

THE MASK

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF
THE ART OF THE THEATRE

Volume Four. Number One.



J U L Y



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LITERARY CONTENTS.

TWO POEMS.	Walt Whitman.	1.
TO SAVE THE THEATRE.	John Semar.	4.
THE OPEN AIR:	Edward Edwardovitch.	8.
BRIEUX AND BERNARD SHAW	Louis Madrid	13.
THE COURAGE OF THE IMPRESARIO.	Adolf Furst.	17.
FIDDLE DE DEE. ,	Allen Carric.	19.
IN DEFENCE OF THE ARTIST.	John Balance.	22.
WONDERFUL ABOMINABLE AMERICANS.	John Semar.	25.
THE TUSCAN "MAGGI".	Pierre Ramés.	28.
ARTISTIC DEBAUCHERY.	An Extract from the writings of George Moore with a Note by J. S.	34.
A HISTORICAL PAGEANT IN KYOTO.	Lafcadio Hearn.	37.
DOES THE REAL ENGLISHMAN GO TO THE THEATRE? A Note by	Gordon Craig	37.
A WORD ABOUT APPLAUSE.	Goethe.	39.
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AND ITS BAN ON ACTRESSES	C. G. Smith.	41.
ETERNITY AND SOAP BUBBLES	J. van Holt.	43.
MORE CIRCUS CLASSICS.	Adolf Furst	45.
ITALIAN WOODCUTS. A Note upon their Use to the Modern Scene Designer.	Felix Urban.	47.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.		57.

BOOK REVIEWS. FOREIGN NOTES. EDITORIAL NOTES.

Short Extracts from the Words or Writings of Madame Eleonora Duse, Garibaldi, Ruskin, R. L. Stevensen, La Bruyère, Nietzsche, Walt Whitman, Oscar Wilde, Pages 3, 7, 16, 21, 24, 27.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

WALT WHITMAN. (Frontispiece).	Gordon Craig. (1898)	Face	1.
A MASK FROM THE JAVANESE.	Julius Oliver. ,		11.
PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS.	From "New York Review"		21.
MONTH OF MAY FESTIVAL.	Old Florentine.	"	32.
COMPANY OF THE MANTELACCIO.	" "	"	48.
SACRE RAPPRESENTAZIONI	" " following "	"	48.
FOUR SCENES FROM OLD STORIES.	" "	"	57. 58.
HEAD AND TALE PIECES by Oliver, Borrow: and others.			49, 51, 55.

The Editor will be glad to consider MSS relative to the Art and History of the Theatre, but would point out that he can only make use of articles written by such as have a real knowledge of the subjects treated. *o o o o*

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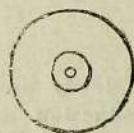
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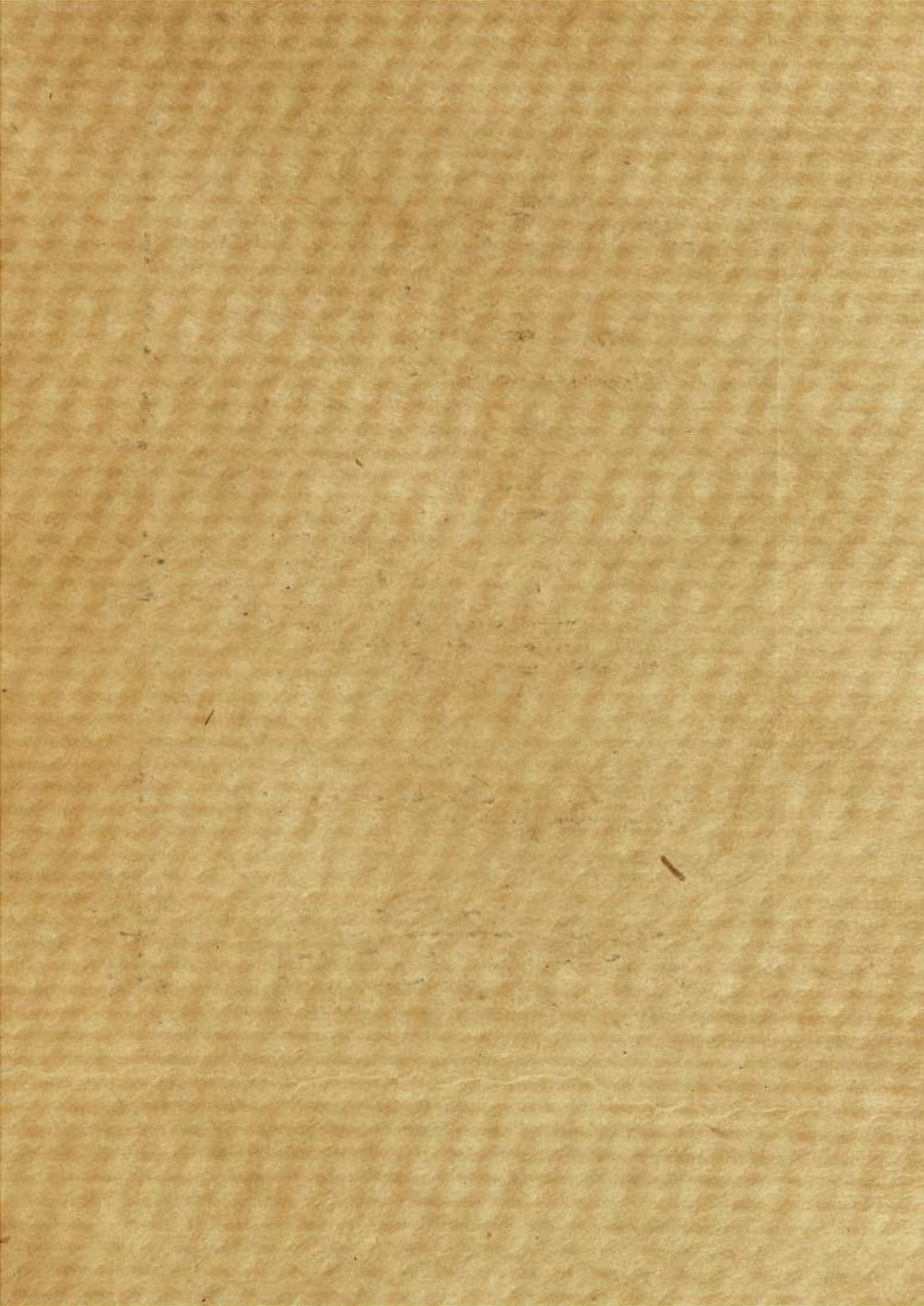
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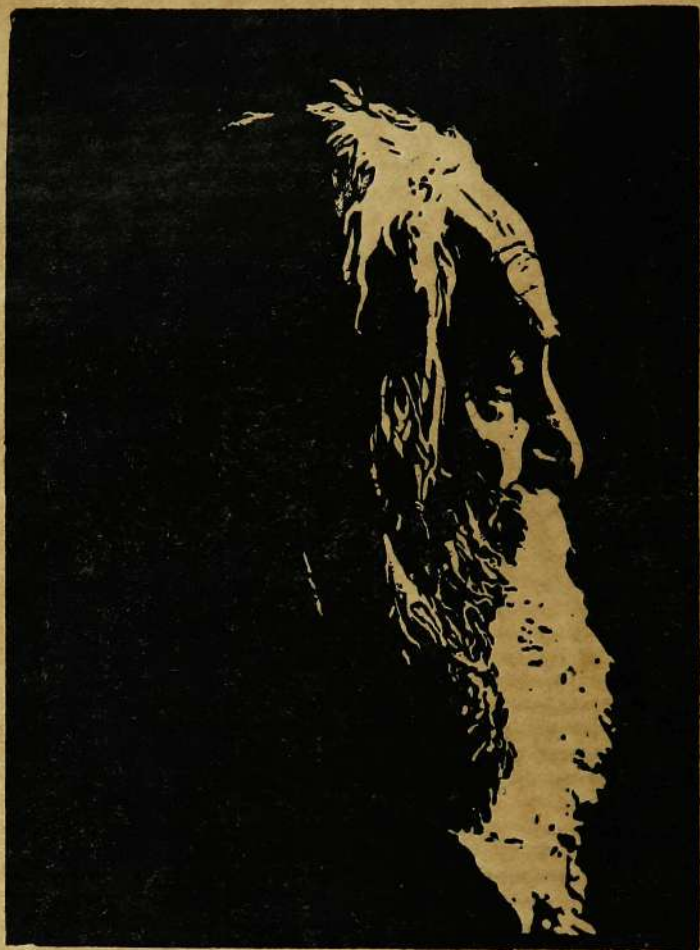
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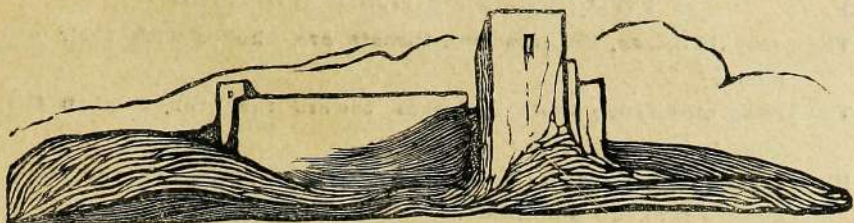




Portrait of Walt Whitman From "The Page" 1898. Designed and Engraved by Gordon Craig

THE MASK.

J u l y 1911.



TWO POEMS BY WALT WHITMAN

REPRINTED HERE BY PERMISSION OF HIS LITERARY EXECUTORS

TO A FOIL'D EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONAIRE



courage yet, my brother or my sister !

Keep on.....Liberty is to be subserv'd whatever occurs ;

That is nothing that is quell'd by one or two failures, or
any number of failures,

Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people, or by any unfaithfulness,
Or the show of the tushes of power, soldiers, cannon, penal statutes.

What we believe in waits latent forever through all the continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive
and composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time.

(Not songs of loyalty alone are these,
But songs of insurrection also,

For I am the sworn poet of every dauntless rebel the world over,
And he going with me leaves peace and routine behind him,
And stakes his life to be lost at any moment.)

The battle rages with many a loud alarm and frequent advance and
retreat,

The infidel triumphs, or supposes he triumphs,

The prison, scaffold, garroté, handcuffs, iron necklace and lead-balls do
their work,

The named and unnamed heroes pass to other spheres,

The great speakers and writers are exiled, they lie sick in distant lands,

The cause is asleep, the strongest throats are choked with their own blood,
 The young men droop their eyelashes toward the ground when they meet;
 But for all this Liberty has not gone out of the place, nor the infidel enter'd into full possession.
 When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go, nor the second or third to go,
 It waits for all the rest to go, it is the last.

When there are no more memories of heroes and martyrs,
 And when all life and all the souls of men and women are discharged from any part of the earth,
 Then only shall liberty or the idea of liberty be discharged from that part of the earth,
 And the infidel come into full possession.

Then courage European revolter, revoltress!
 For till all ceases neither must you cease.

I do not know what you are for, (I do not know what I am for myself,
 nor what any thing is for,)
 But I will search carefully for it even in being foil'd,
 In defeat, poverty, misconception, imprisonment...for they too are great.

Did we think victory great?
 So it is...but now it seems to me, when it cannot be help'd, that defeat is great,
 And that death and dismay are great.

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARNED ASTRONOMER.

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
 When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,

When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gilding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.



❧ AN INVITATION. ❧

Fortune, who betrays us today, will smile on us tomorrow. I am going
“ out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the
“ stranger, come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Let him
“ who loves his country in his heart and not with his lips only, follow
“ me.

Giuseppe Garibaldi. July 2nd 1849.

TO SAVE THE THEATRE MUST BE DESTROYED; THE ACTORS
AND ACTRESSES MUST ALL DIE OF THE PLAGUE.... THEY
POISON THE AIR, THEY MAKE ART IMPOSSIBLE.

Madame Eleonora Duse.



" TO SAVE THE THEATRE OF ENGLAND " **by John Semar.**

" TO SAVE THE THEATRE THE THEATRE MUST BE DESTROYED ; THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES MUST ALL DIE OF THE PLAGUE. THEY POISON THE AIR, THEY MAKE ART IMPOSSIBLE ". ♪ Madame Eleonora Duse.

That is to say, Art is made impossible in the Theatre of England by Sir Herbert Tree, Mr George Alexander, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr Fred Terry, Mr Oscar Asche, Mr Lewis Waller, Mr Arthur Bouchier, and by their leading ladies and companies of players ; and that which stands for Art at His Majesty's Theatre, at the St James's, the Garrick, the Haymarket, must be destroyed in order to save the Theatre of England.

♪ It is not often that there comes so clear and direct a statement from a ruler.... and Madame Duse can be looked on as Ruler by Divine Right over the actors. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ This statement by the world's foremost actress will be found again several times in the pages of this number of *The Mask*. It is the only sentence possible to be passed upon the success of vulgarity. ♪ ♪

♪ The statement needs no explanation. It is clear. Had it been uttered by anyone who was using the theatre as a means to pursue some particular selfish intrigue for fame or money we might look upon it with suspicion. But Madame Duse has never been self-seeking, and cares not whom she pleases or offends in following steadfastly the ideals she has set up to be followed ; and it is to her incorruptable conscience that we should all do reverence. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ The theatrical world is without a conscience. It will sell its soul for a success, for a high salary, for good terms,.... In short, for twopence. Nearly everyone in the theatre works from self-interest, not for the triumph of the Art nor even for a lesser ideal. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ This cannot be said of the Literary world, nor of the Painters nor the Musicians. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ Now it will instantly be said by those belonging to the modern theatre that *The Mask*, being a theatrical journal, is a traitor to the Theatre. If so they accuse Madame Duse of being the same. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ But it is because we love the Theatre,.... and Madame Duse is a child of the Theatre.... and hate *this parody of a Theatre* which England

offers us in place of a true one that we have always attacked and will always attack it. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

❧ Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, for example, has lowered the Theatre from what it rose to be in the time of Sir Henry Irving.... and yet he claims to be looking after its interests. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

❧ He no doubt attends to many matters connected with the *affairs* of the technical profession, and spends his time and strength generously in combatting the Music Halls or Mr Seymour Hicks or some other imaginary gigantic foe. But none of his energy or his time is spent in fighting the real foe,... himself and his appalling unconscientiousness. ❧ ❧

❧ For he is the worst enemy of the English Theatre today. Under the guise of friendship he undermines its very existence. When he should be feeling, thinking and acting as an artist feels, thinks, and acts, he is instead performing like a shopkeeper. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

❧ An artist has no time to spend away from his Art, and if Sir Herbert Tree takes himself to be an artist he should act like one. But he does nothing of the kind. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

❧ Compare, for example, Sir Herbert Tree with M. Rodin. Both have companies of craftsmen to direct, expenses to meet, the responsibilities attached to big undertakings to fulfil; both have at their disposal the material required for the expression of their own art, both have to show their work to the public: but whereas the one, M. Rodin, produces masterpieces of the art of sculpture, the other, Sir Herbert Tree, while claiming to be an artist of the theatre, produces but himself. ❧

❧ And as Madame Duse "handled the little piece of clay in which "two figures, suggested not expressed, embrace passionately, in a "tightening quiver of the whole body, which seems to thrill under one's "eyesight, it seemed as if force drank in force until the soul of the woman "passed into the clay, and the soul of the clay passed into the "woman". (1) ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

❧ This is how Madame Duse is moved when she looks upon the art of Rodin: and when thinking of the work of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and his fellow-actors she cries out, "They make art impossible". ❧

❧ Such a state of things ought no longer to continue. ❧ ❧ ❧

(1) My quotations are from "Studies in Seven Arts", one of the finest of Mr Arthur Symon's works.

“ TO SAVE THE THEATRE OF ENGLAND ”

Let something be done this year to correct all this.... What?

Let there be schools for the art established and let them be controlled by the few artists who have been born to the art of the theatre and let a search be made for men whose conscience in this important matter of their art is clear, and let these control our schools.

It will be argued that there already are such schools. This is false. There are no such schools. It is necessary that such schools should be established because the theatre can become part of the nation only through its educational function.

Not that I mean to suggest that the theatre educates in the dry sense of the word. Not that at all. What I and many others insist on is that the theatre itself needs education. Those who would work in it should be required first to qualify themselves. No one, not even a super, should be allowed into the theatre until he had passed some examination. If this were possible, (and it is easily possible), it would not be long before the whole theatrical world would be as well as seem a very different place.

Salaries also would undergo an extraordinary transformation; prices for scenery and lighting would alter; a production would cost two thousand pounds where formerly it had cost five thousand.

And why? For the reason that distinction and taste would be brought into the theatre with the entrance into the theatre of trained minds, and taste, which is independent of material, knows how to adorn without cost, and distinction of mind knows how and where to economize in everything but brains. To realize this we have only to turn from the West to the East, from England to Japan, where all classes display a taste and distinction, a capacity for achieving the maximum of beauty with the minimum of expense which is undreamed of among the English, who, inversely, succeed in obtaining only a minimum of beauty with a maximum of cost.

But such taste and distinction are the outcome of the long training and severe discipline enforced among, and submitted to unquestioningly by the Japanese in every department and activity of life: and until we in England are ready to submit to the same discipline we cannot hope to obtain the same results.

❧ This is especially the case with the theatre. Nowhere is training and discipline more sternly needed. But for such discipline and training we need a school, a college, in which shall be developed fine-cut incisive brains and beings to produce the ideal.❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

❧ Only in such a school do I see a hope, for only then do I see the possibility of the development of new minds which shall mould the little works of art or the great works, or any kind of works; touching all, small or great, with the distinction inherent in themselves. Only a school,and even then only a very serious and difficult school..... can achieve this for the theatre; for the function of such schools will be to "produce great persons" who shall destroy the theatre that the theatre may be saved. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

❧ THE LAW OF HARMONY. ❧

We are to become....like little pieces in a machine, you may complain...

