



Jissen Women's University Rare Books  
Honma Hisao Collection

Digital Archives of Mason Library

Oscar Wilde  
Scrapbook

Vol. **12**





Kodak Gray Scale

C Y M

© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak

A 1 2 3 4 5 6 M 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 B 17 18 19

The Mason Library 永十二集

ワイルド資料十二



160  
21-10









## OSCAR WILDE

1856-1900

The death of Oscar Wilde in 1900, was a loss from which the literary world will recover but slowly. His intellect was an unusual one and the period has all but arrived when he will be looked upon in a different light from that of the past.

"A young man went from Dublin to London, let his hair grow long, wore strangely made garments, carried lillies in his hands, and when hooted by urchins in the street, calmly remarked, 'I am glad to afford amusement to the lower classes.' He gave afternoon tea parties in his apartments, where the light was rose-colored, and subdued almost to darkness, and where the guest stumbled over furniture for want of natural or artificial light. He talked in a high flown fashion, and his sayings began to be quoted. A caricaturist took him up, and the young man appeared as Maude in Punch. A playwright gave him a place in 'Where's the Cat?' All who saw the character in the play exclaimed, 'Oscar Wilde.'"

Thus was he satirized by the Press in America and the public followed him through a remarkable career until the last; even then the influence of the newspapers biased its opinion and it will be years before full justice to the genius which existed in this remarkable individual can be fully administered.

He was an Irishman, which counted against him in Britain; in America his affectation caused only ridicule; later in France he was looked upon as a foreigner, hence the slightest stain upon his name was accepted, scandal was paramount.

The comparison with the career of Benjamin Disraeli, whose eccentricities of attire and manner in his early days were quite as marked and extravagant as those of Wilde, will suggest itself.

Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde was the son of Sir William Robert Wills Wilde, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and Magdalen College, Oxford, B. A., Oxford, 1878. As the founder of an aesthetic cult his reputation became considerable while at the University, and later developed along broader and varied lines until now it may be said to have extended to wherever literature is recognized. His personality and strong individuality has played upon the minds of many; his influence has been most extraordinary, both in art and letters, as well as the drama. His foremost ambition seemed to have been l'art pour l'art; his ideal, his own pure style. With all the naive egotism of a child he took the world into his confidence, tho' at times the sincerity of expression was embarrassing. In his opinion, material upon which to work was secondary; just as Nature is the model for Art, creating standards for all to imitate, so he offered his readers a new aspect of things, and if not always stating truths as we know them, if his dialectics are not free from sophism, we are still prone to follow him in his clever thought and return enriched.

His books are unusual offerings, deluding, fascinating and replete with his own striking personnel. For



# OSCAR WILDE

1856-1900

The death of Oscar Wilde in 1900, was a loss from which the literary world will recover but slowly. His intellect was an unusual one and the period has all but arrived when he will be looked upon in a different light from that of the past.

"A young man went from Dublin to London, let his hair grow long, wore strangely made garments, carried lillies in his hands, and when hooted by urchins in the street, calmly remarked, 'I am glad to afford amusement to the lower classes.' He gave afternoon tea parties in his apartments, where the light was rose-colored, and subdued almost to darkness, and where the guest stumbled over furniture for want of natural or artificial light. He talked in a high flown fashion, and his sayings began to be quoted. A caricaturist took him up, and the young man appeared as Maudie in Punch. A playwright gave him a place in 'Where's the Cat?' All who saw the character in the play exclaimed, 'Oscar Wilde.'"

Thus was he satirized by the Press in America and the public followed him through a remarkable career until the last; even then the influence of the newspapers biased its opinion and it will be years before full justice to the genius which existed in this remarkable individual can be fully administered.

He was an Irishman, which counted against him in Britain; in America his affectation caused only ridicule; later in France he was looked upon as a foreigner, hence the slightest stain upon his name was accepted, scandal was paramount.

The comparison with the career of Benjamin Disraeli, whose eccentricities of attire and manner in his early days were quite as marked and extravagant as those of Wilde, will suggest itself.

Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde was the son of Sir William Robert Wills Wilde, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and Magdalen College, Oxford, B. A., Oxford, 1878. As the founder of an aesthetic cult his reputation became considerable while at the University, and later developed along broader and varied lines until now it may be said to have extended to wherever literature is recognized. His personality and strong individuality has played upon the minds of many; his influence has been most extraordinary, both in art and letters, as well as the drama. His foremost ambition seemed to have been *l'art pour l'art*; his ideal, his own pure style. With all the naive egotism of a child he took the world into his confidence, tho' at times the sincerity of expression was embarrassing. In his opinion, material upon which to work was secondary; just as Nature is the model for Art, creating standards for all to imitate, so he offered his readers a new aspect of things, and if not always stating truths as we know them, if his dialectics are not free from sophism, we are still prone to follow him in his clever thought and return enriched.

His books are unusual offerings, deluding, fascinating and revealing.



lovers of modern aesthetic culture and true genius the works of Wilde will prove an endless source from which to draw. While the lot noted here is not a complete set, it includes, with but two or three exceptions, nearly everything that was written by the unfortunate Irishman. Each item has been described as fully as space will warrant, and the best dictum on his work as it appears in the present collection is to admit that he was the most brilliant genius of his time, and stop there without further discussion. As he himself said, with one of those frequent flashes of intuition which illuminated his own end, "One should sympathize with the joy, the beauty, the color of life. The less said about life's sores the better."

From a human interest point of view, two pictures of Wilde in the heyday of his unpopular popularity taken beside Lord Alfred Douglas are distinctly worthy of notice. In the light of history the photographs conceal nothing that the features of the two men had to tell, though the beauty, such as it was, in the face of each is remarkable. An autograph letter in the curious irregular and almost undecipherable chirography of Wilde may be placed beside a similar epistle from Lord Alfred Douglas inclosed in a copy of his poems, "The City of the Soul," which he sent to Wilde. A priceless gem retrieved from the dust-heap of dead authors is the manuscript to the fourth and last act of "The Ideal Husband." It is partly typewritten and partly in Wilde's original handwriting, and shows the extraordinary amount of correction to which each effort was submitted. It might have been "The Ideal Husband" over which he declared he had spent a whole morning inserting a comma, only to employ an afternoon in removing it. The slim and crudely printed little pamphlet containing his Newdigate prize poem "Ravenna" which was ranked superior to Tennyson's "Timbuctoo," which won a similar prize at Cambridge, has its pathetic association, as showing the illimitable promise of the man, afterwards so circumscribed by affectation and circumstance, and towards the very last plunged into impotence before its natural span. The thin volume is rarely seen now, for it is becoming exceedingly scarce and difficult to find.

A curious contrast to set against his considerable list of comedies is "Vera," or, "The Nihilists," an unmistakable melodrama, even when Wilde's tendency towards subtle satire is considered. This volume is one of an edition of 200, privately printed in London, in 1902 and very scarce. A strange relic of his after-prison life is furnished in a translation of the "Satyricon of Petronius," the only complete English translation in existence of the episodes chronicled by the "Arbiter Elegantiarum" of Nero's court. The limited edition was printed three years ago at Nymeguen, Holland, and bears the name "Sebastian Melmoth," which Wilde assumed after the bars had freed him, in preference to "C. 3. 3." which he had borne as a convict. The idea for the cognomen is said to have developed in Wilde's mind after this fashion: on the British convict garb arrow-heads are stamped, and he fancied an analogy between this and the fate of St. Sebastian, who was martyred with arrows. "Melmoth" is the name of a hero in a romance by Savarin, who was a close associate of the Wilde family and a frequent attendant at Lady Wilde's salons in Dublin.

The volume of "The Portrait of Dorian Gray," which, it is claimed, contains much of an autobiographical nature, and which certainly foreshadowed a great deal that developed at a later date, is embellished with a photograph of the picture of Wilde as Dorian Gray, which the author himself authorized. "The Harlot's House," a little known poem of Wilde's, which does not appear in the collected poems, came into possession of the artist, Althea Gyles, who illustrated, with five weirdly powerful and beautiful drawings, which were fully approved by Wilde, when they were shown to him shortly before

his death. With these illustrations and the utmost luxury of printing, the poem, which is compact, most gorgeous in its imagery, and almost magic in its phraseology, though it hardly equals either "The Sphinx" or "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," was published in London last year, though only for subscribers. An English translation by Lord Alfred Douglas of Wilde's French and decidedly decadent play "Salome" is also superbly illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley, though the drawings with their insinuating suggestiveness, are perhaps among the number which the artist so earnestly wished destroyed before his death. As a matter of fact, two of them were suppressed in the English edition.

His prose prickles with trenchant epigram and of course it is invariably brilliant. Such echoes of the man as "Conscience and cowardice are really the same thing. Conscience is the trade name of the firm," or "The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it," picked at random from Dorian Gray, are not easily forgotten. But a couplet culled from such a poem as "The Sphinx" which surely is only evanescent in the cycle of ages, seems immortal in its sheer, poetic beauty. For example:

"When through the purple corridors the screaming scarlet ibis flew  
In terror, and a horrid dew dripped from  
the moaning mandragores."

"The Sphinx" is little known, though it shows Wilde at the very acme of his crooked genius. A few of the verses which are written in the "In Memoriam" stanza, though printed in long lines, are herewith given:

In a dim corner of my room,  
for longer than my fancy thinks,  
A beautiful and silent Sphinx  
has watched me through the shifting gloom.

Inviolate and immobile  
she does not rise, she does not stir  
For silver moons are naught to her,  
and naught to her the suns that reel.

Red follows grey across the air  
the waves of moonlight ebb and flow  
But with the dawn she does not go  
and in the night-time she is there.

It is a curious thing that Wilde, consciously or unconsciously, has used more than one line from "The Harlot's House" in the making of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," written more than ten years later. Here are a few of the paralleling lines:

The Harlot's House.  
"And danced a stately saraband."

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.  
"They trod a saraband."

The Harlot's House.  
"Like strange mechanical grotesques  
Making fantastic arabesques."

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.  
"And the damned grotesques made arabesques."

The Harlot's House.  
"We watched the ghostly dancers spin."

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.  
"About, about, in ghostly rout."

As an example of self-plagiarism, this is somewhat remarkable.



lovers of modern aesthetic culture and true genius the works of Wilde will prove an endless source from which to draw. While the lot noted here is not a complete set, it includes, with but two or three exceptions, nearly everything that was written by the unfortunate Irishman. Each item has been described as fully as space will warrant, and the best dictum on his work as it appears in the present collection is to admit that he was the most brilliant genius of his time, and stop there without further discussion. As he himself said, with one of those frequent flashes of intuition which illuminated his own end, "One should sympathize with the joy, the beauty, the color of life. The less said about life's sores the better."

From a human interest point of view, two pictures of Wilde in the heyday of his unpopular popularity taken beside Lord Alfred Douglas are distinctly worthy of notice. In the light of history the photographs conceal nothing that the features of the two men had to tell, though the beauty, such as it was, in the face of each is remarkable. An autograph letter in the curious irregular and almost undecipherable chirography of Wilde may be placed beside a similar epistle from Lord Alfred Douglas inclosed in a copy of his poems, "The City of the Soul," which he sent to Wilde. A priceless gem retrieved from the dust-heap of dead authors is the manuscript to the fourth and last act of "The Ideal Husband." It is partly typewritten and partly in Wilde's original handwriting, and shows the extraordinary amount of correction to which each effort was submitted. It might have been "The Ideal Husband" over which he declared he had spent a whole morning inserting a comma, only to employ an afternoon in removing it. The slim and crudely printed little pamphlet containing his Newdigate prize poem "Ravenna" which was ranked superior to Tennyson's "Timbuctoo," which won a similar prize at Cambridge, has its pathetic association, as showing the illimitable promise of the man, afterwards so circumscribed by affectation and circumstance, and towards the very last plunged into impotence before its natural span. The thin volume is rarely seen now, for it is becoming exceedingly scarce and difficult to find.

A curious contrast to set against his considerable list of comedies is "Vera," or, "The Nihilists," an unmistakable melodrama, even when Wilde's tendency towards subtle satire is considered. This volume is one of an edition of 200, privately printed in London, in 1902 and very scarce. A strange relic of his after-prison life is furnished in a translation of the "Satyricon of Petronius," the only complete English translation in existence of the episodes chronicled by the "Arbiter Elegantiarum" of Nero's court. The limited edition was printed three years ago at Nymegen, Holland, and bears the name "Sebastian Melmoth," which Wilde assumed after the bars had freed him, in preference to "C. 3. 3." which he had borne as a convict. The idea for the cognomen is said to have developed in Wilde's mind after this fashion: on the British convict garb arrow-heads are stamped, and he fancied an analogy between this and the fate of St. Sebastian, who was martyred with arrows. "Melmoth" is the name of a hero in a romance by Savarin, who was a close associate of the Wilde family and a frequent attendant at Lady Wilde's salons in Dublin.

The volume of "The Portrait of Dorian Gray," which, it is claimed, contains much of an autobiographical nature, and which certainly foreshadowed a great deal that developed at a later date, is embellished with a photograph of the picture of Wilde as Dorian Gray, which the author himself authorized. "The Harlot's House," a little known poem of Wilde's, which does not appear in the collection, came into possession of the artist, Althea Glynn, who was fully approved of and beautiful drawings, which were fully approved by Wilde, when they were shown to him shortly before

his death. With these illustrations and the utmost luxury of printing, the poem, which is compact, most gorgeous in its imagery, and almost magic in its phraseology, though it hardly equals either "The Sphinx" or "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," was published in London last year, though only for subscribers. An English translation by Lord Alfred Douglas of Wilde's French and decidedly decadent play "Salome" is also superbly illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley, though the drawings with their insinuating suggestiveness, are perhaps among the number which the artist so earnestly wished destroyed before his death. As a matter of fact, two of them were suppressed in the English edition.

His prose prickles with trenchant epigram and of course it is invariably brilliant. Such echoes of the man as "Conscience and cowardice are really the same thing. Conscience is the trade name of the firm," or "The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it," picked at random from Dorian Gray, are not easily forgotten. But a couplet culled from such a poem as "The Sphinx" which surely is only evanescent in the cycle of ages, seems immortal in its sheer, poetic beauty. For example:

"When through the purple corridors the screaming scarlet ibis flew  
In terror, and a horrid dew dripped from the moaning mandragores."

"The Sphinx" is little known, though it shows Wilde at the very acme of his crooked genius. A few of the verses which are written in the "In Memoriam" stanza, though printed in long lines, are herewith given:

In a dim corner of my room,  
for longer than my fancy thinks,  
A beautiful and silent Sphinx  
has watched me through the shifting gloom.

Inviolate and immobile  
she does not rise, she does not stir  
For silver moons are naught to her,  
and naught to her the suns that reel.

Red follows grey across the air  
the waves of moonlight ebb and flow  
But with the dawn she does not go  
and in the night-time she is there.

It is a curious thing that Wilde, consciously or unconsciously, has used more than one line from "The Harlot's House" in the making of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," written more than ten years later. Here are a few of the paralleling lines:

The Harlot's House.  
"And danced a stately saraband."

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.  
"They trod a saraband."

The Harlot's House.  
"Like strange mechanical grotesques  
Making fantastic arabesques."

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.  
"And the damned grotesques made arabesques."

The Harlot's House.  
"We watched the ghostly dancers spin."

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.  
"About, about, in ghostly rout."

As an example of self-plagiarism, this is somewhat remarkable.



While we are on the subject of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" (the title-page of the first edition of which bears the ghastly legend "By C. 3. 3."), we may remark that, while written toward the end, it ranks among Wilde's poetic achievements only second to "The Sphinx," if even to that. Whatever Wilde's sensual excesses—however that slumbering swine which, according to the French proverb, "lies low in all men's hearts," heaved itself up, wakeful and possessed the man—Wilde never lost his power with the pen, his genius for expression, his sense of beauty. To the last he was a matchless master of beautiful words. Indeed, it is a somewhat notable thing that the sick sweetness, evidence of a malady of the soul, is quite absent from Wilde's work. In "Roseleaf and Appleleaf," for example, an introduction that he wrote for the book of poems by his friend Rennel Rodd, there is not the faintest trace of cloying sweetness. Instead, indeed, there is a freshness as the freshness of a strong wind from a wood of pines. Only in "Salome," we think, is there evidence of morbidity and decay. The play, despite its popularity on the Continent, where it is continually produced, is sick and monstrous, even as Aubrey Beardsley's drawings for it are monstrous and sick. In places, it is also trivial, a thing which can justly be charged against nothing else that Wilde wrote.

Another rather interesting thing in this collection is a letter in Wilde's handwriting—a handwriting that itself deserves a word. It is as difficult to read, sometimes, as a Chinese ideograph, yet, like the ideograph, has an impalpable beauty of form. In looking at the curious characters, one gets a strange sense of motion. It is as if each letter on the page were bent on some errand demanding haste, was hurrying to an unseen goal. But here is the letter hitherto unpublished, which with great difficulty we partly decipher:

Hotel de Nice, Rue de Beaux Arts.

My Dear Smithers: A 1,000 thanks for the £4—it was most kind of you to think of it. I have been rather unhappy and troubled, so have not written—but I hope to get alright this week.

How is the "Author's Edition" getting on? I was greatly pleased with the Arthur Symons's article—it is admirably written, and most intellectual and artistic in its mode of approval, or rather appreciation. I don't think I shall answer Henley—I think it would be quite vulgar—what does it matter! He is (undecipherable) jealous. He made his scrofula into vers Libres, and is furious because I have made a sonnet out of (undecipherable). Besides, there are only two sorts of writers in England, the unread and the unreadable; Henley belongs to the former class. (You can send this aphorism to the Sunday Special)

Yrs., Oscar.

Wilde was, however, not precisely hostile to Henley since, included in a book of essays in this collection, is a very favorable review of Henley's poems—containing, indeed, only one acid remark: "Mr. Henley's unrhymed rhythms form very dainty designs from a typographical point of view."

Despite the fact that Sherard speaks in his book of Wilde's using "sheets of costly paper covered with delicate penmanship," the manuscript of the fourth act of "The Ideal Husband," before us, presents a very ordinary and prosaic appearance. Part of it is in typewriting, part in ink. Deletions, additions, transpositions, make some of the pages look like maps. Passages of considerable length are zigzagged over with coarse pencil, and on the back of the sheet, Wilde has done the thing a-fresh.

We could readily expand on the above, but space forbids. Let it suffice to say that we have just arranged to purchase from the printers, The Torch Press, the whole edition of a little work entitled "Oscar Wilde and His Books," by Willis Vickery, which is to be bound uniform with "A Shelf in My Bookcase," "Selections from Suckling," etc., and which will sell for 45c net, postage .04. As there are but two hundred copies issued, we advise early orders if one is desired.

W. A. H. M.



Sad and strange was the career of that brilliant genius, Oscar O'Flahertie Wilde. The sorrow is at an end, but the strangeness continues even in posthumous episodes.

In his early youth, even after he had written some deathless verses, he was looked upon as part joke and part nuisance. The Oxford Union, of which he was a member, refused a presentation copy of his poems for the library and defeated a proposal to discontinue the society's subscription to Punch on account of Du Maurier's caricature of the "aesthetes." At Magdalen, the headquarters of "aestheticism," the undergraduates put one of Wilde's disciples under the pump and "ragged" the rooms of others and pitched the r blue china out of windows. Next day all the aesthetes in Oxford had their hair cut and resumed their stand up collars.

Wilde crossed the Atlantic and was received with the same derision that he had

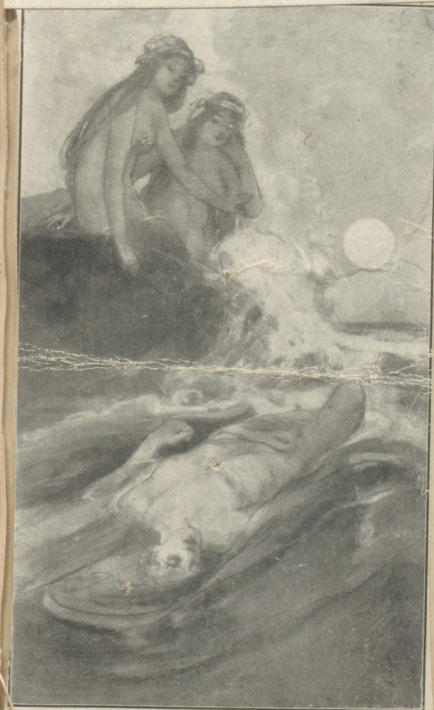


ILLUSTRATION OF ONE OF THE WILDE POEMS

confronted in London. He laughed back at us and returned to England with \$50,000 of our money.

He soon vindicated himself. He silenced the scoffers. People began to realize that this young man with the queer clothes and the queer affectations was no fool. He succeeded alike in poetry, in drama, in essay, in fairy tale and in novel. His caustic paradoxes, combining shrewdness with wit, were on everybody's lips.

Oscar Wilde, in Le Gallienne's view, was a superb egoist. With him the questions were not so much "Am I a great poet?" "Am I a great playwright?" "Am I a great wit?" but rather "Am I—Oscar Wilde?"

