ELEKTRA IN DRESDEN: RICHARD STRAUSS’S LATEST OPERA: BY KATHARINE M. ROOF

Going to the opera in New York at its most luxurious is not a restful experience, whether one is in the crush of cabs, cars or foot passengers; but in Dresden, which is another world, you go in the Green Bus. It is possible to go in a cab, of course, and you can hardly live so far away that it will cost more than fifteen cents, if you are determined upon such extravagance; but while some take cars and others walk, the majority unquestionably go in the Green Bus, which is drawn by one large competent horse and passes with solemnity through the central thoroughfare of Dresden. It costs two cents and leaves you in the great paved Platz before the opera house and the castle and the court church, with the river at the right behind the Italienisches Dörjchen, now a restaurant, but over two centuries ago the homes of the Italian workmen brought to Dresden by the Italian architect who built the Schloss for Augustus the Strong.

Dresden has not the spell of Munich. It is a gentle and, at first glance, perhaps rather a tame little city, yet it has its individuality and its charm, and its honorable artistic past. Even before the days of von Schuch—far more conservative days than these in the Fatherland—the Saxon city had the reputation of being willing to give the young composer a chance. Not only have Strauss’s last three operas had their first production in Dresden, but also long ago, Wagner’s “Fliegende Holländer,” his first revolutionary work. The present king unfortunately takes little interest in the opera. The queen, on the contrary, was extremely fond of it, but now that she is gone the Royal box is usually empty.

It is an experience that lingers in the memory, the slow jog up the little street which is not too brightly lighted so that the castle walls and the stone arches you drive under seem somber and mysterious, and the light flashes dramatically on the sentry as you pass. On the other side of the castle it is lighter with the wide space of sky and the lights from the river. People are walking across the square toward the opera house from every direction, in groups and in pairs, yet there is no rush. Dresden is the only city in the world, I believe, where it is within the limits of extreme conventionality for women of any age or nationality to go to the opera alone.

So the Green Bus leaves you in the peaceful gray square beside the quiet river, and you pass—a far journey—into that alien world wrought out of the imaginations of ancient Greece and modern Germany.
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IN “ELEKTRA,” Richard Strauss’s latest opera, the composer has used Hugo von Hofmannsthal’s play of the same name for his libretto. The first public performance was given in Dresden on January twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and eight. The composer was present during the preparation of the opera, but did not conduct. Since then it has been given in Berlin, Leipzig, Munich and Frankfurt-am-Main. It is to be given at the Manhattan Opera House in New York in midwinter, where three singers,—Mme. Eve Gripon, Mme. Mariette Mazarin, Mme. Carmen Melir will alternate in the rôle of Elektra. The original cast consisted of Frau Annie Krull as Elektra, Frau Schumann-Heink as Clytemnestra, Fräulein Siems as Chrysothemis, Herr Perron as Orestes, and Herr Sembach as Aegisthus. The present Dresden cast is the same, with the exception of the substitution of Frau Chavanne for Frau Schumann-Heink, who is not a member of the company and who became voiceless from the strain of the rehearsals, so that she was obliged to withdraw from the cast after the second performance.

Those sensational head line reports—which emanate from all countries even when not expressed in large type in the newspapers—informed us that in “Elektra” Strauss had out-Heroded “Salome,” that all the extravagances and violations revealed in the preceding opera were multiplied a thousandfold, and that musical chaos reigned supreme. This last statement at least is not true, for while the composer’s theories are pushed somewhat farther in “Elektra,” and the orchestra employed has been still further increased, the effect, far from being one of disintegration, is that of a great barbaric tonal picture painted with supreme technical skill. Strauss’s genius, if genius it be, is of the theater, and he is past master of its effects. Some musicians and critics contend that he is not original, but that he is master of musical pigment upon the Titanic scale is undeniable. The score is full not only of spectacular effects,—strange juxtapositions of tonal colors, bizarre, grotesque, unimaginable,—but of pathos, even of brief moments of repose.

The composition, conditioned by the loftier character of the theme, is upon a higher plane than “Salome.” The only drawback to the effect lies in the sustained nature of the composition, which continues without break or intermission for two hours and a quarter, so that toward the last the nerves are scarcely able to respond to the sustained pressure. If this be true for the passively receptive listener, what must it be for the performers!

