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One Shilling Net

The Dome

a Quarterly containing Examples of All the Arts

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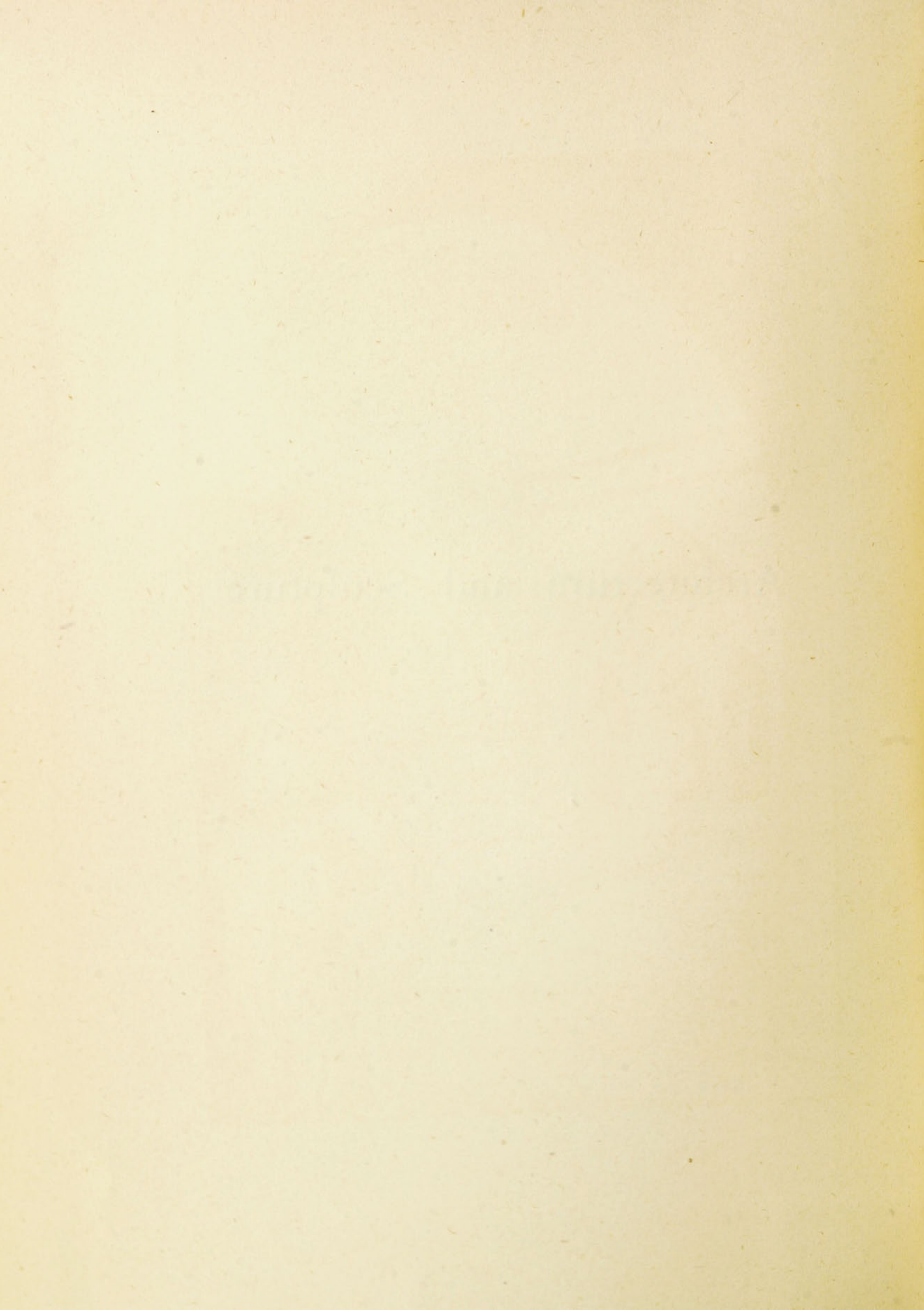
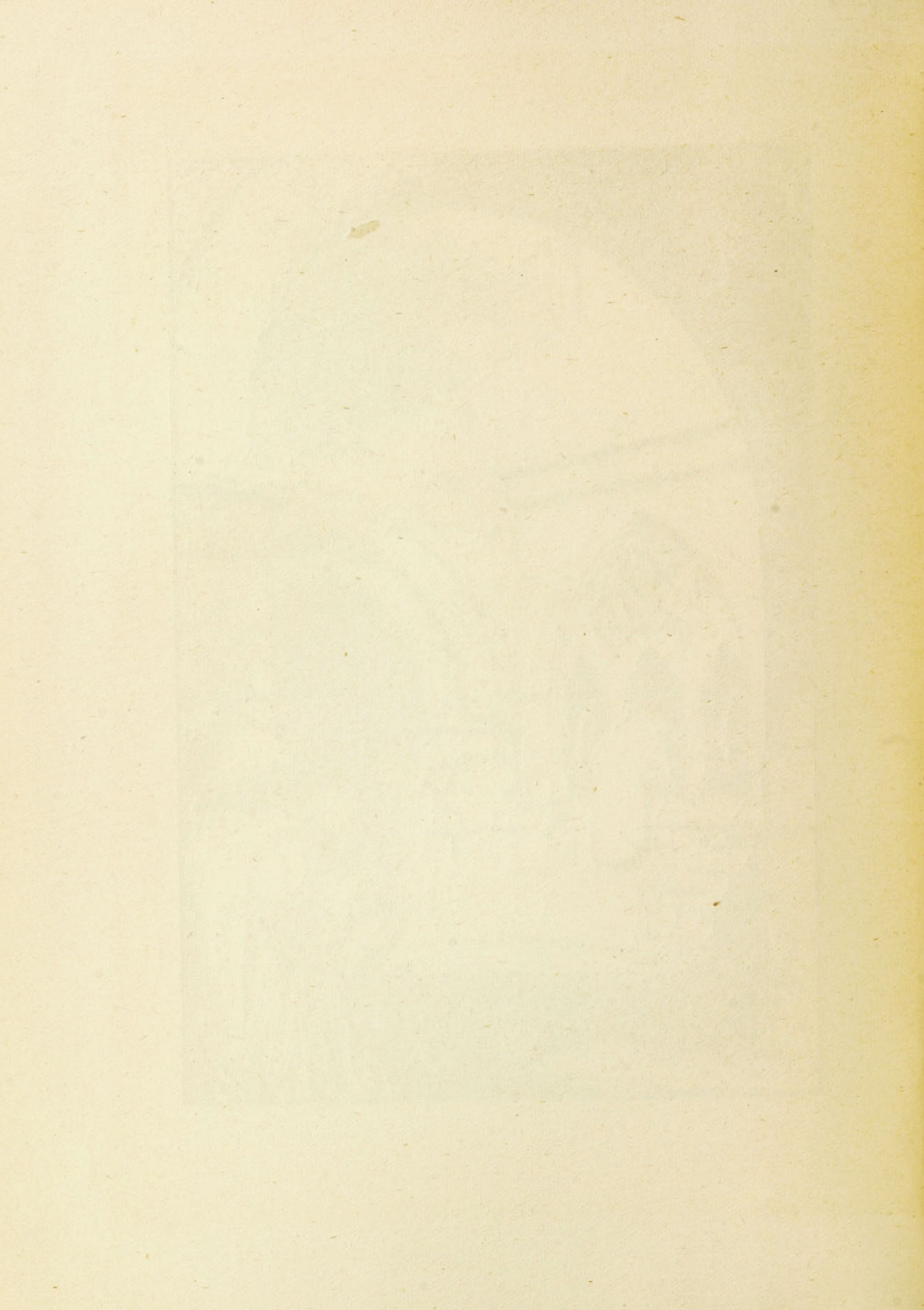
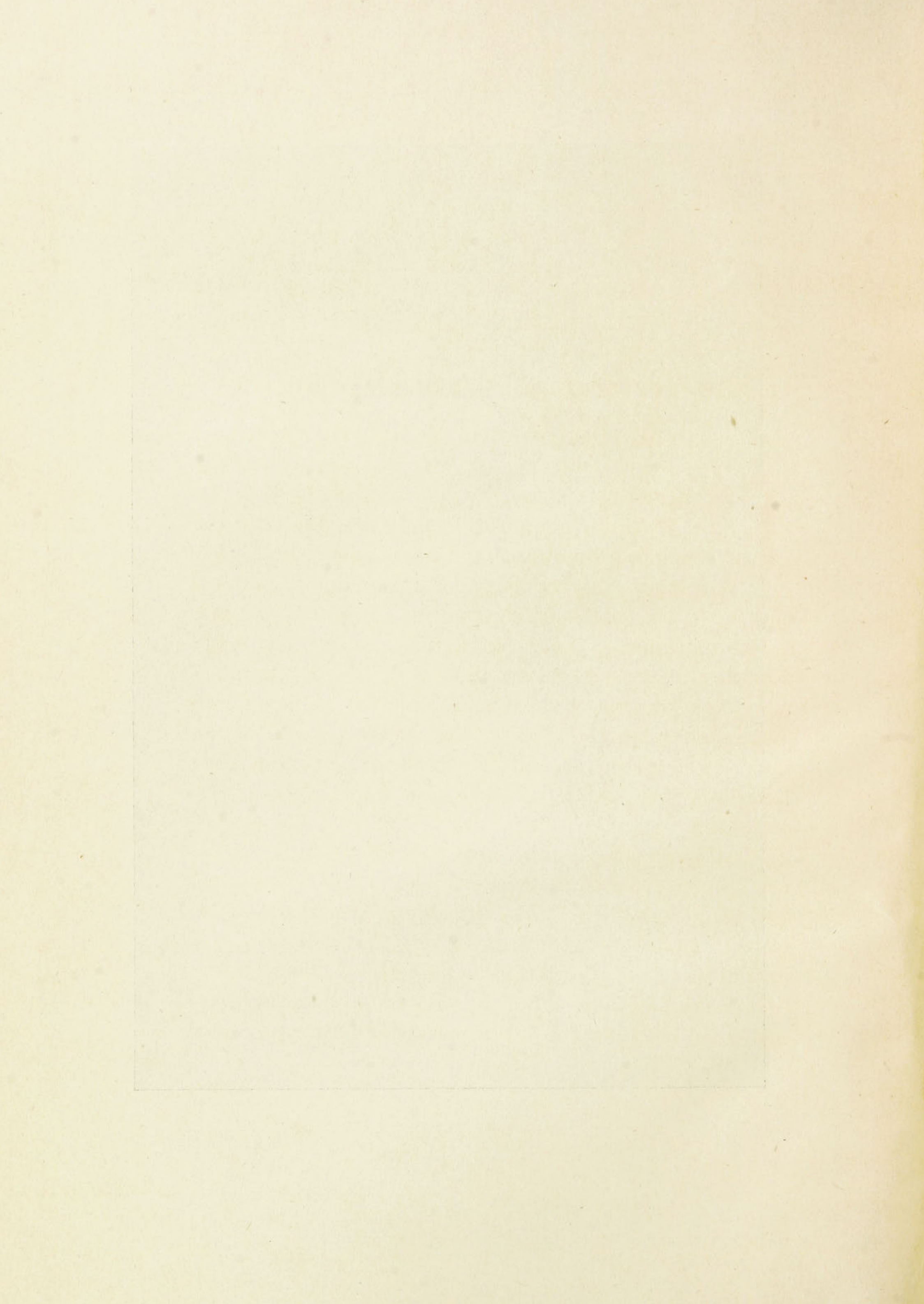
Architecture and Sculpture







The Revival of Chryselephantine Sculpture in Belgium

In concluding a recent article in the *Portfolio* on the revival of sculpture in Belgium, I noticed the rise into importance, during the past few years, of ivory sculpture in that country, and the revival of a taste for that chryselephantine sculpture so much in favour among the Greeks, with whom, for some inexplicable reason, the art died out. Since then, this taste has become well defined, and the works it has inspired are sufficiently important to be noticed, as are also the peculiar causes which have occasioned, in Belgium, this revival in the materials employed by sculptors.

