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Vol. 9



## On the Continent

### MUSIC IN PARIS

#### 'SALOME'

SALOME.  
THEATRE DU CHATELET.  
SALOME.

MUSIC-DRAMA IN ONE ACT.  
BOOK BY OSCAR WILDE. MUSIC BY RICHARD STRAUSS.

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The theatre is in complete darkness; the curtain rising discloses a terrace before the palace of Herod the Tetrarch. In the centre is a species of cistern or well. Soldiers are grouped about this well, in which is confined Jochanaan (John the Baptist). At one side is the palace of Herod, whence are heard sounds of revelry. Salome enters; she has quitted the banqueting-hall, being haunted by the memory of the strange being for whom she has conceived an unholy, sensual lust. She must see again this mystic stranger who has repulsed with disgust her approaches; she must gloat again on his form, his hair, his lips. These latter she apostrophises many times in the most extravagant phrases. To accomplish her end, she gains over the chief of the guard, Narraboth, who yields to her witcheries and permits the prophet Jochanaan to appear. But the seductions and proffered charms of the courtesan are repulsed with disdain; maledictions are hurled at her, the debauchery of Herod and his court are arraigned with fierce invective, and their dire punishment is foretold. The prophetic threats of Jochanaan do not turn Salome from her purpose or extinguish in her the fire of lust which consumes her. The personal qualities of the prophet are again commented on, particularly his lips, that scarlet mouth against which she must press her own. The prophet, with a gesture of profound loathing and contempt, reenters his cell. Herod and his wife Herodias, the mother of Salome, enter the scene from the palace. The former, a weak, besotted being, fixing his gaze on Salome, beseeches her to perform one of her seductive dances, which before have calmed his neurasthenic moods. Salome refuses, her mother seconding her in the refusal to gratify the ignoble monarch. For the coveted gratification of his eyes, Herod again demands the performance of one of Salome's voluptuous poses, this time offering her whatever she may choose to demand. Salome complies, and performs before the infatuated Herod her famous Dance of the Seven Veils. As the price of this highest effort of her skill, she demands the head of Jochanaan the prophet on a salver. The King, feeling some compunction for his thoughtless promise, offers to the dancer the temptations of other desirable things in place of the lugubrious object named by

Salome as the price of her fascinating efforts. She declines in succession the proffer of Herod's famous diamonds, of his unique emeralds, and, lastly, of all his marvellous white peacocks—the pride of his gardens, the wonder of the whole world—insisting on her right to name the promised recompense. Herod is compelled to accede, and gives the necessary instructions. Preceded by an instant of perfect silence, painful in its intensity, a mailed arm is seen to emerge from the cistern. The hand grasps a platter on which rests the head of Jochanaan. This Salome clutches, being at last able to gratify her perverse hysteric lust for the lips of the man, now dead—carcasses she could not procure while he was living. This scene, which for realism and perverse animal passion has surely never been equalled, sickens even Herod himself. He commands his guards—"Kill that woman!" This they do, crushing Salome under their massive shields.

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## Bystander.

Mrs. Charles Brookfield has already made her name known as the author of semi-historical books; and it is, therefore, quite comprehensible that she should try her skill at the historical novel. In *My Lord of Essex* (Sir Isaac Pitman: 6s.) she attempts to illustrate a passage in the life of Elizabeth's brilliant favourite. The episode chosen is the expedition to Cadiz, but the interest of the book lies in the struggle between the younger Cecil, son of the great Lord Burghley, and the idealised Essex himself, for prosperity and the favour of Elizabeth. Essex, a vain, vapouring person, one is afraid, in history, appears here as a youthful and dashing gallant, crazy for war and adventure. He has a fascinating figure, and, as Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson put it, "a leg," and, of course, Elizabeth's weakness for him is brought well to the front. Historical novelists are unkind to Elizabeth. Her struggles, her personal courage, her cleverness in keeping out of Continental entanglements, are rarely shown us; but, instead, we have her with withered, rouged cheeks, and an ancient coquetry, pursuing Essex in the manner of a heroine of Bernard Shaw. Still, historical probabilities are not too much offended here, and the action is also cleverly and clearly managed. One can hardly think that the dialogue—a most difficult thing to do properly in an Elizabethan novel—is altogether pleasing. At that time, the language was in a rich confusion, and almost any kind of phrase can be justified by reference to Elizabethan literature. Still, it is not very tactful to use expressions like, "Does that matter these days, Essex?" which recall America—a world then, as Oscar Wilde would have said, only just "detected." After that, one might expect to hear Elizabeth telling Essex to come "right here." But, fortunately, this is spared us.

## Daily Graphic.

### END OF THE SEASON AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

#### MR. TREE'S "LAST LEAVES."

Mr. Tree concluded his present season on Friday night with an extremely interesting selection from the work which he has produced during the past few months. The programme began with the pretty second act of "The Winter's Tale," with Mr. Basil Gill, Mr. Lyn Harding, and Miss Viola Tree in their old parts. This was followed by the third act of "A Woman of no Importance," the play which until Friday night held the bill and which is seriously interesting because, in spite of its epigrammatic smartness, it is so singularly old-fashioned. In the third and fourth acts it touches real emotion and even tragedy, but Wilde, in his plays, was superficial, with the result that we only find conventional melodrama. The next item in the long programme was the fourth act of "Antony and Cleopatra," finely played by Mr. Tree and Miss Constance Collier; after this came that amusing one-act play "The Van Dyck," with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in his old part of John Peters, while, to conclude, the second act of "Colonel Newcome" was given. It was a wonderful programme, remarkable not only as showing specimens of the varied pieces produced during the season, but for the evidence which it afforded of the versatility of the players. At the fall of the curtain, after a most enthusiastic call, Mr. Tree made an interesting little speech, in which, after briefly referring to the past season and to the visit to Berlin, "fraught with pleasant memories," and a visit which he hopes to repeat, he forecast the future. After the provincial tour, the new productions will be Mr. Comyns Carr's version of "Edwin Drood," Mr. W. J. Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond," and the new version of "Faust" by Mr. Stephen Phillips, assisted by Mr. Comyns Carr. In this Mr. Basil Gill will play Faust and Mr. Tree Mephistopheles. During Mr. Tree's absence His Majesty's Theatre will be occupied by Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton.

## THE BOOK OF THE HOUR.

### FRAULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER.\*

I HAD intended to thank Countess Arnim for the great treat she has given all lovers of literature by her latest book. But I will be more modest, I will thank her on my own account alone. For the longer I live the less certain am I of my own taste and the less certain also of the quality of what professors and so-called cultivated people call "literature."

I feed in a literary sense upon dainties. I like Stevenson, Pater, Oscar Wilde, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, and at one time I was proud of my taste. I thought it grand to sneer at Guy Boothby, R. H. Savage, G. R. Sims; and a really popular writer like Miss Corelli made me ill. But I am beginning to see my mistake. There is absolutely no reason on earth why W. S. Gilbert should not be as great a poet as Byron, and live as long or longer. It is purely a matter of opinion—my opinion against that of another person. Annie S. Swan sells by millions, Countess Arnim by hundreds; yet I can read about Elizabeth and her German garden every day and all day, whilst I cannot get through two pages of Annie S. Swan, which shows me quite clearly that I must be a fool, judged by ordinary standards.

The delicate, the noble, the refined in literature does not live like the banging, clattering schoolboy fighting and lovemaking of Shakespeare or Marlowe, whose lines have lasted 300 years and are now more popular than they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The whole world loves the transpontine melodrama of "Gotterdammerung" and understands it; but when "Don Giovanni," the most terrible musical tragedy ever written, is put upon the stage it is turned into a comedy to suit modern ideas.

Hans Richter once gave it as it was written but I don't think anyone knew what was going on, the audience slept peacefully through the tragic music and only woke up to listen to Leporello.

