is another matter when authors of the rank of Oscar Wilde renew their literary labours.

"SALOME" IN PARIS.

PRESENTATION TO-NIGHT AT
 THE CHATELET.

OPERA THAT SHOCKED.

What will Paris say? Will "she" refuse to be shocked? New York recently (or rather the protectors of the morals of New York, such as Mr. Comstock) reared its brows in shocked surprise at Oscar Wilde's "Salome" when presented at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Several well-known ladies in New York said they "never enjoyed a musical play so much." But "Salome" was metaphorically kicked out of the Empire city—a splendid advertisement for the later productions in various American cities.

So "Salome" visits Paris this evening with a halo of notoriety. Will "she" shock Paris? "Her" appearance at the Chatelet, accompanied by the music of Richard Strauss, is her debut in France.

The opera will be sung in German, and the orchestra will be conducted by Richard Strauss in person.

The following is a short analysis of Wilde's poem:

The scene represents the terrace of Herod's Palace. At the door of the banquetting hall stands a young officer, Narraboth. Princess Salome, who has fled from the festival, appears.

Suddenly, from the bottom of a neighbouring cistern, in which the prophet Jochanaan is imprisoned, there is heard the voice of the prisoner, who predicts the advent of a new religion.

The Princess imperiously insists on the prophet being brought forth and shown to her. Narraboth consents, out of love for the Princess.

On seeing Jochanaan, the Princess tells him that she loves him passionately. Narraboth hearing this kills himself, and falls dead at the Princess's feet, but she does not even see him, so taken up is she with the Prophet.

DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS.

Jochanaan, however, scorns the Princess; he curses her, and her mother, Herodias, the wife of Herod. Herod and his guests come out of the banquetting hall, and, excited by the wine he has drunk, he invites Salome to eat fruit with him, to drink from his cup, and to dance with him.

Salome, after refusing, agrees on condition that Herod swears to grant her any request she may make. Herod swears, and the "Dance of the Seven Veils" is then danced, after which she falls exhausted at the King's feet. She then demands her ransom, which is that the head of the Prophet shall be brought to her on a platter of silver.

Herod offers her in vain all the wealth of his kingdom, but she insists. The executioner is sent down into the cistern, and presently reappears with the Prophet's head.

Salome gluttonously kisses the lips of the butchered prophet, and Herod orders her to be instantly put to death.

The verdict of Paris is awaited.

Paris

DAILY MAIL, MAY 8, 1907.

A WONDERFUL DANCE.

"SALOME" FIRST NIGHT AT THE VARIETIES.

Though the great "Salomé" production at the Chatelet, about which everyone is talking for the moment, was postponed from last evening until to-night, Paris had a "Salome" first night at the Variétés, to whose review—the brightest, prettiest, and funniest show "in town"—a dance has been added which should draw well nigh as many people as the now famous adaptation of Oscar Wilde's play itself.

Anything more wonderfully graceful than this dance of Miss Maude Allan it would be difficult to imagine. Snake-like is perhaps the best description of her curiously lithe movements, and there is something literally fiendish in her dance of triumph round the Baptiste's head—a fiendishness which never for one moment comes anywhere near the ridiculous, than which nothing would have been easier.

To introduce so tragic an item into a programme whose chief feature is its caricature of all that is up-to-date was a daring experiment on the part of the management of the Variétés; but they have found in Miss Allan a dancer whose motion is real poetry, and whose movements would tell their story without the aid of stage accessories.

So deep was the impression made on the audience that it took some little while before M. Brasseur and his brilliant supporters could get them back into laughing humour.

"The Revue du Centenaire," by the way, seems to grow more successful as it grows older. Last night there was not even a "straportaire" to be had, and the whole piece went off like a dream.

May 9.

DAILY CHRONICLE,

"SALOME" IN PARIS.

[From Our Correspondent.]

PARIS, Wednesday.

Oscar Wilde's musical drama "Salome," with music by Richard Strauss, was produced to-night at the Châtelet, and was enthusiastically received by a crowded audience. The dress rehearsal on Monday night was witnessed by M. Fallières and several members of the Ministry. Seats had been booked long in advance, and to-day many of those changed hands at high prices.

Herr Strauss, who came specially from Berlin for the purpose, conducted in person, the opera being sung in German. Frau Emmy Destinn, of the Berlin Royal Opera, appeared in the name part. Herr Burian, of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, was the Herod, and Herr Fritz Feinhals, from Munich, appeared as John the Baptist.

The composer and the whole company were repeatedly called before the curtain.

Pall Mall Gazette,

May 7.

There was a brilliant audience at the "répétition générale" of Wilde's "Salomé" at the Châtelet, in Paris, last night, Reuters those present including M. and Mme. Fallieres, the Austrian and Ambassadors, the Ministers M.M. Pichon, Briand, Bartholomson. Herr Strauss conducted.

2019 Josephine Women's University Library 84

At the present time Mr. Tree is busily engaged upon rehearsals of Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," which is to be revived at His Majesty's in about a fortnight or three weeks' time. Miss Ellis Jeffreys has been persuaded to cross the Atlantic to take a leading part in the production, and others figuring prominently in the cast will be Miss Kate Cutler, Mrs. Calvert, Miss Kate Bishop, Miss Viola Tree, Mr. Charles Allen, Mr. Frederick Lewis, Mr. Charles Quartermaine, and Mr. Fisher White.

It is extremely probable that other leading members of His Majesty's company—Miss Constance Collier, Mr. Lyn Harding, and Mr. Basil Gill—will be seen in the Drury Lane production of the American-Indian play, "The Last of His Race," which was successfully tried at Glasgow a few weeks ago. Another play of American origin, named "Strong Heart," which has an entirely Transatlantic atmosphere, is to be produced at the Aldwych to-night, with Mr. Robert Edeson in the principal part. At the present time, in fact, London is revelling in a real live American season. At the Waldorf Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe are making a host of admirers in their Shakespearean and romantic roles; there are typical American plays at the Hicks and Terry's and the Comedy, and, in addition to the pieces mentioned at the beginning of the paragraph, an American syndicate has possession of the Shaftesbury. After this the idea that American goods are boycotted on this side may surely be regarded as exploded.

only Telegraph. May 9

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Tree's arrangements at His Majesty's include the revival of "Julius Cæsar" next Saturday, which will give place to "Trilby" on Saturday, the 18th. On Wednesday, the 22nd inst. he will present Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," with the following cast:

Lord Illingworth	Mr. Tree.
Sir John Pontefract	Mr. J. Fisher White.
Lord Alfred Rufford	Mr. Langhorn Burton.
Mr. Kelvil, M.P.	Mr. Charles Allan.
The Ven. James Daubeny, D.D. (Rector of Wrockley)	Mr. Edmund Maurice.
Gerald Arbuthnot	Mr. Chas. Quartermaine.
Farquhar (Butler)	Mr. Clive Currie.
Francis (Footman)	Mr. F. Cowley Wright.
Lady Hunstanton	Mrs. Charles Calvert.
Lady Caroline Pontefract	Miss Kate Bishop.
Lady Stutfield	Miss Kate Cutler.
Mrs. Allenby	Miss Ellis Jeffreys.
Hester Worsley	Miss Viola Tree.
Alice (Maid)	Miss Marion Terry.
Mrs. Arbuthnot	Miss Marion Terry.

Jissen 2019-03-08 Universal Library

MAY 10, 1907.

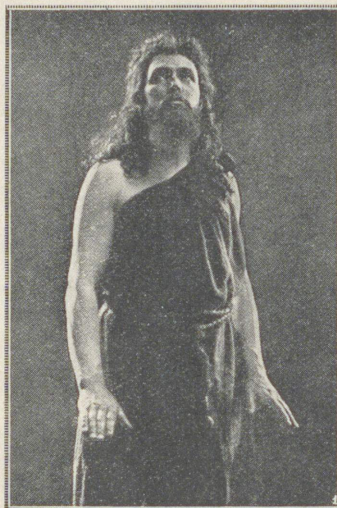
Although Mr. Gilman has been careful to eschew criticism, I find a passage which raises quite an important point in the æsthetics of opera. "It is a true lyric-drama," writes Mr. Gilman, "that is to say, the music is always and uncompromisingly at the service of the dramatic situation, enforcing and italicizing the meaning of the text and action. Its advance upon Wagner, from the constructive point of view, lies in the greater fulness with which the orchestral commentary is elaborated and sustained. It has been aptly characterised as 'an orchestral tone-painting, accompanied by dramatic action on the stage.'" In a footnote Mr. Gilman explains that he is not comparing the artistic quality of Strauss's achievement with that of his great predecessor, but is merely tracing its analogies and departures in the matter of form. There is either a confusion of thought here, or Mr. Gilman uses words in an uncommon sense. How an opera which has been "aptly characterised" as "an orchestral tone-painting, accompanied by dramatic action on the stage," can be called a "true lyric-drama," I cannot understand. This use of the orchestra has essentially the narrative character of an epic. Then, again, what does Mr. Gilman mean by "artistic"? Possibly he should have written "intrinsic value of Strauss's achievement." The question of a greater fulness of orchestral commentary than is to be found in Wagner is not merely a matter of constructive form. It is an artistic question which should be not so lightly skimmed over. Indeed, it is the one point in the opera on which opinions are most divided. Many hold that Strauss's orchestra entirely mars the drama, and so is an artistic failure.



M. BURRIAN (Hérode).
Phot. Hahn Nalfig.



LÉONORE SENGERN (Hérodias).
Phot. Carl Bellach.



M. FEINHALS (Jokanaan).
Phot. Grainer.

TROIS INTERPRÈTES ALLEMANDS DE « SALOMÉ » EN REPRÉSENTATIONS A PARIS
Voir page 312 la photographie de M^{lle} Destinn (Salomé).

« SALOMÉ » A PARIS

matérielles, morales et artistiques dont est hérissée pareille entreprise. Le compositeur a été rappelé sur la scène plusieurs fois par des ovations dans lesquelles se confondaient les applaudissements du président de la République, de MM. Briand, Barthou, Pichon, Thomson, ministres, du prince Radolin, ambassadeur d'Allemagne, de toute la société élégante et artistique de Paris.

Salomé n'est pas seulement l'histoire, rehaussée de musique, d'une princesse qui voulut la tête de saint Jean-Baptiste sur un plateau d'argent. C'est quelque chose de plus général : c'est toute la perversité féminine, avec son charme et sa cruauté.

Il n'est pas de rôle plus séduisant pour une comédienne lyrique. L'expression variée, fouillée par le musicien, ce changement de l'amour en haine, puis de la haine en amour, cette personnification bizarre de la soif de vengeance de Salomé qui peut se résumer dans cette phrase que dit la pécheresse devant la tête exsangue du prophète : « Si tu m'avais regardée, tu m'aurais aimée. Je sais bien que tu m'aurais aimée, et le mystère de l'amour est plus grand que le mystère de la mort » ; toute cette sentimentalité un peu dépravée, tout ce *Cantique des Cantiques* empourpré de sang, présentent pour une artiste de chant d'intéressants côtés à mettre en valeur pour le public.

Aussi, nombreuses sont les artistes qui ont interprété *Salomé* dans le monde entier.

Nous allons passer en revue les principales.

L'Illustration a déjà parlé, dans le numéro du 2 février dernier, de M^{me} Fremstad, qui a créé *Salomé* cet hiver à New-York avant que l'œuvre n'y fût interdite. M^{me} Fremstad arrivera à Paris dans quelques jours et chantera son rôle de Salomé le 17 au Châtelet ; belle femme, voix superbe, elle a des dons de charme et de puissance rares.

La vraie créatrice de *Salomé* fut M^{me} Marie Wittich (l'ouvrage de Richard Strauss fut représenté pour la première fois à Dresde le 9 décembre 1905). M^{me} Wittich fut parfaite au point de vue vocal ; mais cette admirable Isolde, cette superbe Brunhild n'a pas trouvé, dans le rôle de Salomé, un peu trop félin pour elle, l'emploi de ses nobles qualités dra-

matiques et pathétiques. M^{me} Wittich fut remplacée à Dresde par M^{me} Annie Krull, qui obtint un gros succès.



M. Richard Strauss. — Phot. A. Meyer.

réelle intelligence musicale ; la comédienne fut serpentine, féline, souple, avec une habileté prestigieuse. Et l'on est difficile à Munich. N'allez pas croire qu'elle ait chanté *Salomé* presque nue, ainsi que la représente notre photographie (page 313). Elle portait une espèce de cuirasse dont l'illusion donnait tout à fait le change.

Stuttgart, qui a prêté à nos représentations de Paris son régisseur, M. le docteur Löwenfeld, le metteur en scène de ce drame musical d'exécution compliquée, Stuttgart a mis en vue une *Salomé* des plus curieuses, M^{lle} Anna Sutter, la dugazon habituelle du théâtre. M^{lle} Sutter donna un charme tout personnel à l'œuvre de Richard Strauss, grâce à ses qualités de tempérament et à un jeu réaliste qui produisit des effets de théâtre, des oppositions tout à fait intéressantes. Remarquez aussi combien son costume est suggestif.

A Breslau, l'interprète de *Salomé*, M^{lle} Fanchette Verhunk, se distingua surtout par la passion et la chaleur communicative dont cette artiste très caractéristique marqua sa création.