That is, "Have I written my name, stamped my personality, across the face of this world?"

Toward the development of this egoism everything was forced to contribute.

"Blue china, sunflowers, knee breeches, aestheticism, green carnations, poetry, prose or plays—or even tragic scandal—all these were indifferently used as means toward the making of the legend of himself. He wished to be known—not as the poet Oscar Wilde or the playwright Oscar Wilde, but merely as—Oscar Wilde. It was a superb egoism, the superbest egoism of our time. But whatever Wilde really thought of his own writings, whether or not he did them, as Stevenson used to say, 'just for fun,' the fact remains that he was a true poet, a maker of lovely fairy tales, a critic of society whose epigrams had a singular dynamic, disintegrating power, and easily the most distinguished playwright of his time. He was also, in spite of his Gallic vagaries, an exceedingly sane critic of literature, having not only the temperament but no little of the equipment of the scholar; if his prose was a little 'plush,' yet he wrote many pages that haunt the memory; and—peace to the soul of Whistler!—he was the greatest wit of his day."



While we are on the subject of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" (the title-page of the first edition of which bears the ghastly legend "By C. 3. 3."), we may remark that, while written toward the end, it ranks among Wilde's poetic achievements only second to "The Sphinx," if even to that. Whatever Wilde's sensual excesses—however that slumbering swine which, according to the French proverb, "lies low in all men's hearts," heaved itself up, wakeful and possessed the man—Wilde never lost his power with the pen, his genius for expression, his sense of beauty. To the last he was a matchless master of beautiful words. Indeed, it is a somewhat notable thing that the sick sweetness, evidence of a malady of the soul, is quite absent from Wilde's work. In "Roseleaf and Appleleaf," for example, an introduction that he wrote for the book of poems by his friend Rennel Rodd, there is not the faintest trace of cloying sweetness. Instead, indeed, there is a freshness as the freshness of a strong wind from a wood of pines. Only in "Salome," we think, is there evidence of morbidity and decay. The play, despite its popularity on the Continent, where it is continually produced, is sick and monstrous, even as Aubrey Beardsley's drawings for it are monstrous and sick. In places, it is also trivial, a thing which can justly be charged against nothing else that Wilde wrote.

Another rather interesting thing in this collection is a letter in Wilde's handwriting—a handwriting that itself deserves a word. It is as difficult to read, sometimes, as a Chinese ideograph, yet, like the ideograph, has an impalpable beauty of form. In looking at the curious characters, one gets a strange sense of motion. It is as if each letter on the page were bent on some errand demanding haste, was hurrying to an unseen goal. But here is the letter hitherto unpublished, which with great difficulty we partly decipher:

Hotel de Nice, Rue de Beaux Arts.

My Dear Smithers: A 1,000 thanks for the £4—it was most kind of you to think of it. I have been rather unhappy and troubled, so have not written—but I hope to get alright this week.

How is the "Author's Edition" getting on? I was greatly pleased with the Arthur Symons's article—it is admirably written, and most intellectual and artistic in its mode of approval, or rather appreciation. I don't think I shall answer Henley—I think it would be quite vulgar—what does it matter! He is (undecipherable) jealous. He made his scrofula into vers Libres, and is furious because I have made a sonnet out of (undecipherable). Besides, there are only two sorts of writers in England, the unread and the unreadable; Henley belongs to the former class. (You can send this aphorism to the Sunday Special)

Yrs., Oscar.

Wilde was, however, not precisely hostile to Henley since, included in a book of essays in this collection, is a very favorable review of Henley's poems—containing, indeed, only one acid remark: "Mr. Henley's unrhymed rhythms form very dainty designs from a typographical point of view."

Despite the fact that Sherard speaks in his book of Wilde's using "sheets of costly paper covered with delicate penmanship," the manuscript of the fourth act of "The Ideal Husband," before us, presents a very ordinary and prosaic appearance. Part of it is in typewriting, part in ink. Deletions, additions, transpositions, make some of the pages look like maps. Passages of considerable length are zigzagged over with coarse pencil, and on the back of the sheet, Wilde has done the thing a-fresh.

We could readily expand on the above, but space forbids. Let it suffice to say that we have just arranged to purchase from the printers, The Torch Press, the whole edition of a little work entitled "Oscar Wilde and His Books," by Willis Vickery, which is to be bound uniform with "A Shelf in My Bookcase," "Selections from Suckling," etc., and which will sell for 45c net, postage .04. As there are but two hundred copies issued, we advise early orders if one is desired.

W. A. H. M.



Sad and strange was the career of that brilliant genius, Oscar O'Flahertie Wilde. The sorrow is at an end, but the strangeness continues even in posthumous episodes.

In his early youth, even after he had written some deathless verses, he was looked upon as part joke and part nuisance. The Oxford Union, of which he was a member, refused a presentation copy of his poems for the library and defeated a proposal to discontinue the society's subscription to Punch on account of Du Maurier's caricature of the "aesthetes." At Magdalen, the headquarters of "aestheticism," the undergraduates put one of Wilde's disciples under the pump and "ragged" the rooms of others and pitched the blue china out of windows. Next day all the aesthetes in Oxford had their hair cut and resumed their stand up collars.

Wilde crossed the Atlantic and was received with the same derision that he had



ILLUSTRATION OF ONE OF THE WILDE POEMS

confronted in London. He laughed back at us and returned to England with \$50,000 of our money.

He soon vindicated himself. He silenced the scoffers. People began to realize that this young man with the queer clothes and the queer affectations was no fool. He succeeded alike in poetry, in drama, in essay, in fairy tale and in novel. His caustic paradoxes, combining shrewdness with wit, were on everybody's lips.

With him the questions "Am I a great poet?" "Am I a great playwright?" "Am I a great actor?" "Am I—Oscar Wilde?"

Have I written my name, personality, across the face of the development of this egoism was forced to contribute.

China, sunflowers, knee breeches, green carnations, poetry, prose—or even tragic scandal—all these indifferently used as means toward

making of the legend of himself. He had to be known—not as the poet Oscar Wilde or the playwright Oscar Wilde, but merely as—Oscar Wilde. It was a superb egoism, the superbest egoism of our time.

But whatever Wilde really thought of his own writings, whether or not he did them, as Stevenson used to say, 'just for fun,' the fact remains that he was a true poet, a maker of lovely fairy tales, a critic of society whose epigrams had a singular dynamic, disintegrating power, and easily the most distinguished playwright of his time.

He was also, in spite of his Gallic vagaries, an exceedingly sane critic of literature, having not only the temperament but no little of the equipment of the scholar; if his prose was a little 'plush,' yet he wrote many pages that haunt the memory; and—

peace to the soul of Whistler!—he was the greatest wit of his day."



While we are on the subject of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" (the title-page of the first edition of which bears the ghastly legend "By C. 3. 3."), we may remark that, while written toward the end, it ranks among Wilde's poetic achievements only second to "The Sphinx," if even to that. Whatever Wilde's sensual excesses—however that slumbering swine which, according to the French proverb, "lies low in all men's hearts," heaved itself up, wakeful and possessed the man—Wilde never lost his power with the pen, his genius for expression, his sense of beauty. To the last he was a matchless master of beautiful words. Indeed, it is a somewhat notable thing that the sick sweetness, evidence of a malady of the soul, is quite absent from Wilde's work. In "Roseleaf and Appleleaf," for example, an introduction that he wrote for the book of poems by his friend Rennel Rodd, there is not the faintest trace of cloying sweetness. Instead, indeed, there is a freshness as the freshness of a strong wind from a wood of pines. Only in "Salome," we think, is there evidence of morbidity and decay. The play, despite its popularity on the Continent, where it is continually produced, is sick and monstrous, even as Aubrey Beardsley's drawings for it are monstrous and sick. In places, it is also trivial, a thing which can justly be charged against nothing else that Wilde wrote.

Another rather interesting thing in this collection is a letter in Wilde's handwriting—a handwriting that itself deserves a word. It is as difficult to read, sometimes, as a Chinese ideograph, yet, like the ideograph, has an impalpable beauty of form. In looking at the curious characters, one gets a strange sense of motion. It is as if each letter on the page were bent on some errand demanding haste, was hurrying to an unseen goal. But here is the letter hitherto unpublished, which with great difficulty we partly decipher:

Hotel de Nice, Rue de Beaux Arts.

My Dear Smithers: A 1,000 thanks for the £4—it was most kind of you to think of it. I have been rather unhappy and troubled, so have not written—but I hope to get alright this week.

How is the "Author's Edition" getting on? I was greatly pleased with the Arthur Symonds's article—it is admirably written, and most intellectual and artistic in its mode of approval, or rather appreciation. I don't think I shall answer Henley—I think it would be quite vulgar—what does it matter! He is (undecipherable) jealous. He made his scrofula into vers Libres, and is furious because I have made a sonnet out of (undecipherable). Besides, there are only two sorts of writers in England, the unread and the unreadable; Henley belongs to the former class. (You can send this aphorism to the Sunday Special)

Yrs.,

Oscar.

Wilde was, however, not precisely hostile to Henley since, included in a book of essays in this collection, is a very favorable review of Henley's poems—containing, indeed, only one acid remark: "Mr. Henley's unrhymed rhythms form very dainty designs from a typographical point of view."

Despite the fact that Sherard speaks in his book of Wilde's using "sheets of costly paper covered with delicate penmanship," the manuscript of the fourth act of "The Ideal Husband," before us, presents a very ordinary and prosaic appearance. Part of it is in typewriting, part in ink. Deletions, additions, transpositions, make some of the pages look like maps. Passages of considerable length are zigzagged over with coarse pencil, and on the back of the sheet, Wilde has done the thing a-fresh.

We could readily expand on the above, but space forbids. Let it suffice to say that we have just arranged to purchase from the printers, The Torch Press, the whole edition of a little work entitled "Oscar Wilde and His Books," by Willis Vickery, which is to be bound uniform with "A Shelf in My Bookcase," "Selections from Suckling," etc., and which will sell for 45c net, postage .04. As there are but two hundred copies issued, we advise early purchase.





Sad and strange was the career of that brilliant genius, Oscar O'Flahertie Wilde. The sorrow is at an end, but the strangeness continues even in posthumous episodes.

In his early youth, even after he had written some deathless verses, he was looked upon as part joke and part nuisance. The Oxford Union, of which he was a member, refused a presentation copy of his poems for the library and defeated a proposal to discontinue the society's subscription to Punch on account of Du Maurier's caricature of the "aesthetes." At Magdalen, the headquarters of "aestheticism," the undergraduates put one of Wilde's disciples under the pump and "ragged" the rooms of others and pitched the r blue china out of windows. Next day all the aesthetes in Oxford had their hair cut and resumed their stand up collars.

Wilde crossed the Atlantic and was received with the same derision that he had



ceived with the same derision that he ha



Jissen Women's University Library  
2019 Jun 28

ILLUSTRATION OF ONE OF THE WILDE POEMS



...L they who art like a horse of myrrh.

confronted in London. He laughed back at us and returned to England with \$50,000 of our money.

He soon vindicated himself. He silenced the scoffers. People began to realize that this young man with the queer clothes and the queer affectations was no fool. He succeeded alike in poetry, in drama, in essay, in fairy tale and in novel. His caustic papers and his addresses with wit, were on everybody's lips.



f that  
Wilde

Jissen 2019-06-18 University Library



Oscar Wilde, in Le Gallienne's view, was a superb egoist. With him the questions were not so much "Am I a great poet?" "Am I a great playwright?" "Am I a great wit?" but rather "Am I—Oscar Wilde?"

That is, "Have I written my name, stamped my personality, across the face of this world?"

Toward the development of this egoism everything was forced to contribute.

"Blue china, sunflowers, knee breeches, aestheticism, green carnations, poetry, prose or plays—or even tragic scandal—all these were indifferently used as means toward the making of the legend of himself. He wished to be known—not as the poet Oscar Wilde or the playwright Oscar Wilde, but merely as—Oscar Wilde. It was a superb egoism, the superbest egoism of our time. But whatever Wilde really thought of his own writings, whether or not he did them, as Stevenson used to say, 'just for fun,' the fact remains that he was a true poet, a maker of lovely fairy tales, a critic of society whose epigrams had a singular dynamic, disintegrating power, and easily the most distinguished playwright of his time. He was also, in spite of his Gallic vagaries, an exceedingly sane critic of literature, having not only the temperament but no little of the equipment of the scholar; if his prose was a little 'plush,' yet he wrote many pages that haunt the memory; and—peace to the soul of Whistler!—he was the greatest wit of his day.



Thursday, April 30, 1906.

Mr. Oscar Wilde died in 1900, five years after he had disappeared from London society in disgrace. He left debts to the extent of several thousand pounds and two penniless children. The copyrights to his books were almost worthless. One of his most notable books, "Dorian Grey," it is said, was sold to a bookseller in Paris for £5. Now owing to the loyalty of his friend, Mr. Robert Ross, all Wilde's debts have been paid, his sons have been educated and well established in the world, many editions of his books have been published separately and now a complete edition has been published in eleven volumes.

1436 BOSTON MASS. HERALD.

Wednesday, Mar. 4, 1908.

Nicholas Tschalkovsky, the revolutionary patriot, writing a book in prison puts him in the class with Defoe, Voltaire, Bunyan, Raleigh, Cervantes, not to mention Boethius and Grotius, or Zola, Oscar Wilde and Edmund Yates. It's a distinguished company and their fame is secure.

567 CHICAGO, ILL., HERALD.

Thursday, June 13, 1907.

The recent revival of interest in the writings of Oscar Wilde has led A. R. Keller & Co. of New York to undertake the publication of a complete edition of his works. It is to fill fifteen volumes, will have an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne, and will be illustrated with photogravures from original drawings by well-known artists. The cheaper, or "University Edition," will be limited to 800 copies, and the de luxe "Autograph Edition" will be limited to twenty-six copies, each set containing an original autograph letter from Oscar Wilde.

EDWIN L. SHUMAN.

Sunday, July 7, 1907.

**Special Cable.**

LONDON, July 6.—Lord Alfred Douglas, who recently took over the editorship of *The Academy*, a literary journal which up to that time held an unblemished record for respectability and dullness, is doing his best to infuse new life into that staid old publication. His best this week is a sneer at American literary taste. The excuse for it is the opinion expressed by J. H. Sears, an American publisher, that few English novelists wrote books that were suited to the American market. "Gumchewing occidentals," "bleached Hiawathas of the Hudson," "the long ears of the American public," are among the phrases he uses to express his contempt for American literary tastes. There is something irresistibly comical in the spectacle of Lord Alfred Douglas setting himself up as a censor of this sort.

Lord Alfred Douglas is a younger son of the late Marquis of Queensberry, of Queensberry fighting rules fame. At one time he was much mixed up with Oscar Wilde. His father objected and gave Oscar Wilde a thrashing. It was that which led to the exposure of that perverted genius, his prosecution and imprisonment. After that Lord Alfred Douglas disappeared for some years. A little while ago he published a book of Rabelaisian verses entitled, "The Belgian Hare," clever in parts, but unquotable. It would never have been printed in America. Lord Alfred enjoys the advantage of occupying the unassailable position of the man who has no reputation to lose. He can't hurt himself by anything he says or writes. And he can't hurt anybody else.

**Huneker and Wilde.***New York Times Saturday Review of Books:*

Mr. James Huneker, in a recent article entitled "Ideas and Fancies of Arthur Symons," remarks that "to criticize criticism is to deal with life at third remove." May I be permitted to deal with life at fourth remove, or perhaps at fifth remove, since I propose to criticize a critic's criticism of the criticism of a critic? The critic of the first remove is in this instance Oscar Wilde, whose sole reputation, that of a literary artist, Mr.

Huneker seems to sweep away with a few witty generalities. Not that he overstates the case when he mentions that the revision of opinion with regard to Wilde "has gone to strange extremes." Revision of opinion may be said to postulate exaggeration, and the deluge of mawkish sentimentalism that has attended Wilde's rehabilitation is as sickening to all who admire his writings as to them who in their antipathy confuse the author with the man. But when Mr. Huneker adds that "the man never wrote an original line, never conceived an original dramatic situation," and appears to base his contention on or to support it by Symons's essay, he places himself in an unenviable position and one that is alarmingly untenable. In his quotation of Arthur Symons he commits the indiscretion of telling the truth, but not all of the truth. He has shown how asterisks may prove more treacherous than words, and that Stevenson's gospel of omission may not always be followed with impunity. For Symons does not confine himself to the statement that "the whole man was not so much a personality as an attitude." He continues by saying: "And it was precisely in his attitudes that he was most sincere. They represented his intentions; they stood for the better, unrealized part of himself. Thus his attitude toward life and toward art was untouched by his conduct." Now an attitude that is sincere is by its very nature the sign manual of originality and the literary product of such originality its quintessence. "A truth in art is that whose contradictory is also true." Thus writes Wilde in "The Truth of Masks"; thus quotes Symons in "An Artist in Attitudes." And yet we learn that Wilde "never wrote an original line." But perhaps, after all, Mr. Huneker has his best advocate in Wilde himself: "To know the truth one must imagine myriads of falsehoods. For what is Truth? In matters of religion it is simply the opinion that has survived. In matters of science it is the ultimate sensation. In matters of art it is one's last mood."

Symons tells us at the conclusion of his essay that Wilde "found himself appealing frankly to the public in a series of the wittiest plays that have been seen on the modern stage." This recalls Mr. Huneker's "and the man \*\*\* never conceived an original dramatic situation." Max Beerbohm once wrote of Wilde: "And now that he is dead they will realize fully what was for them involved in his downfall, how lamentable the loss to dramatic literature." It was George Bernard Shaw—unless I am mistaken—who suggested to certain detractors who said a Wilde play was so lucrative, as well as so easy of composition, that they should all try their hands at one. Even Mr. Howells considered "An Ideal Husband" worthy of his notice. Yet this is beside the mark, the question being: How many original dramatic situations are offered to the public in a decade? The answer might prove beyond the powers of the wisest of the Sybils! And as for *Salomé* finding its inspiration in the "Herodias" of Flaubert—why not? Shall Shakespeare, the Elizabethan dramatists, and Mr. Fitch, be set at naught because of the occasional appropriation of an Italian novel or a French playlet? To condemn a playwright for such practices would be like convicting a myopic maiden of wearing glasses. But where is the "sweet reasonableness" on which Mr. Huneker dwells—this "epieikia" which he borrows from Matthew Arnold? This allusion, coming upon the heels of a somewhat unconvincing application of ir-

criticism in the category of "Robert Elsmere," which Wilde says is "simply Literature and Dogma 'with the literature left out.'"

Yet Mr. Huneker rather gracefully permits Wilde to remain "the most brilliant mocking bird of English literature." He then proceeds to bewilder us with lightning flashes from his clever pen, to terrify us with references to Huysmans, Poe, Hawthorne, and Barbey d'Aureville, (Mr. Ross repudiates the posthumous translation of "Ce qui ne meurt pas," serves us Wilde's plays as cream puffs, (melted ones!) and leaves us baffled with the last mask: "De Profundis."

But has Mr. Huneker read carefully those exquisite tales, "The Young King" and "The Happy Prince," that stirring prose poem "The Teacher of Wisdom," or among his poems "Requiescat" or "Impression du Matin" or the charming "Jardin des Tuilleries"? Has he perchance examined "Salomé" in the

French in which Wilde wrote it? Can he explain why this play is now published in German, Spanish, Polish, Swedish, and Russian? Has he forgotten "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "Intentions"? Does he know that that last appeal for a hearing should have been called "Epistola: in carcere et in vinculis" and not "De Profundis," that if it could have been given to the world in its entirety the former masks would now be forgotten?

Of Arthur Symons's poems Wilde has said, "I greatly admire Symons's work. He feels what he writes. But he is occasionally too sickly. He pants upon the breasts of his loves in a labored effort to feel. He urges his passion, instead of permitting his passion to surge in him."

What might he have written of Mr. Huneker? Probably much that was praise; for when all is said and done in his point of view his verbal pyrotechnics, his rhetorical flourishes, his weakness for alliterations, and his unexpected subject matter, James Huneker more nearly approaches Oscar Wilde than any other living writer. This may be an earthly consolation to the former, since it can no longer serve as such to the latter. He, in one of his last letters speaks of his life as "the tragi-comedy of our existence." Judging from present circumstances, it would seem to have survived him.

JOHN VINCENT.

New York, April 12, 1906.

Garden—Regarding her preparation for *Salomé*, in which Mary Garden is now creating a sensation at the Manhattan Opera House, she says: "I studied the rôle of *Salomé* during the whole of last Summer, while I was staying at Versailles. Then, when I knew it thoroughly, I went to Berlin and sang it there from start to finish before Richard Strauss himself. He approved of my conception of it almost entirely, interrupting me only occasionally to suggest alterations. I did not find him at all exacting."



562 CHICAGO, ILL., POST.

Thursday, April 30, 1908.