Therefore do not read about Fraulein Schmidt because I ask you. I am, as you can see, wrong. But if there are any readers of MAMMON who like delicacy of truth, sly humour and a curious power of making most ordinary things appear quite extraordinary, I advise them to try the little olive-green volume. Don't get it from the library, it is not that sort of book. Buy it, read it a little each day in the sunshine on a windy hill. There is no plot. Mr. Anstruther just goes to Jena and learns German in the house of a professor. He falls in love with the daughter of the professor, as any healthy boy would, and when he goes away home, becomes engaged to another girl. Rose-Marie listens to his explanations, suffers and recovers sufficiently to write 370 pages of letters to her old lover. Very simple, isn't it? To fill a book with letters just telling of the every-day thoughts of a German girl in a little German town? Anyone could do this, but could anyone except the authoress hold our attention from first page to last, force us to read and re-read the little book, and when we had read it swear on oath that we would read it again. That is what I call art. For there is nothing in the book, no plot, just Rose-Marie, the lover, the professor, the servant, Joey (a really amusing boy), and his fiancée Vickie. Rose-Marie has the silliest views of life—she believes in Goethe and the sentimental school—she loves an open-air life, simple food, short skirts, long walks. I think she wears Jaeger combinations; her boots are nailed. She is the last girl any man would love outside of Jena, where pretty girls are rare. Mr. Anstruther promptly became engaged to Miss Cheriton as soon as he could. Rose-Marie was good enough for him in Jena, not in London. I think the book should be read aloud by all high-school mistresses to their classes as a warning. The business of a woman is to capture man; having captured him to bear children, and get the man to pay all expenses. To completely fulfil her mission woman has developed a cunning, a greed and a tenacity of purpose which no other animal possesses. She knows quite well that she cannot hope to capture her prey in the usual straightforward clumsy male fashion, so she has developed graces, she flatters and coos over the helpless male, she wears the gaudiest clothes, paints her face the most brilliant colours, dyes her hair red and makes her nails pink, and if she does this with care the man is as good as caught. But Fraulein Schmidt didn't seem to know anything about Dr. Dys and his complexion sachets. I suppose this great man had no agents in Jena. Rose-Marie did the cooking when she wasn't dusting. Consequently she died unmarried. Now what woman wants to die unmarried? In all my long experience I have never met one, and what is more I don't believe such a woman exists. Therefore Rose-Marie is a standing example of what a young girl must avoid. Mr. Anstruther was a poor creature in any case. But he had sense enough to get away and only make love by letters. He pretends all through the book that though he is engaged to Miss Cheriton he loves Rose-Marie, but in this he only does what all men do. Miss Cheriton jilted him for a duke, which shows that Miss Cheriton was a cool-headed true type of woman. Then was Rose-Marie's chance. But did she take it? Not a bit; she wired at once to Mr. Anstruther that if he approached the German Empire she would leave it, and naturally he was delighted and never saw her again, though through all the 370 pages he pretends he is dying to see her. When you and I, my dear reader, get into that curious condition known as falling in love, and want a wife we don't worry about letter-writing, we go and get the lady right away; that is the habit of the infatuated male. And the lady chuckles to herself, puts on her coyest air, but takes care to drop coyness the moment she finds you safe. So you see how completely Countess Arnim has imagined a heroine unlike any woman who ever existed. Sweet, pure, fresh, and with ideas of her own, loving the pine woods, the frost, the snow, the clouds and the flowers. All of which any woman may pretend to love and does often pretend to love when hunting down the silly man. But none of them have any real connection with the main business of a woman's life—marriage. Women will sniff when they read this book, men will like it and long for a Rose-Marie, but such girls don't exist.

DEMON.

\* By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (Smith, Elder and Co., London.) Price 6s.



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## The Tudor Novel Again

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July 8. 1907

## END OF THE SEASON AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

### MR. TREE'S "LAST LEAVES."

Mr. Tree concluded his present season on Friday night with an extremely interesting selection from the work which he has produced during the past few months. The programme began with the pretty second act of "The Winter's Tale," with Mr. Basil Gill, Mr. Lyn Harding, and Miss Viola Tree in their old parts. This was followed by the third act of "A Woman of no Importance," the play which until Friday night held the bill and which is curiously interesting because, in spite of its epigrammatic smartness, it is so singularly old-fashioned. In the third and fourth acts it touches real emotion and even tragedy, but Wilde, in his plays, was superficial, with the result that we only find conventional melodrama. The next item in the long programme was the fourth act of "Antony and Cleopatra," finely played by Mr. Tree and Miss Constance Collier; after this came that amusing one-act play "The Van Dyck," with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in his old part of John Peters, while, to conclude, the second act of "Colonel Newcome" was given. It was a wonderful programme, remarkable not only as showing specimens of the varied pieces produced during the season, but for the evidence which it afforded of the versatility of the players. At the fall of the curtain, after a most enthusiastic call, Mr. Tree made an interesting little speech, in which, after briefly referring to the past season and to the visit to Berlin, "fraught with pleasant memories," and a visit which he hopes to repeat, he forecast the future. After the provincial tour, the new productions will be Mr. Comyns Carr's version of "Edwin Drood," Mr. W. J. Locke's "The Beloved Vagabond," and the new version of "Faust" by Mr. Stephen Philips, assisted by Mr. Comyns Carr. In this Mr. Basil Gill will play Faust and Mr. Tree Mephistopheles. During Mr. Tree's absence His Majesty's Theatre will be supplied by Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton.



FRAULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER.\*

I HAD intended to thank Countess Arnim for the great treat she has given all lovers of literature by her latest book. But I will be more modest, I will thank her on my own account alone. For the longer I live the less certain am I of my own taste and the less certain also of the quality of what professors and so-called cultivated people call "literature."

I feed in a literary sense upon dainties. I like Stevenson, Pater, Oscar Wilde, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, and at one time I was proud of my taste. I thought it grand to sneer at Guy Boothby, R. H. Savage, G. R. Sims; and a really popular writer like Miss Corelli made me ill. But I am beginning to see my mistake. There is absolutely no reason on earth why W. S. Gilbert should not be as great a poet as Byron, and live as long or longer. It is purely a matter of opinion—my opinion against that of another person. Annie S. Swan sells by millions, Countess Arnim by hundreds; yet I can read about Elizabeth and her German garden every day and all day, whilst I cannot get through two pages of Annie S. Swan, which shows me quite clearly that I must be a fool, judged by ordinary standards.

The delicate, the noble, the refined in literature does not live like the banging, clattering schoolboy fighting and lovemaking of Shakespeare or Marlowe, whose lines have lasted 300 years and are now more popular than they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The whole world loves the transpontine melodrama of "Gotterdammerung" and understands it; but when "Don Giovanni," the most terrible musical tragedy ever written, is put upon the stage it is turned into a comedy to suit modern ideas.

Hans Richter once gave it as it was written but I don't think anyone knew what was going on, the audience slept peacefully through the tragic music and only woke up to listen to Leporello.

Therefore do not read about Fraulein Schmidt because I ask you. I am, as you can see, wrong. But if there are any readers of MAMMON who like delicacy of truth, sly humour and a curious power of making most ordinary things appear quite extraordinary, I advise them to try the little olive-green volume. Don't get it from the library, it is not that sort of book. Buy it, read it a little each day in the sunshine on a windy hill. There is no plot. Mr. Anstruther just goes to Jena and learns German in the house of a professor. He falls in love with the daughter of the professor, as any healthy boy would, and when he goes away home, becomes engaged to another girl. Rose-Marie listens to his explanations, suffers and recovers sufficiently to write 370 pages of letters to her old lover. Very simple, isn't it? To fill a book with letters just telling of the every-day thoughts of a German girl in a little German town? Anyone could do this, but could anyone except the authoress hold our attention from first page to last, force us to read and re-read the little book, and when we had read it swear on oath that we would read it again. That is what I call art. For there is nothing in the book, no plot, just Rose-Marie, the lover, the professor, the servant, Joey (a really amusing boy), and his fiancée Vickie. Rose-Marie has the silliest views of life—she believes in Goethe and the sentimental school—she loves an open-air life, simple food, short skirts, long walks. I think she wears Jaeger combinations; her boots are nailed. She is the last girl any man would love outside of Jena, where pretty girls are rare. Mr. Anstruther promptly became engaged to Miss Cheriton as soon as he could. Rose-Marie was good enough for him in Jena, not in London. I think the book should be read aloud by all high-school mistresses to their classes as a warning. The business of a woman is to capture man; having captured him to bear children, and get the man to pay all expenses. To completely fulfil her mission woman has developed a cunning, a greed and a tenacity of purpose which no other animal possesses. She knows quite well that she cannot hope to capture her prey in the usual straightforward clumsy male fashion, so she has developed graces, she flatters and coos over the helpless male, she wears the gaudiest clothes, paints her face the most brilliant colours, dyes her hair red and makes her nails pink, and if she does this with care the man is as good as caught. But Fraulein Schmidt didn't seem to know anything about Dr. Dys and his complexion sachets. I suppose this great man had no agents in Jena. Rose-Marie did the cooking when she wasn't dusting. Consequently she died unmarried. Now what woman wants to die unmarried? In all my long experience I have never met one, and what is more I don't believe such a woman exists. Therefore Rose-Marie is a standing example of what a young girl must avoid. Mr. Anstruther was a poor creature in any case. But he had sense enough to get away and only make love by letters. He pretends all through the book that though he is engaged to Miss Cheriton he loves Rose-Marie, but in this he only does what all men do. Miss Cheriton jilted him for a duke, which shows that Miss Cheriton was a cool-headed true type of woman. Then was Rose-Marie's chance. But did she take it? Not a bit; she wired at once to Mr. Anstruther that if he approached the German Empire she would leave it, and naturally he was delighted and never saw her again, though through all the 370 pages he pretends he is dying to see her. When you and I, my dear reader, get into that curious condition known as falling in love, and want a wife we don't worry about letter-writing, we go and get the lady right away; that is the habit of the infatuated male. And the lady chuckles to herself, puts on her coyest air, but takes care to drop coyness the moment she finds you safe. So you see how completely Countess Arnim has imagined a heroine unlike any woman who ever existed. Sweet, pure, fresh, and with ideas of her own, loving the pine woods, the frost, the snow, the clouds and the flowers. All of which any woman may pretend to love and does often pretend to love when hunting down the silly man. But none of them have any real connection with the main business of a woman's life—marriage. Women will sniff when they read this book, men will like it and long for a Rose-Marie, but such girls don't exist.

DEMON.



