EDITORIAL NOTES.

According to the latest newspaper reports we are in for a new epoch (whatever that may mean). Mr. H. G. Wells has been writing about it in the "Daily Mail," and as there are many good people who believe that Mr. Wells knows what he is talking about, there are grave reasons for believing that we really are in for something of the sort. But there is one thing which apparently we are not going to have. Though there is a sign of a slight improvement in the artistic aspect of the theatre, there is none of a great and permanent character. And this is not a matter of opinion but a fact capable of demonstration. Before such an improvement can take place the theatre must be entirely reconstructed and in the hands of artists. Artistic co-operation is the basis of the Theatre of Art and the Art of the Theatre, and artistic co-operation in the theatre does not exist. I will prove my remarks presently.

* * *

To the question that is being asked, Have we that which we call the Art of the Theatre? the answer is emphatically, No. To the question, Ought there to be an Art of the Theatre? the reply is emphatically, Yes. Unless, and till the theatre is established on an artistic basis it can have no lasting value; it will not become a national power, or of any importance whatever. That moment has arrived for a development of the kind is beyond question. We are faced with an epoch in the making. We live in an age of transition, of changing ideas and ideals, of readjustment and reorganisation, of new spiritual, philosophic, and artistic longings, leanings and learnings, which not even the theatre, pagan and heathen, unconscionable and unaccommodating though it be, can avoid. Indeed, so far as its drama is concerned, it has been caught in the wave of reform, and slowly but surely it is changing its unnatural attitude towards life, and one can no longer safely predict that it will not at last have a shaping influence upon public thought and action, or even declare that it does not, to some slight extent, materially affect them to-day. It may be said that we are entering upon our dramatic period for the first time in our history; it may be conceded that an English Drama worthy to be ranked among the great Continental Schools of Drama has been initiated; it is readily granted that we are in close proximity to an intelligent state of affairs, at least in regard to the Drama, and partly in regard to its instruments of expression; it is clearly felt that the theatre is not without artistic intentions, and it is thought that if it is ever to attain that great and enduring character which belongs to it by right, and which art alone can bestow upon it, if it is ever to become recognised as both an art and an artistic centre, here and now is the moment to add the necessary impulse.

* * *

Real reform has entered the theatre, and the possibility of the latter emerging from a primitive condition is no longer a Utopian dream. An instinctive appreciation of the spirit of art that should be behind the theatre and all its undertakings is already there. Everywhere repertory theatres, and theatres that lend themselves to as much beauty as present circumstances will allow them to bestow upon the drama, are springing into existence. Such theatres clearly demonstrate that we are trying to be artistic, in spite of our instinctive love for ugliness. They are the direct outcome not only of the spirit of the new age, but of the pressing need of that spirit. They are the result not only of a public experience demanding the clearest vision, but of one seeking the fullest expression.

* * *

In this way we find that the theatre is responding to the call now being made upon it. As the interpreter of human experience in many and varied forms of thought and action, it is readjusting itself to a new interpretative purpose. It is, so to speak, touched by a new vision of life; it has formed an original conception of the world within and without us; it aims, for the first time in its history, truly to record the moment in which it lives. The questions arise, Can it fully respond to this call? Is it efficiently equipped to serve its interpretative purpose? Is it constituted to express phases of social life in the most impressive manner, with power, with charm, or with interest? Can it achieve a work of art? The answer is, No.

* * *

The theatre is neither fully equipped nor fully organised to give complete expression to a complete conception of individual and social life. As it stands it is quite unable to carry to its logical climax a work conceived in the first place by the poet and dramatist. All that it can do is to show artistic intention, give hints, throw out suggestions, offer scraps of vision and interpretation, turn out pretty odds and ends of pictures, wonderfully pretty bits of imagination, wonderfully ugly bits of so-called realism, wonderfully deft bits of stagecraft. But nothing it has ever done or can do in its present condition has brought it or brings it within measurable distance of producing the complete picture, the perfect work of the poet or dramatist, in a perfect manner, unified and vital in all respects. In fact it has never been properly constituted to produce a work of the kind. The finest play ever written has never escaped being butchered in some of its essential details. The demonstrable fact is that the theatre always has been, and is still, a vastly inferior, imperfect, and disjointed instrument of expression.

* * *

There is no need for me to pause to demonstrate the fact here. An intelligent person can see at a glance that the theatre is a most imperfect instrument, both in its mechanical and human aspect. Its surroundings are grotesque and degrading; in most instances it is but an annex to a gin-palace. Its construction is mainly inartistic and mostly unscientific. Its form is obsolete; its design and decoration serve neither to preserve the gravity, dignity, and simplicity of beauty,
nor to promote the demands of vision and sensation. Its auditorium is rudimentary; its three-sided stage belongs properly to the nursery; and its lighting, canvas scenery, and props., though highly effective on occasion, never escape the suspicion of being what they really are—theatre stuff.

* * *

And if the temple is imperfect, its priests are not much better. If the construction and mechanical con-trivances of the theatre are crude and bad, the human directing, controlling, and interpreting force is dis-

gamised. It lacks unity. Its parts do not harmonise; they do not work independently yet together. In plain words, the army of persons engaged in the work of the production of a play are not properly constituted as a body to give that play adequate and complete artistic expression. They have not a vision and a power of interpretation in common, and therefore they cannot give a full and faithful reading of the emotional and imaginative ideas contained in a drama; they cannot carry the thing through to its logical issue.

What is needed is a new and harmonious body of interpreters in which all the instruments, processes, manifestations are complementary and complete. Such interpreters may be briefly divided into five classes, the author, producer, artist, actor, and critic classes. Each class should possess some of the attributes of the other classes. Thus, the author should be an artist with a powerful, interesting, or charming personal vision, able to form a true conception of some phase or other of human experience in thought and action, and to give it complete expression. The producer should be an artist capable of understanding the author's conception and the dramatic expression it requires. The artist should be competent to appreciate the conception, and to clothe it with appropriate decoration. The actor should be an artist who can form a true conception of the author's conception and aims only to give it adequate interpretation. Finally, the critic should be an artist capable of understanding the author's conception, and of judging the truth of it and of its dramatic interpretation. This is the interpreting body necessary to the production of a perfect work of the dramatic form of art. These are the various human instruments that should centre, be designed to throw further light on this matter. Mr. Gordon Craig, who has secured the Arena Goldoni in Florence, and proposes to gather together men from all parts who are working to perfect the theatre, and those who wish to become in the truest sense artists of the theatre.

* * *

As to the evidence in support of my contentions, I will now let those speak who are actually engaged in the work of the theatre. Four of the articles and the correspondence contained in the Supplement are designed to throw further light on this matter. Mr. William Poel's comparative study of stage realism in its relation to costume and stage lighting is of great interest, as coming from one who has spent many years of strenuous experience. The scheme that might very well be promoted and copied is that of Gordon Craig, who has secured the Arena Goldoni in Florence, and proposes to gather together men from all parts who are working to perfect the theatre, and those who wish to become in the truest sense artists of the theatre.