---

Mr. Oscar Wilde died in 1900, five years after he had disappeared from London society in disgrace. He left debts to the extent of several thousand pounds and two penniless children. The copyrights to his books were almost worthless. One of his most notable books, "Dorian Grey," it is said, was sold to a bookseller in Paris for £5. Now owing to the loyalty of his friend, Mr. Robert Ross, all Wilde's debts have been paid, his sons have been educated and well established in the world, many editions of his books have been published separately and now a complete edition has been published in eleven volumes.

Jessen Women's University Library



1486 BOSTON MASS., HERALD.

Wednesday, Mar. 4, 1908.

Nicholas Tschalkovsky, the revolutionary patriot, writing a book in prison puts him in the class with Defoe, Voltaire, Bunyan, Raleigh, Cervantes, not to mention Boethius and Grotius, or Zola, Oscar Wilde and Edmund Yates. It's a distinguished company and their fame is secure.

Jissen Wo 2019 s03 n16 15171 Library



567 CHICAGO, ILL., HERALD.

Thursday, June 13, 1907.

The recent revival of interest in the writings of Oscar Wilde has led A. R. Keller & Co. of New York to undertake the publication of a complete edition of his works. It is to fill fifteen volumes, will have an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne, and will be illustrated with photogravures from original drawings by well-known artists. The cheaper, or "University Edition," will be limited to 800 copies, and the de luxe "Autograph • Edition" will be limited to twenty-six copies, each set containing an original autograph letter from Oscar Wilde.

EDWIN L. SHUMAN.

Jissen Women's University Library



Sunday, July 7, 1907.

**Special Cable.**

LONDON, July 6.—Lord Alfred Douglas, who recently took over the editorship of *The Academy*, a literary journal which up to that time held an unblemished record for respectability and dullness, is doing his best to infuse new life into that staid old publication. His best this week is a sneer at American literary taste. The excuse for it is the opinion expressed by J. H. Sears, an American publisher, that few English novelists wrote books that were suited to the American market. "Gumchewing occidentals," "bleached Hiawathas of the Hudson," "the long ears of the American public," are among the phrases he uses to express his contempt for American literary tastes. There is something irresistibly comical in the spectacle of Lord Alfred Douglas setting himself up as a censor of this sort.

Lord Alfred Douglas is a younger son of the late Marquis of Queensberry, of Queensberry fighting rules fame. At one time he was much mixed up with Oscar Wilde. His father objected and gave Oscar Wilde a thrashing. It was that which led to the exposure of that perverted genius, his prosecution and imprisonment. After that Lord Alfred Douglas disappeared for some years. A little while ago he published a book of Rabelaisian verses entitled, "The Belgian Hare," clever in parts, but unquotable. It would never have been printed in America. Lord Alfred enjoys the advantage of occupying the unassailable position of the man who has no reputation to lose. He can't hurt himself by anything he says or writes. And he can't hurt anybody else.



## ATLANTA, GA. CONSTITUTION.

Sunday, July 7, 1907.

### Special Cable.

LONDON, July 6.—Lord Alfred Douglas, who recently took over the editorship of *The Academy*, a literary journal which up to that time held an unblemished record for respectability and dullness, is doing his best to infuse new life into that staid old publication. His best this week is a sneer at American literary taste. The excuse for it is the opinion expressed by J. H. Sears, an American publisher, that few English novelists wrote books that were suited to the American market. "Gumchewing occidentals," "bleached Hiawathas of the Hudson," "the long ears of the American public," are among the phrases he uses to express his contempt for American literary tastes. There is something irresistibly comical in the spectacle of Lord Alfred Douglas setting himself up as a censor of this sort.

Lord Alfred Douglas is a younger son of the late Marquis of Queensberry, of Queensberry fighting rules fame. At one time he was much mixed up with Oscar Wilde. His father objected and gave Oscar Wilde a thrashing. It was that which led to the exposure of that perverted genius, his prosecution and imprisonment. After that Lord Alfred Douglas disappeared for some years. A little while ago he published a book of Rabelaisian verses entitled, "The Belgian Hare," clever in parts, but unquotable. It would never have been printed in America. Lord Alfred enjoys the advantage of occupying the unassailable position of the man who has no reputation to lose. He can't hurt himself by anything he says or writes. And he can't hurt anybody else.

### Huneker and Wilde.

New York Times Saturday Review of Books:

Mr. James Huneker, in a recent article entitled "Ideas and Fancies of Arthur Symons," remarks that "to criticise criticism is to deal with life at third remove." May I be permitted to deal with life at fourth remove, or perhaps at fifth remove, since I propose to criticise a critic's criticism of the criticism of a critic? The critic of the first remove is in this instance Oscar Wilde, whose sole reputation, that of a literary artist, Mr.

Huneker seems to sweep away with a few witty generalities. Not that he overstates the case when he mentions that the revulsion of opinion with regard to Wilde "has gone to strange extremes." Revulsion of opinion may be said to postulate exaggeration, and the deluge of mawkish sentimentalism that has attended Wilde's rehabilitation is as sickening to all who admire his writings as to them who in their antipathy confuse the author with the man. But when Mr. Huneker adds that "the man never wrote an original line, never conceived an original dramatic situation," and appears to base his contention on or to support it by Symons's essay, he places himself in an unenviable position and one that is alarmingly untenable. In his quotation of Arthur Symons he commits the indiscretion of telling the truth, but not all of the truth. He has shown how asterisks may prove more treacherous than words, and that Stevenson's gospel of omission may not always be followed with impunity. For Symons does not confine himself to the statement that "the whole man was not so much a personality as an attitude." He continues by saying: "And it was precisely in his attitudes that he was most sincere. They represented his intentions; they stood for the better, unrealized part of himself. Thus his attitude toward life and toward art was untouched by his conduct." Now an attitude that is sincere is by its very nature the sign manual of originality and the literary product of such originality its quintessence. "A truth in art is that whose contradictory is also true." Thus writes Wilde in "The Truth of Masks"; thus quotes Symons in "An Artist in Attitudes." And yet we learn that Wilde "never wrote an original line." But perhaps, after all, Mr. Huneker has his best advocate in Wilde himself: "To know the truth one must imagine myriads of falsehoods. For what is Truth? In matters of religion it is simply the opinion that has survived. In matters of science it is the ultimate sensation. In matters of art it is one's last mood."

Symons tells us at the conclusion of his essay that Wilde "found himself appealing frankly to the public in a series of the wisest plays that have been seen on the modern stage." This recalls Mr. Huneker's "and the man \*\*\* never conceived an original dramatic situation." Max Beerbohm once wrote of Wilde: "And now that he is dead they will realize fully what was for them involved in his downfall, how lamentable the loss to dramatic literature." It was George Bernard Shaw—unless I am mistaken—who suggested to certain detractors who said a Wilde play was so lucrative, as well as so easy of composition, that they should all try their hands at one. Even Mr. Howells considered "An Ideal Husband" worthy of his notice. Yet this is beside the mark, the question being: How many original dramatic situations are offered to the public in a decade? The answer might prove beyond the powers of the wisest of the Sybils! And as for *Salomé* finding its inspiration in the "Herodias" of Flaubert—why not? Shall Shakespeare, the Elizabethan dramatists, and Mr. Fitch, be set at naught because of the occasional appropriation of an Italian novel or a French playlet? To condemn a playwright for such practices would be like convicting a myopic maiden of wearing glasses. But where is the "sweet reasonableness" on which Mr. Huneker dwells—this "epieikia" which Jissen Women's University Library? This allusion, coming upon the heels of a somewhat unconvincing application of irrelevant premises, tends to place his

criticism in the category of "Robert Elsmere," which Wilde says is "simply Literature and Dogma with the literature left out."

Yet Mr. Huneker rather gracefully permits Wilde to remain "the most brilliant mocking bird of English literature." He then proceeds to bewilder us with lightning flashes from his clever pen, to terrify us with references to Huysmans, Poe, Hawthorne, and Barbey d'Aureville, (Mr. Ross repudiates the posthumous translation of "Ce qui ne meurt pas,") serves us Wilde's plays as cream puffs, (melted ones!) and leaves us baffled with the last mask: "De Profundis."

But has Mr. Huneker read carefully those exquisite tales, "The Young King" and "The Happy Prince," that stirring prose poem "The Teacher of Wisdom," or among his poems "Requiescat" or "Impression du Matin" or the charming "Jardin des Tuileries"? Has he perchance examined "Salomé" in the

French in which Wilde wrote it? Can he explain why this play is now published in German, Spanish, Polish, Swedish, and Russian? Has he forgotten "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "Intentions"? Does he know that that last appeal for a hearing should have been called "Epistola: in carcere et in vinculis" and not "De Profundis," that if it could have been given to the world in its entirety the former masks would now be forgotten?

Of Arthur Symons's poems Wilde has said, "I greatly admire Symons's work. He feels what he writes. But he is occasionally too sickly. He pants upon the breasts of his loves in a labored effort to feel. He urges his passion, instead of permitting his passion to surge in him."

What might he have written of Mr. Huneker? Probably much that was praise; for when all is said and done in his point of view his verbal pyrotechnics, his rhetorical flourishes, his weakness for alliterations, and his unexpected subject matter, James Huneker more nearly approaches Oscar Wilde than any other living writer. This may be an earthly consolation to the former, since it can no longer serve as such to the latter. He, in one of his last letters speaks of his life as "the tragi-comedy of our existence." Judging from present circumstances, it would seem to have survived him.

JOHN VINCENT.

New York, April 12, 1906.

Garden—Regarding her preparation for *Salomé*, in which Mary Garden is now creating a sensation at the Manhattan Opera House, she says: "I studied the rôle of *Salomé* during the whole of last Summer, while I was staying at Versailles. Then, when I knew it thoroughly, I went to Berlin and sang it there from start to finish before Richard Strauss himself. He approved of my conception of it almost entirely, interrupting me only occasionally to suggest alterations. I did not find him at all exacting."



New York, April 12, 1906.

Garden—Regarding her preparation for *Salomé*, in which Mary Garden is now creating a sensation at the Manhattan Opera House, she says: "I studied the rôle of *Salomé* during the whole of last Summer, while I was staying at Versailles. Then, when I knew it thoroughly, I went to Berlin and sang it there from start to finish before Richard Strauss himself. He approved of my conception of it almost entirely, interesting me occasionally to suggest alterations. I did not find him at all exacting."

Jessen Wondra 2019-08-16 University Library



Sunday, Aug. 2, 1908.

## OSCAR WILDE'S SON IN A MONASTERY

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE PRESS.

LONDON, July 25.—Oscar Wilde's younger son is a monk in a Roman Catholic monastery. Directly he left school he decided that the world was no place for him and determined to leave it. He is said to have developed a mind of extraordinary brilliancy, more luminous than even that of his father. Those who know him well say that before long the literary world will be astonished at his work. Incidentally it will be of a totally different nature from anything done by his father.

He will make his literary debut entirely on his own merits and under a nom de plume. A mystic and a religious, his ideals are said to be of the highest.

His elder brother has managed to hide his identity, though he resides in London

and draws considerable sums in royalties from his late father's plays and books. He is reputed to have a great love of music and at present is devoting himself to composition.

The tragic story of Oscar Wilde's life and death was carefully kept from these two boys during their childhood, though the mystery as to why their name was changed troubled them not a little. A tutor in the school in which they were placed (who later died in a lunatic asylum) had a quarrel with the boys and taunted them with their father's history.

For days they never tasted food. Then they prayed their guardians to remove them. This was done promptly, and at the next school to which they went not even the officials were aware of their identity.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Such spark of genius as lay in that curling and baffling personality the world has execrated as Oscar Wilde is certain to live and flame in spite of all that he and his enemies did to extinguish it. The evidence is seen every day in publications and republications of his writings; and it is inevitable, since we have fallen upon days in which even a little genius goes far—and is destined to go farther when the useful and industrial arts are practically monopolizing the attentive talent of all civilization.

Richard Butler Glaenzler has brought together into a single volume "letters, reviews and interviews" of Wilde, publishing it under the title of the first and most important of its numerous items, "Decorative Art in America." This lecture, it will be recalled, was delivered in New York after Wilde had made a tour of the United

States, speaking with various success "in some sixty or seventy cities," in May, 1882. Read to-day in the light of all that has been done since, it sounds conservative and ingratiating. Certainly the lecturer could have said more and worse things without transcending facts about the conditions prevailing in households that then thought themselves more than commonly artistic.

This is followed by an omnium gatherum of all the stray things Wilde wrote and said, much of it casual and occasional, but all of interest. Still the interest is rather in the personality behind the writing than in much of the writing itself. This, taken generally, is seldom more than "clever," "smart" or to be described by some other word which is not entirely complimentary. The whole is prefaced by an introduction in which Mr. Glaenzler proposes to himself the riddle of Oscar Wilde only to give it up, and is followed by a series of solemn explanatory notes and glosses which, it

566 CHICAGO, ILL., NEWS.

Friday, Dec. 28, 1906.

### How Oscar Wilde Died

The report that Oscar Wilde is living [see CURRENT LITERATURE for August] is, emphatically denied by those who are in a position to know the facts. "Inasmuch as the Americans seem to have conceived the strange idea that Oscar Wilde is still alive," remarks the Paris correspondent of the *Journal*, "it is perhaps well to state him every week. He added brutally, that how he died." The *Tageblatt* correspondent goes on to tell of a number of people in Paris who knew the poet after his downfall, some of whom saw him on his death-bed and followed his funeral train. "It is hard," proceeds, "to read without being moved to the quick what they have to say about the fate of that brilliant man whom English prejudice hunted to death." And then the correspondent quotes M. Joseph Renaud.

M. Renaud is the French translator of "Intentions," the book in which Wilde laid down his artistic creed, and in a new preface he gives explicit details in regard to Wilde's last days. The poet, so we are told, used to frequent a bar on the Boulevard des Italiens, whose customers were "sports," rather than literary men.

"The dandy of 'green carnation' memories, the master went to instruct duchesses in the rules of elegance, who was so rich and so beautiful, the great poet in verse and prose, the wonderful talker of former days, now swaggered grotesquely in an old, ready-made suit from the 'Belle Jardinière!' His hands were badly manicured, his cuffs celluloid. He was unable to write

this brain was tired out and his only audience were the old *habitués* of the bar, who paid him was his golden voice and his great blue eyes, like those of a child. I saw him frequently in that place. He had neither money, nor clothes, nor true friends."

Yet his old pride had not deserted him. One day Fernand Xau, the late publisher of the *Journal*, asked him to write an article for the *Journal*, after the noise which the trial had made him every week. He added brutally, that he would be sure to score a success. But here Mr. Wilde flashed up. "Thank you," he said, "I am quite satisfied with my successes before that event." And of course the articles were never written.

"Side by side with this nobler aspect of English his nature," M. Renaud goes on to say, "went his desire to impress people, which in fact seems to have increased in proportion with his misery." One evening he the waiter brings him a package of 'Maryland.' He refuses to take more gold find some with gold brand than Mr. Wilde hands him a twenty-franc gold piece. Then the poet lights a cigarette and utters a contemptuous 'Pah.' When the waiter returns with the change, he waves his hands. 'Ah, keep the whole. . . . That may give me the illusion that the cigarettes are good!'"

"His last months," M. Renaud continues, funeral. Ernest La Jeunesse, who was one

"were terrible. One of my colleagues who witnessed everything cannot speak of it without tears in his eyes."

"A severe attack of influenza, which lasted five days, freed the great writer from his suffering. Before he died he became a Catholic, for the beauty of the ritual of the Church had always captivated his soul. [Opinions as to this question differ. Mr. Wilde speaks of himself as a born skeptic in 'De Profundis' and his friends say that the unction was administered by mistake and when he was no longer conscious. The TRANSLATOR.] The next day on my return from Italy I was surprised by the news of his death. The correspondent of an English magazine gave me his address and the pseudonym under which he had chosen to live. . . . The hotel in which he died was one of those miserable places which are called in the popular papers 'Houses of Crime.' A veritable Hercules of a porter led me through a long, evil-smelling corridor. At last the odor of some disinfectant struck my nostrils. An open door. A little quadrangular room. I stood before the corpse.

"His whitish, emaciated face, strangely altered through the growth of a beard after death, seemed to be lost in profound contemplation. A bed cloth. There was no one to watch by his body. Only much later they sent him some flowers. The noise of the street pierced the thin walls of the building. A stale odor filled the air. Ah, what loneliness, what an end! I bethought me of the army of courtiers that was wont to throng about him in London, and among whom there were always the most celebrated names of the aristocracy both of blood and of letters. He seemed then like a mighty monarch, lord over all the treasures that civilization can bestow. And now. . . ."

M. Renaud was unable to attend the funeral. Ernest La Jeunesse, who was one

of the few who accompanied the dead poet to the graveyard of Bayneux, tells us that thirteen persons followed the funeral procession. It may not be inappropriate to mention that the unlucky number was also represented at the funeral of Heine.



Sunday, Aug. 2, 1908.

# OSCAR WILDE'S SON IN A MONASTERY

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE PRESS.

LONDON, July 25.—Oscar Wilde's younger son is a monk in a Roman Catholic monastery. Directly he left school he decided that the world was no place for him and determined to leave it. He is said to have developed a mind of extraordinary brilliancy, more luminous than even that of his father. Those who know him well say that before long the literary world will be astonished at his work. Incidentally it will be of a totally different nature from anything done by his father.

He will make his literary debut entirely on his own merits and under a nom de plume. A mystic and a religious, his ideals are said to be of the highest.

His elder brother has managed to hide his identity, though he resides in London

and draws considerable sums in royalties from his late father's plays and books. He is reputed to have a great love of music and at present is devoting himself to composition.

The tragic story of Oscar Wilde's life and death was carefully kept from these two boys during their childhood, though the mystery as to why their name was changed troubled them not a little. A tutor in the school in which they were placed (who later died in a lunatic asylum) had a quarrel with the boys and taunted them with their father's history. For days they never tasted food. Then they prayed their guardians to remove them. This was done promptly, and at the next school to which they went not even the officials were aware of their identity.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

Such spark of genius as lay in that curious and baffling personality the world has execrated as Oscar Wilde is certain to live and flame in spite of all that he and his enemies did to extinguish it. The evidence is seen every day in publications and republications of his writings; and it is inevitable, since we have fallen upon days in which even a little genius goes far—and is destined to go farther when the useful and industrial arts are practically monopolizing the attentive talent of all civilization.

Richard Butler Glaenzer has brought together into a single volume "letters, reviews and interviews" of Wilde, publishing it under the title of the first and most important of its numerous items, "Decorative Art in America." This lecture, it will be recalled, was delivered in New York after Wilde had made a tour of the United

States, speaking with various success "in some sixty or seventy cities," in May, 1882. Read to-day in the light of all that has been done since, it sounds conservative and ingratiating. Certainly the lecturer could have said more and worse things without transcending facts about the conditions prevailing in households that then thought themselves more than commonly artistic.

This is followed by an omnium gatherum of all the stray things Wilde wrote and said, much of it casual and occasional, but all of interest. Still the interest is rather in the personality behind the writing than in much of the writing itself. This, taken generally, is seldom more than "clever," "smart" or to be described by some other word which is not entirely complimentary. The whole is prefaced by an introduction in which Mr. Glaenzer proposes to himself the riddle of Oscar Wilde only to give it up, and is followed by a series of solemn explanatory notes and glosses which, it

566 CHICAGO, ILL., NEWS.



## How Oscar Wilde Died

The report that Oscar Wilde is living [see CURRENT LITERATURE for August] is, emphatically denied by those who are in a position to know the facts. "Inasmuch as the Americans seem to have conceived the strange idea that Oscar Wilde is still alive," remarks the Paris correspondent of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, "it is perhaps well to state how he died." The *Tageblatt* correspondent goes on to tell of a number of people in Paris who knew the poet after his downfall, some of whom saw him on his death-bed and followed his funeral train. "It is hard," he proceeds, "to read without being moved to the quick what they have to say about the fate of that brilliant man whom English prejudice hunted to death." And then the correspondent quotes M. Joseph Renaud.

M. Renaud is the French translator of "Intentions," the book in which Wilde laid down his artistic creed, and in a new preface he gives explicit details in regard to Wilde's last days. The poet, so we are told, used to frequent a bar on the Boulevard des Italiens, whose customers were "sports," rather than literary men.

"The dandy of 'green carnation' memories, the master went to instruct duchesses in the rules of elegance, who was so rich and so beautiful, the great poet in verse and prose, the wonderful talker of former days, now swaggered grotesquely in an old, ready-made suit from the 'Belle Jardinière!' His hands were badly manicured, his cuffs celluloid. He was unable to write

his brain was tired out and his only audience were the old *habitués* of the bar, who paid his reckoning out of curiosity. All that was left of him was his golden voice and his great blue eyes, like those of a child. I saw him frequently in that place. He had neither money, nor clothes, nor true friends."

Yet his old pride had not deserted him. One day Fernand Xau, the late publisher of the *Journal*, asked him to write an article for him every week. He added brutally, that after the noise which the trial had made he would be sure to score a success. But here Mr. Wilde flashed up. "Thank you," he said, "I am quite satisfied with my successes before that event." And of course the articles were never written.

