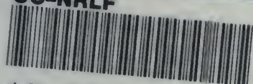
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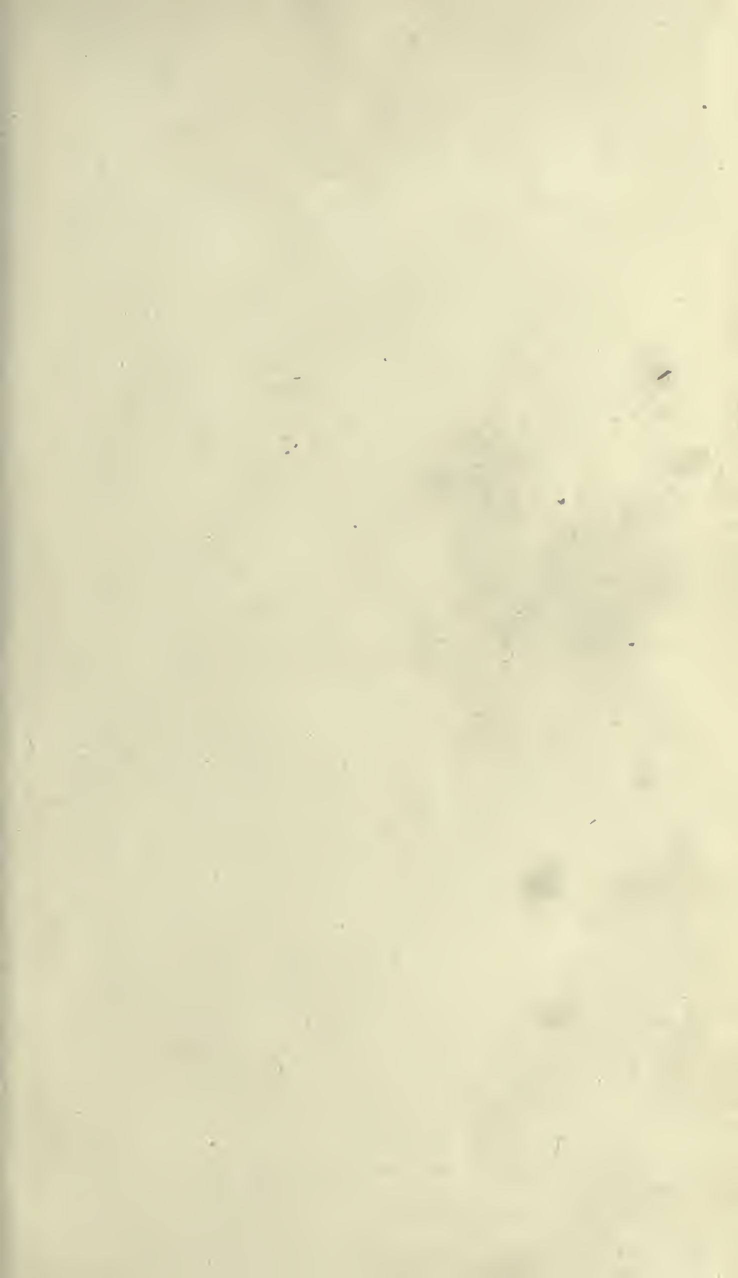

A Handbook to The Stratford Festival 1913

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & CO., LTD.

The Shakespeare Revival

AND

The Stratford-upon-Avon Movement

BY

REGINALD R. BUCKLEY

WITH CHAPTERS BY

MARY NEAL, F. R. BENSON, AND ARTHUR HUTCHINSON

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A HANDBOOK TO THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON FESTIVAL

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Photo by D. McNeill, Stratford-upon-Avon

SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB, BENEATH THE BUST AND TABLET TO HIS MEMORY, IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, AS GARLANDED WITH FLOWERS ON APRIL 23.

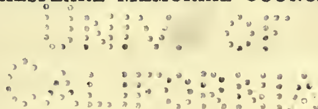
A Handbook to the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival

WITH ARTICLES BY

F. R. BENSON
ARTHUR HUTCHINSON
REGINALD R. BUCKLEY
CECIL J. SHARP

AND ILLUSTRATIONS

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES AND WITH THE SPECIAL SANCTION OF THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL COUNCIL



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PREFACE

"THE Shakespeare Revival," published two years ago, has familiarised many with the ideas inseparable from any national dramatic Festival. But in that book one necessarily opened up vistas of future development beyond the requirements of those who desire a Handbook rather than a Herald of the Future. For them an abridgment and revision are effected here. Also there are considerable additions, and Mr. Cecil J. Sharp contributes a chapter explaining the Vacation School of Folk Song and Dance, of which he became Director since the previous volume was issued. The present volume is intended at once to supplement and condense, not to supersede, the library edition.

R. R. B.

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CONTENTS

PAGE

THE FESTIVAL IDEA 11
By F. R. BENSON.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON—
I. A RECORD OF ITS WORK 25
II. THE FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION 61
By ARTHUR HUTCHINSON.

THE NATURE OF DRAMA—
I. THE ENGLISH DRAMA BEFORE SHAKESPEARE 71
II. THE SPIRIT OF SHAKESPEARE . . . 88
By REGINALD R. BUCKLEY.

THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON VACATION SCHOOL OF FOLK SONG AND DANCE 105
By CECIL J. SHARP.

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON 125

ILLUSTRATIONS

SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB, BENEATH THE BUST AND TABLET TO HIS MEMORY, IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, AS GARLANDED WITH FLOWERS ON APRIL 23 *Frontispiece*
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THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON . . . . *Facing p.* 33
Photo by A. Tyler, Stratford-upon-Avon

THE PICTURE GALLERY, MEMORIAL THEATRE ,, 48
Photo by A. Tyler

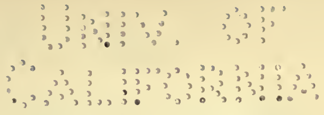
MR. F. R. BENSON AS HENRY V. . . . ,, 65
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, FROM THE RIVER AVON . . . . . ,, 104
Photo by W. A. Smith, Stratford-upon-Avon

DANCES OUTSIDE THE MEMORIAL THEATRE . ,, 115
Photo by A. Tyler

THE FESTIVAL IDEA

By F. R. BENSON



THE FESTIVAL IDEA

I AM very proud to be asked to contribute to a work published by a firm so long associated with the name of John Ruskin; proud that our work at Stratford should be regarded, by the writers of it, as part of that campaign against the unloveliness of modern life in which Ruskin was the protagonist. The outlines of the dream that Mr. Charles Flower and the founders of the Stratford-upon-Avon Shakespeare Memorial, their friends and successors, have been dreaming and developing for more than thirty years may be summed up in the following general terms.

Even if the exact shape of the towers be lost in the clouds, the rainbow and the sunshine, seemingly variable because ever growing; if for a moment one is bewildered by the vastness of its possibilities for the future, one is recalled to action in the present by the practical example of the founder and by the joyous stir and bustle attending the Festival. One of the

pleasures of the dream is that its foundation is on solid earth, formulated in bricks and mortar linked to Warwickshire soil by creeping plants and twining flowers. For the man and his co-workers, who will always have the chief honour of designing the fabric, like the rest of our race, could do as well as dream. The picture has many settings. Here is one of them.

It is the first of May. The dreamer is lying on a smooth lawn by the river-side; part of the garden attached to the theatre buildings. To the right, through a frame of rush and willow, yew and cedar and elm, the spire of the church looks down on the mill where Celt, Roman, Saxon and Dane, Norman and Englishman for centuries have ground their harvest. In front, beyond the river, stretches the playing-field of the town; secured to the towns-folk for ever by wise burgesses. The playing-fields are deserted to-day, save for a few youths enjoying the last kick of the season at a football, or their first renewal of the controversy between cricket bat and ball. The leisure energy of the community is occupied elsewhere.

The clock in the old church tower strikes twelve, and the jackdaws and the starlings notify to the rooks that another sun has

reached its zenith; but the rooks, busy giving their offspring a final lesson in aviation, merely caw back composedly, "It is so, all is well." On the river one or two boats and the swans with their cygnets are to be seen making for the croft on the other side of the theatre, where the ban or militia were wont in ancient days to assemble for practice in arms. The Bancroft,[1] too, is the perpetual possession of the people, thanks to the same wise policy.

But hark! I hear the minstrels play, and after them I know the rout is coming. "Such a May morning never was before," at least within our time. On to the green of the Bancroft dance the singing children of Stratford and the neighbouring villages. Young and old to the number of some thousands follow after to see the final ceremony, to tune their hearts to the rhythm of the final dance, and carry back to their homes the human harmony of the final song.

The Mayor in his chain of office, supported by the notables of the district, makes a cheery little speech. He hands a bouquet to the

[1] The derivation of the word "Bankcroft" is more usually given as that of the croft or meadow on the bank. Perhaps seeing the stress Shakespeare lays on national self-defence the other derivation given in the text may be allowed.

Queen of the May, a fair little maiden seated on a throne of flowers in the midst of her court. The rough spear, entwined with ivy pointing upwards, connects the eternal homage paid by age to youth with the primitive worship from our ancestors to the earth and the sun. Then the Folk-songs of our forefathers ring out blithely on the spring air, and the twinkling feet of the little dancers on the grass catch something of the rhythm of Shakespeare's verse and the music of the spheres. Among the crowd are many people from over-seas; blood brothers of the race, fellow subjects from distant parts of our Empire, friends from foreign countries all the world over—Scandinavia, the Netherlands, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, and the Balkans. The Spaniard, the Bohemian, the African, the Asiatic recognise in many of the dances some primitive ceremony still in vogue among their own folk to this day. In the Broom dance of an elderly but active villager the American from Honolulu notes as an old friend the spear dance of the Pacific Islanders. The Indian Prince, guest of honour on this occasion, expresses his pleasure at being present with words full of meaning. "I will take back to my country the story of your

song and your dance and your Shakespeare Festival, that my people may have more joy in their lives, and that your folk and my folk may better understand each other's religion." As said an Eastern in a bygone age, "Your people shall be my people, and your gods my gods." And then the May-day part of the Festival ends and the crowd disperse to their various tasks, and the Queen of the May steals forth in the afternoon to lay her crown and the bouquet, given by the Mayor, on her father's recently made grave. For her, as for the others, sorrow sojourneth but for a season in the promise of the May.

> "The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
> What is her burying grave, that is her womb.
> And from her womb children of divers kind
> We sucking on her natural bosom find;
> Many for many virtues excellent,
> None but for some, and yet all different.
> O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
> In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities."

The dreamer watches the streams of people scatter, some to the library or to the picture gallery, some to study the heraldic meaning of the decorations in the streets—the blazon of achievement won by Warwickshire worthies or heroes of Shakespeare's verse; some to the

birthplace or the school, the cottage of Anne Hathaway, the home of Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, or the monument in the church. The bands of teachers troop off to their daily lessons in Folk-song and Folk-dances, or to hear a lecture on Folk-Lore, or Shakespeare's Girls and their Flowers. Some repair to the exhibition of arms and armour, of household gear and furniture — the furniture and metal-work made in the days when handicraft and skilled workmanship were the cherished possessions of every artisan. Or the onlooker may have followed the man with the spade, unconsciously helping to solve the problem of how to make a profit of £60 a year out of a single acre. His thoughts, however, going back to the land and the garden city, would be interrupted by another phase in this cradle of English yeoman life. He catches sight of a country waggon drawn by a gaily-decked horse half-hidden with tapestry, embroideries, and woven webs, whence look out the wistful faces of some workers from the neighbouring school of needlework, not strong enough to join in the dances except with their deft hands and hearts. Some, had he questioned them, would have told him that their poet had shown them in the Playhouse how "we

English became what we are and how we can keep so." He would have reverently recognised that power of growth in the great Master's work that makes him eternally modern, so that the people of a thousand years hence will still have their lesson to learn to apply properly the wisdom of the Anglo-Celtic seer to the practical details of their everyday life. But now the crowd are beginning to re-assemble that they may attend the evening performance, and the dreamer will have to hurry off to get his place at the theatre. It may be that he will see some pilgrim from the country-side, visiting the theatre for the first time in her life, drop on her knees and pray, vaguely realising that this Festival of Drama may have something to do with the relation of man to God. He may hear in the theatre such remarks as "He is a clever one that wrote yon." Or the simple conclusion, breathlessly uttered at the end of Macbeth, "Aye, but that chap was a waster." Then he will watch the audience disperse to rest, and he will know the pilgrims have gained something of strength and knowledge—"Aye, man, it helps one to do a better week's work."

On this starlit night, when the nightingale is singing, the triumph of the spring in every

hedgerow round, the ceremony grows on his fancy and the dreamer returns to the riverside to think it out. And now in place of the swallows the bats fly their cloistered flights—

> "The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
> Hath rung night's yawning peal."

The waters of the Avon reflect the music of the myriad of young-eyed cherubim, and as in the surface of a shield the dreamer seeks to catch a vision of the future. His fancy builds upon the events of the day, upon the shadow of the theatre, as he sees it reflected in the starry depths. There rises before him with added courts and upper storeys a temple dedicated to the genius of the Anglo-Celtic race. Around are shrines to the Greek and the Indian Sage, to Aeschylus, to Phidias, to Plato, to Michael Angelo and Beethoven, where the service of song is perpetually celebrated by priests and pilgrims. Side by side with the Morality, the Mystery, and the Miracle play are performed Sakuntala and the Drama of the East. The Orphic hymn in its early and latest development mixes with the bardic drama of the Ivernian minnesingers. Goethe, Cervantes, Molière, and the moderns from every country contribute their offering at the dramatic altar,

send their message of poetry—the making of life and action for the children of men. Under its roof, books, pictures, statues help to express and formulate the work of this college of humanity. Stratford, Warwickshire, the British Empire, and America join in an informal conference of the Anglo-Celtic confederation. With their differences adjusted in a world of art, music and literature their common race possession, they will realise, as they join hands with the subtle strength of India, the triumph of the Aryan Empire, which seems on this night of May to be drawing nearer with the dawn, for the pilgrims who have realised Shakespeare's message of strong and strenuous self-control. For them the blending of East and West and the reconciliation of Black and White can be left to the coming of the years.

> "From the four corners of the earth they come
> To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint,"

bringing in their train the fervour of the Romance nations, the discipline of the Teuton, the primitive vigour of the Slav, the enterprise of the Scandinavian, the mystic reverence of the Oriental.