* * *

I have received certain correspondence on the subject of the Art of the Theatre. By way of excuse there come four interesting letters. One comes from Mr.
SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW AGE

3

W. B. Yeats, who was to have contributed an article on the staging of tragedy, but was obliged to set it aside in order to edit the works of the late Mr. Synge. He concludes: "The Shaw Age has always my sympathy, and I would like to have written for the supplement." A similar note of sympathy comes from Mr. Harvard Thomas, over whose "Lycidas" the R.A. disgraced himself. He writes: "I wish every success to, and I am much in sympathy with the object of, THE NEW AGE." Another missive comes from Mr. Cayley Robinson, who had promised to write on the subject of the staging of the drama, but was prevented from doing so. By way of suggestion of reform he writes:

 Perhaps one may safely say that the forcing of colour and effect (necessary, no doubt, to a certain extent) is usually much overdone, and that a greater simplicity and reticence may safely be recommended. The scene designer should obviously endeavour to interpret into his art the spirit of each scene, infusing it with a living vital quality.

This applies also to the programme and poster. Unity is the first and last essential.

Another is from Mr. Charles Ricketts, who writes at length. The following extracts from his letter will show that he does not entirely agree with the modern theatre and its joyless ways:

"If I once started I should wish to write a whole volume against the existing state of things, the ludi-constructive construction of theatres in London, with their eighteenth century auditoriums, and their stages in which both the construction and lighting are still in the Stone Age, without, however, any of the pathetic charm of real antiquity. My remarks on any manager would oblige me hastily to leave the country. Then to explain anything in England is to excite a lust for contradiction, and to explain a stage against which nice and blameless people like yourself have liked up till now... I believe a good deal could be done for the theatre, but not in this golfing age... It would have been a great advantage if the Haymarket had been allowed to remain bare as a background to Lear. It would have seemed much more barbaric and remote than the canvas Cromlechs of the actual production."

I note that Mr. Ricketts has discovered that I am "a nice, blameless person." Well, this is an improvement on another opinion which I happen to have in my possession, and which refers to me as "a bilious curiosity with barnyard morals." But neither of the opinions is correct. Mr. [Bryan Shaw] also writes at length:

"I certainly think that the stage, as far as 'producing' goes, has made, and is making, great advance. I think that Mr. Dion Boucicault (Duke of York's Repertory Theatre) has brought realistic production as near perfection as one can imagine. I am sure that a great deal has been learnt, perhaps unwillingly, from men like Mr. Poel and Mr. Gordon Craig, in the way in which they arrive at the Haymarket. I am not only in the thick of the life and work of the theatre is not of an abiding nature."

SIR HERBERT TREE.

1. I certainly think recent developments have shown an advance in the direction of increasing beauty in the stage pictures.

2. I could not say that managers and producers are using to the full all the advantages offered by modern studios, but I think they have gone far in this direction.

3. Perhaps artists might avail themselves more fully of the opportunities open to them in the modern theatre, but it must be remembered that the art of scene painting nowadays stands on a very high plane, and it requires a long and special training, to which, I take it, many artists would not care to subject themselves, seeing that the work of the theatre is not of an abiding nature.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

Though I agree of the opinion that recent development in the direction of stage production most certainly tends towards increasing the beauty of the stage picture, I still think there is plenty of room for improvement. Undoubtedly managers and producers, headed in this respect by Mr. Herbert Tree, of the Haymarket, are using the advantages offered them by the modern studio, though scarcely perhaps, as yet, to the full, and the same remark applies to your third question. In brief, on all three counts, whilst there is still a very commendable fusion between the sister arts in progress, there is still very much more to be done before anything like perfect harmony can be reached.


1. Except in a few special productions, no.

2. Equally, no.

3. No; but how can they? They can't assault a theatre and paint scenery by force.

If I were a millionaire, one of the things I would do would be to hire an empty theatre for a year and turn some artists and electricians and stage carpenters loose into it as they would in it a dozen years. It is (a) the lack of money and (b) the lack of time for experiments that keeps the theatre backward in these respects.

MISS HORNIMAN, Manchester Repertory Theatre.

I have no sympathy with the wish to let artists loose in theatres so that they may advertise themselves at the expense of the playwright. Over-ornamentation and extravagant staging on the one hand I consider an abomination; but on the other, I have seen "artistic" effects which I consider to be absolutely puerile. The scenic artist, the musical conductor, the electrician and the call-boy, as well as the manager, the producer, and the actors, should look on themselves as servants of the Drama. Ballets and masques and such-like, are on a different footing.

Mr. F. R. BENSON, Shakespearean Repertory Co.

Many thanks for your letter; I feel honoured by your request. I am-too much in the thick of the life and death struggle that we as a nation have to wage to do anything worthy publishing on the matter. Ruskin said it all years ago, I am so tired of words, words, words. Please do not think me churlish, I think your questions are most interesting, but I feel the answers have to be worked out.

MR. LAWRENCE IRVING.

I feel that the questions you ask could be best answered by a scenic artist. My knowledge is merely the practical one of producer and actor.
On Stage-Realism, Past and Present.

By William Poel.

To one who studies the evolution of the Theatre, the tale about Shakespeare's stage and its" archaic "amusing because of its fallacy; but modern playgoers have been fed for so long on theatrical shams that they can no longer accept it as simple and true is, in fact, the conventions of the Elizabethan stage are insinificant compared with those in the modern theatre, and an Elizabethan performance was as real as Elizabethan playgoer the illusion was complete, because other words is the picture-stage, no such forcible and natural impression can be made on the spectator by the same as it is to-day when a butler enters a drawing-room to announce "My Lady's carriage." To the Elizabethan playgoer the illusion was complete, because what is the case, in readiness, the effect, in its reality, was the same as it is to-day when a butler enters a drawing-room to announce "My Lady's carriage." To the Elizabethan playgoer the illusion was complete, because the conditions under which the announcement was made were the same as in real life; the coach, it was presumed, had actually arrived and was in waiting in the courtyard below. But on the modern stage, which in other words is the picture-stage, there is no such forcible and natural impression can be made on the spectator by the entrance of the servant with his announcement, because the picture dominates the attention. In looking at a picture the first impression of the onlooker has to do with the composition of the various pictures on the eye of the modern playgoer rests less on the story, and that the method of representing drama on the Elizabethan stage was nearer to reality than it is to-day.

In fact the introduction of the proscenium-stage created a revolution in the art of the theatre, with the consequence that we are acting Shakespeare to-day under conditions that belong neither to his own time nor to the real life of any time, and that, therefore, we are doing no sort of justice to the plays of the world's greatest dramatist; and unless the National Theatre Committee has the courage to try and put things right, there is no sure that Shakespeare intended his creations to be regarded as portraits of any period but his own. Even when he draws well-known historical characters he seldom troubles to give them the manners of their own times and their costumes were the same as those worn every day by Elizabethan men and women in the streets, the playgoer realised that accuracy in costume with regard to any particular period was not essential to the proper understanding of the author's play. But he expected the actors to wear clothes suitable to their character and rank, and in Shakespeare's time, the nobleman, the servant, the fop, and the braggart were as easily recognised by their dress as by their speech. Judged by this, the modern stage cannot compare with the Elizabethan stage dressed like the two uncles in the pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood." Such an exhibition is only suitable to children's amusements, but the modern stage cannot compare with the Elizabethan stage.