"Side by side with this nobler aspect of his nature," M. Renaud goes on to say, "went his desire to impress people, which in fact seems to have increased in proportion with his misery. . . . One evening he asks for cigarettes. The waiter brings him a package of 'Maryland.' He refuses to take them, nor does another brand find more favor. 'No, let me have some with gold tips!' The waiter goes to get the brand desired and on his return Mr. Wilde hands him a twenty-franc gold piece. Then the poet lights a cigarette and utters a contemptuous 'Pah.' When the waiter returns with the change, he waves his hands. 'Ah, keep the whole. . . . That may give me the illusion of a gold piece!'"

"His last months," M. Renaud continues,

"were terrible. One of my colleagues who witnessed everything cannot speak of it without tears in his eyes."

"A severe attack of influenza, which lasted five days, freed the great writer from his suffering. Before he died he became a Catholic, for the beauty of the ritual of the Church had always captivated his soul. [Opinions as to this question differ. Mr. Wilde speaks of himself as a born skeptic in "De Profundis" and his friends say that the unction was administered by mistake and when he was no longer conscious. THE TRANSLATOR.] The next day on my return from Italy I was surprised by the news of his death. The correspondent of an English magazine gave me his address and the pseudonym under which he had chosen to live. . . . The hotel in which he died was one of those miserable places which are called in the popular papers 'Houses of Crime.' A veritable Hercules of a porter led me through a long, evil-smelling corridor. At last the odor of some disinfectant struck my nostrils. An open door. A little quadrangular room. I stood before the corpse.

"His whitish, emaciated face, strangely altered through the growth of a beard after death, seemed to be lost in profound contemplation. A hand, cramped in agony, still clutched the dirty bed cloth. There was no one to watch by his body. Only much later they sent him some flowers. The noise of the street pierced the thin walls of the building. A stale odor filled the air. Ah, what loneliness, what an end! I bethought me of the army of courtiers that was wont to throng about him in London, and among whom there were always the most celebrated names of the aristocracy both of blood and of letters. He seemed then like a mighty monarch, lord over all the treasures that civilization can bestow. And now. . . ."

M. Renaud was unable to attend the funeral. Ernest La Jeunesse, who was one

of the few who accompanied the dead poet to the graveyard of Bayneux, tells us that thirteen persons followed the funeral procession. It may not be inappropriate to mention that the unlucky number was also represented at the funeral of Heine.



1527 HOLYOKE, MASS. TELEGRAM.

Monday, Sept. 21, 1906

THIS PLEASED LITERARY BOS-  
TON.

Boston, Sept. 21.—Literary Boston was stirred today by the news that the long missing manuscript of "The Florentine Tragedy," the last play written by Oscar Wilde has been found and is now in the hands of a local publishing house, being prepared for publication.

According to H. H. Schaff of the firm of John W. Luce & Co., which has the play, it was discovered accidentally by Wilde's literary executor, part of it mixed with the pages of another manuscript and part by E. S. Willard, the English actor to whom Wilde sent the climax of the play for judgment. The two parts dove tailed perfectly.

"The Florentine Tragedy" is a typical Wilde production, dealing with the wife of a Florentine merchant who yields to the advances of the son of the duke of Florence, but is afterward reconciled to her husband when the latter overcomes the lover in a duel.

599 BOSTON, MASS. EVE. HERALD

Wednesday, July 10, 1907.

Mid-Week Book Notes.

Oscar Wilde's literary executor, Robert Ross, takes exception to the word "complete" being applied to the new edition of Wilde's writings announced for publication in this country under the editorship of Richard Le Gallienne. He affirms that if the promises of the prospectus are kept the edition will contain two works which Mr. Wilde never wrote. One of them, "The Priest and the Acolyte," Mr. Ross describes as "a pornographic story that no one with any knowledge of the author's style—any style—would dream of attributing to him." The other spurious work is a translation from the French of Barbey D'Aurevilly, "What Never Dies." Mr. Ross adds: "May I here take the opportunity of mentioning that, after

leaving prison in 1897, with the exception of some letters to the press and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," Wilde never wrote anything except a portion of the scenario of a play which he disposed of to Mr. Frank Harris. I have been shown many typewritten scripts of works ascribed to him, but on demanding to see the original manuscript, or portions thereof, nothing was ever forthcoming."

I. I. LOUISVILLE, KY., JOURNAL.

Saturday, Apr. 20, 1907.

\*\*\*  
The "Academy," a literary journal which has been running much to seed of late years, has again changed hands. Its new proprietor has placed it under the editorial control of Lord Alfred Douglas, the brother of the present Marquis of Queensberry. Lord Alfred at one time acquired an unenviable reputation through his association with Oscar Wilde, but he has lived down that unsavory episode in his career. He is a man of undoubted talent, and has recently published a volume of decidedly clever but somewhat Rabelaisian verses under the title of "The Placid Pug, and Other Rhymes." The "Academy" has a great reputation for respectability, but for some years that respectability has been associated with dullness of the most uncompromising sort. There is no doubt that Lord Alfred Douglas can make it lively, but if he lets himself go he will make havoc of its respectability.

BOSTON MASS TRANSCRIPT.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1907.

The announcement of a new biography of Oscar Wilde has brought forward Robert H. Sherard in expostulation. "I see from a paragraph in your paper," he writes to the editor of the London Daily Chronicle, "that a new book on the late Mr. Wilde is to be issued. You describe it as supplementary to my biography of my friend. People are so very stupid that they may possibly think that this means that I have something to do with this book. This is not the case. I am rather anxious to make that clear, because some people say that I am exploiting my friendship with the dead poet for the production of literary wares. Literary England is so entirely commercial that people cannot understand that a man may have other motives than that of gain. For my part I cannot understand how it can be supposed of any man of average intelligence that he should engage in literary pursuits of any kind with hopes of pecuniary advantages." All of which shows that Mr. Sherard is extremely and unnecessarily sensitive.



"SALOME." FROM A PAINTING  
BY F. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH



Monday, Sept. 21, 1908

## THIS PLEASED LITERARY BOS- TON.

Boston, Sept. 21.—Literary Boston was stirred today by the news that the long missing manuscript of "The Florentine Tragedy," the last play written by Oscar Wilde has been found and is now in the hands of a local publishing house, being prepared for publication.

According to H. H. Schaff of the firm of John W. Luce & Co., which has the play, it was discovered accidentally by Wilde's literary executor, part of it mixed with the pages of another manuscript and part by E. S. Willard, the English actor to whom Wilde sent the climax of the play for judgment. The two parts dove tailed perfectly.

"The Florentine Tragedy" is a typical Wilde production, dealing with the wife of a Florentine merchant who yields to the advances of the son of the duke of Florence, but is afterward reconciled to her husband. The latter overcomes the lover in a duel.



1527 HOLYOKE, MASS. TELEGRAM.

Monday, Sept. 21, 1908

THIS PLEASED LITERARY BOSTON.

Boston, Sept. 21.—Literary Boston was stirred today by the news that the long missing manuscript of "The Florentine Tragedy," the last play written by Oscar Wilde has been found and is now in the hands of a local publishing house, being prepared for publication.

According to H. H. Schaff of the firm of John W. Luce & Co., which has the play, it was discovered accidentally by Wilde's literary executor, part of it mixed with the pages of another manuscript and part by E. S. Willard, the English actor to whom Wilde sent the climax of the play for judgment. The two parts dove tailed perfectly.

"The Florentine Tragedy" is a typical Wilde production, dealing with the wife of a Florentine merchant who yields to the advances of the son of the duke of Florence, but is afterward reconciled to her husband when the latter overcomes the lover in a duel.

599 BOSTON, MASS., EVE. HERALD

Wednesday, July 10, 1907.

Mid-Week Book Notes.

Oscar Wilde's literary executor, Robert Ross, takes exception to the word "complete" being applied to the new edition of Wilde's writings announced for publication in this country under the editorship of Richard Le Gallienne. He affirms that if the promises of the prospectus are kept the edition will contain two works which Mr. Wilde never wrote. One of them, "The Priest and the Acolyte". Mr. Ross describes as "a pornographic story that no one with any knowledge of the author's style—any style—would dream of attributing to him." The other spurious work is a translation from the French of Barbey D'Aurevilly. "What Never Dies." Mr. Ross adds: "May I here take the opportunity of mentioning that, after

leaving prison in 1897, with the exception of some letters to the press and "The Ballad of Reading Gaol", Wilde never wrote anything except a portion of the scenario of a play which he disposed of to Mr. Frank Harris. I have been shown many typewritten scripts of works ascribed to him, but on demanding to see the original manuscript, or portions thereof, nothing was ever forthcoming."

\*\*\*

THE LOUISVILLE, KY., JOURNAL.

Saturday, Apr. 20, 1907.

\*\*\*

The "Academy," a literary journal which has been running much to seed of late years, has again changed hands. Its new proprietor has placed it under the editorial control of Lord Alfred Douglas, the brother of the present Marquis of Queensberry. Lord Alfred at one time acquired an unenviable reputation through his association with Oscar Wilde, but he has lived down that unsavory episode in his career. He is a man of undoubted talent, and has recently published a volume of decidedly clever but somewhat Rabelaisian verses under the title of "The Placid Pug, and Other Rhymes." The "Academy" has a great reputation for respectability, but for some years that respectability has been associated with dullness of the most uncompromising sort. There is no doubt that Lord Alfred Douglas can make it lively, but if he lets himself go he will make havoc of its respectability.

BOSTON, MASS. TRANSCRIPT.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1907.

The announcement of a new biography of Oscar Wilde has brought forward Robert H. Sherard in expostulation. "I see from a paragraph in your paper," he writes to the editor of the London Daily Chronicle, "that a new book on the late Mr. Wilde is to be issued. You describe it as supplementary to my biography of my friend. People are so very stupid that they may possibly think that this means that I have something to do with this book. This is not the case. I am rather anxious to make that clear, because some people say that I am exploiting my friendship with the dead poet for the production of literary wares. Literary England is so entirely commercial that people cannot understand that a man may have other motives than that of gain. For my part I cannot understand how it can be supposed if any man of average intelligence that he should engage in literary pursuits of any kind with hopes of pecuniary advantages." All of which shows that Mr. Sherard is extremely and unnecessarily



\* \* \*

1. 1 LOUISVILLE, KY., JOURNAL.

Saturday, Apr. 20, 1907.

\* \* \*

The "Academy," a literary journal which has been running much to seed of late years, has again changed hands. Its new proprietor has placed it under the editorial control of Lord Alfred Douglas, the brother of the present Marquis of Queensberry. Lord Alfred at one time acquired an unenviable reputation through his association with Oscar Wilde, but he has lived down that unsavory episode in his career. He is a man of undoubted talent, and has recently published a volume of decidedly clever but somewhat Rabelaisian verses under the title of "The Placid Pug, and Other Rhymes." The "Academy" has a great reputation for respectability, but for some years that respectability has been associated with dullness of the most uncompromising sort. There is no doubt that Lord Alfred Douglas can make it lively, but if he lets himself go he will make havoc of its respectability.



Saturday, Sept. 21, 1907.

The announcement of a new biography of Oscar Wilde has brought forward Robert H. Sherard in expostulation. "I see from a paragraph in your paper," he writes to the editor of the London Daily Chronicle, "that a new book on the late Mr. Wilde is to be issued. You describe it as supplementary to my biography of my friend. People are so very stupid that they may possibly think that this means that I have something to do with this book. This is not the case. I am rather anxious to make that clear, because some people say that I am exploiting my friendship with the dead poet for the production of literary wares. Literary England is so entirely commercial that people cannot understand that a man may have other motives than that of gain. For my part I cannot understand how it can be supposed of any man of average intelligence that he should engage in literary pursuits of any kind with hopes of pecuniary advantages. All of which shows that Mr. Sherard is extremely and unnecessarily sensitive.





"SALOME." FROM A PAINTING  
BY F. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH



### Oscar Wilde.

*New York Times Saturday Review of Books.*  
In your "Boston Notes" of to-day's issue I found the following statement made in connection with the forthcoming publications of Messrs. John W. Luce: "The Plays of Oscar Wilde," to be issued in two volumes, is nearly ready, and it seems more than probable that it will reap the reward of the ingenuity by which its author made every act of his life an advertisement of his wares." I do not wish to question the sincerity of your correspondent. Mr. Stephenson Browne no doubt believes his statement to be true. He is unfortunate, however, in so perfectly reflecting the sentiment of the public. Now, public opinion regarding Oscar Wilde has been largely formed by the press, and the press has, with very few exceptions, seen fit to ridicule or censure Wilde regardless of facts, regardless of justice. There were, and still are, certain newspapers that have discriminated between the probable and improbable, and THE TIMES has reason to be proud of her position among these very few. But THE TIMES, I repeat, is one of a very few, and, while the press at large was more than justified in condemning in the harshest terms the mode of life which brought Wilde's name into disrepute, it was not, nor ever can be, justified in employing what may be termed retroactive criticism in its judgment of his literary work. Not even Mr. Browne will claim that the disastrous termination of Wilde's career was intended as "an advertisement of his wares." What, then, were the acts which your correspondent and the general public use as a basis for their strictures? If specific answers were made, they would probably include Wilde's manner of dress during his lecture tour through this country in 1882; possibly, his expressed intention of becoming a citizen of France upon the censor's suppression of "Salomé" in London, or perhaps the color of the carnation which he affected upon the night of the initial performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan." It is safe to say, however, that the public has entirely forgotten the latter incidents. Wilde, in common with a number of men of genius, was an individualist; he was also an Irishman. The British, from the beginning, could not forgive him on either count. That a youth should have any ideas at all was reprehensible to British conservatism and stolidity; that a man should express ideas that differed from those of his elders was preposterous; that an Irishman should express these ideas was sacrilegious. England condemned Wilde's poems as vapid nothingness, and filled pages to do this. Yet, why trouble to damn what is not worth reading? England sneered at his views concerning the bad taste displayed in house furnishing, and promptly adopted his suggested improvements. America attended his lectures on art, not to listen, but to laugh. Wilde deluded himself with the belief that America was a free country; he forgot that a Constitution and a change of longitude does not alter human nature. Because he chose to please himself by wearing knickerbockers, long hair, pearl studs, and a watch fob, his theories were unacceptable. He might well have laughed

had he visited this country fifteen years later and seen that the majority of his eccentricities of dress had been borrowed by the masses, and that interior decoration had improved in the very channels which he had held up for consideration. As for the "Salomé" episode, some of his actions were ill-advised, but his plea that religious drama should be granted the same freedom of presentation as that conceded to religious painting, sculpture, and literature, was not only rational, but received the applause and support of every intelligent Englishman. But Oscar Wilde never sought to advertise himself; he was advertised by the adverse criticism of the ignorant, the shallow, and the jealous.

In the early part of his career he seldom condescended to answer the many malicious lies which appeared in print. When he did accept a challenge he did so with dignity and in an incisive manner, which was usually disastrous to his critic or his slanderer. His contention that art should be judged by none but artists—men who understand art—is a sound and a sane one.

A man of great intellect, he was temperamentally a child, and with all the naive egotism of a child, he began by taking the world into his confidence. He did not hesitate to express those of his thoughts which he considered beautiful, nor to clothe them in beautiful language. His sincerity of expression was considered embarrassing—at least indelicate. It was some time before he realized that a man is free only to think. He may think anything, but must say or do nothing save what is commonplace. And so, he who had been an idealist with a disregard for the ugly, sordid things of life, became a cynic who still retained a love for the beautiful and the good. Any one who reads those two masterpieces, "The Happy Prince" and "The Young King," or any one of the "Poems in Prose," will begin to understand Oscar Wilde. Whoever states that Wilde lacked originality has never read him. He was an imitator as Keats was an imitator. He absorbed the beauty and the ill of many of his predecessors and contemporaries, but the result bore the stamp of a new personality and remained his own in thought, language, and style. As a master of English mimetic art he has hardly been surpassed in the last century. As a critic who had the courage to expose the hypocrisy and cant of literature and art, and as an essayist in this field, his position is unique. As a wit and a prose poet he has no equal. Supreme egoist that he was, he never failed a friend in need or in trouble. The only man that he failed was himself. He might have been known as a genius. He is commonly recalled as a charlatan and a convict. He, more than any other literary man of the last hundred years, should remain in our memories as "The Disappointment of the Nineteenth Century."

RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER.  
New York, Nov. 25, 1905.

# OSCAR WILDE

WE PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING  
BY THIS BRILLIANT WRITER:

## The Picture of Dorian Gray

An entirely new edition of this author's psychological masterpiece, containing additional chapters appearing for the first time in an American edition, and with a beautiful photogravure frontispiece showing the portrait which inspired the story. 12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.50

## Intentions

A reprint of this choice collection of essays written in Wilde's very best manner. With an Introduction by PERCIVAL POLLARD. They form unique studies of art. Uncut edges; artistically bound. 12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.50

## Decorative Art in America

A lecture by Oscar Wilde, together with letters, reviews and interviews in criticism of Art, Literature, and the Drama. Now first collected, with an Introduction and Notes by RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER. Uniform with "Intentions." 12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.50

## The Best of Oscar Wilde



Salome



From Salome



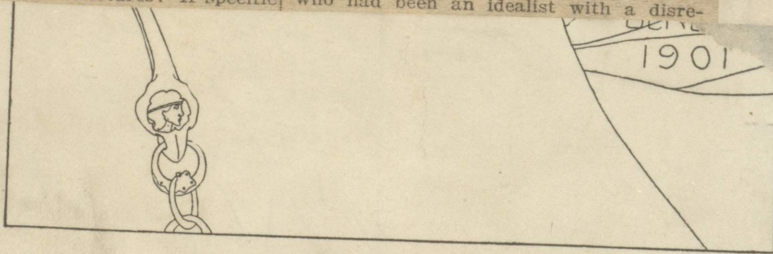
### Oscar Wilde.

*New York Times Saturday Review of Books.*  
 In your "Boston Notes" of to-day's issue I found the following statement made in connection with the forthcoming publications of Messrs. John W. Luce: "The Plays of Oscar Wilde," to be issued in two volumes, is nearly ready, and it seems more than probable that it will reap the reward of the ingenuity by which its author made every act of his life an advertisement of his wares." I do not wish to question the sincerity of your correspondent. Mr. Stephenson Browne no doubt believes his statement to be true. He is unfortunate, however, in so perfectly reflecting the sentiment of the public. Now, public opinion regarding Oscar Wilde has been largely formed by the press, and the press has, with very few exceptions, seen fit to ridicule or censure Wilde regardless of facts, regardless of justice. There were, and still are, certain newspapers that have discriminated between the probable and improbable, and THE TIMES has reason to be proud of her position among these very few. But THE TIMES, I repeat, is one of a very few, and, while the press at large was more than justified in condemning in the harshest terms the mode of life which brought Wilde's name into disrepute, it was not, nor ever can be, justified in employing what may be termed retroactive criticism in its judgment of his literary work. Not even Mr. Browne will claim that the disastrous termination of Wilde's career was intended as "an advertisement of his wares." What, then, were the acts which your correspondent and the general public use as a basis for their strictures? If specific

had he visited this country fifteen years later and seen that the majority of his eccentricities of dress had been borrowed by the masses, and that interior decoration had improved in the very channels which he had held up for consideration. As for the "Salomé" episode, some of his actions were ill-advised, but his plea that religious drama should be granted the same freedom of presentation as that conceded to religious painting, sculpture, and literature, was not only rational, but received the applause and support of every intelligent Englishman. But Oscar Wilde never sought to advertise himself; he was advertised by the adverse criticism of the ignorant, the shallow, and the jealous.

In the early part of his career he seldom condescended to answer the many malicious lies which appeared in print. When he did accept a challenge he did so with dignity and in an incisive manner, which was usually disastrous to his critic or his slanderer. His contention that art should be judged by none but artists—men who understand art—is a sound and a sane one.

A man of great intellect, he was temperamentally a child, and with all the naive egotism of a child, he began by taking the world into his confidence. He did not hesitate to express those of his thoughts which he considered beautiful, nor to clothe them in beautiful language. His sincerity of expression was considered embarrassing—at least indelicate. It was some time before he realized that a man is free only to think. He may think anything, but must say or do nothing save what is commonplace. And so, he who had been an idealist with a disre-



THE MANTEL CLASP. PORTRAIT

and this gift of talents and industry is too rare to pass without its rewards. Often in the same classes of work he goes to the very extremes—somewhat including sublimity and that which seems ridiculous, as one may see in his book-plates, two of which, recent ones, are here reproduced. Often his flights of fancy bring us into new worlds of the imagination; at least his drawing of "The

Stolen Orchid" startles the lazy cells up to a sense, perhaps, of duty. Whatever may be said about mer's work up to the present time is reason to believe the future holds him big things, and it remains to be seen to what realms his fancy and his polished technique will bring him in maturity.

Gardner C. T.

