

Chapter 1 : Anderson, John Henry (DNB00) - Wikisource, the free online library

Theatregoing is an ongoing survey reproducing eyewitness testimony of seeing theatrical productions, from the sixteenth century to the present day.

George Routledge, , pp. William Shakespeare and George Wilkins? Phelps, with the care due to a work especially of interest to all students of Shakespeare, and with the splendour proper to an Eastern spectacle. The story was an old one; there is a version of it even in Anglo-Saxon. The story was a popular one of an Eastern prince whose life is spent upon a sea of trouble. Everywhere he is pursued by misfortune. He seeks a beautiful wife at the risk of death, through the good old Eastern plan of earning her by answering a riddle. She proves a miracle of lust. He flies from her, and is pursued by the strong wrath of her father. To avoid this he is forced to become an exile from his house and people. He sails to Tharsus, where he brings liberal relief to a great famine, and is hailed as a saviour; but to Tharsus he is pursued by warnings of the coming wrath of his great enemy. Again he becomes a fugitive across the sea. The sea is pitiless and tosses him from coast to coast until it throws him ashore, the only man saved from the wreck of his vessel near Pentapolis. But in Pentapolis reigns a good king, whose daughter is still in the true fashion of a story book is to be courted by a tourney between rival princes. Pericles would take part in such ambition, and the sea casts him up a suit of armour. He strives, and is victor. He excels all in the tourney, in the song, and in the dance; the king is generous and the daughter kind. But the shadow of his evil fate is still over Pericles. He marries the Princess Thaisa, and, being afterwards informed that his great enemy is dead and that his own subjects rebel against his continued absence, he sets sail with her from Tyre. The good gifts seem, however, only to have been granted by Fortune that she might increase his wretchedness tenfold by taking them away. The sailors, believing that a corpse on board maintains the storm about the ship, demand that the dead queen be thrown into the sea. It is by the sea-shore that the deed is to be done. When Pericles comes for his child her tomb is shown to him, and under this last woe his mind breaks down. He puts to sea again with his wrecked spirit, and, though the sea again afflicts him with its storms, he rides them out. I have not told the familiar story thus far for the sake of telling it, but for the sake of showing in the most convenient way what is really the true spirit of the play. At this point of the tale the fortune of Pericles suddenly changes. A storm of unexpected happiness breaks with immense force upon him. The sea and the tomb seem to give up their dead, and from the lowest depths of prostration the spirit of the Prince is exalted to the topmost height, in scenes which form most worthily the climax of the drama. A tale was being told; every person was to feel that, although much of it would be told to the eye. But in the revival of the play Mr. Phelps was left to choose between two difficulties. The omission of Gower would be a loss to the play, in an artistic sense, yet the introduction of Gower before every act would very probably endanger its effect in a theatrical sense, unless the part were spoken by an actor of unusual power. The former plan was taken; and in adding to certain scenes in the drama passages of his own writing, strictly confined to the explanation of those parts of the story which Shakespeare represents Gower as narrating between the acts, Mr. Phelps may have used his best judgment as a manager. The change did inevitably, to a certain extent, disturb the poetical effect of the story; but assuming its necessity, it was effected modestly and well. The other changes also were in no case superfluous, and were made with considerable judgment. The two scenes at Mitylene, which present Marina pure as an ermine which no filth can touch, were compressed into one; and although the plot of the drama was not compromised by a false delicacy, there remained not a syllable at which true delicacy could have conceived offence. The calling of Blount and his Mistress was covered in the pure language of Marina with so hearty a contempt, that the scene was really one in which the purest minds might be those which would take the most especial pleasure. The conception of the character of Pericles by Mr. Phelps seemed to accord exactly with the view just taken of the play. He was the Prince pursued by evil fate. A melancholy that could not be shaken off oppressed him even in the midst of the gay court of King Simonides, and the hand of Thaisa was received with only the rapture of a love that dared not feel assured of its good fortune. With immense energy, yet with a true feeling for the pathos of the situation that had the most genuine effect, Mr. Phelps achieved in this passage a triumph marked