July 7, 1907

At His Majesty's on Friday night Mr. Tree bade farewell to his patrons pending his taking a little rest by reading a batch of new plays, preparatory to going on tour. Probably with a view to deserving this play-reading rest more fully, Mr. Tree put in a good deal of extra work by giving what may be called a Quintuple Bill, consisting of Act II, Scene 3, of "The Winter's Tale"; Act I, of "A Woman of No Importance"; Act IV, Scenes 2 and 3, of "Antony and Cleopatra"; all of "The Van Dyck"; and Act II, of "Colonel Newcome." Mr. Tree appeared not in all these selections, as some have written, but in all except the first-named; that is to say, as Lord Illingworth in Wilde's play; as Antony; as the burbling mock-maniac in "The Van Dyck"; and as Thackeray's noble old Colonel. In each of these characters Mr. Tree was in his best form, changing from character to character with remarkable contrast. When the curtain finally fell, Mr. Tree, still preserving something of Thomas Newcome's military manner, delivered an excellent little speech of thanks for past favours and foreshadowing his plans for the purposes of securing favours in the future. Mr. Tree also very earnestly thanked the admirable company who had worked so ardently with him through the long night, and especially his "old friend Mr. Weedon Grossmith," who had again so brilliantly shared the honour with him in "The Van Dyck." Finally Mr. Tree desired the suffrages of kind friends in front for those popular incoming tenants Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche, who will occupy His Majesty's while Mr. Tree goes touring from early in September till late in November.

## Graphic, July 13.

## Theatre Notes

There is not much in the way of news in the theatrical world to be recorded. Mr. Tree concluded his season last week with an interesting selection from the plays which he has produced during the past few months. The programme began with the second act of *The Winter's Tale*, with Mr. Basil Gill, Mr. Lyn Harding and Miss Viola Tree in their old parts. This was followed by the third act of *A Woman of No Importance*, the play which had been running until that night. The next item in the long programme was the fourth act of *Antony and Cleopatra*, finely played by Mr. Tree and Miss Constance Collier; after this came that amusing one-act play, *The Van Dyck*, with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in his old part of John Peters, while, to conclude, the second act of *Colonel Newcome* was given. It was a wonderful programme, remarkable not only as showing specimens of the varied pieces produced during the season, but for the evidence which it afforded of the versatility of the players. On the fall of the curtain, after an enthusiastic call, Mr. Tree made a little speech, in which, after briefly referring to the past season and to the visit to Berlin, which he hoped to repeat, he forecast the future. After the provincial tour, the new productions will be Mr. Comyns Carr's version of *Edwin Drood*, with Mr. W. J. Locke's *The Beloved Vagabond*, and the new version of *Faust* by Mr. Stephen Phillips, assisted by Mr. Comyns Carr. In this Mr. Basil Gill will play Faust and Mr. Tree Mephistopheles. During Mr. Tree's absence His Majesty's Theatre will be occupied by Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton.

Musical America, June 29, 1907

It is a rule of the Lord Chamberlain's office that no Biblical subject or character should be presented on the English stage unless the play was written before the days of Sir Robert Walpole, says the London "Academy." This rule was enforced in the case of Massenet's opera, "Hérodiade," the characters of which had to have their names altered before the work could be given at Covent Garden. The same principle, no doubt, will apply to Strauss's "Salomé," and London will be cut off from all chance of hearing the most famous opera of to-day unless Herr Strauss (and Mr. Wilde's literary executor) consent to the alteration of *Salomé's* name to *Mary Ann* and *Herod's* to *Harrod*.

## Outlook, July 6, 1907

We understand that some copyright difficulties are likely to interfere with Messrs. Methuen's scheme for issuing a complete edition of Oscar Wilde's works.

July 13, 1907

## BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS.

MESSRS ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. have brought out a volume of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays, containing "John Bull's Other Island," "Major Barbara," "How He Lied to Her Husband," and some interminable prefaces (price 6s.). A very large public will be glad to have the opportunity of buying Mr. Shaw's recent plays at so cheap a price, for since the death of Mr. Oscar Wilde no writer has given us such brilliant dialogue in his plays, and in drawing-room comedies the dialogue is often very good, nonsense relieved by paradox, but they are not infrequently trample on all that the best men and women in all ages have agreed to consider sacred. The preface of "How He Lied to Her Husband" is short enough to criticise. The position Mr. Shaw assumes in it is quite unwarrantable; it is taken up with an assault upon the authorities of various American cities for not allowing the production of Mr. Shaw's play, "Mrs Warren's Profession"—her profession being that of the courtesan. Far be it from me to defend American prudery, which has justly been described as "Mother Grundy." But other people besides Americans doubt the expediency of gratifying morbid curiosity upon the most unpleasant subject in our social life. Mr. Shaw, in ingenious paradoxes, maintains that morality was served in the production of the play, and that the really immoral people are those who endeavour to keep things respectable because by some ramifications or another they are sure to be connected in a more or less distant way with something disreputable. The following passage may be taken as typical of Mr. Shaw's distorted point of view:

Now nothing is more possible than that the city councillors who suddenly displayed such concern for the morals of the theatre were either Mrs Warren's landlords, or employers of women at starvation wages, or restaurant keepers, or newspaper proprietors, or in some other more or less direct way, sharers of the profit of her trade. No other more or less direct way, sharers of the profit of her trade. No doubt it is equally possible that they were simply stupid men who thought that indecency consists not in evil, but in mentioning it. I have, however, been myself a member of a municipal council, and have not found municipal councillors quite so simple and inexperienced as this. At all events, I do not propose to give the Kansas councillors the benefit of the doubt. I therefore advise the public at large, which will finally decide the matter, to keep a vigilant eye on gentlemen who will stand anything at the theatre except a performance of "Mrs Warren's Profession," and who assert in the same breath that (a) the play is too loathsome to be bearable by civilised people, and (b) that unless its performance is prohibited the whole town will throng to see it. They may be merely excited and foolish, but I am bound to warn the public that it is equally likely that they may be collected and knavish. At all events, the play is to protect the evil which the play exposes, and, in view of that fact, I see no reason for assuming that the prohibitionists are disinterested moralists and that the author, the managers, and the performers, who depend for their livelihood on their personal reputations, and not on rents, advertisements, or dividends, are grossly inferior to them in moral sense and public responsibility.

"How He Lied to Her Husband" is a very bright little play, and if Mr. Shaw will allow us to understand that Mr. Bompas merely wished his wife to be publicly admired and a celebrity, it did not deserve such a preface. The book will doubtless have a large sale, and it should have, for Mr. Shaw is amazingly clever. He is a beautiful literary artist. Paradox apart, he works his plays out so simply and naturally, and they contain an immense amount of food for thought. He is a real creator, and I have always regarded him as an honest man, but looking at the world through dislocated binoculars.

## Review of Reviews, July 1907

## G. B. SHAW: AN AMERICAN APPRECIATION.

MR. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, in the *North American Review*, writes up Mr. Shaw to the top of his most eulogistic bent. He says: "Mr. Shaw, it seems to me, is the most versatile and cosmopolitan genius in the drama of ideas that Great Britain has yet produced." Mr. Shaw, however, is himself his own greatest enemy. But he does not, says his critic, appeal to us primarily as a dramatist. "His fundamental claim to our attention consists in his effort towards the destruction of false ideals and of the illusions that beset the soul of man." His prime characteristic as a propagandist is found in his assertion that the quintessential function of comedy is the destruction of old-established morals. Mr. Henderson concludes by saying:—

No juster or more significant characterisation of this man can be made than that he is a penetrating and astute critic of contemporary civilisation. He is typical of this disquieting century—with its intellectual brilliancy, its ironic nonsense, its flippant humour, its devouring scepticism, its profound social and religious unrest. The relentless thinking, the large perception of the comic, which stamp this man, are interpenetrated with "the ironic consciousness of the twentieth century." In him rages the demonic, half-insensate intuition of a Blake, with his seer's faculty for inverted truth; while the close, detective cleverness of his ironic paradoxes demonstrates him to be a Becque upon whom has fallen the mantle of a Gilbert. In the limning of character, the mordantly revelative strokes of a Hogarth, shaded by the lighter pencil of a Gavarni, pronounce him to be a realist of satiric portraiture. The enticingly audacious impudence of a Robertson, with his mercurial transitions and electric contrasts, is united with the exquisite effrontery of a Whistler, with his devastating *jeux d'esprit* and the *ridiculum dicere verum*. If he is a Celtic *Molière de nos jours*, it is a Molière into whom has passed the insouciant spirit of a Wilde. If Bernard Shaw is the Irish Ibsen, it is, as Eduard Bernstein has said, a laughing Ibsen—looking out upon a half-mad world with the riant eyes of a Heine, a Chamfort, or a Sheridan.

## TALKS ABOUT MUSIC.

## STRAUSS'S "MUSIC-DRAMAS."

RICHARD Strauss's vocation is evidently not that of an opera composer. The present notoriety of "Salomé" is unlikely to solidify ultimately into classical success; for it is not based on an aptitude either for opera or for music-drama as conceived by Wagner. The sensational nature of its subject—the play by Oscar Wilde described in this column last week—will probably lend to Strauss's latest composition a factitious life until public curiosity and the snobbery of fashion are fully satisfied, but the stuff is not of the kind that endures. So much may be asserted without prejudice, although prejudice is apt to colour the estimate of a work which has had as predecessors two such failures as "Guntram," written as far back in 1894, and "Die Feuersnot" in 1901. Here are three essays to storm the operatic citadel spaced over twelve years, and representing changes in style and mode of operation, which yet, despite the brilliancy of the most recent assault, have not culminated in a success other than that illusive success that sometimes attends the first stage of activity in a forlorn hope.

