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Oscar Wilde
Scrapbook

Vol. **11**

New Age. Oct 18.

The Menace of the Censorship.

THE latest act of Mr. Redford, Censor of Plays, makes it abundantly clear that his office constitutes a public danger. It is not merely the development of intellectual drama in England that is in peril, but what is of more concern, the stage as the most powerful engine of moral reform is being slowly reduced to nullity. If Mr. Redford had been commissioned, instructed, and liberally paid by the Devil he would not have become a more efficient obstacle to the progress of moral enlightenment.

It is only necessary to review the list of plays condemned by him. They are Ibsen's "Ghosts," Brieux's "Maternity," Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness," Oscar Wilde's "Salome," and Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Without a single exception, these plays are thoroughly moral in their influence; they discourage precisely what Mrs. Grundy regards as vice; their portrayal of immorality, so far from attracting, repels the mind; and, in short, they are the great morality plays of our generation. When, therefore, we see Mr. Redford putting his veto upon them, there is only one conclusion to be drawn, namely, that Mr. Redford has sworn to suppress every play that might possibly make for morality in England. This is almost criminal attitude of his that constitutes him and his office a national peril of the most momentous order.

Musical News Oct. 12

Strauss' "Salome." By Lawrence Gilman. (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net.) Mr. Gilman has set himself the task of providing a guide to the now celebrated opera which has in Germany created so great a furore. He first deals with the story of "Salome," beginning with the daughter of Herodias in history and art, and subsequently coming to Wilde's own book. Of this, perhaps, it is sufficient to say that the principal feeling engendered is one of wonder that a composer with the endowments of Richard Strauss should have felt moved to make it the subject of an opera. That he may have recognised in it full scope for his cleverness—and Strauss is diabolically clever—one may confess, but why he should have conceived it worthy the powers of the foremost composer of his time defies conjecture. In considering the music of "Salome," Mr. Gilman is analytical rather than critical, and the reader who desires to study the score will be indebted to him for smoothing the way by indicating the principal "motives" and the manner and place of their introduction. Indeed, a guide is indispensable in a score where the orchestra may be playing in A flat major while the unlucky singer, if he be conscientious, is endeavouring to warble in A natural minor. Possibly, under the circumstances, it would not mar the effect were he to sing out of tune. It certainly would be pardonable. "In addition to its remorseless and prodigal realism of exposition, the music contains numerous ebullitions of a sly and fantastic humour that are not apparent to the listener—plays upon words, jocose and daring tricks of instrumentation, recondite pranks suggested by allusions in the text, intended, at times, rather for the eye of the curious student than for the ear of the listener." Truly, Strauss must sometimes write with his tongue in his cheek.

Ladies' Field.

L.F.F.

It will interest many readers of THE LADIES' FIELD to learn that Mrs. Bernard Beere has decided to return to the stage, where she has been much missed during the last few years. Her creation of Wilde's Woman of No Importance lives still in the memory of the younger generation, and when recently the play was revived it was yet how much of the original

success was due to Mrs. Bernard Beere.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.**The Misfortunes of a Man with a Fixed
Income and Nothing to Do.**

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW. By Roderick Lydom.
(A. L. HUMPHREYS. 5s. net.)

Not a very original point of view, this of the leisured and well-fed man of the world, with a rather dyspeptic outlook, and a turn for misanthropy and egoism. His temperament leads him away from the society to which he has been accustomed, and into the desert—so to speak—of dull seaside towns, unhomelike hotels, and places where “people”—society people—are never to be seen.

But though not original, the type is interesting to study, like all “human documents.” Here we have the society egoist’s confession, written down immethodically, in the slightly crestfallen and melancholic manner which Mr. A. C. Benson has made so popular. And confessions are always worth over-hearing.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

It is darkly hinted that the author of the book is “well known in society and politics.” That may be. Oscar Wilde, however, made one of his characters remark: “Never talk against society. Only those who can’t get into it do that.” And we cannot help thinking that the gentleman of this essay wearied of “people,” and motor-cars, and “shoots,” and the clubs was that “people” grew tired of him.

Reynolds', October 13. 1907

A Pathetic Figure.

Mr. Crane gives us in rich profusion anecdotes and portraits of many other men and women connected with literature, art, and politics—of Tennyson, G. F. Watts (whose fine portrait of Mr. Crane forms the frontispiece of this volume), George Bernard Shaw, Stepniak, Prince Kropotkin—in fact, almost of everybody who has been anybody during the last three decades. He has even a kindly word to say of Oscar Wilde, and he advances this partial explanation of his pathetic personality :—

If he ever fooled people, he was also befooled. He squandered the most brilliant talents on trifles, but showed even in his brilliant trifling gleams of real power and imagination. He would have been happy in Pagan times, but could not adjust himself to modern British suburban ideals or morals. He fought the Philistines with delicate weapons, and at last, defying them, and overstepping ordinary bounds in the

pursuit of pleasure—though, perhaps, not more guilty of perverted excesses than some others—he committed the fatal crime of being found out, was instantly dropped by Society, and so fell, and was crushed by the heavy foot of the Law.

One word more. The publication of a volume of memories is sometimes an ominous sign. It is a token that the writer has completed his life-work. We trust this is not true of Mr. Walter Crane. Our sincere wish is that he will remain in harness for many years to come, achieving fresh artistic successes, and working as vigorously as of old for the cause of popular emancipation and progress.

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Evening Standard and St. James's DEVON DAYS AND CITY DAYS.

There is a hill in Exmoor which I love. Springing from rich lowlands clothed with orchards, it leads the eye, and the feet of the wise, upwards past the tossing petulant water that gives the place its name, upwards by paths which straggle through gorse and bracken, through pinebelt and birchwood, along the edge of the cleft where trees of all kinds grow thickly, hiding the depths; until, just as weariness is taking our limbs, a valley branches off to the left, and cheerful farm-sounds are heard above to the right, when, scaling the wet grassy bank, we are free at last to call a halt, and leaning over the farmyard wall look out over Dunkerry Beacon and the finest prospect in the West. Almost all that a man who loves his Devon loves it for is in this climb: glimpses of sea away northward, heather and streams around and below, and above him bare moorland summits that get their majesty not from abnormal height, but from the immense recession from their bases in the valley below.

How many moods of a man would this scene match! Rosalind and Touchstone would be as merry, sitting on that fallen tree, as ever they were in Arden. Milton's man of melancholy, as well as his joyous-hearted man, could find in their ramble here all that would accord with either's humour; while in a night of storm I can picture no surroundings that would suit more awfully with mad Lear's raving than the bleak sides of Dunkerry swept with rain.

But is one apt to look for too much sympathy from Nature in these days? Oscar Wilde, in a passage of "De Profundis," expresses this view in memorable words: "It seems to me that we look at Nature too much, and live with her too little. I discern great sanity in the Greek attitude. . . . They saw that the sea was for the swimmer, and the sand for the feet of the runner. They loved the trees for the shadow they cast, and the forest for its silence at noon."

But if besides our knowledge of the sweet uses of sea and forest and the smooth broad sands we can add some feeling of communion with the mysterious spirit of Nature, is not that a clear gain to us? Indeed, it is barely possible for one to ascend, as we have done, into the heart of Exmoor under changing sky, through sunlight and shadow, breathing the scent of the moorland, without in some measure partaking of their essence, whether in heightened perception of beauty and strength, or by the mere storing of the mind with healthy food for the memory to refresh itself with in city days.

Pall Mall Gazette. Oct. 18. 1907

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT'S MEMOIRS.*

[PUBLISHED TO-DAY.]

The growth of her fame in Paris, the struggles in which she was continually finding herself involved with rivals and enemies, and the energy with which she worked and fought her way to the top, are all set forth with the liveliest detail; but, for London readers, at all events, the interest of the volume culminates in the account of the actress's first visit to England with the Comédie Française in 1879. She tells us how, on her arrival at Folkestone, a pale young man with the ideal face of Hamlet presented her with a gardenia, and adds: "I was destined to admire him later as Hamlet played by Forbes Robertson." Another young man, "with luminous eyes and long hair, and looking like a German poet," threw an armful of lilies on the ground in front of her: it was Oscar Wilde. And when she reached the house in Chester-square that was to be her London home, and found the hall filled with baskets and bouquets of flowers from Paris, her manservant said: "There is one bouquet from here," and handed her an enormous one bearing a card inscribed "Welcome!—Henry Irving." How she conquered London in that visit is an old story. Mme. Bernhardt does not tell the whole of it. The violent controversy that arose over the morality of the French plays, and the pulpits that shook with denunciations, are unnoticed. Perhaps it is as well. The movement was not very creditable to us as an artistic people.