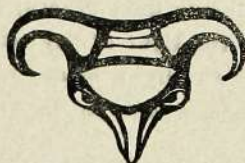
No, like performers rather, individually, it may be, of more or less importance, but each with a necessary and inalienable part, in a perfect musical exercise which is well worth while, or in some sacred liturgy; or like soldiers in an invincible army, invincible because it moves as one man. We are to find, or be put into, and keep, every one his natural place; to cultivate those qualities which secure mastery over ourselves, the subordination of the parts to the whole, musical proportion. ❧

Walter Pater, *Plato and Platonism*.

❧ THE INDEPENDENCE OF IMAGINATION ❧

All egotism is destructive of imagination, whose play and power depends altogether on our being able to forget ourselves... Imagination has no respect for saying or opinions: it is independent. ❧ ❧ ❧

John Ruskin. *Modern Painters*. Vol. 2. III.



THE OPEN AIR. Some Unanswered Questions by Edward Edwardowitch.

"WE SHOULD RETURN TO THE GREEKS... PLAY IN THE OPEN AIR".

Madame Eleonora Duse.



What does Madame Duse mean? Many there are who "return to the Greeks". What do they do? ♪ ♪

♪ They dress like Greeks, in London or the capitals of the Continent; they talk of Athens; they study Greek vases and buy imitation terracottas from the dealers; they do all this and attain to the level of Canova and that false classicism which he and his times revelled in. Sandals are not classic nor is the bare arm or leg a scrap more Greek than Ethloplan. So that if, as the great Italian actress says, we must "return to the Greeks" she means something different from what we have done up to the present.

♪ She adds that we must "play in the open air". ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ Those Canovaites have always played by candlelight, by gaslight or by aid of that greater light, the arc-lamp, and generally in a closed theatre. But the ordinary light of day seems inadequate for them,... it is too natural; not "classic" enough. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ Obviously we should not interpret Madam Duse's order in the way the followers of Canova interpret it. We must avoid sandals, Greek robes, Greek masks, Greek theatres, Greek dancing, Greek vases, and also, it almost goes without saying, steer clear of that anything but Greek fire, the artificial light of a modern theatre. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ Thus we are left with the daylight and the open air, and the use of it when we know how to make use of it: with Tragedy and Comedy, two old friends, the Drama; with a covering for the body called costume, and a background known as scenery. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ Well but, we say, we already have drama, costume and scenery, and we can if we will turn on the light of day; it is cheap enough. ♪

♪ But we cannot. To turn the light of day on to our modern scenery, costume, actors and dramas would be to cheapen them at the same

time. Daylight is only for works of art: humbug works by artificial light.

Therefore what Madame Duse means is that we should drop the humbug, go into the open, and become Greeks in so far as the Greeks made no use of trickery in their art and also by following the same *principles* which lie at the roots of the art of the theatre.

Thus we see that Madame Duse has said a very wise and truthful thing.

And now I ask you is all that possible, until you know what the principles of the Greek theatre were? I do not here speak of Greek dramatic literature but of the Greek theatre of Interpretation.

How did the Greeks Interpret their dramas? How did they train their chorus, their actors? How many colours were allowed to be used in their scenery, how many in their costumes? Were the arms of their dancers always kept waving, or was there any rule about this? And what of the voices in Greece? What laws controlled the voice there? Might the voice take liberties as it does in speech or was it confined to certain notes as though it were the instrument of music?

All this must first be satisfactorily answered by those who hold with Madame Duse that we must play in the open air once more. For if it is right to say we *must* do this it is not easy to say *How to do it*.

The open air is at once the most lawful and the most illegal place in creation. All is allowed there except the unnatural. And what is that? That too will have to be settled before we can begin. For what is natural in the open air is held to be most unnatural in a drawing-room, and vice-versa. And we who are listening to Madame Duse's order belong to drawing-rooms or libraries or some closed-in box of a place built by the brain of modern civilization.

And our audience is a regular tea-table fringe of humanity. Their "naturalness" is certainly not Greek, although the Canovaites, by going in much for afternoon teas and "high society", attempt to educate the poor things.

Thus we see that we are all of us unable to play in the open air because we cannot return to the Greek spirit nor achieve the Greek technique. And yet we could do this and more, could out-Greek the

most classic period of Greek art, could turn the very word "Classic" into a little neighbour-word to "Romantic" if we could only be content to begin at the beginning and develop strongly and steadfastly the love that is in the English nature. But we should want a little collaboration. Love always demands that. The collaboration of our country, and a little less cheap criticism from our country, and especially from its women; for indeed while a nation delegates to its women folk the task of lowering the standard of art it can be sure that the standard will trail on the ground, o o o o o o o o

o Yet it is a woman, you say, who proposes for us all the new standard in theatrical art? o o o o o o o o

o Yes; and there her task ends:.... to encourage us by pointing the way, by suggesting a new way, for the right way is everlastingly new even after two thousand years. To taunt us *to advance*, that indeed is in woman's province, her right and our privilege; and only a few women are able to avail themselves of the right, the majority having bartered it away for the privilege of appearing silly, at the expense of all the wonderful things in art and nature. o o o o o

o And what then? *What is the next step to realizing this?*

o The next step is to..... o o o o o

o Now who is reading this? It all depends upon that. I am ready to tell two kinds of people the answer; princes or millionaires: for the artists already know, and except for these three whom else does it concern until it is accomplished? o o o o o o o



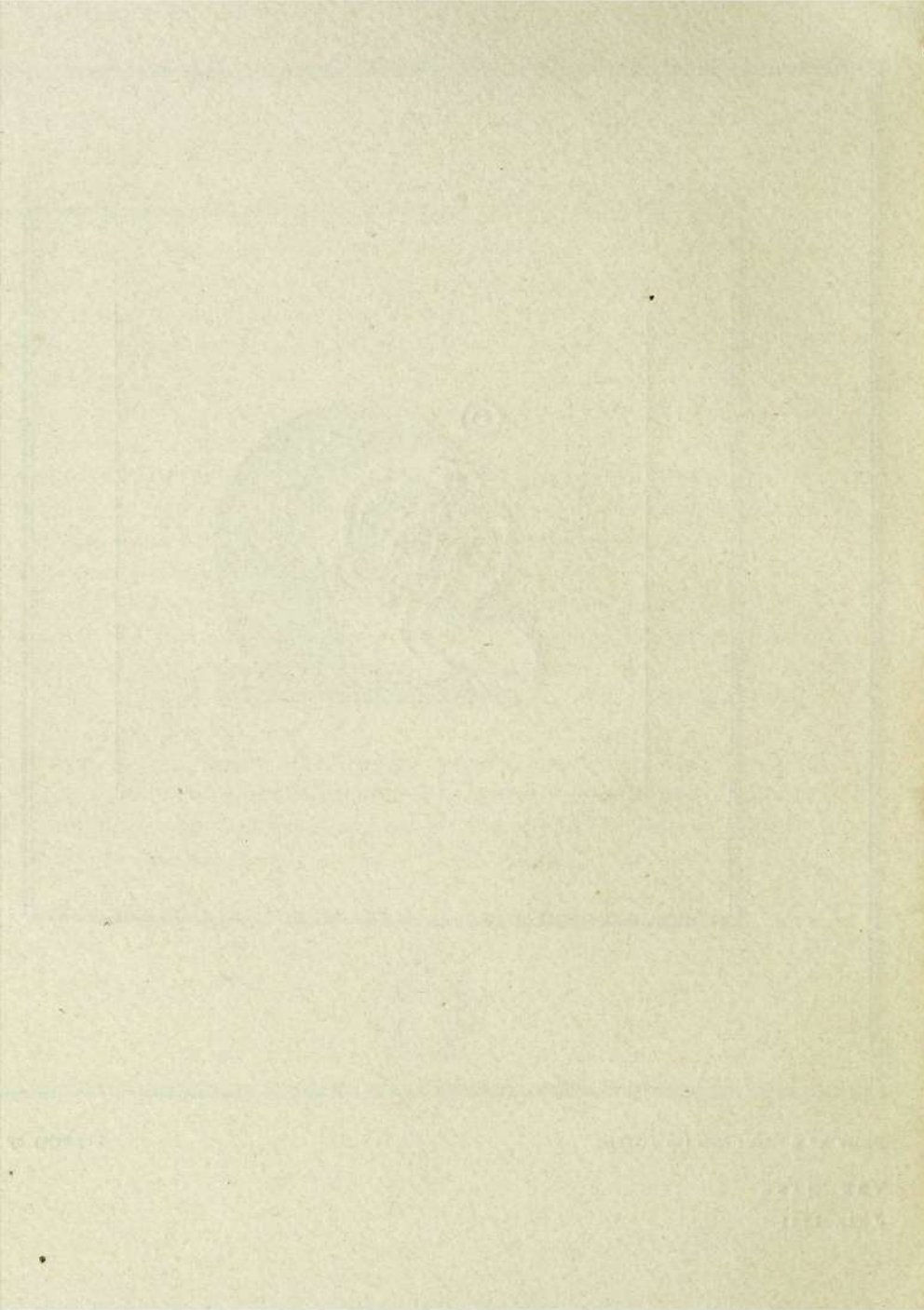


Design for a Mask ; from the Javanese.

Engraving by Julius Oliver

THE MASK

July 1911



BRIEUX AND BERNARD SHAW. A Note on Two Social Reformers by Louis Madrid.

The Englishman is furlous about Brleux and about Shaw, and now that the two have come together in a volume of plays issued by Fifiield of Clifford's Inn who publishes most of the works on Socialism and the Fabian Society, the Englishman has just gone mad with rage and drawl for the moment. Later on he will come to his senses. He will discern, select, accept and refuse and put the two authors in their place. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ For my part I am happy to see Mr Shaw in his role of Social Reformer when his face is so free from smiles as in the Preface to M. Brleux's plays. As a social reformer surely we have no one in England to equal him. We of the theatre dislike Mr Shaw only when he brings his social propaganda on to the stage, for it explains too nicely how little Mr Shaw understands the nature of the Theatre, and it is hardly necessary to repeat here that the Theatre is a temple or house for Art, and Art has never flourished when in connection with Social or Political reform. It having nothing in common with either. (1.) ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ Mr Shaw in his Preface says that M. Brleux has written fifteen plays and that it is high time for us to begin to read him. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ One feels Mr Shaw is right in this. Is there anyone who thinks otherwise? Ah yes, unfortunately there are the millions, the thousands and there are the hundreds. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ It is the hundreds who count for these are the few who lead public opinion. They profess never to have heard of M. Brleux. ♪ ♪

♪ This pretended ignorance is the Englishman's sole refuge on the day when some other highly-strung but drawling-voiced Britisher asks him if he has heard of, seen or read such and such a book, person or idea. It is as if some one had asked him if he has seen, heard or spoken with the devil. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ This is the worst thing that can be said about our Englishman. When he puts that right he will be what he now believes himself to be, . . . the first European. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

(1) By the bye, is it to Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's credit as a theatre director that he had the courage to produce one of them?

❖ So one finds according to Mr. Shaw that English people have not read M. Brioux. Mr A. C. Fifield makes it now possible for them to do so and M. Brioux is instantly at a disadvantage. For when the Englishman has read these plays he will wonder what the devil Brioux is doing in that galley. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

❖ M. Brioux is like Mr Shaw a social reformer and both are assuredly destined to make names as such. As artists, as creators who fly with the angels, they will be unheard of. They have joined issue with the brave and stubborn angel of whom Milton wrote:

his pride

Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel-angels; by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory 'bove his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Rais'd impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt.

❖ We artists do not much care about those who revolt against the principles governing their home. We love those who revolt against the destruction of those principles. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

❖ Mr Shaw and M. Brioux are enemies of humanity because, being writers, they have failed to understand the constructive part which art and artists play in the world-Drama by the incessant production of things of beauty. And we are all old enough and and wise enough, I think, to realise now that by beauty we mean things not only externally beautiful but beautiful in spirit. Thus *all* things become beautiful in hands that know what beauty of touch is and *all* things are beautiful as they pass through the thoughts of a really *human* being...and great artists are more human than M. Brioux or Mr Shaw. ❖ ❖ ❖

❖ It is only when we become inhuman and unnatural that ugliness enters into us and we are permitted to see ugliness for the first time and punished by being permitted to have our own way. For to realize ugliness is to suffer. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

What M. Brioux writes about in his works are sad things and terrible

things. He writes of the triumph of evil. But because they are sad and terrible they are not necessarily unbeautiful. He *makes* them ugly because he puts them before us with his arms crossed on his breast and all his conceit blinding him and appalling us. • • • • •

• M. Briex thinks he can right the world with his arms crossed. Let him but once perceive that things are not so easily set right, let him once be startled into recognising that only by loosening those hands of his which he hides under each armpit, by giving those stiff arms which he contracts, and then his whole person to the world can he achieve that which his instinct so far has rightly told him he ought to attempt. •

• Both M. Briex and Mr Shaw have brains; both of them obviously have the noblest of intentions; both of them are courageous, and for this one admires them unreservedly. But neither of them is human, neither of them can win humanity to do as he wants. They are without the milk of human kindness which after all has helped and ruled the world since the first man-child was suckled by a loving woman. •

• I look for a place in my shelves for this book by Shaw and Briex. Where can it go? By the side of the sensitive Shelley? . . . poor Shelley! no, I must find some other companion for it. Perhaps near Rabelais? No, the room would be incessantly filled with the new-born peals of his terrific and baffling laughter. It shall go then between the two works of Whitman, "Leaves of Grass" on one side, "Specimen Days" on the other. So will it lie pressed like a somewhat soiled handkerchief between two sachets of sweetest lavender: . . .

• I hear it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions, But really I am neither for nor against institutions,
(What indeed have I in common with them? or what with the destruction of them?)

Only I will establish in the Mannahatta and in every city of these States
Inland and seaboard,
And in the fields and woods, and above every keel little or large that
dents the water,
Without edifics or rules or trustees or any argument,
The institution of the dear love of comrades.

At last M. Brleux and Mr Shaw have found a companion who will not deny them his whole sympathy and respect, but who will,.... who knows... perhaps "filter and fiber" their blood.

THE UGLY IN ART

Your remarks about the ugly are my eye. Ugliness is only the prose of horror. It is when you are not able to write "Macbeth" that you write "Thérèse Ruquín."

Fashions are external: the essence of art only varies in so far as fashion widens the field of its application; art is a mill whose thirlage, in different ages, widens and contracts; but in any case and under any fashion, the great man produces beauty, terror and mirth, and the little man produces cleverness, (personalities, psychology) instead of beauty, ugliness instead of terror, and jokes instead of mirth.

Art was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be world without end. Amen.

Extract from a letter from R. L. Stevenson to W. E. Henley. 1883, from Hyères.



THE COURAGE OF THE IMPRESARIO. *An* *Appreciation by Adolf Furst.*



here is something positively reckless about the daring of the Impresario. His noble courage is so exceptional that it is surprising that he is so little known. When Signora Duse or Signor Grasso performs on the stage who is it gets the credit for their performance?.... Why, Signora Duse and Signor Grasso. Who *should* get the credit? why, who but Signor the Impresario! For after all, who and what is the performer? A name. And with whom lies the credit of having made that name? The Impresario. Who watched the tender steps of the infant prodigy? The Impresario. Who ran to catch him when he fell? The Impresario. Oh noble man, oh beautiful figure in the dark annals of the theatre. Oh benign unselfish creature, more than a father!

But it is not only the gentle side of the Impresario's character which causes the flush of pleasure to spring to our cheeks: it is above all else his reckless moral courage.

Bring that man an assured success, give him a round sum to back it, make a contract with him so that he has all rights over you for all lands, and what is there he will not do to you?

But take him something which is *not* an assured success, something which may be wonderful, most beautiful, most original, and you will not ever find that man so reckless, so rash, so foolish, so eccentric as to attempt anything with it. No, that man's courage is not the ordinary courage. Mark you, strange as it may seem,.. and I am not afraid of seeming to be paradoxical, so much do I believe in the man,.... mark you, that courage almost reaches an altitude when it may be called downright timidity. For what is courage, but caution, what caution but care, what care but has in it a sense of danger, what is a sense of danger but a feeling of timidity? In short, as for exceptional creatures exceptional laws are made, so for the Impresario, I say, some words can mean other than what they originally meant.

We are not to judge this man by usual standards. The dictionary loses its significance in his presence. Thus, as I say, "courage" becomes

"timidity", "honesty" becomes "knavery"..... and mark me, I am not offering any excuses for the subject of my paper. "Knavery" you may say, is a bad thing; but judged as part and parcel of this man's stupendous individuality knavery loses its ancient and dishonourable sense.

The Knave of Hearts stole some tarts,.. yes, Sirs, and I am not going to deny it; but I defy you to convict him until you have told me the reason WHY he stole those tarts.

And it is for the same reason that I refuse to look upon the knavery of the Impresario in the same light as I should look upon the knavery of an ordinary man.

Can you tell me WHY the Impresario is a knave? Why he manages blackmail so delicately, and intrigue so incessantly? and can you, with the consciousness that you are speaking the truth, tell me that he is so far gully, that he should be carefully watched by the authorities?

I have every reason to speak of him as an exceptional man,... a man noble but mean, an honest man but a rogue, a man who has not yet reaped the full reward of his honourable yet dishonest services; a man who is supposed to be "well-known"; but even here you cannot tell me WHY.

