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Eldelaide Literary Theatre.

List of Acting Members, Season 1911.



Mrs. Gertrude Anderson	Miss Gertrude Walkem
Mrs. T. D. Bastard	Miss Mignon Weston
Mrs. Ernest Good	Mr. James Anderson
Mrs. A. S. Moncrieff	Mr. T. D. Bastard
Mrs. Anna Porter	Mr. Ernest Cocking
Miss Fanny Anderson	Mr. George Clarke
Miss Rebe Bloom	Mr. Len Chamberlain
Miss Gertrude Billing	Mr. G. A. Champion
Miss Craigie	Mr. H. R. Gillespie
Miss Muriel Craigie	Mr. J. W. Henwood
Miss Topsy Doenau	Mr. Rudolph Koehler
Miss Stella Earle	Mr. Frank Johnston
Miss Sylvia Fawcett	Mr. S. Joyce
Miss Eileen Kelly	Mr. Royston Marcus
Miss Ruby Kurth	Mr. A. S. Moncrieff
Miss Kathleen Lawrence	Mr. Wilfrid Neill
Miss Ethel Lewis	Mr. T. H. Nave
Miss Dorothea Jacob	Mr. Eric Nave
Miss Carlien Jurs	Mr. Douglas Inman
Miss Violet Matthews	Mr. Sydney Pearce
Miss Doris Metters	Mr. Arthur L. Smith
Miss Olive Proctor	Mr. H. E. Strang
Miss L. Rudkin	Mr. Gordon Swann
Miss Ethelwyn Robin	Mr. L. E. Thomson
Miss Zoe Reid	Mr. Douglas Walsh
Miss Jean Robertson	Mr. Herbert Walsh
Miss Marjorie Reeves	Mr. Ray Walsh
Miss Ivy Stacey	Mr. Frank Wilkinson
Miss Stella Hayes Smith	Mr. George Whittle
Miss Flossie Twelftree	Mr. Frank Williams
Miss Constance Watty	Mr. H. E. Yelland

At the Meeting of the Board of Management held on December 5th, the following were elected to serve as Officers during the year 1912 :

Chairman	-	Mr. Ronald Finlayson
General Manager	-	Mr. Hugh R. Gillespie
Treasurer	-	Mr. Wilfrid Neill
Secretary	-	Miss Muriel Craigie

Director - Mr. BRYCESON TREHARNE.

Board of Management:--

THE DIRECTOR (Chairman).

Miss MURIEL CRAIGIE	• Mr. T. H. NAVE
Mrs. ERNEST GOOD	• Mr. WILFRID NEILL
Mrs. J. P. MORICE	Mr. H. OLIFENT
Miss NORA KYFFIN THOMAS	Mr. WALLACE SANDFORD
• Mr. JAMES ANDERSON	Mr. ARTHUR L. SMITH
Mr. RONALD FINLAYSON	Mr. GORDON SWANN
Mr. HUGH R. GILLESPIE	• Mr. DOUGLAS WALSH
Mr. RUDOLPH KOEHLER	Mr. RAY WALSH
Mr. ROYSTON MARCUS	

* These members constitute a sub-committee of Stage Management.

General Secretary—Mr. RUDOLPH KOEHLER,
Main Street, Eastwood.

Business Manager—Mr. HUGH R. GILLESPIE,
196, South Terrace East.

Treasurer—Mr. WILFRID NEILL,
Augusta Street, Maylands.

Secretary of the Club—Miss MURIEL CRAIGIE,
100, William Street, Norwood.

Last Performance of 1911 Season.

"Candida"

BY G. BERNARD SHAW.

Walkerville Hall,

THURSDAY and SATURDAY,

December 14th and 16th, at 8 p.m.

Souvenir Programme 6d.

Valedictory.



TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS,

This word is a frank plagiarism of a Shavian heading. I take it with due apologies and with a hope that the somewhat draconic author will not descend upon me with such an obliterating force that I shall be hurled into a nameless anathema.

The word serves its purpose,—it has a certain amount of finality which few other words possess. Its use here brings home to me many of the bitter pangs of parting which seem to be the common lot of those of us who are animated by the restless, nomadic spirit. In this case the sorrow in parting is palliated by the knowledge that the work of the Theatre is being left in good hands;—in hands, perhaps better equipped than mine to bring to fruition the ideals, which, adequately or inadequately, as opinion may decree, I have striven to uphold since starting the movement.