We wish we had the space in which to quote some of the author's pen-portraits of the Empress Eugénie, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, Sophie Croizette, François Coppée, and many other famous men and women; but for these we must refer readers to the volume itself. The book is a fine proof of the author's wonderfully maintained energy. Nearly forty years have passed since London first trembled with delight beneath her golden voice; and it is pleasant to think that when she comes back to us next week she will still be found the supremest living mistress of her art. The book will constitute for many of us a fresh claim on our gratitude and admiration.

* "My Double Life: Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt." (London: Heinemann.) 15s. net.

Oct. 18 Tribune, 1907

"My Double Life." Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt. Heinemann. 15s. net.

Forbes Robertson, Irving, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Oscar Wilde appear in the "Memoirs." She once had ten minutes' talk with Gladstone on the stage and capital punishment.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

Oscar Wilde she considered "one of the greatest English poets of the century, a poet who was a genius, but who was, alas! later tortured and vanquished by madness."

Evening News.

Oscar Wilde she thinks "one of the greatest English poets of the century, a poet who was a genius, but who was, alas! later tortured and vanquished by madness."

Labour Leader Oct. 18. 1907

TOPSY-TURVEYDOM OF PHILOSOPHY.

The literary works of Mr. Israel Zangwill fall into two well-defined groups—the grave and the gay. But Mr. Zangwill is nothing if not versatile, and the following remarks on "The Philosophy of Topsy-Turveydom" in his volume of essays, "Without Prejudice" (Unwin), are an illustration of the airy manner with which he can deal with a serious subject.

But it is in the history of Modern Philosophy and Modern Science that one finds the strongest examples of this progress by paradox. The triumph of topsy-turveydom was when Galileo, the Oscar Wilde of Astronomy, declared that the earth went round the sun—a sheer piece of inversion.

Musical Standard. Oct. 19. 1907 Roman Notes

FROM CONTINENTAL PERIODICALS.

By MRS. FRANZ LIEBICH.

HERR ADOLF NEUMANN concludes his interesting articles on Blind Musicians in the "Musik-literarische Blätter" of September 30, and refers at some length to the devoted efforts of Simon Sechter to brighten the lives of the sightless. A monument has lately been erected in Vienna in memory of Sechter. He was a celebrated teacher of the piano and composition. Born in 1788 he made a special study of the methods for teaching the blind. He was the author of well known volumes on harmony and composition and amongst his best-known pupils figure the names of Döhler, Pauer, Thalberg, Vieuxtemps, Henselt, Bruckner and others. Living at a time when the Braille system was unknown he is chiefly celebrated for his careful and minute elaboration of a course of music study for the blind to which he devoted the greater part of his life.

The "Guide Musical" of Sept. 22, 29, devotes a couple of columns to two different musical versions of the Salome legend which, like playing cards, have followed the suit of Strauss' trump card. "Brelan de Salome" is the title of the article: *brelan* meaning three similar cards (aces, kings, etc.). Yet although Strauss' "Salome" was the first to make its appearance it was anterior to the others as regards conception and elaboration.

In 1895, while following his original profession of marine engineer and cruising on a French vessel off the coast of China, M. Mariotte, now one of the music professors at the Lyons Conservatoire, bought and read Oscar Wilde's "Salome." The subject took firm hold of his imagination and the idea insinuated itself of writing an opera round the story. In order to carry out this purpose M. Mariotte gave up his position in the Navy and determined to perfect his excellent musical abilities by a course of study under Widor and d'Indy. On leaving the Schola Cantorum he eagerly set to work on the score which had so long occupied the first place in his waking dreams. However, before he had the satisfaction of completing it news arrived in France of the success at Dresden of Richard Strauss' "Salome." According to the "Figaro" and quoted from that paper by the "Guide Musical": "the young professor makes inquiries: it certainly is Wilde's "Salome" that has been used. . . . He has been forestalled! He falls a prey to discouragement, he will let "things slide" and only in response to the entreaties of a few friends does he resume work and hurriedly finish his score. Then comes the question of how to get it performed. Two years are taken up with negotiations, solicitations, given pledges and broken promises. Contracts are signed in Germany with publishers, in England with Wilde's executors; and further contracts signed in Paris are added to the English and German agreements and help to complicate matters for the poor Lyons professor. His demand is humble enough: after Strauss' tremendous success in Paris he merely asks to be accorded the right to produce his opera for a limited number of representations under another name and in any one given town! His only hope at present is to be heard—it matters not where nor how—so long as the work to which he devoted ten years of labour may not have been accomplished in vain.

He has written to Strauss asking him to allow a French "Salome" to appear by the side of the German work; and last June Richard Strauss gave him his consent. It is now to be devoutly hoped that executors and publishers will relent. Anyway recently two new friends, fortified by the German master's permission, have espoused M. Mariotte's cause. The work has been submitted to them and as they are the Directors of the Grand Theatre at Lyons, it has been accepted and will be performed there this winter.

The second French "Salome" has no connection with Wilde's poem. It was written in the form of a ballet by the late Armand Silvestre and C. H. Meltzer; it was developed and scored by M. Gabriel Pierné and interspersed with several choruses. It was danced in 1895 at Brussels by Miss Louie Fuller, and held the stage for twenty nights. The editor of the "Guide Musical," M. de Curzon, criticised it at the time very favourably.

Evening Standard and St. James's

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Oct 18

Tribune,

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DAILY TELEGRAPH,

Jessen Women's Prisoner Library

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Lakeview Leader Oct. 18, 1907

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Pall Mall Gazette.

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Irish Times Oct. 19, 1907

The Monckton-Hoffe Company, whose recent revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Earnest" will be fresh in the minds of Dublin theatre-goers, will produce on the 28th inst. at Ipswich a new play, "Constancy," by a Dublin author, Mr. James Duncan. "Constancy" is a rightly-written little piece, which scored a remarkable success when given in Dublin by amateurs a short time since; and its production along with Oscar Wilde's brilliant masterpieces will add to the reputation of its author, from whom a more ambitious effort is expected in the near future.

Daily Telegraph,

Oct. 22, 1907

"Nothing in the world is easier," says the philosopher, and the apparition of a second Salome offers fresh confirmation of the truth of his assertion. Twelve years ago Mr. Mariotte, then a sub-lieutenant on a vessel cruising in the China seas, read Oscar Wilde's "Salome," and at once conceived the idea of turning it into an opera. Through lack of musical training, however, he found it impossible to put clearly on paper the ideas floating in his head. So he left the navy, studied at the Paris Conservatoire under Widor, and afterwards at the Schola Cantorum under Vincent d'Indy, and thus was able to complete his score. At present he is professor at the Lyons Conservatoire. But while putting the last touches to his work came the news of the production of Strauss's "Salome" at Dresden. Mr. Mariotte then wrote to the composer requesting assistance, in order to overcome difficulties connected with publishers of the poem and of the opera, and Strauss, it appears, offered to intercede on his behalf. Whether all legal matters have been definitely settled, we cannot say. Anyhow, it is stated that the directors of the Grand Theatre at Lyons have decided to produce Mr. Mariotte's opera this winter. "Perseverando" ought to be the French composer's motto.

The tragedian had, however, a bout with a poet when she first landed at Folkestone in the 'seventies. One of her companions, with whom she was not a favourite, said to her in a spiteful tone, "They'll make you a carpet of flowers soon."

SKETCH.

OCT. 23, 1907

"Here is one," exclaimed a young man, throwing an armful of lilies on the ground in front of Sarah—

I stopped short [she tells us], rather confused, not daring to walk on these white flowers; but the crowd pressing on behind compelled me to advance. and the poor lilies had to be trodden under foot. "Hip, hip, hurrah! A cheer for Sarah Bernhardt!" shouted the young man. His head was above all other heads; he had luminous eyes and long hair, and looked like a German student. He was an English poet, though, and one of the greatest of the century, a poet who was a genius, but who was, alas! tortured and finally vanquished by madness. It was Oscar Wilde.