by plaudit after plaudit. The scene was presented truly by the actor and felt fully by his audience. The other parts had also been judiciously allotted, so that each actor did what he or she was best able to do, and did it up to the full measure of the ability of each. Miss Cooper gave much effect to the scene of the recovery of Thaisa, which was not less well felt by those who provided the appointments of the stage, and who marked that portion of the drama by many delicacies of detail. Of the scenery indeed it is to be said that so much splendour of decoration is rarely governed by so pure a taste. The play, of which the text is instability of fortune, has its characteristic place of action on the sea. They reproduce the rolling of the billows and the whistling of the winds when Pericles lies senseless, a wrecked man on a shore. When he is shown on board ship in the storm during the birth of Marina, the ship tosses vigorously. When he sails at last to the temple of Diana of the Ephesians, rowers take their places on their banks, the vessel seems to glide along the coast, an admirably-painted panorama slides before the eye, and the whole theatre seems to be in the course of actual transportation to the temple at Ephesus, which is the crowning scenic glory of the play. The dresses, too, are brilliant. As beseems an Eastern story, the events all pass among princes. Now the spectator has a scene presented to him occupied by characters who appear to have stepped out of a Greek vase; and presently he looks into an Assyrian palace and sees figures that have come to life and colour from the stones of Nineveh. There are noble banquets and glittering processions, and in the banquet-hall of King Simonides there is a dance which is a marvel of glitter, combinations of colour, and quaint picturesque effect. There are splendid trains of courtiers, there are shining rows of vestal virgins, and there is Diana herself in the sky. Henry Morley was a British academic and writer. His Journal is a record of his attendance at most new production in the leading London theatres over a fifteen-year period. The journal he kept served as the basis for his dramatic reviews in *The Examiner*, which he edited. The role of Gower was cut as well as some scenes expected to cause offence, as indicated by Morley, and some new scenes added.

Chapter 2 : London playgoers journal

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George Routledge, , pp. Phelps, with even more pains than were bestowed upon his former revival of that play, which, when he first produced it, had been acted but a few times since the days of Shakespeare. As now performed it is exceedingly effective. A main cause of the success of Mr. Phelps in his Shakespearean revivals is, that he shows in his author above all things the poet. The scenery is always beautiful, but it is not allowed to draw attention from the poet, with whose whole conception it is made to blend in the most perfect harmony. The actors are content also to be subordinated to the play, learn doubtless at rehearsals how to subdue excesses of expression that by giving undue force to one part would destroy the balance of the whole, and blend their work in such a way as to produce everywhere the right emphasis. Phelps takes upon himself the character which needs the most elaborate development, however carefully and perfectly he may produce his own impression of his part, he never by his acting drags it out of its place in the drama. He takes heed that every part, even the meanest, shall have in the acting as much prominence as Shakespeare gave it in his plan, and it is for this reason that with actors, many of whom are anything but stars, the result most to be desired is really obtained. Shakespeare appears in his integrity, and his plays are found to affect audiences less as dramas in a common sense than as great poems. What has been done at Islington could, if the same means were employed, be done at Drury Lane. But Shakespeare is not fairly heard when he is made to speak from behind masses of theatrical upholstery, or when it is assumed that there is but one character in any of his plays, and that the others may be acted as incompetent performers please. What Signor Costa will do for an orchestra, the manager must do for his company, if he would present a work of genius in such a way as to procure for it a full appreciation. The play is a poem to them. With a bold hand Shakespeare grasped the old fable of Timon, and moulded it into a form that expresses much of the perplexity and yearning of our nature. He leaves him dead by the shore of the mysterious eternal sea. Phelps in his own acting of Timon treats the character as an ideal, as the central figure in a mystery. As the liberal Athenian lord, his gestures are large, his movements free – out of himself everything pours, towards himself he will draw nothing. Henry Morley was a British academic and writer. The journal he kept served as the basis for his dramatic reviews in *The Examiner* , which he edited

Chapter 3 : Full text of "The journal of a London playgoer from "

Production: William Shakespeare (et al), Timon of Athens, Sadler's Wells, London, 18 October Text: October 1800 "Timon of Athens' has been reproduced again by Mr. Phelps, with even more pains than were bestowed upon his former revival of that play, which, when he first produced it, had been acted but a few times since the days of.