The orchestra contains sixty-two string instruments—thirty-six to forty-two being the ordinary number—divided into first, second and third violins—and twenty-four wood winds, and the augmentation
THE THEATER PLATZ, DRESDEN.

RICHARD STRAUSS AND HIS FAMILY.
FRAU KRULL AS *Salome*, in which rôle she so pleased Richard Strauss that he selected her to be the creator of *Elektra*.

Elektra (KRULL) AND Orestes (PERRON)—
"YOU WILL DO IT ALONE—POOR CHILD."

Elektra—"AGAMEMNON, FATHER, I WILL
SEE THEE! LEAVE ME NOT ALONE."

Elektra AND Aegisthus (SEMBACH)—
"WHY, THERE IS NO LIGHT WITHIN."

Elektra AND Clytemnestra (SCHUMANN-HEINK)—
"I WILL NOT HAVE YOU LOOK UPON ME SO."
MME. MARIEETTE MAZARIN, FRENCH DRAMATIC SOPRANO, WILL SING *Elektra* AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE THIS SEASON. MME. MAZARIN IS FROM THE OPERA HOUSE AT BRUSSELS.

MME. CARMEN MELIR, HAYTIAN DRAMATIC SOPRANO, WILL SING *Elektra* AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE IN NEW YORK THIS WINTER. MME. MELIR IS FROM THE OPERA HOUSE AT WARSAW.

MME. EVE GRIPON, FRENCH DRAMATIC SOPRANO, WHO WILL ALTERNATE WITH MME. MELIR AND MME. MAZARIN IN THE ROLE OF *Elektra* IN NEW YORK. MME. GRIPON IS A MEMBER OF THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE CO.

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is upon a similar scale throughout. There are also the expected orchestral innovations—infrequently used or unusual uses of instruments. An alto clarinet, with a dark-colored tone, employed by Mozart in "The Magic Flute," is one of these means to effect.

Opinions as to the effect of an art work must differ with the individual, and it is, of course, only large general impressions that one can receive from a single hearing—which, except in the case of obvious worthlessness can never be conclusive—yet it is difficult to see how anyone not temperamentally antipathetic to Strauss's musical personality can fail to feel the power of "Elektra."

So much of modern German criticism has a morbid tendency, seeming to vary between reading horrors into an innocent text and defending the indefensible, that it is not a safe guide to opinion. It must be admitted that neither the music nor the theme of "Elektra" is normal, in the sense that nothing pushed beyond the border of everyday experience seems quite sane, yet though it may do violence to modern sensibilities it cannot be called degenerate as "Salome" is. One's enjoyment of the music of the earlier opera was not unlike the aesthetic pleasure derived from certain wonderful but unsanitary old Italian cities, which can only be enjoyed with handkerchief to the nose. "Elektra" does not seem decadent, but rather the drama of life transposed to another key. The theme is an obsession, that of the idea of vengeance—not revenge. In Frau Krull's wonderful interpretation—and having seen it, it is impossible to separate it from the text—Elektra stands not only as a prophetic figure of vengeance, but of tragic desolation, a girl who has foregone love, the joy of life, her womanhood, even her individuality, for her purpose. Royal in blood as in nature, possessed once of beauty, youth, tenderness and charm, because of her fidelity to her father's memory, she is beaten, disgraced, made to eat with the servants, even the dogs. Yet the little serving maid who loves her says, "There is nothing in the world so royal as she. She lies in rags upon the threshold, but there is no one in the house can endure to look into her eyes."

ELEKTRA, like Hamlet, broods persistently upon the conviction that she must avenge the murder of her noble and beloved father. But the mental condition is different. Where Hamlet is introspective, philosophic, his mind clouded with a doubt, Elektra knows no consideration but the means of vengeance. All this is in the music, which while barbaric, volcanic, terrific, in its sweep of passion, holds always the concentrated unswerving purpose of that vengeance which was a religion. The events that have preceded the beginning of the drama are, briefly, that Clytemnestra, Elektra's
mother, in order to marry her lover Aegisthus, has murdered her husband, Agamemnon, before the girl’s eyes. The son, Orestes, Elektra’s beloved young brother, Clytemnestra has sent away to be starved, ill-treated and eventually made away with. Under the influence of this horrible violation of all that makes the natural relation between mother and daughter, the loss of her father and brother, and the sense of the obligation to avenge, Elektra has become something scarcely human, and waits only for Orestes’s return or the certainty of his death for the accomplishment of her vengeance. She says to Orestes,—

“Do you understand, my brother . . .
All that is sweetest to woman I have sacrificed . . .
Jealous are the dead . . . and he sent me hollow-eyed hate for a bridegroom . . .
So I became a prophetess, and have brought forth naught but curses and despair.”