I was determined on one thing from the start,—that no amount of obloquy should retard the movement. I have never given the slightest consideration to the feelings—or the carplings of the public; they have had to take what we have been pleased to give them. There has been no compromise to taste; no desire to please. I had a definite object in view when I started and I have tried to carry it out, regardless of disdain or indifference. We knew we had to penetrate the hide of that lymphatic stoicism, which, in the Anglo Saxon race, we are told, is so inordinately tough. Perhaps it is to this intrepid intention and single-mindedness of aim that some of our success is due. As Matthew Arnold says "It is only by a small circle resolutely doing its own work that adequate ideas will ever get current at all," and I have tried, from the inception of the movement to gather around me a band of enthusiasts who should be animated by much the same desire as I felt myself. This desire was to generate a Theatre which should have as its objective the presentation of plays having some direct purpose. This purpose is somewhat indefinable—it is diverse and manifold. It may have bearing on either art or life, which, by the way, are two very dissimilar things in this age of competitive clamour.

We have been taunted sometimes with presenting, what some label, unbeautiful things. These critics seem to forget that much of life, under certain conditions is unbeautiful, and authors in choosing to depict squalor have to paint the picture as they see it. A play can be a work of art in one of two ways. It can set out to portray a conception of sheer beauty, of idealism, of transcendentalism—the outcome of some ecstatic impulse which its creator has felt. This is probably what Arthur Symonds means when he says that "art begins when a man wishes to immortalize the most vivid moment he has ever lived. Life has already to one, not an artist, become art in that moment."

Or it may portray some phase of existence, which may be drab and dull or bright and genial. The choice of subject has no computable weight in the scale of artistic values. Thus the work of the artist should be judged on the treatment of the subject and not upon the subject itself.

As an exemplification of this theory we can compare the painting, say, of two totally diverse masters—Max Liebermann and Bouguereau. One paints the commonest of human types,—the lowly peasant working laboriously in the fields, or a number of ill-nurtured women tending goats—the other paints Madonnas. Still, there is no question here as to the greater artist. One paints, as it were, under the inspiration of a divine afflatus and throws the soul of the subject on the canvas, the other paints subjects which demand as their first concomitant, ecstatic fervour and paints these with the coarsest materialistic pigment which the painter's palette possesses. As a flagrant example of bad art, no better example exists anywhere than the Bouguereau canvas of the "Madonna and Child" in the Adelaide Art Gallery.

Coming to plays we can divide the camp into two contending sections, the retrogressionists and the progressionists. To confine the argument to English authors, let us place the works of Pinerro, Sutro, Haddon Chambers and Henry Arthur Jones by the side of those of Shaw, of Barker, of Galsworthy, even of Barrie. Take specimens of either author which are, in a way, disparate treatments of somewhat synchronous subjects. Take "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," take "Waste"; the one the work of a craftsman, the other the work of an artist. Take "The Hypocrites," take "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Picture the grotesque anomaly of a play—perhaps the most moral play ever written—being censored and pilloried for its alleged immorality while the prurient innuendoes of the other stalk unblushingly across the stage to the detriment of impressionable mortals and the unqualified approval of Mrs. Grundy and her satellites.

Now what is it that makes some works worthy and others unworthy, although they deal practically with the same subject. Is it not a difference between veracity and falsehood, between dissimulation and sincerity. In the one case the moral lapse is glossed over with a sentimental glamour, in the other it is pictured with grim reality and all the dire consequences that inevitably follow misfeasance are ruthlessly exposed. The one condones weakly, the other flagellates unmercifully.

The world needs the flagellant. It is only the person who whips society who can ever hope to be its master.

And now, I should like to treat, as briefly and as tersely as possible some of the things which we have tried to carry out, which have formed part, and will, I hope, form part of the future policy of the Theatre.

Our efforts have been, and are, devoted towards an improvement, in the status of the Theatre. How is this improvement to be effected? Well, in one way, by making it a power for good in civic and national life. To obtain this we must free the Theatre from that bugbear which assails all art—commercial competition. But to do this, we must recognize that the Theatre is a potent force, the status of which is of vital concern to the community. We must relegate the Theatre frankly and indisputably to its proper place; that of fulfilling an educative and artistic purpose. It must be elevated to the status of a public art.