Countless operas have been wrecked through weak, disagreeable, or badly-constructed libretti, and "Salomé" seems similarly fated, not only because its subject is sicklied to its roots with germs that are deadly to art—as, for instance, morbid sensuality and repulsive brutality—but because its music is an experimental failure, besides being poor in elemental qualities. Strauss, relying on his successive triumphs in the domain of the symphonic poem, had obviously imagined that the exploitation of this form of composition in the theatre would vastly increase the brilliancy of the results he has admittedly obtained by its means in the concert-rooms of the world. He had probably argued that if it were possible to ally his orchestration with scenic pictures and the explicitness of drama, sung or declaimed, his music would obtain such point, and therefore effectiveness, as the use of a mere "programme" can but seldom supply, as forcibly as a composer enamoured of the idea of *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

STRAUSS'S "SALOME." A Guide to the Opera, with musical illustrations. By Lawrence Gilman. (John Lane, 3s. 6d.). Students of opera must travel to the Continent if they desire to make first-hand acquaintance with Strauss's much-discussed opera and latest production, for the ban of the censors rests upon its performance in England. Therefore a hand-book such as Mr. Gilman has written will be acceptable to any who feel drawn to the study of the work, though, unless essential art value be the standard of criticism, little personal advantage will be gained with knowledge of this musical treatment of a subject degraded rather than elevating in its influence. Mr. Gilman has furnished an outline of the dramatic and musical structure of the work from an entirely objective point of view, and has illustrated its more salient features. He gives first the story of "Salomé" from the one-act drama of Oscar Wilde, which forms the basis of Strauss's libretto. The writer then proceeds to briefly characterise the musical setting, confining himself to mere description and exposition. The exaggerated use of dissonance is described as persistent and non-chalant; in intricacy of orchestration and audacity of invention the opera is surely the last word even of Strauss. Typical themes abound, and are employed not only to designate characters, but emotions, and actuating motives with a master's skill in complexity which, however, never loses explicitness. Connected with the heroine herself are several motives, representing chiefly her psychic personality. Seen with the eyes of Nature, both, she is volatile, impetuous, and lovely (her chief theme), with a strong power of attraction (the themes of Narraboth's longing and Salomé's charm). The motive of Herod is gloomy and sinister, exposed by the trombones, and qualified by more gracious themes signifying his temporary sentimental attachments. A clever weaving of motives is heard in the dance, where, in addition to the dance rhythm and theme are discovered the motives of Salomé, her grace, enticement, charm, and ecstasy, together with the remarkable kins motive. Anger and prophecy are the chief themes connected with that of St. John the Baptist, though he is not allowed to escape the influence of the daughter of Herodias. Mention must be made of the mysterious effect produced at the climax of the story, at the moment of Salomé's revolting triumph in the extreme of amorous abandonment, when a dissonant chord is sustained pp. by muted trombones, divided cellos, a solo double bass, horns, wood wind, organ, and tam-tam. Such are the chief points of Mr. Gilman's book, after reading which one cannot know a good deal about the opera, which one cannot avoid hoping will never find a place on English opera boards.

## Era, June 29, 1907

GLASGOW.—KING'S, LTD.—Managing Director, Mr. F. W. Wyndham; Business Manager, Mr. H. Macfarlane. Mr. Monckton Hoffe's company is here this week in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The part of John Worthing, J.P., is taken by Mr. C. J. Nicholson, who gives a convincing portrayal; Mr. Monckton Hoffe is admirably suited as Algernon Monckton; the Rev. Canon Chasuble is played with excellent taste by Mr. Ralph Hutton; Merriman and Lane are well represented by Messrs. Arthur Forbes Watson and W. Barker; the Lady Bracknell of Miss Phyllis Manners is highly amusing; and as Gwendoline Fairfax Miss Hester Newton bears herself admirably; Miss Nora Hope acts with spirit as Cecily Cardew; and the Miss Prism of Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond is a particularly good study. The comedy is preceded by *A Queen's Messenger*.

## Newcastle Chronicle June 29

## THE WANNING SEASON.

Though really hot weather has not yet made its appearance, there are many signs that our theatrical season is nearing its close. Some places of amusement seem to have the vitality of a brook—inasmuch as they go on for ever. But houses which depend on fashionable audiences for success are already beginning to experience an ominous decline of booking. At His Majesty's—where an Oscar Wilde play had to be revived as a stop gap—it is hardly surprising to hear that closing time will come with the end of next week. Under all the circumstances, "A Woman of No Importance" may be said to have served her purpose remarkably well. Seeing that Mr. Tree has no substitute ready, it is just as well perhaps that he should suspend operations till the autumn. The action of Mr. Geo. Alexander is much more significant. In "John Gayle's Honour" he possessed one of the best plays of the year, and it has been running since February with every indication of continued success. The long spell of cold, damp weather, however, has proved even more deterrent to playgoers than heat could have done, and the result is likely to be seen in a rapidly diminishing list of theatrical enterprises.

## Brighton Gazette June 29, 1907

Her first success was in "The Importance of Being Earnest," in which he was called upon to play the part of Cecily Cardew at two hours' notice. On the completion of this extensive tour Miss Harrington came to England, and has since played in a wide variety of pieces—drama, farce, musical comedy, and Shakespeare. "I don't like musical comedy," said Miss Harrington to a "Gazette" man, "it is not serious enough; but I am glad to get into farce now because I have just had a tour of Shakespeare's unhappy heroines."

## Brookly Herald, July 1, 1907

## OPERA HOUSE, SOUTHPORT.

If it be true that the genius of Oscar Wilde was never fully appreciated until after his death, "The Importance of Being Earnest," which is presented at the Opera House this week by Mr. Monckton Hoffe's company, amply demonstrates the fact. Oscar Wilde's personality has little to do with the play, but his wonderful capacity for illuminating the silly side of society is much in evidence. The philosophical element at times does, in fact, produce a rather exhilarating feeling, and there is a fund of satirical humour such as few of the modern comedies possess. Some of the ejaculatory remarks, like "Truth is never pure and seldom simple," have a way of sticking in the mind of the audience, and are to be seen in the mind of the audience, and are to be seen in the mind of the audience. The attention is riveted on the doings of two bachelors—John Worthing and Algernon Monckton. Worthing is in love with the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, who, with a feminine ardour quite captivating, is desirous of marrying a man with the name of Ernest. Worthing, in order to win her, adopts the name, with somewhat amusing results. Algy suddenly appears at Worthing's country seat, where Worthing is known as plain Jack, and where also, with a bachelor's king, produce a thing that will enable him to get quickly away from home on certain occasions, he is understood to have a scapegoat brother of the name of Ernest. Algy, unknown to Worthing, appears in the character of Ernest, falls in love with the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, a charmingly impulsive girl of eighteen. Both are suddenly confronted by Miss Fairfax. Both, in turn, express desire husbands with the name of Ernest, and both, it will be seen, are in love with a fictitious individual bearing that appellation. From this point the play is one long tangle, with some extremely funny episodes in which the two bachelors figure prominently, generally to their discomfiture, and much to the apparent disgust of the two fair charmers. A way is found out of the difficulty, however, and happiness reigns supreme in the honoured house of Worthing. It may be noticed that the plot is not exceptionally original. Quite a large number of modern comedies are woven out of similar material, but very few of them display the incisive satire of which Oscar Wilde was a past master. Algernon, for instance, in several scenes has a convenient way of disposing of the eternal problem of femininity with quite a philosophic charm. Mr. Monckton Hoffe was a distinct success in this role. His assumed intellectual scorn of all that is flippant was decidedly funny, as he himself was a great sinner in this respect. He gave an excellent impression of the careless, apathetic, pleasure-loving man about town. Mr. H. Lane Bayliff displayed a wise restraint as the sober-minded John, who secretly loves the little hypocrisies of life. His acting in the scene where he makes known the death of his supposed brother was superb. Miss Lydia Busch was capital as Miss Fairfax. She could be wayward, frank to impulsiveness, and excessively dignified in a way that was the despair of her enamoured lover. There was a distinctness and abandon about Miss Nora Hope's portrayal of the girlish Cecily that made the part quite fragrant with the atmosphere of the country. She proved to be more than a match for Lady Bracknell, a society matchmaker, who had an able exponent in Miss Kate Osborne. Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond, as Miss Prism, made an excellent old maid who has almost given up hope of attaining married bliss. The play is preceded by an amusing curtain raiser, entitled "A Breezy Morning," by Eden Philpotts.

## Sheffield Independent,

## "LOVE THE CRIMINAL."

"Love the Criminal." By H. B. Harris-Burland. Price 6s. (Greening and Co.)

Mr. Harris-Burland has acquired considerable fame as an author of sensational fiction, and two, at least, of his best works are still fresh in the memory. In his latest story, "Love the Criminal," he makes a rather new departure, depending for his theme on the intricate morality—using the word in its widest sense—of love. Taking Oscar Wilde's famous dictum as his text, "It seems to me that love is the only possible explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world," he attempts to prove its accuracy, and it may well be said he succeeds.







# Referee.

July 7, 1907

At His Majesty's on Friday night Mr. Tree bade farewell to his patrons pending his taking a little rest by reading a batch of new plays, preparatory to going on tour. Probably with a view to deserving this play-reading rest more fully, Mr. Tree put in a good deal of extra work by giving what may be called A Quintuple Bill, consisting of Act II., Scene 3, of "The Winter's Tale"; Act I. of "A Woman of No Importance"; Act IV., Scenes 2 and 3, of "Antony and Cleopatra"; all of "The Van Dyck," and Act II. of "Colonel Newcome." Mr. Tree appeared—not in all these selections, as some have written, but in all except the first-named; that is to say, as Lord Illingworth in Wilde's play; as Antony; as the burgling mock-maniac in "The Van Dyck"; and as Thackeray's noble old Colonel. In each of these characters Mr. Tree was in his best form, changing from character to character with remarkable contrast. When the curtain finally fell, Mr. Tree, still preserving something of Thomas Newcome's military manner, delivered an excellent little speech of thanks for past favours and foreshadowing his plans for the purposes of securing favours in the future. Mr. Tree also very earnestly thanked the admirable company who had worked so arduously with him through the long night, and especially his "old friend Mr. Weedon Grossmith," who had again so brilliantly shared the honour with him in "The Van Dyck." Finally Mr. Tree desired the suffrages of kind friends in front for those popular incoming tenants Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche, who will occupy His Majesty's while Mr. Tree goes touring from early in September till late in November.