Oct. 26, 1907

Bristol Mercury

Mrs Price, who has been occupying her enforced leisure in Nottingham Gaol in writing the story of her romantic life, has had many distinguished predecessors as prison authors. It was in Newgate that Defoe wrote his "Jure Divino" and began his "Review"; in Carisbrooke Castle Sir William Davenant wooed the Muse of poetry; Howel wrote the greater part of his "Familiar Letters" and many another work in the Fleet Prison; Voltaire penned most of his "Henriade" in the Bastille; and Bunyan his "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford Gaol. Raleigh's "History of the World" lightened eleven years of imprisonment; Cervantes is said to have written "Don Quixote" while a captive in Barbary; and Boethius and Grotius plied equally busy pens within prison walls. In later years, among authors who have beguiled imprisonment with the labours of the pen have been Zola, William O'Brien, Oscar Wilde, Edmund Yates, and many others whose literary activity even durance could not quench.

Reference
Oct. 27, 1907

"A Florentine Tragedy," by Oscar Wilde, and the clever little Haymarket piece, "A Privy Council," will be performed by the New English Players at the Cripplegate Institute tomorrow evening. This will be the first public performance of the Wilde piece.

Daily Chronicle. Oct. 28, 1907

It was stated in error that Oscar Wilde's play, "A Florentine Tragedy," was to be produced at the Cripplegate Institute, on Saturday. The date fixed is this (Monday) evening.

MUSICAL NEWS OCTOBER 26, 1907.

Music and Morals Again.

In another column will be found a letter from a correspondent, signed "Excelsior," in which exception is taken to some of the remarks in our Leader of October 12th. We think that probably there is not very much real difference of opinion between us, but apparently "Excelsior" has read into the article a meaning which was not at all intended. He accuses us of want of logic, in proof whereof he takes two statements from different parts of the article and sets them in sharp opposition, robbed of their context. If he will read the article again carefully, he will see that "the true nature of the words" covers very much more than the mere opportunity for dramatic effect, which is only one part of musical expression. There are such important things as fire, passion, and character painting. What makes the success of "Tristan und Isolde," or of "Salome," but these? Given all possible use of dramatic effect, those works would be but lifeless artificiality, but for the vivid characterisation, and extraordinary passion which sweep the listener along in the train of their resistless course. The stage of operatic history is strewn with the dead and dry bones of "dramatic" works; those which have survived have done so mainly owing to their truth of characterisation. What makes such operas as those of Mozart and Beethoven a delight to musicians is the power of character delineation shown therein. "Fidelio" is a classic, not alone because it is dramatic, not alone because of its beautiful music, but

because, added to those qualities, it displays the saving grace of truth. (It is, by the way, not without interest to note that Beethoven wanted for a libretto one of a moral and elevating tendency; dissolute stories he would never set.) Mere dramatic effect may mark a *pièce d'occasion*, but something more is needed for a work of art. As an example, let us conceive, if we can, that Strauss should have set the part of the lustful Salome, as imagined by Wilde, to strains which would have matched the pure aspirations of the Maid of Orleans; would his music in that case have been of the same power as according to all accounts it undoubtedly is? The question admits of but one answer.

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Irish Times Oct: 19. 1907

The Monckton-Hoffe Company, whose recent revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Earnest" will be fresh in the minds of Dublin theatre-goers, will produce on the 28th inst. at Ipswich a new play, "Constancy," by a Dublin author, Mr. James Duncan. "Constancy" is a rightly-written little piece, which scored a remarkable success when given in Dublin by amateurs a short time since; and its production along with Oscar Wilde's brilliant masterpiece, "An Ideal Husband," is a promise of its author, from whom a more ambitious effort is expected in the near future.

Jessen W 2019-03-18 18:55 University Library

The tragedian had, however, a bout with a poet when she first landed at Folkestone in the 'seventies. One of her companions, with whom she was not a favourite, said to her in a spiteful tone, "They'll make you a carpet of flowers soon." "Here is one," exclaimed a

SKETCH.

OCT. 23, 1907

young man, throwing an armful of lilies on the ground in front of Sarah—

I stopped short [she tells us], rather confused, not daring to walk on these white flowers; but the crowd pressing on behind compelled me to advance. and the poor lilies had to be trodden under foot. "Hip, hip, hurrah! A cheer for Sarah Bernhardt!" shouted the young man. His head was above all other heads; he had luminous eyes and long hair, and looked like a German student. He was an English poet, though, and one of the greatest of the century, a poet who was a genius, alas! tortured and finally vanquished by madness. It was Oscar Wilde.

2019-03-18 Bissen Women's University Library

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Bristol Mercury

Daily Telegraph,

Oct. 22. 1907

"Nothing in the world is single," wrote the great philosopher, and the apparition of a second Salome offers fresh confirmation of the truth of his assertion. Twelve years ago Mr. Mariotte, then a sub-lieutenant on a vessel cruising in the China seas, read Oscar Wilde's "Salome," and at once conceived the idea of turning it into an opera. Through lack of musical training, however, he found it impossible to put clearly on paper the ideas floating in his head. So he left the navy, studied at the Paris Conservatoire under Widor, and afterwards at the Schola Cantorum under Vincent d'Indy, and thus was able to complete his score. At present he is professor at the Lyons Conservatoire. But while putting the last touches to his work came the news of the production of Strauss's "Salome" at Dresden. Mr. Mariotte then wrote to the composer requesting assistance, in order to overcome difficulties connected with publishers of the poem and of the opera, and Strauss, it appears, offered to intercede on his behalf. Whether all legal matters have been definitely settled, we cannot say. Anyhow, it is stated that the directors of the Grand Theatre at Lyons have decided to produce it.

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Jessen Wittenberg University Library
"Perseverando" ought to be the French composer's motto.

Oct: 26. 1907

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Bristol Mercury

Mrs Price, who has been occupying her enforced leisure in Nottingham Gaol in writing the story of her romantic life, has had many distinguished predecessors as prison authors. It was in Newgate that Defoe wrote his "Jure Divino" and began his "Review"; in Carisbrooke Castle Sir William Davenant wooed the Muse of poetry; Howel wrote the greater part of his "Familiar Letters" and many another work in the Fleet Prison; Voltaire penned most of his "Henriade" in the Bastille; and Bunyan his "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford Gaol. Raleigh's "History of the World" lightened eleven years of imprisonment; Cervantes is said to have written "Don Quixote" while a captive in Barbary; and Boethius and Grotius plied equally busy pens within prison walls. In later years, among authors who have beguiled imprisonment with the labours of the pen have been John Milton, Milton, Oscar Wilde, Edmund Yates, and many others whose literary activity even durance could not quench.

Jissen W 2019-03-18 08:01 By Library

Refused
Oct. 27, 1907

* * *
"A Florentine Tragedy," by Oscar Wilde, and the clever
little Haymarket piece, "A Privy Council," will be performed
by the New England Players at the Chippendale Institute to-
morrow evening. This will be the first public performance of
the Wilde piece.

* * *

2019 Women's University Library

Daily Chronicle.

Oct. 28.
1907

It was stated in error that Oscar Wilde's play, "A Florentine Tragedy," was to be produced at the Cripplegate Institute, on Saturday. The date fixed is this (Monday) evening.

2019-00018 University Library

...and, we cannot say. Anyhow, it is not the directors of the Grand Theatre at Lyons have decided to produce Mr. Mariotte's opera this winter. "Per-severando" ought to be the French composer's motto.

MUSICAL NEWS OCTOBER 26, 1907.

Music and Morals Again.

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East Anglian Derby

Dec. 28

Book Monthly November
1907

IPSWICH LYCEUM

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Glasgow Herald.

"Oscar Wilde," by Leonard Cresswell Ingleby, is a large and comprehensive work complementary to Mr R. H. Sherard's life of this extraordinary genius. The "appreciation" is packed with new information, has a long study of the complex personality of Wilde, and gives a complete account and detailed criticism of all his writings. Mr Werner Laurie will be the publisher.

Newcastle Journal

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Lower Opinion Dec. 7. 1907

The Druce Case.

Mr. Horace Ivory, K.C., who has been mercilessly cross-examining the Druce case witnesses, has, perhaps, figured in more famous trials than any other.

contemporary barrister. Among them have been the Liberator frauds, the Jameson raiders, Lynch, Whitaker Wright, Oscar Wilde, the Watt case, the Cleveland Street scandals, and the Balfour companies.