No one will disagree with the dictum that the theatrical entrepreneur's aim is to make money and not to encourage art; the value of the product presented is of little importance to him; its worth is gauged by the number of bawbees it brings in. The blame does not lie wholly upon his shoulders. He runs his business much as all private businesses are run, and that is, a surety of the greatest profit with the least risk. He bases his policy on what he is pleased to call the public demand. In actuality it is nothing less than the gratification of her lust for gain.

To base the measure of supply by the law of demand is paralogistic, and is at present fundamentally wrong. After all, what does the public demand? Has the public any say in the matter? Its prerogative is to swallow greedily whatever is offered to it, whether it is deleterious or good for its digestion.

Who sets the fashion? Who creates the taste? Has the public any voice in these things?

Nurture a child in a crime laden atmosphere and it invariably becomes criminal. Feed a community persistently on bad art and one finds it reounding reflexly in a creation of false standards.

The public has to be guided not followed—led by the nose, as it were, to the trough and shown what to drink and how to drink it. How if we give it contaminated water to drink. And yet this is what is being done on our stage, day in, day out, year after year. What can one think of a public which apparently sets its acme of pleasure on the inanities of the vaudeville show, on the banal imbecilities of the musical comedy, on the picture show, on the prize ring. It is by acceding to this public demand that we are gradually but steadily deteriorating as a nation. What is the antidote for this? Two things, education, enlightenment.

The public is a vast, pregnable force, productive of good or evil. It can be swayed in either direction. It is docile and amenable. Is it not important now that it should be swayed in the right direction, and does it not concern us that nothing should be done in the community which is likely to react adversely on the life and future of that community?

What has made us banish commercialism from our universities, our public schools, our art galleries, our libraries. Is it not a realization of the fact that the influence of these as educative bodies, would be nullified by the necessity of having to enter the market place and thus trying to reconcile the aim of education and art with the aim of money making; in short, of having to comply with the law of supply and demand?

Am I wrong in ranking the Theatre with these bodies as a vehicle of public enlightenment? I think not. Of people who frequent the Theatre, we can safely assert that they constitute seventy-five per cent of the population. Thousands gather night after night in different places of amusement and are unconsciously impelled towards right or wrong by what they see and hear. Is it not important in the face of this to insist that the fare provided shall be of such a nature that it will tend to consolidate the moral will and stimulate the mental capacity of our people.

This implies a revolt against existing conditions. It is plain enough to any observer that the present system is worse than futile—it is doing unmitigated harm. The Theatre is a public institution and as such should be controlled and regulated to such end as will conduce to the greatest public service. And, if the private theatrical entrepreneur fails to perceive his duty towards the community, it comes within the province of that community to take the business out of his hands, and transfigure it in accordance with the exigencies and demands of the public conscience.

You will say, this is a plea for nationalization, for municipalization. Certainly it is. This course is amply justified when any public concern, or more correctly, any concern affecting the public, directly or indirectly, is illegitimately utilized and thus becomes inimical to the public welfare.

Those who know the great influence that the State Theatre in France and Germany, and Norway have wielded, will appreciate the truthfulness of my contention. Apart from the great mental stimulus to the people at large, the encouragement meted out to writers to become dramatic authors has been the means of giving numberless masterpieces, which go to the everlasting enrichment of the world's literature. Transmigrate the idea here and discern the possibilities to the embryo Australian dramatist in the institution of a Theatre where his works could be produced. It would help in the creation of an indigenous art; an art which would picture the pathos and beauty which lie hidden in this vast and artistically unexplored continent.

We often hear the argument adduced that State intervention in art and industrial concerns will tend to a dead level of uniformity and that the absence of competition will do away with the incentive to excel. Emulation is a far more potent factor than competition and in asserting the beneficence and advantage of State control, I take it that the State, in its assumption of proprietary rights over any branch of art or industry, will maintain the highest efficiency. It will do this for its own sake and for the improvement and up growth of its people. In industry it will base its standard on the judgment of supreme craftsmen; in art, on the selective conclusions of great creative minds. It would place industry on a firmer basis and emancipate art from its present circumscribed and impugnable position.