Only the other day I saw in the *Daily Mail* that "the well-known Impresario M. Gabriel Astruc" had arranged something or other,... I think it was the daring experiment of bringing Mr George Edwards' superb Musical Comedy Company to Paris.

Well now, why is M. Astruc "well-known"? Who is it that knows him well? No, no, Sirs, depend upon it he is too little known and should he be known would be known to be a greater man than he appears to be by the chance and prejudiced paragraphs which are put in the Daily Press

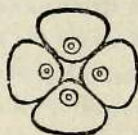
Then there is the well-known Impresario Charles Frohman. In spite of *The Mask* and its prejudice against "Sir Charles" I cannot but think that we know too little of this noble being. And at the risk of being thought to be what I am,... an enthusiastic admirer,... I ask Who made Maude Adams? Who made Ellen Terry?: and Who made Mrs Kendal? and the reply is a direct one.... "Mr Charles Frohman".

For what would Mrs Kendal have been without Sir Charles? What Miss Ellen Terry? What Miss Maude Adams?

Then again, who was it proved that the Repertory Theatre could succeed in London? Why, Mr Frohman.

Therefore I say that the Impresario must not be judged by us as ordinary people are judged, for he is an exceptional being.

But for all that, the sooner the authorities get hold of him and help him and every one of his kind to understand that there is not room enough for men to be so great and so exceptional as the Impresario is, the better for the public, the theatre and the art.



FIDDLE - DE - DEE
Or, Professor Brander Matthew's infallible
receipt for making an omelette without eggs,
by Allen Carric.

Professor Brander Matthews who occupies the chair of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University, stands for all that is unpractical, unoriginal and impotent in America. He is said to be American, yet nearly every thought he utters is the faint meaningless echo of something said or written by some European. His own original ideas come out rather stronger, but then these are so banal or so vicious that it were better he had not uttered them. America ought to have no room for such fellows.

For a really vicious statement listen to the following. He tells the Public that the way for a young playwright to know how to create a drama is "by going to the theatre where a successful play is running and "watching the audience as well as the play". "I would suggest", he says,

" that the young man who is thinking of writing plays should go and see
 " every successful play produced during the season at least ten times, until
 " he notes the effect of every line and every bit of action upon the au-
 " dience. There is no other way of learning how to write plays ".

He then proceeds to assert that Shakespeare and Molière worked by this rule of the Professor of Dramatic Literature of Columbia University.

Now this kind of teaching is not dangerous. America will survive it and centuries more of its kind; but isn't it tiresome to think that such things are allowed to be let loose in such a wonderful country? It was to destroy such teaching and such men that America gave birth to its great literary men; amongst others to Walt Whitman. He taught that art literature, drama and all that is strong and beautiful is not to be created in America by looking backward, or by any trick or according to any dry rule or system but only by absorbing nature.... the nature of America: by feeding not upon the dry bones of things from the European desert but by drinking the intoxicating juices of American fruit.

In a recent interview Professor B. Matthews was asked " May the true literary value of a drama be measured by the box office receipts? "

And the stupendous reply was, " That is as good a way of estimating the literary value of a play as any other ".

Again,... " Do you think that our playwrights are better than the present generation of English dramatists? " " Even if I thought so " faltered the Professor, " I would not say so "...

How proud America must be of so courageous a son!

Once more:... " Has commercialism had an evil influence in your opinion on dramatic art in this country? " asked the Interviewer.

" Drama has always been commercial " answered Professor B. Matthews blandly " The keener the managers are to make money the better should be the output of the dramatist ".

" I do not think that the public has ever refused to patronize a good " play at any time in the history of the theatre ". (1)

All this and more appeared in an American Review upon April 1st 1911.

(1) The writer remembers playing " Cassio " in Shakespeare's " Othello " to a theatre containing exactly eighteen shilling's worth of patrons for the said " good play ". This was in England, and the actors were "sober, clean and word-perfect".



PROFESSOR BRANDER
MATTHEWS. (1).

The date is ominous. Yet even if it is all a joke, what right has an American Professor to fool the United States in this way? If it is all serious is there no one else to be found in the whole of America to fill that chair in Columbia University? For this kind of trash brings discredit on the whole faculty. And Professor B. Matthews has been at the game for years now. It is such a pity... such a grievous pity... that an old fellow like this Professor is allowed to chatter on pompously about what he never has understood and what he thinks is so easy to explain. ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫

♫ And this is what he looks like, Reader.

♫ I leave you together. ♫ ♫ ♫

(1) We reproduce this drawing from the "New York Review".

♫ CONNOISSEURS. ♫

Connoisseurs, or those who consider themselves such, assume the power of giving an opinion for or against all public productions. Dividing themselves into cliques, they are swayed by anything but public interest or fairness; they admire a certain poem or a certain musical composition and condemn all others. Their partisanship is so hot that they cannot properly defend their opinions, and so injure the reputations of their favourites. They discourage poets and musicians by their inconsistencies and contradictions, and retard the progress of science and art by withdrawing the stimulus of emulation from those masters who, according to their different talents, could produce excellent work. ♫ ♫

La Bruyère



IN DEFENCE OF THE ARTIST.

A Word or two by John Balance.



he Artist is Incomprehensible only because his thoughts and actions are natural. The popular conception of the Artist is always a wrong one.

Art may not be for Art's sake, but the Artist is certainly for the Artist's sake. That is to say, he is selfish to the core.

He seeks for happiness..... and finds it. Can this be said of any other man?

He works for happiness, and when he sees that happiness is no longer in the work he ceases from it and passes on to a new work.

There might have been other reasons for the Artist to labour but these were found unsatisfactory.

He might have laboured because of Duty.... the soldier's reason; or from piety,.... the churchman's way. Or he might have been as the man in Wall Street and done it for money, or for fame... the fool's wage... or for adventure.... the woman's way; or to be knighted, or to carry on a tradition, to make a little name so as to help the historian, or to make a great name and so baffle the historian, or from sheer folly, or for fun.

But the artist is neither so wise, so great nor so foolish as all that. He is only quite different. He works for happiness. Experiencing nothing but sorrow in his life he is incessantly searching for happiness in his work,... and he finds it. Day after day it comes to him. He is sorrowful that all the nobler virtues which are possessed by the lords and ladies of the land cannot be his. When he realises that it is this greater nobility, this finer sense of honour, this purer purity, this Christ-like unselfishness which has raised them to what they are, has given them what they have, has taught them what and how to give, then must he become more sorrowful than all other men, and having nothing but his work, his art, he turns to that as to a friend,.... and lo, happiness is instantly his.

He cannot share his happiness with others and therein is he selfish. He cannot share it for it is nothing material: it is Freedom.

Do you not believe what I say? Do you think I am pretending? If so you must forgive me for having fooled you.

But it is true what I say; the artist is incomprehensible only because his thoughts and actions are natural. It is neither great nor petty to be incomprehensible. It is merely a vast sorrow, and without the true happiness for which the Artist labours that sorrow would be the master.

We will hope that there are only a very few Artists alive.... and at the same time we will not envy them, for they are neither great nor small, have nothing we can filch quicker than they will offer it to us; they are only part and parcel of nature, and we know how common she is. The rich man and the beggar can both sit in the sun; priest and soldier are free to destroy the silence if they choose; the woman or the fool may play havoc with the blossoms on a rose tree or the wings of birds; and may not all men therefore praise or pick to pieces that which the artist creates? If he were part of civilization instead of part of nature itself this privilege to pet or destroy his works could not be permitted by cautious legislators.

At the same time it is because he is part of Nature that he never imitates Nature. Why should he? Whatever he creates will be natural: he of all men has no need to copy.

See how the Artist resembles all other things in nature except man... man who has risen far above nature's gross and delicate ways.

How perverse is the Artist, how wilful. Why, he is never twice alike; he is inconsistency itself; he is as inconstant as the moon... and as much loved by lovers; as unruly and yet as calm as the sea,... that sea which you praise so highly. Why do you praise it? What is there you can guarantee about it?

Can you bind down the sea by a contract? Neither can you bind the Artist by one. Has the sea any reason for creeping stealthily or bounding suddenly upon the shore? neither has the Artist any reason for seeking happiness in play. Is the sun turning or is it standing still? does anybody know? And tell me, does it turn for money or is it posing for fame? And moon and stars, what are they doing and what sense is

WONDERFUL ABOMINABLE AMERICANS.

Or The Amateur Advertisers by John Semar.



ow are the Americans wonderful? How abominable? ♪

♪ Well, to me it seems that they are more alive and therefore more capable than any race on earth; they have only to learn one or two things, whilst we have to unlearn about a thousand. They are ready to learn forwards, and yet they are in such a hurry that they deliberately learn backwards. And that's why they are abominable. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ In the theatre this haste of theirs is startlingly evidenced.

♪ A good example offers itself as illustration of what I mean in the new "Playhouse" built for Mr William. A. Brady of New York City. ♪

♪ I have seen pictures of the exterior of the building and have read several reports of the interior. Let me write of the part I have seen, . . . the exterior. There's much that's good in it and only a very little that's bad. But the bad is so *abominably bad* that it ruins the splendour of the whole effort. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ Mr Brady invites Mr Charles A. Rich to design and build him a new Theatre. Mr Rich does so. He goes ahead with good red brick and white stone and makes a very pretty looking little place, . . . a decidedly better thing than either of the Opera Houses in Paris or Berlin. That doesn't say much for it but it says enough. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ There is nothing wrong about Mr Rich's admirable little design, which looks quite like an ordinary respectable house of colonial times instead of a naughty wicked modern Theatre. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ And what does Mr Brady then do? Mr Brady begins advertising. . . . An admirable art in its own way, but, wedded to architecture, the results are appalling. And Mr Brady's advertising is worthy of an amateur advertiser, not of the professional. He has fixed up two of the commonest type of electric advertising frames at each side of this beautiful new place, and one over the entrance door. And they ruin the whole effect; they ruin Mr Rich's work; they ruin everything. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Do they enrich Mr Brady? That is the question. I think that they do not. Would not some mode of advertising his theatre, other than making it into a guy, have worked equally well? Electricity is not ugly, nor is iron-work; it is only the vulgar every-day theatrical shape and style of his electric poster which damns this new home of his.

It was so wonderful of Mr Brady to have had the wit to see that a beautiful building was better than an ugly one,... therefore it is impossible to believe that Mr Brady, whose invention and wit are so alive, cannot find any other way out of the difficulty when it comes to advertising the place. Surely this old trick of thirty years ago, this large letter placard on the face of a fine building, is a bit too old for an American to practically admit that it cannot be beaten?

It is a continual source of astonishment that Americans, who one knows hate nothing more than to be beaten, are so often floored by little problems such as the one mentioned above.

Our suggestion is this: Study what belongs to the art of the Theatre and what belongs to the trade of the Theatre, *but never mix the two*. It is because Mr Brady has mixed his advertisement in with his artistic building that the effect is lamentable.

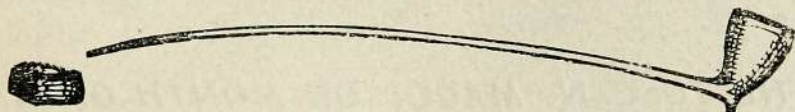
But, right away from Mr Brady, American advertisement seems to be about as amateurish as anything can be. Reticence is the first principle of Réclame. Noise and vulgarity destroy all the illusion of pure advertisement, for advertising is an art second only to life itself.

It is for this reason that I have always been curious to know just exactly why the classical dancers, (who at best attain to the false classicism of Canova while avoiding the true intention of the masters,) take off their clothes when they dance. The Japanese dancers, the Indian dancers, the Siamese dancers and the Greek dancers do and did quite differently.

To hide is to advertise; to display is to disillusion us. The cat in the bag is ten times more mysterious and attractive than when she jumps out. I take the well-known cat as an instance, for poor puss is the commonest thing on earth, and it is the common things in which we traffic. Well then, let them be well wrapped up lest they disillusion us when in the light of day.

And besides, is it not an act of folly to waste so much money upon advertising these every-day cats and things? Think how much money would be needed to attract people to an ordinary tabby;.... yet put her in the bag.... and how wonderful she then becomes!

When Americans know how to advertise without spending money they will have mastered the art. At present one can only consider them as amateurs.



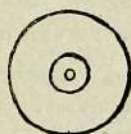
DRAMA IN AMERICA.

Of what is called drama, or dramatic presentation in the United States, as now put forth at the theatres, I should say it deserves to be treated with the same gravity, and on a par with the questions of ornamental confectionary at public dinners, or the arrangement of curtains and hangings in a ball-room, nor more nor less.

Democratic Vistas. Walt Whitman. 1870.

AN ANECDOTE OF OSCAR WILDE.

Oscar Wilde once said in that grave way of his to a friend: "There are three maxims which are sufficient to guide any man through life successfully." "And what is the first of these?" asked his friend. "Well, the first is 'never go to see a play by Henry Arthur Jones'." "And the other two?" queried his friend. "Oh" replied Wilde, "if you remember this first maxim, the other two do not matter."





THE TUSCAN "MAGGI" OR MONTH OF MAY PLAYS by *Pierre Ramés*. (1).



n many parts of Tuscany, and especially about Pisa, Lucca, Monte Amiata and Versiliano, there exists a form of drama which presents in a primitive form certain qualities entirely lacking in the European Theatre, such as freedom from restraint by the literary playwright, love of the work for its own sake and enthusiasm in its execution, and an appeal by suggestion and symbol to the imagination existent in the spectators rather than the realistic presentation of fact.

These plays are usually known as the "Maggi" or month of May Plays and are written, produced and acted by the country folk themselves.

In some districts where, owing to the fact that the men of the community, whose custom it is to work in the Maremma and low lands during the winter season, have not returned to their villages by May, the plays are given later in the year and known by some other name such as "Giostre".

Sometimes they are organised by one man, the "Capo-Maggio", who

1- For much interesting information respecting the "Maggi" I am indebted to Professor D'Ancona's valuable study of the subject in his "Origini del Teatro Italiano", and also to an interesting illustrated article in "La Lettura", May 1911 by Signor Roberto Palmarocchi. P. R.

acts as general director, selects play and players, direct rehearsals, pays expenses and plans the transport of his company from village to village, refunding himself from the receipts which, though the spectators usually pay but a penny a head, amply suffice. Sometimes a group of peasants initiate the performance for their own village only, assuming the full responsibility, (no light matter, since much labour and study is involved and the rehearsals for a single Magglo often last a good two months), for no reward save the delighting of the audience and the pleasure the work itself affords.

The actors are chosen from those skilled in improvisation. Women rarely take part, a nice custom forbidding such exhibition of themselves on the stage, and female parts are usually acted by boys.

The company organized, the next step is to select the subject for their performance,... a matter of little difficulty since the range of choice is a wide one.

As in the fifteenth century the scenario writers of the *Commedia dell'Arte* drew their material from all sources, adapting it to their own use, so do the local peasants and artisans who are the usual composers of the Magglo shape their play on some old romance.

Some of the oldest Magglo are printed, but many are merely written in copy-books together with stage directions, and passed from hand to hand.

The origin of the Magglo is uncertain, but they are known to have more than a century of life and D'Ancona believes while the custom of giving them in the Maytime is probably a survival of the old May songs and celebrations, they are in their form closely allied to, if not actually descended from, the *Sacre Rappresentazioni* which they resemble in many points; such, for instance, as the custom at times adopted of dividing the stage into several parts representing different scenes with the actors ready in each to move and speak as their turn came round: a custom in which we see, if I understand aright, the application of a principle, and an important one, of stage scenery which Mr Gordon Craig has unearthed once more and introduced into his Scene with its many folding screens.

The general denomination of "Magglo" allows of sub-divisions, different

types being known by different names, such as a "Vita", a "Narrazlone" a "Canto", a "Rappresentanza" or a "Storia Singolare"; but all adhere to a strictly conventional form, being composed in strophes of a particular metre, a short line of eight syllables, and intoned in a kind of recitative to one unvarying chant. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Thus we see that the Directors of the Dublin Theatre do not do wrong when insisting upon their actors chanting instead of merely *talking* verse, as though verse were the ordinary and everyday method for the communication of material ideas. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

The "Maggianti" usually chant without accompaniment though in some places there is an *Intermezzo* of violins; but the little tune or *cantilena* is always adhered to, whether the words be love or sorrow, prayer or curse, and is remembered by the oldest peasants from their youth. No variation is permitted, since the people are tenacious of the traditional forms and would resent it if, instead of declaiming in conventional manner, the paladins and saints of their Maggi spoke as they themselves do about their affairs; and the old men discourage any innovations on the part of the younger such as modern dances, as detracting from the dignity of the old and seasoned form. ♪ ♪ ♪

This chanting to one invariable tune is another characteristic shared in common with the *Sacre Rappresentazioni*, and D'Ancona deduces from it that the two forms dated from the same period, but that when the new fashion of *speaking* the parts became popular in the city and led to the modern style of recitation, the hill folk clung tenaciously to their ancient forms which perhaps they will never relinquish. The only variation from the established air is in certain Maggi where verses of the poet from whom the subject is derived are introduced and these, having another metre, are sung to another tune. ♪ ♪ ♪

In some Maggi we find the chorus, which takes almost the part of the Greek chorus, not sharing in the action but making prayer in relation to that action. The figures represented by the chorus vary according to the piece, being nymphs, peasants, angels or whatever is in keeping with the subject. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

A Maggio commences with a Prologue chanted by a child who is known in different districts under varied titles such as Principiante, Paggio, Corriere, Interpretere, Introduttore, or Servo.

