

A
L
H
A
M
B
R
A

T
H
E
A
T
R
E



A
L
H
A
M
B
R
A

T
H
E
A
T
R
E

SOUVENIR : THE SLEEPING PRINCESS

LA GRANDE MAISON DE BLANC

6, BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES

CANNES
43 RUE D'ANTIBES

PARIS

DEAUVILLE
RUE DESIRÉ LE MOE

TISSE SON LINGE ELLE-MÊME
A HAUBOURDIN (NORD)



LINGE DE TABLE & DE MAISON
LINGERIE
DÉSHABILLÉS

BONNETERIE
TROUSSEAUX

LONDON:
62, NEW BOND STREET

WE WARN OUR CLIENTS THAT WE HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER
WHITE GOODS HOUSE IN LONDON; NEITHER HAVE WE AN AGENCY FOR THE
GRANDE MAISON DE BLANC IN NEW YORK

BALLET

IN FIVE SCENES

AFTER FERRAULT'S TALE

The Sleeping Princess

(LA BELLE AU BOIS DORMANT)

The entire production by M. Leon Bakst.

Music by P. TCHAIKOVSKY

Prelude to 3rd Scene and Aurora's Variation in Scene 3
orchestrated by IGOR STRAVINSKY.

Choreography by MARIUS PETIPA.

Reproduced by M. SERRAULT,
Regisseur-en-chef of the Imperial Opera, Petrograd.

The Action-Scenes, Hunting Dances in Scene 3,
Aurora's Variation in the same scene, and tales
of Bluebeard, Schelernzade, and Innocent Ivan,
produced by LA NUSSBA.

From the designs of M. LEON BAKST.

Curtain painted by M. DUBOY.

Scenes 1, 2, 4 and 5 painted by O. ALLEGRI.
Scene 3 painted by MR. and MRS. POLEVIN.
The Growing Forest painted by M. CHEVALLIER.

Costumes executed by
M. PIERRE PUYOTY, MRS. LOYAT FRAGER, MISS NOURAN and LA MAISON
MELLE ROSSIGNOL.

Wigs by PONTET. Shoes by CRAIG and GAMBA.



If you don't sleep —a Mustard Bath

WHEN worried or overworked, don't go straight to bed to toss about half the night without rest. Get into a Mustard Bath first. As you lie there a feeling of repose steals over you. The blood which goes to your head and makes you sleepless is drawn away and distributed over the body. Your nervous system is fed through the pores of the skin and steadies down. You go to bed soothed and refreshed—ready for a sound natural sleep.



"Let Mustard prepare your bath."

A Mustard Bath is no trouble to prepare. Just empty one of Colman's Bath Mustard cartons into your bath, or use a couple of tablespoonfuls of the Table Mustard.

An interesting article by Raymond B. Williams will be sent you of charge on application to J. & F. Colman Ltd., Norwich.





L EON BAKST, the celebrated theatrical painter and decorative artist, is the acknowledged head of a movement of far-reaching importance. It stretches back to the days when M. Diaghileff, now director of the Russian Ballet, was the editor of an art review in Petrograd, entitled "Mir Iskusstva" ("The Art World"), and gathered round him the

Petrograd group of painters deriving from Vrubel, among whom were also Alexandre Benois and Nicholas Roerich. Both are well known to enthusiasts of the ballet, the former through "Petroushka," the latter through "Prince Igor."

Leon Bakst was born at Petrograd in 1868. He studied at the Fine Arts School there, and then migrated to Paris where he worked with the Finnish painter Albert Edelfeldt from 1895 to 1896. He was then commissioned by the Russian government to paint the arrival of Admiral Avelan and the Russian naval contingent in Paris. Since then he has exhibited with great success in every European gallery.