IPSWICH LYCEUM.

“THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING
EARNEST.”

The Monckton Hoffe Comedy Company made a very promising beginning on Monday night for their week's stay at Ipswich Lyceum, save that the audience was not in its dimensions commensurate with the excellence of the performance. The comedies of Oscar Wilde convey their own commendation by the ingenuity of their construction, and the sparkle of their epigrammatic brilliancy. Admirers of the alluring works know full well that "The Importance of being Earnest" contains some typical examples of the author's daring flippancy; there is not only a clever play upon words, but the dialogue scintillates with gems of speech. It may be conceded that the playwright did not in this production commit the fatal blunder of dabbling with the unintelligible. The allusions are for the most part fairly obvious, and they are always entirely unexceptionable. There is plenty of girding at the ways of Society, and the failings of erring humanity; yet it is done in such wise that there is no venom in the sting. Instead, the listener finds it an intellectual delight to discover the hits, and to appreciate them at their full worth. It is possible that some of the subtle humour passed unheeded on Monday night; but it cannot be alleged that those present failed in admiration of the effective craftsmanship which was perceptible throughout. The stage

The Australians, of course, had to follow on, but Howe and Christian stayed till the close of a four wickets cost 28 runs. Western Australia in a minority of 250. Craven, and the innings closed for 152, which left them caught. Selk was unable to go and scored 17 out of 22, and was third man. Jones had a go at the bowling, the part of Blythe, who was now holding at runs before another smart piece of work on 27. W. Howe was next, and the pair put on 27 runs before Blythe, who was now holding at Surrey bowler. W. Howe was next, and the pair put on 27 runs before Blythe, who was now holding at brilliant catch at cover—ship by Blythe on the runs later the new-comer was dismissed by a lowed, and the hundred went up, but three runs added Parker was bowled. Evans followed, and the hundred went up, but three runs added Parker was bowled. Evans followed the bowling was remarkably good, although the bowling commenced to score lastly, and the holding very close, but with only two

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Oct. 26, 1907

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East Anglian Daily
Times
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Book monthly November
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Jissen Wom 2013-03-17
University Library

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Oct. 30.

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Daily News

Nov. 8.
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Nov. 2

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London Opinion Dec. 7. 1907

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Mr. Horace Ivory, K.C., who has been mercilessly cross-examining the Druce case witnesses, has, perhaps, figured in more famous trials than any other contemporary barrister. Among them have been the Liberator frauds, the Jameson raiders, Lynch, Whitaker Wright, Owen, Wild, the Watt case, the Cleveland Street scandals, and the Balfour companies.

Musical World Nov. 1907

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East Anglian Daily Times Nov.

Brighton Gazette Nov. 7.

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Demy 8vo, 410 pages, with crayon frontispiece by S. Wray, 12s. 6d. net.

VERNE, LONDON.

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London Opinion Nov. 2. 1907

2019e034 Women's University Library

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Imagine one of our greatest statesmen—a man who has worked and striven with ambitious purpose, and climbed up to the topmost rung of the political ladder by sheer force of character and unaided ability—suddenly confronted by the awful necessity of choosing between two equally soul-crushing alternatives, one of which will wreck his public career at the zenith of its fame, while the other will shatter all his self-respect by branding him in secret a traitor to the political creed he adorns. Imagine this, if you can think of such a man in the present nebulous state of British administration, and you put your finger on the crux of the situation that makes *An Ideal Husband* on the West Pier this week the finely dramatic, because so plausibly human, play it is. It is one of those things that appeal as much to the intellect as to the emotions, involving as it does a subtle tourney of mental craft and strategy between the principal characters concerned that supplies a species of intellectual backbone to the different sentiments of love and duty, honour and chivalry, pride, avarice, and dread, nameless foreboding brought so effectively in juxtaposition. The statesman is Sir Robert Chiltern, the rising hope and principal mainstay of his party in the House of Commons, whose public work has ear-marked him for illustrious responsibilities in the near future, and upon whose private life no stain of reproach has ever been known to rest.

Unfortunately, however, there is such a stain, incurred in little more than boyhood, when, entrusted with a great State secret in his capacity as private secretary to a Cabinet Minister, he bartered his knowledge three days before it became public property to a shrewd financier who made a quarter of a million out of it—and, of course, rewarded his informant on a scale commensurate with the value of the "tip." Sir Robert has never ceased to regret his action. It was not an act of treachery, of course—but still it

THEATRE ROYAL.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

The plays of the late Oscar Wilde have definitely taken a place among the few English dramatic productions of the later nineteenth century which will bear revival, and it is quite probable that they will survive any of the works of their gifted and unfortunate author's contemporaries. They have a literary quality which made them almost unique in the era to which they belong; nowadays, indeed, some critics find fault with them as too literary, complaining that the playwright was often so busy in polishing his verbal brilliants that he forgot all about the appropriateness of their setting. Certain it is that in some respects these plays seem already a trifle old-fashioned. Those dropped fans and misplaced letters are devices at which our more up-to-date turn up their noses. But how long will it be before the new order of things which displaced them degenerates into convention in its turn, and is told to make way for something else?

In Oscar Wilde's serious plays sentiment and cynicism are strangely mingled, and after seeing one of them we are left in doubt with regard to his artistic sincerity. But that we have seen a very brilliant and fascinating piece of work is a fact which admits of no doubt whatever. Such must have been the impression left on the minds of the audience which witnessed the performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan" by the Monckton Hoffe Company on Thursday night. The leading parts were all in thoroughly competent hands, and the witty, epigrammatic dialogue lost nothing of its effectiveness by the manner of its delivery. Oscar Wilde's personages are all rather

social and superficial, but such as are the and women who figure in "Lady Windermere's Fan" they were very cleverly frayed, and in one or two cases quite fully realized. Miss Nona Hoffe gave a plausible presentation of a "pure man" of a very different type from Mr. dy's famous heroine, a woman to whom revelation of her husband's supposed delity is so great a shock that for a brief ied her own notions of right and wrong plunged into terrible confusion, and she only saved from ruin by the unclasssed man whom she has hitherto despised. s. Erlynne, the most complex, and in ne ways the least convincing, character the play, had a more than competent presentative in Miss Lydia Busch, who lite rose to the requirements of the diffi- lit situations in the third and fourth acts. r. Monckton Hoffe's direct, incisive, and strained style admirably fitted him for the ble of Lord Windermere, and Miss Ada felse was excellent as that elderly duchess into whose mouth the author put one of his most amusing dialogue. Other arts were efficiently sustained by Miss Vinifred Vallant, Mr. H. Lane-Bayliff, Mr. Ralph Hutton, and Mr. Aubrey Fitzmaurice. "Lady Windermere's Fan" will be re- peated on Saturday evening; this (Friday) evening and on Saturday afternoon. "The Importance of being Earnest" will be played.

BRADFORD ROYAL (Lessee, Mr. John Hart; General Manager, Mr. T. F. Doyle; Acting- Manager, Mr. Jas. Richardson To-night (Thursday) and to-morrow *The Importance of Being Earnest* will be played as principal attraction.

Observer,

Nov. 10
1907

"IMITATION IN ART."

(TO THE EDITOR OF "THE OBSERVER.")

Sir,—There is a great principle I cannot induce your critic, Mr. Konody, to see. As art is based on science, and is demonstrably right or wrong up to a certain point, so criticism must be scientific and demonstrably right or wrong up to the same point. Now, in my analysis of the situation in the art world, and in my protests against the abuse of criticism I seldom go beyond what I could actually demonstrate to anyone who is not a fully qualified candidate for a lunatic asylum or an ophthalmic hospital. When I go beyond the demonstrable and enter the debatable land of taste and opinion, or the battle-ground of conflicting theory, I state the fact that it is only my opinion; and when dealing with individuals I scrupulously give them all the credit a competent judge will claim for them. So for Mr. Konody to accuse me of mixing up "Monet and Whistler and Brabazon and Mr. Sargent and Mr. Clausen and their third-rate feeble imitators" is to indulge, demonstrably, in "terminological inexactitudes." I am always severe on those who mimic the masters, as they catch the faults and miss the beauties; this was the ground of my objection to Mr. Brabazon's blots—they were feeble and often coarse imitations of Turner's slightest sketches.