The arguments are usually derived from the Bible, the Lives of the Saints or some historical or poetic romance such as those of Tasso, Shakespeare, Metastasio, the Arthurian cycle, or the exploits of Charlemagne, for the imagination of the peasant delights in and feeds continually upon legends of paladins, knights errant, saints and martyrs, and these are what he likes to see in his theatre, caring little, with few exceptions, for Maggi based upon Greek or Roman history or on modern life. He delights in the spectacular and the marvellous, in feats of valour, celestial visitations, shipwrecks and battles, the marches, countermarches and hand to hand fights in these latter being carefully rehearsed.

But whatever be the subject of the Maggio the author always treats it in heroic and idealistic fashion as did Shakespeare himself, and the most classic theme becomes romantic in the hands of the Maggianti, all heroes and events being transported into the same epoch, and Hamlet, Tancred and Louis XVI represented in identical style and spirit, as heroes of the same time and place:.... But that place is ever the ideal region of the imagination, that time the time which never was, yet always is. (1)

The rural playwright handles his material very freely, adding at will to the events of the recognised version, as when, in the Maggio of Hamlet, various scenes prior to the death of Hamlet's father are introduced; a liberty which would appal Mr William Archer and charm Mr Allen Carric.

When the play is ready all the village gathers to witness it, the favourite time being on Sunday after vespers.

Of recent years the custom of building regular theatres has been growing, and curtains and scenery have consequently come into use, but originally the pieces were played in the open air in the village piazza or in some open space among the chestnuts or olives, the audience

1. Folk plays and Puppet plays are alike in this. The Heroic still appeals to the People if no longer to those who, as Madame Duse says, "go to the theatre to digest their dinner". Ed.

forming a ring about the actors, and the scenic decoration being of the scantiest kind. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ This does not mean that they would not have been delighted to get beautiful scenery and costumes but that they were not prepared to pay large sums for these nor for actors. All must cost very little, said the Public, . . . and still says so, however little they are usually heeded. And I allude here to the world-Public, not to the clique of two hundred thousand beings which a London theatre manager deludes himself into mistaking for the world. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ But however scanty it was sufficient for the people. A placard displayed at the beginning of each scene sufficed to show where the action was taking place; two thrones on opposite sides to indicate two kingdoms; a tree to suggest a forest and a couple of men fighting, a pitched battle. The imagination of the audience supplemented and remedied all deficiencies in the setting and the player served as a kind of peg upon which to hang a preconceived ideal; and, no matter how simple the contrivances adopted for scenery and costumes, the players could yet hold the spectators silent, and thrill them with emotion, doubtless because the characters represented were already dear and familiar figures visualised so often as to be well-nigh as real as the inhabitants of the next farm.

♪ But not for this reason only. An even more important one is to be found in the fact that the player and the audience are of the same estate. Here is no fashionable actor, rich in furs and motor-cars, a stranger except for a nod from an enigmatical head furnished with drooping eyelids and actorish mouth. Here is a man well known for what he does to gain a living away from his art, and acting for the people something they all believe in hotly, . . . and that something is Heroism, Idealism. The modern stage actor acts something, everything, . . . and believes in nothing. Most of the theatres today make a jest of the heroic and are ashamed of the very word Ideal. Their influence is as vicious as the influence of these genuine folk-players is pure. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ In the Maggi performance it is quite otherwise, and thus, as has been said. although the costumes might be of the simplest, the stage setting almost non-existent, the profound earnestness alike of actors and audience could create and complete the circle of dramatic and imaginative inten-



A May-time Festival in Florence, (see p 29) outside the Medici Palace, with Lorenzo del Medici in the foreground,

THE MASK,
July 1911,



sity which manifested itself in the spectators in profound silence, no applause being given however deeply they were moved.

But, although the Maggi yet retain their conventional form of chant and metre in its purity, those who produce them are conscious that their stage setting has lost something of its value, and village now competes with village for the possession of a real theatre with its broad raised platform on which to do more justice to their scenes.

Many have built little theatres with stone stage, curtain and scenery, and wooden benches or stone seats for the audience ranged in the form of an amphitheatre, an awning being extended overhead as protection from the sun. Less favoured villages content themselves with adapting some barn or stable to their use during the Maggio season, while others yet give their plays in the woods or village square.

But, however presented, the love of the Maggi is deep-rooted in the hearts of the people, and even in these days, although they may take a tinge of colour from recent and revolutionary events, may occupy themselves with some modern fact from a newspaper as well as with the legendary figures of old romance, they yet retain their essential characteristics, and their ancient chant and metre.

THE DRAMA DIES OF STALLS AND EVENING DRESS AND PEOPLE WHO GO TO THE THEATRE TO DIGEST THEIR DINNER.

Madame Eleonora Duse



ARTISTIC DEBAUCHERY. *An Extract from the Writings of George Moore with a Note by The Editor.*

In relation to what M. Ramés tells of the Idealism and romanticism with which the Tuscan "Maggi", for all their simplicity, are charged, and the contrast which they thus afford to the modern European theatre, it is interesting to read the following indictment of the "artistic debauchery" of a London theatre from Mr George Moore's "Confessions of a Young Man" and to note how he longs for some of those very things which the simple hill-folk, by a faultless intuition of true values, have preserved in their theatre: "a simple stage", "a few simple indications", "the simple recitation of a story", "a youth cunningly disguised" to play the woman's part. And, if Mr Moore finds it "difficult to imagine Elizabethan audiences as not more intelligent" than those that applauded Mr Pettit's plays years ago, we, on our part, have no doubt whatever that those who listen in silence to the "Maggi" are intelligent in a truer and far more vital sense than those who applaud the modern lecture plays. We reprint Mr Moore's words below. J. S.

The power of the villa residence is supreme: art, science, politics, religion, it has transformed to suit its requirements. The villa goes to the theatre, and therefore the art of to-day is mildly realistic; not the great realism of idea, but the puny reality of materialism; not the deep poetry of a Peter de Hogue, but the meanness of a Frith...not the winged realism of a Balzac, but the degrading naturalism of a coloured photograph. To my mind there is no sadder spectacle of artistic debauchery than a London theatre; the overfed inhabitants of the villa in the stalls hoping for gross excitement to assist them through their hesitating digestions; an ignorant mob in the pit and gallery forgetting the miseries of life in imbecile stories reeking of the sentimentality of the back stairs. Were other ages as coarse and common as ours? It is difficult to imagine Elizabethan audiences as not more intelligent than those that applaud Mr Pettit's plays. Impossible that an audience that could sit out Edward II. could find any pleasure in such sinks of literary infamies as

In the Ranks and Harbour Lights. Artistic atrophy is benumbing us, we are losing our finer feeling for beauty, the rose is going back to the briar. I will not speak of the fine old crusted stories, ever the same, on which every drama is based, nor yet of the musty characters with which they are peopled...the miser in the old castle counting his gold by night, the dishevelled woman whom he keeps for ambiguous reasons confined in a cellar.

Let all this be waived. We must not quarrel with the ingredients. The miser and the old castle are as true, and not one jot more true, than the million events which go to make up the phenomena of human existence. Not at these things considered separately do I take umbrage, but at the miserable use that is made of them, the vulgarity of the complications evolved from them, and the poverty of beauty in the dialogue.

Not the thing itself, but the idea of the thing evokes the idea. Schopenhauer was right; we do not want the thing, but the idea of the thing. The thing itself is worthless; and the moral writers who embellish it with pious ornamentation are just as reprehensible as Zola, who embellishes it with erotic arabesques. You want the idea drawn out of obscur-ing matter, and this can best be done by the symbol. The symbol or the thing itself, that is the great artistic question. In earlier ages it was the symbol; a name, a plume, sufficed to evoke the idea, now we evoke nothing, for we give everything, the imagination of the spectator is no longer called into play.

In Shakespeare's days to create wealth in a theatre it was only necessary to write upon a board, "A magnificent apartment in a palace." This was no doubt primitive and not a little barbarous, but it was better by far than by dint of anxious archæology to construct the Doge's palace upon the stage. By one rich pillar, by some projecting balustrade taken in conjunction with a moored gondola, we should strive to evoke the soul of the city of Veronese: by the magical and unequalled selection of a subtle and unexpected feature of a thought or aspect of a landscape, and not by the up-piling of extraneous detail, are all great poetic effects achieved.

"By the tideless dolorous inland sea,
In a land of sand, of ruin, and gold."

And, better example still,

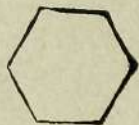
"Dieu que le son du cor est triste au fond des bois,"

that impeccable, that only line of real poetry Alfred de Vigny ever wrote. Being a great poet Shakespeare consciously or unconsciously observed more faithfully than any other poet these principles of art; and, as is characteristic of the present day, nowhere do we find these principles so grossly violated as in the representation of his plays.

I had painful proof of this some few nights after my arrival in London. I had never seen Shakespeare acted, and I went to the Lyceum and there I saw that exquisite love-song.....for *Romeo and Juliet* is no more than a love song in dialogue...tricked out in silks and carpets and illuminated building, a vulgar bawd suited to the gross passion of an ignorant public.

I hated all that with the hatred of a passionate heart, and I longed for a simple stage, a few simple indications, and the simple recitation of that story of the sacrifice of the two white souls for the reconciliation of two great families. My hatred did not reach to the age of the man who played the boy-lover, but to the offensiveness with which he thrust his individuality upon me, longing to realise the poet's divine imagination: and the woman, too, I wished with my whole soul away, subtle and strange though she was, and I yearned for her part to be played by a youth as in old time; a youth cunningly disguised, would be a symbol; and my mind would be free to imagine the divine Juliet of the poet, whereas I could but dream of the bright eyes and delicate mien and motion of the woman who had thrust herself between me and it.

George Moore. "Confessions of a Young Man."



A HISTORICAL PAGEANT IN KYOTO *Described by Lafcadio Hearn.*

While these visions of dead centuries were passing by, the people kept perfectly silent,...which fact, strange as the statement may seem to western readers, indicated extreme pleasure. It is not really in accordance with national sentiment to express applause by noisy demonstration,...by shouting and clapping of hands, for example. Even the military cheer is an importation; and the tendency to boisterous demonstrativeness in Tokyo is probably as factitious as it is modern. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ I remember two impressive silences in Kobé during 1895. The first was on the occasion of an imperial visit. There was a vast crowd; the foremost ranks knelt down as the Emperor passed; but there was not even a whisper. The second remarkable silence was on the return of the victorious troops from China, who marched under the triumphal arches erected to welcome them without hearing a syllable from the people. I asked why, and was answered, "We Japanese think we can better express our feelings by silence". ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ I may here observe, also, that the sinister silence of the Japanese armies before some of the late engagements terrified the clamorous Chinese much more than the first opening of the batteries. ♪ ♪

♪ Despite exceptions, it may be stated as a general truth that the deeper the emotion, whether of pleasure or of pain, and the more solemn or heroic the occasion, in Japan, the more naturally silent those who feel or act. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Gleanings in Buddhah Fields.

DOES THE REAL ENGLISHMAN GO TO THE THEATRE? DOES HE ACT IN IT? A Note on the Above Paragraph by Gordon Craig. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

Gentlemen: ... May I suggest that the exact depth of the emotion, whether it be in Kyoto or London, is always gauged by the noise or the silence of those who are moved by that emotion? May I suggest that the noisy actors tell us exactly how shallow is their emotion, and the noisy audience exactly how little they have felt or understood it;

38 ♡ DOES THE REAL ENGLISHMAN GO TO THE THEATRE? ♡

that both are noisy because they need encouragement. ♡ ♡

♡ As an actor it was Sir Henry Irving who felt deeply although I have seen it stated that he was not capable of emotion. He was never noisy.

♡ Again, the success or failure of a performance in London depends today upon applause. If the audience are silent the critics... most of the critics assert that the play has been a failure. It is no excuse to say that it is the western way to applaud and the eastern way to remain silent. To say this is merely to damn the west wholesale and proclaims it incapable of deep feeling. It is curious though that the English who are so phlegmatic, who really can feel very acutely and who in moments of great danger can be and generally are as cool and quiet as Japanese are so appallingly bolsterous at the theatre. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

♡ All this leads some to believe that, broadly speaking, the representative Englishman *seldom goes to a theatre*, and I believe the theatre is very shortsighted in not doing more to attract the true Englishman to its performances. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

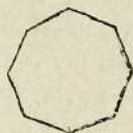
♡ When an English gentleman is seen in the stalls or pit how quietly he sits there; how little he says; how quiet are his hands. At the end he goes out and perhaps expresses himself in half a dozen words on the performance. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

♡ And what would happen supposing an English artist could draw a full house of English gentlemen to his theatre? A delightful evening would pass in silence. It would be quite sensible for once, but the actors would be alarmed and believe that the audience had felt nothing, the critics cocksure that the actors were unpopular, and the wlg-makers would spread the report that the play was a dismal failure. Then no one would go, not even the rest of the English gentlemen, and art and good taste and deep emotion would be damned. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

♡ This state of things is to be regretted. The remedy is to get out of the mind of the *critic*, the *actors* and the *general deadhead public* that applause and noise indicate that the deep emotions have been touched; and it should be clearly shown that on the contrary only the *shallow* emotions have been touched. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

♡ That I believe is the first step towards improving all things in the modern theatre, though I by no means imagine for one moment that such

a step, small though it be, will commend itself to anyone in the theatre. Rather do I believe with Madame Duse that "TO SAVE THE THEATRE THE THEATRE MUST BE DESTROYED; THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES MUST ALL DIE OF THE PLAGUE" for.... "THEY POISON THE AIR, THEY MAKE ART IMPOSSIBLE."



• A WORD ABOUT APPLAUSE. •

Oh! I too was in that happy case, when I first betrod the stage, with the loftiest opinion of myself and of my nation. What a people, in my fancy, were the Germans; what a people might they yet become! I addressed this people; raised above them by a little joinery, separated from them by a row of lamps, whose glancing and vapour threw an indistinctness over everything before me. How welcome was the tumult of applause, which sounded to me from the crowd; how gratefully did I accept the present, offered me unanimously by so many hands! For a time I rocked myself in these ideas; I affected the multitude, and was again affected by them. With my public I was on the fairest footing; I imagined that I felt a perfect harmony betwixt us, and that on each occasion I beheld before me the best and noblest of the land. • •

• "Unhappily it was not the actress alone that inspired these friends of the stage with interest: they likewise made pretensions to the young and lively girl. They gave me to understand, in terms distinct enough, that my duty was not only to excite emotion in them; but to share it with them personally. • • • • •

• "This unluckily was not my business: I wished to elevate their minds; but to what they called their hearts I had not the slightest claim. Yet now men of all ranks, ages and characters, by turns afflicted me with their addresses; and it did seem hard that I could not, like an honest

young woman, shut my door and spare myself such a quantity of labour.

"The men appeared, for the most part, much the same as I had been accustomed to about my aunt; and here again I should have felt disgusted with them, had not their peculiarities and insipidities amused me. As I was compelled to see them in the theatre, in open places, in my house, I formed the project of spying out their follies; and my brother helped me with alacrity to execute it. And if you reflect that, up from the whisking shopman and the conceited merchant's son, to the polished calculating man of the world, the bold soldier and the impetuous prince, all in succession passed in review before me, each in his way endeavouring to found his small romance, you will pardon me if I conceived that I had gained some acquaintance with my nation.

"The fastastically dizen'd student; the awkward, humbly-proud man of letters; the sleek-fed gouty canon; the solemn heedful man of office; the heavy country-baron; the young erring parson; the cool, as well as the quick and sharply-speculating merchant; all these I have seen in motion; and I swear to you there were few among them fitted to inspire me even with a sentiment of toleration. On the contrary, I felt it altogether irksome to collect, with tedium and annoyance, the suffrages of fools; to pocket those applauses in detail, which in their accumulated state had so delighted me, which in the gross I had appropriated with such pleasure.

Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*. Bk IV. Chap YV

Translation by Carlyle.



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AND ITS BAN ON ACTRESSES *by C. G. Smith.*

Things begin to move, and this time forwards instead of backwards.

By order of the Proctors the undergraduates at Cambridge are forbidden to take part in dramatic performances in which professional actresses appear. (1)

The Proctors of Cambridge University have decided wisely. In acting thus they do but follow the legislators of Athens in one of the most perfect periods of civilization, and they also revive the rule of the Elizabethan age.

It is interesting to note the vitality, the inherent recuperative force, of fine traditions. The Greeks excluded women from their stage in 300 B C. They found such exclusion essential to their art. The Elizabethans nineteen hundred years later again perceived the value which lay in the replacing of women by men in female roles; and now, as proof that "age cannot wither" nor "custom stale" a fine tradition we find a group of thoughtful and scholarly men deciding, after due consideration and experience, to banish women from so much of the theatre as is within their own control.

It is to be hoped that this excellent example set by the Cambridge Proctors will be pondered, understood and imitated, for how deep a wisdom lies at the roots of this old prohibition of women from appearing on the stage is obvious to all who seriously consider the question.

The advantage is two-fold.

First, to the women themselves it is a gain to be saved, even against their will, from making this public display of their persons and their emotions which serves to foster all their latent folly and conceit, since what a woman may gain upon the stage is but little compared with what she loses.

