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Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. 9

Daily Chronicle.

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 the quality of our literary pride. Horace Walpole preferred "the most palpable gaud of modesty to impudent vanity"; again writes, "I abhor vanity in authors; would offend in Milton; in a jack-pudding is intolerable." Where our public enjoys and its utterances is exactly in the jack-pudding. For since a great artist set the fashion of boasting no one has imitated him with some measure of success. The famous "W drag in Velasquez?" and "Nature is creeping up" were witty burlesques of the speaker's own vanity, and also of his flatterers' praise. Then came the still witty imitations of Oscar Wilde, and after that everybody did the same thing; and what everybody does is not do well.

Is Horace Walpole right, after all? When boasting ceases to be the fashion, what action there will be to modesty! Authors of novels will then take the tone of Fan Burney. Having written "Evelina," and being praised by Johnson, she could not be her book named without wishing "to go under the table." In our more candid day she whose work you have not had the happiness to read tells you on a first introduction that she has had forty-five splendid reviews. Yet let us be so just as to recognise the fact that women are not in this respect the chief jack-puddings. The popularisers of the Whistler trick are men.

Tribune, May 17. "THE IDEAL HUSBAND."

AMERICAN AMATEURS AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

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

Like all the plays of its author, "The Ideal Husband" demands the best of acting, and amateurs though last night's performers were they were Americans, by the way—the acting was good enough to make one wish that it could have a revival of "The Ideal Husband" as well as of "A Woman of No Importance."

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

Miss Lilian Brooking as Mrs. Cheveley—genius in the day time and a beauty at night—played this difficult part with distinction. Miss Delmira Bokenham as the vivacious Lady Markby, the lady who talks more and says less than most people, was excellent, and one carried away pleasant recollections of Miss Markby's charming rendering of the part of Lady Chiltern.

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.

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TRIBUNE, MAY 20, 1907

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Free Lance,

May 25, 1907.
VERNON.—In a book recently published concerning the

WILL IT BE SEEN DON? STRAUSS'S FAMOUS OPERA, "SALOME."

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(Nuremberg).

Josephine von Hubner
(Düsseldorf).

Fanchette Verhunk
(Breslau).

Signe von Rappe
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Madame Isnardon
(Paris: private performance).

Agnes Klebe
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imitative. Here Wagner sometimes failed. His motive for Thor's Hammer comes perilously near the descriptive clap-net of the military band; but Strauss, in describing the decapitation of St. John the Baptist, suggests the fall of the head without any imitation of a sword-stroke. He plays upon the feelings of his hearers until he actually causes them to share the death-agony of the prophet.

Portraits (back row, left to right) by Boissonnas, G. Farinchi Artico, Müller, Fillmann-Müller; (front row) by Moellendorf, Metz, Zander and Labisch, Hildenbrand, and Baumann.

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may 15.

Free Lance,

May 25, 1907.

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

Jesse Norman University Library

may 18.

Glasgow Evening News,

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."

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May 19.

Weekly Dispatch

"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 month of May. "The importance of the revival of this comedy of Oscar Wilde's is fixed for next Wednesday evening."

Jessen Woelfel University Library

Observer,

May 21.

Keen expectation is naturally aroused by Tree's promised revival on Wednesday next "A Woman of No Importance." The play has not been seen since its real human interest adorned by rare graces of style and wit marked its original mark at the Haymarket, and during the fourteen years which have elapsed since then the charm of Oscar Wilde's work will be found to have kept as fresh as it was in the parallel case of "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the St. James's. At His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree, of course, resumes that impersonation of Lord Illingworth which recalls both his behaviour to Austin and his Guisebury; Miss Marion Terry succeeds Mrs. Bernard Beere as the deeply injured heroine; Miss Ellis Jeffreys has been engaged to replace Mrs. Tree as Mrs. Allonby; and Miss Viola Tree and Mr. Quatermain follow Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry as the young lovers. Other parts are allotted to Miss Kate Cutler, Mrs. Charles Calvert, Mr. Fisher, and Mr. J. H. P. the roguish character. The production should have the best possible chance of making its mark.

Jissen W 2009-03-18 14:26 Jissen W 2009-03-18 14:26

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ANNA SUTTER (Stuttgart).

[Phot. Hildenbrand.]

LES SALOMÉS DE RICHARD STRAUSS

Voir l'article, page 315.

cho

Clarion. 17 May 1907

"SALOME."

By DANGLE.

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

Be professional musicians in Ger-
y are, I am told, divided in
ion; many of the younger school
im the opera as a revelation of
tive genius palpably extending
limits of musical expression; but
greybeards, disciples of Bach and
mer, shrug their shoulders and
r at it as a musical orgy.

int-Saëns, the French composer,
has himself treated a Scriptural
ect in his opera of "Samson and
lah," calls "Salome" a "poem
ysteries":

The orchestra quivers, sings,
elps, howls, breaks out, thunders,
alms down, works itself into a
assion, coughs, sneezes. . . . At
ne moment it sounds like the slish-
lash noise of silk being torn; at
nother like the smashing of a pane
f glass. Or it is the wind howl-
ng, or wood creaking; then it
esembles a peacefully flowing
ream, which finally hastens its
ourse, falling over a precipice
with a noise like thunder. The
reatest freedom reigns; while one
roup of instruments is wandering
bout in one key, another, without
hesitation, moves about in a neigh-
pouring key, while the voices go off
n another direction. Often sweet,
rapturous passages, which succeed
ruelly lacerating sounds, enchant
the ear; and while I listened to all
this I thought of the beautiful
aristocratic maidens of a Sacher-
Masoch, who, while bestowing
voluptuous kisses on the young
men, are raking their ribs with
red-hot iron; or of Mirbeau's
"Garden of Tortures."