Mr. Konody is very cross because I said he seemed to come alternately under good and bad advice; I must accept his protest and state apologetically that he speaks unadvisedly, or without advice, so must take the undivided responsibility for his blunders. I fear there is a dreadful time coming for Mr. Konody, as he is faced with the dire alternative of banishing himself to the outer darkness of perpetual error, or of saying the things I have said, or of falling into line with my arguments! That my analysis of the amazing situation in the art world was the centrally right one is being demonstrated on all sides. He himself in the latter part of his last week's article was under his good genius and had a flash of insight. Under the heading of "Gruesome Art," he speaks of works that interest artists and pathologists, the criticisms of which should be left to the pathologists. The works are "abnormal, unhealthy, wildly fantastic, and unintelligible." They are "like the terrified howls of a man driven by the Furies; they are unearthly, gruesome, horrible." Years ago I saw that something of this kind was the logical outcome of the "Modernity movements"—the mania for out-screaming rivals must lead to the most ghastly extremes, to the deepest depths. The "Modernity" spirit was an evil and a lying spirit, resulting in an unhealthy, abnormal inversion of good taste and judgment; the soul of the true artist was hurt at every turn by atrociously bad drawing, just as the musician's ear is offended by a false note, the poet's ear by false quantities.

The moral sense was offended by a more than epitaphal mendacity and recklessness of assertion. Starting with the pestilential paradoxes of the brilliant, but unhealthy, Oscar Wilde, the sense of veracity was cut at the root. All accepted truths were inverted, and the inversions justified by sparkling sophistry. These "flowers of evil" have borne bitter fruit in literature and in art criticism; the incompetent are boomed in the ratio of their vulgarity, and the whole range of laudation is exhausted on qualities which are conspicuous by their absence! All the most delicate flowers of our national sentiments have been branded as disease and as altogether contemptible by shallow cosmopolitans who, as did Mr. George Moore, advise us (artists of the nation which has shown more originality than all the rest put together) "to go like rag-pickers to Paris, with basket on back, and crooked stick in hand," to bring back some of the garbage of Parisian studios! And he leads the new "English" Clubbists for having done so. Our best artists have been insulted or ignored, and our best national art defamed in the interests of these decadents!

But my typewriter has run away with me, and I had forgotten Mr. Konody. In conclusion, I would beg of him to put himself once and for all under the wing of his good genius, and come out of the miasma of "Modernity;" to get quit of the whole morbid business; and to get rid of his unworthy fear of being in line with the one man who has proved himself right. Then he may abuse me to his heart's content.

Yours, &c.,

E. WAKE COOK.

20, Fairlawn-park, Chiswick, W., Nov. 3.

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Miss Field, 3 Preston street
Mrs and the Misses Geaves, 37 Bedford square
Mrs Giles, 33 Old street
Mr Garwood, 5 Margaret street
Miss Hayward, 5 Margaret street
Mrs Henderson, 15 Marine parade
Mr, Mrs and Miss Harrison, 25 Waterloo street
Mrs Handcombe, 3 Preston street
Miss Kevan, 7 Montpelier road
The Misses Meredith, 2 Black Lion street
Mr Meredith, 2 Black Lion street
Mrs Newton, 80 Marine parade
Miss O'Shangle, 15 Marine parade
Mr and Mrs Quarterman, 2 Margaret street
Mr Katcliffe, 25 Burlington street
Mr and Mrs Rumsey, 20 Waterloo street
Miss Sunderland, 28 Bedford square
Miss Mary Sharples, 28 Bedford square
Mr and Miss Sperling, 8 Bedford square
Miss Simpson, 6 Bedford square
Miss Sharples, 28 Bedford square
Mr and Mrs Shaw, 26 Oriental place
Miss Shaw, 26 Oriental place
Miss D. Smith, 5 Margaret street
Mrs and Miss Smith, 19 Waterloo street
Miss Thompson, 7 Montpelier road
Mr and Mrs Hands Thornton, 35 Oriental place
Mr Wright, The Raitax, Bedford square
Mr and Mrs Wharrie, 80 Marine parade
Miss Warden, 3-4 Marine parade
Mr and Miss Walker, 20 Waterloo street

BRIGHTON WEST PIER.

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THEATRE ROYAL.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

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Stage Nov 21. 1907
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Observer,

Nov. 10
1907

"IMITATION IN ART."

(TO THE EDITOR OF "THE OBSERVER.")

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The moral sense was offended by a more than epitaphal mendacity and recklessness of assertion. Starting with the pesident paradoxes of the brilliant, but unhealthy, Oscar Wilde, the sense of veracity was cut at the root. All accepted truths were inverted, and the inversions justified by sparkling sophistry. These "flowers of evil" have borne bitter fruit in literature and in art criticism; the incompetent are boomed in the ratio of their vulgarity, and the whole range of laudation is exhausted on qualities which are conspicuous by their absence! All the most delicate flowers of our national sentiments have been branded as disease and as altogether contemptible by shallow cosmopolitan who, as did Mr. George Moore, advise us (artists of the nation which has shown more originality than all the rest put together) "to go like rag-pickers to Paris, with basket on back, and crooked stick in hand," to bring back some of the garbage of Parisian studios! And he leads the new "English" Clubbists for having done so. Our best artists have been insulted or ignored, and our best national art defamed in the interests of these decadents!

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Yours, &c.,

E. WAKE COOK.

20, Fairlawn-park, Chiswick, W., Nov. 3.

Brighton Standard Nov. 7-1907

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Leamington Chronicle
Nov. 8

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Jissen Wome 2019 University Library

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Jessen 2019-03-16 Universitätsbibliothek

M. WAKE COOK.

20, Fairlawn-park, Chiswick, W., Nov. 3.

Bristol Telegraph
Nov. 19. 1907

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

After Mr. Bernard Shaw enter Oscar Wilde. These two brilliant Irishmen have provided a fortnight's bill of fare at the Theatre Royal. Last week we had Mr. Shaw's view of politics and society; this week we are shown the way in which the late Oscar Wilde looked upon life. Mr. Shaw takes the wider survey. Mr. Wilde was more superficial. He looked at the "Society" (with a big S) and he saw that was not good. He dealt in polished and sometimes bitter phrase, and there is more sparkle and brilliance than depth in his plays. "Lady Windermere's Fan" was presented last night by the Monckton-Hoffe Comedy Company. This is a well selected combination, and there is not really a weak place in the cast. The "Society" people (as Mr. Wilde saw them) do not hide their weaknesses or their vices; as to their virtues they are of microscopic proportions. You even suspect the ingenua, Lady Agatha Carlisle, of knowing a great deal more than she ought to do, especially after seeing her eavesdropping and listening to the worldly (we had almost said the salacious) talk of her mother, the Duchess of Berwick. Lady Windermere (admirably played by Miss Nona Hoffe), the one highly virtuous figure of the play (if we except Lord Windermere, in whom the quality is probably a recent acquisition), surely makes a too early surrender to the failing which seems to characterise the set? But after such a family history what are we to expect? The poignant point of the play is that the woman she suspects of securing the devotion and the cheques of her husband is no other than her own mother, who 20 years before had made the same faux pas as the daughter is now in danger of doing. "Does history repeat itself in this way?" asks Mrs. Erylne (without sufficient conviction it seemed last night), and forthwith sets herself to repair the dreadful mischief. The play has certainly its strong and moving situations, but as we have said its special point is the dialogue, which is certainly very "smart." Mr. Monckton Hoffe plays the part of Lord Windermere with quiet force and dignity. The worldly old Duchess of Berwick is admirably represented by Miss Ada Melrose. The role of the "bad man" Lord Darlington is in the capable hands of Mr. H. Lane-Day. Miss Lydia Busch is satisfactory in the part of Mrs. Erylne, the woman with a past, who makes such a bold attempt to get back into "society." The ensemble is quite praiseworthy.