A Nuremberg, la cantatrice Henny Dima apporta une interprétation pleine de trouvailles et de mouvement. A Mayence, ce fut M^{lle} Malvine Kann, une jeune et ravissante Hongroise, qui avait fait ses études musicales à Dresde ; elle débuta avec succès dans ce rôle écrasant. De même, l'interprète de Stettin, M^{lle} Agnès Klebe, reproduisit le côté enfant, insouciant de Salomé, qui est l'excuse du forfait que commet la belle-fille d'Hérode. Il faut signaler encore à Mannheim M^{lle} Signe von Rappe, une jeune Norvégienne douée d'un joli timbre de voix ; puis M^{lle} von Hubbenet à Dusseldorf.

Je pourrais encore citer M^{lle} Alice Guszalewicz à Cologne, tragédienne avec de la puissance.

A Milan, la Kruseniski montra un talent de tout premier ordre au service d'une voix très prenante ; puis il y a eu à Turin la Bellincioni, que nous avons entendue déjà à Paris.

La première artiste qui chanta *Salomé* en français fut M^{me} Charles Mazarin, à Bruxelles ; la première qui le chanta en français à Paris fut M^{me} Jacques Isnardon, la femme du professeur de chant bien connu.

J'ai gardé pour la fin l'interprète qui vient de nous révéler *Salomé* à Paris.

M^{lle} Emma Destinn, évité. *Salomé* pouvait être charmante sans qu'il lui fût permis d'être trop désirable. C'était une concession faite par l'empereur à la vertu et à la piété de l'impératrice.

Enfin, curieux détail : à Paris, la tête de Jokanaan a été moulée par le sculpteur Bernstamm ; elle est si réaliste, si bien faite, que l'interprète de *Salomé*, M^{lle} Destinn, très impressionnable, a demandé que cette tête fût recouverte d'un voile.

A côté de cette inoubliable *Salomé*, nous avons entendu le ténor Burrian (Hérode), qui rappelle Van Dyck par la pureté de sa diction et le soin de la composition de son personnage ; le baryton Feinhals (Jokanaan), d'allure superbe. Les moindres rôles étaient tenus à la perfection. L'orchestre Colonne avait étudié sous la conduite de M. Gabriel Pierné qui a passé, pour les représentations, le bâton de chef d'orchestre à l'auteur, émerveillé de cette vaillante phalange musicale.

Si j'ajoute que *Salomé*, qui dans la pièce meurt écrasée sous les boucliers des soldats, mourut en réalité à cinquante-sept ans, pieuse et repentante, on constatera que l'œuvre comme l'héroïne valent en somme, au point de vue de la morale, mieux que leur réputation.

LOUIS SCHNEIDER.



L'organisateur des représentations de *Salomé* à Paris :
M. Gabriel Astruc. — Phot. P. Berger.

STRAUSS'S "SALOME."

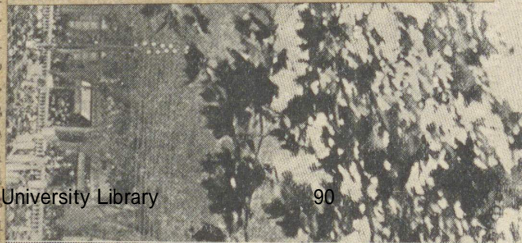
Strauss's opera "Salome," which the English journalists were privileged to see in Dresden, impressed them more than it did their German colleagues. Curiously enough, the Germans were cold and critical, while the Englishmen fell completely under the spell. Certainly the opera owes little of its fascination to the "book." Wilde's play, on which it is founded, is a singularly frigid piece of work, for all the violence of its language. It is really a series of lyrics in the vein of Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," with a few suggestions from the Song of Songs thrown in to remind us that the scene is laid in Judæa and not in Paris; the passion of Salome for John is cold and mechanical; its very perversity becomes dull and platitudinous; her passionate declarations of love have no dramatic force, but are comparable rather in their effect to some lurid decorative frieze in a dark and gloomy chamber. Everything else is abstract, mechanical, symmetrically perverse. The play could thrill no one, but the opera is a succession of "thrills." The grinning skeletons start into life, and we get the impression that we are witnessing the play of human passion. It is an amazing transformation.

The opera is in three scenes, which run on without a break. In the first Salome induces her lover, Narraboth, to call John from prison, and declares her passion in language which John's denunciations only serve to inflame. In the second Herod and Herodias enter and quarrel over Salome, to whom the wife thinks that the father is paying too much attention. Then follows the dance, after which Salome asks for the head of John on a charger, and in spite of the entreaties of Herod, who is superstitious and cowardly as well as lustful, obtains her request. In the next scene she takes from the dead man the kisses that the living had refused; and Herod, whether from jealousy or a revulsion of feeling, has her killed by his soldiers. It is a repulsive story, even in its barest outlines, and the details add horror, disgust, and terror. The poetic fallacy is employed freely; the skies lour on such wickedness; Herod hears the rushing of heavy wings in mid-air; and in an atmosphere of gloom, heavy with coming storms, the one steady light comes from Salome's infamous lust. The music succeeds where the words fail, because it can blur the details into moods. The whole effort of the composer is to create an atmosphere, to portray certain abstract states of mind; the opera is, in fact, a "tone poem," "programme music" to which the vocal parts supply explanation and commentary. Wagner never had theories quite so far as that. You could disarticulate the whole of "Salome"

and label each fragment with some abstract description, as "fear," "love," "horror," "anger," and so forth; it is a complete anatomy of sexual passion in music, expressed not in simple and easily recognisable *Leitmotive*, as with Wagner, but in elaborate musical equations, subject to endless variations and refinements, and thrown out in violent contrast against the darkest and gloomiest of backgrounds. For the time the illusion is complete. It is only afterwards that one begins to realise that we have been in a museum and not amongst real men and women. Artistically the music is justified by the subject, but the quality of the emotion is, one suspects, poor enough. Musical criticism of "Salome" would only be possible to persons of musical learning, and even then only after long and careful study of the score. But on general grounds one feels pretty certain, with some of the Germans to whom I talked, that the opera does not show the true future development of music. It is too much occupied with the extremes; it completely ignores the middle register of human emotions, in which the fullest and subtlest harmonies lie; the result is often small enough compared with the musical means taken to secure it. One can imagine a genius writing a tune for a tin whistle which would touch a deeper and more genuine emotion than "Salome," with all its orchestral polyphony.

The performance at Dresden was exceedingly fine in every respect; the Salome of Frau Krull was as great an achievement in acting as in singing. The "Salome" at Dresden and the "Tannhäuser" at Munich (which we saw on the following day) filled one with bitter regrets over the neglect of opera in Manchester. What is possible at Dresden and Munich cannot be impossible at Manchester, the centre of a far greater population and wealth, and the home of an orchestra which, under Dr. Richter, is, or could easily become, superior to any in Germany. At Cologne there is a municipal orchestra, which gave us a charming concert before dinner in the Gürzenich. I forget exactly how much the Manchester Corporation paid for the "Captive Andromache" or how much it pays for the contemptible musical performances in the parks, but if a municipality is to do service for art I wish someone would rise and urge the claims of musical art. In Manchester, of all places, music ought not to be left in the position of Cinderella. Is there no room on the Infirmary site for a hall capable of being used as an opera-house on occasion, where Manchester, with the help of Dr. Richter's orchestra, could revive its old reputation as the musical capital of England?

S.



Daily Telegraph May 8.

"SALOME" IN PARIS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Tuesday Night.

Paris gave an extraordinary welcome last night to Dr. Richard Strauss and to his opera on Oscar Wilde's "Salome," sung in German by the best company of singers in Germany, and stage-managed by Löwenfeld, of the Stuttgart Theatre Royal. The President of the Republic, Mme. and Mdlle. Liéres occupied a box, and "all Paris" filled the house. The old Châtelet had not seen such an audience for many an evening. Not to have been at "Salome" last night ruled a Parisian out of the Parisian smart set, and those who failed to get there were furiously making up for a lost opportunity by booking seats for the next performances. The offices of Mme. Astruc, who manages the undertaking, are crowded all day with people who consider it a favour to be allowed to buy tickets at large prices. Richard Strauss, for all his apparent detachment and the aloofness which seems to say that he cares not a rap what the audience may think, must have been inwardly gratified when the "Tout Paris" called him twelve o'clock or so, with Frau Destinn and Herren Burrian and Feinhals, after the curtain. No composer has ever been a greater or more sudden "draw" in Paris before.

Honest critics who saw "Salome" once in Germany could judge it on one hearing must be men of iron. Barring those, the best-trained ear cannot adequately "take in" and remember after a single performance the extraordinary music of Dr. Strauss's act, which plays in about an hour and three-quarters. One can but record impressions, some simple, some picturesque, others haunting and terrible. The one that stands out foremost is that of the climax, fearful in the story and as fearful in the music. Herod, exasperated by Salome's dogged demands for the head of Jokanaan, sends the ring which is the death-warrant to the executioner, standing with drawn scimitar, who steps down into the pit. Salome hesitates, then runs to the edge and looks on. No voice is heard, but the orchestra sounds a terrible, long-drawn murmur. Salome then sings, watching, and the murmur of strange sounds, which one feels one never heard the like before, goes on in the orchestra. It becomes gradually fiercer and higher pitched. The strings bring in an amazing combination of sounds, not loud but fearfully slow. The feeling of tension and agonising suspense produced by the music is an effect of sheer genius. The strident strings work on the nerves till one thinks one can bear it no longer. A horrible and unearthly scream from the orchestra, and one knows the head has fallen. Note that the orchestra gives no crash or percussion, which would have been the obvious effect for an everyday dramatic composer. It plays on discreetly and with restraint throughout the scene, but works up in the hearer's mind a subtle horror. Salome receives the head, kisses the lips, and holds the salver aloft in triumph. The effect of the music changes to furious and gloating enthusiasm. Salome's long soliloquy is a marvellous piece of music. It never drags for a moment or falls once from wonderful characterisation. Salome, singing horribly and railing horribly at the dead, then filled with yearning and saying it in the words of the Song of Solomon, furious with desire passionately despairing, is painted in every mood the subtlest and most penetrating, varied, and powerful music. If critics continue to find no melody in Richard Strauss after Salome's monologue, their criticism is hopeless. Her moods are expressed in arresting themes, and her thirst of desire in a magnificent use. The end now comes swiftly. Herod peers from beneath the cloak which has hidden his face, orders the lights to be put out, mounts to a balcony, suddenly turns ordering Salome's death, and the second the men-at-arms have crushed her under their huge shields.

From all that leads up to the great climax one receives many intense impressions. Perhaps, the first is made by the voice of John the Baptist rising in a new melody from the pit. Throughout the play towards the contrast between the holiness of Jokanaan, and the passion, the fever, and the fret of Herod around him, is dramatically kept up by the composer. Yet the scene between Jokanaan and Salome singing "I will kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan," remains vividly in the memory than one would have expected. A second hearing might deepen the impression, but a first hearing is enough to show that Salome's perverse passion is less strongly told by the music than later. But the scene after the

entrance of Herod cannot be forgotten. Herod's character, fretful, cruel, depraved, and fearful, is painted in the music of his speeches with marvellous intensity. The man lives at once when we have heard him for a moment. Another amazing impression is left by the quintet of the five disputing Jews, which is a masterpiece of part writing, a marvel of picturesqueness and humour, and a terror to singers. Herod has silenced the Jews, and asks Salome to dance. The speeches with which he wheedles her are musically admirable. The dance of the seven veils is already famous. One need hear its accompanying music only once never to forget the astonishing touches of fantastic and perverse voluptuousness with which it begins. Merely in the use of wood-winds which capriciously banter with curious fragments of themes, the composer shows an extraordinary imagination. After the dance comes one of his subtle touches. Herod has promised Salome whatever she may ask for. She says, softly, "I will have on a salver——," and is interrupted by Herod laughing and pleased, then, when he has done, adds, "the head of Iokanaan." She coos the words softly on a phrase which haunts one, rising to altissimo on the name "Iokanaan." The phrase remains in the ear as a marvellous expression of perverse and cruel desire. After that she repeats the words on different phrases, obstinate, angry, and, at last, fierce and furious, when Herod gives way, and the stupendous climax comes.

Paris has ratified the verdict that this is the greatest music drama since Wagner. Even a first impression, however inadequate, of so extraordinarily complex a score, is indelible. The music is essentially and perfectly dramatic. It keeps the ear constantly interested, and it is constantly developing and illuminating the story played on the stage. All one can say against it is that it is too full of ideas, too much crowded with meanings, and that a first hearing overwhelms and exhausts the hearer. The rendering last night cannot, I think, ever have been bettered. Frau Destinn, in spite of a rather unsuitable physique, is the real Salome, with all her passion and devilry, and her singing was magnificent. Herr Burrian's Herod is an even finer piece of acting, and he is an equally fine singer. He expresses the depraved weakness and the hideous humour of the character with marvellous intensity. Herr Feinhals's splendid voice chants magnificently the prophetic speeches of Iokanaan, but his make-up is rather stagey. Frau Sengern, of the Leipzig Stadtheater, an effective actress and singer, was Herodias. The tour de force of the Jews' quintet was accomplished by the chorus of one bass and four tenors with masterly dexterity. Under the leadership of Dr. Strauss, the orchestra, on which lies by far the heaviest burden of one of the most difficult scores ever written, played admirably. Mdlle. Trouhanova, of the Monte Carlo Opera, who impersonated Salome for the dance of the seven veils, rendered plastically the spirit of the music with intelligent art.

entrance of Herod cannot be forgotten. Herod's character, fretful, cruel, depraved, and fearful, is painted in the music of his speeches with marvellous intensity. The man lives at once when we have heard him for a moment. Another amazing impression is left by the quintet of the five disputing Jews, which is a masterpiece of part writing, a marvel of picturesqueness and humour, and a terror to singers. Herod has silenced the Jews, and asks Salome to dance. The speeches with which he wheedles her are musically admirable. The dance of the seven veils is already famous. One need hear its accompanying music only once never to forget the astonishing touches of fantastic and perverse voluptuousness with which it begins. Merely in the use of wood-winds which capriciously banter with curious fragments of themes, the composer shows an extraordinary imagination. After the dance comes one of his subtle touches. Herod has promised Salome whatever she may ask for. She says, softly, "I will have on a salver—," and is interrupted by Herod laughing and pleased, then, when he has done, adds, "the head of Jokanaan." She coos the words softly on a phrase which haunts one, rising to altissimo on the name "Jokanaan." The phrase remains in the ear as a marvellous expression of perverse and cruel desire. After that she repeats the words on different phrases, obstinate, angry, and, at last, fierce and furious, when Herod gives way, and the stupendous climax comes.

