

event. So sophistication, bad sophistication, or commonplace effect, takes the place of a real and sincere *raison de cœur*. It is a Passion torn to tatters—almost to Tattersalls!

"But you say: 'Dismiss the under-element of pious, devout feeling. Is not the Play interesting merely as a rural performance?' Frankly, no. I am not forgetful of the good dramatic work of several of the performers of the new-come set. Peter Rendl as *John the Beloved*, Sebastian Lang as *Caiaphas*, Sebastian Bauer—a fine *Pilate*—Gregor Breitsamer as the wicked *Nathanael*—and so on. But they are good artificial actors in style, and

"As for the world-famed tableaux and processional effects, why, the scenery now used calls for artificial lights and really theatrical effects. A series of either obscure or glaring results naturally comes to us, under open-air conditions. You see too much artifice to-day, else you need more! Illusion! There is none—absolutely none! The crucifixion, with its figures in rose-pink 'fleshings,' is a thing to shudder at—with wrath at such attempts at 'realism.' The actual out-door scenes are better, especially those before the House of Pilate.

"Such is Oberammergau to-day. You think these lines severe! Well, go you



PASSION PLAY—THE RESURRECTION.

could be effective on any stage, in various rôles. There is nothing *naïf* in their art. So why go to Oberammergau to see them? And Zwick as *Judas*, after all, is a rather 'Stadttheater' *Judas* nowadays; if strong in his diction and physique for the part. I cannot praise Anton Lang as *Christ*. A fair-faced peasant, Lang has not intelligence or temperament; and he is monotonous and *poseur* to a degree, whatever he may have learned of Mayer to the contrary. He has two tones, three facial changes, and four poses. That is his art. The women have not much to do, and they do it with mediocrity, Anna Flunger a shade more expressively.

and see the Play, if you will. You will not dissent then. It is the foreign exploiting and the 'money sense' that have undone Oberammergau's Passion Drama! It cannot be saved, and it merits not to be saved. It is spoiled. No wonder you meet no emotional effect on actors or auditors. The only tears I saw were the tiers of benches. An artificial, cheap, gaudy bouquet has been substituted for a bunch of bluebells. A passion-flower in cotton and velvet is given you instead of a blossom from the Vine of Sorrow. In the carbonic-acid air of our sophisticated life, poured into the Ammer Valley, all natural bloom naturally must die."

Dear Master, in Thy footsteps let us go,
Till with Thy presence all our lives shall glow,
And souls through us Thy resurrection know.

—Lucy Larcom.