His connection with the stage began in Russia, where he designed many important productions for the Imperial Theatres. From the foundation of the Diaghileff Ballet he has produced a series of theatrical settings which have made him world-famous in this branch of his art. Among them are "Scherzade," "Tamar," "Le Dieu Bleu," "L'Apelle-Midi d'un Faune," and "Daphnis and Chloe." In recent years there has been a break in his activity, due partly to illness, and partly to depression brought about by the unhappy fate of his country. With "The Sleeping Princess," which has long associations for him, his enthusiasm has revived and led him to execute a prodigious undertaking, the greatest of its kind he has ever attempted, involving as it does a special curtain, five scenes, and close upon three hundred costumes, with innumerable properties and accessories.

The Sleeping Princess

I.



ONCE upon a time there lived a good king, Florestan XXIV., and his Consort, who had long been very unhappy because they were childless, but at last, to their great joy, the Queen had given birth to a daughter who was named Aurora, because the dawn itself was never more beautiful. They agreed that the christening must be a magnificent festivity, to which the fairies were invited to be present as godmothers. Seven of them came, attended by their pages, and each of them in turn bestowed a gift upon the baby Princess. One promised that she should be the most beautiful creature in the world, another that she should have the wit of an angel, the next a marvellous grace in all her ways, and the others that she should dance to perfection, sing like a nightingale, and play exquisitely on all instruments of music. But just as everybody was rejoicing a page burst upon the scene with the dreadful tidings that the wicked fairy, Carabosse, was approaching in dire anger at not having been invited to the christening. Presently she arrived in a chariot drawn by four rats, and demanded to be shown the royal infant. Not daring to disobey, the King ordered the royal nurses to bring her forward, wheresupon the wicked fairy, in a terrible voice, said, "I promise that one day you shall pierce your hand with a spindle, and on that day you shall surely die." But the seventh of the fairy godmothers, the youngest of them all, the Lilae Fairy, had not yet bestowed her gift. She now stepped forward, and although she could not undo the harm her elder sister had done, she did her best. She promised that instead of dying the princess would fall into a deep slumber that would last many, many years until a king's son should come and awaken her with a kiss. She also promised to safeguard the little Princess from harm.

II.

In sixteen years the little Princess Aurora had grown into a lovely maiden, the fame of whose beauty had spread far and near. There came to woo her four princes, from Spain, from England, from India, and from Italy, and the King and Queen prepared festivities in their honour. All the villagers were invited, but when they came, the master of ceremonies saw, to his horror, that four of them had spinning wheels and spindles. This was contrary to a law that had been enacted sixteen years before, making it a criminal offence to bring a spindle within a mile of the Palace. It would have gone hard with them but for the intervention of the Court who did not wish the general rejoicing to be marred by an untoward event. But during the dance the young Princess was approached by an old woman who showed her a spindle, a thing she had never seen in all her life. Whilst examining it with curiosity she pricked her finger. At her cry the dance ceased. The four princes rushed to her aid, but the old woman threw back her cloak and revealed the wicked fairy, who disappeared before

they could reach the spot. The little Lilae Fairy then proved that she had not forgotten her promise. She waved her fairy wand and everybody fell into a deep slumber, not to awake before their mistress, so that all might be ready to wait on her when she needed them. The good fairy then commanded an impenetrable forest to grow round the palace, and when all was safe she disappeared from view.

III.

One day, many years afterwards, perhaps even twenty, the incomparable young Prince Florimond, who is known to all as Prince Charming, happened to ride about on that side of the country where was the tangled forest. He became separated from his companions, and rested beneath a tree. There he was visited by the Lilae Fairy, who told him the story of the sleeping Princess. He was slow to believe her, until, with a wave of her wand, she showed him the Princess in a vision. But when he moved towards her, she vanished as if she had never been. Prince Charming then implored the Lilae Fairy to lead him to her, and, out of compassion, she invited him to step into her fairy boat, which is made of mother-of-pearl.

IV.