On Thursday and Friday "The Importance of Being Earnest" will take the place of "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Bristol Times Nov 22

ANOTHER OSCAR WILDE PLAY

There is more effervescence than real flavour about "The Importance of Being Earnest," the second of the Oscar Wilde plays being produced at the Theatre Royal by the Monckton-Hoffe Comedy Company. It must be something over a decade since we last saw this comedy, but it has to be confessed that something of the sparkle has been lost in the interval. There is much witty dialogue, smart epigrams, and neatly coined phrasings; the foibles of society men and women are still as cleverly hit off as ever they were, and the play remains one of the best by its brilliant if perverted author; but it lacks convincing power, and degenerates almost into sheer farce. This comedy of manners is, however, well worth staging, and it was unfortunate that the audience last night was so limited. No doubt the fog was responsible for this, as it may have also been for the somewhat half-hearted acting of some of the players. Mr. Monckton Hoffe gave a very clever study of the cynical young man about town turned country lover, Algernon Moncrieff, and two good character parts were Miss Ada Melrose as Lady Bracknell, and Miss Amy Lloyd-Desmond as Miss Prism. The comedy is repeated to-night.

Publishers' Circular, Nov. 9. 1907

OSCAR WILDE

By LEONARD CRESSWELL INGLEBY.

(Uniform with Sherard's "Life of Oscar Wilde.") Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net. A large and comprehensive study, packed with new and interesting information, dealing with the complex personality of Wilde; the book gives a complete account and detailed criticism of all his writings.

Outlook. Nov. 9. 1907

Mr. Werner Laurie will publish next week an appreciation of Oscar Wilde by Mr. Leonard Cresswell Ingleby, which gives a complete account and detailed criticism of all his writings. The same publisher is issuing *The Chain Invisible* by Ranger Gull, dealing with Monte Carlo as Monte Carlo has never been dealt with before in fiction.

Tribune, Nov. 15

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.
"OSCAR WILDE." By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. T. Werner Laurie. pp. viii., 400. 12s. 6d. net.
A biographical and critical appreciation.

"Times" Literary Supplement.

Nov 21. 1907

OSCAR WILDE. By L. C. INGLEBY. 9x6, 400 pp. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. n.

[Oscar Wilde's "sad past," we are told in a publisher's note, "is now being consigned to a merciful oblivion, in view of the widespread renewal of interest taken in his literary productions." Nevertheless, we have had Mr. Sherard's life last year, and the present book, which is described as complementary to that work, devotes Part I. to Oscar Wilde, "The Man." Most of it, however, deals with him as a writer in different kinds and discusses his dramas, stories, essays, and poetry.]

Clarion. Nov. 23

"Oscar Wilde." By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.

[An impartial and appreciative review of Wilde's work, with a slight record of his life. The latter is happily entirely devoid of painful and unnecessary detail. We are sorry, however, that Mr. Ingleby thinks fit to insist so strongly upon his own private abhorrence of the private character of the writer whose public work he so highly honours. We take this sort of thing for granted, and it seems to us that at this time of day a student of Wilde's work and genius can easily afford to ignore altogether the whole ghastly subject of his private madness. For all this, we say again that Mr. Ingleby's work is impartial and at the same time kind and justly appreciative.]

Nov 21 1907 Evening News, Glasgow

OSCAR WILDE.

Not so very long ago we had a book on Oscar Wilde by Mr. R. H. Sherrard, and now here is

Wives-Weather.
Cona - No. 1 Brick Court - Little
Picture from Jail - Lord Strath-
bellifosse Beresford - A Link with Hood

Republican 13 Nov.
Springfield: Mass: 1907

PUBLICATIONS OF THE DAY.

AN EDITION OF NIETZSCHE.

The Publication of the German Philosopher's Works in English Resumed After a Decade.

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Daily Post & Mercury

Nov 13 Liverpool.

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Publishers' Circular,

Nov. 9. 1907

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Tribune, Nov. 15

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.
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A biographical and critical appreciation.

"Times" Literary Supplement.

Nov 21. 1907

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OSCAR WILDE. By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. London: Laurie. 12s 6d net.

Republican 13 Nov. Springfield: Mass: 1907

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Boston Telegraph
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Tribune,

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Republican 13 Nov.
Springfield: Mass: 1907

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Bradford Avenue Nov. 22

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Feb 21
1907

Evening News,

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Daily Post & Mercury

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OSCAR WILDE. By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. 12s. 6d. net. London: T. Werner Laurie.

Legend has already adopted the late Oscar Píngal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, and a story is going about to the effect that he is not really dead. Such a view is not at all compatible with the facts narrated in Mr R. H. Sherard's biography of the fagelman of the æsthetic movement in England, and will probably interest serious-minded persons only as an example of the persistency with which the mythopœic tendency in mankind continues to assert itself even in the culmination of a civilisation so advanced as ours. There is, however, a sense in which the dead poet may be considered still very much alive. There is a new growth of living interest in his work, an interest in some ways deeper and more intelligent than was evinced while his hand yet held the pen. Germany has rediscovered him. His "Salomé," which Madame Sara Bernhardt declined as a play, is in the German repertory now, has been set to music by the greatest of living composers, and has made a *furor* in the Fatherland. His early tragedy, "The Duchess of Padua," which Miss Mary Anderson would not produce, holds, it appears, the stage in German version. His comedies of manners, indeed, are no longer received upon the English boards which they originally enlivened; but they are read more than ever in book form; and the collectors of rare literature now reckon early editions of his works as prizes in book-hunting. Mr Ingleby's study comes out opportunely to catch the crest of this wave of renewed public interest. It is occupied mainly by expository criticism. The opening chapter, indeed, reviews in a readable way, the life, or, rather, the character—though it is full of interesting personal points—of a man whose queer vicissitudes of fortune seem more incredibly theatrical than any of his own tragedies. But the volume as a whole studies him in his writings. It analyses and comments upon his witty drawingroom plays, traces out the literary affinities of his romantic and poetic pieces, admires and explains the fancy and the veiled bitterness of his fairy tales, accounts for his comparative failure as a novelist, and assiduously summarises his philosophy of beauty and of life. The work is valuable, as estimating with good insight the literary qualities of its subject, in defining Wilde's aims, analysing his manner of writing, and tracing his literary kinships, as with Keats and Baudelaire. It will find its best pleased readers among those who, having read Wilde's work themselves, are anxious to have somebody else tell them what to make of them. This being so, it forms a proper supplement to Mr Sherard's biography. Readers, in full sympathy with the scientific yet humane spirit in which that writer approached the difficult places of his theme, may be disposed to find Mr Ingleby sometimes rather more sanctimonious than the pathos of his subject demands: but his book is a discriminating and instructive critical study, which offers much profitable reading to any one who wishes to understand Oscar Wilde.

London Opinion. Nov. 23

Crying is the refuge of plain women, and the ruin of pretty ones.—Oscar Wilde.

Nov. 23

Evening Standard and St. James's

History, Biography, and Memoirs.

"Oscar Wilde." By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.

(A new account of the man, the dramatist, and the poet. Mr. Ingleby tells us nothing new about the man, though he writes with a sympathy which does not exceed the due limits of discretion, but his book is not so morbid as others of the same kind have been, and his analysis of Wilde's literary career, if possibly premature, is yet interesting.)

Comments and Opinions.

Richard Strauss' "Electra."

THE Berlin correspondent of "Musical America" says: That Strauss' new opera, "Electra," will cause even a greater sensation than did "Salomé" is the opinion expressed by those who have seen the score. The work will have its first performance shortly after Christmas. The story of the opera follows that elaboration of the myth seen in Hoffmannsthal's drama. The composer keeps as strictly to this author's terrible text as he did to Oscar Wilde's in the case of "Salomé." Classical scholars will recall that the story of Electra, daughter of Agamem-

non and Clytemnestra, was a favourite theme of the early Greek tragedians, Sophocles, Æschylus and Euripides. After her father had been murdered by her mother, Electra saved the life of her younger brother, Orestes, and afterward helped him avenge their father by slaying their mother. It is still uncertain whether the first hearing of the Strauss opera will be in Berlin or in Dresden. The probability is that Strauss will prefer Dresden, where "Salomé" was produced; for he has said many times that he is averse to having a *première* in Berlin. With regard to the new opera, Strauss has said: "People wondered at 'Salomé'; they made fun of it, scorned it, then they accepted it. They will wonder still more at my 'Electra.' They will scoff still more, but they will end by accepting it." The orchestration presents the same difficulties that were seen in "Salomé." The composer has endeavoured to get even more marvellous effects of colour into his music. It is said that in one scene the music is actually bewildering in its power and intensity. This is the episode where Electra rescues her brother Orestes from the murderers of her father.