The British public, however, has been taught to believe that Shakespeare's plays cannot exist on their own merit, but need exploiting by the editor and the lecturer and the stage-manager, who all still insist on changing the conditions under which the play was written or the stage upon which they were acted; and it should be the first business of those who regard Shakespeare with affection and reverence, and who wish to see a closer intimacy established between the poet and his public, to resist thelorentation of those who insist on pushing modern theatrical notions into Shakespeare's plays. Let it therefore be openly acknowledged that the Elizabethan stage was not a mimic world, such as our modern stage is mistakenly regarded, and that it could not be used to illustrate a change of scene than can a concert platform be so used to-day. There was only one locality recognised, and that one was the platform, which projected to the centre of the auditorium where the story was recited; there was, besides, only one period, and that was "now," meaning the moment at which the events were being talked about or acted. All inconsistencies, then, that are apparent in the text, arising from change of place, or break in the time, should be ignored in representing the play, because the author ignores them; and it is no advantage to re-arrange the order of the scenes to better illustrate the change of locality, or to lower a curtain to mark a pause in the progress of the story. Any tampering with the plays, with this object, does not in the least help to make the performance appear more real, but less so.

It is generally admitted, among experts, that in the representation of a play it is well for the actors to avoid unnecessary movement, which distracts the attention of the audience, and that the picture-stage is a mimic world, such as our modern stage is mistakenly regarded, and that one was the platform, which projected to the centre of the auditorium where the story was recited; there was, besides, only one period, and that was "now," meaning the moment at which the events were being talked about or acted. All inconsistencies, then, that are apparent in the text, arising from change of place, or break in the time, should be ignored in representing the play, because the author ignores them; and it is no advantage to re-arrange the order of the scenes to better illustrate the change of locality, or to lower a curtain to mark a pause in the progress of the story. Any tampering with the plays, with this object, does not in the least help to make the performance appear more real, but less so.

But it is in the matter of lighting, perhaps, that the picture-stage most loses the resemblance to reality. Now the lighting of the picture is considered to be of equal importance to the lighting of the characters, and in some theatres it is regarded as of more importance;
and although the lights in the battens and wings illuminate the scene, they give no appreciable light to the faces, which have to be independently lit in a very artificial way, one which not only distorts the countenance, but often interferes with the lighting of the picture. Unfortunately, the construction of the modern stage allows of no top light reaching the faces, as is the case in daylight, because limelight thrown on from the perches lights the figures only from the side or from the back. But a study of the portraits of our great painters shows that the artist aims at concentrating his light on the features, while the outline of the figure is made to fade into the background, and in order to produce this effect in the theatre it would be necessary to light the actors by arcs placed in the front of the house where the audience are seated. But as this cannot be done, the only other light which can reach the faces is that from the footlights, which is an upside-down method of illumination, causing seven parts of the whole light, which reaches the face, to come from the ground instead of from the sky; hence the necessity of the actor to "make up," which further destroys any approach to realism; while the necessity for two different and independent systems of lighting to be used at the same time, one to light the scene and the other the characters, brings into the universe of stage-land the redundant words with which that comparison, therefore, is possible in the matter of realism of the speech he is uttering, and should keep in the actor's mind. The actor, therefore, by speak their lines naturally and easily. They copy the tones of the voice as they are heard in everyday conversation, but when verse dialogue is spoken the actor generally comes to grief, and fails to convey the impression of natural conversation. There is abounding evidence, however, that in Shakespeare's time the verse was spoken easily and rapidly. The length of the plays and the discursive nature of the dialogue rendered this necessary. There was, of course, the declamatory school headed by Alleyne, and the natural school led by Burbage, and we know which Shakespeare preferred. But at all times the verse must have been spoken with intelligibility, which now no longer seems possible. Our actors forget that when dramatic dialogue is written in prose there are more words put into a sentence than are needed to convey the actual thought that is uppermost in the speaker's mind. The actor, therefore, by means of modulation and inflection of voice, should arrest the attention of the listener by the accentuation of those words which convey the central idea or thought of the speech he is uttering, and should keep in the background the redundant words with which that thought is ornamented. But the fault of English actors, in Shakespeare, is over-emphasis, which tends to rob a sentence of its meaning. Most actors, if they emphasise the right words, emphasise the wrong ones too, so that it is impossible to understand the object of the speech. Here is an illustration taken from some lines in the second scene of the first act of "Macbeth.":

"or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?"

In this sentence it is usual to mark the words in italics as if they were all equally important, except that, generally, there is given a double emphasis on the word "blasted." But what did Shakespeare intend the sentence to mean? The witches are standing in the middle of the path, barring Macbeth's return to the King's camp, and the chiefest says:

"or why
Upon this blasted heath you STOP our way
With such prophetic greeting?"

There are only three words that need vocal inflection in the sentence, with the emphasis either upon "stop" or "prophetic." If these three words are rapped out and heard distinctly the listener understands what is going on in Macbeth's thoughts. Now it will be obvious that the words inflected as they are marked, in the second quotation, will come much nearer to natural speech than those spoken as they are shown in the first. But, more than this, the words as thus inflected will be spoken in one-half the time. This explains the intolerable length of a Shakespearean performance on the modern stage. The actor's redundancy of emphasis-length of the whole play to the test any day by assembling an audience on the balcony and a Romeo among the spectators, besides to the moon and the stars, with a Juliet speaking from the balcony and a Romeo among the laurals. The most casual listener will not fail to gather from the dialogue that the action takes place between night and early morning. This is because the word "night" is spoken eleven times; five of these allusions to the moon and the stars, with a reference besides to the dawn. It would be unreasonable to pass over the question of the modern comedy or our actors to-day to speak their lines naturally and easily. They copy the tones of the voice as they are heard in everyday conversation, but when verse dialogue is spoken the actor generally comes to grief, and fails to convey the impression of natural conversation. There is abounding evidence, however, that in Shakespeare's time the verse was spoken easily and rapidly. The length of the plays and the discursive nature of the dialogue rendered this necessary. There was, of course, the declamatory school headed by Alleyne, and the natural school led by Burbage, and we know which Shakespeare preferred. But at all times the verse must have been spoken with intelligibility, which now no longer seems possible. Our actors forget that when dramatic dialogue is written in prose there are more words put into a sentence than are needed to convey the actual thought that is uppermost in the speaker's mind. The actor, therefore, by means of modulation and inflection of voice, should arrest the attention of the listener by the accentuation of those words which convey the central idea or thought of the speech he is uttering, and should keep in the background the redundant words with which that thought is ornamented. But the fault of English actors, in Shakespeare, is over-emphasis, which tends to rob a sentence of its meaning. Most actors, if they emphasise the right words, emphasise the wrong ones too, so that it is impossible to understand the object of the speech. Here is an illustration taken from some lines in the second scene of the first act of "Macbeth":

"or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?"