At length the Lilae Fairy led Prince Charming into the palace, which they found thickly covered with cobwebs. They beheld the King and Queen and all the Court in a deep slumber. With some difficulty they found their way to the couch on which slept the beautiful Princess Aurora. Prince Charming tiptoed to her side, leant over her, and with one kiss broke the spell of the wicked fairy. The Lilae Fairy then awakened the whole Court from slumber. The cobwebs disappeared, the room glowed with a thousand lights, and, amidst great rejoicings, the King and Queen bestowed the hand of their beautiful daughter upon the Prince who had freed her from enchantment.

V.

Never has there been such a wedding as that of the lovely Princess Aurora, only daughter of His Majesty Florestan XXIV., to Florimond, Prince Charming, a King's son. All storyland was there. There came Columbin; and her Harlequin, Pierrot and his Pierrette. There came Puss-in-Boots, the Blue Bird and the Enchanted Princess, Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf. From the country of the Arabian Nights came Scheherazade, together with the Shah Shahrriar and his brother. From far-off China journeyed a mandarin and two little porcelain princesses. Then there was Bluebeard with his last wife Ariana, and Sister Anne. From Russia came Innocent Ivan and his Brothers. When all these delightful people had paid their respects to the bride and bridegroom, the whole assembly joined in a great dance in their honour, and, in storyland, they are dancing yet.

A few sentences of the above are taken from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's version of the story, published by Messrs. H. Kegan in Marglinton.

Tchaikovsky at the Russian Ballet

By LEON BAKST



HT dates one. Twenty-five years and more have elapsed since those days. But let us not dwell upon them! My cheek was smooth, but already I worshipped the theatre.

The ardently expected dress rehearsal of Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Beauty," fell upon a murky and cold November afternoon. But when one is very young, what matters the weather? Especially with a complimentary ticket in my pocket from my old and venerable friend, the chief stage-manager of the Imperial Opera.

Before entering the auditorium, already swarming with people, custom ordained a visit to the stage-manager's room, where he—a veritable pusho, with his Methusalem-like white beard and a Persian cap upon his head—smoked and drank his perpetual glass of tea in this club, wherein gathered the stars of the opera and the ballet. Everybody loved to gossip in this vast apartment!

This visit has remained in my memory all my life. My rubbers quickly doffed and the snow shaken from my fur coat, I stand, nonplussed.

Dare I enter? At the end of the sumptuous, Persian-carpeted room, through the crowd of dancers in daintily puffed-out skirts, I saw in outline two central figures, and, from the respectful distance kept by the artists, I gathered that they were personages of importance.

One of them—tall, slightly bent, with an aquiline nose, and a smile at once affable and sly, wore the Star of the Vladimir order on the left breast of the blue uniform he wore as director of the Imperial theatres.

"There must be a member of the Imperial family in the theatre," I thought, not without pride at finding myself in such a brilliant assembly. (As it transpired, the Emperor Alexander III, was there.) The other gentleman was shorter. His hair and beard were white, his complexion very pink, his manner shyly amiable. He appeared very nervous, but was making a visible effort to control himself.

Who is it? I sought to catch the eye of my old friend, who at last saw me (I was then far from tall), hemmed in among the frothy mass of fluttering ballet-skirts.

"Lovushka (Little Leon), come here and let me introduce you to our glory and pride, Piotr Ilych Tchaikovsky."

Blushing with emotions in my tight uniform as a student of the School of Fine Arts, but wearing white gloves—so smart, I thought—with my curly, close-cropped hair, I must have looked funny. Boldly escaping from my pleasant prison, without hesitating, I stepped forward and held out my hand to the famous musician.

"Here he is," continued the old régisseur "this youngster adores the theatre and is already painting scenic designs. The other day, whilst telling some friends at tea about your 'Sleeping Beauty,' he improvised scenery in his own way. Where is it now?"

And he sought in vain in the drawer of his desk.

"I like the music of 'The Sleeping Beauty,'" I exclaimed in a voice strangled with emotion, amidst the general stupefaction, which was quickly followed by a mad outburst of laughter.

"Ah! You already know my ballet?" laughingly said Tchaikovsky with surprise, and looking inquiringly at the patriarchal beard of the stage manager.