He was educated in Essex and then at St. Although his mother wanted him to pursue a career in the Navy, Byron did not do so. James Byron Bradley, in Buxton. Byron married Martha Foulkes in London in He entered the Middle Temple as a student briefly in , but he had already begun writing for the stage and soon returned to that vocation. Robertson with whom he acted and starved or others, but had little success. He described his early attempts at acting, and the hardships of the journeyman touring actor, in an essay for The Era Almanack and Annual called "Eighteen Parts a Week". He began writing burlesques of melodramas and extravaganzas in the mids. This was so well received that Byron abandoned the law to concentrate full-time on theatre. He became editor of Comic News in He also founded the short-lived Comic Trials and wrote a three-volume novel , Paid in Full, in In , he became the editor of Wag, another humour magazine. Several of these early plays were revived in Britain and received New York productions. She provided the capital, and he was to write the plays. His first was a burlesque of La sonnambula. However, Wilton wanted to present more sophisticated pieces. She agreed to produce three more burlesques by Byron, but he agreed to write his first prose comedies, War to the Knife a success in and A Hundred Thousand Pounds They also staged one of T. However, he produced many of his plays at these theatres while continuing to write for London theatres. One successful provincial work was Dearer than Life , which received many revivals, beginning with a London revival in starring J. Toole and the young Henry Irving. He even collaborated with W. Not surprisingly, Byron achieved his greatest acting successes in timing of the delivery of his own witty lines. To ease and grace of manner he united a peculiar aptitude for the delivery of the good things he put into his own mouth. Also during that period, he edited the humour magazine Mirth. In , four volumes of his plays were published, with fourteen plays in each book. Byron, as the most prolific playwright of the mid-Victorian period, as he produced over dramatic pieces. The Times called Byron a master of "genial wit and humour". He fires verbal shots in such rapid succession that one laugh has scarcely died away when another is raised. In the delineation of character, too, he is often extremely happy". His son Henry and daughter Crede a pun on Crede Byron, the Byron family motto also became actors, and he had another son. He is buried in Brompton Cemetery , London.

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*The journal of a London playgoer from [Henry Morley] on racedaydvl.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This book was digitized and reprinted from the collections of the University of California Libraries.*

What a strange thing to consult a virtual reality like that - do they ever think of making it look like Mario Tennis? Unfortunately I missed that, and he now looks like an international superrobot built by a conglomerate of banks again. The wiring in the Federer mainframe must be skipping connections in the heat. We are skating on the outer edge of the incomprehensible, the edge of the unknown, the limits of human endurance, clipping the kerb of oblivion in a chariot of fire! The skinny girlfriend almost cracks a smile. Are they like the US version of Posh and Becks? The graphs of projected earnings pick up. Maybe the guy who marks the lines has turned to drink in the pressure of the tournament, and gone off a millimetre. He will be shot at dawn by green capped muppets. For a moment it seemed that the commentators had just forgotten about the mics. Federer plc wins the game - 11 to Will anybody be held back for detention? Right time to concentrate. I almost wish Federer would do like a Swiss clinic and put him out of his misery - but no, Roddick wins. I dismiss him abruptly, after a terse volley of banter. Another titan of physical endurance. Of course F plc has not father, having been created in the Hadron Collider by the revived brains of weapons scientists. What are the chances of a superannuated celebrity collapsing from heatstroke and exhaustion? Probably be Wody Allen - all that thinking about tits is going to push him a vital couple of degrees over the safe level. Have eaten too many biscuits. How long is this going to go on? I will stay here surrounded by dirty washing and biscuit crumbs forever, glued to the televisual images of some endlessly slogging international sports brands, and never see the outside world again. I could have finished a chapter of a novel in this time. Bloody microblogging trend, who do I think I am, Stephen Fry? Always been puzzled by that one. F plc jsust two points from Grand Slam. Roddick "holding on by his teeth" as Bjorn charmingly puts it. A mispronounced platitude is more interesting than a platitude. George W for commentator anyone? I feel like the crew in the film Das Boot. Botoxed by the moment. Implacable swiss Federer, how do you do it? What Genevan machanism is this? I immediately feel bad for slugging him off. Daddy Sampras looks down grinning. What is happening now? The greencapped muppets are everywhere. Lars Graf, microphone man, was Swedish. God that trophy is gaudy. Give us a good baroque trophy anyday - noe of your minimalist glass and steel rubbish. Even a joke to Pete Sampras. Hollywood through and through. Probably getting ready for his career as a pundit. You said it Rog.

Chapter 5 : The Victorian theatre ; a survey - ECU Libraries Catalog

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