First among these causes must be mentioned the development of the commercial relations between Belgium and the Congo Free State, in consequence of which the town of Antwerp became one of the first ivory markets in Europe. Ivory, more abundant and of finer quality than before, became widely spread throughout Belgium in a thousand different forms; explorers returning from

the Congo presented blocks of ivory to several of our sculptors, who were unanimous in recognising in it a most admirable and precious material for sculpture. The busts, statuettes, and tiny groups, which their inventive spirit created out of these shapeless blocks, had so great a success that, a short time before the Antwerp Exhibition, in 1894, the administration of the Congo Free State conceived the happy idea of heightening the interest of the Congolese section by distributing blocks of ivory to all sculptors who should ask for them, on the condition that, when finished, their work should be exhibited in the Congolese section of the Antwerp Exhibition. The blocks of ivory distributed on this occasion were the largest and finest the administration had been able to procure; the exhibition of ivories, on the interest of which the administration of the Congo State had every right to count, was announced with much noise, and was very naturally followed by great emulation amongst the sculptors who were to take part in it. Very naturally, also, they thought of turning to profit all the resources contained in the precious material confided to their skill: they took great pains to inquire into the methods followed by their predecessors in the art of ivory carving—the Greek sculptors, the "yvoiriers" of the Middle Ages, and the Flemish sculptors of the seventeenth century. Those who were best informed discovered valuable hints in the descriptions of the colossal statues of ivory and precious metals created by Phidias, Polyclitus, and their contemporaries; and this

last style seemed so fascinating that the boldest among these artists could not help attempting it in the works they sent to the Antwerp Exhibition.

This exhibition—in which, among other remarkable works, the *Pallas* by Mr. Dillens, and the *Medusa* by Mr. Vinçotte, reproduced in this article, were exhibited —gave yet another proof of the extraordinary manual dexterity of the Belgian sculptors; in a few months they had penetrated all the secrets of ivory cutting, and, in an art quite new to them, showed a craftsmanship quite equal to that which won such fame for the ivory-carvers of the Middle Ages. Unequal as regards talent,—which is explainable by the fact that the blocks of ivory were distributed to all sculptors, without distinction, who asked for them,—but all perfect in execution, these works obtained a great success; and with this success the entirely modern prejudice, which considered ivory sculpture to be an inferior branch of the art, disappeared among artists, as well as among the public. Ivory, which had hardly been used since the time of François Duquesnoy, of Bossuyt, and of Luc Fayd'herbe, once more became the fashion; and this vogue was further increased in the following year by an exhibition of ivory sculpture at the Cercle Artistique in Brussels. The sculptors had only to follow the movement which they themselves had helped to create and, for works of small dimensions, the use of ivory seemed henceforth as natural as that of marble, bronze, or any other precious material.

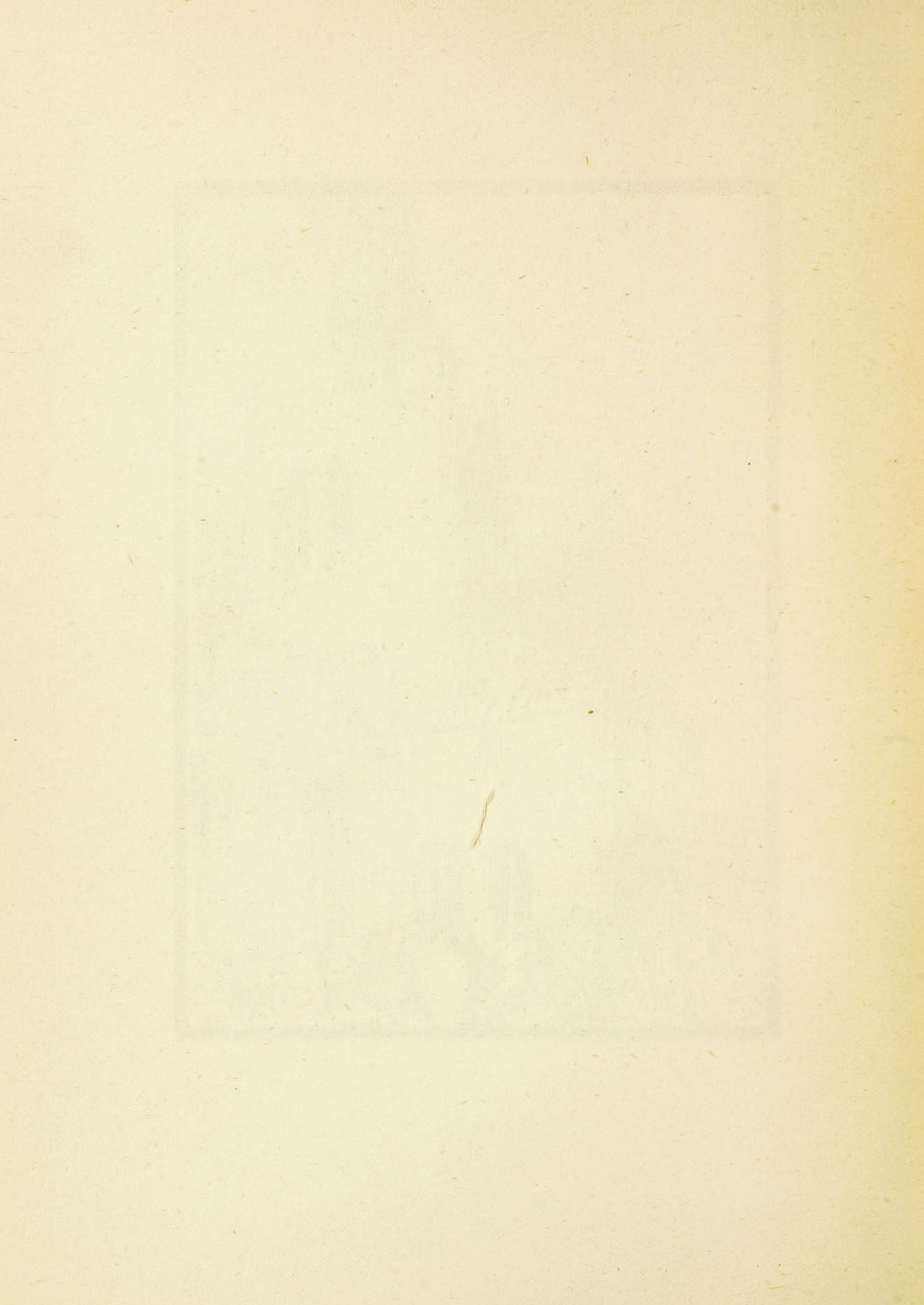
There still remained the question whether or not ivory should be used in combination with precious metals, after the example of the Greeks. It is especially from this point of view that the ivories now being exhibited at Tervueren, at the Congolese section of the Brussels Exhibition, are full of interest. For here, once more, the beauty and the utility of chryselephantine sculpture are triumphantly apparent in works such as *l'Archange* by Mr. Van der Stappen, *le Masque* by Mr. Fernand Khnopff, *l'Allegretto* by Mr. Dillens, and in many other works too numerous to mention here. In former exhibitions our sculptors had shown a certain hesitation as regards this chryselephantine sculpture, so suavely harmonious, so rich in colour, so perfectly adapted for decorative purposes. But first, there was the ordinary routine to be fought against; then the absurd but widespread idea, that the art of sculpture degenerates and decays when it admits colours, and when different materials are used in one and the same work; finally, there was a more serious and a more comprehensible objection, and this was the great expense of the materials, and the risk the sculptor ran to have his costly work left on his hands. These considerations were, without doubt, the cause why, at the first two "salons," composite sculpture was much less widely represented than ivory sculpture. What was important was the fact that there should have been any examples of it at all; for immediately both the sculptors and connoisseurs were charmed with its richly decor-

ative qualities. The chryselephantine sculpture had the greatest success of all; and this success evidently opened the eyes of a large number of artists, for at the present "salon" chryselephantine statuettes, busts, and groups form an imposing majority.

As most of my readers have probably not seen these works, I shall not speak of them in detail, but I should like to point out some of the characteristics which differentiate this "salon" from the preceding ones, and which accentuate the return to chryselephantine sculpture as practised by the Greeks. First of all, the works exhibited, some of them at least, are on a larger scale than those shown at the preceding exhibitions; and this question of size is important, because it might well be said that, as long as one only used ivory for statuettes, small figures, and miniature groups, and reserved bronze and marble for statues, the old prejudice against ivory, alone or combined with precious metals, still existed. It proved more especially that sculptors had not yet realised the essentially decorative character of chryselephantine sculpture, and the infinite resources this art offers for monumental and decorative works. At the Tervueren Exhibition, for the first time, we see busts and statues of life size, for which ivory is used combined with other materials. One of these, it is interesting to note, is wood—a beautiful Congolese wood of warm rich colour; and here once more, consciously or no, the sculptors have approached the methods of the Greeks, who loved to unite in those works, which made the

renown of Phidias and of Polyclitus, not only ivory, gold, silver, and other precious metals, but also rare kinds of wood; ebony—the most prized of all—and cypress and cedar, woods thought to be incorruptible. In short, the works of the Belgian sculptors, exhibited at the three "salons" of which I have spoken, have had the happy result of abolishing in Belgium the triple prejudice existing before: against ivory sculpture, against chryselephantine sculpture, and against the application of both of these to decorative and monumental art. It is to help in dispersing similar prejudices elsewhere that I have written these notes. In conclusion, I would express the hope that, wherever it be possible, both chryselephantine and polychrome sculpture will be employed henceforth, as they were at the most glorious period of the sculptor's art; and that, without fear of so diminishing in any way the essential, plastic beauty of the work produced.

Olivier Georges Destrée.



Literature

Novembre

(La Mort Chasseresse)

Ils fuient . . . vers où ?
Au carrefour, les routes se nouent
En nœuds de chairs, en nœuds de boues !
Et c'est un grand cri fait de mille :
Sanglot de femme, râle sénile
Et rire atroce du plus fort
Qui fraie sa voie jusqu'en demain
. . . Une bouche, foulée ! hurle et mord
En pleine chair comme la faim.

A chaque appel du cor,
La terreur ceingle, comme un fouet,
Le soubresaut des corps à corps
Denoués, noués, renoués !

O fuite épouvantable : l'un
Porte en ses bras—comme quelqu'un !—
L'image d'un amour défunt ;

Et celle là, qui fuit, emporte
Ce par quoi sa faiblesse est forte :
Le fruit de sa chair demi-morte ;

Tel serre entre ses doigts crispés
A jamais—dût-on les couper—
Un pauvre écu de sang trempé!

Le plus agile tombe, tordu
D'une douleur qui l'a mordu
Au flanc de sa machoir forte;
Un autre rampe sur les mains
Trainant—vers Dieu sait quel demain!—
Des jambes flasques, déjà mortes . . .

Taiaut! à chaque appel du cor
Un grand cri monte, un grand effort
Houle en panique sur la déroute,
"C'est Elle! regarde donc qui doute!"
Haut sur le côteau, pale et claire,
Contre le ciel froid de l'hiver
La Chasseresse meurtriére
—"Taiaut! la Mort! voici la Mort!"
Leve son grand arc sans effort
Et vise, altière et sans remords,
Son gibier sûr: la chair humaine!

Donne-moi ta bouche; la fuite est vaine.

Francis Vielé-Griffin.

A Blessed Damozel

At the first glimpse of a long low house two fields off, a young man, who had kept up a swinging pace all the way from the station, stopped and pulled out his watch. Five minutes would certainly suffice for reaching the gate, and he had fully forty. A few yards back there was a gap in the hedge, blocked by a yard or so of rough fencing. He returned, and clambered up the bank, and found a safe seat on the unbarked branch which formed the topmost rail. The wild roses only just made room for him, and honeysuckle breathed out scent on either hand.

Rich grass stood straight and tall above the footpath he had left, like the Red Sea over the track of the Israelites. The hay had been cocked already in the field behind him. From one old chimney of the long low house blue smoke went straight up to heaven. In the meadow opposite he could count a score of serious cattle. Beyond the orchards rose the short square tower of the church, and, even as he looked, someone began to pull at its single bell. The young man burst out laughing.