There is a sort of Napoleonic tyranny (possibly to excuse through the figure-head.)
We may wonder for a moment at the result such a method produces; but like the Napoleonic Empire, it vanishes when the figure-head is removed, and no tradition of work has been found.

Surely we need in the theatre to-day not the one great man, but a group of sympathetic, technically efficient workers, who will produce something as alive as the great works of any era—as fine, say, as a great Gothic building or a modern Atlantic liner, with all its parts accurately to measure, so accurate that we lose the sense of measurement in a sense of apparent perfection.

As it is, the theatre to-day necessitates a fatal compromise—a poor attempt at unity, that lacks both proper adjustment and focus, and only brings about a fogged and indefinite result.

Our actors and actresses in the latest of modern plays properly simulate the natural movements of human beings detail by detail, all kept in due proportion. Yet those who have brought about such things have failed to realise that as a whole the effect is badly marred unless the room or natural landscape, in which the characters would so fitly move, is absolutely reproduced. There can be no compromise made in the light effects to show expression on faces.

One cannot get bright sunlight without deep shade. If the dramatic author aims at, and is inspired by, a combination as such scenery as he gave us, the play would realise what a consummate admirer and reproducer of natural effects Shakespeare was.

For this reason alone it is necessary that any one concerned with the designing and painting of scenery for a modern play should be from the first co-worker with others; in fact, he should be in a sense of the word, part-author. In this one is asking for a most difficult method of collaboration, one is trying to follow a method of work that is set with endless pitfalls.

But such after all is the modern theatre, and if we are to find anything lasting the whole must be made an organic structure, vitally. Theatre, and all in due proportion. It is easy to understand how little of all the credit of the success of staging the stage directions of a play. He is then fitted in almost a possible combination. It is easy without looking against another's to achieve a larger end.

As I found that he affected almost as much tentativeness in his attitude towards our subject as myself. Surely we need in the theatre to-day not the one great man, but a group of sympathetic, technically efficient workers, who will produce something as alive as the great works of any era—as fine, say, as a great Gothic building or a modern Atlantic liner, with all its parts accurately to measure, so accurate that we lose the sense of measurement in a sense of apparent perfection.

As it is, the theatre to-day necessitates a fatal compromise—a poor attempt at unity, that lacks both proper adjustment and focus, and only brings about a fogged and indefinite result.

Our actors and actresses in the latest of modern plays properly simulate the natural movements of human beings detail by detail, all kept in due proportion. Yet those who have brought about such things have failed to realise that as a whole the effect is badly marred unless the room or natural landscape, in which the characters would so fitly move, is absolutely reproduced. There can be no compromise made in the light effects to show expression on faces.

One cannot get bright sunlight without deep shade. If the dramatic author aims at, and is inspired by, a combination as such scenery as he gave us, the play would realise what a consummate admirer and reproducer of natural effects Shakespeare was.

For this reason alone it is necessary that any one concerned with the designing and painting of scenery for a modern play should be from the first co-worker with others; in fact, he should be in a sense of the word, part-author. In this one is asking for a most difficult method of collaboration, one is trying to follow a method of work that is set with endless pitfalls.

But such after all is the modern theatre, and if we are to find anything lasting the whole must be made an organic structure, vitally. Theatre, and all in due proportion. It is easy to understand how little of all the credit of the success of staging the stage directions of a play. He is then fitted in almost a possible combination. It is easy without looking against another's to achieve a larger end.

As I found that he affected almost as much tentativeness in his attitude towards our subject as myself.

The Staging of Plays,
And a Conversation with Mr. Herbert Trench.

By T. Martin Wood.

In regard to this subject I see everything from the point of view of those in front. This is, of course, the only point of view from which criticism is of any value, but at the same time, ideas formed there have to be tested as to practicability with which experience behind the scenes alone acquaints the play producer.

My ideas have been somewhat put to the test by a visit to Mr. Trench on behalf of the New Age. I had not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Trench before this, and in regard to his enthusiasms had looked forward to a poet's garrulity to which I should only have to act as amanuensis, and write an article virtually his. But I found that he affected almost as much tentativeness in his attitude towards our subject as myself.

The question is, is it possible to treat effects on that large space on the other side of the footlights as one great canvas? And asking him whether one artist could not do this, his reply conveyed to me that the artist might be a literary one quite as well as a painter, given the initial power of clear imagining. Nevertheless, I had his agreement that it is the painter who essentially comes by his inspiration through the eyes, and it is the painter whose inner vision most precisely mirrors, perhaps, shapes and their colours, and whose memory turns at a suggestion in words to an almost tangible imaginative stock-in-trade. So well knows a lover of pictures, one so intimate with art as Mr. Trench, participates in a painter's advantages in this respect, and by reason of his appreciation enters into the painter's belief in unity of effect and in design when it comes to the taste of realising in a plastic form the stage directions of a play. He is then fitted in almost dual capacity for his task as stage director, as sympathetic interpreter of dramatic aspiration through the stragtem of stage device. It is not improbable that he is the nearest approach to an ideal director there has been since Goethe's time. His extreme practicability comes as a surprise in a great poet, the combination is of the rarest nature and everything is to be hoped for from it—from the submission of every detail to illuminative mind. Every step taken in the production of the "Blue Bird" was personally attended to by Mr. Trench.

It is easy to understand how little of all the litter of florid convention that overwhelmed the stage was permitted to filter through. Fantasy had to be introduced, and it is never easy to provide the environment, only partly real, for this. Without inspiration the unreal will always tend to fringe upon the idiotic. Mr. Trench was very anxious to put from himself on to Mr. Lyal Sweete as much as possible of the credit of the success of staging the "Blue Bird," and such a tribute to Mr. Sweete it gives us the greatest pleasure to set down. But still, Napoleon's generals often won his battles for him and his genius was in his preference for these generals, the noble "pieces," in the place of pawns. And the great man would use Marat and Ney together to produce an effect upon the idiotic. Mr. Trench was very anxious to put from himself on to Mr. Lyal Sweete as much as possible of the credit of the success of staging the "Blue Bird," and such a tribute to Mr. Sweete it gives us the greatest pleasure to set down. But still, Napoleon's generals often won his battles for him and his genius was in his preference for these generals, the noble "pieces," in the place of pawns. And the great man would use Marat and Ney together to produce an effect upon the idiotic. Mr. Trench was very anxious to put from himself on to Mr. Lyal Sweete as much as possible of the credit of the success of staging the "Blue Bird," and such a tribute to Mr. Sweete it gives us the greatest pleasure to set down. But still, Napoleon's generals often won his battles for him and his genius was in his preference for these generals, the noble "pieces," in the place of pawns. And the great man would use Marat and Ney together to produce an effect upon the idioc.
a programme obviates the likelihood of the presentment being one-sided and failing in the universality of appeal which the stage must make. In spite of this admission, however, all my own beliefs and the advice of making use of a painter-producer whose scheme the play shall be from beginning to end, as once set forth I think, by Mr. Gordon Craig.