202500 Women's University Library

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## BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS.

MESSRS ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. have brought out a volume of Mr Bernard Shaw's plays, containing "John Bull's Other Island," "Major Barbara," "How He Lied to Her Husband," and some interminable prefaces (price 6s.). A very large public will be glad to have the opportunity of buying Mr. Shaw's recent plays at so cheap a price, for since the death of Mr. Oscar Wilde no writer has given us such brilliant dialogue in his plays, and in drawing-room comedies the dialogue is often the play. Except when he takes the trouble to be short, Mr Shaw's prefaces are usually very tiresome; they are, when they are no worse, nonsense relieved by paradox, but they not infrequently trample on all that the best men and women in all ages have agreed to consider sacred. The preface of "How He Lied to Her Husband" is short enough to criticise. The position Mr Shaw assumes in it is quite unwarrantable; it is taken up with an assault upon the authorities of various American cities for not allowing the production of Mr Shaw's play, "Mrs Warren's Profession"—her profession being that of the courtesan. Far be it from me to defend American prudery, which has justly been described as "Mother Grundy." But other people besides Americans doubt the expediency of gratifying morbid curiosity upon the most unpleasant subject in our social life. Mr Shaw, in ingenious paradoxes, maintains that morality was served in the production of the play, and that the really immoral people are those who endeavour to keep things respectable because by some ramification or another they are sure to be connected in a more or less distant way with something disreputable. The following passage may be taken as typical of Mr Shaw's distorted point of view:

Now nothing is more possible than that the city councillors who suddenly displayed such concern for the morals of the theatre were either Mrs Warren's landlords, or employers of women at starvation wages, or restaurant keepers, or newspaper proprietors, or in some other more or less direct way sharers of the profit of her trade. No doubt it is equally possible that they were simply stupid men who thought that indecency consists not in evil, but in mentioning it. I have, however, been myself a member of a municipal council, and have not found municipal councillors quite so simple and inexperienced as this. At all events, I do not propose to give the Kansas councillors the benefit of the doubt. I therefore advise the public at large, which will finally decide the matter, to keep a vigilant eye on gentlemen who will stand anything at the theatre except a performance of "Mrs Warren's Profession," and who assert in the same breath that (a) the play is too loathsome to be bearable by civilised people, and (b) that unless its performance is prohibited the whole town will throng to see it. They may be merely excited and foolish, but I am bound to warn the public that it is equally likely that they may be collected and knavish. At all events, the play is to protect the evil which the play exposes, and, in view of that fact, I see no reason for assuming that the prohibitionists are disinterested moralists, and that the author, the managers, and the performers, who depend for their livelihood on their personal reputations, and not on rents, advertisements, or dividends, are grossly inferior to them in moral sense and public responsibility.

"How He Lied to Her Husband" is a very bright little play, and if Mr Shaw will allow us to understand that Mr Bompas merely wished his wife to be publicly admired and a celebrity, it did not deserve such a preface. The book will doubtless have a large sale, and it should have, for Mr Shaw is amazingly clever. He is a beautiful literary artist. Paradox apart, he works his plays out so simply and naturally, and they contain an immense amount of food for thought. He is a real craftsman. I have decided him as an honest man, but looking at the world through dislocated binoculars.



## Theatre Notes

There is not much in the way of news in the theatrical world to be recorded. Mr. Tree concluded his season last week with an interesting selection from the plays which he has produced during the past few months. The programme began with the second act of *The Winter's Tale*, with Mr. Basil Gill, Mr. Lyn Harding and Miss Viola Tree in their old parts. This was followed by the third act of *A Woman of No Importance*, the play which had been running until that night. The next item in the long programme was the fourth act of *Antony and Cleopatra*, finely played by Mr. Tree and Miss Constance Collier; after this came that amusing one-act play, *The Van Dyck*, with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in his old part of John Peters, while, to conclude, the second act of *Colonel Newcome* was given. It was a wonderful programme, remarkable not only as showing specimens of the varied pieces produced during the season, but for the evidence which it afforded of the versatility of the players. On the fall of the curtain, after an enthusiastic call, Mr. Tree made a little speech, in which, after briefly referring to the past season and to the visit to Berlin, which he hoped to repeat, he forecast the future. After the provincial tour, the new productions will be Mr. Comyns Carr's version of *Edwin Drood*, Mr. W. J. Locke's *The Beloved Vagabond*, and the new version of *Faust* by Mr. Stephen Philips, assisted by Mr. Comyns Carr. In this Mr. Basil Gill will play Faust and Mr. Tree Mephistopheles. During Mr. Tree's absence His Majesty's Theatre was supplied by Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton.



Musical America - June 29, 1907

It is a rule of the Lord Chamberlain's office that no Biblical subject or character should be presented on the English stage unless the play was written before the days of Sir Robert Walpole, says the London "Academy." This rule was enforced in the case of Massenet's opera, "Hérodiade," the characters of which had to have their names altered before the work could be given at Covent Garden. The same principle, no doubt, will apply to Strauss's "Salomé," and London will be cut off from all chance of hearing the most famous opera of to-day unless Herr Strauss (and Mr. Wilde's literary executor) consent to the alteration of *Salomé's* name to *Mary Ann* and *Herod's* to *Harrod*.

Jessen-Olden's University Library



# Outlook,

July 6. 1907

We understand that some copyright difficulties are likely to interfere with Messrs. Methuen's scheme for issuing a complete edition of Oscar Wilde's works.

2019-11-18 Women's University Library 351



# Review of Reviews,

July 1907

## G. B. SHAW: AN AMERICAN APPRECIATION.

MR. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, in the *North American Review*, writes up Mr. Shaw to the top of his most eulogistic bent. He says: "Mr. Shaw, it seems to me, is the most versatile and cosmopolitan genius in the drama of ideas that Great Britain has yet produced." Mr. Shaw, however, is himself his own greatest enemy. But he does not, says his critic, appeal to us primarily as a dramatist. "His fundamental claim to our attention consists in his effort towards the destruction of false ideals and of the illusions that beset the soul of man." His prime characteristic as a propagandist is found in his assertion that the quintessential function of comedy is the destruction of old-established morals. Mr. Henderson concludes by saying:—

No juster or more significant characterisation of this man can be made than that he is a penetrating and astute critic of contemporary civilisation. He is typical of this disquieting century—with its intellectual brilliancy, its ironic nonsense, its flippant humour, its devouring scepticism, its profound social and religious unrest. The relentless thinking, the large perception of the comic, which stamp this man, are interpenetrated with "the ironic consciousness of the twentieth century." In him rages the dæmonic, half-insensate intuition of a Blake, with his seer's faculty for inverted truism; while the close, detective cleverness of his ironic paradoxes demonstrates him to be a Becque upon whom has fallen the mantle of a Gilbert. In the limning of character, the mordantly revelative strokes of a Hogarth, shaded by the lighter pencil of a Gavarni, pronounce him to be a realist of satiric portraiture. The enticingly audacious impudence of a Robertson, with his mercurial transitions and electric contrasts, is united with the exquisite effrontery of a Whistler, with his devastating *jeux d'esprit* and the *ridentem dicere verum*. If he is a Celtic *Molière de nos jours*, it is a Molière into whom has passed the insouciant spirit of a Wilde. If Bernard Shaw is the Irish Ibsen, it is, as Edward Bernstein has said, a laughing Ibsen—looking out upon a half-mad world with the riant eyes of a Heine, a Chamfort, or a Sheridan.



## TALKS ABOUT MUSIC.

## STRAUSS'S "MUSIC-DRAMAS."

RICHARD Strauss's vocation is evidently not that of an opera composer. The present notoriety of "Salome" is unlikely to solidify ultimately into classical success; for it is not based on an aptitude either for opera or for music-drama as conceived by Wagner. The sensational nature of its subject—the play by Oscar Wilde described in this column last week—will probably lend to Strauss's latest composition a factitious life until public curiosity and the snobbery of fashion are fully satisfied, but the stuff is not of the kind that endures. So much may be asserted without prejudice, although prejudice is apt to colour the estimate of a work which has had as predecessors two such failures as "Guntram," written as far back in 1894, and "Die Feuersnot" in 1901. Here are three essays to storm the operatic citadel spaced over twelve years, and representing changes in style and mode of operation, which yet, despite the brilliancy of the most recent assault, have not culminated in a success other than that illusive success that sometimes attends the first stage of activity in a forlorn hope.