Unforgettable matinee! I lived in a magic dream for three hours, intoxicated with fairies and princesses, splendid palaces flowing with gold, in the enchantment of the old tale. My whole being was as if swayed in cadence to the rhythms, the radiant flow of refreshing and beautiful melodies, which were already friends.

But what a home-coming! What a cruel ending to the enchantment! Outside, a darkness grown murkier after all this beazzling; snow, stinging harshly; an icy wind from the Neva; vain efforts to find a droschky (too expensive near the theatre), and, at last, home: the lamp with its depressingly commonplace petrol, suspended too high.

Ah! What a contrast with the Maryinsky Theatre, all deserted in blue velvet, filled with brightly clad officers of the Guard, with ladies in evening dress, bejewelled and radiant, with a heterogeneous and perfumed crowd, in which a more solemn note was struck by the red coats and white stockings of the Court, so bedazzled with Imperial eagles.

That evening, I believe, my vocation was determined.

If originally I may be to some extent "responsible," as the English say, for the letting loose of modern staging which is nearing hysterical exasperation, it is also I who at present begin to call out, "Now then, gentlemen, let us not commit excesses!"

This cry, which might pass for the coming of wisdom with age, is, however, repeated at the moment in all plastic art. Cubism and auto-futurism have lived, and eyes that have been fatigued with too much insistence upon angles will, by the law of evolution, seek the curve, the elusive line—farewell, all quasi-Gothic combinations!

When, seeking the deep-lying reason of this artistic movement, I read long and erudite futuro-cubist articles, I was much struck with one argument, among others, that was readily given prominence.

Modern life was described in the light of the multitude of impressions received by the retina, among aeroplanes, trains, monster motor-buses; amid the shrieks of motor-horns and the blinding projections of luminous advertisements in motion.

I confess that this laborious explanation gave me the impression of a provincial, dumdum-fused, on newly emerging from the terraces on to the Grands Boulevards.

Does it blind you? Does it startle you? Does it enable you to translate life into art in the form of multicoloured slices and iron cages? Pull yourselves together! Are you, then, from Dijon, or from Treviso?

No, decidedly, farewell to ecstasy in presence of the Machine (with a capital letter); farewell to drawings from photographs, "startling documents," "reading" of pictures, and "recording" of motion.

How funny he was, this futuro-cubist, always hailing from the ranks of unsuccessful engineers, who shouted in my face, with an exuberance of gesture that was not very French, that the mistress he dreamed of, this modern of moderns, was, not a woman, oh no, but . . . a machine. "A machine is so beautiful!" You know by heart this eulogy of the machine.

In Tchaikovsky this mistress, oh noble Futurists—permit me to trot out a name that has aged much—this "Muse," is, on the contrary, very human, sensitive and high-strung, sometimes in tears, and also madly dancing—in short, the Slav soul, is it not?

Well, it is a joy, and a delight, to build up in our clan, hardened as it is by continual conflicts, this homage to the great musician who succeeded so well in reflecting the Russian soul. What could be more fascinating than the hours we spent in Stravinsky's narrow little studio, surrounded with the most quaint collections: a giant and many-coloured pile of dreams of all nations, gongs, motor-horns, you, those used on motor-buses, padded dramatics, pipes. And, amid this litter the young master pours forth at the piano, number by number, the ballet of "The Sleeping Beauty," shouting an accompaniment, rolling firestorm eyes at some invisible enemy of Tchaikovsky; then, suddenly, bringing his hand down heavily, he gives a hoarse and triumphant cry:

"Ah, that, now I see clear, that is good music. Listen to this Adagio, ha, ha! and what power—power dictated by the ear of a musician, not the brain of a musician!"

And through the warm smoke-clouds of bayanas strips the music, as thoughtfully Slav, of this great composer who, in his life-time, proudly endured the contempt of the dead.