Hugo von Hofmansthal’s play, which Strauss has used with only a slight adaptation, differs from the classic Greek tragedies in several details, but most of all in its direct modern intensity. In comparison with the old dramas—robbed of the beauty of the original Greek and read in tame translation—the modern German text is blood and flame. Von Hofmansthal follows in the main the outline of Sophocles, except that in the old play the murders are differently accomplished and Elektra survives in the end. The most important difference between the old Greek and the modern version lies in the character of Clytemnestra. In the modern play she is an adulterous criminal, haunted by her crimes. In the Greek plays her motive for murdering Agamemnon was to avenge his sacrifice of her daughter Iphigenia, which he did at the request of the gods in order to save the Grecian fleet. The axe—made so much of in the modern work—is mentioned only in Euripides.

THE opera begins with an outburst of barbaric savagery that is an epitome of the terrific passion at work in the drama, with the mournful Agamemnon motive rising above it. It passes quickly into an episode of musical realism peculiarly Strauss-like, the wrangle of the scandal-mongering maids in the castle court, very much on the order of the discussion of the Jews in “Salome.”

“That the queen should let such a demon free in house and court,” one exclaims. Only the young maid raises her voice on Elektra’s behalf: “I will throw myself before her and kiss her feet. Is she not a king’s daughter and enduring such disgrace? I will anoint her feet and dry them with my hair.” As the others—ser-
vants of the queen,—push her out, she calls back at them, "You are not worthy to breathe the same air with her. Oh, that I could see you all hanged that have done this thing to her!"

The maids continue their malicious gossip. "And when she sees us with our children,—she cries, 'Naught can be so accursed as children born in this house where the steps have run with blood.'"

Then they tumble out in a chattering heap as Elektra comes out and stands in the door alone. Her hair is disordered and she is clad in tattered gray garments the color of the stone wall to which she clings. After the tumult of discordant realism in the preceding scene, Elektra’s tragic apostrophe to her dead father, conveyed with all the emotional appeal of such a voice as Krull’s, comes with an effect of profound human pathos.

"Alone, alone . . . Agamemnon . . . Where art thou, father? Hast thou not the power to show me thy face—
It is the hour, our hour,
The hour when they murdered thee. . .
Agamemnon, father—I will see thee—
Leave me not alone . . ."

She passes into a prophetic picture of the day of vengeance,—
"And in one wave shall their life’s life gush out of them . . .
And we will slaughter thy horses . . . and gather them about thy grave.
And they shall inhale the wind of death and die—
And we will slaughter the dogs . . . that hunted with thee and would lick thy feet . . .
Therefore must their blood be shed for thee.
And we, we three, thy blood,
Thy son Orestes, and thy daughters, when all is done . . . will dance about thy grave, and I will lift knee after knee above the head of the dead, step by step."

(Here comes the first intimation of Elektra’s terrible dance with which the tragedy ends.)

"And all who see me dance—
Yea, all who see my shadow dancing from afar shall say:
Behold, how great a king holds high festival of his flesh and blood."

As the singer stands with uplifted arms in that moment of vision, she seems no longer a woman, a human being, but a purpose. She has passed from the individual to the abstract; she is an embodied idea.

Chrysothemis calls Elektra from the door, but Elektra turns from her, shuddering, struck by a resemblance to the mother, for all human feeling has been crushed out of Elektra. As she has sacri-
ficed herself to her purpose, so would she sacrifice her sister, who craves only to live the common life of woman.

Chrysothemis warns Elektra that Clytemnestra is planning to fling her into a dark tower. She reproaches her, saying, “If it were not for you they would have let us out. . . I will out—

I will be a woman and live a woman’s life.

Better death than to live and not live.”

Then Elektra with terrible words vainly tries to awaken the feeling of vengeance in her sister. Chrysothemis, hearing her mother approach, flees, begging Elektra to hide because Clytemnestra has been frightened by a dream of Orestes. “She scatters death in every glance,” Chrysothemis exclaims, fearfully.