Countless operas have been wrecked through weak, disagreeable, or badly-constructed libretti, and "Salome" seems similarly fated, not only because its subject is sicklied to its roots with germs that are deadly to art—as, for instance, morbid sensuality and repulsive brutality—but because its music is an experimental failure, besides being poor in elemental qualities. Strauss, relying on his successive triumphs in the domain of the symphonic poem, had obviously imagined that the exploitation of this form of composition in the theatre would vastly increase the brilliancy of the results he has admittedly obtained by its means in the concert-rooms of the world. He had probably argued that if it were possible to ally his orchestration with scenic pictures and the explicitness of drama, sung or declaimed, his music would obtain such point, and therefore effectiveness, as the use of a mere "programme" can but seldom supply, as forcibly as a composer enamoured of the idea of definitely expressive music must desire. In fact, however, his accomplishment, although crowded with wonders of technique, and decked in the most gorgeous of raiments, falls far short of this ideal. We may go further, and say that its aspects from any point of view are irreconcilable with a solution of the problem involved in this most novel endeavour towards the co-operation of symphony and opera.

But after all, opera, or music-drama, is a convention, and even when based on unsound or unnatural principles it may be used as a mould for a successful art-work; but only on condition that the stuff poured into the mould has been created by a genius. The Wagnerian music-drama offers itself as an instance. Wagner's convention is not less defective than any that preceded it. Wagner has mended the mould used by his predecessors on more than one side, but he has put into it warring elements that have again cracked the envelope. The contents, however, are rich in intrinsic value and interest. In the case of Richard Strauss's "Salome," therefore, we need not prolong the always futile discussion over the convention which he has invented to suit his special purpose. We may, and we do, assert that an extravagantly exuberant orchestral symphony is irreconcilable with the creation of an artistically-balanced union of music and drama, but at the same time we are anxious to discover in the blend the elements that are worthy of admiration, and to signalise them. Unfortunately we have found it hard to do so. With perfect good-will, assiduous study, and the closest attention to a performance admirable in every detail, we have failed to discover in the music of "Salome" the qualities that would at one and the same time gloss the repugnant features of the drama, and possess such intrinsic charm and power as would enable us to acclaim Strauss an operatic poet and prophet.

No doubt, however, whoever is willing to discount the pretentiousness of his achievement and the extravagant eulogies of his admirers may easily cite passages in this opera that show the sign-manual of genius. Despite the meagre information to be obtained at our local orchestral concerts concerning Strauss's greater symphonic poems—such as "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "A Hero's Life," and "The Domestic Symphony," which have not yet been performed here—we know sufficiently well how great his decorative mastery is; and in this respect the instrumental ingenuities and the resultant blendings of colour, giving rise to arabesques and multitudinous designs harmoniously formal, constitute features as astonishing in their plastic power as they are convincing manifestations of the composer's masterful handling of the orchestra. Granted, further, that in a descriptive and expressive sense the music is often as subtle in its suggestiveness as it is dramatically expressive; but beyond this there is nothing that in the most genially appreciative mood we can find to admire and praise.

On the contrary, there is forced upon us reminiscences of dreary wastes of made-up music—if, indeed, the oppressively heavy mass of sounds, fatiguingly persistent, marred by the very latest inventions in discords, full of curiosities, which are lamentably seldom beautiful and inspiring, can be called music. How few the themes that are truly imposing, characteristic; how few the melodies that are animated, exquisitely designed and enchanting! We are thinking of the orchestra, for that is the paramount feature; but as for the dramatic personæ, they are more exclusively declamatory than with Wagner, and without the possible partisan justification of accents that convince, whilst the stage action is lifeless, and the course of the play has no incident that enlists our sympathies, but instead many features that are loathsome.



27 June 1907

# Western Morning News.

STRAUSS'S "SALOME." A Guide to the Opera, with musical illustrations. By Lawrence Gilman. (John Lane. 3s. 6d.).—Students of opera must travel to the Continent if they desire to make first-hand acquaintance with Strauss's much-discussed opera and latest production, for the ban of the censors rests upon its performance in England. Therefore a handbook such as Mr. Gilman has written will be acceptable to any who feel drawn to the study of the work, though, unless essential art value be the standard of criticism, little personal advantage will be gained with knowledge of this musical treatment of a subject degrading rather than elevating in its influence. Mr. Gilman has furnished an outline of the dramatic and musical structure of the work from an entirely objective point of view, and has illustrated its more salient features. He gives first the story of "Salome" from the one-act drama of Oscar Wilde, which forms the basis of Strauss's libretto. The writer then proceeds to briefly characterise the musical setting, confining himself to mere description and exposition. The exaggerated use of dissonance is described as persistent and nonchalant; in intricacy of orchestration and audacity of invention the opera is surely the last word even of Strauss. Typical themes abound, and are employed not only to designate characters, but emotions, and actuating motives with a master's skill in complexity which, however, never loses explicitness. Connected with the heroine herself are several motives, representing chiefly her psychic personality. Seen with the eyes of Narraboth, she is volatile, impetuous, and lovely (her chief theme), with a strong power of attraction (the themes of Narraboth's longing and Salome's charm). The motive of Herod is gloomy and sinister, exposed by the trombones, and qualified by more gracious themes signifying his temperamental attributes. A clever weaving of motives is heard in the dance, where, in addition to the dance rhythm and theme are discovered the motives of Salome, her grace, enticement, charm, and ecstasy, together with the remarkable kiss motive. Anger and prophecy are the chief themes connected with that of St. John the Baptist, though he is not allowed to escape the influence of the daughter of Herodias. Mention must be made of the mysterious effect produced at the climax of the story, at the moment of Salome's revolting triumph in the extreme of amorous abandonment, when a dissonant chord is sustained pp. by muted trombones, divided cellos, a solo double bass, horns, wood wind, organ, and tom-tom. Such are the chief points of Mr. Gilman's book. One who has read it will feel one knows a good deal about the opera, which one cannot avoid hoping will never find a place on English opera boards.



Era,

June 29, 1907

**GLASGOW.**—KING's, LTD.—Managing-Director, Mr. F. W. Wyndham; Business-Manager, Mr. H. Macfarlane.—Mr. Monckton Hoffe's company is here this week in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The part of John Worthing, J.P., is taken by Mr. C. J. Nicholson, who gives a convincing portrayal; Mr. Monckton Hoffe is admirably suited as Algernon Moncrieff; the Rev. Canon Chasuble is played with excellent taste by Mr. Ralph Hutton; Merriman and Lane are well represented by Messrs. Arthur Forbes Watts and A. W. Barker; the Lady Bracknell of Miss Phyllis Manners is highly amusing; and as Gwendoline Fairfax Miss Hestor Newton bears herself gracefully; Miss Nona Hoyle acts with spirit as Cecily Cardew; and the Miss Prism of Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond is a particularly good study. The comedy is preceded by *A Queen's Messenger*.

Jessen W 2010's 03 in 1855 City Library



Newcastle Chronicle June 29

### THE WANING SEASON.

Though really hot weather has not yet made its appearance, there are many signs that our theatrical season is nearing its close. Some places of amusement seem to have the vitality of a brook—inasmuch as they go on for ever. But houses which depend on fashionable audiences for success are already beginning to experience an ominous decline of booking. At His Majesty's—where an Oscar Wilde play had to be revived as a stop gap—it is hardly surprising to hear that closing time will come with the end of next week. Under all the circumstances, "A Woman of No Importance" may be said to have served her purpose remarkably well. Seeing that Mr. Tree has no substitute ready, it is just as well perhaps that he should suspend operations till the autumn. The action of Mr. Geo. Alexander is much more significant. In "John Glayde's Honour" he possessed one of the best plays of the year, and it has been running since February with every indication of continued success. The long spell of cold, damp weather, however, has proved even more deterrent to playgoers than heat could have done, and the result is likely to be seen in a rapidly diminishing list of theatrical enterprises.



*Crashy Herald*

*27 July 07*

*Boote*

## OPERA HOUSE, SOUTHPORT.

If it be true that the genius of Oscar Wilde was never fully appreciated until after his death, "The Importance of Being Earnest," which is presented at the Opera House this week by Mr. Monckton Hoffe's company, amply demonstrates the fact. Oscar Wilde's personality has little to do with the play, but his wonderful capacity for illuminating the silly side of society is much in evidence. The philosophical element at times does, in fact, produce a rather exhilarating feeling, and there is a fund of satirical humour such as few of the modern comedies possess. Some of the ejaculatory remarks, like "Truth is never pure and seldom simple," have a way of sticking in the mind that shows them to be true to life. "The Importance of Being Earnest" may be set down as a criticism of life through the medium of laughter. None but the most apathetic of audiences could sit through the play without realising that it is full of humour of the most intellectual type. The attention is rivetted on the doings of two bachelors—John Worthing and Algernon Moncrieff. Worthing is in love with the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, who, with a feminine ardour quite captivating, is desirous of marrying a man with the name of Ernest. Worthing, in order to win her, adopts the name, with somewhat amusing results. Algy suddenly appears at Worthing's country seat, where Worthing is known as plain Jack, and where also, with a bachelor's liking for something that will enable him to get quickly away from home on certain occasions, he is understood to have a scapegoat brother of the name of Ernest. Algy, unknown to Worthing, appears in the character of Ernest, falls in love with John's ward, Cicely Cordew, a charmingly impulsive girl of eighteen. She is suddenly confronted by Miss Fairfax. Both, it transpires, desire husbands with the name of Ernest, and both, it will be seen, are in love with a fictitious individual bearing that appellation. From this point the play is one long tangle, with some extremely funny episodes in which the two bachelors figure prominently, generally to their discomfiture, and much to the apparent disgust of the two fair charmers. A way is found out of the difficulty, however, and happiness reigns supreme in the honoured house of Worthing. It may be noticed that the plot is not exceptionally original. Quite a large number of modern comedies are woven out of similar material, but very few of them display the incisive satire of which Oscar Wilde was a past master. Algernon, for instance, in several scenes has a convenient way of disposing of the eternal problem of femininity with quite a philosophic charm. Mr. Monckton Hoffe was a distinct success in this role. His assumed intellectual scorn of all that is flippant was decidedly funny, as he himself was a great sinner in this respect. He gave an excellent impression of the careless, apathetic, pleasure-loving man about town. Mr. H. Lane Bayliff displayed a wise restraint as the sober-minded John, who secretly loves the little hypercrises of life. His acting in the scene where he makes known the death of his supposed brother was superb. Miss Lydia Busch was capital as Miss Fairfax. She could be wayward, frank to impulsiveness, and excessively dignified in a way that was the despair of her enamoured lover. There was a distinctness and abandon about Miss Nora Hope's portrayal of the girlish Cicely that made the part quite fragrant with the atmosphere of the country. She proved to be more than a match for Lady Bracknell, a society matchmaker, who had an able exponent in Miss Kate Osborne. Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond, as Miss Prism, made an excellent old maid, who had not given up hope of attaining married bliss. The play is preceded by an amusing curtain raiser, entitled "A Breezy Morning," by Eden Philpotts.