An actor, of course, would point out that we are all in possibly sight of him. He has, for instance, his objection,—upheld for him by Mr. Trench,—to being put in under shadow. There is many a prominent star whom I would gladly put under a dish-cover. But it is considered essential that an actor should be in the light, and it has been pointed out to me that if he is not in the light his gift as actor is somewhat "up in the air." I was very anxious to learn from Mr. Trench whether there could not be mysteriously silhouetted faces, as in speech there are mysterious hushes and many syllables played in as mysteriously silhouetted faces, as in speech there are effects; we should, of course, have to begin with simple things the stage must make. In spite of this admission, much looked forward to some society of artists who question of the artistic drama into the arena of questions to be settled out of hand. And he puts it all for ward without any superior airs. There is nothing frightening that admirable chap "the man in the street."

Mr. Trench even spoke of himself as a beginner, and told me he was still learning. Well, it is hoped that a doctor can learn at his patient's bedside, for here we have an art that is slowly coming round."

I had amused myself with writing the reflection which I add to this before my call on Mr. Trench, and I leave it as it stood, in the hope that it has survived the encounter. The conversation at the Haymarket' "was most interesting," and I really do apologize that it should have slipped through my fingers in my attempt to pin a little of it down above.

Reflection.

Lying between them, author and reader, an unopened book is dead, its life as a work of art begins in the mind of the reader. In this significance stage director's labour is the most up-to-hand of all. The thought of the reader taking the text as the starting point, and not the boundary, of his fancy, finds that if there is inspiration at all in the work it is not to be defined, and least of all by a few stage properties. He will conclude that these last must be used only to suggest everything, and that at all costs they must not be allowed to curtail the impulses of our own imagination.

Every play that is worth playing, like every book that is worth reading, has within it an influence with which it drenches the air, and the world alters around us for a moment.

When a rose changes hands between lovers it is something more than a rose; a significance no less than this clings to every object under the influence of art, and it is in such significances that we should be able to regard the objects on the stage if they are to assist expression. Every single object that can be introduced to the stage in staging a scene has its own associations, according to the circumstances with which we are familiar with it off the stage. It is these associations which have to be so carefully watched. Proceeding by them a given atmosphere can be produced, but one false note and the results of the most imaginative labour can be shattert. It is these associations that are the most elusive things in under heaven; they are echoes whoever life has been; spirits also, reincarnating in the most familiar objects.

It is impossible to live art, as in nature, to separate matter and spirit, and Walter Pater's famous "Approach to the condition of music" was his better way of saying this same thing. Like a good novel, a play is to be judged by the atmosphere it disseminates. Unfortunately the atmosphere of staginess in the theatre to-day is such as to make the work of the highest art to survive in contact with it. An unreal white sun shines there in a world of muslin and powder, pretty bright, into which it seems nothing can enter that will not assume the guise. Those who can remember their first visits to the theatre, if they did not go too young, can remember, no doubt, the disillusion when the curtain went up on such brightness and unreality, but with years of theatre going they have imparted it all. The critics of the drama have asked of the theatre, "Why have you a staging?" as if they had not recognised that there was not a setting on the stage at present for any other kind.

Why should there not be dark shadows on the stage? Mysterious is the relationship between our emotion and the play of light and shadow; it is just in these effects that the close relationship of the known to the unknown in life is suggested. A world without shadow is a world without mystery, and this is the world of the stage; there at present—except when our senses are music-drugged—from and colour are human gesture and the variations of the voice struggle up and unavailingly contend for beauty against the light.

Let us in this art, as we should in every art, aim at beauty before everything in the world. And beauty, there is no such thing, except as the reflection of something that is real. We do not yet know what appearances are real in this world, but about beauty there is some agreement.

Appropriate Stage Decoration.

By Pamela Coleman Smith.

About us is the glowing beauty of the world, with its flowers and rags and gold and purple. Kings on thrones of iron, beggars on beds of clay, laughing, weeping, dreaming.

And this pageant of life moves before us, intensified, in the theatre.

People go, most of them, to the play to be amused, and in spite of themselves, are often tricked into a mode of thinking quite contrary to their usual habit of thought. That is why the theatre is the place where all beauty of thought, of sound, of colour, and of high teaching, comes to the stage.

All arts are branches of one tree.

There in the theatre, unconsciously, the onlooker is moved, or interested, and finds himself agreeing or disagreeing with the playright; and every time he enters a theatre he comes out with a little more knowledge than when he went in. Agreeing or disagreeing, it brings uppermost in his mind some thought which crystallises and becomes a new intelligence.

Theatre-going is a habit, where one cultivates a new kind of observation, a new pair of eyes and ears.

What strikes one most, when thinking of the theatre as a whole, is the lack of beauty, the formlessness, as regards costumes, scenery and properties; those things which are next in importance to the play, players, and producers.

The large playhouses are kaleidoscopes of meaningless colour and over-elaboration. The great bulk of stage-production is unbeautiful, elaborate and vulgar. There is a glut of technical ability with an inability of matter and spirit, and Walter Pater's famous "Ars est celare artem." Good acting appears so easy that we overlook the fact that it is the result of fine technique, and of genius in some cases. Fine technique is visible in all the arts.
at the present day, but it is a shallow and empty mask, a self-conscious sham, without sincerity and meaning.

On the one side is vulgar display, on the other, affected simplicity, while in the middle Realism panders to the sensation-loving Ignorant, by the introduction of real animals, real trees, real wind, or real light. Those in power have not remembered that Illusion is the aim of the theatre. It is a great game of pretence that recalls the time when, as children, we baked stones in the sun for cakes, and feared the dragon that lurked behind the garden wall, or by the pond. A reminder of that imaginative life we re-live in beholding a stage play set forth before our eyes.

If the illusion is good, we follow it more easily, and illusion to be good need not be realistic. Realism is not Art. It is the essence that is necessary, to give a semblance of the real thing.

Absolute correctness in dress or scene does not necessarily give the illusion. Everything must be exaggerated in order that it may be visible across the footlights.

There are conventions in the form of a theatre, such as the proscenium, the stage, the wings and flat backcloths, which should be an aid to the designer, not a hindrance.

An artist should use the conventions that are to his hand and make them subject to his skill, trying to simplify rather than elaborate. From the first he must be able to see in his mind the whole production complete.

Certainly a knowledge of the working of a theatre is as necessary to a costume-designer as it is to a playwright. A designer of patterns for fabrics, or a painter of portraits who is asked to make a set of costumes for a stage play, is apt to do so without the knowledge of the technical working of a theatre, the difficulties and conventions of lighting, and the host of details which make it as unimportant as it is to the architect who cuts the dresses by the traditional pattern, softening the characteristic points to please the wearer. The designer must insist on the balance being kept, and work in harmony with, and not be ruled by, the costumier, who results, it is left by the designer to the costumier, who

A costume play is to be produced. The present course is simply to hire from a costumier a set of costumes considered suitable for the play. These possibly have neither beauty nor histoncal accuracy, and quite often are merely in the tradition of the part, the money paid to extra supers could be saved, and young members of the company might thus learn their craft, with one or two good actors scattered among them to play crowds and soldiers. This is actual the case in some provincial Shakespearean repertory companies.