Paris has ratified the verdict that this is the greatest music drama since Wagner. Even a first impression, however inadequate, of so extraordinarily complex a score, is indelible. The music is essentially and perfectly dramatic. It keeps the ear constantly interested, and it is constantly developing and illuminating the story played on the stage. All one can say against it is that it is too full of ideas, too much crowded with meanings, and that a first hearing overwhelms and exhausts the hearer. The rendering last night cannot, I think, ever have been bettered. Frau Destinn, in spite of a rather unsuitable physique, is the real Salome, with all her passion and devilry, and her singing was magnificent. Herr Burrian's Herod is an even finer piece of acting, and he is an equally fine singer. He expresses the depraved weakness and the hideous humour of the character with marvellous intensity. Herr Feinhals's splendid voice chants magnificently the prophetic speeches of Jokanaan, but his make-up is rather stagey. Frau Sengern, of the Leipzig Stadtheater, an effective actress and singer, was Herodias. The tour de force of the Jews' quintet was accomplished by the chorus of one bass and four tenors with masterly dexterity. Under the leadership of Dr. Strauss, the orchestra, on which lies by far the heaviest burden of one of the most difficult scores ever written, played admirably. Mlle. Trouhanova, of the Monte Carlo Opera, who impersonated Salome for the dance of the seven veils, rendered plastically the spirit of the music with intelligent art.

Morning Post, May 8.

"SALOME" AT THE CHÂTELET.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, MAY 7.

The production of "Salomé" at the Châtelet has been one of the most eagerly-anticipated events of the theatrical season, and tickets for the dress rehearsal (which has gradually taken the place of the first night in the Paris theatrical world) were distributed with jealous care among a host of importunate claimants. The drama of Oscar Wilde, blended with the music of Richard Strauss, is like an incrustation of gorgeous jewels interwoven with the threads of some glowing drapery, with this defect, that the sparkle of the one is at times half smothered in the exuberant richness of the other. Written originally in French, the words were rendered last night in German, which, perhaps, was a change that made for greater effect and harmony. Judged as a drama the poem was certainly prolific in situations of dramatic intensity.

Salomé (Frau Emmy Destinn, of the Royal Opera, Berlin) lacked at the commencement the bearing one might expect of the daughter of the Tetrarch's Queen. She scolded the soldiers rather than commanded them, and coaxed Narraboth, the Captain of the Guard, instead of seeming to lure him. But as the action of the play developed she did full justice to the character of the Princess as Wilde portrayed her, a burning, raging, caressing being, mad and cunning with sinister passion. The difficult part of Jokanaan,

the Prophet, was played by Herr Fritz Feinhals, of the Royal Theatre, Munich, and his entrance was one of the most striking stage effects that I have seen. A strained and expectant hush fell on the scene; Princess, Syrians, and guards watched breathlessly the well-like mouth of the great cistern, and after what seemed an interminable agony of waiting the fearsome hidden Thing, the wild seer of the wilderness whom none could silence and none could rede, came forth like some majestic, untameable beast driven into the light of day. Compared with his stark, menacing mien and thunderous bodings of calamities and retributions, the voluptuous sinuosity and extravagant posturings of Salomé, with her insensate erotic invocations, made a highly effective contrast. And then came the Prophet's return to his dungeon, amid an orchestral accompaniment of embodied fear and foreboding that receded and receded and yet seemed as if it would never die away; and the baffled Princess is left standing alone, with a background of whispering, staring soldiers.

The Herod of Herr Burrian was sufficiently well acted, but in a vein one associates more with some bustling nervous mediæval Burgomaster than with the gloomy Idumean despot. "The Tetrarch wears a sombre look" is remarked by one of the characters in the play, but the Herod of last night was fuming or boisterous rather than sombre, and his quarrels with Herodias degenerated into squabbles.

The dance of the Seven Veils (which was gracefully executed by Mlle. Trouhanova, of the Opéra, Monte Carlo) led up to another dramatic episode, when Salomé, panting, malicious, with smouldering triumph in her caressing voice, sends a shiver of horror through the assembly by demanding the head of Jokanaan. Herod offers as a substitute everything that his terror and agitation can suggest: his precious stones, his gifts from Caesar, his magic-working talismans, his wonderful droves of white peacocks, even (to the scandal and alarm of the Jews at his Court) the Veil of the Temple. But, he is bargaining with love and hate, and a woman, and he cannot beat down the price. "Give me the head of Jokanaan," is the coldly-reiterated answer that comes from Salomé's hungry lips. And the Death-ring is given to the Nubian executioner, who carries a sharp sword and a great silver dish down into the mouth of the cistern. Then there is another hush of strained waiting and watching. Salomé alone moves restlessly at the mouth of the cistern, alternately listening and chafing like an unfed beast of prey. Then there is a murmur and a cry and a general falling away of the crowd gathered round the Tetrarch's seat; the arm of the executioner has emerged from the dungeon stair head, thrusting into the light of the blazing torches something swathed in a crimson wrapping. With a cry of joy the daughter of Herodias seizes her spoil, the guerdon of her dancing for the Tetrarch. "Ah! thou wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan. Well! I will kiss it now." And, as she kneels there, fondling and loving the dead thing she has killed, like some lithe feline purring over its prey, the torches are quenched and the scared spectators steal away and leave her alone in her grisly orgy. And there the curtain should come down. The final onrush of the soldiers, who strike her down to her death with their bucklers at Herod's command, adds nothing to the horror of the tragedy, and is not convincing.

I have attempted to deal with the piece from the dramatic aspect only. The orchestral accompaniment was rendered by 110 musicians of the Association des Concerts Colonne, conducted by Herr Richard Strauss himself, who shared in the enthusiastic applause which greeted the close of the play. Possibly the piece was not entirely to the taste of the audience as a whole, but those who appreciated its sumptuous setting and dramatic rendering were unstinting in their approbation, and the curtain had to be raised again and again.

Ball Chronicle, May 9.

Messrs. Vickers send the very interesting, if correct, information that the late Oscar Wilde is supposed to be the author of a book entitled "A Holiday in Hades," which they propose to issue under the pseudonym of "David Scoffern." We are accustomed to the continual returns to activity of the shade of the late Adeline Sargeant, but it is another matter when authors of the rank of Oscar Wilde renew their literary labours.

Bath Chronicle . May 2.

Messrs. Vickers send the very interesting, if correct, information that the late Oscar Wilde is supposed to be the author of a book entitled "A Holiday in Hades," which they propose to issue under the pseudonym of "David Scoffern." We are accustomed to the continual returns to activity of the shade of the late Wilde, but this is another matter when authors of the rank of Oscar Wilde renew their literary labours.

PRODUCTION OF "SALOMÉ."

A PARADISE OF PICTURES.
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Wednesday.

When it is a question of arranging a musical or artistic event, there is no capital in Europe which can surpass—perhaps one ought to say equal—Paris in making it a brilliant success. I have been present at gala performances given at the Opera in honour of King Edward and other monarchs, and these are always carried out with that finished elegance which one would expect in the capital of a refined people like the French. But Monday evening's dress rehearsal of "Salomé," at the Châtelet Theatre, interested and pleased me much more than any soirée I have ever spent at the Opera. The audience was a study in itself, and as one looked around before the lights were lowered, one recognised Ambassadors and high State functionaries, beautiful women in charming costumes, and men with names of world-wide repute. It was, in a word, such an audience as one sees in Paris only on great occasions, and everyone was asking the same question: Will the poem of Oscar Wilde, which Richard Strauss has set to music, be voted an artistic success, or will this cultured audience hiss it off the stage and stamp it with its disapproval? The result was not long in doubt. Scarcely had the echoes of the applause with which Herr Strauss was received died away when the celebrated German composer, tapping on his desk, gave the signal for the first bars of the opera. The curtain rose on the terrace of Herod's palace, bathed in the soft radiance of a moonlight night, with the twinkling stars shedding their rays from a deep blue sky. Salomé (Mme. Emmy Destinn) advanced to the front of the stage, and from the moment that her wonderful voice rose above the strains of the hundred and ten musicians in the orchestra until the curtain fell on her tragic end, there was only one opinion in the critical audience: "Such singing as this is seldom heard in Paris."

At the close of one impassioned outburst a number of the spectators, unable to control themselves, gave expression to their admiration in a sudden volley of "bravos" and applause. But instantly, from every side of the house, came reproving exclamations of "Hush!" and immediately the great theatre relapsed into silence. Jochanaan (John the Baptist) is a commanding figure, but he gave me the impression of being more of a giant than was necessary, and for one who had passed his days in the wilderness his bare legs were too white. His movements, too, were perhaps rather mechanical, a reproach which cannot be addressed to Herod, who is a born actor. Herod's interpretation of the kindly rôle, however, lacks slightly in dignity, and the fringe on the bottom of his robe distracts the attention by its ceaseless swaying to and fro. He has a fine voice, and the scene in which, heated by wine and seduced by the charms of Salomé, he offers to grant her any request she may make, is resplendent in Oriental colour, and full of movement. The Dance of the Seven Veils is a graceful performance, and when at its close Salomé asks for the head of John the Baptist, Herod—who cannot repudiate his Royal promise—hides his head in his mantle and refuses to look upon the woman who has just asked for his head. The scene is a masterpiece of acting, and the German Empire, for a time there was a great headway in the movement of the German Empire, and by industrial articles in the Press and by industrial articles in the Press and by industrial articles in the Press.

As I have remarked on several occasions, Berlin, May 8.

LA PUISSANCE DE "SALOMÉ" FAIT L'ADMIRATION DES PARISIENS.

Il Semble, Déclare M. Pierre Veber, que Ce Soit l'Aboutissement d'un Art.

CHATELET.—"Salomé," drame lyrique en un acte de M. Richard Strauss, poème d'Oscar Wilde.

La "Salomé" de M. Richard Strauss sera très discutée, mais ceux même qui la discutent ne peuvent se défendre d'un sentiment d'admiration pour la puissance inouïe, la merveilleuse abondance que cet ouvrage révèle chez son auteur. Il semble que ce soit l'aboutissement d'un art, et qu'il devienne impossible d'aller plus loin, du moins avec les ressources de l'orchestre actuel.

"Salomé," c'est un monde, tout s'y rencontre, s'y mêle, s'y heurte; les inventions les plus bizarres, les trouvailles les plus belles, les recherches les plus excessives; du mauvais goût, du sublime, du truc puéril, des phrases superbes, des bouts de valses viennoises, et tout cela se fond en une œuvre symphonique d'une originalité, d'une grandeur indéfinissables; cet orchestre est d'une complexité inouïe, il est aussi d'une clarté parfaite. Et M. Strauss a réussi à tenir un public en haleine, durant une heure et demie, sans que ce dernier ait une minute d'ennui.

Le poème est, du reste, admirablement choisi; il est simple, brutal, sauvage, dramatique sans artifice. Il comprend trois ou quatre grandes scènes et une danse.

Un soir de fête Salomé s'échappe du festin; elle veut voir le prophète Iokanaan, que l'on tient enfermé dans une prison souterraine; elle obtient qu'on laisse sortir le prisonnier; elle lui parle, essaie de le séduire; Iokanaan la maudit et regagne sa prison. Hérodé et Hérodias sortent du festin; Hérodé consent à danser et réclame comme prix de sa danse la tête du prophète; Hérodé, affolé, la lui accorde. Et Salomé goûte sur les lèvres exsangues, un plaisir inquiétant. Le Tétrarque, révolté, ordonne qu'on la tue. Ce sujet est saisissant; il est traité avec un remarquable sens dramatique. Quelques musiciens reprocheraient à M. Strauss de "manquer d'idées" ou d'en cueillir chez autrui. Nous relevons cette critique seulement pour mémoire.

Nous avons dit la puissance et la recherche de cet orchestre, où tout a été utilisé, même l'harmonica, le xylophone et les grelots. M. Strauss l'a d'ailleurs admirablement conduit. Pour la première fois l'orchestre Colonne a été satisfait.

Pour les interprètes on a fait appel à tous les théâtres allemands: Dresde, Munich, Berlin, Leipzig nous ont envoyés leurs meilleurs artistes; à cette œuvre surhumaine, il fallait des chanteurs surhumains; ces voix sont puissantes, énormes, mais elles n'ont pas grande qualité; elles sont dures à l'excès.

M. Feinhals est très beau dans le rôle de Iokanaan. Il est effrayant et splendide. M. Euriar, qui a une belle voix, a joué avec adresse le rôle presque comique du Tétrarque. Mme. Emmy Destinn est venue précédée d'une grande réputation; elle a une voix très forte, qui "tire" un peu dans l'aigu; mais, comme comédienne, elle laisse beaucoup à désirer. Ce n'est pas ainsi que l'on se figure la Salomé de Wilde; mal costumée elle n'a joué que convenablement un rôle qui réclame du génie. Mme. Trouhanova a dansé, sous le nom de "danse des sept voiles," une danse bien enfantine. PIERRE VEBER.