The gazer in the stream can, in fancy, hear

the prayer of agony, the praise of joy, the lyric of love, the pæan of the battle, the call of the blood, the anthem of a new awakened and a larger faith, mingled with the thousand voices of our mother Earth, as the Master Singer unrolls his written scroll. Above these variant notes, dominant, insistent, in the great peace of the night sounds the call of the Higher Humanity, throbs the note of nature that makes the whole world kin.

"If it be not now, yet it will come"; let be —the workers round the temple can wait.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

By ARTHUR HUTCHINSON

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE

I

A RECORD OF ITS WORK

A FALLACY very commonly maintained by those who have set themselves to doubt the identity of the play-actor of Stratford-upon-Avon with the author of the great literary heritage known as the work of William Shakespeare, has consisted in the frequent statement that Shakespeare himself attained but little glory while he lived, and gained still less tribute from those who came after him within the century or more that immediately followed his death.

It is a point of curiosity that any such view should ever have gained currency, either in print or in conversational argument, for, as a matter of fact, the praise of Shakespeare went onward in steady development and accumulation, from the tributes of his contemporaries and immediate successors in literature —"Rare Ben Jonson," Francis Meres ("the

Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine filed phrase, if they would speak English"), Richard Barnfield, John Weever, Michael Drayton, and others—to the stately eulogy of Milton's famous sonnet.

From Milton's time onward, through the modish literature of the Restoration period, and the more pedantic feeling of eighteenth-century criticism, approval of Shakespeare progressed, until the more humane spirit of nineteenth-century letters completed the shrine of appreciation that had gradually been built around the name and work of Stratford's son, who, in Ben Jonson's phrase, "was not for an age, but for all time." The compiler of "Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse" gave an interesting survey of the continuity with which homage was paid to Shakespeare throughout the first century after his death, and Mr. C. E. Hughes, in his delightful volume, "The Praise of Shakespeare," presents a still more comprehensive record, and one brought down to the tributes of our own day.

It is, however, somewhat curious, but still the fact, that while the literary love for Shakespeare's work, and the resulting increase in the study of it, marched steadily onward, belief in the poet's plays as entertainments for

the theatre-going public gradually decreased, from the days of their "improvement" and adaptation for the artificial tastes of the period by Dryden, Nahum Tate, and other play-wrights, until, by the middle of the Victorian era, only some half dozen, or but few more than that, of the greater tragedies and comedies could be said any longer to hold the stage. Samuel Phelps, in his memorable management of Sadler's Wells Theatre, did his utmost to remove this reproach; but, with the gradual passing of the actors trained in the traditions of the old "stock" companies, all but the more admittedly popular of Shakespeare's plays were relegated from the stage to the study again. There they awaited the full renaissance of the Shakespearean drama on the stage under the enlightened rule of the more literary of our modern actor-managers.

Meanwhile Shakespeare's native town of Stratford-upon-Avon was in even poorer plight than the metropolis or the larger provincial cities, since it obviously could not offer the strongest form of inducement to the actor-managers of succeeding generations to make any lengthy sojourn within its gates for the sole purpose of producing the Shakespearean drama. For many years it could not even

extend the hospitality of a permanent theatre for stage visitors of repute at any ordinary period of the year, but erected a temporary pavilion for the occasional commemoration of that son who in its noble parish church lay "as lord, not tenant to the grave."

The first recorded celebration of Shakespeare's memory in his native place, as distinct from the ordinary performance of his more popular plays by strolling players,—among whom are known to have been both Peg Woffington and Roger Kemble, the father of the famous Mrs. Siddons—was a performance of "Othello" given in 1748 by a touring manager of some repute named John Ward, the maternal grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, for the raising of funds to repair Shakespeare's monument in the church.

The performance realised £17, and the occasion has been handed down to the present time by a curiously direct memento in the form of a pair of buckskin gloves which are believed to have belonged originally to Shakespeare. They were presented, as such, in recognition of the performance, to the actor John Ward, by Shakespeare Hart, a descendant of the poet's sister. Ward subsequently gave them to David Garrick, from whom they passed to

Mrs. Siddons, and through her to Fanny Kemble, who presented them to Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the eminent American authority on Shakespeare's work.

The first Shakespearean Commemoration of any organised importance was a "Jubilee" promoted by David Garrick in 1769. This was in its way a very brilliant affair, but concerned itself less with the actual plays of Shakespeare than has since become the custom, banquets, balls, and even horse-racing forming the larger part of its programme.

The opening of a regular theatre in 1827 led to the visiting of Stratford by many well-graced players. Hither came the Keans, father and son, Macready, Dillon, Mrs. Nisbett, and others who made the theatrical history of their day. The more popular of Shakespeare's plays were given from time to time by these and less distinguished actors, but after a time the theatre fell on evil days. At last, in 1872, it was bought by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, and pulled down, amid general approval, in order that the ground which it now cumbered to no sufficient purpose might be restored to its former state, as part of the garden belonging to New Place, the home of Shakespeare after his withdrawal from London life.

In the course of these ordinary professional performances there were held two Festivals —one in 1827 and the other in 1830—which were intended to inaugurate a series to be held once every three years, but the scheme fell through after the second celebration. Thereafter all commemoration ceremonies fell into abeyance until 1864, when the tercentenary of the poet's birth was marked by a series of performances of his plays, in which Buckstone, Compton, Creswick, and Sothern took part.

The great success of this Festival, which was held in a temporary building erected for the purpose, inspired local enthusiasts with a wish for more permanent headquarters for future celebrations. At length, in 1875, a few Stratford-upon-Avon men, led by the late Charles Edward Flower, formed themselves into an Association for the purpose of building, as a memorial to Shakespeare in his native town, a theatre to form a permanent centre for the frequent revival of his works, without regard to the limitations all too long imposed upon the selection of plays by the preferences of "star" actors, or the determination of the older playgoing public that only a few of the most famous tragedies and comedies of

the poet could be considered at all attractive in the theatre.

The scheme also included a library for the collection and preservation of the literature connected with the poet's work, and a picture gallery for the display of art chiefly inspired by his themes, whether on canvas or in stone or other medium. In 1877 this project was fulfilled by the opening of the handsome Memorial Theatre, which, with its fine library and picture gallery and its spacious gardens on the bank of the Avon, has in the years that have passed become a very real and valuable centre of Shakespearean study.

It is thirty-six years since the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was built at Stratford-upon-Avon, and to-day, in 1913, it remains the only endowed theatre in England. It is the only theatre of which the charter enables its Governors to work not for dividends but solely for the particular interests of dramatic art which they have in view. "Organise the theatre," said Matthew Arnold, and the Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre have done their best to endow and organise "the constant reiteration of Shakespeare's words" in all their extraordinary truth of inspiration and nobility of ideal, individual and national.

Between the years 1875 and 1908 Mr. Charles Flower and his wife, who long survived him, contributed some £50,000 to the building and endowment of the Memorial, and at her death Mrs. Flower bequeathed to the Association the riverside property of Avonbank which adjoins the original grounds of the Memorial buildings, and therefore considerably extends their domain for the benefit of future generations.

To illustrate the principles upon which the theatre is governed, it may be of interest to quote here a clause of the Articles of Association :—

"The income and property of the Association, whencesoever derived, shall be applied solely towards the promotion of the objects of the Association as set forth in this Memorandum of Association : and no portion thereof shall be paid or transferred, directly or indirectly, by way of dividend or bonus or otherwise howsoever by way of profit, to the persons who at any time are, or have been, Members of the Association, or to any of them or to any person claiming through any of them. Provided that nothing herein shall prevent the payment in good faith of remuneration to any officers or servants of the Association or to any Members

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Photo by A. Tyler, Stratford-upon-Avon

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

of the Association or other person in return for any services actually rendered to the Association."

In the Memorial Theatre, which thus came into existence, Shakespeare's reputed birthday and his probable death-day too, April 23rd, and a varying number of preceding or ensuing days, have for the past thirty years seen the performance of a number of the poet's plays. And each year has added to this list at least one play not previously performed there, until but three remain unproduced, "Troilus and Cressida," "Titus Andronicus," and "All's Well that Ends Well." Of these the first-named is to be presented at this year's Festival.

To have added such a goodly number of previously neglected works to the ranks of the comparatively few which have been at all frequently glorified by sumptuous "long-run" revivals would have amounted to an achievement more than justifying the Memorial Theatre of its critics, even if the plays had been mounted but now and again. But with the growth of the Festival's audiences, and the consequent extension of the annual series of performances, it has now for some years been possible to repeat quite a large number of these revivals every year. Thus Shakespeare's town can

to-day with honourable pride claim to be the one place in the world where a visitor can witness as many as sixteen of the poet's plays within a brief three weeks' season.

Beginning its work at a time when even the traditions of Shakespearean acting had fallen out of memory with the passing of the older generations of players, and only a few of the more familiar of the poet's tragedies and comedies were at all frequently performed upon the English stage, the Council of the Memorial Theatre set itself to restore to the modern theatre the long array of Shakespeare's tragedies, comedies, and historical plays, which had all too long been omitted from any theatrical repertoire in the poet's own country, and could be seen performed only in the subsidised theatres of Germany. The opening production, in 1877, was "Much Ado about Nothing," in which Lady Martin, the famous Helen Faucit of earlier days, emerged from her retirement and played Beatrice to the Benedick of Barry Sullivan. "Hamlet," "As You Like It," and other plays were also included in the programme of this first of the modern Festivals.

In the following year the Memorial Council again availed itself of Barry Sullivan's

experience for the conduct of the revivals, and then for two years Mr. Edward Compton, whose distinguished father had contributed much to the success of the 1864 Celebration, was entrusted with the artistic control of a programme which included "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Comedy of Errors" as chief novelties. In 1883 Mr. Elliot Galer, an Englishman chiefly associated as actor with the American stage, added "Macbeth," "Henry IV., Part I.," and "King Lear" to the list of the Memorial productions, and in the following two years Miss Alleyn contributed "Cymbeline," "Measure for Measure," and "Love's Labour's Lost."

The list of productions already wears an important air, but it must be admitted that they had so far been leavened with sundry modern plays that were in no sense worthy of the occasion. The real fact probably was that the affair still remained for the most part a local one, and local audiences were not large enough to require several performances of one play. The Festival had still to await the gradual growth of a gathering of visitors such as now supports it. In 1886 the control of the theatrical arrangements was for the first time entrusted by the Memorial Council to

Mr. F. R. Benson, who had not long before organised his now famous Shakespearean Repertoire Company. Since then Mr. and Mrs. Benson and their company have been responsible for the productions of the Memorial Theatre, with the exception of those of 1889–90, when the performances were directed by the late Osmond Tearle, and of 1895, when Mr. Ben Greet was invited to produce the series of plays for the year, and with his revival of "The Winter's Tale," with Mr. H. B. Irving, Miss Beatrice Lamb, Miss Dorothea Baird, and Miss Louie Freear in the cast, made a notable addition to the Memorial Theatre's record.

With the more continuous policy made possible by a single directorate the reputation of the Memorial productions has grown apace.

When the Memorial buildings were first projected, many a voice was raised to protest that the one thing lacking would prove to be the audience. The prophecy has proved idle. By 1897, when the theatre was just twenty years old, the Festival's brief span of a week was extended to a fortnight, and in five years came a further expansion to three weeks; and with each added week has come the further series of audiences that the enterprise

required. And the year 1910 brought the most important development of all in the establishing of a summer season of a further three weeks, since extended to a month, in addition to the older Spring Festival. It has thus become feasible to arrange programmes of greater variety than was possible in old days, especially as Stratford's expansion has found an increasingly generous spirit of co-operation on the part of many of the most distinguished players of our time. Thus a Festival programme nowadays provides not only a galaxy of histrionic talent, but that further point of interest which the epicure in such matters finds in studying the work of different players, of different personalities and temperaments, as manifested in the same play, within a few days of attendance at the Memorial Theatre. The Festival playgoer is thus afforded an opportunity for studies in comparative criticism which the conditions of ordinary theatrical management can seldom offer.

It has been an interesting scheme that has been carried out during the last few years at this, our only endowed theatre, and one that has done much to consolidate the artistic success of the Memorial project.

Each year some play long banished from

the stage has been revived with special elaboration, and at a time when most of these works, such as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Twelfth Night," "Timon of Athens," and the historical plays, Roman and English, had been entirely neglected on the London or provincial stage for practically a whole generation, they were revived year by year at the Memorial Theatre, and not revived for the moment merely, but carried away to the country as part of the regular repertoire of Mr. Benson's itinerary and brought back to Stratford-upon-Avon to be repeated in support of the chief novelty of the next year's series. "The Merry Wives of Windsor," for instance, first revived at the Festival of 1886, when it had not been seen on the stage at all for many a long day, has been frequently given in ensuing years in immediate company with the historical plays in which Falstaff figures. Thus the Festival playgoer has achieved Queen Elizabeth's wish to see the truculent knight pass from the plays which show him in the real history of his day, but only as a subordinate character, into the rôle of protagonist in the world of merriment with which the poet endowed the wives of Windsor.

"Julius Cæsar," again, first revived in 1891, has since been repeated, in all the fresh effectiveness which the historical plays acquire by such proximity to each other, in Festival programmes in which it has stood midway between the other Roman plays, "Coriolanus" and "Antony and Cleopatra." Few points of interest in such matters could be more illuminating than the contrast brought out by this juxtaposition between the austerity of the Rome of "Coriolanus," the fuller yet still self-critical spirit of the Rome of "Julius Cæsar," and the sensuous abandonment of that gorgeous East which Cleopatra held in fee. As far as one can gather, the experiment of giving these three plays from Roman history in close conjunction had never before been attempted on any stage, any more than had the intensely interesting scheme subsequently carried out at the Memorial Theatre, by the performance, in chronological sequence, of Shakespeare's long series of plays from English history.

The interest of these chronicle-plays is enormously enhanced by their consecutive performance in the historical order of their events. Such a moment as Henry the Fifth's prayer before the Battle of Agincourt, wherein the kneeling monarch protests his attempted atonement

for the murder of Richard the Second, which secured his father's crown, becomes doubly poignant when the auditors have but two nights previously seen the hapless Richard grace the triumph of proud Bolingbroke, and but one night since have witnessed the alarums and excursions which left that same victorious Bolingbroke small joy in his advancing years.