A reform need not always necessarily take the form of savage force, but by gentle ways and patient insistence the truth may be inserted and the public pleased.

The designer must insist on the balance being kept, and work in harmony with, and not be ruled by, the producer or stage manager. Of course the producer must have confidence in the designer to complete his work.

Let us see what happens now.

A costume play is to be produced. The present course is simply to hire from a costumier a set of costumes considered suitable for the play. These possibly have neither beauty nor histoncal accuracy, and quite often are merely in the tradition of the part, the money paid to extra supers could be saved, and young members of the company might thus learn their craft, with one or two good actors scattered among them to play crowds and soldiers. This is actual the case in some provincial Shakespearean repertory companies.

A reform need not always necessarily take the form of savage force, but by gentle ways and patient insistence the truth may be inserted and the public pleased.

The designer must insist on the balance being kept, and work in harmony with, and not be ruled by, the producer or stage manager. Of course the producer must have confidence in the designer to complete his work.

Let us see what happens now.

A costume play is to be produced. The present course is simply to hire from a costumier a set of costumes considered suitable for the play. These possibly have neither beauty nor histoncal accuracy, and quite often are merely in the tradition of the part, the money paid to extra supers could be saved, and young members of the company might thus learn their craft, with one or two good actors scattered among them to play crowds and soldiers. This is actual the case in some provincial Shakespearean repertory companies.

A reform need not always necessarily take the form of savage force, but by gentle ways and patient insistence the truth may be inserted and the public pleased.

The designer must insist on the balance being kept, and work in harmony with, and not be ruled by, the producer or stage manager. Of course the producer must have confidence in the designer to complete his work.

Let us see what happens now.

A costume play is to be produced. The present course is simply to hire from a costumier a set of costumes considered suitable for the play. These possibly have neither beauty nor histoncal accuracy, and quite often are merely in the tradition of the part, the money paid to extra supers could be saved, and young members of the company might thus learn their craft, with one or two good actors scattered among them to play crowds and soldiers. This is actual the case in some provincial Shakespearean repertory companies.

A reform need not always necessarily take the form of savage force, but by gentle ways and patient insistence the truth may be inserted and the public pleased.

The designer must insist on the balance being kept, and work in harmony with, and not be ruled by, the producer or stage manager. Of course the producer must have confidence in the designer to complete his work.

Let us see what happens now.

A costume play is to be produced. The present course is simply to hire from a costumier a set of costumes considered suitable for the play. These possibly have neither beauty nor histoncal accuracy, and quite often are merely in the tradition of the part, the money paid to extra supers could be saved, and young members of the company might thus learn their craft, with one or two good actors scattered among them to play crowds and soldiers. This is actual the case in some provincial Shakespearean repertory companies.

A reform need not always necessarily take the form of savage force, but by gentle ways and patient insistence the truth may be inserted and the public pleased.

The designer must insist on the balance being kept, and work in harmony with, and not be ruled by, the producer or stage manager. Of course the producer must have confidence in the designer to complete his work.

Let us see what happens now.

A costume play is to be produced. The present course is simply to hire from a costumier a set of costumes considered suitable for the play. These possibly have neither beauty nor histoncal accuracy, and quite often are merely in the tradition of the part, the money paid to extra supers could be saved, and young members of the company might thus learn their craft, with one or two good actors scattered among them to play crowds and soldiers. This is actual the case in some provincial Shakespearean repertory companies.

A reform need not always necessarily take the form of savage force, but by gentle ways and patient insistence the truth may be inserted and the public pleased.

The designer must insist on the balance being kept, and work in harmony with, and not be ruled by, the producer or stage manager. Of course the producer must have confidence in the designer to complete his work.
include a carefully classified and arranged library, to which donors could give prints and scrap-books of value for the study of historical and international costume.

**Aesthetic Aims.**

By T. Sturge Moore.

Under this title a few weeks back appeared the suggestion that though good art depend on the study of visible objects, and may choose the aspect to be represented under the influence of a mood, it can never be properly described as mere realism or mere impressionism; such aims being so narrow that a work rigidly controlled by them is no longer addressed to rational beings so variously gifted as men.

Those who practise painting or wax eloquent over pictures have, however, at times fancifully isolated other aims.

Decoration.

The skill of savages is everywhere nonplussed as ours still is when a zigzag has to stand for lightning. A sole boy with six jointed strokes draws a man; in the dawn of time a parallel resort to make-shift was imposed on the born artist.

The intelligibility of such signs, whether rude or neatly rendered, varies little.

The content of art thus shares the fixity of an alphabet, and effort goes to perfecting crisp or steady line or smoothness in laying on and brightness in mixing colour. Preoccupations, which, in time, lead to the invention of symmetry, proportion, and spacing, and result in patterns and arabesques, or, finally, in those mysteries of the palette "body," "glazes," "scumbling," "potina" and the thousand delicious qualities of surface, once highly prized but for which so are a minority of painters hangover to-day.

Imagination wars over doing well that which costs pains and playing with skill, suggests refinements, till it may be a Zulu has produced exquisite bead-work or decoration; nay, has appealed to our sense of harmony far more directly than ninety-nine hundredths of the pictures in the Academy, though these be the work of men who read, record their vote, and are shocked by cruelty. The old English patterns for printed earthenware (on account of its leadless glaze: recently restored to aesthetes by the negroes of the Gold Coast, who refused to buy) control by them is no longer addressed to rational beings nonplussed as ours still is when a zigzag has to stand for lightning. A sole boy with six jointed strokes draws a man; in the dawn of time a parallel resort to make-shift was imposed on the born artist.

The process may be traced in the vase rooms of the British Museum, from rudeness to fully significant masterpieces, from these again to pretentious and effete elaboration.

But before this, in arts of less restricted application, the road has forked. By some bent on emulating nature, the decorative element is neglected, and decays; others, seizing on this and summarising the initiate effect, strive by philantrophy, were saved from perdition by the negroes of the Gold Coast, who refused to buy the ugly printed crockery which absolutely usurped the home and colonial markets. In the caves of Altamira or those which harboured the now disappearing Bushman, contemporaneously with early stages of decorative development, the absorbing preoccupation of the hunter with his quarry, bison or eland, has endowed the portraying hand with a precocious power of realism, which yet as strangely deserts it for all other forms, man’s, tree’s, or leaf’s, any object, in short, not a staple of the spor:man:artist's food. Yet even when undisturbed by chiarovance attained through such a vital and enthralling pursuit, more and more similitude is imposed on the hieroglyphs of pattern. The process may be traced in the vase rooms at the British Museum, from rudeness to fully significant masterpieces, from these again to pretentious and effete elaboration.