The orchestra at Munich when I
ard the opera numbered over a
undred performers, the customary
uipment of an orchestra being
gmented by "three flutes and a
ecolo, the normal two oboes and
ylish horn, the newly invented
cklephone (a baritone oboe with a
mpass an octave lower than the
oe), two pairs of clarinets, besides
e higher E-sharp clarinet and the
ss clarinet, three bassoons and a
ouble bassoon, six horns, four
umpets, four trombones, and a bass
ba. There are also many novel
struments of percussion, two
arps, a celesta, that aerial instru-
ent beloved of Tschaikowsky, and an
rgan and harmonium are added
hind the scenes."

As the whole of these instruments
appear to be playing at the same
me and nearly all the time, in a
ver of passionate energy and tur-
ulence, you may conceive that the
escription of Saint-Saëns is not
aggerated.

Yet, even I, Philistine that I am,
caught some glimmering of an idea
that this seemingly purposeless com-
plexity and riot of sound expressed
something much more serious than
audacious charlatanism. The alter-
nation 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 elo-
quence. 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 un-
tutored taste there is *langweilig* ex-
cess in the slow, monotonous lament
of Salome when holding in her arms
the severed head she has so insis-
tently demanded, I am not imper-
vious 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 bizarrerie 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 ex-
cites interest, but it makes no sort of
appeal to the emotions or passions.
There is no organic vital relation be-
tween the action and the music. The
development is not "logico-melo-
dious." 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 in-
finitely nearer the tone of Wilde's
macabre morbidity. Strauss is too
good for him.

Musical.

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Sunday Sun,

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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.)

2019-03-18

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ACTRESS WHO HAVE TAKEN THE PART IN THE THEATRES OF FRANCE, GERMANY, AND ITALY.

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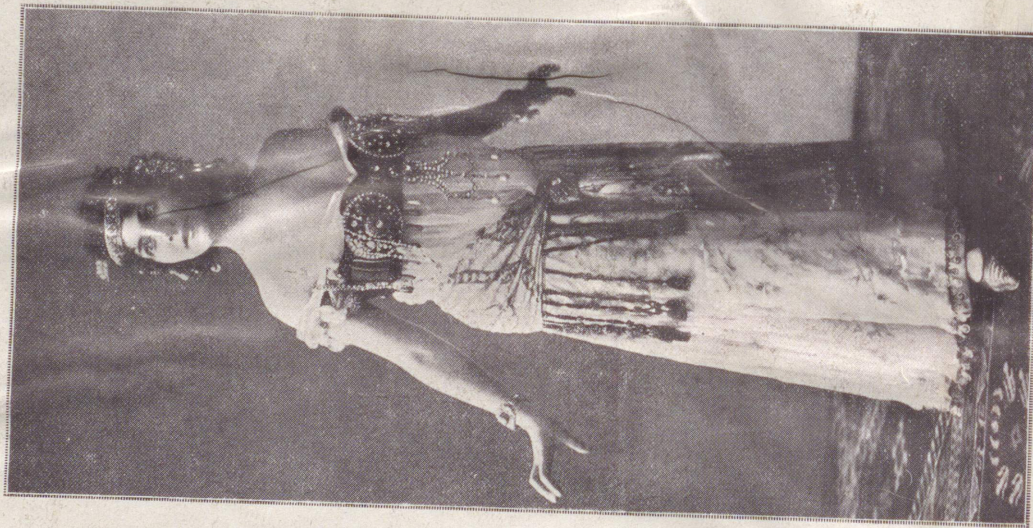
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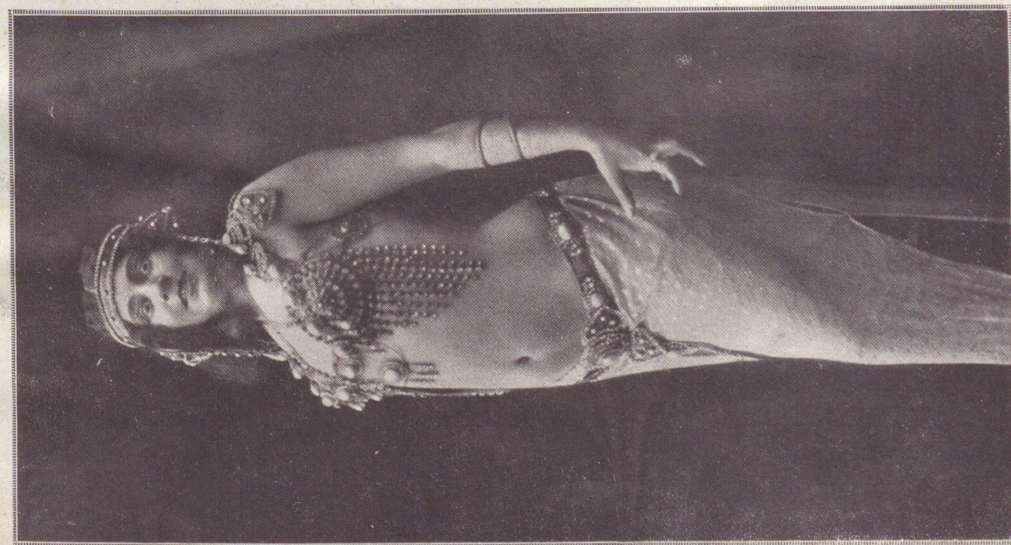
EMMY DESTINN (Berlin et Paris).
Phot. Zander et Levisch.