The trumpet-call of English patriotism sounded at the close of "King John" forms the prelude to Shakespeare's long epic in dramatic form, which closes with the vision of national prosperity foreshadowed in the baptismal blessing of the infant Queen Elizabeth, in the last Act of "Henry VIII." Then comes the Lancastrian trilogy which, to quote from Professor Dowden, "commences with 'The Tragedy of King Richard II.' and closes with 'The Life of King Henry V.' In four successive plays is presented the story of the rise and triumph of the House of Lancaster. Four other plays—the three parts of 'King Henry VI.' and 'The Tragedy of King Richard III.'—present the story of the decline of the House of Lancaster and the rise and fall of the House of York. These plays of the Wars of the Roses and the life and death of the usurper Richard were the

work of Shakespeare's 'prentice hand, when he worked in conjunction with some of his early contemporaries, and was subject to the dominant influence of the greatest among them — Christopher Marlowe. The Lancastrian group contains some early work, for 'King Richard II.' cannot be remote in date from 'King Richard III.'; but the former of these plays, whether chronologically the second in order or not, is far more independent and native to Shakespeare's genius as a dramatic work than the Marlowesque tragedy of 'King Richard III.' The Lancastrian group has also in it work which represents Shakespeare's full maturity as a craftsman in dramatic history. It excels the Yorkist series of plays beyond all comparison in its fine studies of character, in its presentation of heroic action, and in its free and joyous humour.

"The action may be said to move on without interruption from the opening of 'King Richard II.' to the close of 'King Henry V., from Bolingbroke's challenge of Norfolk to the wooing of the French princess by the victor of Agincourt.

"Then follows the series of dramas presenting the rise and fall of the House of York, and through the eight plays which make up the

whole connected series of Lancaster and York, runs a continuous moral purpose—a setting forth, as it were, of the justice of God in the history of England, the sins of the father being visited upon the children or upon the children's children, until at last on Bosworth Field the evil has reached its term, and Richmond and Elizabeth—

> 'The true succeeders of each royal house'—

enter 'by God's fair ordinance,' on their heritage of loyalty and peace."[1]

Vivid and impressive as are each of these plays singly, taken as a consecutive series they present us with a vision of history extraordinarily illuminative of the national character.

"Shakespeare's kings are not, nor are meant," as Walter Pater says, "to be, great men: rather, little or quite ordinary humanity, thrust upon greatness, with those pathetic results, the natural self-pity of the weak heightened in them into irresistible appeal to others as the net result of their royal prerogative. One after another, they seem to lie composed in Shakespeare's embalming pages, with just that touch of

[1] Shakespeare's "Henry IV., Parts I. and II.," illustrated by Edward Grützner. Introduction by Edward Dowden, LL.D. Cassell & Co.

Nature about them, making the whole world akin, which has infused into their tombs at Westminster a rare poetic grace."[1]

While these kings were living their little day the national character was evolving, slowly and imperceptibly. Even Shakespeare himself when he wrote these plays, or rewrote them from older models, could not see their full historical value, because he lived too soon to see the long results of the strange happenings which he merely accepted from their first chroniclers. But he accepted with an extraordinarily fine sense of selection, and throughout he seems to see the general trend of the English character, while monarch succeeded monarch and then went down to "Death's public tiring-house." In these historical plays, ranging from "King John" to "Henry VIII.," he shows himself not only as a great dramatist, but as an English patriot, illustrating the slow but sturdy growth of his own countrymen.

The splendidly vivid interest with which Shakespeare has endowed this long series of pictures of the gradual but continuous evolution of the English national character under many rulers, was emphasised to the full for the first time, for the bulk of the audiences, by

[1] "Appreciations," by Walter Pater. Macmillan & Co.

the staging of these plays, and the effect was strangely moving. The series of performances will endure as a most interesting memory to all who witnessed them, and as a monument of what has been accomplished at Stratford-upon-Avon, in a cause which had previously been attempted only in Germany.

If the Memorial Theatre had done nothing else in its history but provide this fascinating experience, it would have justified its existence. An instrument of national education of the finest value would be supplied by the more frequent performance of these plays, especially if given, as at Stratford, in their chronological sequence.

But even the most ardent of Stratford's pilgrims lives not by chronicle-plays alone, and amid all the recondite labour of restoring to the stage such all too long neglected work, the more generally popular of Shakespeare's plays have still yearly held their own. The Prince of Denmark has tardily avenged his father's murder, not only within the wonted limits of the modern stage, but in the larger sphere of character and motive supplied by the performance of the entire text of the play, with whole speeches and scenes long omitted from accepted "acting versions." Verona's star-crossed lovers

have plighted their tragic troth, Othello has loved the gentle Desdemona "not wisely but too well," Macbeth has murdered sleep, and fond King Lear has made division of his kingdom.

Shylock has been baffled of his bond by the Portia come to judgment, Sir Toby Belch and his fellow-roysterers have fooled Malvolio in the Illyrian garden, Beatrice and Benedick have made a match of their two mad wits, Petruchio and his Katharine have stormed their way to happy wedlock. Rosalind and her fellows have met to "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world," here upon the confines of the very Forest of Arden of which Shakespeare wrote, while the foresters have borne on to the stage a deer from the same Charlecote Park wherein tradition says the poet went a-deer-stealing—"Shakespeare, poacher, or whatever else," as Carlyle has it, "our supreme modern European man."

Other local associations are not far to seek in the plays which mention actual places in the very course of their events, but even when the poet lets his fancy roam and takes the world for his stage, the colour of the Warwickshire countryside is never missing long. Illyria, Bohemia, Messina, Tuscany—all in turn, in

some of their poet's most lovable moments, become transmuted into simple Warwickshire, so that his own stage directions for one of his plays might be reversed and his native countryside be accounted for, once and for all, as to be found "dispersedly in various countries."

His "Wood near Athens" slopes over towards the bank of the soft-flowing Avon, and Nick Bottom and his fellow "rude mechanicals" are true-born Warwickshire yokels, although they "work for bread upon Athenian stalls." Titania's "nine men's morris" recalls the forebears of the very dancers who revive their old-world measure at present-day Festivals, and Oberon and Titania have planted their Grecian forest with the same wild-flowers which to-day are strewn in the church where—

> "Kings for such a tomb should wish to die."

And who more Midland in his rusticity than the "rural fellow" who bears unto the grim Egyptian monument "the pretty worm of Nilus" to bring liberty to Cleopatra?

Hamlet abandons his journey towards England only to find a typical Warwickshire peasant digging the grave for Ophelia, and the stream in which—

"Her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook,"

flows even nearer Stratford than the water in which a maid of Clopton met her death, and suggested to the poet, says tradition, the manner of Ophelia's pitiful end. Both King Lear and Ophelia in their madness toy with the same old-fashioned Warwickshire flowers as Perdita in her simple joy.

Even if this process of identification be "to consider too curiously," there is still no escaping from the charm of the conditions of playgoing amid the green meadows and old-world buildings associated with the life of Stratford's dramatist. In a delightful article on the subject which first appeared in *The Speaker*, and has since been reprinted in his volume of essays entitled "Ideas of Good and Evil," Mr. W. B. Yeats says:—

"I have been hearing Shakespeare, as the traveller in 'News from Nowhere' might have heard him, had he not been hurried back into our noisy time. One passes through quiet streets, where gabled and red-tiled houses remember the Middle Age, to a theatre that has been made not to make money, but for the pleasure of making it, like the market houses that set the traveller chuckling; nor

does one find it among hurrying cabs and ringing pavements, but in a green garden by a river side. Inside I have to be content for a while with a chair, for I am unexpected, and there is not an empty seat but this; and yet there is no one who has come merely because one must go somewhere after dinner. All day, too, one does not hear or see an incongruous or noisy thing, but spends the hours reading the plays, and the wise and foolish things men have said of them, in the library of the theatre, with its oak-panelled walls and leaded windows of tinted glass; or one rows by reedy banks and by old farmhouses, and by old churches among great trees. It is certainly one's fault if one opens a newspaper, for Mr. Benson gives one a new play every night, and one need talk of nothing but the play in the inn-parlour, under the oak beams blackened by time and showing the mark of the adze that shaped them. I have seen this week 'King John,' 'Richard II.,' the second part of 'Henry IV.,' 'Henry V.,' and the second part of 'Henry VI.,' and 'Richard III.' played in their right order, with all the links that bind play to play unbroken; and partly because of a spirit in the place, and partly because of the way play supports play, the

Photo by A. Tyler, Stratford-upon-Avon

THE PICTURE GALLERY, MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

theatre has moved me as it has never done before. That strange procession of kings and queens, of warring nobles, of insurgent crowds, of courtiers, and of people of the gutter has been to me almost too visible, too audible, too full of an unearthly energy. I have felt as I have sometimes felt on grey days on the Galway shore, when a faint mist has hung over the grey sea and the grey stones, as if the world might suddenly vanish and leave nothing behind, not even a little dust under one's feet. The people my mind's eye has seen have too much of the extravagance of dreams, like all the inventions of art before our crowded life had brought moderation and compromise, to seem more than a dream, and yet all else has grown dim before them.

. . . . . .

"The easiness of travel, which is always growing, began by emptying the country, but it may end by filling it; for adventures like this of Stratford-on-Avon show that people are ready to journey from all parts of England and Scotland and Ireland, and even from America, to live with their favourite art as shut away from the world as though they were

'in retreat,' as Catholics say. Nobody but an impressionist painter, who hides it in light and mist, even pretends to love a street for its own sake; and could we meet our friends and hear music and poetry in the country, none of us that are not captive would ever leave the thrushes." [1]

Writing on the same subject, another visitor to Stratford's Festival, Mr. C. E. Montague, says in his brilliant volume of "Dramatic Values," reprinted from his contributions to *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"A thing not easily to be spoilt for you in Stratford is the way you go to the theatre there, at any rate on a fine evening in late April, in a year when the spring has not been soured by an ill-placed frost. . . . You go into it from a garden by a river, alive just now with little jocund noises; there is that sound which to hear is like drinking cool water in summer —the dip of oars and the little tinkle of laughter from people coming home in boats at twilight; beyond the stream some lambs are leaping about in a meadow of juicy grass, or posting back to their mothers in silent thirst. Wherever you look, behold! it is very good. Behind

[1] "Ideas of Good and Evil," by W. B. Yeats. T. Fisher Unwin and A. H. Bullen.

you the little ordered country town is in the oddly gay mixed light of lamps early lit and of the lengthening daylight; in front, beyond the lambs, the fields rise and fall softly till they go out of sight, the quintessence of the contained and friendly English Midland landscape. When these things have possessed your souls with content, you go through a door and see, it may be, 'As You Like It,' acted by artists on whom they are working too—at any rate, you think so. The audience, on the whole, is picked and fit, for there is no mere fashion of coming here, to bring many quite vacuous spectators; no one comes who does not care for plays or acting; people laugh at the right place in comedy; the space between them and the actors is not the non-conductor of emotion that it often seems to be elsewhere; it quivers with communicative quickness; you do not have a sense that artist's intention and public's perception are fumbling for each other in a dark room; you feel the stir of a common intellectual excitement changing all the hard disparate atoms in the auditorium into one quickened brain whose joint apprehension is not, as in most theatres, the apprehension of the dullest, but that of the eager and clear, the ones with speculation in

their eyes. What dead silence receives, in most theatres, Le Beau's discreet civility—

> 'Hereafter, in a better world than this,
> I shall desire more love and knowledge of you!'

"It is not, or was not, so at Stratford; you feel a whole audience to be delightedly tasting flavours and valuing qualities in what they hear.

"After an act you step out into the more than pastoral quietude of a country town settling to rest after the day. The growth of stillness, since you went in, is measured for you by the new clearness of the little distant sounds, voices at far off cottage doors, or the shouts of a few children late at their play in the meadows. When the play ends, outside there is white river mist and dead silence. You all go to bed like one household. Half an hour after the Oresteia was done there was not a sound in the High Street; at midnight the footsteps of two belated actors and their voices at the corner as they said good-night rang like a sound in midnight Oxford."[1]

The record of the Memorial Theatre has hitherto been primarily a Shakespearean one, but other interesting revivals and productions

[1] "Dramatic Values," by C. E. Montague. Methuen & Co.

have occasionally figured in the programme. Possibly those who are pilgrims to Stratford for the sole purpose of this series of performances would prefer to remain undisturbed in their Shakespearean mood. But then there is the very considerable local element of the audiences to be considered, the element drawn not only from the town of Stratford itself, but from a large surrounding district, and the late Mr. Charles Flower and the other founders of the Memorial Theatre had it ever before them as an ideal to endow a home primarily for Shakespearean celebrations, but incidentally also for a good deal else that is worthiest of repetition in our dramatic literature, whether ancient or modern. They intended, indeed, to concede, and even to approve the fact that there have been dramatists both before and after Shakespeare, just as "there were heroes before Agamemnon," though *longo intervàllo.*

The idea has seemed more suitable to the occasion since the Festival's span was extended to three weeks, and some of the non-Shakespearean fare presented has proved remarkably interesting. The difference between the ideal of tragedy held by the Greek dramatists and that of Shakespeare has been illustrated by a very impressive production of the Orestean

trilogy of Æschylus. Typical work of Shakespeare's predecessors on the English stage has been seen in four of the Chester "Mystery" plays, and in Christopher Marlowe's "Edward II.," and his contemporaries have been represented by Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour." Of later dramatists Wycherley (adapted by Garrick), Sheridan, Goldsmith, Tom Taylor, Lord Lytton, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and Mr. G. E. Morrison and Mr. R. P. Stewart, with their interesting play "Don Quixote," presenting the hero of Shakespeare's great Spanish contemporary, Cervantes, had divided the honours of these non-Shakespearean performances, with the addition of certain one-act plays, down to the year 1910. Then the innovation of a prize of £300 offered by one of the governors of the Memorial Theatre, resulted in the selection, out of 315 plays submitted, of "The Piper," a new version of the Pied Piper of Hamelin's story by an American poet, Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel Marks). Since then the modern additions to the Festival repertory have been Maurice Maeterlinck's poignant tragedy of "Pelleas and Melisande," and George Bernard Shaw's witty comedy "You Never Can Tell," and this year's programme will include the latter

author's "The Devil's Disciple," John Masefield's "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great," and John Galsworthy's "The Silver Box."