That in the great struggle between melody and the musical theme, the electrician Wotan of the Bayreuth stock-exchange market has already suffered eclipse by the lovers of music, by Mozart and Haydn, admits of no doubt. As Stravinsky expresses it, it is impossible to give or to take. If, to enjoy a theme as such as a melody, I have never feared to state my own personal opinion, even when it went against the tide, and I confess, without subtlety, that, beside Tchaikovsky's melody, the romantic foundation of Wagner seems to me cerebral and—trifling (gastric).

How unfortunate it is, this traditional misunderstanding in the appreciation of Tchaikovsky! Ah! Musicians, are you fascinated by an opinion long since ready-made? The error has lasted, as very truth, too long. Tchaikovsky is the *last German*, the most Slav of the Russian composers you admire!

I cannot forget the remark of Rimsky-Korsakoff at the time of the Russian concert given in Paris in 1907. Diaghileff was trying the great hermit to come to Paris and conduct his works. Rimsky-Korsakoff, hesitating, exclaimed:

"To Paris, no! I shall not go to meet an audience which does not understand our Tchaikovsky."

Well, for me, a painter, true greatness is revealed in this ballet of "The Sleeping Beauty." The musician has had to retrace to *posterior*, which might seem obligatory in treating the period of Louis XIV. No, Tchaikovsky remains here, as elsewhere, Russian in spite of all. But, through the absorption of Alexander III, with its pomp and splendour, Tchaikovsky's genius deeply saw thoughts to the broad decorative lines of the seventeenth century and the magnificence of the Hai-Schall.

Note.—It is perhaps relevant to recall that Tchaikovsky has never had in Paris the success he enjoyed here, and that M. Bakst is here addressing a French audience.—"The Translator."

Riding Outfits *for* Children



We have recently greatly enlarged and entirely reorganised our - - Children's and Young Ladies' Departments - -

We specialise in Riding Outfits, School Outfits, and indeed every article of apparel for Children and Young Ladies. - -

Customers can rely with the utmost confidence on the cut, quality and refined taste of our productions. - -

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAM, LTD.)

WIGMORE STREET AND WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W. 1



Design by Léon Bakst for the costume of
One of the five Duchesses.

Copyright by Léon Bakst, Paris 1923.



Design by Léon Bakst for the costume of
The Queen and her Page.



Design by Léon Bakst for the costume of
The Fairy Carabosse.

Copyright by Léon Bakst, Paris 1923.



Design by Léon Bakst for the costume of
"Catalabutte", the Marshall of the Court.

Copyright by Edouard Bakst, Paris, 1921.