But before this, in arts of less restricted application, the road has forked. By some bent on emulating nature, the decorative element is neglected, and decays; others, seizing on this and summarising the initiate effect, strive by philantrophy, were saved from perdition by the negroes of the Gold Coast, who refused to buy the ugly printed crockery which absolutely usurped the home and colonial markets. In the caves of Altamira or those which harboured the now disappearing Bushman, contemporaneously with early stages of decorative development, the absorbing preoccupation of the hunter with his quarry, bison or eland, has endowed the portraying hand with a precocious power of realism, which yet as strangely deserts it for all other forms, man’s, tree’s, or leaf’s, any object, in short, not a staple of the spor:man:artist's food. Yet even when undisturbed by chiarovance attained through such a vital and enthralling pursuit, more and more similitude is imposed on the hieroglyphs of pattern. The process may be traced in the vase rooms at the British Museum, from rudeness to fully significant masterpieces, from these again to pretentious and effete elaboration.

The Great Unwanted.

By Stephen Haweis.

The great trouble about Modern Art is that the bulk of the people do not like it, and do not want to like it. They do not want it, and will not pay money for it. That is the answer.

There is, I think, no painting that has often been called great, which does not belong to one of these two groups by the general ordinance of its presentation, while to whichever an artist belong, he must creatively exercise a talent given him by nature proper to the materials he employs, or his workmanship can acquire distinction.

There are, for the present or future value, and do not care whether it is fashionable or not. It is a very small number indeed
and growing beautifully less, in that such devotees are soon drawn into the desire to do something themselves with the disastrous facility for studying the arts that even the durbour affords."

"If failure be the watermeyer arts," Meunier once said to me. "Then only those who must dare to attempt, but what will you, the Art School is open and the people flock into it like sheep one upon the other."

The artist thinks that the public should be taught to appreciate him, but it is usually the second-rate man who thinks so. The great man is appreciated because he is great in whatever walk of life he be found.

The days of genius starving in attics are over. There are far too many people interested in finding it. It is fashionable to "discover" a genius, if you can do it, but you generally find only the spurious imitation, and then the world is apt to laugh unkindly and say rude things. The world is rather like a vulgar little boy who respects only the man who yields the cane.

You can fool some people all the time, all people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the time, and in the long run the public gets what it wants—most—and it is not art.

The artist produces works of art because he cannot help it. His instinct is to go forward, and not to stop and look back, and therefore he must do it. That is the business of the critic, and what a business it is becoming, to be sure!

A picture is not finished that can be added to by talking. It should be complete in itself. Who can expect a picture to come to you like Peter Pan?

Take care, good critic, that you do not admire the gods for the one quality that is not there!

"Of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaks," but it often speaks inarticulate, foolish things that in no wise express anything. It does not speak good popular commercial art criticism; that is a gift apart, depending upon the knowledge of what the public wants, or is willing to hear. It must be capable of being boiled down to a good tea-table culture. It is abominable, and insufferable—and I loathe it.

We hear much about the aims of the artist. The aims of the artist do not matter any more than he matters. What he expresses to you is what matters—to you. In any other walk of life or work this would be conceded at once, but for the artist, Monet's advice: "Travaille, si c'est affreux ce que vous faites, tant pis..." is enough. It is the last word.

But it is all very well to tell a man not to think about the puffy, and straightly, and faithfully, and when his belly is full of the none too succulent East wind.

The artist must live, or think be must. So he must have something or someone to live on, and if he is to make good things he must have enough to eat, drink, and be a little merry on, or his case is a sorry one.

A wise nurse, euphemistically called a patron, is what he usually requires, for the true artist is a Peter Pan who never quite grows up. He is one who cannot lose his ideals, because they are the vital part of him, even if he only expresses their existence by the bitterest irony.

It is easy to buy works of art, if a man have the wherewithal, and with good advisers it is the shortest road to fame. There are many collectors whose minds or pockets would include them in the Society of the Earth's élite, but for the fact that they possess half a dozen pictures which the distinguished circle cannot do without.

But if it is easy to be a patron of the arts, it is not easy to be a good one. It needs infinite discrimination, tact, and psychological faculty to catch, patronise, and keep the evasive quary that an artist is.

I do not refer, of course, to the man who sticks to recognised brands and pays the long price, but of the man who takes up one or more young men, sure that they will develop some day into the "old masters" of the Future.

He can afford to be disappointed in some if one do but succeed, and as to the risk, by watching the art criticism half as carefully as he watches the latest prices on the Exchange, a man of moderate intelligence can procure for himself a good art-broker, after which it is merely a question of investment.

The life of a private patron is indeed a happy one. why is he so far? The Plutocrat, suffer he never so badly from ingrowing money and the boredom of satiety, at first meets what seems to him—let us not pretend anything—a strange, tallness, anthropoid animal who eats strange food and does strange things, taking no delight in the manly exercise of the swing chair and the roll-top desk, whose delight and enthusiasm is infectious, and yet, to what end? That he may make paintings that don't look like anything much, and yet, by gad, if you get a long way away... Gradually you begin to see what they are about. Aye, and worse, even before you can honestly say you like the new work, before you have even begun to realise what its aims are, a sense of dissatisfaction with the old comes over you. That white horse in the battle-scene begins to look petrified, and a strange simper appears in his swollen eye that once looked so proud. The dead hungry with his hind leg tied to the ceiling by a ribbon, over the fruit dish, how glassy the grapes. It is all sold by the accents, and how glassy the pineapple. But a fortnight since, and it seemed "suitable for a dining-room," and now, how very nearly it is suitable for the third-rate auction room.

The "new art" does not yet look quite right, but the old art looks quite wrong. Only the very greatest names will bear the odious comparison. Certain illusions are crumbling with dry rot, but a new interest is born not only in art, but in life.

But heaven forbid that the Government should subsidize what governments think are artists! The standard of futile accomplishment that obtains in seminaries for the cultivation of the divine germ subsidized by the Government is a thing to be deplored. The ease with which a certain type of fool can get a certificate entitling him to appal his foolish facility is its condemnation. There is no training in art which suits every one alike.

Are we not glad that Rossetti gave up trying before his mind gave way?

"How clever, and how foolish," Whistler would occasionally say of technical details in the most ordinary commercial paintings.

Art is expression; métier is not merit, it is a necessary evil which curbs the flow of natural expression, like some vicious sweep over it a silver mirror for the sky, but it does not destroy or abolish the foundations.

How futile are the regrets that one sometimes hears expressed, that we no longer live in the fourteenth century. In the age of chivalry—and indifferent drainage.

With more reason future ages will envy us the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the greatest art epoch since Egypt gave out its best to the earliest Greeks.

At what time has so much great work been done as in the past century? There are as many men of the first rank living, or but just dead, as have ever existed together before. There is a large number of lesser men of great talent, and originality who are expressing themselves without imitating their greatest contemporaries. And of the horde of clever imitators, who will doubt that the standard of general ability has risen when we compare the great annual exhibitions with what is left of the third-rate work of other periods?

Best of all we have seen the painting of the eighteenth century perfected, spoiled, and expire. Impressionism and realism burst from bud to bloom. We have eaten the fruit, and it has changed painting for ever.