Elektra says: “I sent the dream to her from out my breast . . .

I lie and hear the feet of him who follows her. . .”

The music announcing the appearance of Clytemnestra is an unimaginable savage clamor expressive of her distorted nature, violent crimes and disordered brain—the description of one who is no weakling in sin. The sound of the dragging of the sacrificial beasts to the altar, the lashings of the whip, are all depicted in the orchestra. Clytemnestra enters in a flare of torches held by her attendants. She is haggard and heavy eyed, but covered with jewels and protective charms. In the interview that follows, Elektra with inhuman subtlety leads her into self-betrayal; for superstitious, almost unbalanced from fear and sleeplessness, Clytemnestra is ready to take any advice. She sends her attendants away that she may talk alone with Elektra. She tells her her dream—described with fearsome music. Elektra tells her that in order to rid herself of this dream another blood sacrifice must be made upon the altar.

“With what consecrated animal?” Clytemnestra asks, and with unholy laughter Elektra replies, “With an unconsecrated.” Elektra traps her into conversation about the brother, then says suddenly, “You are afraid of him. . . you are trembling.” Clytemnestra evades and denies, saying that she had sent gold so that he might be treated as a king’s son. Elektra turns upon her: “You lie; you sent the gold that they might kill him.” Clytemnestra gasps, “Who says that?” And, Elektra replies, “I see it in your eyes . . . and in your trembling I see that he still lives.”

Clytemnestra passes from bravado to threats ending in babble:

“Dreams are things that we must rid ourselves of . . .

I will find out whose blood must flow, that I may sleep.”

Then Elektra, like a thing not human, leaps upon her from the shadow of the wall.
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"Whose blood . . . .? Out from your throat . . ." Then she declaims her prophetic vision of the day of vengeance:
"You would cry out, but the air dead strangles the unborn cry . . .
And all is silent, and you hear your heart
Knock at your ribs . . . This time is given you that you may envy
All that are chained to prison walls
Because you lie imprisoned in yourself . . .
And I stand there before you and you cannot take your eyes from mine.

And you read too late . . . the word unspeakable written upon my face, because my face is mingled of your features and my father's,
For your soul is hung within its self-hung noose . . .
Then do you dream no more, then do I need to dream no more. . ."

In utter collapse and panic Clytemnestra shrieks for light. The attendants come running with torches—an indescribable realism of musical description—until the place is flooded with light and Clytemnestra, nursing some reassuring wicked thought, withdraws smiling and muttering. Then to Elektra left alone Chrysothemis comes with news of Orestes's death. Elektra, in anguish, repeats over and over, "It is not true." But when compelled to accept the cruel truth, the dominant purpose asserts itself and she says, "We two must do it." Then with all the affection that she has withheld from her sister since the tragedy, she tries to compel her to assistance in the deed. But in the end Chrysothemis breaks from her crying, "I cannot." And as Elektra stands looking after her, she raises her hands and cries in a terrible voice, "Be accursed!" As Krull utters that imprecation—she does not sing it—it is a thing to make one shudder, yet not as at Salome, for the great artist makes of Elektra a being raised above personal consideration, like an instrument of the gods.

She faces the situation, "Then again alone." She kneels on the ground and begins to dig for the axe with which the crime was committed and with which it must be avenged. As she claws in the earth a strange man enters. Then the music softens into solemn beauty. Elektra, discovering him, begs him to leave her, but he says, "I must wait here," "Wait," she repeats, arrested by his tone, but she turns from him again to her task. He begins talking of her brother, saying that he was his friend. He asks her name and when she tells him, exclaims in horror, "Elektra!" "He thinks he can insult me," Elektra replies, bitterly, "because I have no father . . . nor brother." Then Orestes cries, "The dogs in the court knew me and my sister not!"
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The ensuing scene is one of real pathos and musical beauty. Orestes is overcome, realizing all she has suffered, and Elektra answers:

"Do not touch me . . I am ashamed before you.
I am but the corpse of your sister . . .
Poor child . . I know you shudder at me. And yet—
I was the daughter of a king and I believe that I was beautiful . . .
And my hair, such hair as men tremble at.—"