"That's not half bad," he said aloud; "how much extra, I wonder, for two dozen sheep, and I-met-a-little-cottage-girl, and the - ploughman - homeward - plods-his-weary-way? With all this beastly agricultural depression a fiver ought to cover the lot."

The blue smoke went on rising without any deflection; nor was there a longer pause than usual between the strokes, light but earnest, of the busy bell; nor the slightest ruffling of the green expanse at his feet. No one had answered. No one had smiled. No one had paid him the smallest heed.

The young man ceased laughing. It seemed as if one of the cattle looked at him for a moment, and then averted its big eyes from an impertinence beneath resentment. But, of course, this was only his fancy. And it was but another fancy that the echoes of his words still loitered sacrilegiously amid the incense of the honeysuckle and the sweet wild roses.

Then, all in a moment, the young man came to himself. The affectations of his last half-dozen years dwindled and changed to a handful of poor dust, like a shroud from a long-sealed vault at the touch of free light and air. The whole crop of pretentious witticisms and epigrams, which he had been forcing all those years under the gaslight, turned suddenly rotten, and he knew they polluted this goodly evening air. Alone he was neither big enough nor small enough to go on treating these fields and bells and cattle as mere materials for cheap jesting. They constrained him to see them as

they were, and in spite of himself he was thrilled with wholesome and unfamiliar joy at the clearer view of the orchards and meadows, and the grey tower whose tireless bell kept sending their simple thanks up into the benevolent sky. The smoke went on rising and the bell ringing, and there was still no ruffling of the sea of green. But he was the critical outsider no longer. They had reclaimed him, and he was part of them all, as in the old summers. The last few years seemed a desert left far behind. He breathed deeply for more intimacy with the goodly air, and sought with hungry eyes and ears and nostrils to appropriate all this wealth of flowers and chimes and perfume.

If it had not been commanded by the windows of the long low house, he would have made his way to the next field but one, from which one could see the battlemented nave of the church as well as the short square tower. It was a field very like this, and its grass could not be richer nor its hedge-flowers sweeter, but certainly that would have been the field to wait in, had only the house been farther off. Its square pond and two steep stiles and green footpath recurred as vividly to his mind as if he had seen them yesterday. Yes, and he seemed to see himself, six years younger, standing near one of the stiles and talking with a girl who leant against it. The girl must be a woman now, and she still lived in the long low house, for she had sent him word from there to come to her at eight o'clock to-night.

So completely had his last worthless years fallen

away from him, and so fully had the old past reclaimed him, that her image, and even the words she had spoken as she leant against the steep stile, became as distinct to him as the square pond and the green path. He was then scarcely twenty-one, and she was just two months older. They had paced the green path that evening fifty times, talking first of flowers or some such simple things. Then the talk had turned to the world within, and the beautiful interplay of souls that are akin. He remembered how shyly he had indicated his own beliefs and hopes. Everyone else made sport of him as a sentimentalist, and grew witty over his poetry, and plagued him clumsily about calf-love. Their heavy and persistent joking had angered him, knowing as he did full well that sickly sentiment and paltry verses and calf-love did really and truly abound among young men of his own age, not notably his inferiors; yet knowing too that he was not of them, and that to him the things they called by these names were very real and sacred, and not one whit less rational than the sordid ends for which his tormentors were giving their small lives away. He did not love the girl from the long low house that summer evening, when they first grew frank with one another between the two steep stiles. And he was certain she did not then love him. Indeed, he had never imagined she loved him at all until the post brought her strange note yesterday; and even then he had laboured with a cynicism about the staginess of rural life. That evening they met as mere

acquaintances who suddenly found they should be friends, and that was why their talk had modulated so naturally from roses and butterflies to the strange life of the soul, and the why and how of its sacred joys and ineffable sorrows. It all came back to him now. It was she who spoke of such matters first, expressing an idea he had never heard or read elsewhere, though it was one of his own most frequent and precious thoughts. He remembered how eagerly he had answered and followed up her words, and yet how shy and fearful he had been lest she too should join all the others, and rally him on his foolishness. And here he had more than a recollection. Amid this honeysuckle and all these wild roses he awoke for the first time to the worth of that hour. Knowing little of women at the time, he had been no more than relieved when she did not tease him, and cheered by her words so clear and kind and beautiful. Now, however, he began to marvel at the girl's grand superiority to the belated insincerities which constitute conventional maidenliness. She had treated him with full seriousness yet not any sentimentality, hearing all that was in his heart, and exchanging for it all that was in her own, without silly blushes or apologies, yet without cold-bloodedness or levity ; withal keeping the talk up high, so that they had spoken of lovers and love wholly in general, each without a thought of Thou or I. Of this he was absolutely certain. Neither of them had felt more than glad that they both loved to believe the same things about Love. With

many of his own dearest theories she had agreed, and had enriched his creed with fairer articles in lieu of all she swept away. He could hear over again, as if she were only just now speaking them, some words she had used as she leant against the steep stile, while he stood listening knee-deep in the long grass. "We should speak of these things reverently and yet easily, as men that are both wise and good speak of God." That was one thing she said, as she leant slightly against the stile, with the stems of half a dozen buttercups thrust into her girdle, and their yellow heads nestling against her cream-coloured gown.

The bell in the grey tower ceased, and from his perch among the wild roses the young man heard the pealing of the organ through the open doors of the church and over the treetops of the orchards. What evening was this? It was Wednesday. Of course. Evensong with sermon, and choir practice afterwards—that was precisely the arrangement years ago. He recalled the high pews, and the brass cross and candlesticks which had made the whole parish seethe with faction, and the parish room where they had the *tableaux vivants* the day after Christmas Day.

That he should fall to thinking of those *tableaux vivants* was inevitable, full as his mind had been of the girl from the long low house. For was it not she on whom the curtain rose in the most memorable tableau of them all?

His vision of her leaning against the stile had

vanished with the ceasing of the bell, and now he saw with equal vividness the Christmas gathering in the parish room. There was the vicar, standing on the right of the little proscenium, and announcing in a loud voice "The Blessed Damozel." The young man even remembered how the parish organist, sorely against his will, began playing as much as he could read of the Vorspiel to *Tristan und Isolde* on the sweet-toned black piano lent from the long low house just for this one night. Then the curtain rose, slowly and not too smoothly. She was there in the glare of the changing limelight. More than once during the last few years he had striven to recall this picture, but with only scant success. Yet this evening every detail of it came back to him without any effort, and without the rude elbowings and hoarse whisperings of the excited rustics who had well-nigh destroyed the glamour that Christmas evening. He saw her clearly again, leaning out from the gold bar of heaven, hungry yet unmurmuring, gazing over the wastes of space. He marked the ungirt robe and the white rose, the lilies in her hand and the stars on her head, and the long hair, yellow like ripe corn. The country audience hummed approvingly as the manipulator of the limelight kept coarsening the picture with sudden and vulgar contrasts of unsparing red and violet. Then the curtain descended, and the hum gave way to murmured comments, some declaring it was Queen Esther, others that it was the Virgin Mary and another proof of what the parish was coming

to, and yet others that it was meant to be an angel or " a neathen goddess," until the vicar raised his voice once more and cried, " The last tableau represented 'The Blessed Damozel,' and there is now an interval of ten minutes during which the curate will sing 'The Star of Bethlehem.' "

The organ could still be heard pealing beyond the orchards, and the *tableaux vivants* and the parish room still engrossed the young man's thoughts. His memory took up the thread from the moment when the curate, having held on for several seconds to a high note somewhere in the neighbourhood of one which the composer had indicated, sat down covered with glory. The lights were extinguished for the first tableau of the second part.

" Five-o'clock Tea," cried the vicar, and the curtain was jerked up, disclosing a cheerful drawing-room. On a high stool near the table was perched a well-groomed white terrier dog, with a blue ribbon round his neck, while behind the table, which was bright with flowers and china, stood the vicar's niece, plump and handsome and smiling, pouring cream into a saucer from a dainty silver jug. This tableau was copied from the coloured supplement of a contemporary Christmas number, which even these village folk had bought or seen, and the moment it was fully discovered the room resounded with vociferous delight. As the limelight ran through its cycle of changes everyone struggled to his feet for a better view, and when the curtain fell nothing would do

but that it should be raised a second and a third and even a fourth time. The young man called to mind how vigorously he had joined in the applause himself, though not without a feeling of pain that no such praise had fallen to the girl from the long low house.

Then his memory leapt over an hour or two, and brought up a picture of the curate's lodgings whither he had gone to chat and smoke when the entertainment was over. On the table lay the remains of a good supper, and the curate and he were seated on opposite sides of the fire. He and the curate were chums, although he was some years the curate's junior.

"Now, if you want to know my candid opinion, old boy," said the curate, whose domestic manner was refreshingly colloquial in contrast with the austere diction of his pulpit exercises, "I call you an amazingly lucky dog to see both the girls you're spoony on, with the limelight turned on full, the same night on the same stage. If you can't compare their points this time, and make up your mind which of them is to have the happiness, then goodness knows when you ever will. By Jove, it's been a regular Judgment of Paris! Who's got the apple?"

The curate was right. For his friend this evening the stage in the parish room had been another Mount Ida; and required by the terms of a will to marry before he was twenty-two, he had sat deliberating whether he should offer the apple to the vicar's niece or to the girl from the long low house. With the

latter he had only talked twice since the night she wore the buttercups and the cream-coloured gown, and it was only after the second time that the great things they talked about had begun to be furtively interwoven with a vague dream about herself and himself. As for the vicar's niece, she was thrown constantly in his way. A dozen rides and fifty games of tennis were only small fractions of their association. Often for a week together he had spent more than a few minutes with her every single day. The vicar's wife desired the match, and so did his friends at a distance, as they were at pains to advise the curate. She was pretty and plump and rosy, and full of just that sort of fun which, in a dull country place, is worth more than rubies. He liked her—liked her exceedingly; and once or twice had held her hand longer than he needed. And to-night, as the curate said, the limelight had illuminated both the girls in poses singularly characteristic. One had stood for the poetic, the romantic, the beautiful; the other, just as convincingly, for the pretty, the easy, the comfortable. As he gazed at them he remembered the great talks, twice by the stile, and once in a little room of the long low house; but at the same time he could not forget that mad scamper when he and the vicar's niece took French leave with those two ponies they found grazing in a field, or that wet day in the vicar's library when she and he had chattered, not profoundly or helpfully, it was true, but still very brightly and delightfully, about sweethearts and falling

in love. That was the afternoon he first detained her hand.

Yes, the curate was right. He was a lucky dog, and it had been a regular Judgment of Paris. And yet he was as far as ever from a confident decision. He tried to draw the curate out.

"A Judgment of Paris!" It was in the spirit of the cream-pouring young lady rather than of the Blessed Damozel that he framed this speech. "I call the Judgment of Paris a perfect fool to it. Paris had only to choose the first, and leave each of the others to believe herself second. It's choosing who shall be last where the rub comes in. Now suppose you were Paris yourself,—where would *you* toss the apple?"

The curate was not loth to express his views. He laid aside his pipe as a sign that he was about to be heard at large.

"If I were Paris, did you say? which way should I chuck the apple? Why, to Miss Blessed Damozel, my boy. That is, of course, if what I wanted was a languishing maiden to sigh to me on moonlight nights. If you're looking out for a girl to ruin your digestion and make it up to you in Browning, then she's your man right down to the ground. But if you're so sordid and commonplace as to be satisfied with a wholesome, sensible, good-looking, good-tempered English girl, that's every inch a lady, and not above knowing how to order a decent dinner, and how to eat it and enjoy it as well, then you'll hand the apple over to Miss Five-o'clock

Tea. She'll have it served up in a sauce-boat with a nice roast duck before your Blessed Damozel has half finished writing a sonnet about it. There, my boy! You wanted my candid opinion, and now you've got it. But if you're keen on all that sort of thing, don't let me hinder you. By all means go in for Byron and dyspepsia and a Blessed Damozel if you're that way inclined."