La salle était exceptionnellement belle; on y reconnaissait toutes les figures connues de Paris et toutes les notabilités mondaines et artistiques.

La comtesse Greffulhe, présidente de la Société des grandes auditions de France, portant une toilette de tulle noir pailletée d'acier et une éblouissante tiare de diamants, occupait la grande loge du milieu et était vivement félicitée du grand succès de la soirée. La grande-duchesse Vladimirovna occupait la loge voisine de la sienne, avec le grand-duc Paul de Russie et la comtesse de Hohenfelsen.



MR. FRITZ FEINHALS.

Reconnu au hasard: le duc de Montpensier, le prince et la princesse Murat, le duc et la duchesse d'Uzès, le duc et la duchesse de Noailles, la comtesse de Galard, le comte et la comtesse Jean de La Rochefoucauld, M. et Mme. Jean de Reszké, le comte et la comtesse de Fels, le marquis et la marquise de Ganay, M. et Mme. Otto H. Kahn, Mme. Baugnères, le comte et la comtesse Stanislas de Castellane, la comtesse Potocka, le prince et la princesse Bariatinsky, le comte et la comtesse d'Harcourt, le marquis et la marquise de Casa-Fuerte, le baron et la baronne Henri de Rothschild, la comtesse Jean de Berteux, M. et Mme. Lee-Childe, M. et Mme. Edgar Stern, M. et Mme. Jean Stern, M. et Mme. Edmond Beer, le prince et la princesse Alexandre de Chimay, le comte Mathieu de Noailles, Mme. Achille Fould, Mme. Etienne Mallet, M. et Mme. Georges Kohn, Mme. Bischoffsheim, la vicomtesse de La Redorte, Mme. Jaunez, M. et Mme. Georges Menier, Mme. Gabriel Astruc, la comtesse de Beauchamp, M. et Mme. Willy Blumenthal, Mlle. Mathilde Sée, M. James Hyde, la comtesse Odon de Montesquiou-Fezensac, le comte et la comtesse Raoul de Montesquiou-Fezensac, Mme. Richard Strauss.

Le comte et la comtesse Cahen d'Anvers, Mlle. Gurnee, le vicomte et la vicomtesse René Vigier, M. Jules Beer, M. George Heime, M. Lambert, Mme. Stuywand, Mme. de Osa, M. et Mme. Auguste de Osa, le comte et la comtesse de Gramedo, Mme. Michel Ephrussi, Mme. Florence Eillon, le duc Decazes, le comte et la comtesse Réconé, Mme. et Mlle. Fourton, le marquis de Massa, le prince et la princesse Charles de Ligne, le ministre de Belgique et Mme. Le ghait, le comte et la comtesse E. de Beodelievre, le comte Vincent d'Indy, M. et Mme. Santos-Suarez, M. et Mme. Ochs, M. Bardar, le baron et la baronne La Caze, M. Dreyfus, le comte Tristan de Gramedo, le baron et la baronne de Linsingen, Mme. Edgard de Sincay, le marquis de Nédonchel, le comte Robert

EXCELSIOR HOTEL.
PARIS.
Place de la Bourse.

Anglian Daily Times.

Oscar Wilde, in the course of a controversy carried on in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the early nineties, made use of the phrase "no artist improves." The artist, he said, "revolves in a cycle of masterpieces, the first of which is no less perfect than the last." Being congratulated by a friend on having written "a splendid piece of nonsense" in that sentence, Wilde retorted by inquiring whether the friend thought Rossetti had ever written anything which he would definitely characterise as finer than "The Blessed Damozel."

The friend replied that, on the whole, he thought not. "Very well," replied Oscar, "Rossetti wrote that poem when he was seventeen; isn't that a proof of the truth of what you call my splendid piece of nonsense?" Now Rossetti certainly did write the original "Damozel" when he was seventeen. But the question remains whether the original or the final form is better. I vote for the final form, which means (if I am right) that the artist does, or at least, if he takes the pains, *may* improve.

Not all poets, to be sure, as the *Academy* writer points out, have possessed this faculty that Rossetti had of improving what they emended. Tennyson made several unfortunate changes in the later editions of his works. To take only one example, The lines in "The Palace of Art,"

Or else flushed Ganymede his golden thigh
Half buried in the eagle's down,
he afterwards changed and spoilt by substituting "roxy" for golden. Golden is infinitely finer, more beautiful, and more classical in the right sense of the word.

Compare Rossetti's changes in "The Blessed Damozel." In the first stanza he had originally:

Her blue grave eyes were deeper much
Than a deep water even.

Six years later he improved it into:

Her eyes knew more of rest and shade
Than waters stilled at even;

and finally, fourteen years after that, came the perfect:

Her eyes were deeper than the depths
Of waters stilled at even.

max Daily News. May 6.

EASTBOURNE DEVONSHIRE PARK.

Roller skaters are making the most of the opportunities remaining to them this season of waiting to the music of the Municipal Orchestra, at the Eastbourne Devonshire Park. A great many gathered in the Floral Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening. An extra skating assembly disposed of the usual weekly concert in the evening, and in view of the forthcoming carnival—the last of the series—the skaters were glad of the practice afforded them. The Orchestra discoursed excellent selections in which the on-lookers found much enjoyment especially in the march, "Sons of Britannia," the waltz, "Convent Girl," and the dance, "La Kraguette." The programme consisted principally of dance music.

Murray King and Clark have been the recipients of many congratulations upon the attractiveness of this week's programme, which cannot fail to fill the theatre at each performance. This evening Madame Jane Hading is to be seen in the five-act play, "Frou-Frou," while on Wednesday evening the famous French actress will present the comedy, "La Châtaignière." To-morrow afternoon a visit is to be paid by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Magda," which she has played more often than any other piece in her extensive repertoire. Her London company includes Mr. Lawrence Irving, and her daughter, Miss Stella Patrick Campbell, who is making her first appearance out of London. Commencing on Thursday evening, and for the remainder of the week, the Hoffe and Campbell Comedy Company occupy the boards with Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Winning Post. May 11.

The next revival at His Majesty's Theatre is to be Oscar Wilde's clever play, "A Woman of No Importance," which Mr. Tree originally produced at the Haymarket in April, 1893.

The cast on that occasion included Mr. Tree as Lord Illingworth, Mr. Holman Clark as Sir John Pontefract, Mr. Kemble as Archdeacon Daubeny, Mr. Fred Terry as Gerald Arbuthnot, Miss Rose Leclercq as Lady Hunstanton, Miss Le Thiere as Lady Caroline Pontefract, Mrs. Tree as Mrs. Allonby, Miss Julia Neilson as Hester Worsley, and Mrs. Bernard Beere as Lady Arbuthnot.

Weekly Dispatch

Revival of a Famous Comedy.
For the revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance," at His Majesty's Theatre on May 22, the following cast has been arranged:—
Lord Illingworth Mr. Tree.
Sir John Pontefract Mr. J. Fisher White.
Lord Alfred Daubeny Mr. Langhorne Barton.
Mr. Keble, M.P. Mr. Charles Allan.
The Von James Daubeny, D.D. (Queer & Woolsey).
Gerald Arbuthnot Mr. Edmund Maurice.
Fergus (Butler) Mr. Charles Quartermains.
Francis (Footman) Mr. F. Cowley Wright.
Lady Hunstanton Mr. Charles Colver.
Lady Caroline Pontefract Miss Kate Bishop.
Lady Stuffed Miss Kate Cutler.
Mrs. Allonby Miss Edith Jeffreys.
Hester Worsley Miss Viola Tree.
Alice (Maid) Miss Hilda Moore.
Mrs. Arbuthnot Miss Marion Terry.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

MAY 13, 1907.

A performance of "The Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde, will be given at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster, on Thursday evening, in aid of the Ibero-American Benevolent Society.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
IN AID OF THE IBERO-AMERICAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.
THURSDAY NEXT, May 15, at 8.15 p.m.
THE IDEAL HUSBAND, by Oscar Wilde.

Messrs. W. Harold Squire, Ted Winby, Frank Mead, Victor Toller, Donald Im Thurn, Elliott Pearson, Robert Craig, Mrs. Donald Im Thurn, Messrs. Mark Brockings, Tony Winby, Delmira Bokenham, Millicent Russell, Lillian Brookings.
Tickets to be obtained from Mr. Alfred Evans, the City Box-office, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, E.C.4; the West-end Box-office, 26, Old Bond-street, W.; and at the Booking-office of the theatre on the night of the performance, from five p.m.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE.
TO-NIGHT, at eight (for 5 Nights only).
ONLY MATINEE, WEDNESDAY NEXT, at two,
MARCUS ANTONIUS. Mr. TREE.

FUTURE ARRANGEMENTS.
SATURDAY, May 18, TRILBY.
TO-TUESDAY, May 21, (Swagall). Mr. TREE.
MATINEE SATURDAY, May 18, and MONDAY, May 20.

ON WEDNESDAY, May 22, will be revived
A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE.
By Oscar Wilde.
Lord Illingworth Mr. TREE.
FIRST MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, May 22, and
EVERY FOLLOWING WEDNESDAY.

THURSDAY, May 30, at two,
SPECIAL MATINEE,
HAMLET.
Box-office open daily ten to ten.

Paris.
DAILY MAIL, MAY 16, 1907.
THEATRICAL NOTES.

"Salomé," the beautiful opera of Richard Strauss, which has had such a success at the Châtelet Theatre, Paris, will be given on three more occasions only—Friday, May 17, Tuesday, May 21, and Friday, May 24. For these three performances, the rôle of Salomé will be taken by Mme. Fremstad, the celebrated prima donna of the New York Opera, that of Herod by Herr Bolz, the young tenor of the Royal Opera of Stuttgart, and that of Jochanaan by the famous baritone Soomer. Herr Miller will keep the part of Narraboth. Another orchestra rehearsal has taken place under the direction of Dr. Strauss, who will continue to conduct until the end of the performances. It will be seen that M. Gabriel Astruc has neglected nothing that will help to maintain the high artistic level of these performances.

New York Herald. May 10.

Oscar Wilde's "Tragedie Florentine" will be played by the Cœuvre Dramatic Society in the Salle Femina on May 18, 20 and 21. The manuscript of this play was found among Wilde's papers after his death, but a few pages were missing at the beginning. Mr. Sturge Moore wrote the verses to supply the missing passages, and the play was acted for the first time in London last year.

News of the World.

Mr. Tree is next Saturday to stage "Trilby" for three nights and two matinee performances, prior to his forthcoming revival on May 22, of Oscar Wilde's striking play, "A Woman of No Importance." For this Miss Marion Terry has been engaged for the rôle of Mrs. Arbuthnot. Mr. Tree will, of course, undertake the part of Lord Illingworth, and he has induced Miss Edith Jeffreys to cross the Atlantic to present the character of Mrs. Allenby. Other members of the cast will be Messrs. Fisher White, Edmund Maurice, Mrs. Charles Colver, Misses Kate Bishop, Kate Cutler, Viola Tree, and Hilda Moore.

Observer, May 12.

A performance of "The Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde, will be given at the Imperial Theatre on Thursday next in aid of the Ibero-American Benevolent Society.

Glasgow Herald May 10.

Our latest arrangements include a revival of Oscar Wilde's play, "A Woman of No Importance," and the production of a new "Faust" play in blank verse, upon which Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. J. Comyns Carr have collaborated.

Eastbourne Chronicle. May 11.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

It was with feelings of unmixed delight that we witnessed, on Thursday evening, at the Devonshire Park Theatre, the production of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and it is with every confidence that we now recommend the comedy to the notice of Eastbourne playgoers, especially those who enjoy a real good laugh. From first to last there is not a dull moment. The comedy is simply brimming over with wit and humour. For instance, could there be anything more funny than the following: "Algy Moncreiff" is apologising to his aunt, "Lady Bracknell," that he will be unable to attend her coming dinner party, whereas his aunt, visibly annoyed, exclaims: "I have been relying on you for the music. I must have something to encourage conversation." The play is such a smart bit of comic invention and the actors and actresses are so thoroughly conversant with their parts that the per-

formances cannot but succeed in commanding the unflinching attention of the audience throughout. The whole of the performers acquit themselves to entire satisfaction. Their names are Mr. J. Greene Campbell, Mr. Monckton Hoffe, Mr. Ralph Hutton, Mr. Arthur Forbes Fatts, Miss Phyllis Manners, Miss Hester Newton, Miss Nona Hope and Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond. The piece is preceded by an attractive one-act play, entitled *Father Varien*. There will be two performances to-day, at 2.30 and 8, and we have seldom bidden our readers patronise a play with more sincerity than we do on the present occasion.

Sunday Mirror. May 11.

GRAND THEATRE, CROYDON.—The Hoffe and Campbell Comedy Company, which has been organised to present our modern masterpieces of comedy in the English Provinces according to the high standard of acting that holds good on the Continent, will visit Croydon next week with "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde. This comedy, the highest achievement of its author, has been as much discussed throughout France and Germany as it has in London, but until now scarcely any provincial towns have had the opportunity of enjoying the extraordinary brilliance of its humour.

Stage, May 16.