Orestes tells her that he has come to do the deed, and as they talk the faithful old servant who has accompanied him runs in with the news that the queen is alone and Orestes rushes into the palace. Then Elektra realizes that she has not given him the axe and cries out in anguish, "I cannot give him the axe! He is gone and I cannot give him the axe! There are no gods in heaven." Then there is indescribable pandemonium in the music, descriptive of the murder. Clytemnestra's death cry rings out, and Elektra's terrible words "Strike again!" She paces before the closed door, keeping off the terrified maids that rush into the court, but hearing Aegisthus approach they run off again. Elektra asks Aegisthus if she may light him to the palace door. The exultation, the subdued triumph of Elektra at this moment, the strange steps that she begins to take, that seem somehow part of her subtle words—the beginning of her weird dance—are all extraordinarily expressed in the orchestra.

A moment later Aegisthus appears at the window crying, "Help, they murder me. . . Does no one hear me?" And in a voice destined to ring in one's ears for long afterwards, Elektra replies, "Agamemnon hears you!" Then Orestes stabs Aegisthus at the window and pulls him back within, and Chrysotheremis rushes in, telling how all the people in the palace are crowding about Orestes and kissing his feet. But Elektra has begun to slip from the world of reality. "Be silent and dance," she says. "One thing remains for those who are as happy as we,—to be silent and dance." And she begins to dance, but after a moment sinks upon the floor lifeless. The curtain falls upon Chrysotheremis beating upon the closed door calling, "Orestes."

There are forty-five leading motives noted in the official "Führer," the shortest being that of Elektra's ever-present remembrance of Agamemnon, which is combined in certain passages of great beauty. Other noticeable themes are those of the axe, the trailing and slipping of the sacrificial animals, Clytemnestra's dream and fear of death, the subtle hypocrisy of Elektra with her mother, a theme signifying Elektra's royal nature, Elektra's prophecy of ven-
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gance, music descriptive of the womanly nature of Chrysothemis, of the shining of the jewels that consoled Clytemnestra, the triumph of Elektra, and her dance.

Episodes of striking beauty are Elektra’s tragic apostrophe to her dead father, the lovely melodies in the scene between the sisters and in the scene between Elektra and Orestes. The music descriptive of Orestes’s supposed death is deeply expressive of Elektra’s anguish. The tonal picture of Clytemnestra’s dream is full of shudders and horrors. The exhuming of the axe and the realism of the sacrificed animals are inexpressibly gruesome. The passages depicting Clytemnestra’s death are fitly descriptive of the Nemesis overtaking that terrible person, and with true dramatic sense Strauss has made the death of Aegistthus weaker, as he was a weaker and more futile character.

Just how much the effect of the opera owes to Frau Krull’s extraordinary Elektra Richard Strauss fully appreciates. It was after seeing her Salome performance that he requested that she should be the interpreter of Elektra, and later, not being satisfied with the Berlin Elektra, he asked to have Krull in Berlin. There she received an unprecedented ovation even from the partisan Berliners. It is safe to say, all things considered, that the operatic stage has never seen a more extraordinary performance. The opera is not only given in one unbroken act, but the rôle of Elektra, aside from the unimaginable difficulties of the music, is longer than the part of Brünnhilde in “Die Götterdämmerung” and “Siegfried” combined. Yet Krull carries it through climaxes of progressive and varied intensity to the final climax. She is terrible as she has not been before at the supreme moment when she paces like a panther before the closed door behind which the vengeance is being accomplished. And at the last, in the dance—words fail in the attempt to describe that strange and fearful expression of the accomplished purpose.