This speech had impressed itself deeply upon the young man's mind at the time, and he had thought of it often since as an admirable example of prudent counsel smartly expressed. But on this summer night, as he sat among the honeysuckle and wild roses, his eyes had been strangely purged, and he saw right down to the bottom of it. Indeed, some of his faculties seemed to have attained to an unprecedented robustness after their fallow years, and in his sudden revulsion towards truth and a manlier life many things became clear which had never been clear before. He now discerned the hideous materialism underlying the curate's judgment, the sensualism, the frightful irreligion. Here was a man, whose glorious function was to exalt the spiritual above the carnal, counselling the very course it was his supreme duty to condemn, urging that the body's luxuriousness must precede the soul's health, and that the life was less than meat. The young man marvelled that he had not recoiled at once from the essential and thoroughgoing paganism, and the grosser paganism at that, of his friend the Christian priest. And this marvelling brought back to memory the next part of

the curate's speech which he had well-nigh forgotten. The curate honestly believed himself to be a spiritually-minded man, and had preached warmly and frequently on the warfare of flesh and spirit. But he shared in the general muddle-headedness as to the contents of those antitheses, and restricted his notions of spirituality to the beliefs and practices specifically provided for in the Book of Common Prayer. Hence he saw no incongruity at all in following up his hint of roast duck with an adapted extract from a recent sermon.

"When the curtain went up for 'Five-o'clock Tea' I couldn't help saying to myself, 'This is the Blessed Damozel, second edition, vastly improved.' It is not costume that signifies, but character. A flowing robe, and long hair, and stars, and lilies, and all those externals—any woman might dress herself up in all those things, but that wouldn't be enough to make her a Blessed Damozel. To show a kind heart, whatever sort of gown you may be wearing—to help the widow and the fatherless, and not be above pouring out cream for a thirsty pup—that's what I call being a Blessed Damozel."

The curate was proud of these improving sentiments. He was of that great host of slipshod teachers whom it suits to assume, without reflection, that if a man know the letter he can hardly have the spirit, and that if one have the form one must be without the life. To these assumptions his mild ritualism was logically an excrescence; but logic had not troubled the curate

since he scraped through Mods. And here again, amid his honeysuckle and roses, the young man discerned the pitiful crudity for the first time. But his recollections of that fireside conference were not exhausted yet. The curate had grown eloquent on art criticism and public morals. "And if I'm not treading on your toes, I'm bound to say I couldn't help feeling delighted with the way 'Five-o'clock Tea' caught on. It simply brought down the house. Didn't you notice how puzzled and unresponsive everybody was over your 'Blessed Damozel,' and your 'Music of the Future,' and all the rest of it? It must have been very humiliating for her, of course, and yet somehow I couldn't feel sorry for her, and I'm not ashamed to say it. I don't think we ever told you, but when we first talked over the tableaux, and someone suggested 'Five-o'clock Tea,' she actually said that 'Five-o'clock Tea' wasn't a picture at all. What she meant perhaps she knows herself, but I'm certain I don't. Why, to-night, when we had a real pup, and real silver, and china, and girl, all complete, it looked exactly like the picture itself, only a bit bigger, and if that isn't a test of a good picture, then I don't know what is. But as for that Rossetti ——" here the curate lowered his voice confidentially, "to tell the plain truth, it was my doing that the fellow's name was kept out of the programme. The man's poetry was notoriously immoral, and though I don't expect there are half a dozen people in the parish who know anything about him, all the same I couldn't help feeling

relieved when that tableau had such a lukewarm reception. As I said before, go in for a Blessed Damozel, by all means, my boy, if you want one; but if I were in your place I should know where to find one of the right sort, and leave all those ridiculous Rossetti affectations severely alone."

The reminiscences necessary to complete the young man's reverie, right up to this hour among the roses, presented themselves with but scant and occasional detail. His mind was rather filled with a large and growing gloom, a deeply depressing sense of the pitiable pettiness and worthlessness of his last few years. In the current sense of the words, the vicar's niece had made him a capital wife, and everyone affirmed he was most fitly and happily married. It was true, she could both order and enjoy a good dinner; yet no one could think her coarse, or doubt that she was a perfect lady. Many a time he had felt proud of her bright presence and capable rule in his household. All the men and many of the women who had joined them from time to time for a shooting-party or a yachting cruise swore there was no finer all-round hostess in all England. She had a genius for making everything go with a swing, and no one knew better how to chase the disagreeable out of doors. That morning, for example, when she finally dissuaded him from seeking to enter Parliament, was he not picked up, before he had time to feel a martyr, and whisked off to the river, where a brisk little launch was hissing away, and two of their sprightliest

friends were tying comic labels to the luncheon baskets? All this was true, and now, for the first time, he came face to face with the other side of it. In her bright strong way she had laughed him, one by one, out of all his old dreams and enthusiasms, until he could vie with any of their circle in poking fun at "intense" people, and in discounting all romance and emotion. He could even laugh, without the smallest consciousness of indecency, at what he had come to regard as the conceit of that old belief of his—the belief that what was calf-love, or mere silly sentimentalism in other young men, was something sincere and admirable in himself. With a pretty selfishness very grateful to his own egotism, she had declined flatly to sanction his participation in public life, or indeed in anything that would steal him often from her well-planned merry-makings. And so for five years he had done little, read little, thought little, felt little; and had enjoyed himself unceasingly and superabundantly. His digestion was still sound, and his spiritual life an expiring spark.

As the young man owned these bitter truths, his last laboriously built dam, his poor affectation of the expert Philistine, gave way, and all the old romance swept through him like a flood. He sprang to the ground. He could endure this retrospect no longer. A traitor to love, an apostate, a prodigal among the swine-troughs of a far country, whose patois he had been fondly mastering while his soul panted for a draught of native air—he was that, all that. He had

wasted his heart's substance, he had squandered his spirit's birthright. The time was almost expired, but he did not know it. He did not even think about it. Without a glance at his watch he pressed on to the long low house. She was there, and she was waiting. He would fall on his knees, he would fling himself on his face before her, and cry, " I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight."

This was a path that no one used except those who were going to the long low house. Beyond the next gate was a field of oats, with a broad track running alongside the hedgerow. Then the first of the steep stiles, and the green path, and after that the stile where she leant with the cream-coloured gown and the buttercups. In two minutes he had passed the oats and reached the green path. The grass was long, just as it was six years ago. And there was the second stile. He would stand near it for a moment, knee-deep in the luxuriant grass, as on that old evening. And first, if he could find them, he would gather half a dozen buttercups.

There were galaxies of buttercups all about. He stooped and plucked a score, a few yards from the stile.

She must have been concealed behind the great whitethorn which grew there, for when the young man looked up a woman was standing on the other side of the stile. She was leaning forward a little, over the rough bar of the fence at the left hand of the stile. In her long yellow hair were seven stars, and she had

three lilies in her hand, three on a single stem, and one white rose was fastened in the clasp of her ungirt robe. Only twenty seconds ago, as he bent to pluck the buttercups, there was nothing to be seen over the fence and the steep stile save the church tower and the orchards; yet seeing her now, one felt she belonged to the spot, and that she must have been part of it when the whitethorn was no bigger than a thistle. She was gazing straight before her over the unruffled sea of green.

The young man bounded towards her with a cry. A few feet away some influence arrested him. They stood facing each other, with a fence and a yard of tall grass between. Over the orchards the organ had begun to peal once more. One minute—two minutes—and neither of them spoke. He read fulness of pardon and infinitude of love in her pitiful eyes, and he did not fall upon his face or drop upon his knees.

"You sent for me, and I have come."

"I sent for you, and you have come."

Both of them were silent again. The church was only a furlong distant now, and above the rolling organ he could hear the boys' clear voices. She spoke.

"I am going on a journey—a long journey—and I have sent for you before I go. I have sent for you because I am yours. And you have come because you are mine. We have looked on each other, and now I am ready to go. Good-bye."

He would have pushed nearer, and seized her hands and held her firm, but the power of those grave eyes of hers

kept him where he was. His limbs were chained, and only speech remained free. His tongue learned all in a moment the secret of terse, honest speech.

" Yes, I am yours, and you are mine. We have looked on each other, and now I know what I have done. Without your eyes to bless me I dare not try any longer to live. I am ready. I know what I am saying. I am ready for our journey. Let us go."

She answered him in a murmur that seemed very far away, yet full of tenderness and heavenly compassion—

" No. You are not ready. Not yet. This journey I must make alone."

Then his eyes were opened to what at first he had not seen. The lilies and her yellow hair, the seven stars and the ungirt robe, these were as five years ago, but herself was another Blessed Damozel, as much more beautiful, as much more unearthly, as this glow of evening was more beautiful and unearthly than the harsh changes of limelight. He understood her and her journey; and his heart broke. The boys' clear voices were singing then of the Holy City, the golden Jerusalem. He faced her,—he, with all the years of soullessness and selfishness hard behind him, and wholly yearned to fling himself on her pure bosom, and to burst into passionate, penitent tears. But her eyes still held him in his place as she spoke her last words to him.

" Some day you will be ready, and you will come. Not yet. You must go back to the life you have

chosen, and shoulder again your burden of joy. With all of you that perishes you belong to another. You have cleft your life in twain. It is only the soul of you, the everlasting in you, that is mine. I too might have cleft my life in twain. But I have kept all of me, to be all yours,—always. It is time to go. You may look on me a few moments more, but this is the end of our words. You will come. Good-bye."

And now it was his tongue that was paralysed, while strength returned to his limbs. He sprang towards her in despair. She was going, and all alone, on this mysterious journey. She was going, deeply wronged yet freely forgiving, to wait and watch for him from heaven's barriers, while he served his time in that gilded prison which his apostasy had builded so strait and strong. Just once he must embrace her, and hold her to him, and have her all for his own. Those virgin lips so proudly kept for him—he must draw from them one great kiss to hearten him through the dreary years. Those white arms of hers—he must feel them clasped just once about his neck, in token that she had not, like himself, basely cleft her life in twain, but was his, all his, body and soul,—always.

She divined his intent, and before he could lay a hand upon her had frustrated it. Without retreating an inch from the rough rail, she raised her lilied sceptre with imperial command, and once more bound him with her eyes. His face was close to hers, and still she did not draw away. Without pressing a hairsbreadth nearer

he could have kissed her on the lips. But she had his will in her keeping, and in the grace of her gaze his passion abated and passed away. His face grew calm and radiant in the light of hers. It became enough for him that he was sure of her soul.

At length she set him free once more, and pointed him with her sceptre to the other steep stile. He could not misunderstand, but turned and went. At the end of the green path he had a moment's power to look behind. He could still see the lilies, and some of the stars in her hair, and she was still gazing gravely over the sea of green. Then he was impelled onward once again, past the honeysuckle and the wild roses, and through the same fields and lanes by which he had come. Only they were not the same; for mists were over the meadows, and the cattle moving through them were like strange shapes of faërieland.