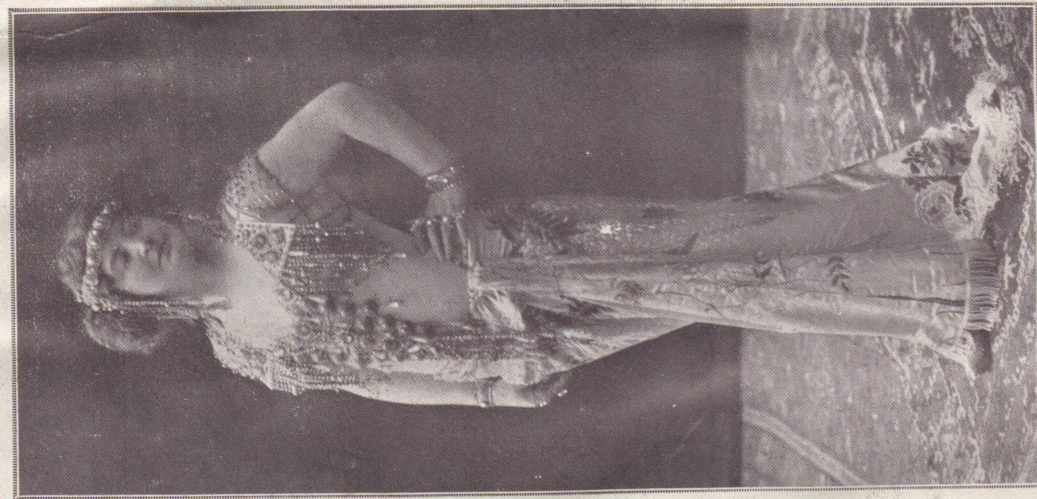
MALVINE KANN (Mayence).
Phot. Metz.



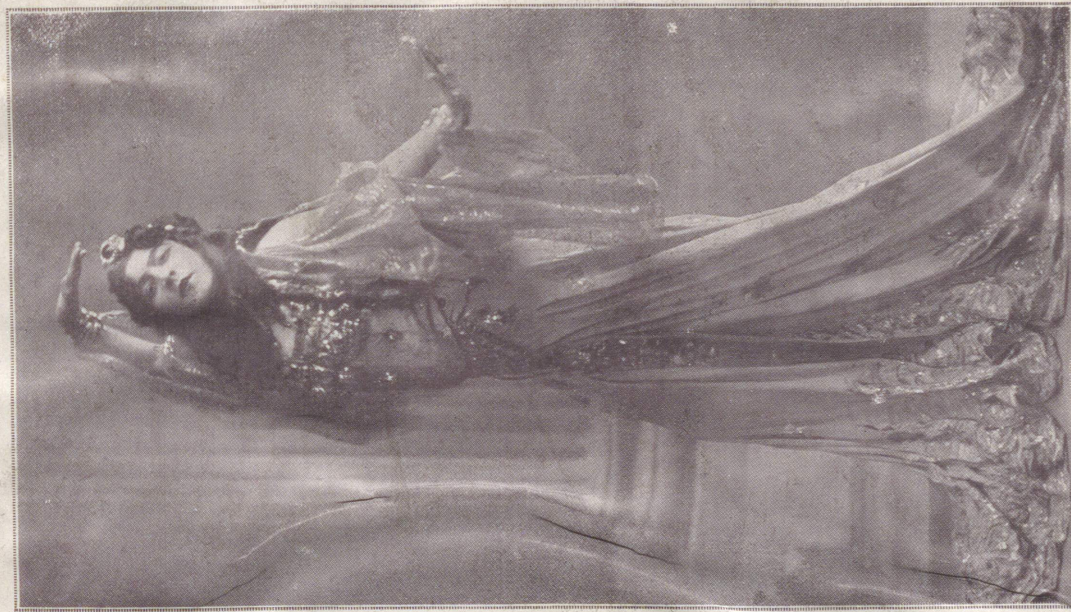
AGNÈS KLEBE (Stettin).
Phot. Mellencamp et Bachmann.



THYRA LARSEN (Munich).
Phot. Baumann.



JOSÉPHINE VON HUBBENET (Dusseldorf).
Phot. Stegmann.



Mme ISNARDON (Paris, représentations privées).
Phot. Boissacous et Tournier.



EMMY DESTINN (Berlin et Paris).

Phot. Zander et Labisch.



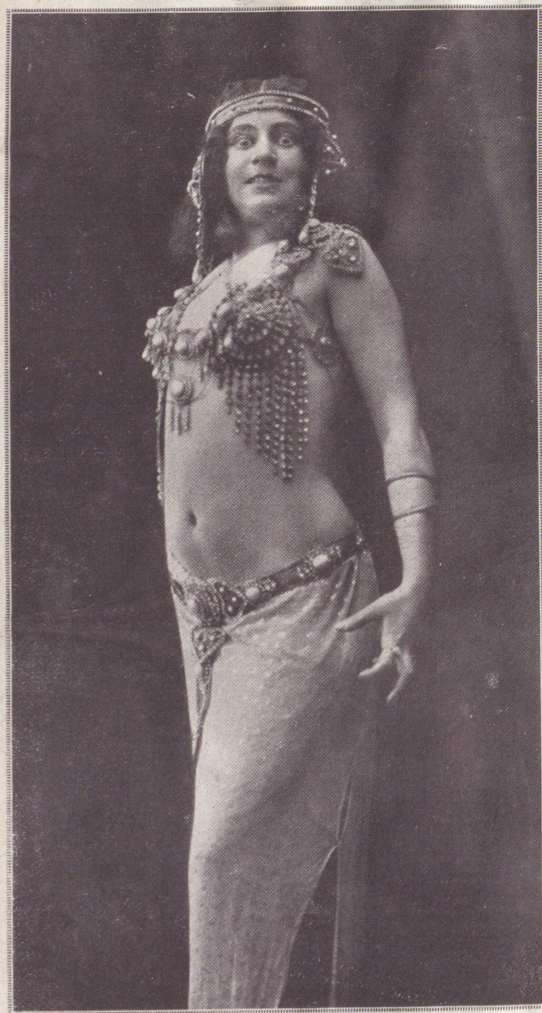
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Phot. Staegemann.