It would almost seem that in his elaborate classification of the drama, Polonius had the Festival programme generally in view, for surely no other repertoire company has ever presented as varied a bill as that which forms the annual three weeks' traffic of the Memorial stage. But, thanks to the fine spirit of co-operation in which many accomplished players share the arduous work of rehearsal and performance, it is possible to adopt the description given by Polonius himself in answer to Hamlet's question, "What players are they?" and to say:—

"The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light."

For among the players who have taken part in the Memorial Theatre performances may be named the following:—

Mr. Henry Ainley.
Mr. Oscar Asche.
Mr. F. Randle Ayrton.
Mr. Lewis Ball.
Mr. Shiel Barry.
Mr. F. R. Benson.

Mr. Charles Bibby.
Mr. Acton Bond.
Mr. Arthur Bourchier.
Mr. Graham Browne.
Mr. Alfred Brydone.
Mr. George Buchanan.
Mr. Harry Caine.
Mr. W. H. Calvert.
Mr. Louis Calvert.
Mr. James Carew.
Mr. Murray Carrington.
Mr. O. B. Clarence.
Mr. Frank Cochrane.
Mr. John Coleman.
Mr. Edward Compton.
Mr. Thalberg Corbett.
Mr. Hannam Clark.
Mr. W. Creswick.
Mr. Clarence Derwent.
Mr. John Drew.
Mr. James B. Fagan.
Mr. George Fitzgerald.
Mr. Elliot Galer.
Mr. A. E. George.
Mr. William Gilbert.
Mr. Ben Greet.
Mr. Arthur Grenville.
Mr. Herbert Grimwood.
Mr. Walter Hampden.
Mr. Martin Harvey.
Mr. James Hearn.
Mr. Henry Herbert.
Mr. H. R. Hignett.
Mr. H. Halliwell Hobbes.
Mr. Balliol Holloway.
Mr. H. B. Irving.
Mr. H. Jarman.
Mr. Moffat Johnston.
Mr. Cyril Keightley.
Mr. C. Rann Kennedy.
Mr. Matheson Lang.
Mr. James Lewis.
Mr. Robert Loraine.
Mr. F. H. Macklin.
Mr. Eric Maxon.
Mr. H. O. Nicholson.
Mr. B. Iden Payne.
Mr. Stephen Phillips.
Mr. B. A. Pittar.
Mr. Nigel Playfair.
Mr. William Poel.
Mr. Charles Quartermaine.
Mr. Guy Rathbone.
Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson.
Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw.
Mr. Ian Robertson.
Mr. Frank Rodney.
Mr. Stratton Rodney.
Mr. Herbert Ross.
Mr. G. Kay Souper.
Mr. Otho Stuart.
Mr. Barry Sullivan.
Mr. E. Lyall Swete.
Mr. Osmond Tearle.
Mr. Fred Terry.
Mr. D. Neilson-Terry.

Sir Herbert Tree.
Mr. Hermann Vezin.
Mr. Lewis Waller.
Mr. Edward Warburton.
Mr. George Weir.
Mr. Arthur Whitby.
Mr. Harcourt Williams.
Mr. J. P. Wilson.
Mr. F. G. Worlock.

Miss Elinor Aickin.
Miss Alleyn.
Miss Sara Allgood.
Miss Lena Ashwell.
Miss Mary Anderson.
Miss Dorothea Baird.
Miss Virginia Bateman (Mrs. Edward Compton).
Miss Jessie Bateman.
Mrs. F. R. Benson.
Madame Sarah Bernhardt.
Mrs. Billington.
Miss Lilian Braithwaite.
Miss Tita Brand.
Miss Lily Brayton.
Madame Marie Brema.
Miss Hutin Britton.
Miss Eleanor Calhoun.
Mrs. Charles Calvert.
Miss Elsie Chester.
Miss Constance Collier.
Miss Alice Denvil.
Miss Marion Denvil.
Miss N. de Silva.
Miss Frances Dillon.
Miss Gertrude Eliot.
Miss Beryl Faber.
Miss Violet Farebrother.
Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin).
Miss Ada Ferrar.
Miss Beatrice Ferrar.
Miss Louie Freear.
Miss Dorothy Green.
Miss Margaret Halstan.
Miss Leah Hanman.
Miss Helen Haye.
Miss Kate Hodson.
Miss Laura Johnson.
Miss Hetty Kenyon.
Miss Mary Kingsley.
Miss Beatrice Lamb.
Miss Nora Lancaster.
Miss Auriol Lee.
Miss Kitty Loftus.
Miss Marie Löhr.
Miss Ethel McDowall.
Miss Madge McIntosh.
Miss Wynne Matthison.
Miss Jean Mackinlay.
Miss Evelyn Millard.
Miss Mabel Moore.
Miss Margaret Morris.
Miss Julia Neilson.

Madame Agnes Nicholls.
Miss Olive Noble.
Miss Maire O'Neill.
Miss Mona K. Oram.
Miss Constance Pelissier.
Miss Nancy Price.
Miss Ada Rehan.
Miss Constance Robertson.
Miss Saumarez.
Miss Gertrude Scott.
Miss Christine Silver.
Miss Ellen Terry.
Miss Marion Terry.
Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry.
Miss Madge Titheradge.
Miss Eve Titheradge.
Miss Violet Vanbrugh.
Miss Wallis.
Miss Genevieve Ward.
Miss Frances Wetherall.

Here, one may well feel confident, with Polonius, is an artistic fellowship indeed equal to every call. "Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light," for the players at any rate, and as for the audiences—but that is another story! Certainly one may assume that at Stratford, at any rate, Shakespeare's own work more than holds its own against the Latin author of whom another Elizabethan dramatist said, "What are twelve kicks to a man who can read Seneca?" Plautus is from time to time represented on Stratford's stage indirectly, but only to the extent to which Shakespeare borrowed from him in "The Comedy of Errors."

For this golden pomp of "Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral" from Shakespeare's work which year by year finds "a local habitation" on the Festival stage, a yearly larger and more cosmopolitan series of audiences has gathered.

"I am always happy to meet persons who perceive the transcendent superiority of Shakespeare over all other writers," said Emerson; and the same responsive pleasure seems largely to animate the throng of visitors to Stratford's Festival, which now supplies audiences reaching a total some fourteen thousand strong in the course of the three weeks' celebration.

The founders of the Memorial Theatre followed the ideal of Garrick in seeking to establish at Stratford-upon-Avon a stage that should prove not merely the occasional scene of Shakespearean commemoration, but also a fitting centre for the study of dramatic literature and the practice of the art of acting. The circumstances of modern life have counted against the full development of this ideal. The number of students or actors who can spare the time to make a lengthy sojourn in a place where they have no other cause for residence than the frequenting of the Memorial Theatre and library, has hitherto been limited. Yet the name of the players who have shared in the high endeavour of Stratford's undertaking now approaches legion, and the weeks of their performances in each year are growing into months. And one very satisfactory result of the Festivals is to be seen in the constant translating of

the Memorial productions to many another stage. Visitors to Stratford's Festival cannot but feel that something of the fitting qualities of place and occasion has contributed to the luminous revival of many of the plays for which all acting "traditions" had long been lost, and are accordingly glad that the work contributed to the annual Festival is often repeated in London and other centres by the players, to an extent which gives to the Memorial productions a value far exceeding the scope of merely local commemoration.

From this point of view the most important of all developments in the Memorial scheme may be considered the arrangements, now definitely completed, by which two companies of players, presenting a large selection of Shakespearean and other plays from Stratford's repertory, will set forth, later in the present year, under the auspices of the Memorial Theatre, upon far-reaching tours through Canada, the United States, South America, and South Africa. One company, headed by Mr. F. R. Benson himself, opens its Canadian and American tour at Montreal in the first week of October, and the other, under the direction of Mr. Henry Herbert, begins its South African season at Capetown on the same date.

II

THE FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

In the theatres of the Metropolis, and the larger cities which follow its example, fashions come and go, but the ideal which inspires the work of the Memorial Theatre remains unchanged, and therefore attracts unto itself in yearly increasing numbers, from all parts of the kingdom, from the Continent, and from the United States, as well as from British Colonies, those who have learned to find in Shakespeare's little town a rallying point for certain interests which they have much at heart. That ideal has, indeed, made the Memorial Buildings, Theatre Library, Picture Gallery, Lecture Hall, and Club Room something of "a College of Humanities."

> "So from old Shakespeare's honoured dust this day
> Springs up and buds a new reviving play,"

wrote John Dryden two and a half centuries

ago, and the lines might be taken to-day to refer not only to the new life in the theatrical repertory of our time, given to many of Shakespeare's plays which were previously to be seen only in the subsidised theatres of Germany, but to the revival of folk-song and dance and other kindred movements, now associated with Stratford's intelligent patriotism. The organisation of these various interests in Shakespeare's town is fulfilling an important part of the Memorial Theatre's high purpose.

More than a century has elapsed since David Garrick formulated his ideal of a Shakespearean Theatre in the poet's native town, and it is upwards of thirty years since the late Charles Flower set himself to translate that ideal into tangible form; and, substantial though the results achieved have already proved, it may be doubted whether either Garrick or the public-spirited local enthusiasts of later date can have foreseen how largely their ideal would outgrow that of mere local celebration, and develop and concentrate around itself in the twentieth century what Miss Mary Neal has aptly described as "the new movement of the hitherto unlearned towards self-expression." Writing in *The Times* in 1910 Miss Neal,

whose well-known work in such causes gives special authority to her opinions, said :—

"To those who have eyes to see and ears to hear it is evident that there is to-day an awakening throughout England. It is an awakening of national consciousness and national responsibility; it involves a race-consciousness that shall overcome class prejudice and that shall be strong enough to unite the dwellers in all parts of the Empire, in that it means a new Imperial ideal.

"This renaissance is to-day finding an outward and visible sign in a revival of folk-art and in a love of nature having its deep roots in the traditions of the English people. In the great cities young men and women from shop and factory are spending the hour of recreation in singing the songs of long ago, dancing the dances evolved by the tillers of the soil as an expression of religious ceremonial no less than of joy in everyday work and life, and in acting and reciting the masterpieces of English literature. In remote villages miracle plays, pageants of history, songs and dances are studied during long winter evenings to make merry the days when the sun shines and life can be lived out of doors.

"In schools eyes and hands are being trained

and bare walls are made gay with the colours of the beautiful brushwork of the children; and here and there are looms and shuttles making tapestries and materials for dresses and decorations. There is everywhere a striving after a saner, fuller, and more wholesome life, for something more vital and simpler. There are everywhere signs that the ugliness of cities has reached its limit; that the power of commercialism has palled, and once more men and women are returning to the rhythm of life long ago broken by the rush and whirr of machinery, and are seeking beauty in colour and form and sound as men found them in olden days when they saw in all beauty, whether in nature or in art, a manifestation of the gods they worshipped."

Held in the centre of the yeoman life of England, the Shakespeare Festival and its organisation has proved its power to share in the work of beautifying the life of our large towns, and quickening and brightening that of our countryside. Already it forms one more link to bind closer to the mother country her children beyond the seas, and it is hoped that its annual celebration may ultimately become for future generations what the Olympic Festival was to the States of Greece.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin

MR. F. R. BENSON AS HENRY V.

Meantime many interesting developments have already taken place, and the flags of some fifty nations and states that are unfurled by their respective ambassadors each year in honour of Shakespeare represent and symbolise something of the international sentiment and sympathy centred in the work of Stratword's world-poet, and the various interests now gathered together at the Memorial Buildings. And there, in the last few years, in addition to the work of Shakespearean revival already described, to quote from a recent article in *The Times*:—

"Practically all the men and women who have taken a leading part in this resurrection of the far-off days of Merrie England have, in one way or another, co-operated in placing their special knowledge at the disposal of the organising committee. Mr. Cecil Sharp, whose work in the collection of songs and dances has recently been recognised by a grant from the Civil List, has been appointed Director of the Folk Song and Dance School in connection with the Memorial Theatre. Under his supervision lectures and classes are given daily during the month of August, which attract a large number of pupils, chiefly in the shape of school teachers, who, after devoting

their brief summer holiday to the practical study of everything connected with the Folk movement, go back to their towns and villages, all over the country, well equipped to help the children under their charge to live happier and more refined and better lives through the simple, healthful agency of drama and song and dance.

"Besides these two main divisions of their work the Council also try to foster the study of Shakespeare and the story of England's past by lectures, discussions, and exhibitions bearing on the plays and other matters mostly connected with the Elizabethan period. But the Memorial Theatre is the central organisation on which the general success depends, and it is in this direction in particular that they are anxious to extend their activities. It is no easy matter in a remote town in the provinces to fill a theatre holding nearly a thousand people day after day for a period of several weeks. The fact that this has now been done for many years shows plainly that there is a public which definitely appreciates what the Memorial Theatre provides. Gifts of property and legacies contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Flower form the nucleus of an endowment fund now standing at about £20,000.

Additional money is needed, not only to provide a larger income for the general purposes of the work, but to enlarge the theatre and increase the accommodation of the gallery and library.

"With this object in view the Council invite the public to support their efforts by becoming members of the Association. The *minimum* annual subscription is only 5s., and a *minimum* donation of £5 will make the giver an Associate for life. It is hoped that the considerations put forward in this article may have the effect of enabling the Council to enlarge the scope of their work, free from the influence of pecuniary anxiety. 'It might be done, and England ought to do it.' Without doubt this is a national work."

THE NATURE OF DRAMA

By REGINALD R. BUCKLEY

I

THE ENGLISH DRAMA BEFORE SHAKESPEARE

Among the Greeks primitive song and dance developed into a religious art expressive of the beliefs and ideas of the people. And in Greek folk-song to this day one may trace the interweaving of Hellenic and Christian conceptions. In these examples of peasant art, which are moreover the groundwork of modern literature in Athens, the words Olympos and Bethlehem appear in close proximity.

The connection is not so clearly defined in our own literature, but the developments are quite as interesting.

It is wrong to suppose that the Elizabethan age produced Shakespeare. However lusty, brave, and imaginative a period may be, genius is individual.

Had Shakespeare lived at the time of Boadicea, he would have been a chanting bard leading armies, and calls to "Lay on," or "To be or not to be?" would have sounded on the field and at the war council.

Had he been contemporary with Euripides, Sophocles, and Aeschylus, "Macbeth" would have been a one-act play, with no change of scene, and it would have been filled with references to many gods. As it is, Banquo's ghost, the "trees of Birnam wood," and the witches, are far from Greek in conception. Witches and ghosts are English to the tips of their broomsticks and the depths of their shadows. Walking trees would have been unthinkable in so orderly and philosophic a place as Athens.