J. E. Woodmeald.

Night-piece

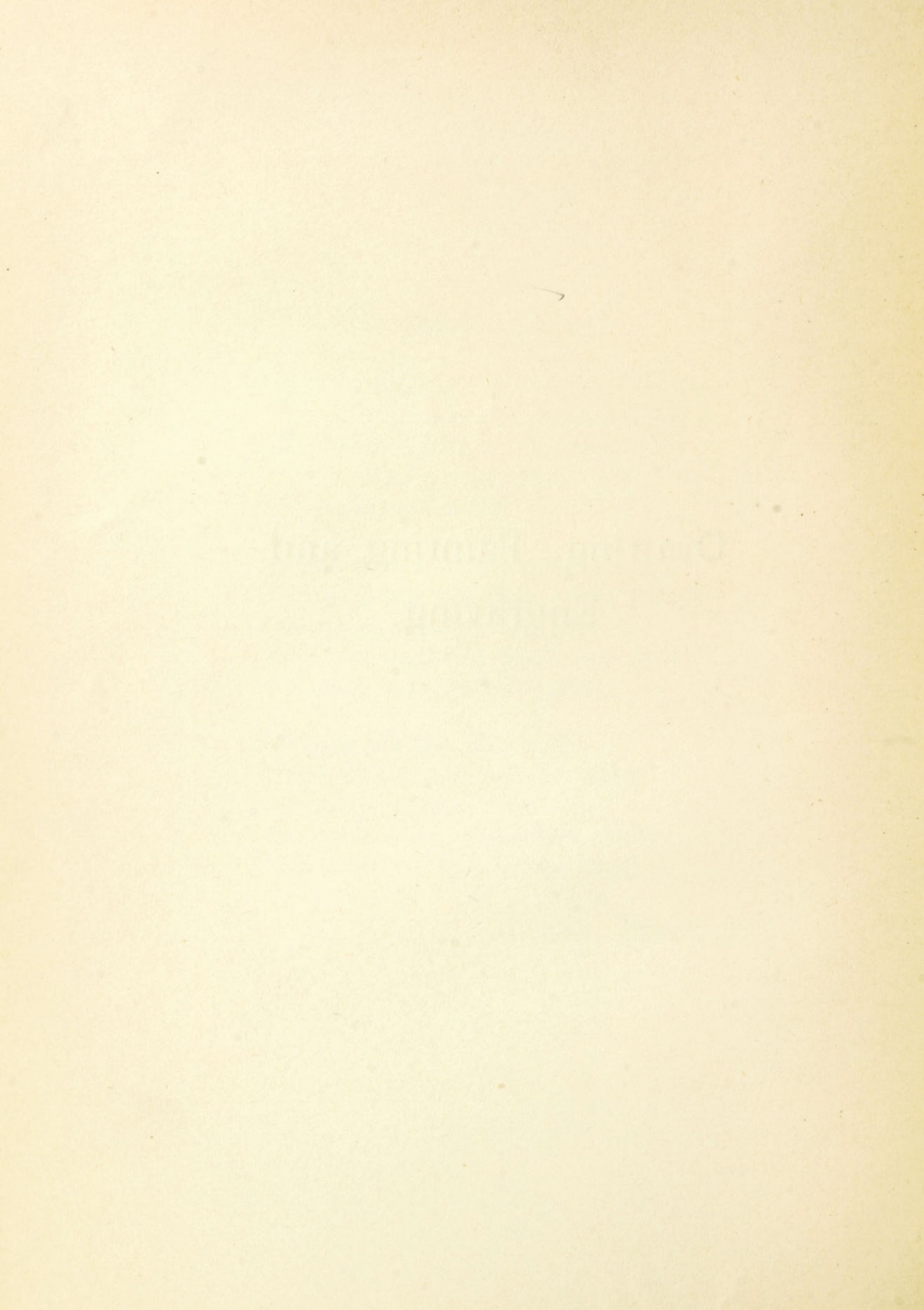
This midnight, all moonless and chilly,
  I win me with memory's wand
That old night, mild and stilly
  With an old moon, drown'd in a pond,
Near a wan old water-lily.

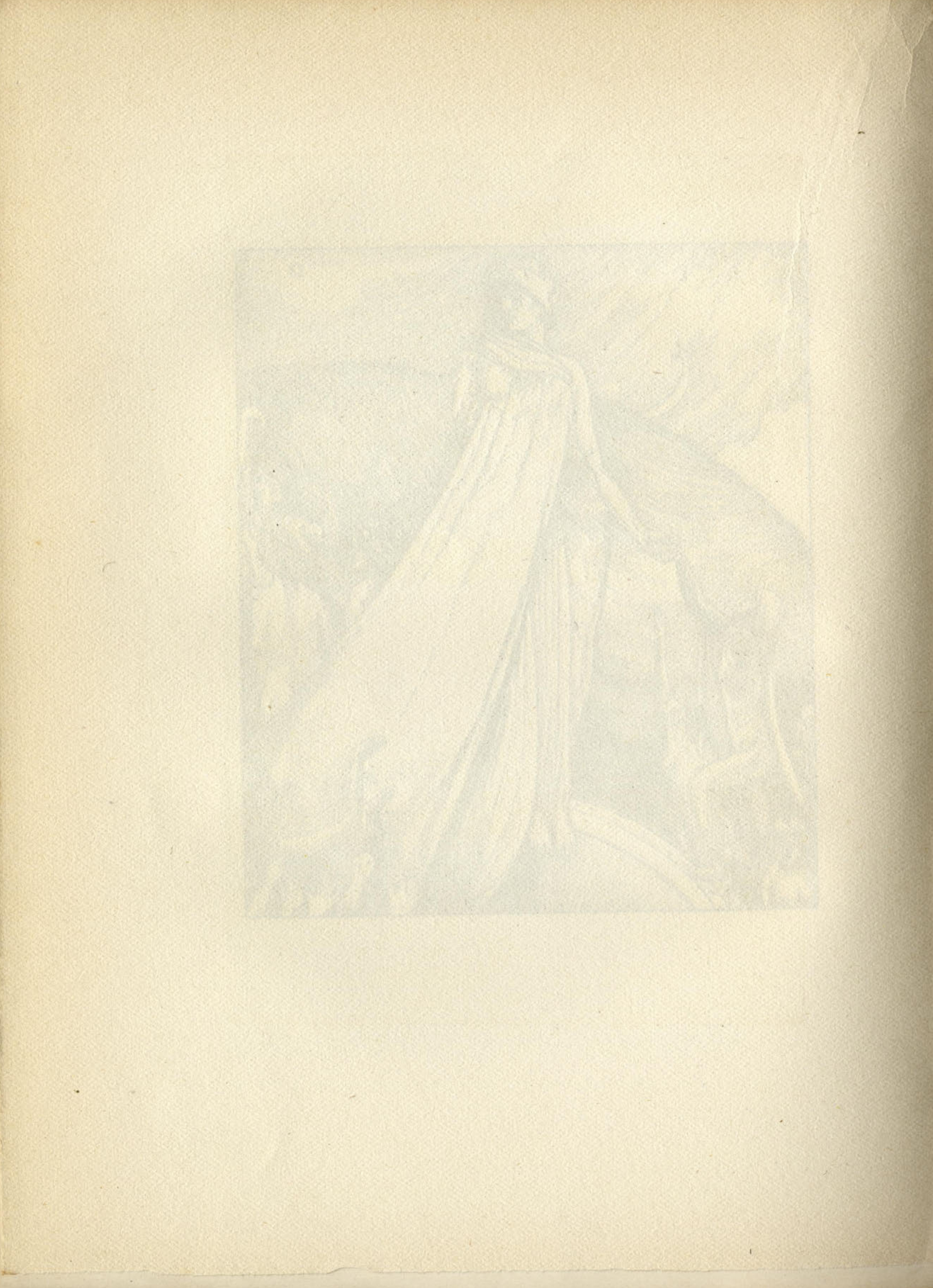
I dream, though no slumber knowing,
  Of my dream last night, when I slept,
Of seraphim shouting and glowing,
  And hate-blacken'd devils that wept
At a white soul Godward going.

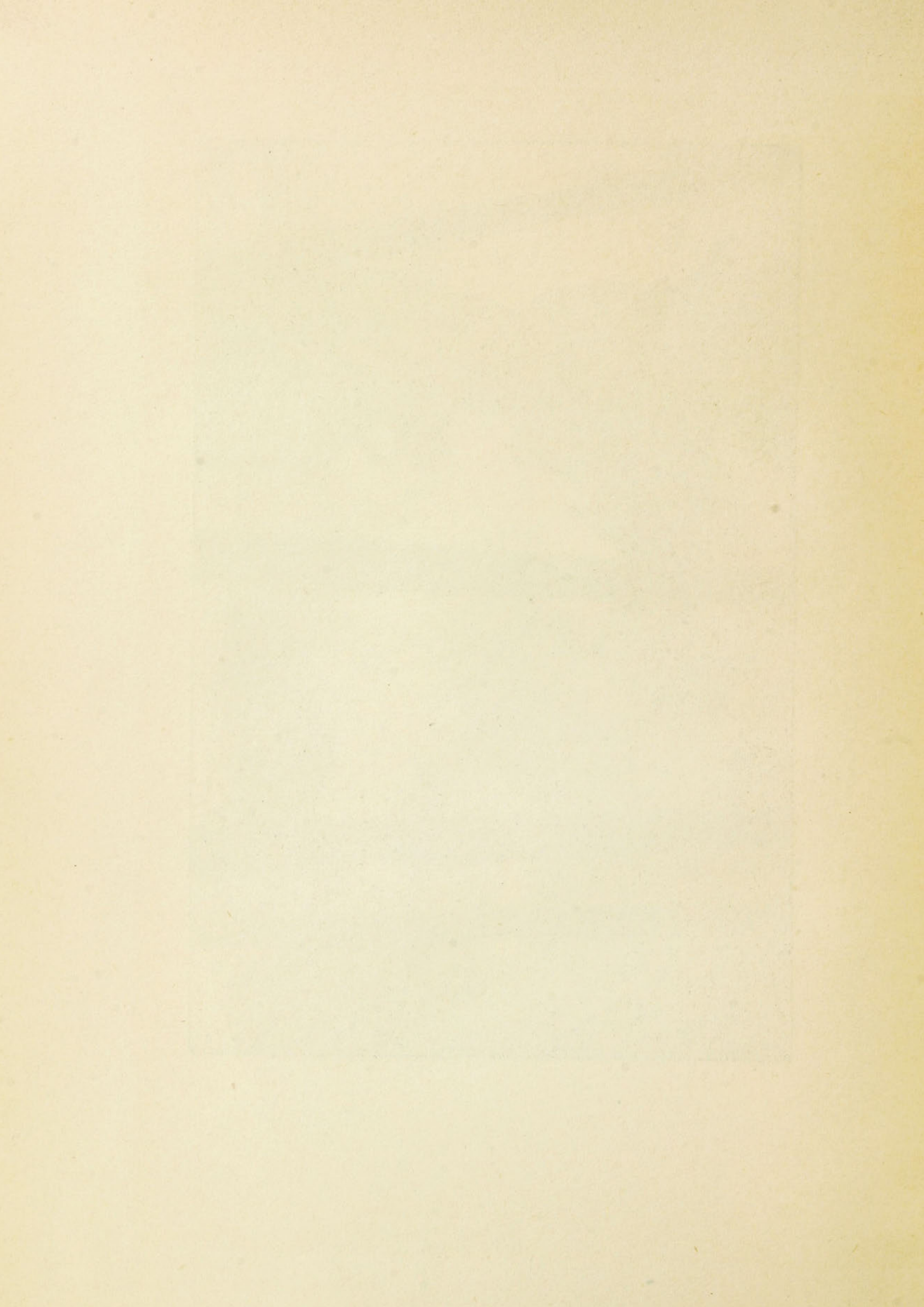
Lily-white maiden, mine only!
  Dear lily not wan and not old—
Angel-white woman, mine only!
  No spirit, mere, passionless, cold—
Wondrous white girl, I'm so lonely!

Frank Freeman.