# OSCAR WILDE

WE PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING  
 BY THIS BRILLIANT WRITER:

## The Picture of Dorian Gray

An entirely new edition of this author's psychological masterpiece, containing additional chapters appearing for the first time in an American edition, and with a beautiful photogravure frontispiece showing the portrait which inspired the story. 12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.50

## Intentions

A reprint of this choice collection of essays written in Wilde's very best manner. With an Introduction by PERCIVAL POLLARD. They form unique studies of art. Uncut edges; artistically bound. 12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.50

## Decorative Art in America

A lecture by Oscar Wilde, together with letters, reviews and interviews in criticism of Art, Literature, and the Drama. Now first collected, with an Introduction and Notes by RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER. Uniform with "Intentions." 12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.50

## The Best of Oscar Wilde

Being a collection of the best poems and prose extracts of the writer. Collected by OSCAR HERRMANN. Edited by W. W. MASSEE. With drawings by FREDERICK ERLICH. Printed from type on deckle-edge paper. Edition limited to 200 copies. Small 8vo, boxed. Net, \$5.00

## The Wisdom of Oscar Wilde

Selected from his Books and Plays. By TEMPLE SCOTT. Wisdom Series. 16mo, limp leather. Net, \$1.00

## The Ballad of Reading Gaol

"The Ballad of Reading Gaol" stands for all time as the latest and greatest of Wilde's imaginative work." 16mo, boards. 50c.

Brentano's - - New York



## Oscar Wilde.

### *New York Times Saturday Review of Books:*

In your "Boston Notes" of to-day's issue I found the following statement made in connection with the forthcoming publications of Messrs. John W. Luce: "'The Plays of Oscar Wilde,' to be issued in two volumes, is nearly ready, and it seems more than probable that it will reap the reward of the ingenuity by which its author made every act of his life an advertisement of his wares." I do not wish to question the sincerity of your correspondent. Mr. Stephenson Browne no doubt believes his statement to be true. He is unfortunate, however, in so perfectly reflecting the sentiment of the public. Now, public opinion regarding Oscar Wilde has been largely formed by the press, and the press has, with very few exceptions, seen fit to ridicule or censure Wilde regardless of facts, regardless of justice. There were, and still are, certain newspapers that have discriminated between the probable and improbable, and THE TIMES has reason to be proud of her position among these very few. But THE TIMES, I repeat, is one of a very few, and, while the press at large was more than justified in condemning in the harshest terms the mode of life which brought Wilde's name into disrepute, it was not, nor ever can be, justified in employing what may be termed retroactive criticism in its judgment of his literary work. Not even Mr. Browne will claim that the disastrous termination of Wilde's career was intended as "an advertisement of his wares." What, then, were the acts which your correspondent and the general public use as a basis for their strictures? If specific answers were made, they would probably include Wilde's manner of dress during his lecture tour through this country in 1882; possibly, his expressed intention of becoming a citizen of France upon the censor's suppression of "Salomé" in London, or perhaps the color of the carnation which he affected upon the night of the initial performance of "Lady Windermere's Fan." It is safe to say, however, that the public has entirely forgotten the latter incidents. Wilde, in common with a number of men of genius, was an individualist; he was also an Irishman. The British, from the beginning, could not forgive him on either count. That a youth should have any ideas at all was reprehensible to British conservatism and stolidity; that a man should express ideas that differed from those of his elders was preposterous; that an Irishman should express these ideas was sacrilegious. England condemned Wilde's poems as vapid nothingness, and filled pages to do this. Yet, why trouble to damn what is not worth reading? England sneered at his views concerning the bad taste displayed in house furnishing, and promptly adopted his suggested improvements. America attended his lectures on art, not to listen, but to laugh. Wilde deluded himself with the belief that America was a free country; he forgot that a Constitution and a change of longitude does not alter human nature. Because he had a few ideas, he was wearing knickerbockers, long hair, pearl studs, and a watch fob, his theories were unacceptable. He might well have laughed

had he visited this country fifteen years later and seen that the majority of his eccentricities of dress had been borrowed by the masses, and that interior decoration had improved in the very channels which he had held up for consideration. As for the "Salomé" episode, some of his actions were ill-advised, but his plea that religious drama should be granted the same freedom of presentation as that conceded to religious painting, sculpture, and literature, was not only rational, but received the applause and support of every intelligent Englishman. But Oscar Wilde never sought to advertise himself; he was advertised by the adverse criticism of the ignorant, the shallow, and the jealous.

In the early part of his career he seldom condescended to answer the many malicious lies which appeared in print. When he did accept a challenge he did so with dignity and in an incisive manner, which was usually disastrous to his critic or his slanderer. His contention that art should be judged by none but artists—men who understand art—is a sound and a sane one.

A man of great intellect, he was temperamentally a child, and with all the naïve egotism of a child, he began by taking the world into his confidence. He did not hesitate to express those of his thoughts which he considered beautiful, nor to clothe them in beautiful language. His sincerity of expression was considered embarrassing—at least indelicate. It was some time before he realized that a man is free only to think. He may think anything, but must say or do nothing save what is commonplace. And so, he who had been an idealist with a disregard for the ugly, sordid things of life, became a cynic who still retained a love for the beautiful and the good. Any one who reads those two masterpieces, "The Happy Prince" and "The Young King," or any one of the "Poems in Prose," will begin to understand Oscar Wilde. Whoever states that Wilde lacked originality has never read him. He was an imitator as Keats was an imitator. He absorbed the beauty and the ill of many of his predecessors and contemporaries, but the result bore the stamp of a new personality and remained his own in thought, language, and style. As a master of English mimetic art he has hardly been surpassed in the last century. As a critic who had the courage to expose the hypocrisy and cant of literature and art, and as an essayist in this field, his position is unique. As a wit and a prose poet he has no equal. Supreme egoist that he was, he never failed a friend in need or in trouble. The only man that he failed was himself. He might have been known as a genius. He is commonly recalled as a charlatan and a convict. He, more than any other literary man of the last hundred years, should remain in our memories as "The Disappointment of the Nineteenth Century."

RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER.  
New York, Nov. 25, 1905.





2019-03-18

Jissen Women's University Library



35

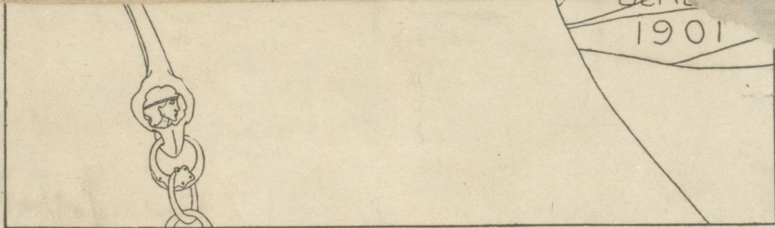
From *Salome*

*Salome*



correspondent and the general public use  
as a basis for their strictures? If specific

anything, save what is commonplace. And so, he  
who had been an idealist with a disre-



THE MANTEL CLASP. PORTRAIT

and this gift of talents and industry is  
too rare to pass without its rewards.  
Often in the same classes of work he goes  
to the very extremes—somewhat includ-  
ing sublimity and that which seems ri-  
diculous, as one may see in his book-  
plates, two of which, recent ones, are  
here reproduced. Often his flights of  
fancy bring us into new worlds of the  
imagination; at least his drawing of "The

Stolen Orchid" startles the lazy  
cells up to a sense, perhaps, of  
duty. Whatever may be said about  
mer's work up to the present time  
is reason to believe the future holds  
him big things, and it remains to be  
seen to what realms his fancy and his  
finished technique will bring him  
maturity.

*Gardner C. T.*



# OSCAR WILDE

WE PUBLISH THE FOLLOWING  
BY THIS BRILLIANT WRITER:

## The Picture of Dorian Gray

An entirely new edition of this author's psychological masterpiece, containing additional chapters appearing for the first time in an American edition, and with a beautiful photogravure frontispiece showing the portrait which inspired the story.

12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.50

## Intentions

A reprint of this choice collection of essays written in Wilde's very best manner. With an Introduction by PERCIVAL POLLARD. They form unique studies of art.

Uncut edges; artistically bound.

12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.50

## Decorative Art in America

A lecture by Oscar Wilde, together with letters, reviews and interviews in criticism of Art, Literature, and the Drama. Now first collected, with an Introduction and Notes by RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER. Uniform with "Intentions."

12mo, cloth. Net, \$1.50

## The Best of Oscar Wilde

Being a collection of the best poems and prose extracts of the writer. Collected by OSCAR HERRMANN. Edited by W. W. MASSEE. With drawings by FREDERICK ERLICH. Printed from type on deckle-edge paper. Edition limited to 200 copies.

Small 8vo, boxed. Net, \$5.00

## The Wisdom of Oscar Wilde

Selected from his Books and Plays. By TEMPLE SCOTT.

*Wisdom Series.*

16mo, limp leather. Net, \$1.00

## The Ballad of Reading Gaol

" 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol' stands for all time as the latest and greatest of Wilde's imaginative work."

16mo, boards. 50c.

---

Brentano's - - New York



Monday, July 13, 1908.

# ARE POEMS BAD IF AUTHOR WAS?

Berkeley Pastors Disagree, the Cause Being Two Compositions by Oscar Wilde, Printed in Church Messenger.

BERKELEY, July 13.—The publication of two poems by Oscar Wilde in the Church Messenger, the official organ of the federation of churches of Berkeley, has caused a split among the clergy of this city, and has set the whole community agog with interest over the outcome of the controversy. One faction maintains that the editor of the church organ overstepped the bounds of propriety in publishing the stanzas in a religious paper. They think that these poems, no matter how beautiful they are in sentiment, are not fit verses for the Church Messenger, having come from the pen of a man of the known moral character of Oscar Wilde. The more liberal element lays emphasis on the poems themselves and not on the author. This faction contends that the stanzas should be taken for themselves alone and no regard should be paid to the author.

Rev. I. N. McGash, pastor of the First Christian Church leads the opposition. He said:

"The personality of the author cannot be overlooked, no matter how sublime a subject has been treated. A man of the caliber of Oscar Wilde has no place in the columns of the Church Messenger, no matter on what subject he has written. There are more appropriate places for the exploitation of his works. No doubt the poems referred to are masterpieces. The character of the author, however, far overshadows the import of the lines, and a man of Oscar Wilde's reputation cannot be accredited with sincerity in having penned such sentiments. Written by him, they are priceless."

Rev. A. J. Kennedy, pastor of the Shattuck avenue Methodist church takes issue with Dr. McCash on this point. He is of the opinion that a man should be given credit for what he does, and no matter how base his nature, he should be given recognition for his higher aspirations. He says:

### Says Works Alone Count.

"We cannot take away the personality of an author. The artist or musician must be given credit for his work. Burns, Poe, De Quincy and many others of our foremost poets and authors were profligates, yet their works are read and admired by the world. While we may not commend the character of the man, we cannot help but pay him tribute for what he has given by the use of his genius and talents. Many a musician has swayed an audience and through the magic spell he has cast over it, has been able to raise a multitude out of the mire of materialism and made it better by the use of his God-given talent. Yet the musician as a man has not perhaps led an exemplary life. The world has learned to distinguish between the man and his work, and pays homage to him who enriches its treasures, no matter how base the man may have been. The sentiment of the poems that were published was lofty and beautiful, and I can see nothing to cause protest in their having been published in the Church Messenger."

Rev. A. S. Coats, pastor of the South Berkeley Baptist Church also views the matter in much the same light. He said:

"It is the admirable thoughts that are expressed in the poem which are of worth to the world, regardless of the personality of the author. The man himself should not be considered—merely his works."

### The Cause of Wrangle.

The poems of Oscar Wilde that were published in the Church Messenger follow:  
Nay, Lord not thus! White lillies in the spring,  
Sad olive groves, or silver breasted dove  
Teach me more clearly of Thy life and love  
Than terrors of red flame and thundering.  
The hillside vines dear memories of Thee bring;  
A bird at evening flying to its nest  
Tells me of One who had no place of rest.

I think it is of Thee the sparrows sing.  
Come rather on some autumn afternoon  
When red and brown are burnished on the leaves.  
And the fields echo to the gleaners song;  
Come when the splendid fullness of the moon  
Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,  
And reap Thy harvest; we have waited long.  
Haply, one day these songs of mine  
Some world-worn mortal shall console  
With savor of the bitter wine  
Of tears crushed out from a man's dole;  
And he shall say, tears in his eyes,  
There was great love in this man's soul.

1471 TRINIDAD, COLO., CHRON-NEW

Friday, July 17, 1908.

## MINISTERS SHOCKED BY OSCAR WILDE'S POEMS

By Associated Press.

Berkeley, Cal., July 17.—Two poems of Oscar Wilde, which have been published in the Church Messenger, the official organ of the Federation of Churches of this city, have divided the clergy into two factions, one of which declares that on account of the personality of the author the poems should have been suppressed. The liberal element thinks only of the genius, not of the man.

The Rev. A. S. Coats, of the South Berkeley Baptist Church, expressed himself as favoring genius and the burying of personality.

"It is the admirable thoughts that are expressed in the verses which are the personality of the author," he declared. "The man himself should not be considered at all—only his works."

The Rev. L. N. McCash, pastor of the Christian church, took issue with Mr. Kennedy.

"We cannot escape from the personality of the author, no matter how much brains and genius are shown in Wilde's poems," he said. "There are other places more appropriate for the exploitation of his poems than in the columns of the paper of the churches of this city."

Monday, July 13, 1908.

## OSCAR WILDE'S POEMS.

Their Publication Now Causes a War Among California Clergymen.

Berkeley, Cal., July 13.—Two poems of Oscar Wilde, which have been published in the Church Messenger, the official organ of the federation of church of this city, have divided the clergy into two factions, one of which declares that on account of the personality of the author the poems should have been suppressed. The liberal element thinks only of the genius, not of the man.

The value of the poems as literary productions was not questioned, as they were conceded by all the clergy to be rare gems of thought, expressed in exquisite language, but the critics say the genius of such a personality as Wilde's should not be exploited in a church paper.

The Rev. A. S. Coates of the South Berkley Baptist Church expressed himself as favoring genius and the burying of the personality.

"It is the admirable thoughts that are expressed in the verses which are of worth to the world, regardless of the personality of the author," he declared. "The man himself should not be considered at all—only his works."

The Rev. A. J. Kennedy, pastor of the Shattuck Avenue Methodist Church, was of the opinion that a man should be given credit for his work. He said "We cannot take away the personality of the author. The artist or poet must be given full credit for his work, and, personally, I can see no difference between the poem and the poet."

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

Furnished By

*Burrelle's*  
PRESS CLIPPING  
BUREAU

ELM & WORTH STS., N.Y.



Monday, July 13, 1908.

# ARE POEMS BAD IF AUTHOR WAS?

Berkeley Pastors Disagree, the Cause Being Two Compositions by Oscar Wilde, Printed in Church Messenger.

BERKELEY, July 13.—The publication of two poems by Oscar Wilde in the Church Messenger, the official organ of the federation of churches of Berkeley, has caused a split among the clergy of this city, and has set the whole community agog with interest over the outcome of the controversy. One faction maintains that the editor of the church organ overstepped the bounds of propriety in publishing the stanzas in a religious paper. They think that these poems, no matter how beautiful they are in sentiment, are not fit verses for the Church Messenger, having come from the pen of a man of the known moral character of Oscar Wilde. The more liberal element lays emphasis on the poems themselves and not on the author. This faction contends that the stanzas should be taken for themselves alone and no regard should be paid to the author.

Rev. I. N. McCash, pastor of the First Christian Church leads the opposition. He said:

"The personality of the author cannot be overlooked, no matter how sublime a subject has been treated. A man of the caliber of Oscar Wilde has no place in the columns of the Church Messenger, no matter on what subject he has written. There are more appropriate places for the exploitation of his works. No doubt the poems referred to are masterpieces. The character of the author, however, far overshadows the import of the lines, and a man of Oscar Wilde's reputation cannot be accredited with sincerity in having penned such sentiments. Written by him, they are meaningless."

Rev. A. J. Kennedy, pastor of the Shattuck avenue Methodist church takes issue with Dr. McCash on this point. He is of the opinion that a man should be given credit for what he does, and no matter how base his nature, he should be given recognition for his higher aspirations. He says:

### Says Works Alone Count.

"We cannot take away the personality of an author. The artist or musician must be given credit for his work. Burns, Poe, De Quincey and many others of our foremost poets and authors were profligates, yet their works are read and admired by the world. While we may not commend the character of the man, we cannot help but pay him tribute for what he has given by the use of his genius and talents. Many a musician has swayed an audience and through the magic spell he has cast over it, has been able to raise a multitude out of the mire of materialism and made it better by the use of his God-given talent. Yet the musician as a man has not perhaps led an exemplary life. The world has learned to distinguish between the man and his work, and pays homage to him who enriches its treasures, no matter how base the man may have been. The sentiment of the poems that were published was lofty and beautiful, and I can see nothing to cause protest in their having been published in the Church Messenger."

Rev. A. S. Coats, pastor of the South Berkeley Baptist Church also views the matter in much the same light. He said:

"It is the admirable thoughts that are expressed in the poem which are of worth to the world, regardless of the personality of the author. The man himself should not be considered—merely his works."

### The Cause of Wrangle.

The poems of Oscar Wilde that were published in the Church Messenger follow:

Nay, Lord not thus! White lillies in the spring,  
Sad olive groves, or silver breasted dove  
Teach me more clearly of Thy life and love  
Than terrors of red flame and thundering.  
The hillside vines dear memories of Thee bring;  
A bird at evening flying to its nest  
Tells me of One who had no place of rest.

I think it is of Thee the sparrows sing.  
Come rather on some autumn afternoon  
When red and brown are burnished on the leaves,  
And the fields echo to the gleaners song;  
Come when the splendid fullness of the moon  
Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,  
And reap Thy harvest; we have waited long.

Haply, one day these songs of mine  
Some world-worn mortal shall console  
With savor of the bitter wine  
Of tears crushed out from a man's dole;  
And he shall say, tears in his eyes,  
There was great love in this man's soul.

1471 TRINIDAD, COLO., CHEON-NEW

Friday, July 17, 1908.

## MINISTERS SHOCKED BY OSCAR WILDE'S POEMS

By Associated Press.

Berkeley, Cal., July 17.—Two poems of Oscar Wilde, which have been published in the Church Messenger, the official organ of the Federation of Churches of this city, have divided the clergy into two factions, one of which declares that on account of the personality of the author the poems should have been suppressed. The liberal element thinks only of the genius, not of the man.

The Rev. A. S. Coats, of the South Berkeley Baptist Church, expressed himself as favoring genius and the burying of personality.

"It is the admirable thoughts that are expressed in the verses which are the personality of the author," he declared. "The man himself should not be considered at all—only his works."

The Rev. L. N. McCash, pastor of the Christian church, took issue with Mr. Kennedy.

"We cannot escape from the personality of the author, no matter how much brains and genius are shown in Wilde's poems," he said. "There are other places more appropriate for the exploitation of his poems than in the columns of the paper of the churches of this city."



Friday, July 17, 1908.

## MINISTERS SHOCKED BY OSCAR WILDE'S POEMS

By Associated Press.

Berkeley, Cal., July 17.—Two poems of Oscar Wilde, which have been published in the Church Messenger, the official organ of the Federation of Churches of this city, have divided the clergy into two factions, one of which declares that on account of the personality of the author the poems should have been suppressed. The liberal element thinks only of the genius, not of the man.

The Rev. A. S. Coats, of the South Berkeley Baptist Church, expressed himself as favoring genius and the burying of personality.

"It is the admirable thoughts that are expressed in the verses which are the personality of the author," he declared. "The man himself should not be considered at all—only his works."

The Rev. L. N. McCash, pastor of the Christian church, took issue with Mr. Kennedy.

"We cannot escape from the personality of the author, no matter how much brains and genius are shown in Wilde's poems," he said. "There are other places more appropriate for the exploitation of his poems than in the official organ of the paper of the churches of this city."



Monday, July 13, 1908.

## OSCAR WILDE'S POEMS.

Their Publication Now Causes a War  
Among California Clergy-  
men.

Berkeley, Cal, July 13.—Two poems of Oscar Wilde, which have been published in the Church Messenger, the official organ of the federation of church of this city, have divided the clergy into two factions, one of which declares that on account of the personality of the author the poems should have been suppressed. The liberal element thinks only of the genius, not of the man.

The value of the poems as literary productions was not questioned, as they were conceded by all the clergy to be rare gems of thought, expressed in exquisite language, but the critics say the genius of such a personality as Wilde's should not be exploited in a church paper.

The Rev A. S. Coates of the South Berkley Baptist Church expressed himself as favoring genius and the burying of the personality.

"It is the admirable thoughts that are expressed in the verses which are of worth to the world, regardless of the personality of the author," he declared. "The man himself should not be considered at all—only his works."

The Rev A. J. Kennedy, pastor of the Shattuck Avenue Methodist Church, was of the opinion that a man should be given credit for his work. He said "We cannot take away the personality of the author. The artist or poet must be given full credit for his work, and, personally, I can see no difference between the poem and the poet."



the poet.  
NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

Furnished By

*Burrell's*

PRESS CLIPPING  
BUREAU

Jissen Women's University Library  
2019-03-18

ELM & WORTH STS., N.Y.