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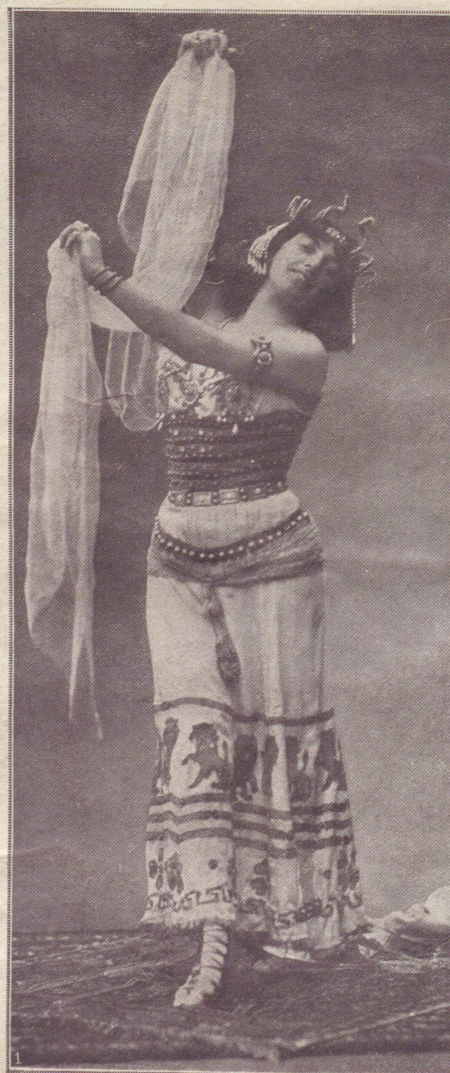


HENNY DIMA (Nuremberg).
Phot. Grainer.



FANCHETTE VERHUNK (Breslau).
Phot. Müller.

L'ILLUSTRATION 11 Mai 1907



KRUSCENISKI (Milan).
Phot. Varischl. Artico.



SIGNE VON RAPPE (Mannheim).
Phot. Füllmann-Malter.

sion to realities. Draughtsman, engraver, transmitter of great historic scenes and pageants, designer of delicate fleurons, title-pages, frontispieces, headings, *ex libris*, vignettes, *culs de lampe*, concert tickets, illustrator of all the literary talent of the age, Moreau was an almost universal genius in his art; there was nothing too great for his talent and nothing too small.

Fortunately his daughter, afterwards Madame Carle Vernet, made a collection of her father's work, bound them in five great volumes, and prefaced them with a touching *mémoire* of the artist. The books were intended for the Czar Alexander, whose cypher is still on the binding, but these treasures are now in the National Library at Paris, where alone can the whole work of the master be studied to perfection. The British Museum has a portfolio of his prints, naturally far inferior in value, but well worthy of inspection, as it is sufficiently representative and contains a good number of the prints referred to in this paper.

C. A COURT REPINGTON.

SANCHO PANZA AT GENEVA

THERE is a true story of a curate. He served a church in Northampton, and was talking to a smart young bootmaker, who was also a Wesleyan. The bootmaker allowed that Peter and Paul were gifted men, but he would not admit that they were, in any respect, to be classed with the great Wesley. "Look at our numbers," he said, "Peter and Paul between them didn't make so many converts, I know." Then in answer to some question of the curate's: "Oh, the Ordinance, you mean? Yes, I don't trouble much about that. I daresay it was all very well for a lot of ignorant fishermen: I'm a foreman in a boot factory myself."

It should be mentioned that "the Ordinance" in Dissenting phraseology signifies the Holy Eucharist, commonly called the Mass; and this being understood it is interesting to read an eighteenth-century hymn on the Eucharist, from which the following verses may be quoted:

Victim Divine, thy grace we claim
While thus thy precious Death we show;
Once offered up, a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

We need not now go up to heaven
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost e'en now thy banquet crown;
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real Presence here.

The hymn was written by Charles Wesley, and reflects, faithfully enough, the Eucharistic teaching of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Society. In the same connection it is curious to note the John Wesley that when the Methodists left th England, God would leave them.

On the face of it, then, it seems odd th Thomas Champness, who was evidently a n and excellent man according to his dim li have called himself a "Methodist" and a "Wesleyan." It would be quite singular if "Dr." Clifford and Mr. Campbell were to describe themselves as "Laudian Divines" or "Cavalier Clergy"; but the gulf between the teaching of Laud and "Dr." Clifford is certainly no greater than the gulf between the teaching of the Wesleys and the teaching of modern "Wesleyans." However, this is a point of more or less domestic interest; and if it pleases a sect of nebulous pietists to label themselves with the name of a High Churchman of the eighteenth century, perhaps no great harm is done, it being clearly understood that the "Methodist" of to-day

mines as his guide through me. But now suppose that after the position of these people is. Suppose that after the end of a great career Sancho Panza had suddenly pro- claimed that he was in reality Don Quixote; and that the true principles of knight errantry consisted in keeping a whole skin and bones unbroken, in sleeping under snug shelter, in eating two enormous meals a day, in having a very comfortable sum put by in a capacious wallet, and above all, in cherishing an utter disbelief in and contempt for all enchantments, magic balsams, faery barks, thau- maturgic sages, and the whole universe of mystery and