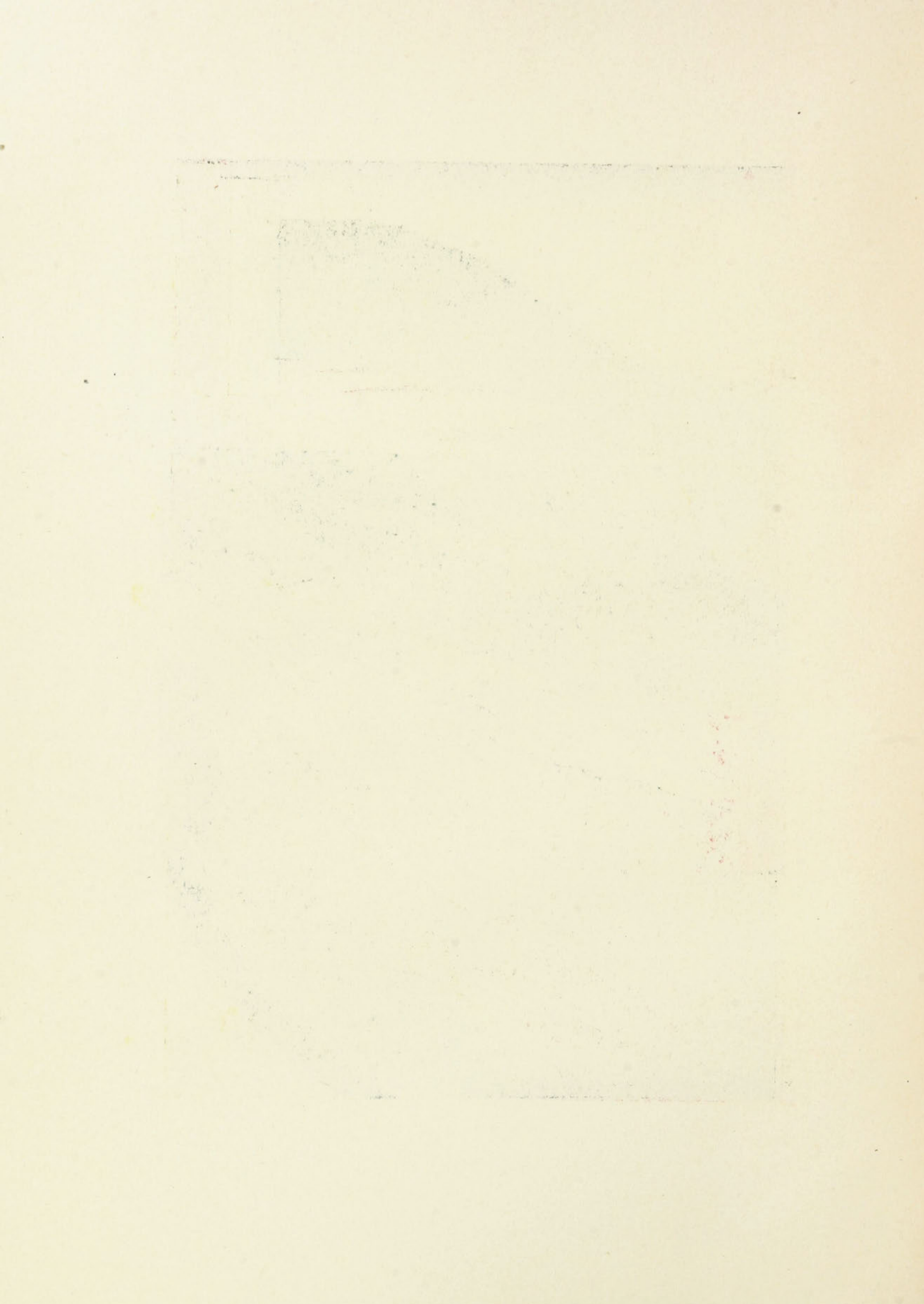
Drawing, Painting and Engraving







六十余州名所図会
筑後 簗瀬
廣重



Hiroshige

The art of Japan in the eighteenth century, where it culminates in the work of Harunobu, Shunsho, and Outamaro, is pervaded with a reticence that could only be found in a race made classical by ages of civilisation. Towards the end of that period a new force appears in Hokusai; and, in a short time, under the spell of his extraordinary talent, the languid culture of the past is swept away by the impetus of a new generation, less delicate, less experienced perhaps, but certainly far wider in aim and more forcible in expression.

The early landscape draughtsmen all display a marked affinity with the fantastic ruggedness of the Chinese. Much of this influence survives in the first "Meishos"—the illustrated guide-books which appeared at the end of the eighteenth century—and in the topographical work of Hokusai. In the case of the latter, the fantastic element is modified by good taste and a love of realism. No doubt the principles of perspective, which seem to have reached Japan at the

beginning of the present century, may also have acted, at times, as a restraint. In Hiroshige this Chinese influence is practically non-existent. Hokusai, to some extent, belongs to the old school as well as to the new, but there can be no doubt about Hiroshige. He is thoroughly modern, both in the matter and the method of his work.

His personal history is still a matter of speculation. It is said that in his youth he was a juggler, or, according to another account, a fireman, and that he only took to colour-printing late in life. This uncertainty, combined with marked variations in style, colouring, and signature, has led to the theory that the prints commonly attributed to Hiroshige were in reality the work of two artists; one of whom is responsible for the oblong compositions, the other for those that are upright. As yet, however, the criticism of Japanese art is far from being an exact science. We have not even the means of judging with any certainty between the prints issued under the artist's supervision and those that were subsequently taken from the blocks, while we have only to study the work of any single Japanese master to see that such reprinting is enough to account for all discrepancies of colour. The difference in style between the works signed by Hiroshige is often considerable, yet the variation is by no means so great as in the case of our own Turner—not to mention Millais. The "Hundred Views of Yedo" contains examples that seem identical in workmanship with the oblong prints,

side by side with designs that have all the characteristics of his supposed imitator. In fact, until more positive proofs can be found, tradition seems to have the best of it.

Though his junior by nearly forty years, Hiroshige is a contemporary of Hokusai at the latter's most active and masterly period. Born just before the close of the eighteenth century, he began his artistic career as a pupil of Toyohiro, from whom, in accordance with national custom, he takes the first syllable of his popular name. Toyohiro, though not a great man, was an artist of some skill, who gained a considerable reputation as an illustrator of *Kusa-zoshi*—the melodramatic novels then so popular. From him, no doubt, Hiroshige got much of his knowledge of the human figure, but his preference for landscape as the matter of his life-work was no doubt largely due to the example of Hokusai. In the first period of his career he produced a certain number of figure subjects,—actors and the like,—some of which show traces of the influence of Outamaro. This influence was shortlived. Though figures play a large part in the earlier landscapes,—as in a series of prints illustrating the Tokaido, and in the views of Yedo,—they show few traces of any but realistic aims, verging at times upon caricature. Later, man seems to grow less and less prominent, till at last he becomes a mere speck, or disappears altogether. The bulk of Hiroshige's prints were published after the year 1845, though a book of his had appeared as early as 1820. His period of really

active production was short, for he died in the cholera epidemic of 1858 at the age of sixty-one.

His work is, in the main, that of a topographer. The Tokaido, the Kiso-kaido, and the scenery about Yedo, furnish him with the greater part of his subjects. He also produced more than one series of scenes in the provinces of Japan. Of his productions, the thirty-six views of the Kiso-kaido, the Tokaido series, the views of Yedo, and the sixty-nine views of the provinces (Dai Nippon Rokuju-yoshu Meisho Zuye) are perhaps the most noteworthy. This latter work must not be confounded with the set of sixty-eight smaller plates illustrating the same subject, which are greatly inferior in design and colour. An excellent print from the larger series forms one of the illustrations to the present article.

It is unfortunate for his reputation as a draughtsman and a colourist that a comparison with Hokusai is almost inevitable. Hiroshige drew well and vigorously, but has neither the grace, the instantaneousness, nor the fluency of "the old man mad about pictures." His line is often stiff and monotonous, his form conventional or lumpy. His colour at the outset was almost uniformly good, as in the oblong views of noted places in Yedo. Later, schemes of indigo, Venetian red and yellow ochre give place to arrangements of Prussian blue, carmine and gamboge when, in common with most of the other artists of his time and country, Hiroshige fell a victim to the "opening up" of Japan. Now and

then even those gaudy hues are combined into perfect harmony, with the most magnificent results. Too often, however, his finest conceptions are marred by spots of flaming red or acid yellow, while occasionally the discord is outrageous. As we have said, there is no means of telling how far Hiroshige was responsible for the prints signed with his name that have reached the European market. There is, however, an uniformity in their brightness which leads one to suspect the artist at least of indifference to the doings of his interpreters. It is only fair to add, that his drawings are very rarely open to criticism.

His composition is almost always striking. It is characterized by a preference for strong contrasts of tone, a high horizon, and for the long diagonal lines that result from playful experiments in perspective. He cannot, however, claim to be a designer of the highest rank. He has neither the instinctive taste of Hokusai, that makes art out of what is seemingly trifling, nor the subtle science of his aristocratic predecessors. Hiroshige has always something of the self-made man about him. Strong, shrewd, keen-eyed and fertile, he is at the same time rather assertive, rather lacking in refinement, in self-restraint. He is too fond of freaks that are only fantastic: as in the landscapes seen by the side of a big red horse, behind the arm and leg of a passing boatman, or around the great figure of the symbolic carp in a view of the "Feast of Flags." He is also too ready to take nature much as he chances upon her, and

lacks the discrimination that made the success of his forerunners. Hiroshige, on the other hand, is less limited than they by tradition of method or material. Though in design and drawing he is inferior to Hokusai, he represents the tones and lighting of a landscape far more closely. Hokusai's colour is a noble, simple convention. Hiroshige attempts a complex realism of hue. He is the first of his countrymen to use perspective with freedom, if not always with accuracy. He is the first to defy established principles by drawing, if only rarely, cast shadows and reflections in water. Effects of night, of winter, and of mist are rendered with astonishing directness and skill. No elaborate painting could represent hopeless wet weather better than the print where the hills loom large through the pouring rain, and the water below gleams brightly by contrast with the shadowed country round it. So, when he draws Fuji, he shows us the severe outline that one sees in a photograph. With Hokusai, Fuji is a charming variable unit of pattern that can be put anywhere, and made this shape or that. The Fuji of Hiroshige is a portrait of the real mountain. In early life he made special studies of birds, flowers, and fish. Of these last the South Kensington collection possesses some admirable examples.

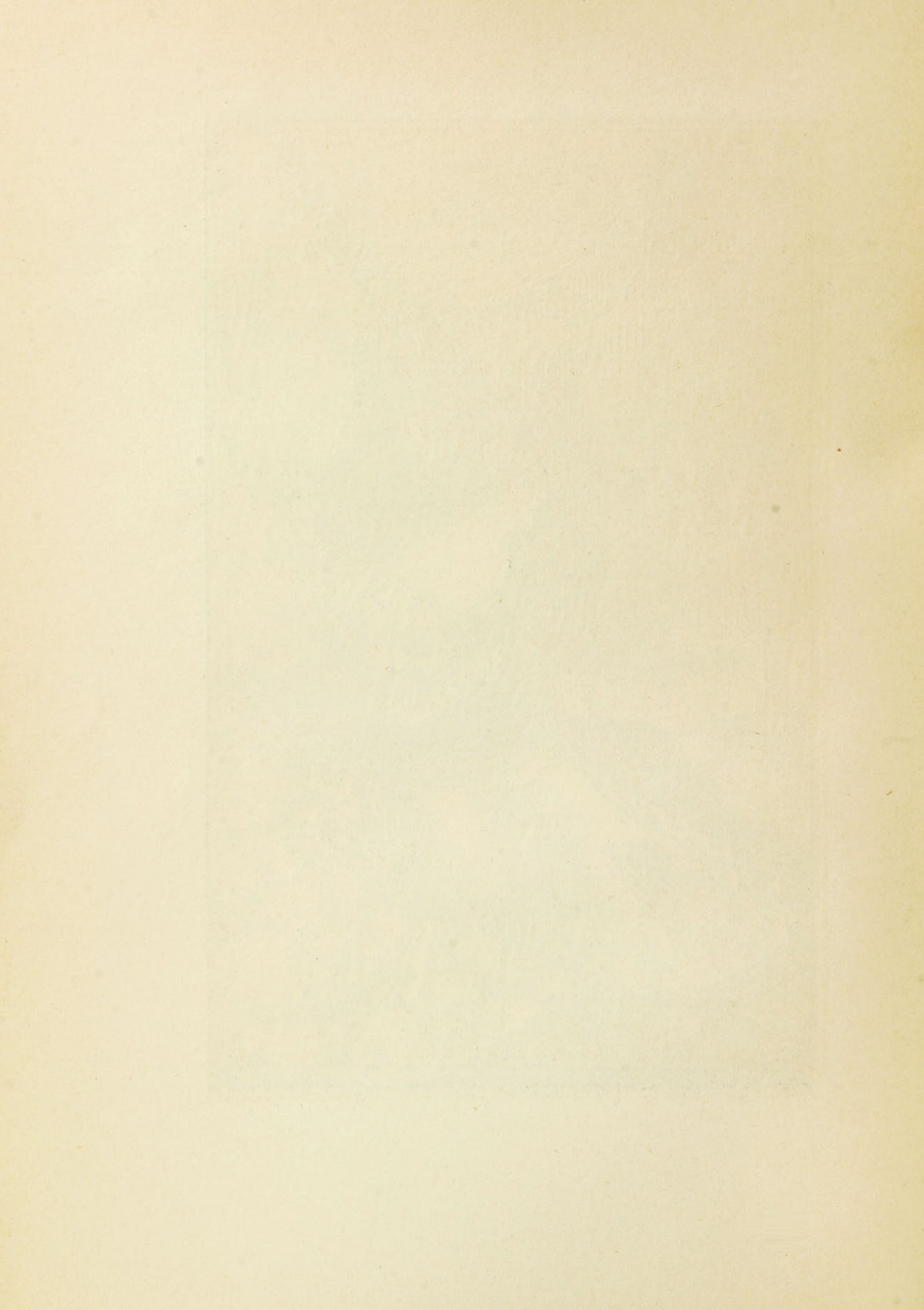
As a master of what may be termed romantic landscape, Hiroshige deserves his reputation. He is at his best in the presence of a wide expanse of country seen at twilight—the stern outline of volcanic craters set