THE GRAND, CROYDON.
Visitors here are being highly amused by the late Oscar Wilde's play, *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Mr. J. Graeme Campbell is capable in the part of John Worthing. Algernon Moncreiff is admirably played by Mr. Monckton Hoffe. Mr. Ralph Hutton does well as Canon Chasuble. Miss Phyllis Manners represents Lady Bracknell capably. Miss Hester Newton is well suited as the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax. Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond ably depicts Miss Prism, and Cicely Cardow is charmingly acted by Miss Mona Hope. Lane is well played by Mr. W. H. Barker. The piece is preceded by a one-act play, *Father Varien*, in which Mr. Monckton Hoffe capably undertakes the title rôle, and is well supported by Miss Nona Hope and Amy Lloyd-Desmond.

PARIS NOTES.

PRODUCTION OF "SALOME."

A PARADISE OF PICTURES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Wednesday.

When it is a question of arranging a musical or artistic event, there is no capital in Europe which can surpass—perhaps one ought to say equal—Paris in making it a brilliant success. I have been present at gala performances given at the Opera in honour of King Edward and other monarchs, and these are always carried out with that finished elegance which one would expect in the capital of a refined people like the French. But Monday evening's dress rehearsal of "Salomé," at the Châtelet Theatre, interested and pleased me much more than any soirée I have ever spent at the Opera. The audience was a study in itself, and as one looked around before the lights were lowered, one recognised Ambassadors and high State functionaries, beautiful women in charming costumes, and men with names of world-wide repute. It was, in a word, such an audience as one sees in Paris only on great occasions, and everyone was asking the same question: Will the poem of Oscar Wilde, which Richard Strauss has set to music, be voted an artistic success, or will this cultured audience hiss it off the stage and stamp it with its disapproval? The result was not long in doubt. Scarcely had the echoes of the applause with which Herr Strauss was received died away when the celebrated German composer, tapping on his desk, gave the signal for the first bars of the opera. The curtain rose on the terrace of Herod's palace, bathed in the soft radiance of a moonlight night, with the twinkling stars shedding their rays from a deep blue sky. Salomé (Mme. Emmy Destinn) advanced to the front of the stage, and from the moment that her wonderful voice rose above the strains of the hundred and ten musicians in the orchestra until the curtain fell on her tragic end, there was only one opinion in the critical audience: "Such singing as this is seldom heard in Paris."

At the close of one impassioned outburst a number of the spectators, unable to control themselves, gave expression to their admiration in a sudden volley of "bravos!" and applause. But instantly, from every side of the house, came reproving exclamations of "Hush!" and immediately the great theatre relapsed into silence. Jochanaan (John the Baptist) is a commanding figure, but he gave me the impression of being more of a giant than was necessary, and for one who had passed his days in the wilderness his bare legs were too white. His movements, too, were perhaps rather mechanical, a reproach which cannot be addressed to Herod, who is a born actor. Herod's interpretation of the kingly rôle, however, lacks slightly in dignity, and the fringe on the bottom of his robe distracts the attention by its ceaseless swaying to and fro. He has a fine voice, and the scene in which, heated by wine and seduced by the charms of Salomé, he offers to grant her any request she may make, is resplendent in Oriental colour, and full of movement. The Dance of the Seven Veils is a graceful performance, and when at its close Salomé asks for the head of John the Baptist, Herod—who cannot repudiate his Royal promise—hides his head in his mantle and refuses to look upon the ghastly fulfilment of Salomé's request. The scene that follows, when the executioner descends to the Prophet's cell to decapitate him, is rather gruesome, and when, after a torturing silence, broken only by sounds which are horribly suggestive, he reappears, bearing the head of John the Baptist on a charger, a wave of revulsion sweeps over the spectators. But the realism of the tragic Bible story is not overdone. There is nothing to offend good taste, sin and vice are not made to appear attractive, but are shown in all their hideousness, and at the close of this memorable evening the curious spectacle was witnessed of a play which had been banished from New York by public opinion, being vociferously cheered by the art and fashion of Paris, led by the President of the Republic and Mme. Fallières. The representation lasts for over an hour and a half, during which the curtain does not once descend; yet I would undertake to say that not a soul in the audience realised how quickly time was flying. The play is so admirable in its delineation of cruelty and passion, the music is so overpowering in its force and tenderness, that when at last the curtain fell, the vast house rose like one man and cheered the composer, the actors, and the orchestra for several minutes. It was a memorable scene, and whatever opinion one may hold as to the advisability of putting such subjects on the stage, one cannot say less than that Monday's performance of "Salomé" was a magnificent artistic triumph.

LA PUISSANCE DE "SALOMÉ" FAIT L'ADMIRATION DES PARISIENS.

Il Semble, Déclare M. Pierre Veber,
que Ce Soit l'Aboutissement
d'un Art.

CHATELET.—"Salomé," drame lyrique en un acte
de M. Richard Strauss, poème d'Oscar Wilde.

La "Salomé" de M. Richard Strauss sera très discutée, mais ceux même qui la discutent ne peuvent se défendre d'un sentiment d'admiration pour la puissance inouïe, la merveilleuse abondance que cet ouvrage révèle chez son auteur. Il semble que ce soit l'aboutissement d'un art, et qu'il devienne impossible d'aller plus loin, du moins avec les ressources de l'orchestre actuel.

"Salomé," c'est un monde, tout s'y rencontre, s'y mêle, s'y heurte; les inventions les plus bizarres, les trouvailles les plus belles, les recherches les plus excessives; du mauvais goût, du sublime, du truc puéril, des phrases superbes, des bouts de valse viennoises, et tout cela se fond en une œuvre symphonique d'une originalité, d'une grandeur indéniables; cet orchestre est d'une complexité inouïe, il est aussi d'une clarté parfaite. Et M. Strauss a réussi à tenir un public en haleine, durant une heure et demie, sans que ce dernier ait une minute d'ennui.

Le poème est, du reste, admirablement choisi; il est simple, brutal, sauvage, dramatique sans artifice. Il comprend trois ou quatre grandes scènes et une danse.

Un soir de fête Salomé s'échappe du festin; elle veut voir le prophète Iokanaan, que l'on tient enfermé dans une prison souterraine; elle obtient qu'on laisse sortir le prisonnier; elle lui parle, essaie de le séduire; Iokanaan la maudit et regagne sa prison. Hérode et Hérodiade sortent du festin; Salomé consent à danser et réclame comme prix de sa danse la tête du prophète; Hérode, affolé, la lui accorde. Et Salomé goûte, sur les lèvres exsangues, un plaisir inouï. Le Tétrarque, révolté, ordonne qu'on la tue. Ce sujet est saisissant; il est traité avec un remarquable sens dramatique. Quelques musiciens reprocheront à M. Strauss de "manquer d'idées" ou d'en cueillir chez autrui. Nous relevons cette critique seulement pour mémoire.

Nous avons dit la puissance et la recherche de cet orchestre, où tout a été utilisé, même l'harmonica, le xylophone et les grelots. M. Strauss l'a d'ailleurs admirablement conduit. Pour la première fois l'orchestre Colonne a été passable.

Pour les interprètes on a fait appel à tous les théâtres allemands: Dresde, Munich, Berlin, Leipzig nous ont envoyé leurs meilleurs artistes; à cette œuvre surhumaine, il fallait des chanteurs surhumains; ces voix sont puissantes, énormes, mais elles n'ont pas grande qualité; elles sont dures à l'excès.

M. Feinhals est très beau dans le rôle de Iokanaan. Il est effrayant et splendide. M. Burrian, qui a une belle voix, a joué avec adresse le rôle presque comique du Tétrarque. Mme. Emmy Destinn est venue précédée d'une grande réputation; elle a une voix très forte, qui "tire" un peu dans l'aigu; mais, comme comédienne, elle laisse beaucoup à désirer. Ce n'est pas ainsi que l'on se figure la Salomé de Wilde; mal costumée elle n'a joué que convenablement un rôle qui réclame du génie. Mme. Trouhanowa a dansé, sous le nom de "danse des sept voiles," une danse bien enfantine.

PIERRE VEBER.

La salle était exceptionnellement belle; on y reconnaissait toutes les figures connues de Paris et toutes les notabilités mondaines et artistiques.

La comtesse Greffulhe, présidente de la Société des grandes auditions de France, portant une toilette de tulle noir pailletée d'acier et une éblouissante tiare de diamants, occupait la grande loge du milieu et était vivement félicitée du grand succès de la soirée. La grande-duchesse Vladimir occupait la loge voisine de la sienne, avec le grand-duc Paul de Russie et la comtesse de Hohenfelsen.



MR. FRITZ FEINHALS.

Reconnu au hasard: le duc de Montpensier, le prince et la princesse Murat, le duc et la duchesse d'Uzès, le duc et la duchesse de Noailles, la comtesse de Galard, le comte et la comtesse Jean de La Rochefoucauld, M. et Mme. Jean de Reszké, le comte et la comtesse de Fels, le marquis et la marquise de Ganay, M. et Mme. Otto H. Kahn, Mme. Baignières, le comte et la comtesse Stanislas de Castellane, la comtesse Potocka, le prince et la princesse Bariatinsky, le comte et la comtesse d'Harcourt, le marquis et la marquise de Casa-Fuerte, le baron et la baronne Henri de Rothschild, la comtesse Jean de Berteux, M. et Mme. Lee-Childe, M. et Mme. Edgar Stern, M. et Mme. Jean Stern, M. et Mme. Edmond Bear, le prince et la princesse Alexandre de Chimay, le comte Mathieu de Noailles, Mme. Achille Fould, Mme. Etienne Mallet, M. et Mme. Georges Kohn, Mme. Bischoffheim, la vicomtesse de La Redorte, Mme. Jaunez, M. et Mme. Georges Menier, Mme. Gabriel Astruc, la comtesse de Beauchamp, M. et Mme. Willy Blumenthal, Mlle. Mathilde Sée, M. James Hyde, la comtesse Odon de Montesquiou-Fezensac, le comte et la comtesse Raoul de Montesquiou-Fezensac, Mme. Richard Strauss;

Le comte et la comtesse Cahen d'Anvers, Mlle. Gurnee, la vicomte et la vicomtesse René Vigier, M. Jules Beer, M. George Heine, M. Lambert, Mme. Stuywand, Mme. de Osa, M. et Mme. Auguste de Osa, le comte et la comtesse de Gramedo, Mme. Michel Ephrussi, Mme. Florence Ellon, le duc Decazes, le comte et la comtesse Récopé, Mme. et Mlle. Fourton, le marquis de Massa, le prince et la princesse Charles de Ligne, le ministre de Belgique et Mme. Leghait, le comte et la comtesse E. de Becdelièvre, le comte Vincent d'Indy, M. et Mme. Santos-Suarez, M. et Mme. Ochs, M. Bardar, le baron et la baronne La Caze, M. Dreyfus, le comte Tristan de Gramedo, le baron et la baronne de Linsingen, Mme. Edgard de Sincay, le marquis de Nédonchel, le comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac, le comte B. d'Aramon, le comte et la comtesse de Cheigné, la comtesse Tyszkiewicz, la duchesse de Manchester, la marquise de Mun, M. de Saint-Alary, le comte et la comtesse Arthur de Vogüé, le prince de Léon, le comte Louis de Turenne, M. Delafosse, Mme. P. Lebaudy, le duc de Guiche, Mme. Conrad Jameson, le comte et la comtesse de Chaumont-Quitry, Mme. Henri Say, le marquis de Breteuil, le marquis de Laborde, M. Réginald-Lister, le comte et la comtesse André de Ganay, M. de Kerjégou, le comte de Gabriac, Mme. Ronald Greville, Mlle. Fanny Reed, M. Harry Sands, Mlle. M. et Mme. Gall-Kimball, Mme. T. H. Pratt.

9 May

Anglian Daily Times,

Oscar Wilde, in the course of a controversy carried on in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the early nineties, made use of the phrase "no artist improves." The artist, he said, "revolves in a cycle of masterpieces, the first of which is no less perfect than the last." Being congratulated by a friend on having written "a splendid piece of nonsense" in that sentence, Wilde retorted by inquiring whether the friend thought Rossetti had ever written anything which he would definitely characterise as finer than "The Blessed Damozel."

The friend replied that, on the whole, he thought not. "Very well," replied Oscar, "Rossetti wrote that poem when he was seventeen; isn't that a proof of the truth of what you call my splendid piece of nonsense?" Now Rossetti certainly did write the original "Damozel" when he was seventeen. But the question remains whether the original or the final form is better. I vote for the final form, which means (if I am right) that the artist *does*, or at least, if he takes the pains, *may* improve.

Not all poets, to be sure, as the *Academy* writer points out, have possessed this faculty that Rossetti had of improving what they emended. Tennyson made several unfortunate changes in the later editions of his works. To take only one example. The lines in "The Palace of Art,"

Or else flushed Ganymede his golden thigh
Half buried in the eagle's down,

he afterwards changed and spoilt by substituting "rosy" for golden. Golden is infinitely finer, more beautiful, and more classical in the right sense of the word.

Compare Rossetti's changes in "The Blessed Damozel." In the first stanza he had originally:

Her blue grave eyes were deeper much
Than a deep water even.

Six years later he improved it into:

Her eyes knew more of rest and shade
Than waters stilled at even;

and finally, fourteen years after that, came the perfect:

Her eyes were deeper than the depths
Of waters stilled at even.

1907 May 12

Weekly Dispatch

Revival of a Famous Comedy.