Sunday, July 12, 1908.

# WILDE'S GENIUS AND MORALS IN CHURCH DISPUTE

## Publication of Verses in Paper Divides Ministers Into Two Factions

## Some Contend That the Work, Not the Man, Should Prevail

## Controversy May Yet Lead to Complications of Serious Nature

BERKELEY, July 11.—Two poems of Oscar Wilde which have made their appearance in the Church Messenger, the official organ of the federation of churches of this city, have divided the clergy into two factions, one of which declares that on account of the personality of the author the poems should have been suppressed. The liberal element thinks only of the genius, not of the man. The controversy is one of the most interesting in church circles of this city for many months.

The value of the poems as literary productions was not questioned, as they were conceded by all the clergy to be rare gems of thought expressed in exquisite language. Their appearance in the official paper of the churches has raised a storm of protest on the part of some, however, as in their opinion the genius of such a personality as Wilde's should not be exploited in a church paper.

Rev. A. S. Coates of the South Berkeley Baptist church expressed himself as favoring genius and the burying of the personality.

"It is the admirable thoughts that are expressed in the verses which are of worth to the world, regardless of the personality of the author," he declared. "The man himself should not be considered at all—only his works."

Rev. A. J. Kennedy, pastor of the Shattuck avenue Methodist church, was of the opinion that a man should be given credit for his work. He said:

"We cannot take away the personality of the author. The artist or poet must be given full credit for his work, and, personally, I can see no difference between the poem and the poet."

Rev. I. N. McCash, pastor of the First Christian church of this city, took issue with Rev. Mr. Kennedy. He declared that while the manner of treatment and the thoughts expressed in Wilde's poems showed the touch of genius, the Church Messenger, as the representative paper of the churches of this city, was hardly the proper medium to bring Oscar Wilde's poems before the public.

"We cannot escape from the personality of the author no matter how much brains and genius is shown in Wilde's poems," he said. "There are other places more appropriate for the exploitation for his poems than in the columns of the paper of the churches of this city."

The poems of Oscar Wilde which were printed in the Church Messenger follow:

Nay, Lord, not thus! White lilies in the spring,  
Sad olive groves, or silver breasted dove  
Teach me more clearly of thy life and love  
Than terrors of red flame and thundering;  
The hillside vines dear memories of thee bring;  
A bird at evening flying to its nest  
Tells me of one who had no place of rest.

I think it is of thee the sparrows sing,  
Come rather on some autumn afternoon,  
When red and brown are burnished on the  
leaves,  
And the fields echo to the gleaner's song;  
Come when the splendid fullness of the moon  
Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,  
And reap thy harvest; we have waited long.

Haply, one day these songs of mine  
Some world-worn mortal shall console  
With savor of the bitter wine  
Of tears crushed out from a man's dole;  
And he shall say, tears in his eyes,  
There was great love in this man's soul.

NEW B'D'FD, MASS., STANDARD.

Sunday, June 7, 1908.  
Autograph Letters.

At a sale of autograph letters in New York \$76 was given by Mr. Sessler for a Grant a. l. s. (autograph letter signed), two pages, quarto (in pencil), Wilson's Station, April 4, 1865, a despatch to be sent to Colonel Bowers of his personal staff and the secretary of war at Washington. It

Princess! Princess! thou who art like a flower of morn  
was written four days before Lee's surrender, while he was in retreat. The same buyer paid \$47 for a Grant a. l. s., two pages, quarto, City Point, March 9, 1865, to General Canby, at New Orleans; \$24 for an a. l. s., two pages, octavo, sent by Grant to E. M. Stanton from Long Branch, N. J., July 23, 1867; and \$20 for an a. l. s. of the same size, Feb. 13, 1863, written by Grant at Vicksburg during his siege of that city. Ten other Grant a. l. s. 1862-63, all relating to his Vicksburg campaign, ranged in price from \$14 to \$8.

Mr. Benjamin paid \$33 for a Washington a. l. s., two pages, quarto, Mt. Vernon, July 15, 1798, a friendly letter to Chief Justice Marshall, written soon after the latter's return to America from a special mission to France. It was damaged. A short manuscript, about twenty lines and signature, in Washington's autograph (the account of James Wren with him, May, 1771, to June, 1773,) realized \$21. The sum of \$22 was given for another autograph account of "Dr. His Excellency Gov'r Clinton to G. Washington, Cr.," from Dec. 1, 1783, to May 1, 1785.

An a. l. s. of Robert Browning, two pages, London, Feb. 6, 1871, telling how he wrote "From Ghent to Aix," brought \$50. Frederick W. Morris paid \$19 for a short a. l. s. of Daniel Webster to Charles Dickens, inviting the novelist to call. Eight fine a. l. s. of Oscar Wilde sold low, the most valuable item being one of three pages, quarto, which Mr. Benjamin bought for \$10.50.

A parole of a Virginian during the Civil war, in Lincoln's autograph, realized \$64. It was dated Oct. 17, 1864, and paroled S. S. Bradford of Culpeper County, Va., to go to his home. An indorsement, eleven lines, dated Feb. 27, 1862, in Lincoln's handwriting went for \$38. A Lincoln d. s., the appointment of a postmaster, April 8, 1861, brought \$15.

1874 MILWAUKEE, WIS., PAPER

Monday, Dec. 24, 1893.

Many of the utterances of Oscar Wilde about art in its relation to life were profoundly true, and if the propaganda has lost some of the impressiveness that comes from novelty it is only because it has been incorporated into the growing artistic consciousness of the country to which he brought his aesthetic gospel. Other suggestions of his might still be coned with profit, and from the collection

# OPERA GOERS TO DECIDE SALOME FATE IN PHILA.

"Whether the clergymen of Philadelphia like it or not," declared Oscar Hammerstein, "I will give 'Salome' in the Quaker City. If the opera-goers, however, decide that they do not wish it, I will withdraw it."

"I talked to several ministers over there, and they didn't even know what the score was like," he said. "They never saw the opera, or read Oscar Wilde's book, yet they unhesitatingly condemned the performance. They didn't seem to want to know anything about 'Salome,' either. They are not open to argument."

"When the opera-goers say that they do not wish the opera presented further I will talk about taking it off. Until then I shall continue to give it." Protests from a number of ministerial bodies in Philadelphia to the forthcoming production of Salome in Hammerstein's Philadelphia Opera House with Miss Mary Garden in the title role are reported.

Resolutions have been adopted condemning the proposed performance as an insult to the city, sacrilegious, a perversion of the Scriptures, and destructive of the city's morals.

Representatives of Hammerstein called on Mayor Reyburn and declared that there is no impropriety in the production.

my Journal 2/19/08



Sunday, July 12, 1908.

# WILDE'S GENIUS AND MORALS IN CHURCH DISPUTE

Publication of Verses in Paper  
Divides Ministers Into  
Two Factions

Some Contend That the Work,  
Not the Man, Should  
Prevail

Controversy May Yet Lead to  
Complications of Serious  
Nature

BERKELEY, July 11.—Two poems of Oscar Wilde which have made their appearance in the Church Messenger, the official organ of the federation of churches of this city, have divided the clergy into two factions, one of which declares that on account of the personality of the author the poems should have been suppressed. The liberal element thinks only of the genius, not of the man. The controversy is one of the most interesting in church circles of this city for many months.

The value of the poems as literary productions was not questioned, as they were conceded by all the clergy to be rare gems of thought expressed in exquisite language. Their appearance in the official paper of the churches has raised a storm of protest on the part of some, however, as in their opinion the genius of such a personality as Wilde's should not be exploited in a church paper.

Rev. A. S. Coates of the South Berkeley Baptist church expressed himself as favoring genius and the burying of the personality.

"It is the admirable thoughts that are expressed in the verses which are of worth to the world, regardless of the personality of the author," he declared. "The man himself should not be considered at all—only his works."

Rev. A. J. Kennedy, pastor of the Shattuck avenue Methodist church, was of the opinion that a man should be given credit for his work. He said:

"We cannot take away the personality of the author. The artist or poet must be given full credit for his work, and, personally, I can see no difference between the poem and the poet."

Rev. I. N. McCash, pastor of the First Christian church of this city, took issue with Rev. Mr. Kennedy. He declared that while the manner of treatment and the thoughts expressed in Wilde's poems showed the touch of genius, the Church Messenger, as the representative paper of the churches of this city, was hardly the proper medium to bring Oscar Wilde's poems before the public.

"We cannot escape from the personality of the author no matter how much brains and genius is shown in Wilde's poems," he said. "There are other places more appropriate for the exploitation for his poems than in the columns of the paper of the churches of this city."

The poems of Oscar Wilde which were printed in the Church Messenger follow:

Nay, Lord, not thus! White lilies in the spring,  
Sad olive groves, or silver breasted dove  
Teach me more clearly of thy life and love  
Than terrors of red flame and thundering.  
The hillside vines dear memories of thee bring;  
A bird at evening firing to its nest  
Tells me of one who had no place of rest.

I think 't is of thee the sparrows sing,  
Come rather on some autumn afternoon,  
When red and brown are burnished on the  
leaves  
And the fields echo to the gleaner's song;  
Come when the splendid fullness of the moon  
Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,  
And reap thy harvest; we have waited long.

Haply, one day these songs of mine  
Some world-worn mortal shall console  
With savor of the bitter wine  
Of tears crushed out from a man's dole;  
And he shall say, tears in his eyes,  
There was great love in this man's soul.

NEW B'FD, MASS., STANDARD.

Sunday, June 7, 1908.

Autograph Letters.

At a sale of autograph letters in New York \$76 was given by Mr. Sessler for a Grant a. l. s., (autograph letter signed), two pages, quarto (in pencil), Wilson's Station, April 4, 1865, a despatch to be sent to Colonel Bowers of his personal staff and the secretary of war at Washington. It



Rev. A. S. Coates of the South Berkeley Baptist church expressed himself as favoring genius and the burying of the personality.

"It is the admirable thoughts that are expressed in the verses which are of worth to the world, regardless of the personality of the author," he declared. "The man himself should not be considered at all—only his works."

Rev. A. J. Kennedy, pastor of the Shattuck avenue Methodist church, was of the opinion that a man should be given credit for his work. He said:

"We cannot take away the personality of the author. The artist or poet must be given full credit for his work, and, personally, I can see no difference between the poem and the poet."

Rev. I. N. McCash, pastor of the First Christian church of this city, took issue with Rev. Mr. Kennedy. He declared that while the manner of treatment and the thoughts expressed in Wilde's poems showed the touch of genius, the Church Messenger, as the representative paper of the churches of this city, was hardly the proper medium to bring Oscar Wilde's poems before the public.

"We cannot escape from the personality of the author no matter how much brains and genius is shown in Wilde's poems," he said. "There are other places more appropriate for the exploitation for his poems than in the columns of the paper of the churches of this city."

The poems of Oscar Wilde which were printed in the Church Messenger follow:

Nay, Lord, not thus! White lilies in the spring,  
Sad olive groves, or silver breasted dove  
Teach me more clearly of thy life and love  
Than terrors of red flame and thundering.  
The hillside vines dear memories of thee bring;  
A bird at evening flying to its nest  
Tells me of one who had no place of rest.

I think it is of thee the sparrows sing,  
Come rather on some autumn afternoon,  
When red and brown are burnished on the  
leaves.

And the fields echo to the gleaner's song;  
Come when the splendid fullness of the moon  
Looks down upon the rows of golden sheaves,  
And reap thy harvest; we have waited long.

Haply, one day these songs of mine  
Some world-worn mortal shall console  
With savor of the bitter wine  
Of tears crushed out from a man's dole;  
And he shall say, tears in his eyes,  
There was great love in this man's soul.

NEW B'FD'D, MASS., STANDARD.

Sunday, June 7, 1908.

Autograph Letters.

At a sale of autograph letters in New York \$76 was given by Mr. Sessler for a Grant a. l. s. (autograph letter signed), two pages, quarto (in pencil), Wilson's Station, April 4, 1865, a despatch to Colorado. Bowers of his personal staff and the secretary of war at Washington. It

was written four days before Lee's surrender, while he was in retreat. The same buyer paid \$47 for a Grant a. l. s., two pages, quarto, City Point, March 9, 1865, to General Canby, at New Orleans; \$24 for an a. l. s., two pages, octavo, sent by Grant to E. M. Stanton from Long Branch, N. J., July 23, 1867; and \$20 for an a. l. s. of the same size, Feb. 13, 1863, written by Grant at Vicksburg during his siege of that city. Ten other Grant a. l. s. 1862-63, all relating to his Vicksburg campaign, ranged in price from \$14 to \$8.

Mr. Benjamin paid \$23 for a Washington a. l. s., two pages, quarto, Mt. Vernon, July 15, 1798, a friendly letter to Chief Justice Marshall, written soon after the latter's return to America from a special mission to France. It was damaged. A short manuscript, about twenty lines and signature, in Washington's autograph (the account of James Wren with him, May, 1771, to June, 1773,) realized \$21. The sum of \$22 was given for another autograph account of "Dr. His Excellency Gov'r Clinton to G. Washington, Cr.," from Dec. 1, 1783, to May 1, 1785.

An a. l. s. of Robert Browning, two pages, London, Feb. 6, 1871, telling how he wrote "From Ghent to Aix," brought \$50. Frederick W. Morris paid \$19 for a short a. l. s. of Daniel Webster to Charles Dickens, inviting the novelist to call. Eight fine a. l. s. of Oscar Wilde sold low, the most valuable item being one of three pages, quarto, which Mr. Benjamin bought for \$10.50.

A parole of a Virginian during the Civil war, in Lincoln's autograph, realized \$64. It was dated Oct. 17, 1864, and paroled S. S. Bradford of Culpeper County, Va., to go to his home. An indorsement, eleven lines, dated Feb. 27, 1862, in Lincoln's handwriting went for \$38. A Lincoln d. s., the appointment of a postmaster April 8, 1861, brought \$15.

1874. MILWAUKEE, WIS., PUBLISHED

Monday, Dec. 24, 1909.

Many of the utterances of Oscar Wilde about art in its relation to life were profoundly true, and if the propaganda has lost some of the impressiveness that comes from novelty it is only because it has been incorporated into the growing artistic consciousness of the country to which he brought his aesthetic gospel. Other suggestions of his might still be conned with profit, and from the collection



was written four days before Lee's surrender, while he was in retreat. The same buyer paid \$47 for a Grant a. l. s., two pages, quarto, City Point, March 9, 1865, to General Canby, at New Orleans; \$24 for an a. l. s., two pages, octavo, sent by Grant to E. M. Stanton from Long Branch, N. J., July 23, 1867; and \$20 for an a. l. s. of the same size, Feb. 13, 1863, written by Grant at Vicksburg during his siege of that city. Ten other Grant a. l. s. 1862-63, all relating to his Vicksburg campaign, ranged in price from \$14 to \$8.

Mr. Benjamin paid \$23 for a Washington a. l. s., two pages, quarto, Mt. Vernon, July 15, 1798, a friendly letter to Chief Justice Marshall, written soon after the latter's return to America from a special mission to France. It was damaged. A short manuscript, about twenty lines and signature, in Washington's autograph (the account of James Wren with him, May, 1771, to June, 1773,) realized \$21. The sum of \$22 was given for another autograph account of "Dr. His Excellency Gov'r Clinton to G. Washington, Cr.," from Dec. 1, 1783, to May 1, 1785.

An a. l. s. of Robert Browning, two pages, London, Feb. 6, 1871, telling how he wrote "From Ghent to Aix," brought \$50. Frederick W. Morris paid \$19 for a short a. l. s. of Daniel Webster to Charles Dickens, inviting the novelist to call. Eight fine a. l. s. of Oscar Wilde sold low, the most valuable item being one of three pages, quarto, which Mr. Benjamin bought for \$10.50.

A parole of a Virginian during the Civil war, in Lincoln's autograph, realized \$64. It was dated Oct. 17, 1864, and paroled S. S. Bradford of Culpeper County, Va., to go to his home. An indorsement, eleven lines, dated Feb. 27, 1862, in Lincoln's handwriting went for \$38. A Lincoln d. s., the appointment of a postmaster, April 8, 1861, brought \$15.

1874. MILWAUKEE, WIS., ~~PAID~~

Monday, Dec. 24, 1896.

Many of the utterances of Oscar Wilde about art in its relation to life were profoundly true, and if the propaganda has lost some of the impressiveness that comes from novelty it is only because it has been incorporated into the growing artistic consciousness of the country to which he brought it. Other suggestions of his might still be coned with profit, and from the collection

of his essays, lectures and writings published under the title "Decorative Art in America;" his message to a Philistine world may be gathered in full. There was a great deal more to Oscar Wilde than his wasted life or his preciosity; he was the writer of some genuine poetry, the wittiest of playwrights, and in matters of taste an arbiter of rare authority and discernment. Fable and delicate imagery and mordant wit and the cry of a soul in torment all flowed from his pen; his Protean genius had moreover its practical side, and he both appreciated and taught the niceties and limitations of the moral and textile arts, the charm of restraint and simplicity, and the restfulness of pattern. These writings of his are couched, as must always be the case, in characteristic phraseology, but the thought challenges respect. One of the subtlest appreciations of Whistler, beside which the voluminous writings about him since his death are cheap indeed, appears in this volume, with other curious, provocative or instructive writings which make piquant reading whether one agrees with them or not.

# OPERA GOERS TO DECIDE SALOME FATE IN PHILA.

"Whether the clergymen of Philadelphia like it or not," declared Oscar Hammerstein, "I will give 'Salome' in the Quaker City. If the opera-goers, however, decide that they do not wish it, I will withdraw it.

"I talked to several ministers over there, and they didn't even know what the score was like," he said. "They never saw the opera, or read Oscar Wilde's book, yet they unhesitatingly condemned the performance. They didn't seem to want to know anything about 'Salome,' either. They are not open to argument.

"When the opera-goers say that they do not wish the opera presented further I will talk about taking it off. Until then I shall continue to give it."

Protests from a number of ministerial bodies in Philadelphia to the forthcoming production of Salome in Hammerstein's Philadelphia Opera House with Miss Mary Garden in the title role are reported.

Resolutions have been adopted condemning the proposed performance as an insult to the city, sacrilegious, a perversion of the Scriptures, and destructive of the city's morals.

Representatives of Hammerstein called on Mayor Reyburn and declared that there is no impropriety in the production.

Journal 2/19/08



# OPERA GOERS TO DECIDE SALOME FATE IN PHILA.

"Whether the clergymen of Philadelphia like it or not," declared Oscar Hammerstein, "I will give 'Salome' in the Quaker City. If the opera-goers, however, decide that they do not wish it, I will withdraw it.

"I talked to several ministers over there, and they didn't even know what the score was like," he said. "They never saw the opera, or read Oscar Wilde's book, yet they unhesitatingly condemned the performance. They didn't seem to want to know anything about 'Salome,' either. They are not open to argument.

"When the opera-goers say that they do not wish the opera presented further I will talk about taking it off. Until then I shall continue to give it."

Protests from a number of ministerial bodies in Philadelphia to the forthcoming production of Salome in Hammerstein's Philadelphia Opera House, with Miss Mary Garden in the title role are reported.

Resolutions have been adopted condemning the proposed performance as an insult to the city, sacrilegious, a perversion of the Scriptures, and destructive of the city's morals.

Representatives of Hammerstein called on Mayor Reyburn and declared that there is no impropriety in the production.





SALOME  
BY  
OSCAR WILDE

Manhattan Opera House

West Thirty-Fourth St., near Eighth Ave.

MANHATTAN GRAND OPERA COMPANY

THIRD SEASON OF  
GRAND OPERA

1908-1909

Under the Direction of  
MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN

Thursday Eve., Jan. 28, 1909, at 9 o'clock  
First Performance at the Manhattan Opera House  
of the Music Drama

SALOME

(In French)

Libretto by OSCAR WILDE. Music by RICHARD STRAUSS.

SALOME, Daughter of Herodias.....	MISS MARY GARDEN
HERODIAS, Wife of Herod.....	MME. DORIA
HEROD, Tetrach of Judea.....	M. DALMORES
JOKANAAN, the Prophet.....	M. DUFRANNE
NARRABOTH, Captain of the Guard.....	M. VALLES
PAGE OF HERODIAS.....	Mlle. SEVERINA
FIVE JEWS {	M. SELLAV
	M. VENTURINI
	M. MONTANARI
	M. DADDI
TWO NAZARENES {	M. COLLIN
	M. DE SEGUROLA
TWO SOLDIERS... {	M. MALFATTI
	M. CRABBE
A CAPPADOCIAN.....	M. DE GRAZIA
A SLAVE.....	M. FOSSETTA
	Mlle. TANCREDI
MUSICAL DIRECTOR.....	M. CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI
STAGE DIRECTOR.....	M. JACQUES COINI

Saturday Aft'n, Jan. 30, 1909, at 2.30 o'clock  
Second Performance at the Manhattan Opera  
House of the Music Drama

SALOME

(In French)

Libretto by OSCAR WILDE. Music by RICHARD STRAUSS.