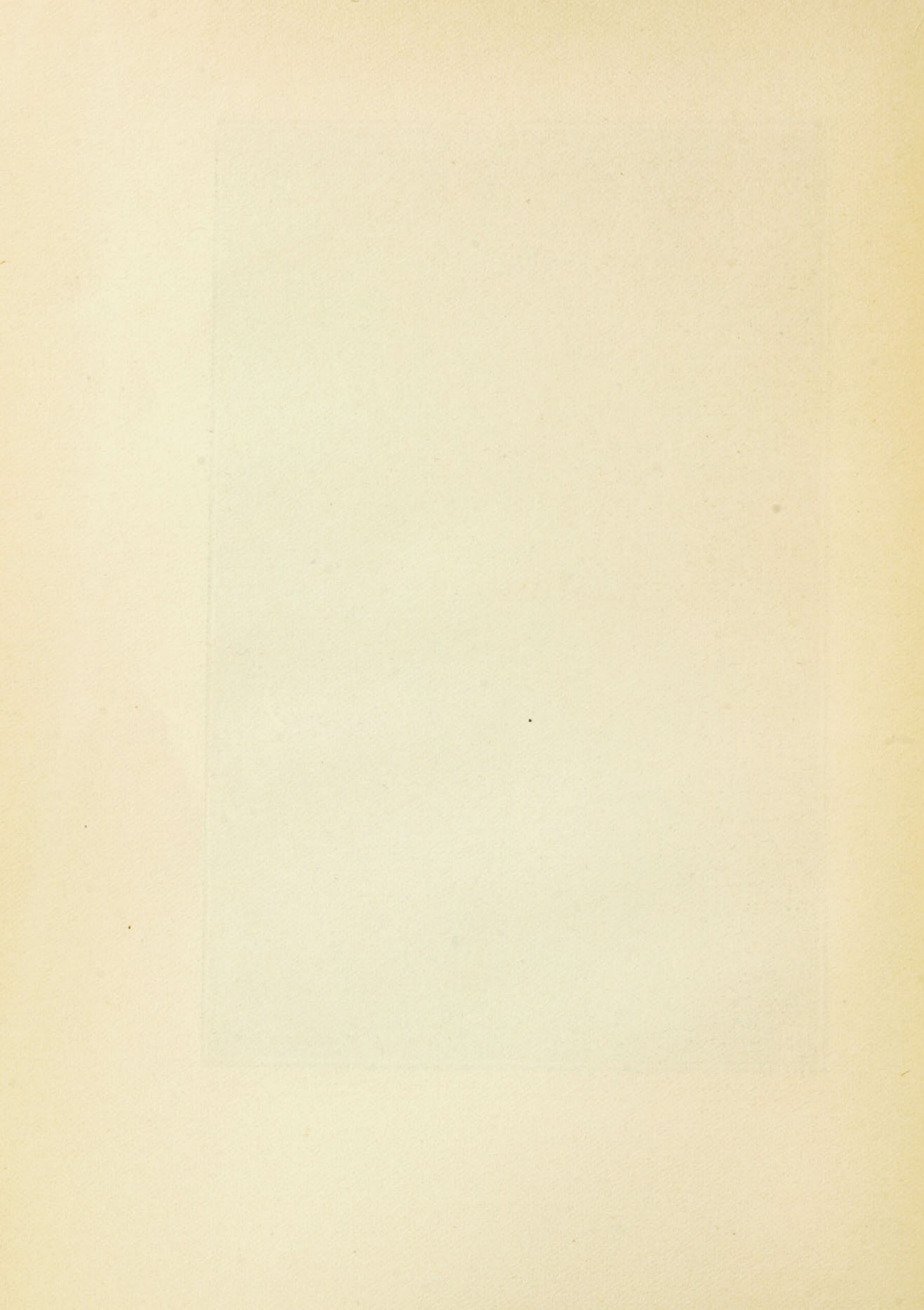
against a luminous sky—broad sheets or long channels of blue water—the silence of winter. Few landscape designs are more striking than that view from a hilltop over a chaos of tumbled snowclad mountains. Wonderful too, is that peep through a grated window of a Yedo suburb by the last light of evening, where the artist's freakish humour has provided a spectator in the person of a fat white cat dozing on the sill. With nature in motion he has little sympathy. Effects of storm at times inspire him, as in the print of the bridge and rain-lashed river—or the amusing cut of the sudden shower that overtakes the imprudent person who has gone out in an open sedan-chair; yet, with all their directness of feeling, they do not attain the epic grandeur of the great prints of Hokusai. Hiroshige could never have designed "The Wave," or the magnificent sketch in the "Mangwa" where a storm bursts upon a crater overhanging a mountain lake. However, if we choose to overlook what is crude in colour or fantastic in design, we are fairly certain to find his work marked by a sense of spaciousness and repose. What better gifts could an artist bring to our cramped, uneasy generation?

Hiroshige can be of service to us in another way. He is perhaps the artist through whom the great Japanese masters may best be approached by Europeans. The originality and force of his design, the brilliancy of his colour, his fairly successful realism, and more than all, his evident seriousness, his open sympathy with what has seemed admirable to our romantic

tastes, render him attractive at once. His great predecessors are more reticent, more abstract, more remote from us. It is hardly surprising, then, that the painter who, in our own times, has assimilated most perfectly the spirit of Japan should have received this inspiration in the main from Hiroshige. To have a share with Velasquez in the making of Mr. Whistler's style is no slight honour, and among the artists of modern Japan—the Japan of the last fifty years—there is no other who deserves it so well.

Charles Holmes.





Music

Love's Mirror.

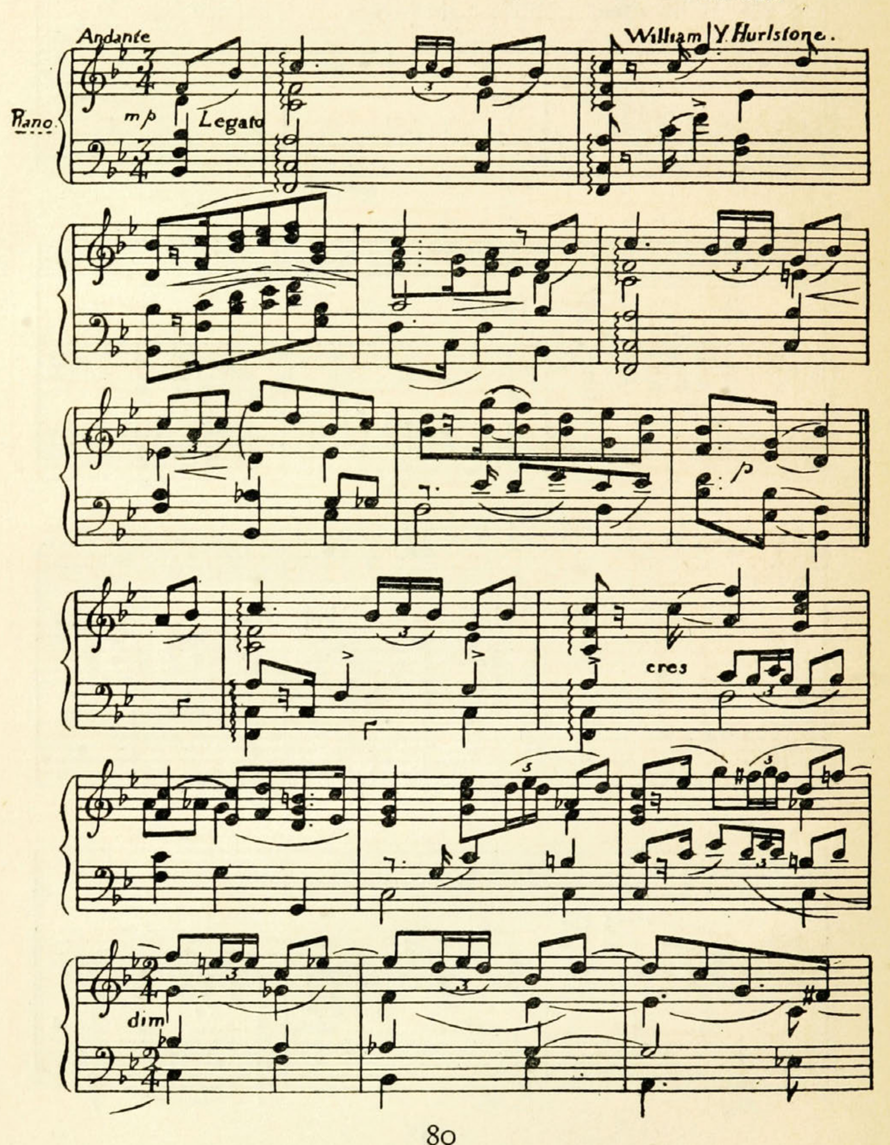
Song

thee !
2. Coral-red thy lips are there,
a tempo
Semp. Ped.
Ped.
In all........ love.... li.. ness; And thy wealth of sun.......... ny
f
Ped.
hair
Doth glis.......... ten, tress......
rit.
rit.
tress.
3. When thou see'st how fair thou art,
a tempo.
Ped
Ped.

As mine eyes............. do prove, Thou wilt hap.....ly
ask thy heart.................... "How
can.............. he help........... but love?
rall.
f
rall.
f
a tempo cres.
Ped
Ped.
f rit............ dim..........

La Simplicité.

"Robe d'or, mais rien ne veut
Qu'une rose à ses cheveux."



rit
mf
Tempo
cres
f
p
rit
dim
Adagio

Mozart at Munich

When, something more than a century ago, the world lost Mozart and all the probabilities of artistic production that were folded in that young brain, it is not likely that his greatness—or rather, his uniquely magnificent genius—was appraised at anything even approaching its right value. To the world he was indeed an artist; but so was Salieri, and it is probable that a majority would have voted for Salieri on any artistic hustings. Mozart could barely save himself from starvation by the product of his mind, and men, it seems, cared very little whether he died or whether he lived. His bosom friends could not face the rain on the day that he was tossed into a pauper's grave,—and, in a word, if there be no immortality of the soul, then the life of Mozart and the work of Mozart must rank among the most inimitable mockeries of our human existence. He died; and by slow degrees the significance of that life and work began to reveal itself to his own and to succeeding generations. By slow degrees indeed; for it is even possible that at this time most men do not recognise all

the greatness, all the splendour, all the meaning of that which he accomplished in his few and evil days.

It seems a far cry from Mozart to Wagner; yet it cannot be denied that if we are now more and more persuading ourselves to the right appreciation of Mozart, it is in some measure due to the teaching and accomplishment of Wagner. When, indeed, Wagner, by the insistent demands which his own artistic nature made upon him, looked abroad for some means by which he might communicate himself fittingly and fully to the world, he came to the conclusion that opera, as it is generally understood, was a vicious and corrupt form of art. He thus convicted all writers of opera, including Mozart himself, of using the formulas of art in a corrupt fashion; and he announced that although he was willing to concede that *Don Giovanni* was the greatest opera that ever was composed, he could not be blind to the regrettable truth, that even *Don Giovanni* was the offspring of an illegitimate union of the arts. What came of these theories we all know. Basing his practice upon what he conceived to be a new art-theory, he did in truth produce a magnificent body of work according to the Wagnerian gospel of music-drama,—work which by reason of its enormous power, sincerity, strength, and beauty has, as a matter of fact, eclipsed nearly all the operatic work of this century. Then it appeared to Wagner that his theories indeed were triumphantly true. He was not inclined to modesty at any time,—and he had reason; but in this instance,

at all events, he certainly attributed too little to the tremendous force of his own artistic production, and too much to the theories upon which he based that production. It has come now to be practically understood that, after all, his music-drama, although it destroyed so largely the operatic formula of Wagner's generation, was in the long-run only a repetition of opera with a rearrangement of terms. The intensely dramatic genius of the man had deluded him into the idea that he was doing something entirely new, when he was in truth ardently engaged over expressing himself with greater personal and individual rather than with theoretic originality. The fact was, therefore, that he did not really destroy and burn up all the operatic work that in his theory was vicious and corrupt, but that he did destroy so much of it as depended for its life upon mere song; what there had been of drama in it before was left, like that within the smeared doors of Israel in Egypt, untouched and still vital. In a word, Wagner did with onslaughts, with alarums and excursions, only that which, if his mother had never borne him, the staling finger of time was quite prepared to do.