When he had first seen this dance at rehearsal, Strauss demanded of Krull, “Kind, who has taught you that?” She responded—how simply one can imagine after meeting her—“I thought it out myself.” And no wonder Strauss replied, “It is a miracle.” Krull says that when she was preparing the rôle, not being a dancer, she sent for the ballet instructor to teach her a dance, but that she could not feel that the steps suggested were the right thing for her that terrible moment, and so—she thought it out herself. That dance alone is upon the plane of classic tragedy. It is a thing to freeze the blood, and it is beautiful enough in its intangible terrible fashion to be the figment of a dream.
FRAU KRULL has not only a beautiful voice with a marked individuality of tone as well as an unusual gift of emotional expression, but what is most rare in Germany—and alas everywhere!—a fine vocal art. Only this art can have saved her voice from permanent injury after the two hundred and sixteen rehearsals of preparation for this superhuman task. And in this connection it might as well be said that nothing is more absurd than the remark made by some singers that it does not matter what kind of a voice a singer has for a Strauss opera. While it is easy to understand the reluctance of an artist to subject his or her organ to the dangerous strain involved, the composer’s full effect can never be achieved by a voice without beauty, or with defective intonation. Recall, for example, the difference between van Rooy’s rough singing of Jokaanan in “Salome” with Dufranne’s musical interpretation of the same rôle. In spite of the tremendous volume of sound of the great orchestra anyone with a musical ear could realize the difference between the effect of Krull’s singing, which was quite invariably true, and that of Frau Chavanne and Fräulein Siems, who were many times noticeably incorrect in intonation. Indeed Krull’s tones—largely through her art in placing them—dominate even the composer’s tremendous orchestral ensemble through their carrying quality rather than their size.

Krull like Ternina, is unique in possessing both voice and dramatic genius. The well-worn, if beautiful, rôle of Elizabeth she fills with new life, and this part, by the way, furnishes an interesting contrast to her Elektra. For from the moment that she becomes aware of Tannhäuser’s mortal sin she becomes again the woman possessed by a purpose. As Elektra has the passion to destroy, Elizabeth has the passion to save. Yet after she has gained the chance of salvation for her lover and actually sees him leaving her to join the pilgrims, when she falls back upon her uncle’s arm it is as if everything had gone from her. And in the last her final appeal to heaven seems like a literal going up of the soul in prayer. I know of nothing so moving in any operatic impersonation, with the exception of Ternina’s last moment in “Die Götterdämmerung,” as these two climaxes in Krull’s Elizabeth.

Her Sieglinde is equally her own, subtle in detail,—beautiful and touching. As Marta, the unhappy peasant heroine of “Tiefland,” she is a primitive peasant to her slightest movement, yet the appeal of it goes to the heart. Her singing of her unhappy story to the old shepherd is not only moving, but of inexpressible musical beauty. If she could have sung the rôle here no doubt that beautiful opera would have had a different fate.

Not a slender woman from the American standpoint,—yet not a
large one from the German—she produces an effect that is the opposite of solidity. One associates her face with the idea of light. Her facial expression is not premeditated, but comes with the feeling of her part. And as she speaks or acts her eyes are full of a light that seems to overflow her face. In the categorical sense she might seem to lack beauty, except for her large blue eyes and sensitive, lightly set eyebrows, yet it is a face in which so much can happen that one has no especial consciousness of features, but only of the changing reflections of thought and emotion passing over it, which give it moments of that fluid intangible quality of beauty which to certain minds must always be the real beauty, the thing that cannot be fixed by the detaining finger of analysis. That Krull is a musician as well as an opera singer—also not too frequent an occurrence—one realizes as she discusses the Strauss orchestration. She said, too, that it was difficult for her to imagine Elektra in French, and while she is German ("aber durch und durch," she added) her reason was an artistic one, not one of national prejudice.

"French is a beautiful language, of course," she said, "but I cannot feel it quite the right vehicle for the story of Elektra. Think, for example—when she exclaims in that first moment, 'Allein, vech ganz allein,'—and even in her speech the powerful words were weighted with tragedy—then in French, 'Seule toute seule!'—the French seems—too—well—too elegant."

We spoke of America and she said, "Frau Schumann-Heink tells me that in America you care most of all for the art of beautiful singing."

ALTHOUGH Krull has been in the Dresden opera company for eight years she was, up to the time of her "Salome" success, kept back, as is the German way with the younger singers. She should make a wonderful Isolde when she comes to sing it. It is to be hoped that her enthusiasm for the Strauss operas will not lead her into sacrificing a voice of rare and lovely quality. May we hear her some day in America.

And so—into the quiet Platz again, the comfortable scramble into the Green Bus, the few minutes' wait for the places to be filled, and the unhurried start. Perhaps one needs an atmosphere as quiet, an environment as simple, to appreciate such a violent work as "Elektra," to see it in its proper value.

As you pass under the arch and jog gently home, the horse’s hoofs echoing hollowly upon the cobbles of the narrow street, the tumult of the orchestra, the wild cries of Elektra, slowly subside in your ears, but in the dark the image still remains of that wild figure performing its strange and terrible rite, a veritable dance of death!