For the revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of No Importance" at His Majesty's Theatre on May 22, the following cast has been arranged:—

Lord Illingworth	Mr. Tree.
Sir John Pontefract	Mr. J. Fisher White.
Lord Alfred Rufford	Mr. Langhorn Barton.
Mr. Kelvil, M.P.	Mr. Charles Allan.
The Ven. James Daubeny, D.D. (Rector of Wrookley)	Mr. Edmund Maurice.
Gerald Arbuthnot	Mr. Charles Quatermaine.
Farquhar (Butler)	Mr. Clive Currie.
Francis (Footman)	Mr. F. Cowley Wright.
Lady Hunstanton	Mrs. Charles Calvert.
Lady Caroline Pontefract	Miss Kate Bishop.
Lady Stutfield	Miss Kate Cutler.
Mrs. Allenby	Miss Ellis Jeffreys.
Hester W.	Miss Viola Tree.
Alice (Maid)	Miss Lina Moore.
Mrs. Arbuthnot	Miss Marion Terry.

2019-03-18 14:00 Jissen Women's OB-181000 Library

May 12.

News of the World,

Mr. Tree is next Saturday to stage "Trilby" for three nights and two matinee performances, prior to his forthcoming revival on May 22, of Oscar Wilde's striking play, "A Woman of No Importance." For this Miss Marion Terry has been engaged for the role of Mrs. Arbuthnot. Mr. Tree will, of course, undertake the part of Lord Illingworth, and he has induced Miss Ellis Jeffreys to cross the Atlantic to present the character of Mrs. Allenby. Other members of the cast will be Messrs. Fisher White, Edward Mordaunt, Mrs. Charles Calvert, Misses Kate Bishop, Kate Cutler, Viola Tree, and Hilda Moore.

Jissen Women's University Library

DAILY TELEGRAPH,

MAY 13, 1907.

A performance of "The Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde, will be given at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster, on Thursday evening, in aid of the Ibero-American Benevolent Society.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.

In AID of the IBERO-AMERICAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.
THURSDAY NEXT, May 16, at 8.15 p.m.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND, by Oscar Wilde.

Messrs. W. Harold Squire, Ted Winby, Frank Mead, Victor Toller, Donald im Thurn, Elliott Pearson, Robert Craig; Mrs. Donald im Thurn, Misses Maria Brooking, Tory Winby, Delmira Bokenham, Millicent Russell, Lillian Brooking.

Tickets to be obtained from Mr. Alfred Hays, the City Box-office, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings. E.C.; the West-end Box-office, 26, Old Bond-street, W.; and at the Booking-office of the theatre on the night of the performance, from five p.m.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE.
TO-NIGHT, at eight (for 5 Nights only),
ONLY MATINEE, WEDNESDAY NEXT, at two,
JULIUS CÆSAR.

Marcus Antonius..... Mr. TREE.

FUTURE ARRANGEMENTS.

SATURDAY, May 18, | TRILBY.
to TUESDAY, May 21, | Svengali Mr. TREE.
MATINEE SATURDAY, May 18, and MONDAY, May 20.

ON WEDNESDAY, May 22, will be revived
A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE.

By Oscar Wilde.

Lord Illingworth Mr. TREE.
FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY, May 29, and
EVERY following WEDNESDAY,

THURSDAY, May 30, at two,
SPECIAL MATINEE,
HAMLET.
Box-office open daily ten to ten.

Observer,

May 12.

A performance of "The Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde, will be given at the Imperial Theatre on Thursday next in aid of the Ibero-American Benevolent Society.

Jissen W201e7'03 Jn Betsi3y Library

Glasgow Herald May 10.

Mr Tree's arrangements include a revival of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," and the production of a new "Faust" play in blank verse, upon which Mr Stephen Phillips and Mr J. Comyns Carr have collaborated.

Jessen Woods University Library

Eastbourne Chronicle . May 11.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

It was with feelings of unmixed delight that we witnessed, on Thursday evening, at the Devonshire Park Theatre, the production of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and it is with every confidence that we now recommend the comedy to the notice of Eastbourne playgoers, especially those who enjoy a real good laugh. From first to last there is not a 'dull moment. The comedy is simply brimming over with wit and humour. For instance, could there be anything more funny than the following? "Algy Moncrieff" is apologising to his aunt, "Lady Bracknell," that he will be unable to attend her coming dinner party, whereat his aunt, visibly annoyed, exclaims: "I have been relying on you for the music. I *must* have something to encourage conversation." The play is such a smart bit of comic invention and the actors and actresses are so thoroughly conversant with their parts that the per-

formance cannot but succeed in commanding the unflagging attention of the audience throughout. The whole of the performers acquit themselves to entire satisfaction. Their names are Mr. J. Græme Campbell, Mr. Monckton Hoffe, Mr. Ralph Hutton, Mr. Arthur Forbes Fatts, Miss Phyllis Manners, Miss Hestor Newton, Miss Nona Hope and Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond. The piece is preceded by an attractive one-act play.

There will be two performances to-day, at 2.30 and 8, and we have seldom bidden our readers patronise a play with more sincerity than we do on the present occasion.

Paris.

DAILY MAIL, MAY 16, 1907.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

"Salomé," the beautiful opera of Richard Strauss, which has had such a success at the Châtelet Theatre, Paris, will be given on three more occasions only—Friday, May 17, Tuesday, May 21, and Friday, May 24. For these three performances, the rôle of Salomé will be taken by Mme. Fremstad, the celebrated prima donna of the New York Opera, that of Herod by Herr Bolz, the young tenor of the Royal Opera of Stuttgart, and that of Jochanaan by the famous baritone Soomer. Herr Miller will keep the part of Narraboth. Another orchestra rehearsal has taken place under the direction of Dr. Strauss, who will continue to conduct until the end of the performances. It will be seen that M. Gabriel Astruc, the Wagnerian, will help to maintain the high artistic level of these performances.

2019-06-18 University of Cambridge Library

Essex Daily News. May 6.

EASTBOURNE DEVONSHIRE PARK.

Roller skaters are making the most of the few opportunities remaining to them this season of waltzing to the music of the Municipal Orchestra, at the Eastbourne Devonshire Park. A great many gathered in the Floral Hall on Saturday afternoon and evening. An extra skating assembly disposed of the usual weekly concert in the evening, and in view of the forthcoming carnival—the last of the series—the skaters were glad of the practice afforded them. The Orchestra discoursed excellent selections in which the on-lookers found much enjoyment especially in the march, "Sons of Britannia," the waltz, "Convent Girl," and the dance, "La Kraquette." The programme consisted principally of dance music.

Murray King and Clark have been the recipients of many congratulations upon the attractiveness of this week's programme, which cannot fail to fill the theatre at each performance. This evening Madame Jane Hading is to be seen in the five-act play, "Frou-Frou," while on Wednesday evening the famous French actress will present the comedy, "La Chataigne." To-morrow afternoon a visit is to be paid by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Magda," which she has played more often than any other piece in her extensive repertoire. Her London company includes Mr. Lawrence Irving, and her daughter, Miss Stella Patrick Campbell, who is making her first appearance out of London. Commencing on Thursday evening, and for the remainder of the week, the Hoffe and Campbell Comedy Company occupy the board, and will present the comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Surrey Mirror. May 11.

GRAND THEATRE, CROYDON.—The Hoffe and Campbell Comedy Company, which has been organised to present our modern masterpieces of comedy in the English Provinces according to the high standard of acting that holds good on the Continent, will visit Croydon next week with "The Importance of Being Ernest," by Oscar Wilde. This comedy, the highest achievement of its author, has been as much discussed throughout France and Germany as it has in London, but until now scarcely any provincial towns have had the opportunity of enjoying the extraordinary brilliance of its humour.

Winning Post. May 11.

The next revival at His Majesty's Theatre is to be Oscar Wilde's clever play, "A Woman of No Importance," which Mr. Tree originally produced at the Haymarket in April, 1893. The cast on that occasion included Mr. Tree as Lord Illingworth, Mr. Holman Clark as Sir John Pontefract, Mr. Kemble as Archdeacon Daubeny, Mr. Fred Terry as Gerald Arbuthnot, Miss Rose Leclercq as Lady Hunstanton, Miss Le Thiere as Lady Caroline Pontefract, Mrs. Tree as Mrs. Anonoy, Miss Julia Neilson as Hester Worsley, and Mrs. Bernard Beere as Lady Arbuthnot.

Jissen Women's University Library

New York Herald. May 10.

Oscar Wilde's "Tragédie Florentine" will be played by the Œuvre Dramatic Society in the Salle Femina on May 18, 20 and 21. The manuscript of this play was found among Wilde's papers after his death, but a few pages were missing at the beginning. Mr. Sturge Moore wrote the verses to supply the missing passages, and the play was acted for the first time in London last year.

Jessen Women's History Library

Stage,

May 16.

THE GRAND, CROYDON

Visitors here are being highly amused by the late Oscar Wilde's play, *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Mr. J. Graeme Campbell is capable in the part of John Worthing. Algernon Moncrieff is admirably played by Mr. Monckton Hoffe. Mr. Ralph Hutton does well as Canon Chasuble. Miss Phyllis Mannering represents Lady Bracknell capitally. Miss Hestor Newton is well suited as the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax. Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond ably depicts Miss Prism, and Cicely Cardew is charmingly acted by Miss Mona Hope. Lane is well played by Mr. W. H. Barker. The piece is preceded by a one-act play, *Father Varien*, in which Mr. Monckton Hoffe capably undertakes the title role, and is supported by Miss Nona Hope and Amy Lloyd-Desmond.

Jissen Wom 2013-06-11 University Library

M. Albert Savine qui avait déjà traduit précédemment *Les Intentions*, *Le Crime de lord Arthur Savile* et *Le Portrait de M. W. H.*, par Oscar Wilde, nous donne aujourd'hui une traduction des *Poèmes* du même auteur, où il y a de bien jolies choses. Nécessaire peut-être pour mieux comprendre le détail de ses œuvres, l'étude

de la vie et du caractère d'Oscar Wilde ne l'est pas, heureusement, pour les goûter. Laissons donc sa personne de côté pour ne nous intéresser qu'à sa poésie.

Cette poésie très individuelle, comme l'est, d'ailleurs, toute poésie qui mérite de fixer l'attention, est faite d'éléments assez étranges et qui ont l'air quelquefois de jurer entre eux. On y voit, par exemple, dans deux pièces juxtaposées, sinon dans la même, tantôt un paganisme, simple et cru, qui nous étonne chez un Anglais, chez un ancien élève d'Oxford et de Magdalen-College, tantôt un spiritualisme fervent et même un vague catholicisme, qui ne nous surprennent et ne nous déconcertent pas moins. C'est qu'Oscar Wilde est un artiste passionné, un amoureux de l'Art pour l'Art, qui exerce partout des impressions neuves, des sensations raffinées et qui les prend, naturellement, où il les trouve. Pour une imagination et une sensibilité toujours frémissantes comme celles d'Oscar Wilde il y a, en effet, dans l'antiquité païenne, dans Homère et dans Théocrite, une sensualité ingénue et matérielle qui contente et enchante chez lui l'homme épris de la Nature, de la Matière et de la Beauté; il y a, d'autre part, dans le catholicisme, tel qu'il l'entend, un sensualisme mystique, qui excite en lui d'autres fibres, éveille d'autres images, rappelle d'autres souvenirs et lui donne, par suite, d'autres jouissances. Un esthète aussi ardent et inassouvi, attiré par les influences et hanté par les visions les plus diverses, n'a pas d'autre but, en se transformant ainsi, par mobilité, par caprice ou par besoin, que d'embrasser et de savourer éperdument toute la vie...

Toutes les fleurs, même empoisonnées, ont un miel secret pour cette abeille vagabonde; toutes les sources, même dangereuses, celles où se noient la moralité, la raison et la vertu, qui ne sont guère pour lui que des mots, l'attirent par le murmure de leur eau, bleue ou noire, qui suscite et fait chanter son propre rêve. « Entraîné à la dérive de mes passions jusqu'à ce que mon âme devienne un luth vibrant et tendu dont peuvent jouer tous les vents, j'ai renoncé à mon antique sagesse, à l'austère maîtrise de moi-même. Ma vie est comme un parchemin sur lequel se brouilleraient deux écritures... » Il méprise hardiment ce que la plupart des hommes respectent ou font semblant de respecter : la banalité, qu'il a en horreur et qui ne plaît qu'aux timides ou aux médiocres; le sens commun, ce pied-plat, qui se traîne, avec la routine, dans la même ornière; les préjugés, qui sont souvent une forme de l'hypocrisie; l'hypocrisie sociale tout entière, qui est la base vermoulue d'un monde mal fait; la politique, qui est moins l'art de gouverner et d'améliorer les hommes que de les tromper; la foi, crédule et soumise, que rejettent, comme un joug et comme une humiliation, les esprits superbes; la science, aride et froide, dont les prétentions sont si vaines, les découvertes si bornées et le bienfait pour l'homme si discutable. A côté de ces hardiesses paradoxales, de ces effusions un peu bizarres, où éclate un moi sans règle et sans frein, que de choses neuves, fraîches et charmantes, dans cette poésie que peut-être nous ne connaissons pas assez!... Le lyrisme anglais, — de lord

Byron à Oscar Wilde, qui ont plus d'un trait d'affinité — a quelque chose de plus libre, de plus fier et, de plus indépendant, que le nôtre; il a des brouillards et des vapeurs

que le nôtre, plus clair, ne connaît pas; il est impétueux et désordonné; il rachète ses défauts, qui contrarient et offusquent notre esprit latin, par une fougue d'imagination et une floraison d'images qu'il serait injuste de méconnaître et de déprécier.