Winning Post. Nov. 16. 1907

Observer, Nov. 24. 1907

Oscar Wilde.

The time has not yet come for criticism to be able to deal dispassionately with the work of Oscar Wilde. His writings should have been left for a generation to make their way, "appreciation" scarcely being possible to those who knew Wilde or who were deeply moved by his débacle. But a number of people seem to think otherwise, and we have already several volumes dealing with the personality and writings of one of the unhappiest figures in our literary annals. The latest is "Oscar Wilde," by Leonard Cresswell Ingleby (Werner Laurie), a bulky volume of a somewhat inchoate character. The author, who heard Wilde's witty talk "at least once," has rather brought together some materials for an "appreciation" of his subject than given us a work justifying that much misused title. Mr. Ingleby appears to have somewhat elementary notions as to what constitutes a book. Having to refer to Max Nordau's attitude towards Wilde as an "anti-social ego-maniac," he thinks it necessary to preface it by lifting the article on Nordau from the current "Who's Who." Wishing to show the general attitude towards Wilde as high priest of the æsthetic cult, he gives nearly six pages of titles of "articles, poems, and paragraphs" dealing with Wilde and æstheticism that have appeared in "Punch" since 1881, and follows this with nearly five pages of extracts from skits in that journal. Thus are more than a dozen of the first thirty-four pages of this volume occupied. Of the plays and poems which Wilde wrote Mr. Ingleby is a laudatory rather than a discriminating critic.

Every literary and journalistic celebrity of Paris assisted at the répétition générale of "Salomé" on Friday evening last at the Théâtre des Arts. This is a little playhouse on the Boulevard des Batignolles which has been re-opened by the Vicomte Robert d'Humières, better known as a translator into French of Kipling and various English plays. This tragedy of "Salomé" is a pure mimic pantomime, a drama without words, and no relation either to Flaubert's "Hérodiade," or to Oscar Wilde's "Salomé." It might just as well be called "Loie Fuller in her Dances," as they form the chief attraction of the piece. In the glare of the footlights Loie hardly represents the ideal Salomé; short, dumpy woman, without lines, that she is, Colette Willy would have been much more to our taste in the garb of Nature. Why use tights when they can be avoided? As no doubt many of you will run up and see "Salomé"—at the present time, when there is not much else worth seeing in Paris, this is certainly advisable—let us give you a short description of the plot. The Tetrarch and John the Baptist are seen having a little chat on the terrace of the former's palace overlooking the sea. As Herod's palace was at Jerusalem one doesn't quite know whether the Mediterranean or Dead Sea is meant. Probably the latter. Nor can one possibly guess what they are supposed to be talking about. They might be discussing the *menu* for lunch, or the advisability of having a little bit on, if the programme did not enlighten us. Herod has received bad tidings from Rome. Herodias then appears on the scene with Salomé—*sa fille d'un premier lit*, as we say here—whom Herod loves, and as Salomé is jealous of and hates John, the mother tells her daughter to put her best foot forward to please Herod. Then Salomé-Fuller gives an exhibition of her various kinds of dances—the pearl dance, where she is surrounded by a cascade of pearls, silvery and golden veils under a polychrome light; the

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Loie Fuller's "drame muet," by the way, is called, "La Tragédie de Salomé," no doubt to distinguish it from the others, and it is preceded by two smaller plays, in the first of which M. André de Fouquières has collaborated. As André is the acknowledged uncrowned social "Roi de Paris," all society is flocking to the Arts theatre. Attached in some capacity to the Foreign Office, M. de Fouquières, who can always be met with at Dinard and Biarritz in the summer, is the most popular young man in Paris, the most accomplished leader of its cotillons, and a guest at all its fêtes. He has rarely been known ever to dine at home, or to take a cab. He walks, or has six sous' worth of omnibus, an excellent and inexpensive habit to which we, too, are addicted.

* * *

OSCAR WILDE. By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. 12s. 6d. net. London: T. Werner Lawrie.

Legend has already adopted the late Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, and a story is going about to the effect that he is not really dead. Such a view is not at all compatible with the facts narrated in Mr R. H. Sherard's biography of the fugleman of the æsthetic movement in England, and will probably interest serious-minded persons only as an example of the persistency with which the mythopœic tendency in mankind continues to assert itself even in the culmination of a civilisation so advanced as ours. There is, however, a sense in which the dead poet may be considered still very much alive. There is a new growth of living interest in his work, an interest in some ways deeper and more intelligent than was evinced while his hand yet held the pen. Germany has re-discovered him. His "Salome," which Madame Sara Bernhardt declined as a play, is in the German repertory now, has been set to music by the greatest of living composers, and has made a *furor* in the Fatherland. His early tragedy, "The Duchess of Padua," which Miss Mary Anderson would not produce, holds, it appears, the stage in German version. His comedies of manners, indeed, are no longer received upon the English boards which they originally enlivened; but they are read more than ever in book form; and the collectors of rare literature now reckon early editions of his works as prizes in book-hunting. Mr Ingleby's study comes out opportunely to catch the crest of this wave of renewed public interest. It is occupied mainly by expository criticism. The opening chapter, indeed, reviews in a readable way, the life, or, rather, the character—though it is full of interesting personal points—of a man whose queer vicissitudes of fortune seem more incredibly theatrical than any of his own tragedies. But the volume as a whole studies him in his writings. It analyses and comments upon his witty drawingroom plays, traces out the literary affinities of his romantic and poetic pieces, admires and explains the fancy and the veiled bitterness of his fairy tales, accounts for his comparative failure as a novelist, and assiduously summarises his philosophy of beauty and of life. The work is valuable, as estimating with good insight the literary qualities of its subject, in defining Wilde's aims, analysing his manner of writing, and tracing his literary kinships, as with Keats and Baudelaire. It will find its best pleased readers among those who, having read Wilde's work themselves, are anxious to have somebody else tell them what to make of them. This being so, it forms a proper supplement to Mr Sherard's biography. Readers, in full sympathy with the scientific yet humane spirit in which that writer approached the difficult places of his theme, may be disposed to find Mr Ingleby sometimes rather more sanctimonious than the pathos of his subject demands: but his book is a discriminating and instructive critical study, which offers much profitable reading to any one who wishes to understand Oscar Wilde.

Comments and Opinions.

Richard Strauss' "Electra."

THE Berlin correspondent of "Musical America" says: That Strauss' new opera, "Electra," will cause even a greater sensation than did "Salome" is the opinion expressed by those who have seen the score. The work will have its first performance shortly after Christmas. The story of the opera follows that elaboration of the myth seen in Hoffmannsthal's drama. The composer keeps as strictly to this author's terrible text as he did to Oscar Wilde's in the case of "Salome." Classical scholars will recall that the story of Electra, daughter of Agamem-

non and Clytemnestra, was a favourite theme of the early Greek tragedians, Sophocles, Æschylus and Euripides. After her father had been murdered by her mother, Electra saved the life of her younger brother, Orestes, and afterward helped him avenge their father by slaying their mother. It is still uncertain whether the first hearing of the Strauss opera will be in Berlin or in Dresden. The probability is that Strauss will prefer Dresden, where "Salome" was produced; for he has said many times that he is averse to having a *première* in Berlin. With regard to the new opera, Strauss has said: "People wondered at 'Salome'; they made fun of it, scorned it, then they accepted it. They will wonder still more at my 'Electra.' They will scoff still more, but they will end by accepting it." The orchestration presents the same difficulties that were seen in "Salome." The composer has endeavoured to get even more marvellous effects of colour into his music. It is said that in one scene the music is actually bewildering in its power and intensity. This is the episode where Electra rescues her brother Orestes from the murderers of her father.



Jesse W. Gordon University Library

Crying is the refuge of plain women, and the ruin
of pretty ones.—*Oscar Wilde.*

7 Nov. 23

Evening Standard and St. James's

History, Biography, and Memoirs.

"Oscar Wilde." By Leonard Cresswell Ingleby. Laurie.
12s. 6d. net.

(A new account of the man, the dramatist, and the poet. Mr. Ingleby tells us nothing new about the man, though he writes with a sympathy which does not exceed the due limits of discretion, but his book is not so morbid as others of the same kind have been, and his analysis of Wilde's literary career, if possibly premature, is yet interesting.)

2015-03 Women's University Library 16

Observer.

Nov. 24.
1907

Oscar Wilde.