Brighton Gazette June 27 . 01

Her first success was in "The Importance of Being Earnest," in which she was called upon to play the part of Cecily Cardew at two hours' notice. On the completion of this extensive tour Miss Harrington came to England, and has since played in a wide variety of pieces—drama, farce, musical comedy, and Shakespeare. "I don't like musical comedy," said Miss Harrington to a "Gazette" man, "it is not serious enough; but I am glad to get into farce now because I have just had a tour of Shakespeare's unhappy heroines."

Jissen Women's Library



# Sheffield Independent,

## "LOVE THE CRIMINAL."

"Love the Criminal." By H. B. Harris-Burland.  
Price 6s. (Greening and Co.)

Mr. Harris-Burland has acquired considerable fame as an author of sensational fiction, and two, at least, of his best works are still fresh in the memory. In his latest story, "Love the Criminal," he makes a rather new departure, depending for his theme on the intricate morality—using the word in its widest sense—of love. Taking Oscar Wilde's famous dictum as his text, "It seems to me that love is the only possible explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world," he endeavours to prove its accuracy, and it may well be said he succeeds.







WHAT I SAW IN GERMANY.

IX.—NOTES, MUSICAL AND UNMUSICAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

"Richard Strauss is the Rodin and the Gorky of music!"

That is what I said as I came out of the magnificent Dresden Opera House, where they had given us a special afternoon performance of "Salome." The performance was as nearly perfect as any I have seen. I have often heard fine singing than here or at the Munich Wagner Theatre, but have never seen a performance so carefully studied in every detail, or, on the operatic stage, with such a high level of acting. There is, of course, one supreme part, Salome, and Frau Krull's representation was intense in its languor, tigerish in its rage, serpentine, hissing, and sinuous in its craft and malignity; but it was the performance as a whole that held one.

Of Richard Strauss's *Sinfonia Domestica* a very eminent conductor has said:—"There are pages and pages of noise; not a single phrase of melody. You go on and on, waiting, and waiting for something of the kind. It never comes. Not all the elephants in India, if turned into the Ganges for a bath, could make half as much noise as this little Bavarian baby!"

It is true that Salome is, for the most part, noise without melody; though here and there, as if it were against his will and against his judgment, when he tries to carry a situation apparently intended to be pathetic, Strauss does, for the moment, deviate into something to which one might apply the words of Gilbert's famous lullaby, "it distinctly resembles," not indeed "an air," but a musical and melodic phrase. Why Strauss should thus at certain points give away his artistic convictions, I do not pretend to determine; but the fact is there.

I am not a musician, or a musical critic. Far be it from me to take upon myself the seriously cut mantle worn by so many worthy subjects of His Majesty. I do not profess to know anything at all about the subject from their point of view; and, indeed, if I were to set up a theory, as sometimes I am tempted to do, I am sure I should run dead against the most cherished prejudices of very many of my friends. I am only a plain man, and it is simply as one of the uninitiated that I venture to give my impressions of "Salome."

When I was at Berlin—consuming beer and sandwiches in the Great Hall of the Reichstag, at that "Beer-drinking" to which I have previously referred—one of my Berlin friends began to expostulate with me upon the fact that Oscar Wilde is not tolerated in this country. He said, what is known, that Strauss had wanted some extraordinary drama to set to his music, and until he picked up "Salome" he found nothing at all that would suit him; that here he hit upon a work full of the most striking incident, wonderful in conception, and bold and distinguished in treatment. He had written his music to it—with the consequence that all Germany was filled with admiration combined with a sort of horror. He had produced a magnificent work that would be impossible without the drama, and yet we English, for some unfathomable reason, would have nothing to do with it.

Perhaps I was brutal in my frankness. I asked him if he knew that Oscar Wilde had been in gaol, and why. He did not. I went a step further, I said that we English, though not prudish, are far more than the French or Germans, recognised that Oscar Wilde was not merely the immoral lapsed of a genius—as might be said of the immoral of Byron, or of Burns, or of J. M. W. Turner, and many others; but that it represented a mental rotteness which had left a trail of slime over almost everything he wrote.

I had in mind, not merely books which were not sold openly, but the supposed prison record said to have been written by him and published recently, in which he tries to draw a parallel between himself and Christ—a parallel every line of which is sickening in its blasphemy, in its affectation, and in its wretched whining. The book could not have been written by any person with the slightest trace of manliness in his composition.

I spoke straight out, admitting the word-artistry, but urging that mere verbal display was not literature; and when I had done my friend said he had no reply to make; now he understood what he had not understood before. It did not affect his artistic sense of "Salome"; but it did alter his opinion of the British public, and their ways. And I was glad that for once in my life I had been able to combat the idea that British opinion is merely Philistine.

Here you have merely an introduction, a prelude, to "Salome," but it seems to fit in with what I have to say. The next day, in Dresden, I saw the opera for myself. When "Salome" was first published in London I read it, and though it has some strongly savage points, it did not impress me as a work suitable for representation. This is quite apart from the fitness of the subject. The construction is bad. The writer's stage methods which do not fit-amiss with Oscar Wilde's scheme of comedy—a comedy entirely and flippantly superficial and artificial—fails altogether when it is applied to the deeper passions, and to what one may call the naked nature of the savage. It does not ring true, as do Gorky's stories, which are equally brutal and devoid of civilising influence. In the former case we have merely a pose; in the latter an intense sympathy with the wild beast. Gorky is a vocalist and artist at the same time; his art is of himself, and he believes in it. Wilde had, indeed, some of the qualities of an artist; he was a highly gifted craftsman; but with him art, like everything else, was pure affectation. He did not believe in it; he was Philistine to the core.

"Salome," as I saw it on the Dresden stage, owes its success entirely to Strauss. Played merely as a drama without the addition of a fine orchestra to give us Strauss's most varied and wonderful noises, that in themselves get at the soul of the situation, revealing savagery and passion in a marvellous degree, and with the utmost artistry, it would be stale, flat, and unprofitable as the weakest of any performances ever put upon the stage. It is Strauss who is the Rodin and the Gorky!

But the very artificiality of the "book" is one which tends to make it suitable for opera. When I was a youth I was indoctrinated in Steele's—or was it Addison's—dissertations on the opera of his day; and though I may have built upon and developed what I then read, I hold that for opera to be a success it must go entirely outside the realism of everyday life, even outside such Romantic dramas as those which are the base of Shakespeare's magnificent dramas. I could, perhaps, tolerate "Midsummer Night's Dream" as an opera—if it had not filled my heart with its witchery as a drama and the music of its words—though it was not so intended by the great artist who devised it; the "Merry Wives of Windsor" I think I could not tolerate as an opera, its note of realism is too insistent; and I am glad to record that those of my friends who in Berlin saw the "Merry Wives of Windsor" Opera—as I did not—some of them experienced musical critics, were entirely disappointed. The "Merry Wives," Romantic Comedy though it be, is too lifelike, and comes too close to the Comedy of Character, to be a fit subject for presentation in a Song-drama. Mozart in his "Don Giovanni" rests on the entirely supernatural; so does Wagner all the way through his "Ring," and from the point of view of art I think the instinct that prompted these subjects, was undoubtedly true. When one comes to sung dialogues, enforced with the realism of stage action, one ought to be as a world far removed from that which we know

every day. The world must be purely imaginary in which music is an appropriate vehicle for speech.

In "Salome," it seems to me, the note of artificiality prepares a proper field for Strauss's operatic genius. In no other conditions could an audience tolerate the spectacle of the leading character, sitting on a stone bench at one side of the stage, while all the action and talk were going on at the other side, for, I should think, a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes—sitting there doing nothing, giving no sign to attract attention. The chatter of Herod and Herodias will not let the audience concentrate on the chief character. And the whole series of incidents and actions is dragged out in time to such an extent as could not be endured unless the audience were enthralled by the passion of the music.