SALOME, Daughter of Herodias.....	MISS MARY GARDEN
HERODIAS, Wife of Herod.....	MME. DORIA
HEROD, Tetrach of Judea.....	M. DALMORES
JOKANAAN, the Prophet.....	M. DUFRANNE



SALOME  
BY  
OSCAR WILDE





Princess | Princess | thou who art like a base | of murrh

# Manhattan Opera House

West Thirty-Fourth St., near Eighth Ave.

---

---

MANHATTAN GRAND OPERA COMPANY

---

*THIRD SEASON OF*

# GRAND OPERA

## 1908-1909

2019-03 Jissen Women's University Library 50

Under the Direction of  
**MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN**

---



THURSDAY EVENING  
Thursday Eve., Jan. 28, 1909, at 9 o'clock  
First Performance at the Manhattan Opera House  
of the Music Drama

# SALOME

(In French)

Libretto by OSCAR WILDE. Music by RICHARD STRAUSS.

SALOME, Daughter of Herodias.....	MISS MARY GARDEN
HERODIAS, Wife of Herod.....	MME. DORIA
HEROD, Tetrach of Judea.....	M. DALMORES
JOKANAAN, the Prophet.....	M. DUFRANNE
NARRABOTH, Captain of the Guard.....	M. VALLES
PAGE OF HERODIAS.....	Mlle. SEVERINA
FIVE JEWS {	M. SELLAV
	M. VENTURINI
	M. MONTANARI
	M. DADDI
TWO NAZARENES {	M. COLLIN
	M. DE SEGUROLA
TWO SOLDIERS... {	M. MALFATTI
	M. CRABBE
A CAPPADOCIAN.....	M. DE GRAZIA
A SLAVE.....	M. FOSSETTA
	Mlle. TANCREDI
MUSICAL DIRECTOR.....	M. CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI
STAGE DIRECTOR.....	M. JACQUES COINI



**Saturday Aft'n, Jan. 30, 1909, at 2.30 o'clock**  
**Second Performance at the Manhattan Opera**  
**House of the Music Drama**

# **SALOME**

**(In French)**

Libretto by **OSCAR WILDE**. Music by **RICHARD STRAUSS**.

<b>SALOME</b> , Daughter of Herodias . . . . .	<b>MISS MARY GARDEN</b>
<b>HERODIAS</b> , Wife of Herod . . . . .	<b>MME. DORIA</b>
<b>HEROD</b> , Tetrach of Judea . . . . .	<b>M. DALMORES</b>
<b>JOKANAAN</b> , the Prophet . . . . .	<b>M. DUFRANNE</b>

2019-03-11  
Jessen Women's University Library

52



The Craftsman, New York.  
February 1907, facing p. 526  
Plats II



"I WILL KISS THY MOUTH, IOKANAAN!"

SALOMÉ AND JOHN THE BAPTIST  
Drawn by Frances Lea

Princess! Princess! thou who art like a bouquet of myrrh

Pl. III



"SHE MUST NOT DANCE ON  
BLOOD, IT WERE AN EVIL OMEN."

THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS  
Drawn by Frances Lea



The Craftsman, New York.  
February 1907, facing p. 526  
Plats II



"I WILL KISS THY MOUTH, IOKANAAN!"





Pl. III

THE DANCE OF THE VEILS  
Drawn by Frances Lea

Jissen Women's University Library THE MUST NOT DANCE ON  
BLOOD, IT WERE AN EVIL OMEN





SALOMÉ AND HEROD  
Drawn by Frances Lea



SALOMÉ WITH THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST  
Drawn by Frances Lea

"AH, IOKANAAN, THOU WERT THE  
MAN I LOVED AMONG MEN"



Pl. I.







SALOMÉ WITH THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST  
Drawn by Frances Lea





From *Salome*

**But Was She Fair!**  
From *Town Topics*.  
"How did you like her Salome?"  
"Why, she fairly outstripped herself."



SALOME—George Papperitz.

Courtesy Moulton Galleries.





From *Salome*

**But Was She Fair!**

From *Town Topics*.

"How did you like her *Salome*?"

"Why, she fairly outstripped herself."





2019-2021 Women's University Library 61  
SALOME—George Pappentz.

Courtesy Moulton Galleries.



JULIA MARLOWE'S  
SALOME



JULIA MARLOWE AS SALOME.



JULIA MARLOWE'S  
SALOME



Jettex







# NOTES

my notes 1/26/10

## Sudermann's Salome a Naughty Child, Says Miss Marlowe.

"SHOCKING?" repeated Miss Julia Marlowe, opening her great, glorious eyes in almost convincing wonderment. "Oh!" (and oh! the full-toned musical reproach of that "Oh!") how could any one think the Salome of Sudermann shocking? Surely, you do not?"

"Then you do not?"

The adroit Miss Marlowe had chosen the weapons, and I was quite ready to fence with interrogation points.

"Why should I?" she asked, with another quick parry from the couch in her dressing-room at the Lyric. "I shouldn't like to call her shocking, should you?"

"Not even suggestive?" It was an

awkward way of avoiding her thrust, but it was the only way.

"Well, of course," and she disarmed me with a flashing smile, "that depends entirely upon what you mean by 'suggestive.' What is there about her that could possibly be considered 'suggestive?'"

For the sake of argument I mentioned the dance, from which Miss Marlowe was still glowing.

"But the dance," she protested, drawing Salome's silken mantle about her throat, "is suggestive of nothing more than the girl's joy in her youth and her pride in her skill. Dancing has been her daily exercise, and when for the first time she dances before men, her one motive, her one desire is to please Herod and his guests by doing her prettiest. Like most girls, she has eyes for men. She tells her maids, you may remember, 'When I was at Antioch with my father I saw fair youths—they wore red shoes!' Her dance is the dance of the times—a dance, I take it, that was a development of the Greek dances we see on vases. Perhaps all the princesses of that day did not dance just as Salome dances in the play, but that dancing was general among girls of the period is indicated by Salome when she says to her maids: 'Yesterday we could dance unveiled in the garden.' They danced for the pleasure of dancing."

All of which didn't alter the fact that Salome danced for the head of John—the brutal fact, I might say—but not to the radiant face of Miss Marlowe.

"But she doesn't believe," contended her champion, "that John will lose his head. Her only purpose is to make him realize her power—to be able to save the man who has scorned her. She expects him to beg when she says, with girlish pride in her power, 'Now beg me,' and she scarcely realizes what is happening when he calmly walks past her to his execution."

Miss Marlowe did not carry her defense "off-stage," where the Sudermann Salome is supposed to continue her dance with John's head on a charger. I was left to conclude that here the giddy young thing also lost her head.

"Sudermann's Salome is the biblical Salome," she went on, picking up an old Bible and reading a passage to prove it. You'll find the verse—well, just where it should be. "So in demanding the head of John she merely does as her mother tells her. She says to her mother, you remember, 'You are my will.' She carries out the plan only to make John realize her power and in this way to win him to her."

"Do you think a girl like Salome would care for a man like John?"

A smile delayed the answer: "She is interested in him and impressed by him. She says, you know, 'I have seen none nightier than thou.' And she also says, 'Teach me, master.' What are we to judge from this?"

"That she isn't all bad?" (I was beginning, under the Marlowe spell, to think her a saint.)

"That she wishes to learn, at any rate," said Miss Marlowe. "To me she is merely a naughty, impulsive child. She is depraved by the depravity of her surroundings—that is all. She is the creature of her environment. She commits her greatest sin by obeying her mother."

"Then she isn't distasteful to you?"

"She doesn't interest me," was the evasive answer. "There is very little in the character. It is the third character in the play, and I play it only to give Mr. Sothorn his opportunity. Mine will come in the next play, 'Jeanne d'Arc.' We arrange our repertory so that one and then the other may have an opportunity, and," with a smile, "I think we have shown that two stars can revolve in the same orbit without clashing. Aside from all that, however, I consider 'John the Baptist' a good play, and, furthermore, a good play for New York to see. It was this belief that led us to produce 'John the Baptist.' Otherwise I should never have played 'Salome.'"

"You do not feel, then, that the religious atmosphere of the play is obscured by the sensual suggestiveness of Salome?"

"By no means. Sudermann's Salome is not the morbid, abnormal creature of Oscar Wilde's imagination. It is true that the language is rather free in places, but according to all accounts, the people of those days were inclined to be outspoken. For my part, I should prefer never to utter a speech on the stage that is not elevating and edifying. I have never felt the least desire to play Camille, Mrs. Tanqueray, or any role that's on the bias. Nothing could induce me to play a role of that kind."

"Then nothing could induce you to play Wilde's Salome?"

"Nothing. I have never seen the play acted, but I read it in the French some four years ago, and that was quite enough for me. I should be interested, however, in seeing and hearing the opera. Music seems to cover a multitude of sins. Parents who wouldn't dream of letting their children see 'Camille' feel no hesitancy in taking them to 'Traviata,' or giving them a pleasant afternoon at 'Tristan und Isolde.'"



# SALOME

2019-03-18 Jissen Women's University Library

66

*Handwritten notes:*  
1/211  
small box



# SALOME

## *Sudermann's Salome a Naughty Child, Says Miss Marlowe.*

"SHOCKING?" repeated Miss Julia Marlowe, opening her great, glorious eyes in almost convincing wonderment. "Oh!" (and oh! the full-toned musical reproach of that "Oh!") how could any one think the Salome of Sudermann shocking? Surely, you do not?"

"Then you do not?"

The adroit Miss Marlowe had chosen the weapons, and I was quite ready to fence with interrogation points.

"Why should I?" she asked, with another quick parry from the couch in her dressing-room at the Lyric. "I shouldn't like to call her shocking, should you?"

"Not even suggestive?" It was an

awkward way of avoiding her thrust, but it was the only way.

"Well, of course," and she disarmed me with a flashing smile, "that depends entirely upon what you mean by 'suggestive.' What is there about her that could possibly be considered 'suggestive?'"

For the sake of argument I mentioned the dance, from which Miss Marlowe was still glowing.

"But the dance," she protested, drawing Salome's silken mantle about her throat, "is suggestive of nothing more than the girl's joy in her youth and her pride in her skill. Dancing has been her daily exercise, and when for the first time she dances before men, her one motive, her one desire is to please Herod and his guests by doing her prettiest. Like most girls, she has eyes for men. She tells her maids, you may remember, 'When I was at Antioch with my father I saw fair youths—they wore red shoes!' Her dance is the dance of the times—a dance, I take it, that was a development of the Greek dances we see on vases. Perhaps all the princesses of that day did not dance just as Salome dances in the play, but that dancing was general among girls of the period is indicated by Salome when she says to her maids: 'Yesterday we could dance unveiled in the garden.' They danced for the pleasure of dancing."

All of which didn't alter the fact that Salome danced for the head of John—the brutal fact, I might say—but not to the radiant face of Miss Marlowe.

"But she doesn't believe," contended her champion, "that John will lose his head. Her only purpose is to make him realize her power—to be able to save the man who has scorned her. She expects him to beg when she says, 'Now beg me,' and she scarcely realizes what is happening when he calmly walks past her to his execution."



Miss Marlowe did not carry her defense "off-stage," where the Sudermann Salome is supposed to continue her dance with John's head on a charger. I was left to conclude that here the giddy young thing also lost her head.

"Sudermann's Salome is the biblical Salome," she went on, picking up an old Bible and reading a passage to prove it. You'll find the verse—well, just where it should be. "So in demanding the head of John she merely does as her mother tells her. She says to her mother, you remember, 'You are my will.' She carries out the plan only to make John realize her power and in this way to win him to her."

"Do you think a girl like Salome would care for a man like John?"

A smile delayed the answer: "She is interested in him and impressed by him. She says, you know, 'I have seen none mightier than thou.' And she also says, 'Teach me, master.' What are we to judge from this?"

"That she isn't all bad?" (I was beginning, under the Marlowe spell, to think her a saint.)

"That she wishes to learn, at any rate," said Miss Marlowe. "To me she is merely a naughty, impulsive child. She is depraved by the depravity of her surroundings—that is all. She is the creature of her environment. She commits her greatest sin by obeying her mother."

"Then she isn't distasteful to you?"

"She doesn't interest me," was the evasive answer. "There is very little in the character. It is the third character in the play, and I play it only to give Mr. Sothorn his opportunity. Mine will come in the next play, 'Jeanne d'Arc.' We arrange our repertory so that one and then the other may have an opportunity, and," with a smile, "I think we have shown that two stars can revolve in the same orbit without clashing. Aside from all that, however, I consider 'John the Baptist' a good play, and, furthermore, a good play for New York to see. It was this belief that led us to produce 'John the Baptist.' Otherwise I should never have played Salome."

"You do not feel, then, that the religious atmosphere of the play is obscured by the sensual suggestiveness of Salome?"

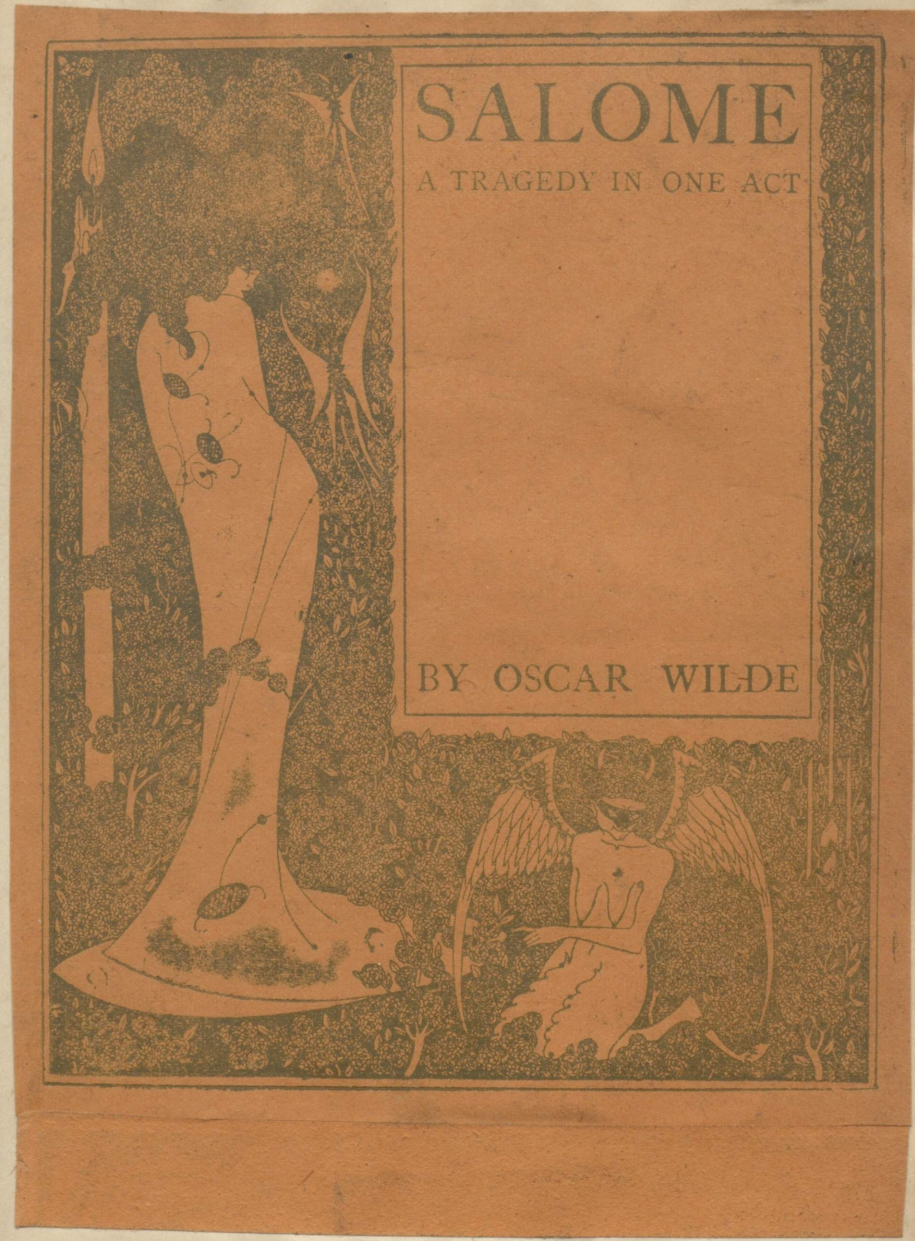
"By no means. Sudermann's Salome is not the morbid, abnormal creature of Oscar Wilde's imagination. It is true that the language is rather free in places, but according to all accounts the people of those days were inclined to be outspoken. For my part, I should prefer never to utter a speech on the stage that is not elevating and edifying. I have never felt the least desire to play Camille, Mrs. Tanqueray, or any role that's on the bias. Nothing could induce me to play a role of that kind."

"Then nothing could induce you to play Wilde's Salome?"

"Nothing. I have never seen the play acted, but I read it in the French some four years ago, and that was quite enough for me. I should be interested, however, in seeing and hearing the opera. Music seems to cover a multitude of sins. Parents who wouldn't dream of letting their children see 'Camille' feel no hesitancy in taking them to 'Traviata,' or giving them a pleasant afternoon at 'Tristan und Isolde.'"



JULIA MARLOWE'S FAMOUS DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS IN "JOHN THE BAPTIST"







2019-03-18

Jissen Women's University Library

70

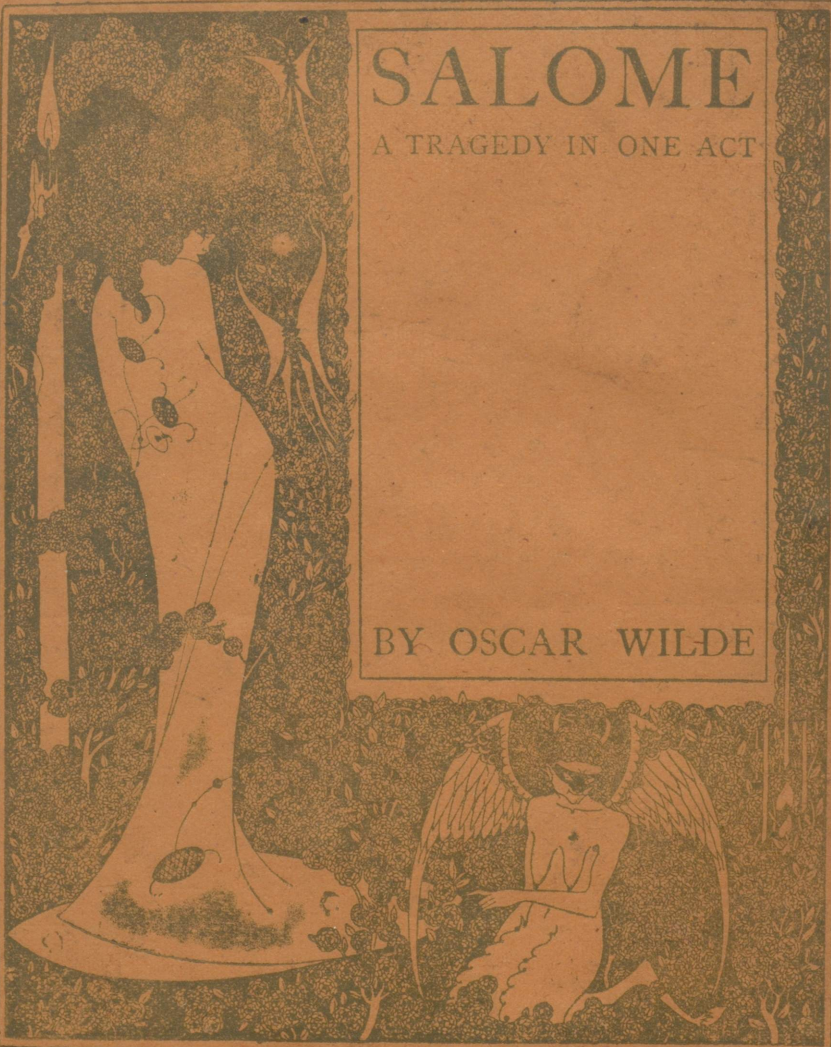
JULIA MARLOWE'S FAMOUS DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS IN "JOHN THE BAPTIST"



# SALOME

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

BY OSCAR WILDE







**OLIVE  
FREMSTAD**

*Wilde's  
Salome a  
Degenerate,  
Says  
Miss Fremstad.*

**S**WEET are the uses of advertisement—but not for Miss Olive Fremstad. When I asked for her opinion of Salome I got it in two words: "A degenerate."

Over the 'phone Miss Fremstad had told me she was afraid she was too small a person to talk on so big a subject as Richard Strauss's "Salome." She struck me as a woman who wasn't afraid of anything and quite big enough to tell the truth straight from the shoulder. When I asked her whether she had felt any hesitancy about appearing in the bloodthirsty role she said, as she smoothed her tawny pompadour and straightened back in her chair:

"Well, I'm rather a dare-devil sort of person, you know. But I must confess that I needed all my nerve, for it was the hardest thing I ever tackled."

