

the psychological chills play along the marrow of our spinal column so that the scene is almost unendurable, and its dreadful impressions of blood will haunt us in our waking and sleeping hours. But even a less capable actor will be able to make a wonderful impression. The strength of the scene lies in its words, and the physical presentment of the uncanny apparitions, not in the peculiar inner temperament of the actor himself.

The contrary is true of Maeterlinck. Think of the final scene in *The Death of Tintagiles*. There we see no apparitions, but they are ever present, and the very atmosphere is surcharged with horror. They are more real than any "air-drawn daggers" such as Shakespeare presents in *Macbeth*. Shakespeare shows us the Ghost of Banquo, whereas, had Maeterlinck been writing the scene, the same effect with even greater thrills would have been realized without any banal attempt at the embodiment of the horrid figure of charnel death. But, as Maeterlinck himself has said in *Monna Vanna*, "Each man has his destiny. Some follow an idea, others a desire." The atmosphere of Maeterlinck's plays is always charged with fear, death, mystery, disaster, and of these intangible factors Maeterlinck makes aesthetic material. There is always the sense of remoteness in his plays. We look on as if in a dream. Indeed, in some presentations a black veil of gauze has been placed between the spectators and the players. Maeterlinck's ability to induce this psychological frame of mind whilst we are witnessing the unfolding of his dramas, makes us accept without cavil what we may later dispute when in our waking consciousness, for