Once indicate the nature of the pre-Shakespeare drama, and we have the key to the whole situation.

The English drama came into being through the Church. Among savages such an institution did not exist, while in Athens it was identical with the theatre. The temples of the gods were for sacrifice: the theatre for dramatic rites and worship.

In mediæval England the Mass stood to the people as an expression of divine things. But, being in Latin, the religious rites required popular interpretation and found it in the play. When Bibles were unknown, and later when they were scarce, the clergy became actors, the elder taking the men's

parts and young men the women's. And it is interesting to note that the drama of Japan had a similar origin and nature, and that women likewise were at that time debarred from dramatic work. These biblical plays had their origin in very remote ages. Shortly after the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem the absence of the usual worship was met with a play in Greek. Though the writer was a Jew named Ezekiel, it is significant to us that the language of Hellas was used. Its origin was classic rather than Jewish.

But English drama, if in this sense Greek in origin, has been from the first a product of the folk. Whether in song or dance or the early biblical plays, or Shakespeare's own works, it comes from the soil.

In France the opposite has been the case. Racine and Corneille based their works on classic models. All such attempts in this country have led to failure.

The dramatic instincts of Christians had gone to the building up of a ritual. The life and sacrifice of Christ provided the basis of a system of symbolism, expressed in action and by Latin words.

What could be more natural than to make

the meaning clear to an unlettered peasantry through acted scenes either in the church itself or in the churchyard?

The great festivals were of course Christmas and Easter. Easter had been a pagan feast, and it actually happened that the flowers offered in the old Floralia, or again in the Northern worship of Freia, were devoted as an Easter offering to the risen Christ.

Some writers believe that the fact that our Christian festivals are, in nearly every case, grafted upon some old pagan ceremony, robs them of their original and sacred nature. But I rejoice to think that each offering that we make has not only its divine but its human significance: that when I remember the bounty of the Giver at harvest-time I am not unmindful of Erda, the Earth-mother, in whom I have community with the folk, with those who are dead, or alive, or who yet are to be. I have kinship with every man or woman who says "Our Father," who in any way believes in the brotherhood of man.

The dramas of "The Three Maries" and of "The Descent into Hell" were among the first of their kind. The former was known in the tenth century, while the latter is mentioned in "Piers Plowman." Of "The Descent"

we have records. On Easter Eve a procession was formed outside the church. Approaching one of the doors a character representing Christ knocked. The guardian or porter of hell sought to dissuade him from entering. But at last the Master, victorious, broke through and burst the gates.

On Easter Monday a similar charade or parable took place, dealing with the walk to Emmaus.

The early play of "The Three Kings" at first was a simple ceremonial for Christmas in which the kings standing on the altar steps greeted the new-born babe. The way in which these works developed explains the power of a Church which, despite Roman ritual, appealed to the national and human character of the people at a time when the peasantry and many of the nobility could not write. This was no case of blind superstition, as some suppose, but of a human and national form of religion supplementing the mystic and sacramental. This early art was popular because it grew out of the folk. The play of "The Three Maries" was built up until it included a dramatic concept of Herod and his doings. In a MS. of 1060 the part is written down. He is portrayed as a bombastic and opinionated

fellow, subject to brain storms and maniacal temper. Hence Shakespeare's allusion in "Hamlet" to those who "out-Herod Herod." And the Herod of "Salome" is revealed by Richard Strauss to-day as the neurotic scion of a degenerate race.

Characterisation such as this was bound to burst the boundary wall of illustrated scripture.

Though plays ceased to be part of the actual services of the Church, an intimate relationship continued. The Mysteries were plays dealing with the Scriptures, while Miracle plays were based upon the lives of the saints. The first of the latter was said to have been written by a Benedictine nun, Hroswitha. Though a German, living in the reign of Otto the Great, in Saxony, she wrote in Latin. About 1125 Hilarius was writing Latin plays with occasional lapses into the common speech. He was an Englishman who studied under Abelard, and his plays included works on Darius and David, "The Raising of Lazarus," and, of course, a nativity play, "St. Nicholas."

"It was performed on the Feast of the Saint, when an actor was dressed to represent the image of St. Nicholas, and stood in a niche

in the church. To the shrine came a wealthy heathen who, before taking a journey, committed his treasure to the keeping of the Saint. But thieves entered, and on the heathen's return the Saint stood guardian over a rifled hold. Furious, he took a whip and lashed the image, which thereupon assumed life, descended, and accusing the robbers, bade them restore their plunder. As all are amazed at this marvel, lo, the inanimate image is once more silent stone, the Saint himself appears, and preaches Christ. The whole is typical of the mediæval mind, which not only creates what it desires, but equally eliminates what displeases it."[1]

The whole point of true dramatic art lies in that last sentence. As Wagner put it, the artist creates for himself a vision of the future and longs to be contained therein. Or better, let us create an ideal concept of life in the present, and let our practical, matter-of-fact nation see to it that everyday life is up to the standard of our dreams. Of course, the modern dramatist, with a few exceptions, aims at nothing but "striking situations." Neither he nor the manager, nor the poor, patient

[1] "English Miracle Plays," by E. Hamilton Moore. (Sherratt and Hughes.)

public takes the thing seriously, and even the jokes are painfully evolved to "bring down the house." So that the "patient playgoer" of to-day would have been very much at sea in the Middle Ages when people took things cheerfully and seriously.

When one looks at the childhood of the Middle Ages one fears that our own period is one of "middle age."

This was going on all over Europe. Bohemia had its Sepulchre plays, with a prayer for the welfare of the folk. For the emotion was national as well as religious. The Passion Play of Oberammergau alone has survived, if we except the "Punch and Judy" show, which one knows as a corrupt version of the play of "Pontius Pilate." By "corrupt" I mean no offence, for never do I miss a chance of witnessing this ancient diversion.

One feature about these old plays, which seems to me of the greatest importance, is that they were played by communities representing trades and occupations. For in modern times the stage has become so remote from actuality that not only are the events without meaning and the dialogue without inspiration, but the actors are, for the most part, competitive specialists, taking no interest save in their

own professional skill and the consequent applause and pay. The play of "Noah's Deluge" was performed most appropriately by the water-leaders and drawers of the Dee, not by a number of isolated units, who knew more about grease-paints than water.

The barbers and wax-chandlers of Chester did a work in which appeared "God, Abraham, Lot, Isaac, and Melchisedec." Why they did this I cannot say, but they would be the better barbers for it, and their candles would burn as brightly.

The shepherds of Wakefield did a Nativity play, which is a delightful example of a quality which is the great glory of folk-art. It combines rustic buffoonery with true religious feeling. The shepherds were Yorkshire peasants, and, though the author probably was a monk, the transition from Wakefield to Bethlehem has the simple inevitability of a game played by children.

Turning to the Coventry Cycle, one finds the shearmen engaged in a Nativity play. The prophet Isaiah is the Prologue, who, in a manner by no means unworthy of Isaiah, sets out his prophecy. This in the natural sequence is fulfilled by the Angel Gabriel. From this point the play is full of interest and beauty,

though the rustic humour of the Yorkshire shepherds is lacking. And we cannot but believe that the people were nearer to God and to the humour and mystery of life in those days. Popular amusement was based upon Truth, upon the setting forth of vital ideas in dramatic form.

By the end of the fourteenth century the English countryside was alive with drama, though it is very regrettable that Wycliffe and the "reformers" stood out against a freedom of religious expression which of course should have appealed to their own zeal. In fact, any shortcomings of their own deeds, and the narrowness that led to so bitter a religious struggle, may be set down to a certain lack of broad humanity in their attitude to the freedom of the early drama. The cause must have suffered, and certainly the drama fell into decay.

The Corpus Christi Festival often was a national ceremony, as when Richard II. beheld the plays at York in 1397. The feast certainly tended to become a mere revel, and to restore the true nature of Corpus Christi, on the 10th of June 1426, the Mayor, Peter Buckley, and the citizens of York decreed that the Sacramental procession should take place

on the vigil of the feast, and the play should be performed on the actual day. This proves, I think, that the original nature of English drama, like the Greek, was religious, and that in separating Church and Stage a foolish step was taken.

The last performance of this York Cycle took place in 1584, and it was in 1588 that Shakespeare wrote "Love's Labour's Lost."

The link between these early national plays and the labours of the Elizabethans is unbroken. The original MSS. of the York plays was in all probability destroyed by Archbishop Grindal, though Queen Elizabeth gave every encouragement to the playwright and to nobles who were willing to act as patrons to the Art of Drama.

The outstanding note of the period was the unity of all classes where plays were concerned. Being thoroughly popular, they were, in the absence of the press, veritable "chronicles of the times."

For many years the lost art of the Mysteries and Moralities lingered in Cornwall. There, in open-air theatres, plays of the Creation, the Passion, and the Resurrection were performed to a people to whom the modern theatre of Shakespeare was unknown. They were more

mythical in conception and broader in dramatic resource than those of the other cycles. And there is every reason to suppose that antiphonal hymns on the lines of the Greek chorus were used. This means that quite a large body of the people took part, as in the modern choral society, a fact worth remembering when we consider the relation of modern choral art to the stage.

The various Craft Guilds continued their religious plays even when Protestantism had effectively censored Roman Catholic works, thus maintaining a catholicity apart from any definite party.

The folk, being by nature dramatic, would not give up a source of inspiration so full of pleasure and self-expression.

It was inevitable that the Elizabethan theatre, centring at the Globe and Blackfriars in London, but taking root also at the houses and castles of nobles all over the country, should to some extent curb the creative spirit of the folk-play. The revival of the Elizabethan stage was a forward step that naturally left much that was good in the lurch.

But not only was the folk-play overshadowed. The classical models had been followed by those to whom European travel and culture had

revealed the possibilities of polite art. And naturally the nobles and elegants who tried to imitate the classics without the genius of the old authors, provided a very cold dish for dilettanti and dabblers.

However crude the folk-plays were, and they were not nearly so unskilful as might be supposed, they have retained an interest and vitality to this day. Were I to record the doings of the "classicist" school the reader of to-day would lose patience.

The secular drama of Shakespeare broke in like a sea breeze. I am not at all sure whether the victory was not too complete, and that the old Craft Guild plays should not be revived, as indeed has been the case with "Everyman" revivals. Perhaps it would be better to start again from the beginning, on the lines of the modern village plays.

A careful study of their possibilities would form part of the literary adviser's work, at the Memorial Theatre, were any such policy decided upon by the Governors.

For a musical quality may be found in these old plays, a feature seldom mentioned by those whose business it should be to reveal the natural beauties of our arts. I have believed for a long time that the finest work could never

be popular so long as it remained merely literary, musical, or pictorial.

The literary tradition of Shakespeare almost succeeded in banishing him from the theatre to the schoolroom and lecture-hall.

On the other hand the qualities of music and dance appeal strongly to the people. When these qualities are absent from the drama popular interest is driven away. The public never were or ever can be interested in art unless in some way they come into touch with human and festive conditions.

Until for the purposes of this study I looked fairly closely into the matter I did not know to what an extent history had repeated itself. If we look at these old dramas not only are dramatic action and song present in a simple form, but the very setting of them, in churches or in the open air, forces us back to nature and simplicity of stage-craft. Simple realism upon the stage is right. A restful scene, or the symbolism of a church, the essentially English character of a scene in the garden of a castle, brings back the modern stage-manager from the amazing uselessness of an elaborate setting in which no one has the faintest belief.

The only exception to this is, of course,

pageantry, a form of display that does not aim at spectacular realism, but at generous and romantic festivity.

This union of the arts in their simplest forms, for the pleasure of the people, is the peculiar glory of Stratford, and is destined in ever greater degree to be her contribution to the world-history of the stage. This the critics are beginning to observe, and the research of scholars reveals the beginning of the movement in pre-Shakespearean days.

In the larger book I have shown how musical were Shakespeare's devices, and how essentially scenic his conceptions, that his particular form of art lay midway between the eternal rightness of the primitive folk-drama and the wider developments which led to the modern music drama.

Scholars like Sir Sidney Lee, and special pleaders on the lines of Mr. Frank Harris, have done their best to explain Shakespeare. But the stumbling-block always has been that the people have not met them half-way, as would have been the case had simpler forms of drama, and a general conception of the interplay of the arts, put them into close touch with his idiom.

For instance, whenever songs occur in a

Shakespearean work, the action stops dead, and a virtuoso display takes place. Then the drama ambles on.

Yet if we look at "Childermas Day," a miracle play done in the year 1512, a musical epilogue followed, which either was a choral dance or led up to a dance in which the audience joined. Thus the gulf was bridged between audience and player.

Of course this could not be done in the regular theatre, though the spirit of it would bind the player and audience more closely. Children were trained to sing in these plays, so that music must have been an integral part of them.

These children also took part in the acting, a most human influence both for the children and the drama. The late Mr. Goddard assured us that in "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (in the Towneley collection of plays) part-singing was used.

Therefore we have authority in advocating the union of the arts, and in setting up an ideal of the theatre much wider than that of the specialised spoken play. It will be seen also that Shakespeare's art is above all rhapsodic, and a form of song, inasmuch as all the essential features of folk-art are to be found in

his dramas, richer and more sonorous, more pliable and fluent, but not to be confused with classical verse, nor their golden coinage to be debased by the silver of stilted declamation, nor the tinsel of realistic display.

II

THE SPIRIT OF SHAKESPEARE

In discussing Shakespeare from the plain man's point of view it must not be thought that scholarship in any way is underrated. At the same time the Stratford movement, though having behind it the steadying power of scholarship, is above all things popular.

Shakespeare is important to us not because he was a unique Englishman, but because he is the typical Englishman. His reverence for custom and pomp, his talk about love and wine, the fact that he regarded Falstaff as funny and Hamlet as tragic—in a word, his easy acceptance of authority, coupled with occasional outbursts of emotion, are English to a degree. Take Gonzalo in "The Tempest." Has not Gonzalo the English attitude to Utopias and Socialism? He begins with a fine scheme and then is gently laughed out of it, being ruled by his betters, though in some little danger from Caliban. If Shakespeare intended this play to be his vision of a world

beautiful, a paradise regained, he never forgoes the Englishman's luxury of laughing at ideals. Shakespeare then is the reality of which John Bull was but a caricature. Only once have I seen a typical John Bull. It was in the lounge of an hotel. A thick-set, honest, rude, and podgy person came in, stood like a screen before the fire, set his thumbs firmly in the armholes of his waistcoat, and gazed round at us with bovine stolidity. But, when he spoke, it was not to assure with needless reiteration that he would "never be a slave." He said a few words in very broken English, and told us that he was a Spaniard on his first visit to this country. In England there never was, nor ever can be, that strange phantom, that over-solid ghost known as John Bull. I labour this point because, when one talks of a national movement in art, a chorus of critical ravens deplore the tendency, believing that unless the Briton become a cosmopolitan he will remain "insular." Shakespeare, and other people who live on islands, develop individualities. Some day we may come across the John Bull of our caricatures without having to go to Spain for him.