ACADEMY

JUNE 8, 1907

CHARACTER IN DIALOGUE

AMONG the most illusive arts, possessed only by very few even of the people who have captured the illusive art of writing a good acting play, is the art of revealing character through dialogue. At first sight it may seem that if a dramatist fails to make his puppets reveal their nature by what they say he fails altogether. But this is not so. In most plays the dialogue is appropriate to the plot and situation, but the words spoken by the persons themselves are not revelations of self. Nearly all dramatists allow

the circumstances, the situations, the gestures and attitudes to reveal the characters of the persons concerned. They also allow one person to explain the psychology of another. Rarely do they write lines for a character which is a self-revelation. That self-revealing line is the great success for the writer of dialogue. It is quite possible, of course, to write an excellent drama without a single such line. The dialogue in such (and most) plays helps on the action, tells the story, is appropriate to the person speaking it in the circumstances in which the author has placed him or her. The sailor who loves a lass delivers perhaps a soul-stirring speech about his love, thereby revealing the situation and interesting us in it, but the speech tells nothing about himself. The heroine makes a remark about fidelity which hints to us that she is going to be faithful when the proper time comes, but nothing that she says reveals her soul to us. That has been revealed to us by what other people have said, or by the way in which she acts under given circumstances. Out of her own mouth we cannot judge her.

It is the power of being able to lay bare a personality by a line which marks the supreme playwright, gives a play a peculiarly satisfactory flavour, and atones for, or supersedes, defects of construction or clumsiness and even staleness of plot.

In the novel dialogue is delightful, but the novelist can tell his tale without it. He has so many other ways of baring his characters to the reader. Mr. Henry James could get his exquisite effects if his people spoke never a word that we could hear, he can create a perfectly satisfactory character in a book by talking the whole time himself and yet never allowing his own personality to intrude. Certainly the best of that superb master of fiction, Thomas Hardy, is not expressed in dialogue. On the other hand Mr. George Meredith *does* use his gift of being able to reveal his characters by the words he puts into their mouths. To read their conversations is to know them, not only in relation to the actual business they have in hand at the moment, but also to know their very nature, how and with whom they were brought up, what their ancestors were like and what sort of a show they will make on their deathbed. Other masters of dialogue in this sense though in a different *milieu* are Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. W. W. Jacobs. But happily this gift, as we have said, is by no means necessary to the making of a good novel. Equally good effects can be obtained by other means.

But it is a curious thing that when the power of revealing character by dialogue is of so much greater importance in writing plays than in writing novels, so few of our writers for the stage possess it.

In the most perfect master of stage technique whom we have, Mr. Pinero, that power is most conspicuously missing. All his characters talk alike, allowing for differences of sex, age, and circumstance. His valets differ in nothing from their masters save that they aspire to their "h" with particular care, and use if anything longer words. True, in earlier days and in lighter pieces, he did manage to give us a self-revealing line now and again. But in his serious pieces which show that the dramatist has racked a wonderful brain in order to construct an artificial problem, we search in vain for any such line. Even that line in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* which was quoted as being an instance of this dialogue for which I am asking was really an instance of what it is not. "I like fruit when it's expensive." That is a remark which revealed what Mr. Pinero and the other persons on the stage were very justly realising about Paula Tanqueray. She herself would have been either too self-conscious, or not self-conscious enough, to have said it.

Take again the plays of that interesting and sincere dramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, plays whose grip and sterling worth prove that the quality of which I am writing is not essential to play-writing, but only an added charm and the high-water mark of the playwright.

In his plays there is no line which reveals personality by the words themselves apart from the circumstances in which they are spoken. Nor do even Mr. Bernard Shaw's puppets, though they generally say the right, the human, though not the expected, thing, reveal themselves by their words, but rather by their actions, if we except the soldier in *Arms and the Man*, and even he speaks more for others than for himself. There is enough evidence to make us think that Mr. Shaw could write this dialogue if he would, but he is too interested in himself and the universe to allow his characters to let us into the secret of their personality by their conversation. We care far more for what they say than for them.

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That is another complete picture. How well I know that old lady, how well I could describe her, and how much I like her. And if she reads this article I am sure she will find it clever.

REGINALD TURNER.

THE RICHTER CELEBRATION

THE concert that has been given this week at Queen's Hall in celebration of Richter's association with music in England for the last thirty years has a significance well beyond that of a compliment to a great artist. It commemorates an aspect of modern music that, in retrospect, will probably prove more distinctive than any other—the evolution of the orchestra into the most perfect medium that we have for the expression of musical ideas. It is a commonplace of musical history that the orchestra

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“THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING
EARNEST.”

This week we have had yet another comedy at the Grand, but of a totally different character to the "Amateur Socialist." Perhaps there was no more fertile brain among our nineteenth century writers than the late Oscar Wilde, whose knowledge of modern society and the doings of the smart set enabled him to achieve the success he did as a literary and dramatic writer. Certainly the best of his efforts for the stage was "The Importance of being earnest" which dealt with certain phases of society in an amusing manner. The comedy was produced on Monday night for the first time in Croydon by Messrs. Hoffe and Campbell's company to an appreciative, although somewhat limited audience. It was introduced by a curious creation, in a Hertfordshire magistrate, who finds how difficult it is to play two parts and assume the dual personalities. Mr. J. Graeme Campbell, as John Worthing, the J.P. in question, supplied the necessary force and vigour for the part whether as John or Ernest Worthing he was equal to the occasion, never unduly labouring the parts and exhibiting a thorough grasp of those essentials which are only to be found in the finished artist. Mr. Monkton Hoffe struck a vein of humour soon after the rise of the curtain which continued to assert itself until the conclusion of the comedy. The comedy was full of the whimsicalities of Algeorn Moncrieff, giving us a piece of portraiture which was irresistibly funny. Mr. Ralph Hutton comported himself with due solemnity as the Rev. Canon Chasuble, and Mother Church ought to be proud of such a good natured son who turned up at moments when lovers did not require a third or fourth party. Perhaps the most acceptable work of the evening was that of Miss Phyllis Manners, who played Lady Bracknell. Of a charming personality, she has a delightful voice and is gifted with much histrionic ability. All her points were made without an effort and she contributed to the success of the comedy. Miss Amy Lloyd Desmond did not need to be an artist to make up as Miss Prim, the governess, who played propriety to Miss Fairfax and Miss Cecile Cardew. Miss Hester Newton was seen to advantage as the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, and she followed up the triumphs achieved elsewhere. Miss Hope was a charming Cecile Cardew, and Mr. Arthur Forbes Watts did all that was necessary as the butler. The piece was well staged.