These deductions, distasteful as they may be to some of us, have to be met, combated, or agreed to, as our personal predispositions direct. The control of industry does not concern me very much, but I am keenly alive to the question of the control of art and education.

I ask, is the Government of this State, or of any other State adequately fulfilling its obligations in treating the question of the education and enlightenment of its people as of subsidiary importance to their physical welfare.

Is it not somewhat equivocal to make any institution serving a useful civic or national purpose, dependent for its existence on the munificence of private donors. I do not wish to belittle the value of the generous endowments bequeathed to such institutions as the University, the Art Gallery, and the Public Library, but I do say, unhesitatingly, that it would be much more to the credit of this or any other Government, to have made such endowments unnecessary.

Let us hope that sooner or later our legislators will show some perception in this matter.

It is possible though somewhat improbable that some generous person will some day deem the Theatre as worthy of endowment as other public institutions. Should this happen, it will be an occasion of much rejoicing, but it would be better as I have already suggested, to establish a Theatre under State control, financed by the State and controlled by a board appointed by the State, having expert knowledge of its subject, the members of which would be given an unhampered freedom to carry out its projects. Some day, and may it not be far distant, I hope to see such a Theatre established in each of our large cities. Not until then can we hope to free our stage of defilement and debasement, invest it with purer ideals, vivify it into a more spacious life and make it what it should be: a temple of aspiration.

Let us, for the nonce, assume that such a Theatre has been established. What manner of play will it be its duty and privilege to produce?

In the first place, it will be incumbent upon it to present the masterpieces of all ages and of all nations, the old and the new. It will have to resurrect Greek and Elizabethan drama from that unmerited oblivion into which we have allowed it to sink. As historical accuracy will be of more importance than spectacular display, it will have to present them, as far as possible, in the spirit of the period.

In the second place, it must produce the works of those European dramatists who are at present little more than a name to the English speaking public. There is an almost limitless selection available here. What are the opportunities afforded us of becoming acquainted with the works of Ibsen, Von Hofmannsthal, Tchekov, Brieux, Galdos, D'Annunzio, to take a representative author of six different nationalities?

In the third place, it will have to introduce to us the works of the many English men and women who are striving so hard to clear the English stage of the accumulated dust of years of neglect and of misconception. How many Australians are there as yet who have had the opportunity of seeing the plays of Shaw, Barker, Galsworthy, Masfield, Bennett, and a host of other able but less known writers?

In the fourth place, it will, as I have hitherto said, encourage the native author to turn his talent and energies in the direction of playwrighting by providing him with a playhouse where his works can be presented.

These are planks untouched by the commercial theatre in Australia.

Is it not time something was done to remedy this anomaly and is it not time that Australia should help in this emancipative movement for the regeneration of the Theatre and incidentally in the creation of a new drama which shall have as its basis, the satisfaction of our aesthetic need.

Now I should like to consider, for a moment, the part that a society such as the Adelaide Literary Theatre is playing in this movement for the reform of the Theatre.

Since the inception of the movement some four years ago, we have produced about seventy plays. With one or two exceptions, all these plays have been up to the requisite standard;—a standard which is not defined but which is tacitly acknowledged wherever the repertory idea has come into being.

Looking back, I find that the intentions outlined in the original circular have been fulfilled. We have practically done all we set out to do.

The scheme outlined then set out to present:

1. Poetic and symbolic dramas.

As examples of the former, we have given such works as W. B. Yeats' "Deirdre," Barker and Housman's "Prunella," and Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice."

As examples of the latter, Ibsen's "The Master Builder," Florence Farr's "Mystery of Time," and Arthur Adams' "Pierrot in Australia."

2. Plays bearing directly on the actual problems of life:

In this category would come such plays as Shaw's "Widowers' Houses," Galsworthy's "Justice," and Barker's "The Voyage Inheritance."

3. Translations from the works of German, French, and Russian dramatists:

Under this heading we have produced works by Ibsen, Sudermann, Brieux, Schnitzler, Rostand, Turgenieff, Maeterlinck, and Strindberg.

4. Plays by Australian authors:

This section has not been so well represented as I should have liked but we have succeeded in giving a hearing to a certain number of works which but for our efforts would perhaps still have been lying unheard on the shelves of their respective authors. These attempts at the creation of an Australian national drama will I hope be the precursors of many more from the same pens and from the pens of other writers who may be encouraged to adopt the dramatic form as an outlet for their literary inspirations.