Secondly, it is an incalculable gain to the art in that it replaces a personality by a symbol. For men, when they act female roles, do not parody womankind as do women themselves when they let loose their silliness and vanity on the stage as representative of the beauty of the female sex. Nor do men representing women *pretend* to be women or to create an illusion. Rather do they present an idea, interpret the

(1) See "Daily Mail" May 16. 1911

42 CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AND ITS BAN ON ACTRESSES

spirit of womanhood; and the power of that spirit is the more deeply felt by the audience in that it is unallied to any counter attraction of the flesh. In fact a man, in playing a woman's part, may be said to make himself sexless to the end that he may reveal what is most ideal in the sex he represents. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ The following extract from the " Journal de Collé, 1734 is interesting as emphasizing this view of the matter: ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ " On the 19th of this month there was played in the little house of " M. le Comte de Clermont, rue de la Roquette, on a small, very passable " stage, which he had had erected there, the vaudeville farce of the " Disguised Lovers ", a little piece in my own style. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ " I had thought that it could not fail to succeed, and, at the perfor- " mance, I was quite astonished to be the first to condemn it. It seemed " to me disgusting. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ " There was a pregnant girl in it, and it was a woman who played " the part; that revolts and only gives disagreeable and ugly thoughts " instead of a comic effect. I see now what had deceived me; if on the " occasions when I introduced pregnant women on the stage it always " caused much laughter it was because a man then played the part; I " had not foreseen that it would cause an entirely contrary effect when " a woman was charged with the acting of this role and, in fact, the " truth of the tableau is revolting, even disgusting; that is the " term. " ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ In fact it is in the banishing of the personal by the impersonal, the replacing by suggestion and symbol of that realism and robust emotion which, as Professor Raleigh so wisely says " obscure the sheer practical " value of the author's conception " that the value of the custom lies. and, as the same author continues female parts, by being entrusted to boy actors, " may well have been rendered with a clarity and simplicity " which served as a transparent medium for the author's wit and pathos ". For " poetry, like religion, is outraged when it is made a platform for " the exhibition of their own talent and passion by those who are its " ministers ". (1). ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

(1) Professor Walter Raleigh. " Shakespeare "

ETERNITY AND SOAP BUBBLES, by J. Van Holt



Madame Ida Rubenstein is ambitious. She seems to have the ambition to become eternal through blowing soap-bubbles. It is decidedly original. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ Madame Rubenstein having by some great magic, (probably that magic of personality about which we hear

so much), procured large sums of money, goes to Paris, takes a quantity of D'Annunzio, mixes it with some Debussy, Bakst and Hahn, and begins blowing the bubbles. The first bursts in Paris, the second in London. ♪

♪ In the first bubble, which was called "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" but was really a chapter from the martyrdom of Art, Madame Rubenstein figured as a saint. In the second, called "The Blue God" Madame Rubenstein figured as a goddess. Blue being too ordinary a pigment, the lady had herself gilded. One has heard of gilding the pill before now. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ The *Daily Mail* has provided most of the air for the bubble experiments and some of this is very refined. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ Concerning "The Blue God" Mr Hahn said, "our ballet is to be of the Impressionist school. We want to show London what can be done away from the senseless traditions of the ballet skirt with its anti-quoted poses and gesture". ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ (Mr Hahn here strikes one as a little late, for the senseless traditions were done away with quite five or six years ago. Possibly Mr Hahn doesn't know of this. Ecco! the comic side of the bubble!) ♪ ♪

♪ "Some quite extraordinary experiments", he goes on, "are to be tried with regard to the principle characters. Madame Rubenstein, who is to represent a Hindu goddess, will probably be entirely gilded. M. Miljinsky the great solo dancer will dye his face, hands and legs bright blue. The feature of the ballet will be when Madame Rubenstein, wearing her diamonds over the gilding, emerges from a huge lotus flower, etc, etc, etc". ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ These certainly are very extraordinary experiments, but why not make them and keep them in the bathroom? Or if Madame Rubenstein, in gilt and diamonds, went out to tea to the Countess of Winkleboro and M. Nijlinsky, dyed blue, could be persuaded to take black coffee at the Reform

Club, might not nearly as great a sensation be produced ? ✧ ✧

✧ Why drag in the Theatre ? The answer is all too easy:... because the theatre is sufficiently low to oblige willingly when such a proposal is made to it and a cheque offered. The theatre is indeed becoming what the manager in Zola's "Nana" held it to be. The theatre is so low that it cannot protect itself. Any vulgar woman or man can make it serve their sensational purpose. ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

✧ Again and again I give praise that the Censor rules over the London stage preventing further vulgarities in the name of Art. My only regret is that he is not ten times as strict as he is: that he passes these exhibitions of the nude on the stage; that he lets much that is vulgar pass on the Music Hall stage.

✧ We all know perfectly well that eccentric comedians can keep the house in a roar of laughter without resorting to vulgarities. Dan Leno was the most successful English comedian of his day, and avoided all vulgarity. We also know that perfect dancing is possible without a display of naked or semi-naked limbs. Sada Yacco was perhaps the most perfect dancer of her day, and she avoided all such display. ✧ ✧

✧ All these liberties taken upon the stage are ruining the stage. Let the Censor act twice as stringently as before. Let his office be invested with new powers, and let the modern theatre-music-hall have a chance to develop its strength. ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

✧ If the Censor postpones action any longer the matter will be out of his hands, and the public will have to step in.... Then look out for disturbances! For there is a very large section of the public which realizes that such licence as is allowed today in the music hall is dangerous to the nation. ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

✧ The Church knows this only too well and deplores the matter. ✧

✧ The Archbishop of Paris protested, and rightly, against the production of "Saint Sebastian". Others have supported that protest. They have been keen-witted enough to perceive the vast gulf which separates this confused, decadent and hysterical spectacle from those grave and sincere "Mysteries" of the middle ages whose title it presumes to adopt. ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

✧ They feel the impropriety, the bad taste, of the person of the saint

being played by an actress; they resent the lowering of moral standards, the lessening of reverence towards fine traditions, which such licence encourages. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ The function of a church is to protect and strengthen the noblest ideals of a people, and these ideals are perpetually outraged, belittled and ridiculed in the theatre; thus moral sense becomes confused. ♪

♪ The church does well to condemn the evil; but it should not stop there. It should not only protest, and far more strongly, against the evil in the theatre but it should cooperate strongly and vigorously in the efforts being made for the reform of that evil. It should give its wary mest support to those artists and workers who are endeavouring to drive out of the theatre that which is harmful to the nation and to introduce in its place that which shall be for the nation's moral welfare. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

MORE CIRCUS CLASSICS, by Adolf Furst.

First it was Reinhardt with his troupe. Dishonour to whom dishonour is due. Now it is Bonn. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ The style of Direktor Bonn's production of Richard III was really no different from that of Direktor Reinhardt except that it was a trifle less "artistic" and more frankly of the ring. In fact the cultured Berliners were asking each other why Reinhardt had not mounted "Edipus" and citizens on horseback. Obviously a grave omission. Direktor Brahm would never have forgotten it. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ By the way the old cry of 'Brahm versus Reinhardt' is still heard now and again in the suburbs of Berlin. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ Brahm was before Reinhardt arrived. In Berlin these directors are all allowed an innings of about six to ten years and then they have to make room for some one with a fresher idea of what clap-trap is. ♪

♪ Brahm was an uninteresting producer of plays just as Reinhardt is uninteresting: ... but Reinhardt was young, and they prefer young to

old men here in Germany. But to suggest that we Germans have taken either of these men seriously would be a grave error, for neither of them has done anything worthy of the serious consideration of the age.

Reinhardt is a good actor: that much has to be admitted; but there his personal talent ends. He is a man without ideas, without imagination; he does not create, he gets ideas from a group of playwrights, painters, architects and dilettanti whom he invites to his theatre as guests.

Brahm did differently. He was content to get all his ideas from his experience as journalist, as the reader and writer of much that was talked about when Ibsen first gave theatrical journalism new things to think about.

Brahm was dull but never vulgar. Reinhardt adds this second quality to the first. I have heard so much about him lately that I was once more constrained to visit his theatre and see whether the reports were true.

I went to see the second part of "Faust".

There is nothing to be said. It was only what the English call "Shocking" shocking bad taste, shocking pretension.

Indeed I prefer Brahm. He was only dull. But I think Bonn is the best of all for no one can call Bonn dull or pretentious. He only deals in the "theatrical", and a bad but frank theatricality is better than the dry journalistic seriousness of a Brahm or the pretentious artisticness of a Reinhardt.

"TO SAVE THE THEATRE THE THEATRE MUST BE DESTROYED, THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES MUST ALL DIE OF THE PLAGUE: THEY POISON THE AIR, THEY MAKE ART IMPOSSIBLE."

Madame Eleanora Duse.



SOME EARLY ITALIAN WOODCUTS.

A Note upon their Use to Modern Scene Designers; by Felix Urban.



think it was Mr. Allen Carric who was the first to bring before readers of *The Mask* the Italian woodcut and to point out its value to the modern scene designer. Mr. Gordon Cralg has also touched once or twice on this subject.

I am therefore to some extent poaching. I hope however both these artists will let this acknowledgement stand as my apology, more especially since I practically leave the designs to speak for themselves and say only what is essential.

I offer eight wood engravings of the fifteenth century for your consideration.

My reason for selecting these particular cuts is not that they do not contain a line too much or a line too little, for that would be to judge them as the things they obviously are, that is to say, as wood cuts for illustrating some stories. But it may be easily admitted that good things serve more than one purpose, and the settings or backgrounds of these wood cuts are good enough to act for me as ideal examples of stage scenery, scenery without a thing too much or too little in it.

I suggest that nowhere else are such good lessons to be found; and the fact that they do not contain features to be found in modern stage scenery in no wise weakens my suggestion.

The first thing which strikes one as absent is *detail*.

In the cut facing page 48, for instance, we have a room in which seven young men and a dog are gathered. Look at the walls, windows and ceiling. The artist was one of those our modern cynics are pleased to call "post-Impressionists" or "symbolists" or some such phrase, meaning it as a term of reproach. I regret that I am obliged to remind you at this moment of the existence of the cynics, but they crop up today in such numbers and in such unexpected places that we have every reason at all times nowadays to fear their unpleasant suggestions and to be prepared for their ungenerous attacks.

Anything which takes them off their guard, anything which they cannot

understand in the works of younger masters of modern art is dubbed by them "post impressionistic" or "symbolistic" or "eccentric", and when they have finished with the work of the young masters we may expect them to attempt to take the side out of the old masters. ◊

◊ They have before this probably laughed over these my wood engravings which I bring to your notice. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

◊ But to return to more interesting matters to the wall, windows and ceiling shown in the design on page 49. ◊ ◊

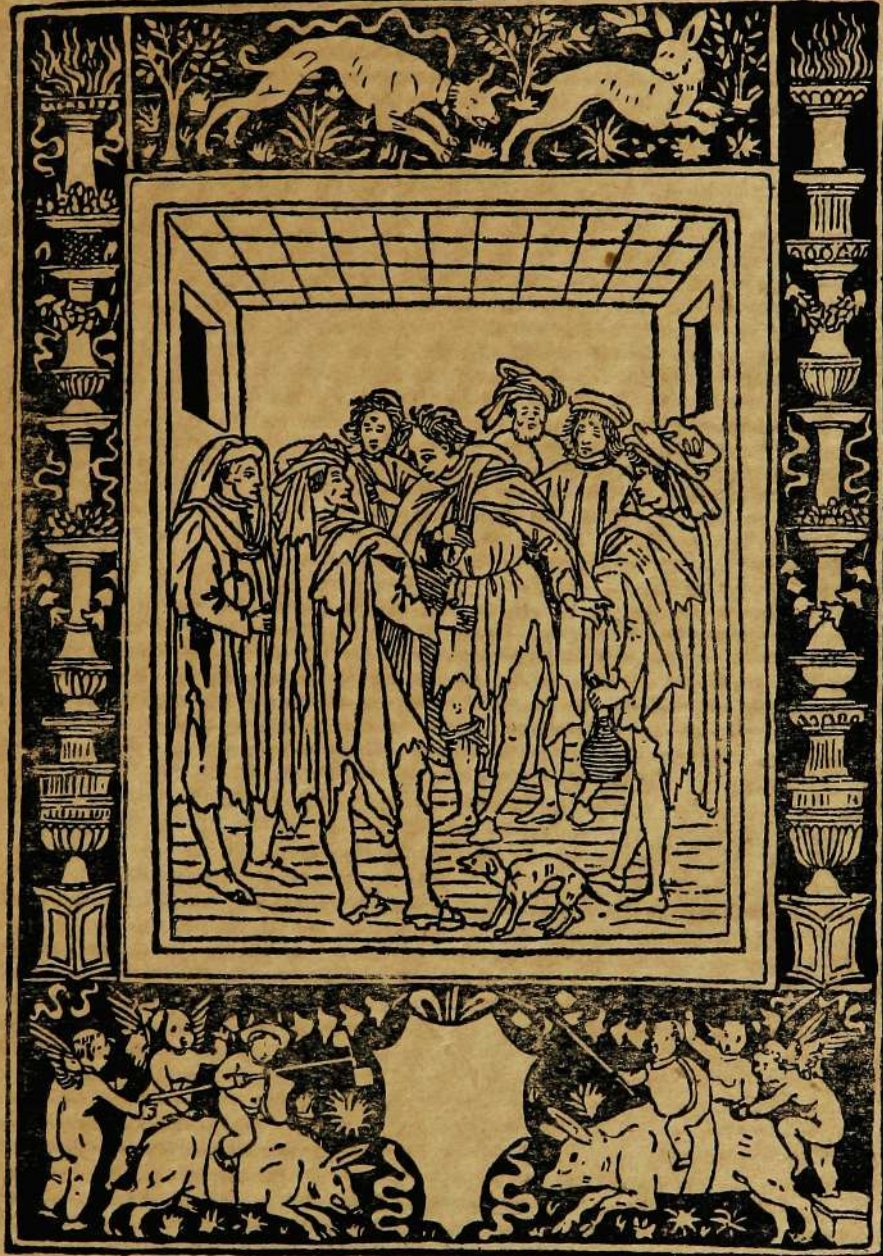
◊ There are none of the usual details which attach themselves to walls, windows and ceilings because these usual details are insignificant things such as cracks in the wall, damp marks, tones of all kinds, reflections, and so forth, and are a nuisance. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

◊ In like manner windows as a rule have gratings or shutters or frames, or light comes through them; but our old artist has refused to trouble about these things, (devilish post-impressionistic, eh?) and has pleased himself and put in two windows plain and simple, windows for windows' sake. What eccentricity! what affectation! ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

◊ The ceiling is, like all Florentine ceilings, made of small cross beams. But where are the shadows? Don't you miss them? Don't you feel you are insulted by the artist having omitted all shadows? How *can* it be a work of art without proper legal shadows? ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

◊ There is nothing more to tell you about this design, taken as a scene design. All you have to do is to study it well, noticing what I have pointed out to you, and try to recreate in your imagination the state of mind of the artist. What was he thinking about? Was he frightened of anything? . . . of the critics, of the purchasers, of what Florentine Smith would say, or even of Florence herself? Do you think he gave a thought to the "Daily Mail" of the times or dreaded the cynical sneer of the Beerbohm Tree of the period? I think not. But do you think he ran foul of his employer? On the contrary, his employer ordered more such cuts. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

◊ Let us turn to his next. What is to be said of it? Well, I cannot keep on repeating myself about simplicity, absence of detail, but I ask you to look at the whole set of woodcuts and see how free from detail how satisfactory they are. That is all there is to say about them.



"La Compagnia del Mantellaccio" Engraved about 1500

THE MASK.

JULY 1911.



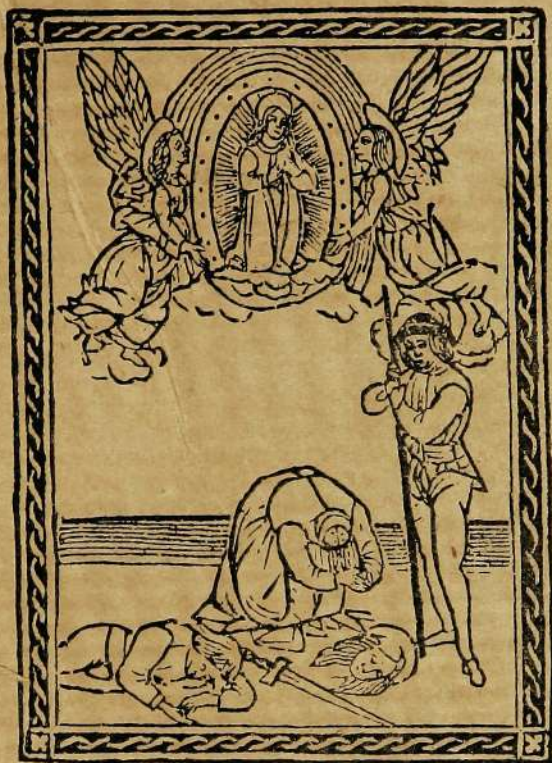


From the *Sacra Rappresentazione* of [Sta. Eufrosina.

THE MASK.

July 1911.





A Scene from a " Sacra Rappresentazione ". 15th Century Engraving.

THE MASK

July 1911

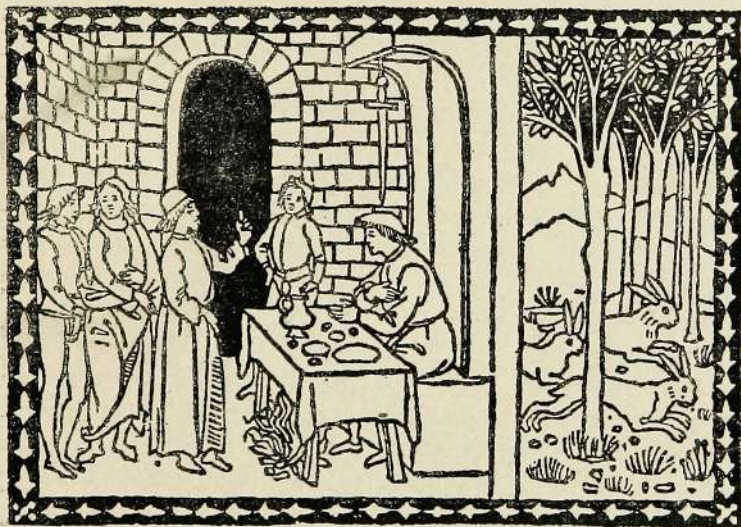




From The "Flores Poetarum".