"Tackled" was the word. There were no operatic airs about this prima donna. Her strong-armed English scored a knockout at every blow. The vigor and freshness of her views were a delight to a jaded "interviewer." I'd sit through "Parsifal" for her.

"When I first saw 'Salome' in Cologne it nauseated me. I was absolutely sickened by it. It was horrible, disgusting. Ugh!"

She shuddered at the recollection and shrugged her white blouse into wrinkles.

"Was it well acted?"

"No, it was very badly done. Germans like to yell and scream, and they stand still while they're doing it. But I had my own thoughts on the subject. My thoughts are very forceful on most things, and I have to give in to them in some way."

"You had no thought at the time that you would one day appear in the opera?"

"Heavens, no! I could hardly sit through it. It was revolting to me. But now that I have appeared in the role, I'm glad I did it. The music appeals to me—Wilde does not. Wilde is about this big"—she held her hands a few inches apart—"but Richard Strauss is like this"—throwing wide her arms.

"You feel that the music justifies the performance?"

"Unquestionably. The play is small, always harping on the sensational and the ugly; but the music, it soars on the wings of poetry. The music enlarges it for me. I like 'Salome' because it is a tremendous work. I like to get hold of something big. The music is almost too big. It is hard to get it in your throat. When I first tried it, I called Strauss every

**MANHATTAN** OPERA HOUSE,  
34th St., near 8th Av.  
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, Director  
GRAND OPERA SEASON 1908-1909.  
LAST WEEK BUT ONE.  
TO-NIGHT at 8. (Last time this season)—  
PURITANI, with Mme. TETRAZZINI; MM.  
Constantino, Polese, De Seguro. Dir., Cam-  
panini.  
FRI. at 8. (Last time this season)—PRIN-  
CESS D'AUVERGNE, with Mlle. LABIA, Ger-  
ville-Reache, Zeppilli; MM. Valles, Dufranne,  
Gilibert, Crabbe, and regular cast. Dir.,  
Campanini.  
SAT. MAT. at 2. (Double Bill)—LA NAVAR-  
RAISE, with Mlle. GERVILLE-REACHE;  
MM. Valles, Dufranne, Vieuille, Crabbe, Gi-  
noli-Galletti, Mus. Dir., Campanini. Fol-  
lowed by FAGLIACCI, with Mlle. LABIA;  
MM. Zenatello, Sammarco, Crabbe, Venturini.  
SAT. NIGHT at 8—SALOME, with Miss  
GARDEN, Mme. Doria; MM. Dalmores, Du-  
franne, Valles, and regular cast. Mus. Dir.,  
Campanini.  
Next Sunday, Last Campanini Concert.  
NEXT AND LAST WEEK.  
MON. (Last time this Season)—THAIS,  
with MISS GARDEN, M. Renaud, and regular  
cast. Special engagement of MISCHA EL-  
MAN, who will play the Meditation-Inter-  
mezzo. Dir., M. Campanini.  
WED. (Last time)—TRAVIATA, with MME.  
TETRAZZINI; MM. Constantino, Sammarco.  
Mus. Dir., M. Campanini.  
FRI., CAMPANINI NIGHT, (Double Bill.)  
Last time, SALOME, with MISS GARDEN,  
Mme. Doria; MM. Dalmores, Dufranne, and  
regular cast, followed by Prologue from  
MEFISTOFELE, with M. Arimondi and entire  
chorus. Mus. Dir., M. Campanini.  
SAT. MAT., (Last time)—SAMSON AND  
DELILAH, with Mlle. Gerville-Reache; MM.  
Dalmores, Dufranne, Vieuille, Crabbe, (Grand  
Ballet, Mlle. Valery, premiere.) Mus. Dir.,  
M. Campanini.  
SAT. EVE., Last performance, (Double Bill)  
LUCIA, with MME. TETRAZZINI; MM. Con-  
stantino, Sammarco, Arimondi. Followed by  
THE CARNIVAL SCENE from PRINCESSE  
D'AUVERGNE, with Mlle. LABIA and entire  
cast. Mus. Dir., Campanini.  
NEXT WEEK'S SALE OPENS  
TO-MORROW (THURS.) 9 A. M.  
SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS FOR NEXT  
SEASON NOW OPEN

Princess! Princess! thou who art like a bonnet of myrrh.





# OLIVE THREMSSTAD



*Wilde's  
Salome a  
Degenerate,  
Says  
Miss Fremstad.*

**S**WEET are the uses of advertisement—but not for Miss Olive Fremstad. When I asked for her opinion of Salome I got it in two words: "A degenerate."

Over the 'phone Miss Fremstad had told me she was afraid she was too small a person to talk on so big a subject as Richard Strauss's "Salome." She struck me as a woman who wasn't afraid of anything and quite big enough to tell the truth straight from the shoulder. When I asked her whether she had felt any hesitancy about appearing in the bloodthirsty role she said, as she smoothed her tawny pompadour and straightened back in her chair:

"Well, I'm rather a dare-devil sort of person, you know. But I must confess that I needed all my nerve, for it was the hardest thing I ever tackled."

"Tackled" was the word. There were no operatic airs about this prima donna. Her strong-armed English scored a knockout at every blow. The vigor and freshness of her views were a delight to a jaded "interviewer." I'd sit through "Parsifal" for her.

"When I first saw 'Salome' in Cologne it nauseated me. I was absolutely sickened by it. It was horrible, disgusting. Ugh!"

She shuddered at the recollection and shrugged her white blouse into wrinkles.

"Was it well acted?"

"No, it was very badly done. Germans like to yell and scream, and they stand still while they're doing it. But I had my own thoughts on the subject. My thoughts are very forceful on most things, and I have to give in to them in some way."

"You had no thought at the time that you would one day appear in the opera?"

"Heavens, no! I could hardly sit through it. It was revolting to me. But now that I have appeared in the role, I'm glad I did it. The music appeals to me—Wilde does not. Wilde is about this big"—she held her hands a few inches apart—"but Richard Strauss is like this"—throwing wide her arms.

"You feel that the music justifies the performance?"

"Unquestionably. The play is small, always harping on the sensational and the ugly; but the music, it soars on the wings of poetry. The music enlarges it—a tremendous work. I like to get hold of something big. The music is almost too big. It is hard to get it in your throat. When I first tried it, I called Strauss every

**MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE,**  
34th St., near 8th Av.  
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, Director  
GRAND OPERA SEASON 1908-1909.  
LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

TO-NIGHT at 8, (Last time this season)—**PURITANI**, with MME. **TETRAZZINI**; MM. Constantino, Polese, De Seguroia. Dir., Campanini.

FRI. at 8, (Last time this season)—**PRINCESS D'AUBERGE**, with Mlle. **LABIA**, Gerville-Reache, Zeppilli; MM. Valles, Dufranne, Gilbert, Crabbe, and regular cast. Dir., Campanini.

SAT. MAT. at 2, (Double Bill)—**LA NAVARRAISE**, with Mlle. **GERVILLE-REACHE**; MM. Valles, Dufranne, Vieuille, Crabbe, Gagnoli-Galletti, Mus. Dir., Campanini. Followed by **PAGLIACCI**, with Mlle. **LABIA**; MM. Zenatello, Sammarco, Crabbe, Venturini.

SAT. NIGHT at 9—**SALOME**, with Miss **GARDEN**, Mme. Doria; MM. Dalmores, Dufranne, Valles, and regular cast. Mus. Dir., Campanini.

Next Sunday, Last Campanini Concert.

NEXT AND LAST WEEK.

MON., (Last time this Season)—**THAIS**, with **MISS GARDEN**, M. Renaud, and regular cast. Special engagement of **MISCHA ELMAN**, who will play the Meditation-Intermezzo. Dir., M. Campanini.

WED., (Last time)—**TRAVIATA**, with **MME. TETRAZZINI**; MM. Constantino, Sammarco. Mus. Dir., M. Campanini.

FRI., **CAMPANINI NIGHT**, (Double Bill.) Last time, **SALOME**, with **MISS GARDEN**, Mme. Doria; MM. Dalmores, Dufranne, and regular cast, followed by Prologue from **MEFISTOFELE**, with M. Arimondi and entire chorus. Mus. Dir., M. Campanini.

SAT. MAT., (Last time)—**SAMSON AND DELILAH**, with Mlle. Gerville-Reache; MM. Dalmores, Dufranne, Vieuille, Crabbe, (Grand Ballet, Mlle. Valery, premiere.) Mus. Dir., M. Campanini.

SAT. EVE., Last performance, (Double Bill) **LUCIA**, with **MME. TETRAZZINI**; MM. Constantino, Sammarco, Arimondi. Followed by **THE CARNIVAL SCENE** from **PRINCESSE D'AUBERGE**, with **Mlle. LABIA** and entire cast. Mus. Dir., Campanini.

NEXT WEEK'S SALE OPENS

TO-MORROW (THURS.) 9 A. M.

**SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS FOR NEXT SEASON NOW OPEN**



ss! thou who art like a bouquet of myrrh.

**MANHATTAN** OPERA HOUSE,  
34th St., near 8th Av.  
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.....Director  
GRAND OPERA SEASON 1908-1909.

**LAST WEEK BUT ONE.**

**TO-NIGHT** at 8, (Last time this season)—**PURITANI**, with Mme. **TETRAZZINI**; MM. Constantino, Polese, De Segurola. Dir., Campanini.

**FRI.** at 8, (Last time this season)—**PRINCESS D'AUBERGE**, with Mlle. **LABIA**, Gerville-Reache, Zeppilli; MM. Valles, Dufranne, Gilbert, Crabbe, and regular cast. Dir., Campanini.

**SAT. MAT.** at 2, (Double Bill)—**LA NAVARRAISE**, with Mlle. **GERVILLE-REACHE**; MM. Valles, Dufranne, Vieuille, Crabbe, Giannoli-Galletti, Mus. Dir., Campanini. Followed by **PAGLIACCI**, with Mlle. **LABIA**; MM. Zenatello, Sammarco, Crabbe, Venturini.

**SAT. NIGHT** at 9—**SALOME**, with Miss **GARDEN**, Mme. Doria; MM. Dalmores, Dufranne, Valles, and regular cast. Mus. Dir., Campanini.

Next Sunday, Last Campanini Concert.

**NEXT AND LAST WEEK.**

**MON.**, (Last time this Season)—**THAIS**, with **MISS GARDEN**, M. Renaud, and regular cast. Special engagement of **MISCHA ELMAN**, who will play the Meditation-Intermezzo. Dir., M. Campanini.

**WED.**, (Last time)—**TRAVIATA**, with **MME. TETRAZZINI**; MM. Constantino, Sammarco. Mus. Dir., M. Campanini.

**FRI., CAMPANINI NIGHT**, (Double Bill.) Last time, **SALOME**, with **MISS GARDEN**, Mme. Doria; MM. Dalmores, Dufranne, and regular cast, followed by Prologue from **MEFISTOFELE**, with M. Arimondi and entire chorus. Mus. Dir., M. Campanini.

**SAT. MAT.**, (Last time)—**SAMSON AND DELILAH**, with Mlle. Gerville-Reache; MM. Dalmores, Dufranne, Vieuille, Crabbe. (Grand Ballet, Mlle. Valery, premiere.) Mus. Dir., M. Campanini.

**SAT. EVE.**, Last performance, (Double Bill) **LUCIA**, with **MME. TETRAZZINI**; MM. Constantino, Sammarco, Arimondi. Followed by **THE CARNIVAL SCENE** from **PRINCESS D'AUBERGE**, with **Mlle. LABIA** and entire cast. Mus. Dir., Campanini.

Jissen Woerter Universiteits Bibliotheek

TO-MORROW (THURS.) 9 A. M.

**SUBSCRIPTION** BOOKS FOR NEXT SEASON NOW OPEN.



Craftsman, ibid

name in the alphabet. No composer has ever made such a demand upon the voice. And the acting is almost as great a strain. I make believe I'm a kid of fifteen and try at the same time to keep a strong grip on the stupendous music. Salome requires the strength of a woman, the tricks of a siren, the agility of an Oriental and the naivete of a child. It is the most difficult part ever written for a singer."

"Did you approach it with any fear or revulsion?"

"That bloody head sickened me at first. I could hardly bring myself to approach it at rehearsal. I sort of sidled up to it. I knew it was papier mache, of course, but I had to touch it with my fingers to satisfy myself. The fact that it is an exact copy of Van Rooy's head—a fact that is not generally known, I believe—made it all the more hideous. I was told of this at the beginning and advised to get used to the ghastly thing. But even we hardened stage people shrink from some things, you know. When I saw Richard Mansfield in 'Richard III,' for instance, and he walked on with that dagger smeared with blood, I wanted to get out. The head in 'Salome' affected me in the same way."

"Did you feel this revulsion during the performance?"

"No; I should not be an artiste if I had. I had to get rid of that. It would have choked me if I hadn't. But grovelling over that fearful head for twenty minutes was not an easy matter."

"Did the performance exhaust you?"

"Not at all. I was as fresh at the end as at the beginning, and I could have done it right over again. But the constant singing made it the hardest task I ever performed. For an hour and twenty minutes I hardly had time to breathe. I hated the music at first; then I began to wonder at it, and finally I surrendered myself to it completely."

"The music has been severely criticised in some quarters," I ventured.

"Yes, I know it has been generally roasted," she said, "but I believe it will be recognized as a great work in time, just as 'Parsifal' was recognized when the public settled down to a sane appreciation of its beauties. I believe it is a decided step forward in modern music. It certainly is a tremendous thing for young composers. They at least will understand it."

"And the public?"

"The public never understands. It doesn't come prepared to understand. It takes 'Salome' from the purely bastial point of view."

"What is your view of the character?"

"What does anybody know about this supposed Salome? People talk about the biblical Salome, but does any one know anything about her? We might just as well take any Turkish dancing girl and say that we understand her. There are a great many things about Wilde that I don't understand and that I don't want to understand. Salome is a product of the satiated court of Herod. We can't imagine that sort of thing. Salome appeals to me purely and simply through the intellect, not through the heart."

"Do you feel that Jokanaan really appeals to Salome?"

"To be perfectly frank, I do not. I know he wouldn't appeal to me. I like healthy people, not people who live in wells."



Lili Marberg



Lili Marberg



Lili Marberg



Lottie Sarrow

WHEN OSCAR WILDE'S PLAY OF "SALOME" WAS PRODUCED AT THE SCHAUSPIELHAUS, MUNICH, THESE TWO YOUNG ACTRESSES WERE SELECTED TO ALTERNATE IN THE LEADING ROLE



name in the alphabet. No composer has ever made such a demand upon the voice. And the acting is almost as great a strain. I make believe I'm a kid of fifteen and try at the same time to keep a strong grip on the stupendous music. Salome requires the strength of a woman, the tricks of a siren, the agility of an Oriental and the naivete of a child. It is the most difficult part ever written for a singer."

"Did you approach it with any fear or revulsion?"

"That bloody head sickened me at first. I could hardly bring myself to approach it at rehearsal. I sort of sidled up to it. I knew it was papier mache, of course, but I had to touch it with my fingers to satisfy myself. The fact that it is an exact copy of Van Rooy's head—a fact that is not generally known, I believe—made it all the more hideous. I was told of this at the beginning and advised to get used to the ghastly thing. But even we hardened stage people shrink from some things, you know. When I saw Richard Mansfield in 'Richard III,' for instance, and he walked on with that dagger smeared with blood, I wanted to get out. The head in 'Salome' affected me in the same way."

"Did you feel this revulsion during the performance?"

"No; I should not be an artiste if I had. I had to get rid of that. It would have choked me if I hadn't. But grovelling over that fearful head for twenty minutes was not an easy matter."

"Did the performance exhaust you?"

"Not at all. I was as fresh at the end as at the beginning, and I could have done it right over again. But the constant singing made it the hardest task I ever performed. For an hour and twenty minutes I hardly had time to breathe. I hated the music at first; then I began to wonder at it, and finally I surrendered myself to it completely."

"The music has been severely criticised in some quarters," I ventured.

"Yes, I know it has been generally roasted," she said, "but I believe it will be recognized as a great work in time, just as 'Parsifal' was recognized when the public settled down to a sane appreciation of its beauties. I believe it is a decided step forward in modern music. It certainly is a tremendous thing for young composers. They at least will understand it."

"And the public?"

"The public never understands. It doesn't come prepared to understand. It takes 'Salome' from the purely bastial point of view."

"What is your view of the character?"

"What does anybody know about this supposed Salome? People talk about the biblical Salome, but does any one know anything about her? We might just as well take any Turkish dancing girl and say that we understand her. There are a great many things about Wilde that I don't understand and that I don't want to understand. Salome is a product of the satiated court of Herod. We can't imagine that sort of thing. Salome appeals to me purely and simply through the intellect, not through the heart."

"Do you feel that Jokanaan really appeals to Salome?"

"To be perfectly frank, I do not. I know he wouldn't appeal to me. I like healthy people, not people who live in wells."





Lili Marberg



Lili Marberg



Lili Marberg



Lottie Sarrow

WHEN OSCAR WILDE'S PLAY OF "SALOME" WAS PRODUCED AT THE SCHAUSPIELHAUS, MUNICH, THESE TWO YOUNG ACTRESSES WERE SELECTED TO ALTERNATE IN THE LEADING ROLE



# When I Am Salome

---OLIVE  
FREMSTAD.

The Head Is Only Papier-Mache, After All, and to the Actress-Singer--- Well, It Is All Art, You Know.



## BY ALICE ROHE.

**W**HY should I feel revulsion in kissing the severed head of John the Baptist? To me, as Salome, the head is real, the mouth I kiss is that of Jokanaan, whom I loved. Salome felt no revulsion. To me as Olive Fremstad the head is not real, it is merely papier-mache. There is no occasion for revulsion in either case.

Mme. Olive Fremstad, in whom more interest centres to-day than in any artist who has given a new interpretation to a New York audience, settled with direct psychological analysis a much discussed question. There is no one so insignificant as not to have taken a hand in the great "Salome" agitation. There is no one whose opinions on the subject of Richard Strauss and his "music-made" "Salome" are of more interest than Mme. Fremstad.

To every woman and perhaps to every man who sat in the audience at the Metropolitan Opera-House when the Strauss music-drama was produced there was an overpowering sensation of horror when this splendid prima donna prostrated herself upon the stage and, embracing the head of John the Baptist, kissed the dead lips long, while the music of Strauss revealed the emotions of the daughter of Herodias.

To hear Mme. Fremstad herself explain her own feelings while enacting the role of Salome was an interesting experience. In a way it was almost like making a psychological study of dual personality. Mme. Fremstad herself was the analyst, for she dissected herself as Salome as analytically as the

most exacting psychologist could wish. Only she did it all with a directness and a common-sense point of view that left no doubt as to her overpowering dislike for anything erotic.

"In the first place," asked Mme. Fremstad, "why do you want to accentuate this kissing episode? There is so much else in the wonderful music of Strauss worthy of discussion."

"But that is the very point over which so much trouble has been made, and you can't help accentuating it," was suggested. "One critic, you may remember, referred to 'the disgusting sight of a great prima donna grovelling on the floor over the head of a dead man.' You know that people warned how you do this without a feeling of revulsion."

"To the artist all things are necessary and possible," said Mme. Fremstad. "The greatest judgment has been passed by incompetent persons. People have seen only the physical part of my kissing the lips of John the Baptist. They are deaf to the Strauss music. Personally I have explained that I feel no revulsion. I am Salome. I am completely dominated by the Strauss music. I see nothing but the head of Jokanaan when I am kissing it. The music of Richard Strauss makes me Salome. As for the critic you mention, he lost sight of the fact that it was Salome, not Fremstad, who was kissing the dead head. His artistic appreciation did not go that far. He mixed personalities."

## Kissing a "Property" Head.

"But doesn't a little of yourself creep into your interpretation and make you feel that you are actually kissing a severed head?"

"Not at all. I am not myself; I have explained that at that moment I am Salome," replied Mme. Fremstad.

"Did you ever feel any revulsion for the head?" "Oh, at first when I saw it I naturally thought it was gruesome; but that was when I was not acting and singing. I knew that the head was made in the likeness of Van Rooy, and I had been warned that I might be shocked at it. We have to get used to a great many things in the way of stage properties, so I brought common sense into play and realized that it was only papier-mache after all.

"On the stage, when the music is playing, the head is no longer a papier-mache likeness of Van Rooy, and there is no revulsion whatever. I should not be an artist if I allowed such things to affect me."

"But you will admit there is something revolting in the very thought of Salome kissing the dead lips of Jokanaan?"

"In the Wilde play--yes," replied Mme. Fremstad. "But the music of Strauss ennobles the libretto. It is a Strauss Salome, not a Wilde Salome. I interpret. It would be impossible for any of us--for any wholesome, healthy woman--even to understand the innermost thoughts of a degenerate creature, half child, half woman, of the court of Herod."

"My only understanding of Salome is through the music of Richard Strauss. His music made me Salome. There is more in the Strauss music of that kissing scene than lay mind, which seeks only sensations, grasps."

Princess! Princess! thou who art like a bouquet of myrrh.