I am not going to detail the story further than to say that "Salome" is filled with an intense lust for John the Baptist; that she plays with another lover until he kills himself; and there, that she obtains the temporary release of John while she makes overtures to him, which he spurns; and that thereafter she rages with alternating lust and a desire to satisfy her tiger-nature by cutting off his head; and that eventually Herod—who really does not see why there should be an execution—consents to it. After which "Salome," the purpose of her artificial existence fulfilled, dies. A lady whom I met at Dresden said she had seen the opera several times; the music was magnificent, but the whole thing perfectly horrible. That is true. It is Gorky in his most animal mood; it is Rodin in its massiveness and tremendous energy, in its presentation of a mass only half or quarter human, the rest rough and untrimmed, pressure consolidated world's slime—by no means of the whiteness of marble; it is elemental.

The conditions admitted artistically, I have nothing but praise for the acting. Frau Krull is fine and serpentine, raging and purring in manner and tone; she horrifies you by her perfect presentation of a vampire. And the whole setting and grouping, scenery and accessories are in keeping with her acting and with the music.

The Director of the Royal Opera in Saxony told me the piece has been a wonderful success pecuniarily, and I will believe it. But to compare "Salome" with the marvellous beauty and purity, religious and moral, of the "Tannhäuser" we saw afterwards in Munich! That was a contrast! I admire the Germans for arranging it.

Wagner's final strain of triumph over mortality and who fills my heart to bursting; I am forced to sing with it. Of Strauss I remember nothing.

• Previous articles in this series appeared on May 29 and 30, June 3, 8, 10, 14, 18, and 23.

MR. TREE'S PLANS. INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENTS AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

A VERSATILE PERFORMANCE.

No fewer than thirty-three actors and actresses of rank, besides countless supernumeraries, took part in the dramatic *pot pourri* at His Majesty's Theatre last night, the closing night of Mr. Tree's season. Except on the occasions of some complimentary benefits this great dramatic festival almost constitutes a record.

Of course most of the responsibility of the night's work fell on the capable shoulders of Mr. Tree, who exhibited his rare versatility by appearing in four out of the five items which constituted the programme. That the characters were as antithetical as the *blat* and epigrammatic Lord Illingworth, in Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," and the heroically weak Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra," or the dilettante *posur*, Arthur Blair Woldingham in "The Van Dyck," and gallant Colonel Newcome, in "A Woman of No Importance," did not matter to Mr. Tree. The more diverse and difficult the character the better pleased he seemed to be, and his realisations were never without merit.

His task behind the curtain must have been equally arduous. To change from the face and dannels of Illingworth to the elaborate war panoply of Antony, from Antony to the immaculately attired Woldingham, and from Woldingham to the veteran val is so formidable a task that only a master in the art of make-up such as Mr. Tree is could hope to accomplish it.

The excerpts from the five plays produced during the season—"The Winter's Tale" was included—were finely cast, and were well mounted, with all that attention to detail to which the management of His Majesty's has accustomed us. Among the actors and actresses of that great reunion who figured conspicuously, were Miss Constance Collier, Mrs. Charles Calvert, Miss Bateman, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Viola Tree, Mr. Lyn Harding, Mr. Basil Gill, Mr. Charles Allan, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and Mr. G. W. Anson.

In response to half a dozen calls and the cries of an appreciative audience, Mr. Tree gave a *résumé* of the work of the past season. Referring to his plans for the future, he said, "We are going to tour the British Isles, with several Shakespearean and modern plays. During this time we hope to present two modern plays for London. One is an adaptation from Charles Dickens's novel 'Edwin Drood,' by Mr. Comyns Carr, and the other is Mr. Locke's 'Beloved Vagabond.' I have also great hopes that we shall do a production of 'Faust,' by Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Comyns Carr, in which eternal and infernal fiend by the present representative of Colonel Newcome. During our absence these boards will be held, and I'm sure worthy held, by Mr. Oscar Asche and his accomplished wife, Miss Lily Brereton."

In conclusion Mr. Tree, on behalf of his company, thanked the audience for its continued confidence.

Daily News, July 10, 1907.

Mr. Robert Ross's well-justified protest against the American edition of Oscar Wilde's works has called forth a furious indignation in many quarters. The attempt to anticipate the authentic English edition, prepared for next autumn by Wilde's literary executor, Mr. Ross, is reprehensible enough in itself. But when we hear that the author's fame is to be tarnished by the inclusion of two works which are not by Wilde at all, the case becomes much worse. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne edits this spurious edition, and writes a preface to it because, forsooth, he was an "old Oxford clam" of Wilde's. As Mr. Le Gallienne was never at Oxford, and was about twenty years younger than Wilde, statements of this kind will not enhance the reputation either of M. Le Gallienne or the American publishers.

R. A. S. J.

Academy, July 6, 1907.

Standard July 6, 1907

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In conclusion Mr. Tree, on behalf of his company, thanked the audience for its continued confidence.

Daily Chronicle, July 6, 1907.

By way of commemorating the close of a very successful season at His Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Tree last night gave a crowded audience the opportunity of noting his remarkable versatility. The entertainment consisted of no set piece, but was made up of scenes from "The Winter's Tale," "Antony and Cleopatra," "A Woman of No Importance," and "Colonel Newcome," and the one-act thriller "The Van Dyck."

It was certainly an arduous undertaking for Mr. Tree to appear in one evening as the flippant peer in Oscar Wilde's comedy, as the valiant Antony, as the good-hearted, upright Colonel Newcome, and as the gentleman-burglar in "The Van Dyck," but it was a unique exhibition of his skill as an actor. There was enthusiastic applause at the final fall of the curtain, which Mr. Tree acknowledged in a brief speech.

Tribune, July 9, 1907.

Mr. Alexander is, one imagines, to be congratulated upon the full success of "John Gayde's Honour," and although "Antony and Cleopatra" and other Shakespearean revivals can hardly have resulted to Mr. Tree's complete satisfaction from the box-office point of view, his revival of "A Woman of No Importance" has, one hopes, proved as eminently satisfactory to himself as it undoubtedly has been to his audiences. Among the lucky ones, too, is Mr. Cyril Maude, who surely can look back and smile richly.

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ORGAN NEWS AND SERVICE LISTS.

Comments and Opinions.

On Richard Strauss. DR. GEORG GOHLER begins a lengthy article on Richard Strauss in "Die Zukunft" with the following ominous words of Goethe: "I am ready to keep silent on much because I do not want to rub up against the feelings of others, and am quite contented to see others enjoying themselves where I worry myself." The pith of the article is as follows: Strauss possesses the faculty of adapting himself to the hour and of adopting its style to suit himself. His first compositions still smacked of Mendelssohn and of Schumann. Then came a change to Brahms, and after that

the influence of Wagner and of Liszt fell on him. When he was in favour at Bayreuth he temporised with an opera à la Parsifal ("Götterdämmerung"), but finding that he could not learn the knacks he transferred his affections to the waxing Nietzsche, who stimulated him to "Also Sprach Zarathustra." This, however, only proves that he was as far removed from Nietzsche as he was near the Ueberbrettel, whose little day gave occasion for the Ueberbrettel opera, "Feuersnot." Finally, with the Oscar Wilde epidemic raging, he rang the changes on "Salome." Now, consider, as a contrast, the development of Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner.

Strauss shone most when as symphonist he wrote "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklärung." Orchestral drollery after that time was his *métier*. "Eulenspiegel" is the best of this kind. In "Heldenleben" he certainly appears to have put himself on a level with the greatest, but it only appears so, for the greatest never posed as heroes. Of more account is the earlier-written "Zarathustra." Like all works of Strauss it is often musically effective. But he is devoid of originality. Invention is the weakest point about him. On account of his technique he is worshipped as a marvel. But in harmony is he more modern, more original, more rich than other Germans, than the latest French or Italian composers? Is he as natural and tasteful? What has "Zarathustra" to do with Nietzsche? What is creative about it? Where is there invention, style, grandeur, truth? So poor is the whole of this music in expression, and, except where somewhat erotic, so barren and dry.

Of all the works the celebrated "Domestica" is, perhaps, the weakest. As lyricist, as symphonist, Strauss is hugely overrated. Strauss never soars, he possesses wings which have cost a lot, but fly he cannot.

The whole success of "Salome" rests on the sensational element being debased. It cannot be too emphatically noted abroad that this "Salome" swindle, a provincial as well as a metropolitan disease, has as much to do with art as "Die Lustige Witwe." The two noble kinswomen should be held up to ridicule arm in arm. They owe their popularity, a street popularity, to such effects as appeal to the mob instincts, and that alone. The music itself to "Salome" is either smudged or banal. It is only the superficial instrumentation that excites enthusiasm. The combined musical and dramatic significance, which Wagner gave to his orchestra, is not in evidence with Strauss. In

world seems to be well agreed as to the point of practical that is due to a s. We mentioned of the American idea's works. The ablishing is marked he posthumous public Aubrey Beardsley "to allow this had life to prevent d of a curious case In the sixties, dur- tion, Henrik Ibsen work. He lost the work passed out of believing, if he ever t was not upon his

Then was alive and gentleman found the bookstall. What did not the fact from papers until he pre- 00; and he left them y at Copenhagen on certain friend of his, ght to publish it, is family and friends be author now being y, the work is to be turn.

ENTERTAINERS.

RA HOUSE. Opera House will next week of seeing one of the late ones. "The Importance of play has been drawing notice during the last universally admitted that to greatest success of the reducing it in Soudaport capable one, and it will red. The following is an y of Oscar Wilde. Each over has audience laughed at the work of an day has been performed. The many people who had all him as a man, and as a even heart and soul after piece. A great Irish writer a after he had seen "The in Barnes" in Dublin, be- with impudence to the day ses should be brought from ck to his native land, and a dramatic raised on the

Sanctuary Visitor July 20, 1907