PARIS, May 15.

"Salomé," Herod's perverse step-daughter, spurned by a saint, induces her mother's wicked old husband to have the holy man's head cut off. The gory, ghastly frontispiece is presented to her on a silver platter, and she kisses the cold lips. To wreak this vampirish vengeance she had tripped the "Dance of the Seven Veils" before the tyrant; but he is so disgusted at the result of his ballet weakness that he orders his soldiers to crush the vile girl with their shields. Such is the thrill-giving prose play that the Englishman, Oscar Wilde, once wrote, and set to music by the German, Richard Strauss, it has created a small French revolution among society's exclusive set in Paris. Never has the Châtelet Theatre held a grander throng of bejewelled charmers, attaining such low-neck limits that we cannot miss viewing the cruel thin red lines stamped by elastic bands serving to keep the frocks of fashionable femininity braced across busts. I asked my frank and sweet secretary, Nini, what would happen if the thin india-rubber strips sewed in the tops of scanty bodices were to give way? It would not much matter, for "Salomé," in one act, plays just under two hours without a break, and it is a case of "lights down" all the time—battens and all. As "Salomé" is only to be given six times, and the prices of admission are villainously high, I am afraid that the Parisians will be unable to fully appreciate the exquisite witchery of this orchestral nightmare, so epileptically gruesome that even the lady portraying the heroine is said to have been frightened out of her wits when the decapitated head was presented to her. It had been modelled in wax from the features of the singer

I have been thinking of the plagues of Egypt, which have gone through the entire cat-
 tle, and which we have got over this trouble we
 shall have come has arrived. I believe
 that the comet has arrived. I believe
 therefore that makes one interrupted with a
 horrid dream as interrupted with a
 effort to turn the switch off, and one's
 in the dead of night, when one has for-
 gotten it is of no use. They turn it on
 when it does arrive at times, but always
 it is of no use. They turn it on
 as well as light is that the
 magazzas as well as light is that the
 at the illuminative warehouse—lan-
 aggravating part of the whole mess up
 The door had the door open.
 and nearly got telescoped into another
 bottom-most boxes; I did a flying leap,
 bumping on the floor at one of the
 the nasal organ of a man who was
 wild yell. My Trinity had collided with
 in the dungeon. Suddenly there was a
 I went to my post office box, which is
 stairs and put in passages. The other day
 stairs and through bumping people on
 carry now at the Empire, as my life is
 Kaffir lantern such as the seat scooters
 rather night. I'm going to invest in a
 local products are having a field-day, or
 and sandbags and other such like
 and, and there is a corner in paraffin;
 on their friends. Candles are giving
 are lying in towns at hotels, or boarding
 are happy homes for a fortnight, and

Oscar Wilde's Modernity.

"A Woman of No Importance," which we are to see at His Majesty's Theatre shortly, was always supposed to be the author's favourite play. He used to say that it gave him more pleasure in the writing than any of the others. And, in spite of the declaration that he never wrote any particular play for any particular actor (if his literary executor is to be credited), the part of Lord Illingworth was intended for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Wilde claimed with some truth that it was one of the most famous of the actor-manager's impersonations in high comedy. M. Charles Muek, the director of the National Theatre at Prague, explains the great popularity of all Wilde's plays in Germany and Austria by the absence in them of all distinctive local colour or provincialism, though the background is always England (of course, with the notable exception of "Salome"), it is not necessary to have been in England to appreciate the wit and humour of the dialogue. The substructure of Wilde's dramas is elemental and makes a universal appeal; while in many French comedies it is necessary to know something of French life and manners to realise their subtlety and appeal. The absence of ingenuity and of modern artifice in "A Woman of No Importance"—the very familiarity—the eternal interest of the theme, have prevented it from becoming old-fashioned. M. Muek is about to present the play in a Czech version shortly, and he is coming to England on purpose to see Mr. Tree as Lord Illingworth.

MISS MARION TERRY AT HOME.



To-night, at His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree will revive "A Woman of No Importance," one of Oscar Wilde's most brilliant comedies, with Miss Marion Terry in the title-role.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

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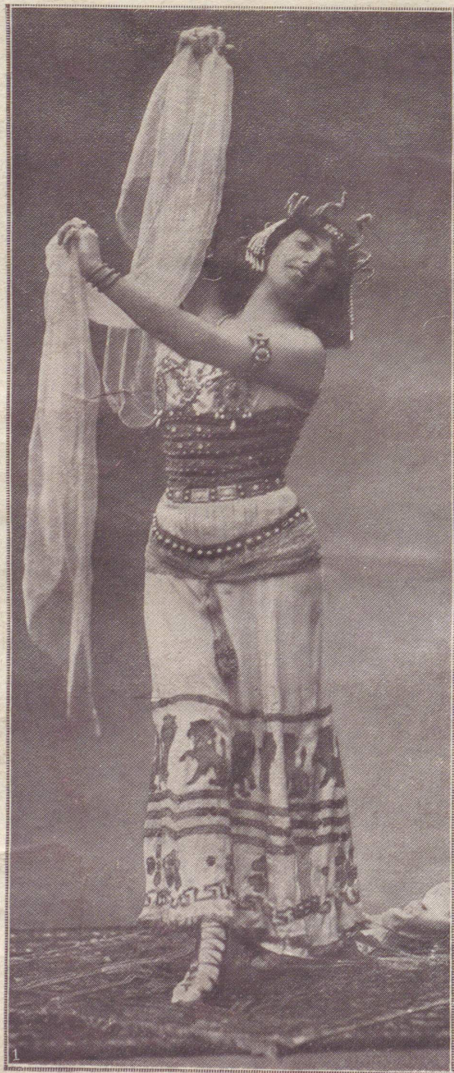
HENNY DIMA (Nuremberg).
Phot. Grainer.