From the "Contrasto di Carnevale e Quaresima".



From the "Fior di Virtù" 1498.

• And can you put these on the stage? • • • • •

• No, but you can if you study well put a like *simplicity* there. Managers trade in that word "simplicity" and fall in the achievement of it, "I am going to produce my next play with great simplicity" is the pathetic announcement of the great man. He knows he can't be simple so he talks about it. • • • • •

• Of the origin of the cuts themselves I can here give but the briefest notes, interesting though the historical study of them would be. • • • • •

• That facing page 54 is a scene from one of the "Sacre Rappresentazioni" (1) and the following one from the Rappresentazione of Santa Eufrosina.

• That facing page 48 is from Lorenzo de Medici's "La Compagnia del Mantellaccio" and is from a book printed about 1500 by Bernardo Zucchetto, while the one on page 55 is from Lorenzo's "La Nencia da Barberino". Of the two designs on page 51 the one of a man at table and a woman roasting a fowl is from the "Contrast between Carnival and Lent" while the lower one is from the "Fior di Virtu" (Flower of Virtue) printed in 1498 by Francesco Buonacorsi and Antonio Veneziano. The design on page 49 is from the "Flores Poetarum, (1492) and the last from the story of Ippolito Buondelmonte and Dianora dei Bardi.

• But, whatever the subject, the leading characteristic of all these engravings is the same, ..., that simplicity of idea which is the first great need of scenery. So obvious a need is it that it is strange how continually it is overlooked by those who design stage scenes. Yet consider for a moment. If you want to tell someone a story you tell it as simply as possible. If you want to state a fact in a letter you make it as direct as possible. You confine yourself, in fact, to the history you are about to tell or to the fact you have to relate. If while telling this fact or relating this story you begin to drag in other stories or other facts you fall in your intention which is to make an impression upon your hearer. And so it is with the scenery of a theatre. The scenery is not put there to tell the story but perhaps to fill up the gaps, for it is the poet who tells the story and the actors who interpret that story. Therefore the scene must not interrupt. And as perfect examples of

(1) An Article on these "Sacre Rappresentazioni" will appear in a future number of "The Mask". Ed.

this I can suggest nothing better than the scenes of these old Italian engravers, which are certainly not bare uninteresting places but which yet act to perfection the part of listener to the tale. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ If something of the simplicity which characterises all these designs could be regained in the theatre the favourite boast of the Managers that they are going to produce "with great simplicity" would no longer be as empty as it is pathetic; but the change will have to be an internal not an external one, be fundamental and not only superficial; for these old designers did not sit down saying "I will produce a simple design" they merely gave expression to the spirit which was in themselves. ♪

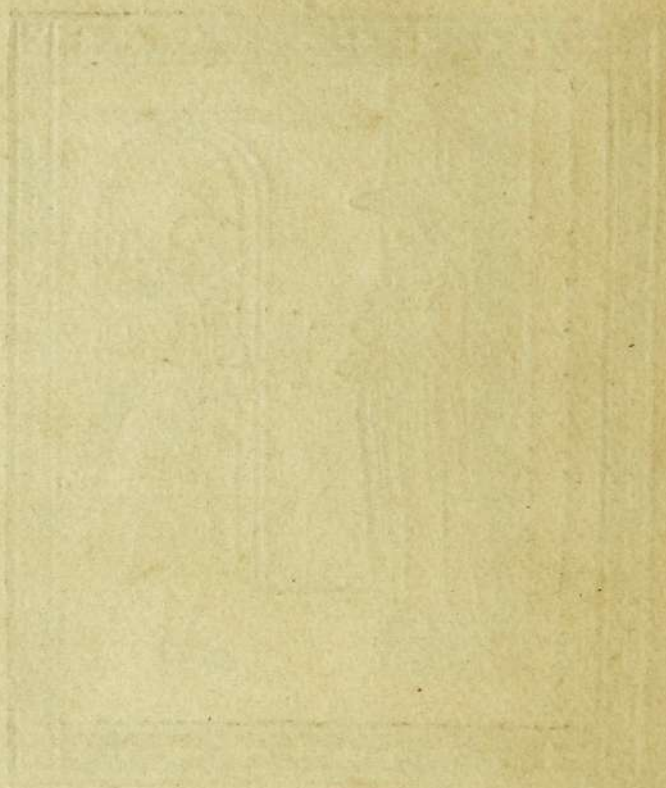
♪ Nor is the importance of this return to simplicity in stage scenery confined to its artistic aspect. It is one of national moment owing to the result exercised on the mind of the spectator by what is set upon the stage. Possibly the English gentleman does not often go to the theatre today, but his wife goes; and he would do well to consider how much the gaudy chattering plays, actors and scenes are responsible for the gaudiness of her dress next month, the fussiness of her ways next week and the chattering of her tongue next day. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ The influence of the theatre is enormous and its influence is not so much in the subject treated as in the way that subject is treated. "Romeo and Juliet" may be either a delightful and refreshing story or it may be made the most rubbishy commonplace sentimental novellette that was ever told. All depends upon the way it is treated,... all. And even if the actors are as good as may be wished, if the scenes are fussy and the costumes flimsy a fussy and flimsy atmosphere is created, and that atmosphere absorbed by the audience and carried home and spread all round the house. Let the same spectator visit twenty such productions and at the end of three or four months the nerves of the household will be all upset... a misfortune which occurs with regularity in very many families of today. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

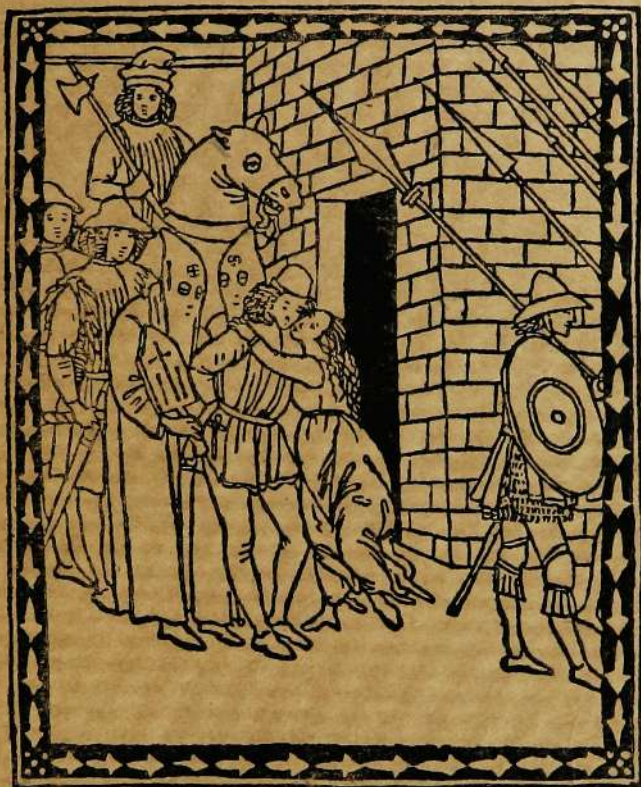
♪ The English gentleman, with his grand commonsense will do well to look into this matter even as he looks into the matter of the defence of his home and country from invaders; for what is the good of defending England if the Beauty and Life of England has already been stolen away? ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪



From Lorenzo dei Medici's "La Nencia da Barberino".



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



A Florentine Engraving from the story of Ippolito Buondelmonte and Dianora de Bardi,

THE MASK,
July 1911.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Sir.

In your last number you touched upon the performance of "Salome" by the New Players' Society at the Court Theatre "in defiance of the Censor".

☞ The choice of the play was curiously ingenuous, for "Salome" herself is the symbol of all those who cry aloud for the removal of the Censor. ☞

☞ The play has been acted many times in Germany, Hungary, Russia and elsewhere and has had a regrettable influence on the period. ☞

☞ The play also acts as a flaming poster for drawing the attention of the Public to the inadvisability of permitting women to parade their frailties on the stage under the guise of High Art, a practise which is regrettably upon the increase and is finding its climax in the nude dances and "bath room" scenes so popular upon the stage today. ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

☞ All this cheap trash must flourish and increase so long as the Censor's hands are tied..... and that they are so is obvious, or how could these Amateur Societies "defy" with impunity an authority so important to our well-being as a nation? ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

Faithfully

Edwin J. Burlin

Sir.

I think that perhaps the following extract from the dark archives of "the Green Room Book" will interest your readers: ☞ ☞

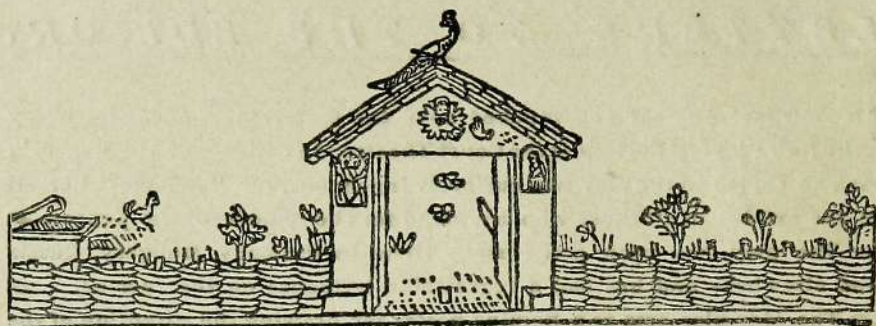
☞ "TREE, Herbert Beerbohm, actor manager; was born London, Dec. 17, 1853. second son of Julius Beerbohm a London merchant and Constantia Draper (grandson of Herr Ernst Beerbohm, landed proprietor and timber merchant of Bernsteinbruch, on the Baltic; and nephew of General von Unruh) etc, etc. Joined the Irrationals "Amateur Dramatic Society". ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

☞ It is therefore a German gentleman who is President of the Theatrical Managers' Association of Great Britain. ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

☞ This should be a source of pleasure and encouragement to "us Germans", and a guarantee of future success to the English stage: and although *The Mask* is anti-German in its tendency It will perhaps admit that what Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has done for the English stage has been done with true German sincerity. ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

Yours faithfully

Heinrich Klinkenstein.



BOOK REVIEWS.

LAFCADIO HEARN IN JAPAN: If after we have killed them we write about them we are particular to prove how undistinguished we are.
by Yone Noguchi. Elkin Matthews. London.

Mr Noguchi has sent me a book which I shall very often remember to take down from its shelf. Just to hold it in the hand is pleasant, so light it is, so cool its lemon yellow cover to the eye, and as one swiftly turns all the leaves by one thumb movement, one is reminded of the waves which roll upon the shore at Yaldzu.

What is the word which best describes this little book? I think it is "distinction", and it is distinction which we pride ourselves in England on possessing. Ours is so different though. Ours is a distinguished lacquer rather than something from under that which is under the skin. Ours is so rude that we drive a Lafcadio Hearn or a Shelley into remote lands where true natural distinction waits to welcome them.

"It is perfectly appalling to observe in the Western countries that when anyone dies his friends have to rush to print his private letters and even an unexpected person volunteers to speak as his best friend and presumes to write his biography."

Mr Noguchi might have said more. He tells us that in the East "personality is not talked about so much, and gossip is only a little short of crime, and silence is poetry and virtue, (We never talk of Hearn's personality here; it is enough to have his books)."

I like very much the chapter in which Mr Otani, Hearn's literary assistant for a short while, sets down a few facts relating to his service to his master. It has just

that same distinction as the rest of the book... is full of love... a rare quality in an assistant. How puffed up a Westerner would have been, how he would have ruffled his feathers to show that, without his assistance, the master would have been nothing! Pupils of Europe, take a lesson from Mr Otani! At some future date I hope to have the privilege of reprinting Mr Otani's words.

Then there is a delightful chapter by Mrs Hearn. But I think the best of the book is somewhere between pages 80 and 104, wherein the writer tells us of Mr Hearn at Yaldzu by the sea, of his great swimming and how the one thousand five hundred fisherman wondered: of the life led by the Fuji mountain worshippers, of their grief when Hearn died, of how the Idol without head or arms was to have both again, and of how the law of Mama San was obeyed in silence by all.

J. S.

MASKS AND MINSTRELS OF NEW GERMANY, by Percival Pollard. John Luce. Boston U.S.A.

This book is all about those fearful labourers of Art, the Germans. It is a very full book and Mr Pollard is enthusiastic about his subject which he has obviously studied only too well.

Mr Arthur Symons has written about German Art and we think everyone will be the wiser for studying carefully what he says. "Strauss is the only decadent in music, and he has tried to debauch music, as Stuck has tried to debauch painting, and as Klinger has tried to debauch sculpture, for the satisfaction of a craving which is not simple, sensuous, and passionate', but elaborate, intellectual and frigid. The whole tendency of modern German art is summed up in his tone-poems, and it is a tendency towards an orgy of the brain, at once idealistic and gross, a perversity which proceeds from impotence, and culminates in that emphasis which is worse than vice because it is vulgar."

Anyone who likes vulgarity will get it in Mr Pollard's book. This is not Mr Pollard's fault but his misfortune. Germany attracted him. It does not attract us.

Mr Pollard only needs a more distinguished subject and he will write a famous book. As it is he writes with vigour and that is the first and best quality. After that perhaps comes distinction. But who is there who could write of Bierbaum with Distinction? This is Bierbaum's style:

"I've been appointed", he declared, "to amuse Berlin into artistic life, but not to bore it with literature. The object of our Hall is to do away with the last vestiges of interest in all this literature of yours. We want to make the people of Berlin truly aesthetic. There are still people here who read books. That's got to stop."

"There's more of the lyric in the lace drawers of my sou-brettes than in all your printed works; and when once the time is come that I can let them dance without any drawers at all, even you will realize that it is superfluous to write any other verses than those sung on our stage. Beautiful clothes, beautiful arms, busts, legs, gestures, those are what count. Evolve dances for me; create pantomime; solve me the problem of emancipation from tights.... those are the things I need."

"And if you absolutely have to write verses, don't forget they must be sung by beautiful girls whose corsets do not embrace the void".

And we don't like this style of under-wear, when worn as an overcoat,

THE DRAMATIC AUTHOR'S COMPANION. Mills and Boon. Two shillings and sixpence.

Messrs Mills and Boon have now done for the Dramatic Author what they had already done for the Nurse, the Chauffeur, the Gardener, Lady Motorist, Golfer, Rifleman, Poultry-keeper and Bee-keeper: that is to say, they have found a Companion for him.

Without all the disappointments attendant upon the matrimonial agency Messrs Mills and Boon act as caterers to the long felt wants of the artists in Patients, Pigeons and Plays for companions. And surely today the Dramatic Author must feel his loneliness even more acutely than either the Bee-keeper or the keeper of Poultry, and we may say that the Companion found for the Dramatic Author by Messrs Mills and Boon is an ideal person. He is wife, counsellor, friend, perhaps more than a mother to him. By following his advice anyone with genius can add that necessary dash of commonsense which the Companion says is as desirable as it is rare. Altogether Messrs Mills and Boon have found the Dramatic Author an ideal Companion.... But I would like just to see all these companions of Beekeeper, Nurse, Chauffeur, Gar-

dener and Food Reformer gathered together and hear them all talking "shop"!        

MODERN DRAMATISTS by *Ashley Dukes. Frank Palmer.*

The author seems to consider consistency a great virtue and, in the attempt to be consistent at any price, is obliged to sell his house and all.      

  He writes of the dramatists as though he knew. What the dramatists will say about it heaven knows.        

  These dramatists according to Mr Dukes are no dramatists at all. They are men who first of all have something to say against drink, prisons, dishonest ship-owners, women, the aristocracy, etc, and to whom it is quite a secondary matter how they say it.    

  We had always hoped that dramatists were to be grouped with the seers, but Mr Dukes shows us clearly that these dramatists of his are pretty human and fond of nothing so much as a good cackle.  

  Holding the old theory that the Theatre is for a maximum amount of action and a minimum of words we think Mr Dukes has demonstrated that these dramatists are certainly not of or for the Theatre.  

  We were quite aware that the

dramatists were full of faults, especially that huge unforgiveable one of preaching, but we have seldom had the evidence of this fact so well gathered together and so convincingly stated.    

  For Mr Dukes takes it for granted from the first that the whole soul of the dramatist is bent on teaching: . . . not that he praises or blames them for this but that he takes it so for granted that his readers will surely believe that the good dramatist must be a teacher and a preacher before all things and an artist or seer secondarily if at all.  

  It is this conviction which stands out in Mr Dukes's work whereas what the different men are as artists is not even suggested.    

  The two greatest artists among modern European playwrights are Yeats and Synge. These he omits to mention and the excuse he gives that "Relevance may be a greater virtue than completeness" is quite inadequate.      

  Perhaps however he has done well to omit these two, for it is obvious that Yeats and Synge would not behave well in company with those long-faced moralists of the Order of the White Tie, with Shaw, Brieux, Barker, Heljermanns and Co.  

  Synge and Yeats are like two tipsy

tinkers, drunk with great draughts of beauty: the others are like sober clergymen with the usual hankering which clergymen have for the footlights, sipping thimblefulls of commonsense, unecstatic. At least this is the impression Mr Dukes's book makes upon us.