It has invented new colours, more of the old, and demanded purity in their preparation. The craze for colour has exploded the bitumenous parodies of Reynolds and Gainsborough[7] that society at large still thinks is art, for the first time has been used deliberately to express the inexpressible.

Throughout all the arts is the desire for truth and
realism of fact and fancy—in contradistinction from conventional flattery and the manifestly false. Strauss and Debussy have made new music; Whitman turned his eyes from the turtle doves upon the thatched cottage roof to his love and beauty arise from the refuse pail of the war hospital.

Shaw has striven for honesty by day, Nietzsche for innocence by night. Fierce fighters like Bradlaugh and Manet bitter souls like Toulouse Lautrec and Otto Weininger—and a hundred others greater and less than these have worked their wills, and their efforts have inspired the younger men to fight for the complete freedom of art, in whoever, and in whatever guise the goddess next shows herself to a startled and inarticulate Bourgeoisie.

Art in the Making.

The Seed.

The seed of art is born with the artist. Whether it germinates, ripens and bears fruit depends largely on the character of the seed itself. It may be constituted to destroy itself. It appears that the fate of all initiators, men and women of daring and original vision, to achieve their purpose—the realization of that vision—only in the face of the most violent opposition.

The psychology of this persecution is not difficult to understand. Each new vision is a direct challenge to the inertia of art. Intolerance co-exists with the spirit of persecution. The history of new developments of art is the history of the persecution of those who take part in them. History is full of records of the activity of the persecuting spirit. Thus, the story of Manet and the French Impressionists as told by M. Duret is in a sense an old tale. It is the story of a man born with an original vision and the strength and determination to express it. It is a powerfully dramatic story, full of the usual circumstances of the struggle of original genius against great odds. "Manet experienced the common fate of those independent painters, who, earlier in the century, had broken with tradition and routine. Like himself, all the other masters had to submit to slights, jeers, abuse. Thus, at the beginning of the century, Ingres was scorned because he was suspected of being under the influence of the then despised Italian primitives. Later, Delacroix, who was said to have dedicated himself to the pursuit of colour, and to have violated all the laws of drawing, was covered with abuse. Then, for a long time, two great landscape painters, Rousseau and Corot, who introduced novel formulas, were held up to laughter. Finally, Courbet, who looked for the motives of his pictures in the life around him, was dragged in the mud and spat upon and derided; each emerged triumphantly from the struggle. But here resemblance ends. The Impressionists were great painters; the P.R.B. great illustrators. The one initiated a literary movement in painting with this end in a Dore, the other sought to record the effects of light and atmosphere at all hours of the day. But the parallel may be pursued endlessly. Mr. Symons pursues it to some extent in his study of Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites; it is to attain the same end. But above all he developed under the direct influence of the Pre-Raphaelites. This is Mr. Symons' contention. If the book does not fully bear it out, it is because in the first place Mr. Symons has not troubled to define his terms. He uses beauty too well; it was obsessed by it. It haunted him, wrecked his life, and finally killed him. Again, Hogarth sought to depict art of a higher standard. This is nonsense. In the second place the text of this book, as well as of most volumes of the International Art Series, is so full of mistakes that it is unfair to give the author's entire set of opinions from it. The two revolutionary movements, the Impressionists and the P.R.B., may be said to have been linked up by a visionary-realist who was also a revolutionary. Whistler not only felt the influence of both schools, but also experienced the intolerance and persecution which it is customary to bestow upon visionaries. He derived something of the Pre-Raphaelite mysticism and something from the more realistic French methods. But above all he developed under the direct influence of Japan. In this way Japan was the means of fertilising the wonderful seed of art within Whistler, just as it has had a strong influence upon the Pre-Raphaelites. He derived something of the Japanese realism and something new to design for the last quarter of a century, and just as the Chinese secular form of art fertilized the painting of Japan about the fifteenth century. The latter influence was manifested in the work of the Kano school—a school that produced some of the greatest Japanese masters and formed the finest period of Japanese painting and draughtsmanship. To those who wish to study the evolution of the Kano School I would commend Mr. Laurence Binyon's work devoted to the subject. It is an exhaustive survey by one who thoroughly knows the poetaster–pastry-cook for Cyran and his ragga–muffin crew of cadets—all this reads like a romance. To the list of those who gave material assistance to the Impressionists throughout, must be added the author of this volume. His simple and whole-hearted and active friendship for the cause has given the book a book which it ought to possess. In it he has set down clearly and convincingly the events, circumstances, and traits of personality just as they affected his mind, and has added adequate illustrations and a full list of Manet's works. Every person who takes an interest in art and desires to understand the desperate struggle which artists have to make themselves heard in new directions, should read it.

"Manet and the French Impressionists." By Theodore Duret. (Grant Richards.)

The story of the Impressionists is repeated with variations in that of the Pre-Raphaelites. Though the two schools used utterly opposite methods, they had much in common in other respects. Each was revolutionary, each sought to break away from tradition, each opposed the popular and the academic. This is Mr. Symons' contention. If the book does not fully bear it out, it is because in the first place Mr. Symons has not troubled to define his terms. He uses beauty too well; it was obsessed by it. It haunted him, wrecked his life, and finally killed him. Again, Hogarth sought to depict art of a higher standard. This is nonsense. In the second place the text of this book, as well as of most volumes of the International Art Series, is so full of mistakes that it is unfair to give the author's entire set of opinions from it.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW AGE
The companion picture to that of heretical artists brought to trial by accusers who are mainly irritated. The glasses have the dust of Toynbee Hall upon them. The spirit of Whitechapel—social service—does not suffer from the clamour of criticism, for the man who is loyal to his ideals does not take heed of comments on his work, but strives incessantly after self-expression, and towards what he regards as perfection. From this it would seem that creative artists have the habit of ignoring criticism. But it is not true, for there is Keats to prove that poets not only seek praise and encouragement, but are profoundly touched by what is said regarding their work. The psychology of the matter is that the artist soul thrives on praise, and is withered by unkind blame. It makes praise a symbol, and to it the key of the artist is the spell of appreciation and success. Mr. Murdoch defines criticism as an art, and “its object is beauty rather than the administration of justice.” The good critic comes to his work in strenuous mood, writes from emotion and inspiration, and evolves the spell of imagination. In fact, Mr. Murdoch writes in favour of creative criticism. He has many interesting things to say about it, and he applies his theories convincingly to the subject of well-known works. 


\[\text{SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW AGE}\]

The Flower.

The companion picture to that of heretical artists brought to trial by accusers who are mainly irritated by their revolutionary ideas in regard to art, is that of the first experiment in any kind of toleration. It reveals the fertilizing seed come to flower in the artist’s mind, and accepted as such by the artist himself. The works of each school reveal how the revolutionary ideas have affected the painter, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function of symbolism in art" we are told, “is to portray the mind, by necessary words or images, to the mind of the spectator, and have been expressed accordingly. In a little book, "Christian Symbolism," we see very clearly how the various ideas have come to the mind of the artist, and have been expressed according to his technical ability. "The function...