Mr. Ernest Newman, one of our best musical critics, challenged his opponents in the Folk

Movement to set down on paper a description of the typical Englishman. Shakespeare was too clever and John Bull too stupid to use as an illustration. Mr. Newman being the cleverest of the anti-nationalists I gave him a definition of the Englishman. I repeat it here, because nothing could do more harm to the Stratford Movement than to convey the idea that we wish to foster a local type. The English are a mixture of many races, pure in one respect. We are Indo-Europeans, and are kindred of the Celtic, Teutonic, and Indian stock.

Emerson wrote that the Englishman was the mud of all the races—that is to say, the mixed soil of Europe, piled up by the avalanche of invasion, silted by the rivers of time. To this day, the fair hair and blue eyes of Scarborough and Whitby fishermen make one remember the Vikings. Nor need I remind a musical critic that the word Elgar bespeaks Norse descent, and that in the music of Olaf and of British Caractacus that blood cries aloud. The Norman invasion did not dominate the English type, but was absorbed. Who knows whether the *entente cordiale* did not begin at Senlac? And not only have armed invaders fought their way into the family circle, but each

county has moulded its type and its dialect, throwing up defences against the common enemy, Cosmopolitanism. And when I walk along a London street, seeing Parsees, Kaffirs, Frenchmen, Jews, Germans, and Spaniards, London does not seem less English. These barriers of race are everywhere in evidence. Each face flies its own flag.

Mr. Newman held that all this talk about nationality and race feeling was a pose, that Reason, the sharp-tongued goddess, had broken down these sentimental barriers. When Shakespeare drew Shylock he showed his race feeling. Though Shylock is the hero of the work, no Jew would have pictured him as did Shakespeare. Though I have several good friends among the Jews, Reason has never shown me that I am a Jew. But when Shakespeare created Othello it was a very different matter. The character is drawn as an Englishman, and only colour marks the difference. The cleverest critic cannot acquit Shakespeare of the natural race feelings common to all men.

"Reason is of all countries," says La Bruyère. But if all countries were one, Reason would have less opportunity for varied development. True, nations depend upon each other for new phases of thought and new expressions of art.

We love Wagner none the less because his art sprang from the soul of a people and was based on folk-tales. But here is the flaw: "Our good friends the nationalists and the folk-song enthusiasts always seem to me to come to grief here. Before we begin to found a 'national school,' let us at least agree as to what the national characteristics are." The critic wants to find out first, by reason and science, what is "national." The answer lies on our breakfast tables, in the form of eggs and bacon or newspapers. The food of the English, French, and German replies to a question which abstract reason stammers over. The fiction of England, like our drama, cannot be mistaken. At the same time the English race derives from so many sources that it is difficult to find half-a-dozen main characteristics. Admittedly we are insular—some one said that the Channel was wider than the Atlantic. And this also is true of the North Sea. The English universities, public schools, and games such as Rugby football, are distinctive. The independence that will not bow to militarism, and the public opinion that bars the way to revolution, are at once English. The modesty of the Englishman, who is content for his island (or rather peninsula) to be a centre of self-governing

dominions rather than a dominator of servile States, is remarkable, especially as the land was once a Roman colony.

Defoe, in "The True-born Englishman," says the last word on the fusion of the race:

> "Fate jumbled them together, God knows how;
> Whate'er they were, they're true-born English now."

This glorious two-edged sword of a poem accepts the Englishman as a grotesque reality. We are all foreigners very much at home; parvenus whose pride is our race; insular and world-wide; we are at once a contradiction and an interrogation. But we are not imaginary, though passionate lovers of the past. There seems always to be a demand for popular versions of English mythology. Pageantry and dancing are as much in the blood as in the days of Shakespeare. Of this Dr. Charles Harriss, the Canadian conductor, is aware. In his over-sea choral tours, whenever he wants to impart a peculiarly English flavour, these very folk-songs are sung. And does not Tennyson—surely a typical English poet—say, "He is the best cosmopolite who loves his native country best"? The impartial man is always abroad and never at home.

The entire significance of the Stratford

Movement lies in the race question. If we have lost our national individuality, or even are suspected of having lost it, our powers of corporate action and mutual sympathy are weakened. We should be like men who were not clear as to their own individuality.

Shakespeare reflected the Elizabethan age as might a mirror. He is the banner-bearer round whom we must rally if anything like the Elizabethan spirit of enterprise and self-preservation are to be regained. The tendency of education and sentiment in the past has been to regard Shakespeare as the tailor's model of language rather than of character; as a profound philosopher, who used poetry as a puzzle; as a writer whom one should hold in solemn awe, read as seldom as possible, and whose plays are to be watched in a spirit of solemn admiration.

We, in accepting him as a master, the master indeed of the ceremonies of a national festival, place his art upon a human basis:—

> He was an Englishman to the core, born in the heart of England, and living in the hearts of Englishmen.
>
> As author of the Sonnets he is revealed to us as a man of like passions with

ourselves, purified in the fire of experience, rising from height to height by and through his dramas.

Of his earlier plays, "Much Ado About Nothing" holds the stage to-day because it was the work of a man who had loved and suffered in youth, till by reason of his buoyant spirit he was able comically to view love, giving us Beatrice and Benedick. Those two characters are clad in the immortality born of a comedy that can laugh at love without banality.

"Measure for Measure" wins additional interest owing to the little recognised fact that Richard Wagner used it as the poem of his early opera "Liebesverbot."

It is the custom to smile in a superior way at "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and to regard "Romeo and Juliet" as alternating between sentiment and a melancholy passion that leads to death. And in these two Verona plays we are able to rebut the anti-nationalists. The Italians themselves do not regard Shakespeare as insular, despite the anachronisms that are to be found there. The city of Verona regards the Shakespearean connection as a great honour. In November 1910 a bust was set up there in honour of the great foreign

dramatist. They honoured him as we regard Dante. The sculpture is the work of Renato Cattani, and represents the tragic Shakespeare standing by the reputed tomb of Juliet. The *Morning Post* commenting upon this said some interesting things about Italy and Italian feeling as they differ from ours :—

"Italian sentiment is more imaginative than ours. It can ignore proprieties of fact and date. It is no effort for the Italian mind to assume a retrospective attitude. In England it is different; we are learning the lesson, as the pageants of recent years witness; but Oxford venerates its mythical founder, King Alfred, with less grace and natural acceptance of the improbable than Italy displays in honouring the legends of the Capitol. Not that the English lack imagination; but the Italian imagination is more vivid, and its exercise more spontaneous. Poetry, though England is one of its favourite homes, is treated with scanty acknowledgment by our nation; in Italy poetical sentiment is honoured by all; the look and dress of the people in the street reveal a nation which is conscious of beauty and not ashamed of it, the speech and gesture of gondoliers and fruit-sellers are poetical, it is never a long way to the ideal.

"There is no limit to the friendly recognition of foreign talent: Byron, Shelley, the Brownings, Winckelmann, Ruskin have been received into the commonwealth of Italian letters; busts and inscribed tablets decorate the houses in which they lodged; there is a Piazza at Ravenna named after Byron, and his sojourn at Venice, Verona, and Pisa is a theme of never-failing interest. It is not only that they were welcomed when they lived in Italy, but their memory is accepted among Italian memories. We, too, are hospitable to strangers; but we show more honour to patriots than to poets, being more interested in politics than in poetry. Hospitality is an old custom in Verona."

And it is this spirit of an Italy beloved by Shakespeare, though probably never visited by him, that we desire to equal in the land of his birth. When we remember the Medicis, the wealth won on the Rialto, turned to the service of beauty and to the glory of God, one is surprised that a similar awakening of national spirit is not more apparent here, for it shines only rarely in the persons of a Charles Flower, or in other directions, an Andrew Carnegie.

It is not so much the generous spirit of

giving as the absence of any useful direction for artistic expenditure that keeps us back.

For instance, if you enter the Valhalla of Saxon heroes, set up by Ludwig II. near Ratisbon, the first figure that meets your eye is that of Alfred the Great. Yet, in these days of National Service Leagues and Dreadnoughts, he, the originator of modern nationalism, is barely remembered, and mostly for his lack of skill as a toaster of cakes.

And it is precisely this traditional spirit for which the Stratford Movement stands, and which has kept it alive with private endowment, but entirely without public subsidy. From an educational point of view "the abstract chronicles of our times," as revealed in the pageants and historical plays of Shakespeare, are of chief importance.

And in a book which of necessity tries to show how much more may be done in all sections and domains of art, if all the publics will centralise at Stratford, it is satisfactory that, under Mr. Benson, this side of the work has been carried out to the extreme limit, and with complete success. The following plays of this class have been produced at Stratford: "King John," "Richard II.," "Henry IV." (Parts I. and II.), "Henry V.," "Henry VI."

(Parts I., II., and III.), and "Richard III." and "Henry VIII."

Is there one of us, from the most superior critic to the humble author of these words, who would not have a clearer vision and a brighter fire of national consciousness for this experience?

And when Mr. Benson produced them as a continuous cycle, the panorama of generations passed before one's eyes like a vivid dream.

This method of teaching history will in time lighten the labours of schoolmasters, and invest the details of history with a relevance and force unthinkable without the vivid spectacle of actual events.

I am not going to discuss the authorship of "Henry VIII." Whoever wrote it, whether in whole or part, it is Shakespearean drama, and was produced a few years after the King's death. The characters were as near to the audience as are Gladstone, Beaconsfield, and Parnell to us. Even in the legendary plays, Shakespeare depicted men and women of his own day, even when the scene was laid in Bohemia.

Then we have the Roman plays, "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," especially

valuable in maintaining a balance, and preventing our nationalism from degenerating into insular drama. For even our critics contribute to the breadth and humanity of the scheme.

And the others I should group thus, mentioning nothing that has not been played at the Memorial Theatre :—

"Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "King Lear," the plays of the soul, each character of which reveals, as it were, a possible phase or tendency of our individual characters.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," and the other comedies.

"The Tempest," Shakespeare's vision of the ideal world, peopled by human beings, but a world in which Caliban no longer has the mastery as he has to-day in our midst. It is a world ruled by Prospero, an Eden in which Ferdinand and Miranda regain paradise for us.

These plays provide an atmosphere, a school of beauty, to which humanity may turn, an element in which the soul may bathe as does the body in the veritable sea.

It remains to emphasise one point. Shakespeare was and remains a contemporary dramatist.

Looking back upon Shakespeare, we are apt to say that he deals with the past. In a sense this is true. But here lies the significance of Stratford. A certain grandeur and beauty, a splendour and large freedom, have gone from us. An age of innovation, prosperity, and Empire has swept us along till even the poet of Imperial expansion has warned us, "Lest we forget."

And now, when there are undoubted signs that all is not well, when plutocracy, and to a great extent alien wealth, have to a large degree supplanted our aristocracy, while democracy has not yet learned its enormous responsibility, faith and tradition must speak in the authentic voice of an England that was great, and must sound their clarion call to the ends of the earth, wherever the language of Shakespeare and the bonds of race are ready to respond.

I have heard people say that we must get away from the past, and build up a drama of to-day. If we cast away the Elizabethan ruff for the high collar we lose little. But what sort of civilisation are we to portray?

If we place upon the stage modern reality, what sort of picture will it make?

In a hundred years our successors may have a different answer. The honest answer now is that we have lost much, and that were the days of Elizabeth to come again we should be the gainers.

Stratford is not building upon unholy foundations a fool's paradise, but awaking traditions, clothed in the warm flesh of a living and throbbing actuality.

Modern drama gives us few pictures that are either sane or splendid, whatever their age or period. It is, as a rule, artificial and "romantic," concerned with the more or less exciting episodes in the lives of puppets, in whose existence we do not for a moment believe. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is a fair picture of what England was and might well become again without deterioration.

Show me a similar comedy in contemporary drama.

Where the Elizabethans had "As You Like It" we must put up with German musical comedies, or French farces, mutilated and adapted till they have lost even the original raciness that made them palatable to "flaneurs" abroad.

Where they had the tragedy of "Macbeth" we have melodramas, which carry but a faint echo of real horror, and fail to approach to the humanity of great tragic art.

I mention no names because there would be no point in censuring plays that are here to-day and gone to-morrow. The works which were in my mind in writing this will be forgotten before the printer's proofs are corrected, but new examples will bear me out.

On the other hand, I see no incongruity in mentioning Galsworthy's "Justice" in the same sentence as "Macbeth." The one deals with ambition and pride, the other with failure and disgrace.

And, just as Shakespeare's play must have gone to the hearts of many in an age of boundless ambition and energy, so "Justice," with its picture of a blind vengeance, strikes compassion into the hearts of those who view the hopeless, aimless struggle for life in the cities of to-day. Both artists wrote the work in obedience to their own need for creative expression, leaving action to the world of action.

With so matter of fact a people as ours there is no need to insist upon the obvious. Our natural instinct to take pleasures seriously provides the popular dramatist with a peculiarly

receptive audience. And I hope the time will never come for the Memorial Theatre to open its doors to an art that deals with problems in a peddling fashion. The self-conscious playwright should be excluded.

Apparently the cities cannot detect the flimsy in art, but only life and beauty can live in the Festival town on the Avon.

It now remains to leave the tilled field and to look upon the prairie, for there is no limit to the possibilities of development.

To-day the Memorial Theatre is alive, but in time it might fossilise. Yet if it became formal, ceasing to develop and refusing re-birth, surely the waters of the Avon would turn into lead, and Shakespeare's birthplace mark the burial of his ideals and our own.