And Mr Dukes himself seems like some kindly verger who goes before these staid gentlemen and whispers their hankering into the ear of the door-keeper.

The Theatre is in no hurry to follow false prophets and these preaching men are not fond of the Theatre as Theatre but merely because it provides them with a little excitement.

The Theatre contains the materials of an art which is neither literary, pictorial nor musical. This fact has been stated by Mr Gordon Craig who has given his life to the study: therefore books like this one by Mr Ashley Dukes seem quite futile.

Mr Dukes says that he has perceived a real awakening of the Theatre to be taking place and that he has accordingly brought a few white-tied preachers to the stage door in the hope that something may turn up for them. The Theatre will of course handle these gentlemen as it

has for centuries handled playwrights ready to make twenty per cent out of it but not to lose a penny in its rightful cause.

MEMOIRS AND IMPRESSIONS OF Mme. MODJESKA, Macmillan. Price Seventeen shillings net.

In this book Madame Modjeska tells of her work, her triumphs, her public and private life, and in the telling reveals, perhaps unconsciously, but as does each actress who gives us the Story of her Life, the colossal blunder which has been committed in ever permitting women to appear upon the stage. We have spoken often of the harm done to the art by the practise; here we have proof from an actress's own writings of how great and inevitable is the loss to the woman herself; "No, no," wrote Madame Modjeska "a public life is not fit for a woman! Some one said, 'The happiest woman is the one of whom nothing good and nothing bad can be said.' Who knows how much truth is in these words, and whether any woman should seek for happiness outside of her home, which seems to be the proper place for her. There she reigns, Her life is inaccessible to human curiosity. But a woman

“ who has dared to raise her head
 “ above the others, who has exten-
 “ ded her eager hand for laurels,
 “ who has not hesitated to expose
 “ and throw to the crowds all that
 “ her soul possessed of love, despair
 “ and passion,..... that woman has
 “ given the right to the curlous
 “ multitude to interfere in her
 “ private affairs, to rummage in the
 “ most secret recesses of her life,
 “ to count her very heart’s pulsa-
 “ tions”, and, she concludes, “ at
 “ last an invincible horror fills our
 “ soul towards that pillory called the
 “ Stage”, and a great doubt rises
 “ in our mind. Was it worth while
 “ to give all that we had of the
 “ best of ourselves to the world, in
 “ order to obtain as a reward a
 “ momentary applause followed by
 “ a cup of bitterness”.
 And again;
 “ In the old Roman times they
 “ used to throw prisoners to the
 “ lions. I threw all that was best of
 “ me to the hungry crowds, but
 “ they still ask for more, and I am
 “ so poor, so poor, that there is not
 “ enough of feeling left in me to
 “ give me comfort in every day life.
 These extracts speak for them-
 selves and we offer them for the
 consideration especially of the young-
 ger actresses who step forward so

confidently and rashly to a work in
 which they have much to lose for
 themselves and nothing of value to
 gain for the art they profess to serve.
INTERPRETERS OF LIFE by
Archibald Henderson Mitchell
Kennerly. New York. Price one
and a half dollars net.

The “ Interpreters ” selected by
 Mr Henderson for discussion are
 George Meredith, Oscar Wilde,
 Maurice Maeterlinck, Henrik Ibsen
 and George Bernard Shaw, but the
 whole seems to be too much the
 result of reading books upon the
 subject and restating the opinions
 as well as the facts. Mr Henderson
 has nothing original to give us; he
 merely dishes up for other cooks.
 At times his method betrays
 him, as, for instance, in his obser-
 vations on the work of M. Stan-
 slawski and Mr Herbert Trench.
 He appears to have formed his
 opinions in this case from newspaper
 reports and not to have covered his
 traces sufficiently carefully, for he
 accords the same meed of praise to
 the latter as to the former, testing
 both by their production of the
 same play. In fact his idea of M.
 Stanislawsky, whom he describes as
 “ the greatest of living stage mana-
 gers,” (this alone proves Mr Hen-
 derson to know little about the

leading men in the European Theatre of today), is nicely gauged for us when we read his estimate of Mr Trench on the following page.

The essay on Ibsen is interesting as is some of the information gathered together about Wilde who "always affirmed that he respected life too deeply ever to discuss it seriously".

But as we close Mr Henderson's volume we wonder a little how much of it would have been given to us had Mr Henderson locked his library, dropped the key down the well, countermanded his daily paper, and relied on his own eyes and brains, for his ideas. We would suggest the experiment to him in writing his next book. It may be a tenth the size of this, but. . . . It might have ten times the weight.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGRAVING by Frederick Keppel
Baker Taylor Co: U. S. A. Price three and a half dollars net.

Mr Keppel has chosen a most interesting subject for his book which bears evidence of long study and casual research and should prove of value to students and collectors and to all who appreciate the "Noble human labour of the Engraver" as compared with the mechanical pro-

cesses of pictorial reproduction of today.

The volume is well bound and printed, and contains two hundred and sixty two illustrations showing the progress of the art from the year 1465 to the year 1910.

A HISTORY OF JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS by W. von Seidlitz. Heinemann, Price twenty five shillings net.

This book contains many fine reproductions of Japanese plates and the actors and actresses have much to learn from their study.

We would draw attention especially to those which show actors in female parts, since each of these figures is worth any amount of argument upon the desirability, the absolute necessity to the art of the theatre, of replacing women by men upon the stage.

There are some people who will never believe until they see. We advise them to study these pictures and we feel assured that they will then no longer doubt or question the truth of what has been so many times repeated in *The Mask*.... that women must withdraw from the stage and leave it finally and exclusively to men if the theatre is to be saved.

JAPANESE ART by Laurence Binyon. T. Fisher Unwin. Five shillings net.

This book has the distinction and scholarly tone which we expect ...and find... In all to which Mr Binyon puts his hand. It includes among its many fine plates some especially interesting ones of the Japanese Theatre.

STRUGGLES AND VICTORIES by Yvette Guilbert and H. Simpson. Mills and Boon. Price ten shillings and sixpence.

The life of Yvette Guilbert is neither more nor less extraordinary than that of any woman of like fibre. The pity is that there are so few. We see them sometimes seated on the throne, sometimes on a doorstep; sometimes they pass before us on the stage or in a drawingroom. Courage is their prime quality, and to that is added grace or distinction, brilliance or strength, never vulgarity or malice.

Yvette Guilbert is exactly such a woman; never vulgar, never malicious; always striving like fire to be just and like fire burning up in the flame of this desire all that is not pure enough to stand the heat.

That she is also a great actress is a detail, and certainly it in no way detracts from her great personal verity. This can be said of but few

women. When women become actresses they become something false.

I have said that Madame Yvette Guilbert is a great actress. I said so because people tell me so. Every one tells me so. Some say the greatest actress.

I challenge this. She could not be possessed of that flaming desire to be just and sincere and be an actress at the same time,... no, not even the greatest actress.

I think I would prefer to call her a poet, and if I may be allowed to do so I will.

She creates, and that which she creates is poetry, .. a kind of poetry. Like Shakespeare and most of the great dramatists she takes some rag of verse or story and emblazons upon it the names of many victories won by the proud and the brave over the mean and the cowardly. This is her banner woven by her own hands.

She is certainly a poet,... a fighting poet. She is certainly no actress,... actresses never fight for a cause: they squabble for personal fame.... and hate all causes, all principles. And they hate their "Art". The proof of this lies in their taking to flight, in their deserting the guns when the bullets begin to fly.

In this book Madame Yvette Guilbert tells the story of her early life;

the whole tale is of a long fight and she does not tell how easy it would have been for her to give in and win a different success by using different weapons. That remains yet for some one to do.

It is Madame Yvette Gullbert's distinction not to have compromised, not to have accepted quarter, not to have acted off the stage, not to have acted at all and yet to be on the stage all the time. It is nothing short of gigantic in its loveliness.

This has been Madame Yvette Gullbert's lovely past; we can witness her present, now for the future.

What is that to be? She will fight; she must; she will never settle down although happily married to a fine man and with all good things around her; she is sure to fight.

For this we salute her. She is all we admire most; she is that which fights against all that is mean, ugly and vulgar: against that vast Rebellion of man and woman who sin against Nature and God ...in being small.

A HISTORY OF PAINTING by Haldane MacFall. Eight Vols: T. C. & E. C. Jack, Price seven shillings and sixpence net per volume.

In a Preface to this "History of Painting, of which four volumes

have reached us, Mr Brangwyn the painter tells us that Mr MacFall has said the right thing about Art and its relation to Life. Mr MacFall himself in his Foreword says "In these pages I have simply written of the greater men of genius who have contributed to the Art of painting; and I have touched upon their more famous works rather than attempted an exhaustive list of their endeavour, the which has no value save to the dealer in antiques. The volumes are an attempt to place before the ordinary man the chief achievement of the years in the Art of Painting; and to hint at something of the real significance of that achievement". And again, "I give you no fantastic pedant's balderdash about "tactile values" or "space composition"; about your "vasomotor system" or "the materially significant" or your "ideated sensations". It is, in fact, a book for the ordinary man" and he is very grateful.

There are maps and charts in the volumes and many many reproductions in colour of the master pieces of painting.

The author tells us that all Art is an "overwhelming need, that it is no luxury, the need is not allied

to the other need for diversion". The moment Art becomes a luxury or a mere diversion it is in decay" says he; which is, as we understand it, a great truth, but not the whole truth. It is likely that the whole truth will only be quite evident to the great masters.

Mr MacFall has written a book which for many reasons should be very popular; and belongs by deed of gift to "the ordinary man" since it is with the consciousness that this man is his reader that Mr Macfall writes.

This is a good thing to have done; a bold thing too, for we too often today give up the "ordinary man" as hopeless.

Mr MacFall's book is good sense, and more, is readable. It is History made romantic; It is the pyramid of facts with the sun on it. Of how many books on the History of Painting can that be said? Some only want facts and dates. Blake is amongst those who are satisfied with just that; but some want more. They get it from Mr MacFall.

The history is an enormous undertaking and is evidently the work of a lifetime, and, though we of *The Mask* are all for Dates and Facts, and Dates and Facts alone, IF we are to have opinions let them be

of the kind Mr MacFall gives us and not those generally imposed upon us in Histories of Art, for his are given with gusto, ...and that's everything. The other Art writers are a bit dry, and you know this when you come to read Mr MacFall.

THE PLAY BOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD, by J. M. Synge. Maunsell. Dublin. Price half a crown net.

A new Edition, admirable for the distinction of its format and style, of Synge's Masterpiece.

SIX SMALL BOOKS OF PLAYS from Maunsell, Dublin. at One shilling or sixpence each.

Of these plays, two "The Jackdaw", and "The Image" are by Lady Gregory. The former especially is admirable.... simple, most amusing, altogether charming..

The others are respectively "False-ly True" by Johanna Redmond; "The Cross Roads" by S. L. Robinson; "Birthright" by T. C. Murray, and "The Troth" and "The Drone" by Rutherford Mayne.

All of these are good, and as we know that Synge's plays are superb and Yeats's plays are even finer we feel that the Irish Theatre is safe as St Patrick.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS.

The English Review has one great good quality,.... courage. Is this enough to justify us in expressing admiration for it? It has other qualities also, for amongst its writers are Joseph Conrad, Yoshio Masuhara, G. S. Street, Maxim Gorki, Wells, and Newbolt. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ True, every one does not like Conrad, Wells and the others; yet every one does like courage and when criticising a journal are we to judge by what everyone likes or by what the few like? ♪ ♪

♪ Take, for instance, the *Nineteenth Century and After*. No one could exactly call it over-bold, and some would not even call it courageous. Among its writers we find the names of Andrew Carnegie, Mr Bram Stoker, the Duchess of Marlborough, Professor E. C. Clark:.... but then everyone does not like these writers and everyone hates caution which has become timidity.

♪ Again, there is a new magazine called *The Irish Review* with its Irish names lending grace to its pages. And there is the *Conservator* from America. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ All these journals have a great deal to say about a great many different subjects and one wonders who can be found to have a hot interest in all of these subjects, or even in six of them or four of them, or even two of them. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ In many people's opinion the "Conservator" would seem to do best in keeping to one subject, for as these are all very serious journals the idea must be scouted that they have no fixed belief about anything. Yet I felt a suggestion of this the other day when giving myself the relaxation of reading the much about the many things these four journals contained. And I could not honestly say with which journal's views I agreed, for, except in the case of the "Conservator", I failed to find any unshakeable belief in any of them. ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ For the rest, the "English Review" is very courageous and alive, the "Nineteenth Century" very timid and rather shaky, and the "Irish Review" less Irish than one might have hoped. ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ Well then, what was left to me out of the confusion of tongues? A few Individuals were left;.. Artists, Conrad with his genius,... one with whom one likes to be; Lady Paget and her graceful young way of writing about old times and old friends; Street and his gaiety... And little more. And so it comes that, in

spite of prejudice, I find myself hailing the "Conservator" as the best of the bunch because of its purpose, its deadly earnestness. o

o I do not care a scrap that it so often tries to speak in the manner personal to Walt Whitman, for the "Nineteenth Century" writers mostly write in a queer style borrowed from the minority. If Traubel of the "Conservator" has no personality of his own, no more have these "Nineteenth Century" writers, and to imitate a god is just as wise as to imitate a member of the Reform Club. The first shows courage and belief... and possibly conceit, but the second reveals nothing but timid herd behaviour. So in spite of everything, I end by finding the "Conservator" the best, and for that *one* quality only,... that courage of belief. o o o o

o And having *that*, dear "Conservator", get all the rest and don't despise them. Cut away from the often too exaggerated and meaningless echo of the voice of Walt Whitman; you get nothing from it and we lose much. Don't tell us too many times what love is and that you really do love us and everyone and everything because we *know* it; we take it for granted; but sing sometimes so that we *feel* it. Or

write a word or two instead of a thousand in praise of something so that we too may feel like agreeing with you. In short, *leave something unsaid*.... don't say it all, because it makes the other people in the room feel such fools, and so out of it all. o o o o

o I can go to church to hear *one* man talking, but when friends are together they all talk a little. o

o Of course I should not say this if you were Euclid or Vitruvius or Wilbur Wright, because we must always listen to the specialist. But you write about Love, God, Democracy, Kings, Struggles and the rest and everyone knows as much and as little about these things as you do. Then let us all rather say as little as possible about them until we are specialists. o E. E.

We have received a copy of *Camera Work*, a quarterly issued by Alfred Stieglitz, 4 Madison Avenue, New York, and a very remarkable book it must make at the end of a year. o o

o The number we have received contains some good photographs by Craig Annan, a fine reproduction of an etching by Gordon Craig and two remarkable reproductions of drawings by Henri Matisse. The letter

press is also vivid and independent. "In opposition to one another. In
 Alfred Stieglitz in conjunction "that way I obtain the life of
 with his friend Eduard Steichen "form, i. e., harmony. In that way
 has given New York a small Art "I intend that the life of the work
 Gallery. It is said to be second to "should come from within itself.
 none in the city. There may be seen "The subject of any work of art is
 the works of Cezanne, Rodin, Mat- "for me nothing but a pretext for
 isse, Picasso, Nadelman, Craig, "creating significant form, relations
 Toulouse, Lautrec and others. "of forms which create a new
 There is an interesting little "life that has nothing to do with
 Preface to a catalogue of the works "life in nature, a life from which
 of Elie Nadelman which is too good "art is born, and from which spring
 not to reprint: Mr Nadelman writes: "style and unity.
 "I am asked to explain my draw- "From significant form comes
 ings. I will try to do so, although "style, from relations of form, i. e.,
 "form cannot be described. Modern "the necessity of playing one form
 "artists are ignorant of *the true* "against another, comes unity. I
 "forms of art. They copy nature, "leave it to others to judge of the
 "try to imitate it by any possible "importance of so radical a change
 "means, and their works are *pho-* "in the means used to create a
 "tographic reproductions not "work of art."
 "works of art. They are works "Nadelman repeats what has been
 "without style and without unity. said by the Gods since the year
 "It is form in itself, not resem- One: he thinks his statement new,...
 "blance to nature, which gives us and it is new in so far as the
 "pleasure in a work of art. eternal is never old; and a new
 "But what is this true form of belief in eternity is surely original.
 "art? It is significant and abstract, It is only the incessant expression
 "i. e., composed of geometrical of a disbelief in the eternal truths
 "elements. which is so tedious and utterly
 "Here is how I realize it. I depraved. This belief is uttered
 "employ no other line than the daily by the heads of Royal Acade-
 "curve, which possesses freshness mies, the Literary Lions and the
 "and force. I compose these curves Theatrical Tabbies.
 "so as to bring them in accord or No less good in another way is

the article by B. de Casseres on in the same selfish spirit as she
 "Decadence and Mediocrity" in looks upon the earth; as a means
 which he champions and vindicates for satisfying her own personal gra-
 the artist who "stalks through the tification. ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞
 world, weaving his filaments of beauty ☞ This is well known, and being
 into concrete images and ideas" so should be guarded against. ☞
 and holds up to ridicule the "Candy ☞ Nor is the spectacle of young
 Kids of art and the "cabals of boys aping the female sex a thing to
 mediocrity". ☞ ☞ ☞ be desired. Yet at Oxford and Cam-
 bridge and in the American Colleges

The *Century Magazine* continues have such young fools ever been
 to have lots of good things in it. found? Indeed not; and whenever a
 Most interesting of all are Signor man has played the role of a woman
 Guglielmo Ferrero's "Women of he has invested it with all the
 the Caesars" series. ☞ ☞ qualities which he as man imagines
 ☞ *The Mask* alone of all journals woman to be possessed of and has
 has said that woman is a danger to robbed it of all its sensuality. If he
 the theatre and that before the does not simulate the heaving bosom
 stage can lay claim once more to or the tear-stained visage it is only
 its art women will have to leave its that he would have it held untrue
 boards. Signor Ferrero shows that that woman is merely a crazy senti-
 liberty for woman is a danger to the mental animal of little moods and
 state: "Although it is a hard, cruel no aspiration. ☞ ☞ ☞
 "plainly iniquitous thing to deprive ☞ *Primavera*, a monthly journal
 "a woman of liberty and subject published in Rome, of which we have
 "her to a régime of tyranny in order received six numbers, is really rather
 "to constrain her to live for the good, the February number being
 "race and not for herself, yet when devoted entirely to the Italian com-
 "liberty is granted her to live for media and masks. ☞ ☞ ☞
 "herself, to satisfy her personal ☞ Another young journal is the
 "desires, she abuses that liberty *Licorne* which comes from Antwerp.
 "more readily than a man does, A good deal of enthusiasm has
 "and more than a man forgets her evidently gone to its making and we
 "duties towards the race." ☞ shall be glad to see it again. Its
 ☞ Woman looks upon the theatre address is 13 Rue Longue Neuve.