Les pièces les meilleures, à mon goût, dans ce recueil de *Poèmes* (publiés en Angleterre en 1881, et l'année suivante aux Etats-Unis), me semblent être celles qui ont été inspirées par l'antiquité hellénique. Comparez le poème de Charmidès, « ce jeune noyé », qui, après s'être rendu coupable d'un sacrilège, obtient de Vénus et de la pâle Perséphone d'aimer et d'être aimé jusque dans le sombre Achéron, « près d'une source léthéenne aux eaux troubles et sonores », comparez, dis-je, ce poème étrange et troublant, « où Eros fait résonner son rire sur la prairie sans fleur », à telle idylle ou à telle élégie de notre Chénier, *Hylas*, *Mnais* ou *La Jeune Tarentine*, par exemple, vous verrez mieux que je ne saurais vous le montrer, même dans une longue analyse, les beautés neuves, le charme singulier et subtil de cette poésie. *Le Jardin d'Eros*, *la Nouvelle Hélène*, à laquelle je préfère pourtant l'admirable *Hélène de Sparte*, de M. Henri de Régnier, dans les *Médailles d'argile*, la jolie villanelle sur *Théo-*

crité, *la Chanson d'Ilys*, un peu longue et diffuse mais où il y a des couplets exquis, vous donneront d'autres échantillons de ces imitations de l'antiquité grecque par un jeune Anglais qui sut tantôt la reproduire avec une fidélité si exacte et tantôt la transposer avec une grâce et une liberté si originales.

Je voudrais mettre à part, en raison de l'intérêt qu'elles empruntent aux crises que nous traversons et, comme on dit d'une manière un peu barbare, à l'actualité, deux courtes pièces d'Oscar Wilde : l'une, qui a pour titre, « *Sonnet à la liberté* », l'autre, « *Libertatis sacra fames* ». Quelques jeunes anarchistes de lettres se sont réclamés d'Oscar Wilde et de ses hardiesses antisociales en ces derniers temps. Si Oscar Wilde, par générosité, par compassion et aussi en haine de l'ordre établi, ou par déséquilibre, ou par goût d'oullaw et d'insurgé pour les fièvres et les émeutes populaires, s'est plu à écouter ce qu'il appelle « le grondement des démocraties », s'il est, comme il le dit, « jusqu'à un certain point avec les Christs qui se font tuer sur les barricades »; il n'aime pas ces enfants perdus de la liberté, « dont les yeux mornes ne voient rien si ce n'est leur misère sans noblesse, dont les esprits ne connaissent rien, n'ont souci de rien connaître... ». L'autre pièce : *Libertatis sacra fames* (p. 127), est encore plus expressive. Elle nous dit tous les dégoûts de ce démocrate aristocratique, de cet esthète libertaire, qui n'est, qui ne veut être ni un niveleur illettré, ni un iconoclaste farouche et qu'exaspèrent tous les ignorants, tous les brailards, tous les malfaiteurs, qui confondent l'avènement ténébreux de la démagogie avec le rayonnement de la liberté. On me permettra de citer la pièce tout entière elle en vaut la peine.

« Bien que j'aie été nourri dans la Démocratie et que je préfère à tout cet état républicain où chaque homme est comme un roi, où nul n'est distingué des autres par une couronne, malgré tout,

» Malgré notre démanaison moderne de Liberté, je préfère le gouvernement d'un seul, auquel tous obéissent, à celui de ces démagogues brailards qui menacent notre indépendance par les baisers qu'ils donnent à l'Anarchie.

» Je n'ai aucune sympathie pour ceux dont les mains sacrilèges plantent le drapeau rouge sur les barricades des rues, sans défendre une juste cause et qui amèneraient le règne de l'Ignorance.

» Alors, arts, civilisation, politesse, honneur, tout s'évanouirait. Il ne resterait que la trahison, le lâche, le mépris, son seul outil, le meurtre aux pieds sanglants et silencieux. » — S.

Manchester Guardian

Jan 9.

THE MODERN ORATORIO

DR. KENDRICK PYNE ON "SA

In the Whitworth Hall of Manchester on Tuesday Dr. J. Kendrick Pyne lectured on the history of the oratorio. He traced the oratorio in its growth through the centuries from its origin as an outgrowth from dramatic performances, through its development in Italy and Germany, to its full development in Handel, leaving the historical sketch to the work of Berlioz. Incidentally, Dr. Pyne had interesting things to say about the modern phases of musical expression, and the simplification of the simplicity of early orchestration. He said that now "we are tyrannised by the congested orchestra. It is getting more and more self-assertive every day. As every member of the advanced school considers it his duty to run through and give us a little of the gamut of vivid colours and exotic effects, we feel that these overwhelming contrivances are becoming wearisome, and long for the simple and sedate and soothing style, with fewer surprises and fewer prismatic pigments."

"It is now said," he remarked in conclusion, "that the oratorio is a moribund style, no longer acceptable in the concert-room. In all events, it is not now the fashion to regard with favour musical settings of words. I have known very superior oratorios invariably give away their tickets on the first nights' with quite a fine scorn. The oratorio is given either to the elusiveness of pure music, or, when accompanied by words, to the story of a religious libretto, many apparently untrue stories about the improprieties of mythical personages. An attempt has lately been made to present a Biblical subject in a secular oratorio. This is putting old wine in new bottles with a vengeance. It has, however, been a success. Oscar Wilde's and 'Salome' is universally considered to be impossible, and scarcely decent. When Salome dances before Herod, her chief *pas de deux* shocked even the delicate susceptibilities of the New Yorkers. The whole thing is sensualism. Such skimble-skamble as this many would prefer to the good old oratorio given us for an example, and handed down from generation to generation."

Dr. Pyne pointed to the technical difficulties in the way of following the suggestion to confine the oratorio solely for performance in churches. In modern oratorios such as "Gerontius" the chorus and orchestra required were too large to allow of practicable performance in churches. But there was a wealth of sacred music, untapped which was suitable for church performance. He instanced Bach's sacred cantatas and the earlier work of Handel. Works of this kind might be given in churches, while more spectacular works might be reserved for the big festivals. "One quite longs for the oratorio when in Advent and Lent, following the Lutheran custom, sacred works illustrating the solemn season will be put within reach of the multitude—beautiful music, well performed in beautiful old churches, at those times when the influence of the church is so strong as to such influences."

Illustrations of the lecture were given by the choir.

MAY 16, 1907.

DAILY TELEGRAPH,

On the occasion of the revival of "A Woman of No Importance," at His Majesty's next day evening, Mr. Tree will for the first time put into effect his long-cherished plan of reduction of the proscenium. He has always felt that the present scene of an ordinary drawing-room scale approaching that of the Alexandra Theatre is something of an anomaly; but under the present conditions the proscenium opening is decreased in width and 7ft in height. The measure necessitated by the shutting off of the gallery, a step duly foreseen in the original scheme of the building, is now undertaken next Wednesday not for the first time. By the alteration the line of sight is improved and affected, a clear view of the stage being secured for every visitor. An immense gain is, on the other hand, secured where a piece of the comparatively slender and slender structure is in question.

"Salomé" de M. Strauss

Est l'Œuvre d'un Maître

Depuis Wagner Aucun Compositeur
n'a Donné Semblable Force au
Drame Lyrique.

Le rideau vient de se lever sur la première mesure; dans la salle l'obscurité est complète.

L'unique décor représente une terrasse du palais d'Hérode; au centre, des soldats veillent autour du puits où est enfermé le précurseur Jochanaan.

A gauche, par une baie ouverte, on entend le bruit du festin et de l'orgie que préside le tétrarque Hérode.

Salomé a quitté la salle du banquet; elle veut voir Jochanaan, cet être énigmatique, dont son imagination est hantée. Pour cela elle doit séduire le chef des gardes, Narraboth, qui cède à ses instances et à son charme.

Jochanaan paraît.

Il répond aux déclarations passionnelles de Salomé par des imprécations violentes et les prédictions les plus terrifiantes. Il anathématise les crimes de la cour d'Hérode et annonce le châtiment.

Salomé n'entend rien de tout cela. La force du désir l'hypnotise et l'affole. Elle est insensible à ce qui l'entoure. Elle veut tout de ce prophète. Son corps, sa tête, ses cheveux... ses lèvres sur-tout.

Avec un geste de mépris, Jochanaan la repousse et redescend dans son cachot.

Hérode et Hérodiad, sa femme, sortent en ce moment de la salle du festin.

Hérode est ivre, inquiet, peureux, ignoble. Il craint tout: la nuit, le vent, les étoiles, les malheurs qu'il croit se préparer pour lui. Il reproche à Salomé son absence du banquet. Ses yeux, brillant de la plus honteuse convoitise, sont attachés sur cette fille dont l'insouciance désinvolture l'exaspère. Il veut que Salomé danse pour lui. Elle refuse, et sa mère Hérodiad l'encourage dans son refus.

Pendant ce temps, du fond de sa prison, Jochanaan continue ses invectives, tandis qu'au bord du puits cinq Juifs commentent violemment ses paroles en discutant sur les anciens prophètes et la venue du Messie.

Ici se place un quintette qui est un des passages les plus originaux de la partition.

Hérode, ayant enfin juré de donner à Salomé ce qu'elle demandera, Salomé dansera.

La danse commence, enveloppante et lascive, telle que Flaubert l'a si élégamment et si brillamment peinte. Un grimacement de satisfaction contracte la figure hébétée du tétrarque.

La danse finie, Salomé réclame pour prix du serment la tête de Jochanaan sur un plat d'argent.

Hérode, stupéfié de cette prétention, fait tout pour qu'elle y renonce.

Il lui propose des émeraudes, des diamants, jusqu'aux paons blancs, ornement de ses jardins. Rien ne touche Salomé. Elle veut la tête de Jochanaan.

Force est donc à Hérode de céder et quelques minutes après le bras du bourreau, émergeant du puits, soutient le plat d'argent sur lequel repose la tête du prophète.

Salomé la saisit avec rage. Devant cette tête qui, tout à l'heure, s'était débournée d'elle avec dédain, devant ces lèvres qui lui ont été refusées et qu'on lui livre maintenant inertes et exsangues, commence la scène de basse hystérie, de passion malade et dégradante qu'il n'y a pas lieu à décrire ici. On la pressent, et d'ailleurs la version allemande est la traduction littérale du drame d'Oscar Wilde.

Cette scène se prolonge jusqu'au moment où Hérode, écœuré lui-même, ordonne, en s'éloignant, d'étouffer cette femme.

Le rideau tombe et la lumière est rendue.

Le spectacle a duré exactement une heure cinquante minutes.

Il a été étonnant, sans manifestation aucune, sans un moment de fatigue.

L'impression, encore hésitante, est celui de l'étonnement et de la curiosité. Pendant tout le temps on subit l'ambiance attirante, mais malsaine, créée par cette action, rapide et brutale, où, dans une intensité extraordinaire de vie et de mouvement, s'étalent le matérialisme le plus répugnant, la cérébralité la plus honteusement dépravée.

On oublie en quelque sorte, dans un état d'âme spécial, cette monstrueuse apologie du vice à l'aide de personnages dont tous sont la plus triste expression de la faiblesse humaine.

L'idée en elle-même est encore moins révoltante que ne le sont les développements complaisamment détaillés par une littérature la plus abominable qui soit. Et ce qui est plus regrettable, c'est que cette littérature ne manque pas de talent.

On se demande ce qui a pu en tout cela tenter M. Richard Strauss. Peut-être, le besoin naturel chez lui d'indépendance, d'audace, de révolution dans l'art et son application. Et de fait, il semble que, par lui, le lyrisme ait, dans une certaine mesure, relevé, transformé la fausseté et l'amoralité du poème.

Le talent qu'il a déployé est prodigieux.

Dans aucun de ses ouvrages, Richard Strauss n'avait fait éclater une pareille autorité, une aussi surprenante force de volonté dans l'absolue possession de soi-même et de ses moyens. On sent chez lui la puissance productive parvenue à son apogée.

Toutes les idées ne sont peut-être pas également originales et belles. La manière dont il les exprime dépasse ce que l'on peut concevoir.

Dans cette orchestration, d'une ampleur et d'une ingéniosité inouïes, tout est admirable d'agencement, d'imagination inventive, de science et de vie.

C'est un ravissement merveilleux et continu de sonorités.

Grâce à une initiative dont il faut leur savoir très bon gré, les organisateurs de ces fêtes musicales nous ont donné "Salomé" en allemand. La crudité du poème a paru ainsi atténuée en quelque sorte et, avec l'ensemble remarquable de l'interprétation, l'ouvrage présenté par ses principaux créateurs ne pouvait que gagner encore.

Mlle. Destinn, avec une admirable voix, un talent robuste, une vaillance à toute épreuve, a soutenu avec éclat et sans un moment de faiblesse le rôle écrasant de Salomé.

M. Burian, un des meilleurs ténors d'Allemagne, a montré de nouveau ici le personnage très particulier et très curieux qu'il avait fait d'Hérode à l'Opéra de Dresde.

M. Feinhals, du Hoftheater de Munich, a donné beaucoup de solennité et d'ampleur aux lamentations de Jochanaan.

Les autres interprètes, Mmes. Sengern, Gessner, Howard, MM. Warbeck, Kuthan, Klamuller, Passy-Cornet, Hemming, ont droit à tous les éloges.

La partie chorégraphique était représentée par Mlle. Trouhanowa, très jolie femme, mais qui n'a pas donné à la "danse des sept voiles" le caractère artistique qu'on aurait souhaité.