FANCHETTE VERHUNK (Breslau).
Phot. Müller.

L'ILLUSTRATION

11 Mai 1907



KRUSE (Milan).
Phot. Varischi Artico.



SIGNE VON KAPPE (Mannheim).
Phot. Fillmann-Matter

sion to realities. Draughtsman, engraver, transmitter of great historic scenes and pageants, designer of delicate *fleurons*, title-pages, frontispieces, headings, *ex libris*, vignettes, *culs de lampe*, concert tickets, illustrator of all the literary talent of the age, Moreau was an almost universal genius in his art; there was nothing too great for his talent and nothing too small.

Fortunately his daughter, afterwards Madame Carle Vernet, made a collection of her father's work, bound them in five great volumes, and prefaced them with a touching *mémoire* of the artist. The books were intended for the Czar Alexander, whose cypher is still on the binding, but these treasures are now in the National Library at Paris, where alone can the whole work of the master be studied to perfection. The British Museum has a portfolio of his prints, naturally far inferior in value, but well worthy of inspection, as it is sufficiently representative and contains a good number of the prints referred to in this paper.

C. A COURT REPINGTON.

SANCHO PANZA AT GENEVA

THERE is a true story of a curate. He served a church in Northampton, and was talking to a smart young bootmaker, who was also a Wesleyan. The bootmaker allowed that Peter and Paul were gifted men, but he would not admit that they were, in any respect, to be classed with the great Wesley. "Look at our numbers," he said, "Peter and Paul between them didn't make so many converts, I know." Then in answer to some question of the curate's: "Oh, the Ordinance, you mean? Yes, I don't trouble much about that. I daresay it was all very well for a lot of ignorant fishermen: I'm a foreman in a boot factory myself."

It should be mentioned that "the Ordinance" in Dissenting phraseology signifies the Holy Eucharist, commonly called the Mass; and this being understood it is interesting to read an eighteenth-century hymn on the Eucharist, from which the following verses may be quoted:

Victim Divine, thy grace we claim
While thus thy precious Death we show;
Once offered up, a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

We need not now go up to heaven
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost e'en now thy banquet crown;
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real Presence here.

The hymn was written by Charles Wesley, and reflects, faithfully enough, the Eucharistic teaching of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Society. In the same connection it is curious to note the John Wesley that when the Methodists left th

England, God would leave them.

On the face of it, then, it seems odd th
Thomas Champness, who was evidently a n
and excellent man according to his dim li
have called himself a "Methodist" and a
It would be quite singular if "Dr." Clifford and Mr.
Campbell were to describe themselves as "Laudian
Divines" or "Cavalier Clergy"; but the gulf between
the teaching of Laud and "Dr." Clifford is certainly no
greater than the gulf between the teaching of the
Wesleys and the teaching of modern "Wesleyans."
However, this is a point of more or less domestic interest;
and if it pleases a sect of nebulous pietists to label them-
selves with the name of a High Churchman of the
eighteenth century, perhaps no great harm is done, it
being clearly understood that the "Methodist" of to-day

times as his guide through me. But now
the position of these people is. Suppose that after the
end of a great career Sancho Panza had suddenly pro-
claimed that he was in reality Don Quixote; and that the
true principles of knight errantry consisted in keeping a
whole skin and bones unbroken, in sleeping under snug
shelter, in eating two enormous meals a day, in having a
very comfortable sum put by in a capacious wallet, and
above all, in cherishing an utter disbelief in and contempt
for all enchantments, magic balsams, faery barks, thau-
maturgic sages, and the whole universe of mystery and

THE ACAD

the circumstances, the situations, the gestures and attitudes to reveal the characters of the persons concerned. They also allow one person to explain the psychology of another. Rarely do they write lines for a character which is a self-revelation. That self-revealing line is the greatest success for the writer of dialogue. It is quite possible, of course, to write an excellent drama without a single such line. The dialogue in such (and most) plays helps on the action, tells the story, is appropriate to the person speaking it in the circumstances in which the author has placed him or her. The sailor who loves a lass delivers perhaps a soul-stirring speech about his love, thereby revealing the situation and interesting us in it, but the speech tells us nothing about himself. The heroine makes a remark about fidelity which hints to us that she is going to be faithful when the proper time comes, but nothing that she says reveals her soul to us. That has been revealed to us by what other people have said, or by the way in which she acts under given circumstances. Out of her own mouth we cannot judge her.

It is the power of being able to lay bare a personality by a line which marks the supreme playwright, gives a play a peculiarly satisfactory flavour, and atones for, or supersedes, defects of construction or clumsiness and even staleness of plot.

In the novel dialogue is delightful, but the novelist can tell his tale without it. He has so many other ways of baring his characters to the reader. Mr. Henry James could get his exquisite effects if his people spoke never a word that we could hear, he can create a perfectly satisfactory character in a book by talking the whole time himself and yet never allowing his own personality to intrude. Certainly the best of that superb master of fiction, Thomas Hardy, is not expressed in dialogue. On the other hand Mr. George Meredith *does* use his gift of being able to reveal his characters by the words he puts into their mouths. To read their conversations is to know them, not only in relation to the actual business they have in hand at the moment, but also to know their very nature, how and with whom they were brought up, what their ancestors were like and what sort of a show they will make on their deathbed. Other masters of dialogue in this sense though in a different *milieu* are Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. W. W. Jacobs. But happily this gift, as we have said, is by no means necessary to the making of a good novel. Equally good effects can be obtained by other means.