Now as to the future.

A comprehensive scheme has been mapped out for the next two years. An outline of the work designed for next year is published elsewhere in this programme. No details are given, but full particulars will be available at the beginning of the year. The future success of the scheme will depend, as it has depended in the past, on two things: one having its origin inside the movement, and the other outside. Some people are generous enough to say some kind things about my work for the movement. It is true I initiated it. It is true that I have devoted much thought and time to it. But it is equally true that I could have done nothing had I not had the co-operation and assistance of the acting members. It is they who have enabled me to keep the movement alive, to corporealize and embody things which I but visualized. To them I owe the deepest gratitude and to them, individually and collectively, I tender thanks and honour; thanks for their unswerving allegiance, and honour for their undaunted courage. No one other than myself perhaps, knows the sacrifices which some of them have made and the amount of time and effort that they have expended in order to make the productions as good as possible. And it has all been done with a willing and unselfish readiness. There may have been occasions when some of my actions—my judgment or reverentials—may have appeared to them autocratic and somewhat arbitrary, but the occasions have been very rare indeed when a slight compromise on either side has not amicably healed the breach.

This unity of feeling has been a big factor in our success and has I hope, for ever dispelled the impression that amateurs cannot sink their personal proclivities in the endeavour to attain universal betterment. I have no fear of disaster so long as this feeling prevails and I would ask any recalcitrant member, should he or she, at any time, feel impelled through some imaginary slight to grow restive and dissatisfied, to remember that the good of the whole is of more importance than the satisfaction of any fractional part thereof.

I have, to thank our subscribers and supporters, who have by their contributions enabled us to carry on the work without financial loss. Their appreciations, too, have heartened us.

But we want a larger clientele which would naturally as a correlative, give us a bigger bank balance. Our expenses this year have been considerable. In addition to the outlay on the public performances, we have equipped our rehearsal room with a stage and furnished it with all requisite properties. It is good to announce that even with this additional expenditure, we shall end the year with a small balance in hand. But I want to ensure more stability to the venture. With this end in view, I suggest the feasibility of devoting a certain modicum of the income derived from subscriptions at the beginning of each year, towards the formation of an emergency fund, which fund should be allowed to remain, as long as possible, intact. This would free the society of any anxiety occasioned by the fear of monetary embarrassment and would eventually place it in an unassailable and impregnable position. But to do this we must have more subscribers.

May I ask all those in sympathy with us and to whom our efforts have given occasional pleasure, to do what they can towards increasing the revenue by securing an influx of new subscribers. If this is done, it will give the movement an impetus forward and give the acting members fresh zeal and ardour in the carrying out of their self-imposed and allotted tasks.

My thanks are also due to the officials who have, one and all, worked like Trojans, and who have contributed in no small measure, to the harmonious working of the business part of the enterprise.

To the authors, who have placed no barrier in our way and have so willingly granted us permission for the production of their plays, we, as a body, are deeply indebted. Their kindly messages from time to time have been inspiring incentives in the prosecution of our uphill fight.

The last word is hard to utter, but it has to come. In bidding farewell, I rejoice that such work as this has been made possible and that I have had a hand in it. I can only counsel you now to keep the log rolling and if it shows signs of stopping by the way, give it a friendly kick. That will soon set it going again.

In sincerity,

BRYCESON TREHARNE.

Adelaide Literary Theatre.

LAST PERFORMANCE OF 1911 SEASON

TO-NIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK.



"Candida"

A Play in Three Acts

By G. BERNARD SHAW

(By kind permission of the Author.)



CHARACTERS

In the order of their appearance on the Stage.

MISS PROSERPINE GARNETT	...	MISS ZOE REID
REV. JAMES MAJOR MORELL	MR. ARTHUR L. SMITH	
REV. ALEXANDER MILL	MR. SYDNEY PEARCE	
MR. BURGESS	...	MR. GEORGE WHITTLE
CANDIDA	...	MISS KATHLEEN LAWRENCE
EUGENE MARCHBANKS	MR. FRANK JOHNSTON	

SCENE: St. Dominic's Parsonage in the N.E. quarter of London.

ACT I. Morning

ACT II. Late Afternoon

ACT III. Night