La direction nerveuse, délicatement nuancée de l'auteur, a rendu à l'orchestre Colonne dans le cours de cette partition si étrangement et diversement colorée, une vigueur qu'on ne trouve malheureusement pas toujours chez ces excellents instrumentistes. C'est un succès pour eux.

Telle est l'œuvre que Paris vient d'entendre et qu'il jugera. On peut lui reprocher d'étonner, d'impressionner, plutôt que d'éveiller. Cette œuvre ne s'enrichit pas de la reprise tant attendue. Elle sera peut-être le signal d'un mouvement de réévaluation de l'œuvre de Strauss. Elle sera peut-être le signal d'un mouvement de réévaluation de l'œuvre de Strauss. Elle sera peut-être le signal d'un mouvement de réévaluation de l'œuvre de Strauss.

The First Edition as a Speculation.

The craze for anything which is unique or rare has been reflected in the sale-rooms of recent years to a remarkable degree. Wealthy people, for instance, buy modern pictures less than they ever did, but let a painting that by any ingenious process can be called

an Old Master be put up for auction, and no price is too high to pay for its possession. The technical value of the craftsmanship or the charm of the subject has nothing to do with the eagerness to acquire it. The attraction lies in the fact that the picture represents something that nobody else can have. And so it is with books. Dives has seldom any interest in literature for its own sake. He has no ambition to accumulate a bigger library than his fellow-millionaires. That would merely mean an expenditure of a thousand or so more than the rest. But it is another matter when a first folio or an early missal comes into the market. The number of available copies is not enough to go round, and so the scramble for them is severe.

In a lesser degree only is the value of rare first editions of modern writers become enhanced. These may not be in such demand among the very rich; but, then, the number of collectors willing to pay good prices for copies is much larger. I was reading only the other day in a trade paper a very interesting article giving a few of the lost works of famous authors. No copies of these early productions are extant even in the British Museum. There was, for instance, a play by Oscar Wilde, a copy of which would represent a very considerable sum to the possessor. He would practically hold the acting and publishing rights as long as he chose to suppress the contents. And the value of the copy alone would be worth much in a saleroom. There are, I believe, shrewd persons who make a practice of buying first editions when they come out, on the chance that they will fetch a good price later on. It is not a bad form of investment, even if four out of every five never improve in value. Of course, no little judgment has to be exercised. The mere storing up of copies of every new book issued would not pay. And then it is the work of the master before he has made his reputation that is most scarce. This usually lies forgotten until a search is made for every line he ever penned and the dignity of a "complete" edition is conferred upon him. Hence there is a certain element of luck in the acquisition of these treasures. Still, in a general way, first editions of the majority of popular books can be sold for substantial profits in the process of time. This is not generally known. Private collections are frequently sold to second-hand dealers for a tithe of what they would fetch if an expert had been consulted beforehand. Old pictures, china, or furniture cannot be picked up nowadays for a mere song. People have been taught that there is much to be learnt by the ordinary book-collector.

Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News,

May 18.

I had another peep, too, at *Julius Caesar*, on its revival at His Majesty's, where, however, there is no new feature in its cast demanding comment. But its week's run as followed by a few performances of *Trilby*, and then by *A Woman of No Importance*, marks a step towards those "repertory" methods which Mr. Tree would, I know, like to adopt in his management. By the way, it is curious to note that when Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy is presented here, Mr. Allan will be the only representative of the cast which supported Mr. Tree in the original production at the Haymarket fourteen years ago. To Miss Marion Terry will, I am glad to say, be allotted the rôle originally filled by Mrs. Bernard Beere, while the engagement of Miss [unclear] suggests that the finely written play will once more have an excellent chance of making its mark.

An observer of the novels, the plays, and the poems of this season avers that our most marked change from the eighteenth century (in which he passes much of his time) is in the quality of our literary pride. Horace Walpole preferred "the most palpable grime of modesty to impudent vanity"; and again writes, "I abhor vanity in authors; it would offend in Milton; in a jack-pudding it is intolerable." Where our public enjoys it and its utterances is exactly in the jack-pudding. For since a great artist set the fashion of boasting no one has imitated him without some measure of success. The famous "Why drugg in Velasquez?" and "Nature is creeping up" were witty burlesques of the speaker's own vanity, and also of his flatterers' praises. Then came the still witty imitations of Oscar Wilde, and after that everybody did the same thing; and what everybody does is not done well.

Tribune, May 17.

AMERICAN AMATEURS AT THE
IMPERIAL THEATRE.

His Excellency Señor de Villa Urrutia, the Spanish Ambassador, gave his patronage to the performance, which was in aid of the Ibero-American Benevolent Society, and there was present a brilliant assemblage of well-known members of the Spanish-American colony in London.

The delicate light and shade, the subtle innuendo, the brilliant flashes of wit, the clever satire of Wilde's play were all most admirably indicated. The Sir Robert Chiltern of Mr. W. Harold Squire was really a notable and finished performance, and Mr. Frank Mead as Lord Goring deserved nothing but praise.

Beautiful gowns were worn by the ladies, and, indeed, throughout, the play was very well staged. Through the kindness of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild Mr. Carl Heubert's Viennese Orchestra had been engaged for the occasion.

On Wednesday evening, 22nd inst., Mr. Tree will revive at His Majesty's Theatre "A Woman of No Importance," by the late Mr. Oscar Wilde, produced by him originally at the Haymarket Theatre fourteen years ago.

There will be a matinée of "Trilby" at His Majesty's Theatre to-day. The curtain will rise on "A Woman of No Importance" at 8.15 punctually on Wednesday evening. Matinées will be given each Wednesday from May 29th. The special matinée of "Hamlet" will be given on May 30th.

The edition of "De Profundis" in the forthcoming works of Oscar Wilde will contain the complete form of that book; the English edition was abbreviated. The same volume will include several letters to Mr Robert Ross, and also two letters on prison life, printed first of all in the "Daily Chronicle."

"Close Time" for the Gallery.

Except where there is a real old-fashioned success running the month of May is making its influence felt in the unreserved parts of the theatres. The pit and gallery at most theatres show a falling off in the attendance, and Mr. Tree will not be a heavy loser by closing, as he intends to do, the gallery at His Majesty's Theatre during the run of "A Woman of No Importance." The revival of this comedy of Oscar Wilde's is fixed for next Wednesday evening.

VERNON.—In a book recently published concerning Oscar Wilde, I read that the only sign of flowers borne to his last resting-place in France were the gladiolus, and they had for their inscription only the "A Mon Locataire" ("To My Lodger"). His brother Wilde died several years ago.

Keen expectation is naturally aroused by Tree's promised revival on Wednesday next of "A Woman of Importance." This has not been seen "since its real human interest adorned by rare graces of style and wit," its original mark at the Haymarket, during the fourteen years which have elapsed since then the charge of Oscar Wilde's wit will be found to have kept as fresh as in the parallel case of "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the St. James's. At His Majesty's Theatre, of course, resumes that impersonation of Lord Alvingham which has been so successful in Austin and his Guisebury; Miss Marion Ty succeeds Mrs. Bernard Beere as the deeply-jured heroine; Miss Ellis Jeffreys has been engaged to replace Mrs. Tree as Mrs. Allonby; Miss Edith Tree and her sister, the fellow Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Ty as the young lovers. Other parts are allotted to Miss Kate Cutler, Mrs. Charles Calvert, Mr. Fisher, and Mr. Marrice; so the company of action should have the best possible chance of making its mark.

By DANGLE.

ss, "SALOME" captured the
an operatic stage at its first
ction in January of last year,
continues to be played in every
al centre in Germany more
than any other opera.

professional musicians in Germany, I am told, divided in opinion; many of the younger school view the opera as a revelation of divine genius palpably extending the limits of musical expression; but the older, the disciples of Bach and Handel, shrug their shoulders and regard it as a musical orgy.

ant-Saëns, the French composer, has himself treated a Scriptural subject in his opera of "Samson and Delilah," calls "Salome" a "poem in symphonic overture and choristics";

the orchestra quivers, sings, ps, howls, breaks out, thunders, m down, works itself into a sion, coughs, sneezes. . . . At e moment it sounds like the slish- sh noise of silk being torn; at other like the smashing of a pane glass. Or it is the wind howl- g, or wood creaking; then it eamles a peacefully flowing ream, which finally hastens its urse, falling over a precipice t a noise like thunder. The eatest freedom reigns; while oup of instruments is wandering out in one key, another, without sitation, moves about in a neigh- bouring key, while the voices go off another direction. Often sweet, apturous passages, which succeed- fully lacerating sounds, enchant e ear; and while I listened to all his I thought of the beautiful aristocratic maidens of a Sacher- lasch, who, while bestowing plumpuous kisses on the young en, are raking their ribs with ed-hot iron; or of Mirbeau's Garden of Tortures."

the orchestra at Munich when I heard the opera numbered over a hundred performers, the customary complement of an orchestra being augmented by "three flutes and three oboes, the normal two oboes and English horn, the newly invented telephone or baritone oboe with a compass an octave lower than the oboe), two pairs of clarinets, besides a higher E-sharp clarinet and the bass clarinet, three bassoons and a double bassoon, six horns, four trumpets, four trombones, and a bass tuba. There are also many novel instruments of percussion, two xylophones, a celesta, that aerial instrument beloved of Tchaikowsky, and an angel and harmonium are added to wind the scenes."

As the whole of these instruments appear to be playing at the same time and nearly all the time, in a surfeit of passionate energy and turbulence, you may conceive that the description of Saint-Saëns is not exaggerated.

Yet, even I, Philistine that I am, caught some glimmering of an idea that this seemingly purposeless complexity and riot of sound expressed something much more serious than audacious charlatanism. The alternation of John the Baptist's terrible foreboding, "I hear in the palace the beating of the wings of the angel of death," with the lascivious pleadings of the passion-ridden Salome, is, in its mixture of rough power and extreme languor, an intensely dramatic example of orchestral eloquence. There is real irony and humour in the clamour of the Jewish rabbis who come to Herod to demand the execution of Iokanaan, and end by vociferously squabbling amongst themselves. And though to my untutored taste there is *languid* excess in the slow, monotonous lament of Salome when holding in her arms the severed head she has so insistently demanded, I am not imperious to the terrible sensuality and despair of its spasmodic energy.

The opera "plays" only an hour and a half, and is confined to one scene. This represents a terrace in the citadel of Herod, tetrarch of Judea. In the centre of the stage is a well-like pit, wherein Iokanaan (John the Forerunner) is confined for protection from the Jews who clamour for his death. When Iokanaan is brought forth Salome falls madly in love with him, and upon being spurned begs of Herod, as the price of a dance with which she fascinates him, that Iokanaan's head be given her. This request being eventually granted, Salome kisses the mouth of Iokanaan till Herod in horror orders her to be killed, and the soldiers crush her under their shields.

The theme, of a surety, is horrible enough. Yet I think my daughter was right in declaring that the opera left the listener cold. I, like her, found neither awe nor thrill in it. And I would in all humility submit that the reason lies, not, as some have suggested, in the bizarreerie of Strauss' setting, but in the fact that Strauss' music is too intellectual, too essentially German, to blend with Oscar Wilde's miry sensuality.

Strauss' intellectual intensity excites interest, but it makes no sort of appeal to the emotions or passions. There is no organic vital relation between the action and the music. The development is not "logico-melodious." Strauss is as clean and pure as a bell; Wilde's imagining is repulsive, diseased, deadly. A Leon Cavallo—or, better still, a sloppy, dirty, decadent, gifted eccentricity of Montmartre, would have come infinitely nearer the tone of Wilde's macabre morbidity. Strauss is too good for him.


Musical.

Miss Annie Patterson's book, "Chats with Music Lovers," may be recommended to all who wish to compose or to get engagements or to teach or to do anything interesting in the musical world. It is full of useful and excellently-put advice.

In "Strauss' Salome," Mr. Lawrence Gillman tells the story of Wilde's play, and discusses at some length the characteristics, the score, and the motives of the opera.

ROBERT LYND.

"Chats with Music Lovers." By Annie W. Paterson, Mus. Doc., B.A.
(Laurie, 3s. 6d. net.)
"Strauss' 'Salome.'" By Lawrence Gillman. (Lane, 3s. 6d. net.)



Count Thaddeus Bolesta, Count Waldenstam, and Count Waldenstam
 Lord Cromer
 Commandatore Malmu

Count Thaddeus Bolesta (Austria), Count Waldenstam (Sweden), Lord Cromer, Joseph Van der Does de Willebois (Netherlands), Commandatore Malmu (Italy).

LORD CROMER'S FAREWELL TO CAIRO: A DIPLOMATIC GROUP.

Before Lord Cromer left Cairo, on May 6, he was entertained by the diplomatic body, and received a representation in recognition of his magnificent services to Egypt and of the esteem in which he is held. In the group are representatives of most of the Great Powers—*(From left to right: Count Thaddeus Bolesta, Count Waldenstam, Lord Cromer, Joseph Van der Does de Willebois, Commandatore Malmu.)*

are in my view and the dominions the largest and most has authorised and detain with- those detention is although there for prosecution. to our ideas of taken as abso- tant a Liberal as

Sunday Sun, May 18

k, "Chats with Music Lovers," may

ash to compose or to get engagements interesting in the musical world. It is

Lawrence Gillman tells the story of some length the characteristics, the

ROBERT LYND.

By Annie W. Paterson, Mus. Doc., B.A.
 ce Gillman. (Lane, 3s. 6d. net.)

yra Larsen
Munich).

ITALY.

ive clap-trap of the military
without any imitation of
death-agony of the prophet

1874