The great difficulty that now remained, after the devastation which his cyclonic career had wrought upon the fields of opera, was to discover what exactly had been left whole and untouched. That, however, was not all. Wagner, in teaching the world how his own music-dramas should be played, was really teaching how

everything that is truly dramatic in opera should be played; for it was, as I suspect, far more the method of playing the old opera than anything else which led him into his fallacious generalisations upon that subject. It seems never to have occurred to him that the application of his own stage principles to the presentation of what was dramatic in that old opera might prove some of it to contain after all nearly everything, if not everything, of essential value that his own brand-new art-form of music-drama contained. To return. The discerning among musicians began to perceive in the gradual evolution of these truths that to the bulk of Mozart's work belonged all the truest qualities of that drama for which Wagner had battled so loudly and so long,—although even now, and in the very latest "Life" of Wagner that has been published, it is asserted that Mozart accomplished the feat by a kind of divine accident, presumably because he never wrote about himself or his ideas in the journals of his time,—and it began to be apparent that if Wagner's admirably just and sound views and theories upon the actual staging of his own music-drama were applied to Mozart's work, something not unlike a new revelation of that musician's genius would be unrolled before the living receptive world of art of to-day.

Among those who have been led to carry out these excellently reasonable ideas in practice, the foremost is undoubtedly Herr von Possart, the very accomplished Intendant of the Residenz Theater, and Hof-Theater

of Munich. The able and even magnificent work he had already achieved at the Hof-Theater in connection with Wagner's music-dramas no doubt led him to conclusions such as are indicated by the line of argument I have already sketched out; and a very few years ago he began, with the customary thoroughness that distinguishes everything he touches, to reduce those theoretic conclusions to practice. His first really grand success was achieved two years ago in the production of *Figaro's Hochzeit*, and he has since built upon this success until this year he has been able to present at the Residenz Theater what is practically a cyclus of Mozart's work. I understand that the four operas which he has thus produced do not by any means touch the limit of Herr von Possart's ambition, and certainly the glorious artistic success which has hitherto attended his efforts encourages him to continue his most interesting labours; so that, with the beginning of the twentieth century, we may hope to find it possible to crowd within the period of a month of fine days the delightful experience of listening to the whole series of Mozart's work, say from *Seraglio* to *Zauberflöte*, given to the public with as close as possible an approach to the ideal as it was conceived in the divine musician's brain. I propose therefore, as briefly as possible, and as exactly as may be, to examine the nature of the artistic work which Herr von Possart has accomplished at Munich, in justifying to the extremest limit of fact the dramatic achievement of Mozart.

The extraordinary growth of absurd conventions which had been superimposed upon all operatic work previous to Wagner's own time had also worked its evil best upon the operas of Mozart. What we know as the Italian school of operatic singing had indeed covered those operas with absurd details which, so far as such a thing was possible, went to destroy the dramatic sentiment that their creator had breathed into them. Herr von Possart's first task, therefore, and no mean one either, was to remove the perilously weighty incubus of convention that was burdening these works. This he first of all to a large extent accomplished by a strict revision of the text-books, not in any sense of the word destroying or even tarnishing the source of Mozart's inspiration, but by a brisk and pointed German translation, and in some cases by a slight revision of the *scenario*, brightening, cleaning as it were, the stories which Mozart had found worthy of his musical genius. The next step was to "go back upon" the orchestra for which (and precisely for which) Mozart had written. The size of the Residenz Theater was a material advantage for his purpose, and the Mozart orchestra, as I can testify, is exactly large enough for it, even justifying, odd as at this day it may sound, those curious little words which the master once wrote to his mother—"You cannot imagine what a noise we made." I say the words sound oddly, for Mozart, it may be observed casually, had naturally never dreamed of a Wagner night at the theatre next door. Having secured his

theatre, his book, his orchestra, and his theory, Herr von Possart's next step was to catch his players, and to show them how Mozart should be played according to the convention of Wagnerian music-drama, and not according to that of Italian opera. In every point he has been wonderfully successful, and the result has been to remove an opaque covering, as it were, from this greatly dramatic work, and to bring it forward to the light of our day, by which we may discover in a thousand unsuspected places beauties of appropriate musical situation and of illuminating passages of humour, and, above all, by which it is shown that, no less than in the case of Wagner, Mozart wrote his dramas with a full knowledge and appreciation of them as coherent and consistent wholes, with a continuous appreciation of character, and with an unfailing sense of separate dramatic individualities in music. It appears to be the fashion, as I have said, to attribute this achievement to unconscious genius; but the achievement is there, and, after all, the theory should by this time have grown cheap which denies to genius so transcendent a self-knowledge so pitiably small.

Of the four operas which have been given this year at the Munich Residenz Theater under these brilliant circumstances, I know not which to select as an example of the most successful demonstration that Herr von Possart's methods are true in fact and in art. Perhaps the new opera of the year, *Cosi fan Tutte*, stands out in my memory with shining persistence, possibly

because it is new, and for no other reason; for *Figaro* and the *Don* seem as perfect as they could ever have been before. *Cosi fan Tutte*, however, has been reckoned even by the learned as something less than a masterpiece. "The book is utterly and irredeemably absurd," says one; "Mozart was tired when he wrote," says another; "his head was full of *Zauberflöte*, and he let the minor details of the opera go where they pleased." I can quite imagine that such criticism is justified in the face of anything like a third- or fourth-rate interpretation of the work, for the details are so subtly interwoven with the essence of the drama that, given an unintelligible presentation of the book, or given anything but the finest appreciation of the delicacy and appropriateness of those details, and it will be most likely that they will appear flat, meaningless, and unprofitable. Of the Munich performance I have in my mind a series of lovely stage pictures, rarely beautiful and well-ordered, yet perfectly plain to the understanding, and with the transaction of those scenes a music of the most poignant and masterly serenity. In this opera, where there is humour everywhere, and tenderness and compassion everywhere, — the three qualities that fill all Mozart's best music,—there is also a sense of the most curious and touching peacefulness, that reaches its ultimate possible limit, as it seems, in that enchanting choral serenade which the despised lovers cause to be sung to their mistresses outside the long lovely Italian garden of their palace. *Figaro* has

more lovely songs—*Cosi fan Tutte* can boast neither a "Voi che sapete" nor a "Dove sono"; *Don Giovanni* perhaps touches a point of supernatural terror and an intensity of loveliness reached nowhere else in the range of all opera, but neither *Figaro* nor the *Don* can steal away from *Cosi fan Tutte* its own serene atmosphere, or its title to be considered in the whole operatic work of Mozart as his "place of peace." And that is a revelation which in these times Munich alone has made.

Of the Munich *Seraglio*, the Munich *Figaro*, the Munich *Don Giovanni*, precisely the same praise is to be spoken. In all these instances the same lesson is taught, the same curtain is withdrawn, the same revelation is made. The stories, as a preliminary, are made absolutely intelligible, and *then* it is shown with what a fulness of dramatic significance Mozart transformed those stories, taking them from the work-a-day world of the common librettist, and translating them by his supreme art into the glorious heaven of beauty which they now occupy as by divine right. Wagner once deplored that the popularity of his *Tannhäuser* was due less to the drama that he had written than to certain lyric beauties that it contained; and "I doubt," said he, "if my *Tannhäuser* has ever been really put upon the stage." For too many years, also, Mozart has retained his hold on the world merely by his lyric beauties; now, at all events, thanks to Munich, his masterpieces are "really" being "put upon the

stage." One can but hope that Munich will be a pillar of fire by night, and will lead others into that promised land which indeed overflows with milk and honey.

Vernon Blackburn.

Four Notes

Frau Ingeborg von Bronsart has written a new song for Number Four of *The Dome.* Mr. John F. Runciman will again contribute an article.

One of the coloured plates in Number Four will be "The Enchanted Sea," a new and very remarkable drawing by H. A. Payne.

Mr. Richard le Gallienne does us too much honour. In our first number we made our little joke about the sub-title of this *Dome — A Quarterly containing Examples of All the Arts.* "There is not so much as a reference," we grumbled, "to Sculpture, Poker-work, or Self-defence; and to make the sub-title good, something should surely have been said about Amateur Bent-iron-work (Revived Young Ladies' Victorian)." Later on we wrote of the Art of Foolery. Had we not thought these gentle pleasantries worth printing once, we should not have printed them at all; but once was surely enough, and in our fondest conceits we could not have dreamed that so great a man as Mr. Richard le Gallienne would

condescend to re-mint with his own image and superscription the small change of our poor wit. Hear him, though, full four months after: "Where is Sculpture, where is the Art of Acting, and where, too, is a gentle art in which I recently read some entertaining studies, the Art of Rat-catching?" In the first flush of the pride with which his flattery has filled us, we are impudent enough to question whether Mr. Richard le Gallienne's alterations are improvements. But, printed now for the third time, our own joke looks a sorry effort. It was better fresh and in its proper context. The context of Mr. Richard le Gallienne's revision, oddly enough, is this: "The ancient art of being stupid, with an air of profound originality, is not without a representative."

Some person who is quite good enough for *The Daily Mail* has been reading the twelve lines by Mr. W. B. Yeats which appeared in our last number. This "Sonnet," as he intelligently calls it, had the effect of sending him "careering back to commonplaceness with a sigh of relief." All humane men and women will feel glad that *The Daily Mail* person returned to his own place so safe and sound, and nice and early, after his venturesome little excursion in foreign parts.

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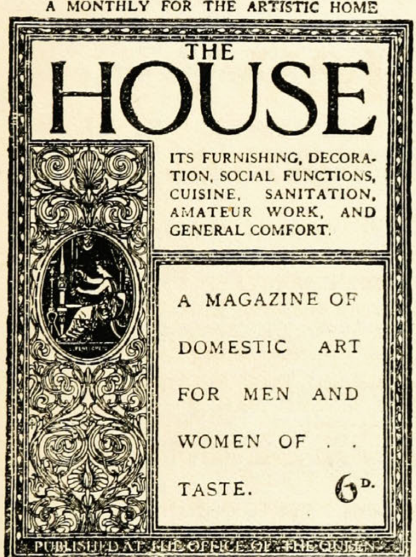

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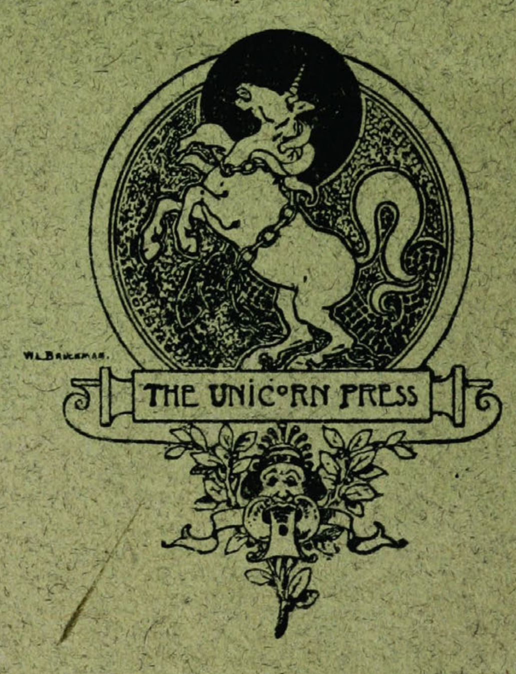
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