FOREIGN NOTES

STRATFORD ON AVON.

It is always a pleasure to see Miss Ellen Terry here at our poor Festival, and when, dressed like a pilgrim in white, she moved through the streets of our town this spring it was like a dream.

Her lecture was admirable and beautiful. It is a pity she did not come here and act all the Shakespeare roles with Irving. We have never had any *serious* Festival here and for this reason never a truly gay one except from the student's point of view, and a very little excitement makes him intoxicated.

Mr Benson is serious enough but in so different a way from what one expects with Shakespeare as theme. Shakespeare was neither provincial nor metropolitan. (How metropolitan Sir Herbert Tree, is to be sure!)

Our good Mayor does much to give happiness, and all the dwellers in the town, writers, printers, painters and even Hotel keepers do all they can.

But we want to see the King and Queen here. We want to see members of the two Houses; we want to see groups of modern artists and poets of all lands seated at table together and we do not want the whole thing quite so actorish or quite so provincial. For after all Shakespeare is Shakespeare, you know, and there hasn't been such another in Europe since.

Our celebration week is nothing but a parody. an advertisement for a few actors, and there an end.

"Wake up, England! L. C.

P A R I S.
Down to Circus Level.

For May 3rd and 9th were announced two Dancing Performances by Mlle. N. TROUHANOWA, the lady being in very large letters presumably so that we could learn to masticate the name correctly.

We expected something by Mlle, Trouhanowa, Instead we had the usual collaborated performance by Mlle. Trouhanowa assisted by M. Pierre Monteux assisted by Mmes.

Rosita Mauri, M. Mariquita, A. comparison would be invited. Gedda and M. N. Clustine and by And I also felt that If Mlle. Saracco; assisted by Mme, Muelle Trouhanawa had appeared alone and and M. Pinchon, assisted by M. P. she had done some wonderful thing Pagnereau, and the whole band alone and by her own unaided led by the brigand chief M. G. efforts, I could have found cause to Astruc. congratulate the modern theatre.

Gluck and Chopin were two of But the collaboration of this dancer the victims; I was another. I paid with orchestra, scene-painters, costumes, and other dancers, and the a very high price for my seat. I had awful dragging to the altar of the been in the morning to the Louvre and was allowed to look at one of the noble Gluck and the loved Chopin the world's wonders, the Monna all seemed too weak for anything Lisa of Leonardo, for nothing. The but the feminine applause which room was quiet and I looked upon burst out now and again like an the serious work of a man in the attack of measles.

The Theatre is certainly in a weak state when such a collaboration to be in that field.

At the Chatelet that afternoon is possible and approved.

while watching Mlle. Trouhanowa There is no excuse to be found assisted by a score of hardworking such as that a great city produces labourers I felt that the Theatre was these eccentricities. The Theatre not even in the hemisphere of Art, should be strong enough to refuse far less in the very field. to play down to the circus public, and it should play up to the same

I contrasted the two experiences public as goes to the Louvre, looks following so quickly one upon the at Leonardo's Monna Lisa, probably other and I, an old theatre goer, does not understand or like it, but suddenly became aware of the awfulness of the stuff which the modern at all events *remains silent before it.*

of art. If offered to us as a sheer My confrère "Percival" of the exhibition of personal qualities,..... *Referee*, whose witty writings alone legs, arms, emotions of ladies and make that Journal readable and gentlemen,..... whom the other regular writers on open to this criticism for then no the staff constantly attempt to imi-

tate with awful results, had an unpleasant experience at the performance for which he thanks M. Astruc the amiable Impresario in the following words: "The other afternoon M. Astruc sent me tickets for the first performance of "Mademoiselles Trouhanowa," whose dancing I love. When I got to the theatre I found a wild and angry crowd CURSING THE NAME OF ASTRUC, " and if you'll try it you will find " it quite a handy name to curse. M. Mozzeltov had sent out cards of invitation to more people than the house would hold, and hundreds of us were unable to get in. Now, that may be clever advertisement, because people who have heard of a crush always want to go to the theatre. But, Caro Astruccio, may I point out that journalists are busy folk, and promise you with my hand on my heart that I'll see you in China first before I accept any other invitation from you without a numbered seat attached to it. I've no objection, Astrucstein, to advertising you, but I'll be dashed, Hastruck, if you shall waste more of my time."

And when I saw "Percival" at the doors he looked every scrap of that paragraph . . . and a good deal more.

LONDON

Patriotism.

Mr Frederick Whelen, after having suggested that we shall go to Dusseldorf for our ideas of a new Theatre school, emphasizes his tendencies even more clearly by enthusiastically assisting Professor Reinhardt and his German imitation goods to obtain a footing in London. However, I suppose its a case of anything for a job. Its a pity though, for Mr Whelen would have made a capable business man for any of the different English personalities who are slowly making their way in the fore.

G. H.

The Shakespeare Ball.

This ball was given in aid of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre. It would have been better if the energy and money spent on its preparation had been employed in preparing that which is to go into the said National Theatre. In fact it would be altogether better to select the artist and to announce a programme before going to the country for funds. Those who are subscribing to the National Theatre might keep their money for Montecarlo or the Derby, for then at least they would have some say in the matter.

R. S.

A Sign of Awakening. "vital influence on the Theatre
Things here are waking up at last, "throughout Europe.
 they are beginning to move and "It is well known that the Theatre
 will, no doubt, soon move a good "in Germany, Austria and Russia
 deal more. One sign of this movement "admits its debt to Craig's inspi-
 is before me in an invitation to a "ration: his influence has, indeed,
 Dinner in honour on Mr Gordon Craig "gone deeper than most people are
 to take place of Sunday July 16th "aware of, and much that has been
 at the Café Royal, Regent St. This "accomplished of late years, owes
 dinner has been organized by a "its success to Craig's impulse. It
 Committee of Ladies and Gentlemen "has been felt among many of those
 with the Duchess of Sutherland at "interested in the dignity of the
 the head. The form of their announce- "Theatre in England, that it would
 ment is one more of those straws "be a fitting thing that some definite
 which for some time past have been "acknowledgement be made to
 showing which way the wind was "Craig for his unfaltering devotion
 setting. Here it is:.... "and high aims through almost in-
 "In 1900 Edward Gordon Craig "superable difficulties".
 "began to stage operas and plays "Then, after particulars as to the
 "in a new and significant way. Such- time and place of the dinner, come
 "productions as Purcell's "Dido the following names:
 "and Aeneas" and "Masque of "Millicent Sutherland "Augusta
 "Love," Handel's "Acis and Gala- Gregory "Beatrice Stella Campbell.
 "tea", Ibsen's "Vikings," Laurence "Mabel Dearmer "May Morris
 "Housman's "Bethlehem" and Shake "Alice Rothenstein "Max Beerbohm
 "speare's "Much Ado about No- "Laurence Binyon "George Cal-
 "thing", gave a new direction to deron "Walter Crane "Roger
 "the Art of the Theatre." Fry "Austin Harrison "Martin
 "In this way, as well as through Harvey "Augustus John
 "his writings, Gordon Craig held Haldane McFall "T. Sturge Moore
 "up an inspiring and dignified vi- "James Pryde "William
 "sion of the stage, and his attempts Rothenstein "Charles Shannon
 "to recover the canon of theatrical Martin Shaw "William Strang
 "tradition, led him to make expe- E. F. Spence "A. G. Wells
 "riments in the direction of scenic Frederick Whelen "W. B. Yeats.
 "representation, which have had a "Yes, things are waking up at last



EDITORIAL NOTES

ROYALTY AT THE THEATRE

The *Referee*, speaking of the Command Performance at Drury Lane tells us that there was no enthusiasm,.... because "*Enthusiasm with society people is not the correct thing*" and it drew attention to the fact that "*until the end there was hardly a cheer throughout the evening*".

This only shows the good effect Majesty has upon a crowd. Cheers and applause are as out of place in a theatre as in a church or in a picture gallery. With cheers at a race meeting it is different. The horses need it and the animals excite us to cheers and the presence of Royalty has never stopped those cheers. Curious, how right the instincts of people are! At Drury Lane in the presence of the King they behave; at the Derby in the presence of the King they behave also. Instinctively they do the right thing in both cases, but that which is right in the one case is the opposite of that which is right in the other.

The *Referee* is wrong is suppo-

sing the Drury Lane audience was not enthusiastic; they simply for once behaved and did the right thing not merely the "*correct*" thing.

IMPERIAL BOUNTY.

Our Moscow Correspondant tells us that when the Dowager Empress visited a St Petersburg Theatre last month to witness a performance by the Moscow Art Theatre Company she called two of the actors to her box between the acts and presented them with a purse containing five hundred pounds.

This strikes us as delightful,..... quite like the old days. One can imagine Queen Elizabeth acting in this way.

Of course now that the actor opens bazaars and is invited to court it would hardly do in England. It *could* be done, but only if the actor were willing, and he would rather give up the five hundred pounds nowadays than the position of public man. He would even prefer to lose the title of artist than that of public man.... And he has lost it.

MORE FREEDOM FOR THE CRITICS.

Our contemporary, *The New York Dramatic Mirror*, from time to time shows a real desire to go ahead and lead public opinion, and then when the opportunity comes it shirks the privilege and shoulders the heavy responsibility of following with the crowd.

In 1909 we drew attention to the way in which plays were produced in Europe with too much haste, and in 1910 Mr H. T. Parker in the *Boston Transcript* finds the same fault with the American productions, and the *New York Dramatic Mirror* in a leading article asks who will deny that this is true.

At the same time and in the same number the Editor permits long and short articles or notices to be published about the plays in New York without a word being said against their hasty preparation.

In short, the leading editorials are often very righteous and right... and there an end. We fail to see what such a publication is driving at. To agree in one part of the journal that hasty production mars the work of the New York theatres, and then to praise up those theatres in the other part of the journal is

rather less courageous than we like to take our friends over the water to be. We do not wonder when they often praise what we deplore, but to contradict themselves in so downright a manner as this we mention is a pity.

We wonder whether the critics on the *New York Dramatic Mirror* are allowed to say what they think? Oh! for a little more freedom, for the critics often know so well what is the matter with the theatre and if they had their lives ensured we should hear the truth.

THE CHICAGO THEATRE.

We are glad to hear that Chicago remains true to Mr Donald Robertson and that the members of the Chicago Theatre Society have asked him to lead them in their next venture. The twenty-five thousand pounds subscribed is a good round sum and in capable hands should go far, and last long.

It is too large a sum to be spent in one season, yet many will tell you that it needs that amount to run a theatre for so long.

DOES IT?

To run anything on old conventional lines costs a fortune, but that is because brains and taste are then left out of the calculation. And if the possession of money rocks the brains

to sleep in a cradle of conceit, then Lord Rosebery is right and the less money artists have the better. But the experience of years should have taught Mr Donald Robertson that he must exert his brains this time if he is to achieve anything and that he must realize that not in the space of *one* season can any achievement be noticeable.

If he is wise Mr Robertson will do everything on a small scale, and will make that twenty-five thousand pounds spread over several years. If he cannot do that someone else ought to be invited to show him how it can be done. The problem is not easily solved, but there is a solution. Anyhow we wish Chicago a real and lasting success, not a display of fireworks for the fun of seeing a lot of open mouths.

THE ANTI-SUFFRAGE LEAGUE.

These very brave and very noisy ladies are for some strange reason enlisting the active co-operation of the ladies of the English stage. These ladies evidently have time to spare from their work. Miss Ellen Terry is supposed to be a keen Suffragette but there are reasons why she is obliged actively to espouse the cause. Miss Kate

Terry (Mrs Lewis) is probably just as keenly opposed to the movement for we note that her daughter Miss L. Terry-Lewis is the Secretary of the Woman's National Anti-Suffrage League, and, as we are very much anti-Suffrage, we are glad to give here the address of Miss L. Terry-Lewis: . . . Caxton House, Tothill Street, Westminster. May success attend her.

A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.

The best Memorial which we can offer to Shakespeare is to read his works, and perhaps in time learn how to act them. That Memorial will not be erected for very many years. Give Ellen Terry a theatre and the Memorial can be erected tomorrow. Give every village a theatre and let the boys and girls have a chance of acting and the same Memorial might be up within six years. If this does not commend itself to you let us suggest that you support the men who collect and print the all but inaccessible works relating to Shakespeare, his works and his times. Public subscriptions are now asked for to put the Shakespeare Head Press at Stratford-on-Avon on a permanent basis with its founder Mr A. H. Bullen at its head. Subscriptions amounting to more

than one thousand pounds have already been promised.

We hope this scheme will appeal to some of the readers of *The Mask* for in our opinion it is very worthy of solid support.

THEATRICAL SCHOOLS.

Mr Gerald Du Maurier, speaking some weeks ago at the Royal General Fund dinner, said a word in favour of training for the actor. He wished the actors and actresses had to pass certain examinations and be awarded a certificate of merit before they could apply to a manager for an engagement.

He mentioned several things which the actor neglected to learn. Perhaps Mr Du Maurier will one day renounce the stage and teach the Art. He is one of the very few men in England who, we believe, could help to recover for us what we have lost.

We have done something towards pointing out the need of schools for the study of the whole Art of the Theatre and we hope to have an opportunity of going into the matter thoroughly before very long. Meantime this suggestion from a young actor-manager is valuable, for a school for the actor and actress seems inevitable if the stage is not to pass entirely into the hands of the amateur.

IRVING AND STAGE LIGHTING

To us it seems curious that Mr Bram Stoker should attempt to write about "Irving and Stage Lighting" for of all Irving's staff Mr Stoker must be the one who knows least about it. The "Nineteenth Century" should have secured an article on this subject from Mr Loveday, Sir Henry's stage manager, before it was too late. For after all one who directs the lighting of the stage as did Mr Loveday is more likely to know about it in detail than Mr Stoker who directed the box office.

Mr Stoker flounders most distressfully :.... he takes ten pages to prove that Irving was very painstaking, a thing we all felt must be. What everyone is not quite clear about is Irving's indisputable right to be considered the foremost actor of his century. We would not compare him with the younger men, (some, alas, amateurs), who vainly used to compare themselves with him and who even to this day ask "What do you think of my "Shylock" after Irving's?" but we would compare him to the greatest actors of Europe and America, and we would like to see it proved how far greater was Irving's mastery of the material of which the actor has to work with. Of course Mr Stoker cannot do

this any more than Whistler's famous policeman at the National Gallery could speak about Art. But some day we may hope that the book on this subject will be written. Irving was above all a *mysterious* personality. Let those who study his art remember this and let them try to read some of the mysteries which very often he veiled when speaking about the art of the actor or playing the part of public man. What Irving preached was something very different from what he practised. He performed like an artist; he preached like any orthodox man of the moment. And let those who would tell us one of the profoundest secrets of the Art of the Theatre remember *the face* of Irving. His face was a mask.

TWO GERMAN "COUPS."

On July 3rd it was announced that Germany had sent a warship to Agadir in order, we suppose, ultimately to seize Morocco. The same day it was also announced that Professor Reinhardt the theatrical manager, assisted by the Polish Professor Ordinsky, assisted by Professor Schiller, assisted by other professors, has been invited to enter London in broad daylight and to demonstrate at Olympia that the Germans are better able to move a crowd of

two thousand performers than we are able to move a crowd of two thousand spectators.

This will be in December. In August the German and Polish Professors assisting each other will bring "Sumurun" once more to a London Music Hall. In the autumn these same Professors will beg Mr Martin Harvey to assist them still some more in a production of *Œdipus*. So says the *Daily Mail* and it seldom makes mistakes.

The assistance all round seems to us very charmingly international and friendly, but isn't it just a trifle incompetent? When are a few individualities of genius going to appear in the Theatre who shall, instead of a patchwork, give us examples of theatrical art woven in one piece?

In order to do this the men of individual genius will first have to learn a lesson lost somewhere in Crete or China two thousand years before Christ, a lesson which Flaubert taught the writers in the last century; "...Genius is not rare nowadays, but what no one any longer has and what we must strive for is Conscience."

"I have always tried not to belittle the art for the satisfaction of an isolated personality". J. S.

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Gerente Responsabile. Giulio Vanzini

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This journal is at the same time instructor and guide, for while it teaches us of past things, it also directs our future efforts, and that is why The Mask is MY journal."

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