But it is a curious thing that when the power of revealing character by dialogue is of so much greater importance in writing plays than in writing novels, so few of our writers for the stage possess it.

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ACADEMY

JUNE 8, 1907

CHARACTER IN DIALOGUE

AMONG the most illusive arts, possessed only by very few even of the people who have captured the illusive art of writing a good acting play, is the art of revealing character through dialogue. At first sight it may seem that if a dramatist fails to make his puppets reveal their nature by what they say he fails altogether. But this is not so. In most plays the dialogue is appropriate to the plot and situation, but the words spoken by the persons themselves are not revelations of self. Nearly all dramatists allow

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Croydon Chronicle
18 May

GRAND THEATRE.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

This week we have had yet another comedy at the Grand, but of a totally different character to the "Amateur Socialist." Perhaps there was no more fertile brain among our nineteenth century writers than the late Oscar Wilde, whose knowledge of modern society and the doings of the smart set enabled him to achieve the success he did as a literary and dramatic writer. Certainly the best of his efforts for the stage was "The Importance of being earnest" which deals with certain phases of society in an amusing manner. The comedy was produced on Monday night for the first time in Croydon by Messrs. Hoffe and Campbell's company to an appreciative, although somewhat meagre audience. We are introduced to a curious creation in a Hertfordshire magistrate, who finds how difficult it is to play two parts and assume the dual personalities. Mr. J. Graeme Campbell, as John Worthing, the J.P. in question, supplied the necessary force and vigour for the part whether as John or Ernest Worthing he was equal to the occasion, never unduly labouring the parts and exhibiting a thorough grasp of those essentials which are only to be found in the finished artist. Mr. Monkton Hoffe struck a vein of humour soon after the rise of the curtain which continued to assert itself until the conclusion of the comedy. He made the most of the whimsicalities of Algernon Moncrieff, giving us a piece of portraiture which was irresistably funny. Mr. Ralph Hutton comported himself with due solemnity as the Rev. Canon Chasuble, and Mother Church ought to be proud of such a good natured son who turned up at moments when lovers did not require a third or fourth party. Perhaps the most acceptable work of the evening was that of Miss Phyllis Manners, who played Lady Bracknell. Of a charming personality, she has a delightful voice and is gifted with much histrionic ability. All her points were made without an effort and she contributed to the success of the comedy. Miss Amy Lloyd Desmond did not need to resort to art to make up as Miss Prim, the governess, who played propriety to Miss Fairfax and Miss Cecile Cardew. Miss Hestor Newton was seen to advantage as the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, and she followed up the triumphs achieved elsewhere. Miss Hope was a charming General. Mr. Arthur Forbes Watts did all that was necessary as the butler. The piece was well staged.

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Sunday Times May 19.

in his production of "A Woman of No Importance," His Majesty's, next Wednesday, Mr. Tree will carry into effect a plan he has long had under consideration for adjusting the size of the proscenium to the character of the play he is presenting. Oscar Wilde's play, which Mr. Tree produced at the Haymarket, would hardly be seen to advantage on the ordinary big stage of His Majesty's, but by diminishing the proscenium opening six feet by seven feet, Mr. Tree will obtain a more appropriate comedy. The change will necessitate the closing of the gallery for the time being, but otherwise the view of sight is in no way affected.

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Evening Post May 18.

The forthcoming revival of Oscar Wilde's play, "A Woman of No Importance," at His Majesty's promises to be interesting. Among those who will represent the chief characters are Messrs. Tree, Faber White, Chas. Allan, and Edmund Morris, Misses. Calvert, Kate Cutler, Ellis Jeffries, Viola Tree, and Marion Terry.

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ews of the World,

The most interesting item of the week
will be Mr. Tree's revival, at His Majesty's,
Wednesday, of Oscar Wilde's great play,
"A Woman of no Importance." With Mr.
Misses Marion Terry, Ellen Terry,
Kate Cullis in the strong cast, the re-
should be a great treat to the theatre-
public.

May 19.

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The Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette.

May
18.

Oscar Wilde's Modernity.

"A Woman of No Importance," which we are to see at His Majesty's Theatre shortly, was always supposed to be the author's favourite play. He used to say that it gave him more pleasure in the writing than any of the others. And, in spite of the declaration that he never wrote any particular play for any particular actor (if his literary executor is to be credited), the part of Lord Illingworth was intended for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Wilde claimed with some truth that it was one of the most famous of the actor-manager's impersonations in high comedy. M. Charles Musek, the director of the National Theatre at Prague, explains the great popularity of all Wilde's plays in Germany and Austria by the absence in them of all distinctive local colour or provincialism; though the background is always England (of course, with the notable exception of "Salome"), it is not necessary to have been in England to appreciate the wit and humour of the dialogue. The substructure of Wilde's dramas is elemental and makes a universal appeal; while in many French comedies it is necessary to know something of French life and manners to realise their subtlety and appeal. The absence of ingenuity and of modern artifice in "A Woman of No Importance"—the very familiarity—the eternal interest of the theme, have prevented it from becoming old-fashioned. M. Musek is about to present the play in a Czech version shortly, and he is coming to England on purpose to see Mr. Tree as Lord Illingworth.

Daily Mirror, May 22, 1907.

MISS MARION TERRY AT HOME.



To-night, at His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree will re-vive "A Woman of No Importance," one of Oscar Wilde's most brilliant comedies, with Miss Marion Terry in the title-role.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)