Photo by W. A. Smith, Stratford-upon-Avon

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, FROM THE RIVER AVON

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON VACATION SCHOOL OF FOLK SONG AND DANCE

BY CECIL J. SHARP

THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON VACATION SCHOOL OF FOLK SONG AND DANCE

The movement which has for its aim the preservation and dissemination of the folk-songs and dances of our country is one that needs but little justification; for it is patent that if the art of a country is to reflect national ideals, to be, that is, something more than an exotic artificial art, a fashionable accomplishment, the idle pastime of idle people, it must be deep rooted in and intimately related to the primitive art of the unlettered folk.

No nation has suffered more than England from the failure to recognise this elementary truth. Happily in the last few years a new spirit has awakened. The apathy hitherto displayed towards our native art has been dispelled, and in its place there has arisen a new and live interest in our native folk-songs and dances.

Though late in the field, much has already been done by collectors to make up for lost

time. The work of recovery is not yet, perhaps, completed, but sufficient material has been accumulated to allow of an impartial estimate of its value, artistic and educational, to be formed. A widespread and progressive interest in the subject has been created by means of books, lectures, and public demonstrations. The effective dissemination, however, of the material now available, in a way that shall be productive of permanent results, is a task of great difficulty. It involves the transplantation of an art from the folk who created it to the rest of the nation; in other words, the revival amongst educated people of songs and dances generically different from those with which they have hitherto been solely concerned.

Naturally it was upon school teachers, upon those, that is, who in training the children of to-day are moulding the character and artistic tastes of the men and women of to-morrow, that attention was first concentrated. But, from the nature of their occupation, it is only in their holidays that teachers can find time for the study of new subjects. The problem, therefore, was to found a vacation school of folk-song and dance, upon sound educational and artistic principles, at which school teachers and others could, under competent instruction,

acquire the necessary knowledge in an easy, pleasant, and efficient manner.

The choice of Stratford-upon-Avon as the place for the establishment of such a school was a peculiarly happy one. Not only is it easily accessible from all parts of England, but, being the birthplace of Shakespeare, it is widely known, having for many years annually attracted an immense number of visitors. Stratford-upon-Avon has also for thirty years or more been the centre of a great national and educational movement akin to that which the pioneers of the folk-song and dance revival are promoting, and with which therefore they are in close sympathy.

Now, in the works of Shakespeare the English people found, if not their first, certainly their most complete expression. To propagate, therefore, a knowledge and understanding of the Shakespearean drama is to nourish and quicken the spirit of nationalism and to stimulate the growth of a pure and wholesome patriotism. Shakespeare is called our greatest national poet because, in a higher degree than any other, he was the spokesman of our race—the mouthpiece, as it were, of the English folk, in the wider sense of the word. It is here that the link between the two move-

ments, now associated with Stratford, is to be found.

For the art of the peasantry, whatever else it may be, is the sincere expression of a community, the embodiment in terms of literature, dance, or song, of national ideals and aspirations. Indeed, in the nature of things, an intimate and abiding relationship must ever exist between the conscious, intentioned works of the really great individual artist and the unselfconscious output of the people from which he sprang. What, then, Shakespeare the individual achieved through the medium of drama is precisely what the folk have, in a lesser degree, because within far narrower limits, attempted collectively to express in their own primitive art.

It was, then, only natural that the Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, finding themselves in close sympathy with the movement for the revival of English folk-song and dance, should wish to do all that lay in their power to further the advancement of these aims.

Hence it is that Stratford-upon-Avon has become the centre of two educational and artistic schemes of the highest national significance, both moving along converging lines toward

the same goal. The first and elder of these has long been securely established; and, if the experience of the last two years may be taken as an augury, it will not be long before the school of folk-song and dance, by giving cohesion to the various forces at work, by conserving and disseminating the best examples of English traditional art, will rest upon an equally enduring foundation.

It is evident that if our folk-songs and dances are to be revived effectively, and their fullest advantages realised, the operation must be conducted with wisdom and circumspection, and be controlled by those only who possess the requisite artistic knowledge and training. So far as the folk-songs are concerned this is, comparatively speaking, an easy matter. With regard, however, to the folk-dances the conditions are somewhat different; for dancing in England has in the course of the last century or more fallen upon evil days. It is only necessary to think of the cake-walk and skirt-dances of the music-hall, the "turkey-trots," "bunny-hugs," "kitchen-lancers," and other abominations of the drawing-room, to perceive the depths to which it has descended, and to realise, moreover, the danger which a debased art may easily become to the social life of the

country. The movement for the revival of folk-dancing is, therefore, something more than a reformation. It is an attempt to establish what to the present generation is practically a new art. As already stated, a great deal of preliminary work, in the matter of the collection and publication of existing folk-dances, has already been accomplished. The pressing need of the moment is to disseminate the knowledge thus acquired. And this, it should be pointed out, cannot, as with the folk-songs, be done by means of books only; for the charm and distinctive character of a dance will often reside in those delicate nuances and subtleties which are the most difficult, perhaps impossible, to explain in words. Hence the need of skilled, well-trained teachers to supplement and interpret by practical demonstration written descriptions, and an organisation which shall bring them in touch with the schools. Such an organisation exists in "The English Folk Dance Society," in whose hands the Governors of the Memorial Theatre have placed the management of their vacation school. This Society was founded "to disseminate a knowledge of English folk-dances, singing games and folk-songs, and to encourage the practice of them in their traditional forms."

It has a staff of qualified teachers, many local correspondents and several branches in the provinces.

The mutual advantage of the co-operation of these two organisations is considerable. To the Society it is invaluable to have a recognised provincial centre where the secretaries and chief supporters of the branches may meet periodically and confer with the members and officials of the parent Society ; while, by making Stratford-upon-Avon the home of such conferences and placing their organisation at the disposal of the Society, the Governors of the Memorial Theatre attract an increased number of visitors to their town, and are thus enabled to enlarge the scope of their own educational work.

Few people have as yet realised either the number or the varied character and beautiful nature of the folk-dances of this country. The repertory of the English Folk Dance Society consists of no less than 160 dances, which include examples of each of the three main types of folk-dance found in England, viz. (1) Sword Dance, (2) Morris Dance, and (3) Country Dance.

A short account of the nature, origin, and educational uses of each of these three species of dance will now be given.

The Morris Dance

The Morris is, in its higher developments, a dance of some complexity. It is, traditionally, a ceremonial, spectacular and professional dance, performed by men only. It has no sex characteristics, and is remarkable for the total absence of the love-motive from all its movements.

The extra characters who accompany the dancers—the Squire or Fool, King, Queen, Moll, Cake-and-Sword Bearer—and the many curious customs which are commonly associated with the dance, suggest that for its origin we must hark back to primitive ceremonies of a quasi-religious nature, peculiar to the early village communities. Many of the characteristics of the latter-day Morris are indicative of this its primitive and ceremonial origin. For instance, it is performed only on certain high-days and holidays, usually in Whitsun week or on Club-day, *i.e.* the Patronal Feast-day of the village, and it is danced by six men, dressed in traditional costume, who have been instructed and trained for the purpose, and chosen for their agility and natural aptitude for dancing. The Morris is not, therefore, primarily a pleasure dance; for many centuries its chief

Photo by A. Tyler, Stratford-upon-Avon

DANCES OUTSIDE THE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

function had been to provide a pageant, an integral part of the ritual of a popular holiday. The religious origin of the dance, however, the traditional customs associated with it, the restrictions with respect to the time and place of its performance, &c., have nowadays little or no practical signification except to the folklorist. To us the Morris, whatever its derivation, is simply an art-form to be preserved and valued solely for its intrinsic merits. So long, then, as the artistic character of the dance is preserved inviolate, we are at liberty to perform it when and where we will.

In Morris dancing the movements are strong and vigorous—at times almost violent—and make considerable demands on the agility and endurance of the performers. These strenuous actions must, however, be executed quietly and gracefully, without apparent effort or sign of physical distress; and the ability to do this can only be acquired by regular practice under capable supervision. Drill and discipline, too, are needed in order that the dancers shall keep their lines even and maintain the prescribed distances from each other.

Vigour under control—"plenty of brisk but no excitement"—is, then, the dominant note of the Morris dance, as it is also its chief claim

to educational recognition. On the one hand, the dance must not be allowed to degenerate into a disorderly romp; nor, lest it become tame and lifeless, should it be curbed by too rigid a restraint. The expert Morris dancer is one who knows how to hit the right mean between freedom and reserve, forcefulness and ease, gracefulness and dignity.

The Sword Dance

The English Sword dance has nothing to do with the Scottish Sword dance. Its origin is the same as that of the Morris, by which name the Sword dance is often known. It is a set-dance performed by five, six, or eight men, each of whom carries a sword. Like the Morris dance the Sword dance has its special season, and, where still extant, is danced at Christmas, at New Year, or on Plough Monday. It may be performed in or out of doors.

The true Sword dance is a composite form of entertainment which includes acting and singing as well as dancing. In many of the dances a prefatory song is sung by one of the extra characters—the Fool, Captain, or Betty—in which the dancers are severally introduced

to the audience. The acting, which is very simple, is merely a shortened form of the mummers' play. While dancers will probably wish to omit the dramatic interlude, they are strongly advised to retain the song, which not only provides a first-rate introduction to the dance but is often very diverting as well.

Although quite as intricate as the most elaborate of the Morris dances, the complexity of the Sword dance is one of evolution or figure rather than of step; the footing is for the most part simple enough. The dance requires neatness and alertness but no extraordinary physical gifts. It exercises the whole body but in a less exacting way than the Morris. It is essential that the dance should be performed smoothly and easily, without fluster or excitement. Although the dancers are usually linked together, hilt and point, by their swords, and are thus always close beside each other, the complicated movements must be made without jostling. Economy of motion is, therefore, all important. The dance requires a smaller space than that which is wanted for the Morris.

The Country Dance

The Country dance is a much quieter and more reposeful dance than either of the two just described, more easily learned, and, physically, far less exacting. It is a homely, intimate, and mannered dance performed by an equal number of men and women, and is essentially the dance of the amateur. No special dress is required. The steps and figures are simple and easily mastered, and any one of ordinary intelligence and physique can qualify as a competent performer with very little trouble.

The traditional Country dance of the present day is always executed, like Sir Roger de Coverley, in two parallel lines, men on one side, women on the other. But this is, comparatively speaking, a modern development. In Tudor days and as late as the Restoration the dance was performed in other formations, *e.g.* rounds, squares for eight, in one line, and for two, three or four couples. All that is or is ever likely to be known of the Country dance of that period is contained in Playford's *English Dancing Master* (eighteen editions, 1650–1728). Many of the older forms, named above, are

described in this work, more especially in the first and earlier editions. These are very beautiful and attractive, and teachers are strongly recommended not to neglect them.

The beauty of the Country dance lies in its figures and evolutions, which are many and varied. To remember these, and the order in which they follow one another in each dance, and to "time" them neatly with the music, is the art of country dancing, and one which calls for a quick intelligence, plenty of common sense and a keen feeling for rhythm.

Attempts have been made to introduce drawing-room steps, together with the posturings and mannerisms of the theatre, into the old Country dances. This is greatly to be deprecated. The dominant characteristic of the Country dance is its "gay simplicity" —to borrow an expression from an early nineteenth-century writer—and, obviously, anything savouring of the languors of the eighteenth-century Court or Assembly Room is altogether alien to the spirit of the dance—as unsuitable as a "caper" in a Minuet, or a "galley" in a Pavane. Such procedure is not only historically quite indefensible, but, in addition, will convert what is an excellent dance for the schoolroom into a very undesirable one.

The Physical Value of the Dances

From the physical point of view the Morris is, manifestly, the most valuable dance of the three. At the same time, it is too strenuous and, technically, far too difficult a dance for children below, say, the age of ten or twelve, or for those who suffer from any physical disability. Moreover, because of the difficulty of maintaining interest during the long period of preliminary study which is involved, it is not a suitable dance for beginners. It will be advisable, therefore, to reserve the Morris dance for older children and adults, and, more particularly, for those who possess a natural aptitude for dancing and have already attained some skill in its practice. For these it is undoubtedly a stimulating physical and artistic exercise. If the end and aim of true physical education be to acquire complete control over the limbs, no student should neglect the study of this dance, for it is just this faculty which the Morris, with its co-ordinated movements of arms, feet, and body, will cultivate.

Although, as we have seen, the Morris is, traditionally, a man's dance, it has, during the present revival, been freely danced by women. No great violence, however, will be done to

tradition so long as mixed teams are barred, and the dance is performed by members of one sex only. None but the pedant, indeed, would prevent women from participating in such a beautiful and wholesome exercise merely because it has not been customary in the past. Many of the Morris movements can be executed by women almost as well as by men, if not identically in the same way. Women, however, should avoid those dances in which such essentially masculine actions as the "Galley" or the "Kick-jump" occur, and must remember that at its best a woman's Morris can only approximate to the dance as performed by men.

The Sword dance which, like the Morris, is traditionally a man's dance, is not a suitable one for women—the movements are too distinctively masculine—but for boys or men it is an excellent dance. It may be used, too, as a bait to attract those who think that dancing is an unmanly or girlish accomplishment—for no boy will object to dance with a sword in his hand.

As an aid to physical education the Sword dance is a most valuable exercise. The Sword-dancer must be nimble on his feet, neat in his movements, deft in the manipulation of his

hands, and, above all, keep his wits about him, so that he may co-ordinate his actions with those of his fellow dancers. Some of the dances are so long and the movement so continuous that the performers must be thoroughly fit if they are to go through them without flagging.

Although comparatively few in number the Sword dances are very varied in character. For beginners the Kirkby-Malzeard and Flamborough dances are the best. The rapper dances are the most difficult.

From the teachers' point of view the Country dance is by far the most useful of the folk-dances. It is easily taught and quickly learned, and can be introduced into the school with the minimum of preliminary practice. It is essentially the beginners' dance, an easy and convenient stepping-stone to the other and more difficult dances, and one in which very young children are able to participate. Although simple, the Country dance is a "moderate and healthful exercise," by means of which many useful lessons may be taught—in grace of manner, in the simple and unaffected courtesies between men and women, or boys and girls, in the art of moving easily and naturally, and in maintaining a "fair presence" and dignified

bearing. The ever-changing figures require an active and retentive memory; every movement is rhythmical; while the sober gaiety which pervades the dance creates just that fresh and wholesome atmosphere that is wanted in the school. It is, too, the dance which made its way on to the Continent and won for "the dancing English" an European reputation.

The "longways" dance, though less interesting in many ways than some of the other forms, is specially adapted for use in the school, because large numbers can dance in this formation in a comparatively small space. The rounds are easy and very effective dances. The squares, though quite as fascinating, are more difficult; as are also those for two couples, and, in a lesser degree, those for three and four couples.