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Nov. 19. 1907

MR. H. G. WELLS AND FAMILY LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MANCHESTER COURIER."

Sir,—The request by Mrs. Wells to Mr. Joynson-Hicks to withdraw what he said about her husband and apologise, is peculiarly comic. Mr. Wells, in one of his books, speaks of "middle class Socialists—amiable people who don't understand a bit what Socialism is." Query, does Mrs. Wells understand the writings of Mr. Wells?

Mr. Joynson-Hicks quoted the "Times" review (September 15th, 1906) of "In the days of the Comet," and said:

"He—Mr. Wells—foresees the objection that, even if man could be persuaded not to quarrel about property, they would still be liable to quarrel about women, and he is prepared with his solution of that problem also. Socialistic men's wives, we gather, are, no less than their goods, to be held in common. Free love, according to Mr. Wells, is to be of the essence of the new social contract. One wonders how far he will insist in the tract which he is understood to desire to write for the Fabian Society, and what the other Fabians will say."

Let us see if this criticism fairly represents Mr. Wells's true views. That gentleman has published another book to explain what he thought was not made plain in the one mentioned, and says on the cover "this booklet states pretty completely the real attitude of modern Socialism to family life." On page 56 he says

"Essentially the Socialist position is a denial of property in human beings; not only must land and the means of production be liberated. . . . but women and children, just as much as men and things must cease to be owned."

Again on page 57 he says:

"The children people bring into the world can be no more their private concern entirely than the disease germs they disseminate, or the noises a man makes in a thin floored flat. . . . The State will pay for children born legitimately in the marriage it will sanction. A woman with healthy and successful offspring will draw a wage for each one of them from the State. . . . (On page 59): the gist of the Socialists' attitude towards marriage is, the repudiation of private ownership of women and children, and the payment of mothers."

I would point out that this is not the only occasion on which he has preached these strange doctrines. In a paper Mr. Wells read to the Fabian Society in October, 1906, and since republished in the "Fortnightly Review" for November, 1906, under the title of Socialism and the Middle Classes, he says:

"Socialism is in fact the State family. The old family of the private individual must vanish before it, just as the old waterworks of private enterprise, or the old gas company. . . . the old sentiment was that the parent owned the child, the new is that the children own the parents."

I would here point out a remarkable circumstance. This Fabian essay is again reprinted in the new book by Mr. Wells on "Socialism and the Family," but the following paragraph, which was in the original paper, and also in the "Fortnightly Review" article, is now omitted, and is the only paragraph crossed out. Mr. Wells wrote (see page 790 of the "Fortnightly Review" for November, 1906):

"There is an admirable paper by Oscar Wilde, originally published, I believe, in the 'Fortnightly Review,' 'The Soul of Man (under Socialism)' which puts the whole attitude towards Socialism with an admirable and persuasive lucidity."

I have hunted up that article, and find it in the "Fortnightly Review" for February, 1891. Mr. Oscar Wilde wrote:

"Socialism would annihilate family ties. Abolition of private property, and marriage in its present form must disappear. This is part of our programme."

Now, sir, I submit, if anyone is to apologise, it is Mr. and Mrs. Wells should apologise to Mr. Joynson-Hicks.—Yours, &c.,

J. H. BOTTOMLEY.

Conservative Agent, Newton-le-Willows, Oct. 17.

Standard.

Nov. 5.

MR. H. G. WELLS ON MARRIAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD.

Sir,—I am delighted beyond expression at the great advertisement given to my pamphlet on "Socialism, Atheism, and Free Love," by Mr. H. G. Wells, and am content to leave the printer's explanation of the error in one edition, as given and accepted by so many friends.

Mr. Wells has not the manliness in all the letters he is scattering over the country to admit that I wrote him, at his residence, enclosing the copies of the lecture to prove that no attempt had been made to deceive or mislead, nor to admit that I have done all that was possible to show my regret that any such mistake had been made.

He is furious with me for exposing his quoting, with approval, Mr. Oscar Wilde's views, in the "Fortnightly Review" for November, 1906. I thank him for now repeating the quotation from his book, that "women and children, just as men and things, must cease to be owned."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. H. BOTTOMLEY.

Conservative Agent, Newton-le-Willows,
Nov. 2.

Nov. 7.

MR. H. G. WELLS AND HIS VIEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD.

Sir,—I see Mr. Bottomley has written to you again, and those who have read the previous correspondence about his pamphlet will be quite prepared to hear that he writes to make another misstatement in his entirely hopeless struggle against the truth of the case. He implies that I write to the Press to expose his misquotations after he has sent me a copy of his pamphlet to prove his good faith. The copy of the pamphlet he sent me proved no good faith; it merely cleared up the minor matter of displaced quotation marks. The fact remains, and it will remain, although Mr. Bottomley continues to shower insults on me to the end of his days, that he took a quotation from my "Socialism and the Family," cut off certain words at the end, and added words with a diametrically opposite meaning.

For that trick he offers no apology, he simply routs about for new possibilities of misrepresentation. His last feat in that direction is to couple my name in an ambiguous manner with that of the late Oscar Wilde, and to say that I "quote his views (unspecified) with approval" because I wrote in the "Fortnightly Review" that Wilde's "Soul of Man" was an admirable exposition of the attitude "of the artistic mind towards Socialism." Just think of the mental and moral quality of the man who can resort to that style of mud throwing!

Mr. Bottomley seeks to save his self-respect among his associates by pretending that I am "furious" with him for this nasty attempt. No doubt he would like to have it on that footing. But one is not furious with people like Mr. Bottomley; at the worst, one is annoyed or disgusted. And I have written to the Press about Mr. Bottomley's feats of falsehood, not because I care a rap about Mr. Bottomley, but because I do want to make it clear to the Unionist gentlemen of the north of England just how victory is being organised by their agents.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
H. G. WELLS.
Spade House, Sandgate, Kent, Nov. 5.

MR. WELLS AND MARRIAGE.

MORE QUOTATIONS FROM THE SOCIALIST WRITER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD.

Sir,—Mr. H. G. Wells has informed the editor of the "Labour Leader" that this correspondence may damage the sale of his books and harm his reputation, and rants about his solicitor. On the contrary, it has immensely assisted the sale of my pamphlet, and brought me requests to lecture by the score. Reluctantly, he now admits that I did write to him, and did prove that what I had asserted was true in substance and fact. There I let the matter rest for the present, but if he provokes me I shall carry the matter further, and let the public judge between us with further evidence. It shall be one reputation against another.

One word as to his reference to Mr. Oscar Wilde. In the preface to his "Socialism and the Family," he says:—

"These are two papers written by me. The first was read to the Fabian Society in October, 1906, under the title of 'Socialism and the Middle Classes.' The second appeared first in the 'Independent Review.' Together they state pretty completely the attitude of modern Socialism to family life."

My point is, that in this reproduction the following words were deliberately omitted without any explanation:—

"There is an admirable paper by Oscar Wilde, originally published, I believe, in the 'Fortnightly Review,' dealing with 'Man under Socialism,' which puts the whole artistic attitude towards Socialism with an admirable and persuasive lucidity."

The article in question by Mr. Oscar Wilde appeared in the "Fortnightly Review" for February, 1891, and that distinguished gentleman then wrote:—

"Socialism would annihilate family ties, abolish private property, and marriage in its present form would disappear. This is part of our programme."

Mr. Wells may rant and rave against me to his heart's content, but he evidently does not relish this exposure. He says now that he afterwards re-read Wilde's article, and found much to alter his first impression, but he never told his readers this until I unearthed the article for purposes of comparison. My friend is difficult to follow and understand, and seems to me to come under his own definition, "Middle-class Socialists . . . either don't understand a bit what Socialism is, or—"

Your correspondent "Verax," by his splendid extracts from "In the Days of the Comet," sets Mr. Wells a task that has not been met. I, also, in the "Manchester Courier," quoted from the "Grand Magazine" for October, page 359, where Mr. Wells says:—

"Socialism does not present any theory whatever about the duration of marriage—whether, as among the Roman Catholics, it should be absolutely for life, or, as some hold, for ever; or, as among the various divorce permitting Protestant bodies, till this or that eventuality, or even, as Mr. George Meredith suggested some years ago, for a limited term."

To illustrate this point, a case within the pre-

AN ILLUSTRATION.