Artistic Value of the Dances

Educationists should remember that dancing is something more than a physical exercise. It is an art, and a highly expressive one; an art, too, like music, to which children are peculiarly responsive. And in the process of education, the quickening of the artistic sense is at least as important as muscle-building. Now the end of Art is not merely to amuse; indeed, as Ruskin has well said, "Art which proposes

amusement as its end, or which is sought for that end, must be of an inferior, and is probably of a harmful class." We must be careful, then, not to estimate the educational value of dancing solely by its capacity to amuse. If, for instance, dancing in the school is to be permitted to degenerate into a disorderly romp, to become a mere outlet for high spirits, it may, and very likely will, amuse the children; but this is, surely, a form of amusement that is calculated to do them quite as much harm as good. It will not stimulate the imagination, discipline the emotions, nor have any of those effects which it is the especial function of art, educationally considered, to produce. If, therefore, dancing is to be justified as a school subject, and to be accepted as an aid to education, it must be treated seriously, like all other arts that are taught in the school, and adequate attention paid to its technical side. The steps and figures must be taught carefully and accurately, and the children trained to dance in the proper way, just as in the music class they are taught to sing in the proper way. Restraint, so far from suppressing self-expression or diminishing enjoyment, will have precisely the contrary effect. To confine the mill-stream is to increase its power.

Shakespeare Summer Season

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

August 2nd to 30th
1913

Under the Direction of Mr. F. R. BENSON

Shakespeare Memorial Theatre

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

Summer Season, 1913

The Theatre Programme will include three of Shakespeare's Plays from English History—"Henry the Fourth," "Richard the Second," and "King John"; the Tragedies of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet"; and six of the Comedies—"The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

The modern plays to be presented are: "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great," by John Masefield, and "The Devil's Disciple," by G. Bernard Shaw.

"Richelieu," by Lord Lytton, will also be presented.

In addition to the performances to be given by the F. R. Benson Company, the programme will include illustrations of local dramatic work.

"The Harvest Masque," the Stratford-upon-Avon Masque for 1913, is the second in the series of such entertainments which the townsfolk arrange as their contribution to the Summer Season.

The Masque devised for this Summer relates in symbolism the story of Harvest, and to this end employs the local talent in Folk Song, Dance, Drama, and Children's Games, limiting itself to no particular cult or historical period.

Because of its unconventional form and from the fact that it seems to be the one literary "stage-type" created for the amateur, the "Masque" has been chosen as the best vehicle for such expression.

"The Harvest Masque" has been written by R. T. Rundle Milliken, whose "Masque of the Rose" attracted so much attention last year.

Some 150 people will take part in it.

The Lady Isabel Margesson is organising a series of Village Children's Plays.

The Norwich Players will produce "The Drama of Job" (arranged by the Hon. Sybil Amherst). The Bedford Players will appear in "Glastonbury," by the Rev. W. T. Saward. The Dunmow Players will give "The Tinker's Wedding."

Demonstrations in Morris Dances, Sword Dances, and Country Dances will be given each week, and will, weather permitting, be held in the Gardens.

Mr. Benson will initiate discussions on the Plays each week.

During the Festival, Lectures (followed by discussion) will be given on "Handcraft" (Mr. Llewellyn Howell, Master of the Turners Company), "Design," "Heraldry" (Mr. Alfred Rodway), "Folk Lore," "Folk Song," "Folk Dance," and other subjects. A programme giving details of Lectures will be issued separately.

A Men's Camp will be arranged in the Paddock, Waterside, if sufficient applications are received. Furnished bell-tents can be obtained on hire at a weekly rental. All applications to be addressed to the Box Office.

A SCHOOL OF FOLK SONG AND DANCE,

organised by the English Folk Dance Society under the direction of Mr. Cecil Sharp, is established. The purpose of this School is to give to Teachers and Students a knowledge of and insight into the character of English Folk Dancing and Singing, that will enable them to introduce these subjects into their Schools on sound artistic and educational lines. With this end in view, the teaching is entrusted to those only who have been specially trained in the art of class-teaching, and possess a thorough and intimate knowledge of the way in which Folk Songs and Dances should be performed.

The Course includes Lectures upon Folk Lore, the Theory and History of English Folk Song and Dance and its educational significance, while Classes are held every day at which Folk Songs, Children's Singing Games, Morris, Country, and Sword Dances are taught, and the Students invited to enter into an informal discussion on any points of difficulty upon which they may desire help or enlightenment.

In this way it is hoped that the School stands for something more than a mere series of technical lessons, and that the Students, after a week's course, will return to their homes not only with some practical knowledge of the subjects studied, but with a full realisation and appreciation of the meaning and purpose of including such subjects in the School curriculum.

A separate programme is issued giving the time-table of the School of Folk Song and Dance.

Fees

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

(*a*) Coupons admitting to Reserved Seats at six Performances at the Theatre, a full week's Instruction at the School, and all Lectures in connection with either Plays or Folk Song and Dance . . . £1 10 0

(*b*) Teachers wishing to take more than one week at the School may do so (and they may use their six Theatre Tickets on any day during their stay) at an extra cost per week of 0 12 0

(*c*) Teachers or ASSOCIATES wishing to take a Book of Coupons for the PLAYS ONLY, for Reserved Seats at six Performances, may do so at a cost of . . 0 18 0

(*d*) Teachers wishing to take a Book of Coupons for the SCHOOL ONLY may do so at a cost of 18*s.* per week or 3*s.* per day.

FOR ANYONE OTHER THAN TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

(*a*) £1 16 0

(*b*) 0 18 0

(*c*) (if also an Associate) 0 18 0

(*d*) . . . . £1, 4*s.* per week or 4*s.* per day.

As adequate instruction at the School can only be given to a certain number in one week, and the seating accommodation at the Theatre is not large, intending visitors should apply early stating which week or weeks they wish to attend. Applications will be dealt with in the order in which they are received, and must be accompanied by a deposit of 5*s.* on account of fees. In the event of failure to take up the Coupon and pay the balance, this deposit will be applied as an Associate's Subscription to the Shakespeare Memorial Association for the year ending April 23rd, 1914.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS

The Railway Companies have agreed to the following arrangements: Any Teacher or Student, taking the Book of Coupons, to be conveyed for: (i) Fare and a third for the double journey, plus fractions of a penny, minimum one shilling, the tickets to be available from any Friday or Saturday to the following Monday week. (ii) Fare and a half for the double journey, plus fractions

of a penny, minimum 1*s.* 6*d.*, the tickets to be available from any Friday or Saturday to the following Monday fortnight. The names of the applicants will be given to the Railway Companies, whose Agents will supply all information.

BOARD AND LODGING

Arrangements have been made to provide Board and Lodging for 25*s.* per week to those Teachers who are willing to share room with friends. An extra fee of 5*s.* will ensure separate bedrooms.

ELOCUTION

Special Lessons can be obtained in Elocution.

SPINNING AND WEAVING

Special Lessons will be given during the Season in Spinning and Weaving at the Tapestry Studio, Shottery.

All information from Miss RAINBOW, Box Office, Stratford-upon-Avon.
Telephone: 45 Stratford-upon-Avon.

Or Mr. W. H. SAVERY, General Manager, F. R. Benson Companies,
11 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, LONDON.
Telephone: 6353 Central.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

All are invited to join the Association in order that they may be kept in touch with the work which is being done. Associates are admitted free to the Festival Club, the Library, Picture Gallery, Tower, and Gardens, and to all Lectures and Demonstrations organised by the Governors.

Minimum annual subscription for Associates, 5*s.*; Life Membership, £5.

THE FESTIVAL CLUB

During both the Festival and the Summer Season the Memorial Lecture Room is arranged as a Reading Room and Rendezvous for Visitors to the town. Newspapers are provided.

Subscriptions to the Club, for Visitors who are not Associates, from *August 2nd* to 30*th* inclusive, 4*s.* 6*d.*; two weeks, 3*s.* 6*d.*; one week, 2*s.* 6*d.*; or 1*s.* per day.

FIRST WEEK

Saturday,	Aug.	2, at 8	THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
Monday,	,,	4, at 2	PAGEANT PROCESSION AND OLD ENGLISH SPORTS.
,,	,,	4, at 5	DEMONSTRATION OF FOLK DANCE.
,,	,,	4, at 8	AS YOU LIKE IT.
Tuesday,	,,	5, at 8	HAMLET.
Wednesday,	,,	6, at 2.30	HENRY THE FOURTH (Part II).
,,	,,	6, at 8	RICHELIEU. By Lord Lytton.
Thursday,	,,	7, at 2.30	THE HARVEST MASQUE.
,,	,,	7, at 8	THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.
Friday,	,,	8, at 2	VILLAGE CHILDREN'S PLAYS.
,,	,,	8, at 8	MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SECOND WEEK

Saturday,	Aug.	9, at 2.30	TWELFTH NIGHT.
,,	,,	9, at 8	THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT. By John Masefield.
Monday,	,,	11, at 2.30	THE HARVEST MASQUE.
,,	,,	11, at 8	RICHARD THE SECOND.
Tuesday,	,,	12, at 8	RICHELIEU. By Lord Lytton.
Wednesday,	,,	13, at 2.30	AS YOU LIKE IT.
,,	,,	13, at 8	HAMLET.
Thursday,	,,	14, at 3	DEMONSTRATION OF FOLK DANCE.
,,	,,	14, at 8	MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
Friday	,,	15, at 3	THE DRAMA OF JOB. By the Norwich Players.
,,	,,	15, at 8	THE DRAMA OF JOB. By the Norwich Players.

THIRD WEEK

Saturday,	Aug. 16, at 2.30	THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
”	” 16, at 8	TWELFTH NIGHT.
Monday,	” 18, at 8	THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE. By G. Bernard Shaw.
Tuesday,	” 19, at 2.30	THE HARVEST MASQUE.
”	” 19, at 8	THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT. By John Masefield.
Wednesday,	” 20, at 3	DEMONSTRATION OF FOLK DANCE.
”	” 20, at 8	KING JOHN.
Thursday,	” 21, at 2.30	MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
”	” 21, at 8	RICHELIEU. By Lord Lytton.
Friday,	” 22, at 2.30	GLASTONBURY. By the Rev. W. T. Saward. The Bedford Players.
”	” 22, at 8	GLASTONBURY. By the Rev. W. T. Saward. The Bedford Players.

FOURTH WEEK

Saturday,	Aug. 23, at 2.30	RICHARD THE SECOND.
”	” 23, at 8	HENRY THE FOURTH (Part II).
Monday,	” 25, at 2.30	THE HARVEST MASQUE.
”	” 25, at 8	ROMEO AND JULIET.
Tuesday,	” 26, at 8	THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
Wednesday,	” 27, at 2.30	KING JOHN.
”	” 27, at 8	THE TINKER'S WEDDING. By J. M. Synge. The Dunmow Players.
Thursday,	” 28, at 3	DEMONSTRATION OF FOLK DANCE.
”	” 28, at 8	HAMLET.
Friday,	” 29, at 2.30	THE TINKER'S WEDDING. By J. M. Synge. The Dunmow Players.
”	” 29, at 8	RICHELIEU. By Lord Lytton.
Saturday,	” 30, at 2.30	THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE. By G. Bernard Shaw.
”	” 30, at 8	THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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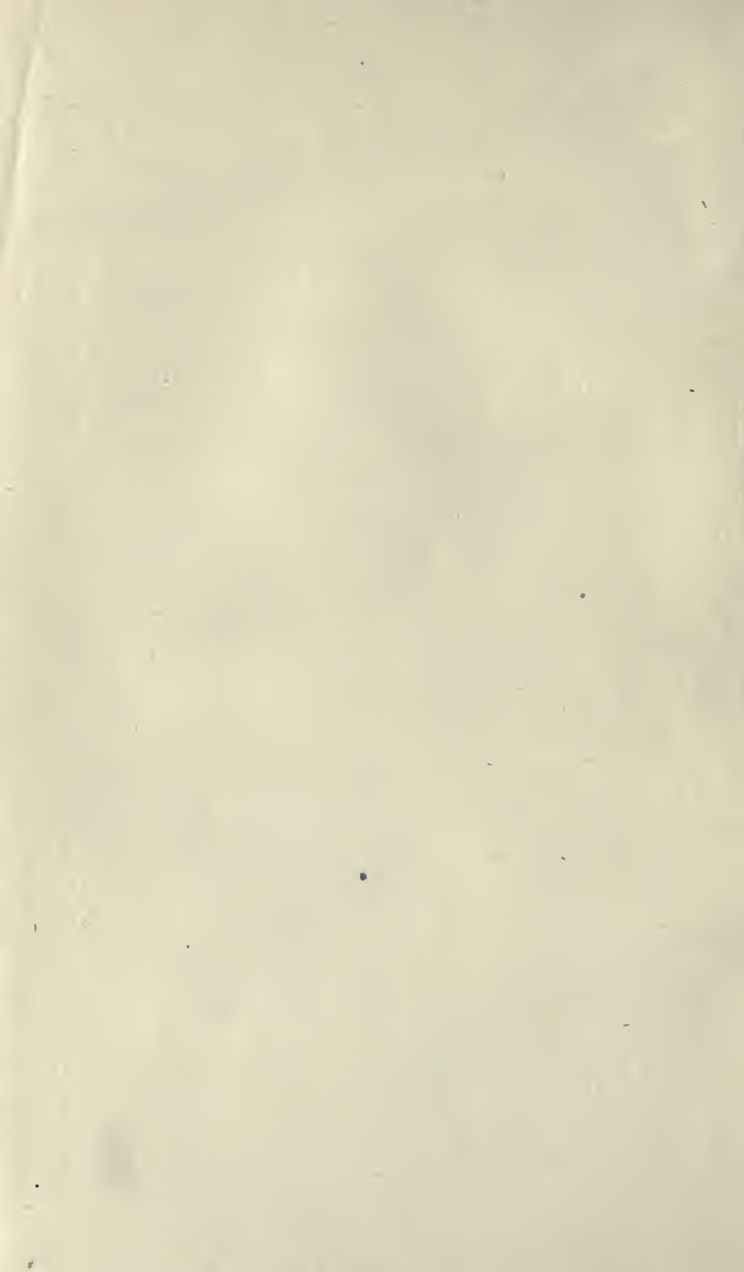

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