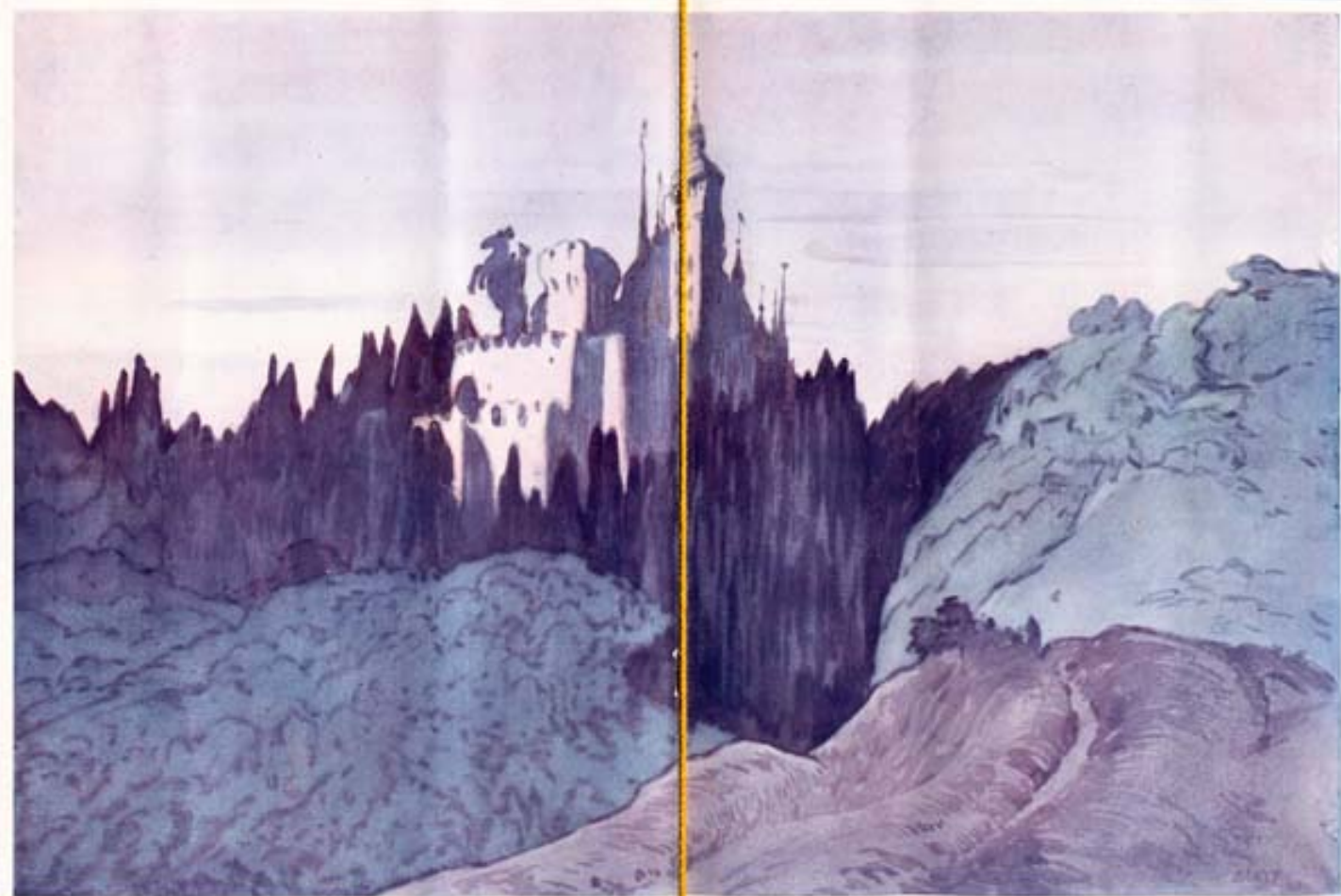
Design by Léon Bakst for the costume of
Harlequin.

Copyright by Léon Bakst, Paris 1922.



Design by Léon Bakst for the costume of
The page of the fairy "Colibri".

Copyright Léon Bakst 1922.



Castle in the forests where the Princess sleeps. Design by Léon Bakst for the second scene of the third act.



Design by Léon Bakst for the costume of
The page of the fairy "Pinetree".

Copyright by Léon Bakst 1911.



Design by Léon Bakst for the costume of
The Chinese.

Copyright by Léon Bakst, Paris 1911.



Design by Léon Bakst for the costume of
Dancer of the Mazurka.

Copyright by Léon Bakst, Paris 1911.



Design by Léon Bakst for the costume of
The Dignitaries.

Copyright by Léon Bakst, Paris 1922.



Design by Léon Bakst for the costume of
The Cherry-Fairy.

Copyright by Léon Bakst, Paris, 1911.

Inexpensive Tea Gowns

We have now in stock an immense variety of new and exclusive Tea Gowns, specially designed and made in our own Workrooms, from materials of exceptional quality and value.



"RUBY"

Charming Tea Frock in rich brocade crepe de chine with short sleeves and fold at neck of finest edged George. The bodice has a deep front back and forms and is slightly gathered on either top and finished self same. In a beautiful range of colours and black.
Exceptional Value **£5/19/6**

Outsize 21" extra.

"LAURIE"

Grandest Tea or Bed Gown in rich Lyons ribbon velvet with wide moiré bands cut in long simple lines to suit all figures. Back of same velvet attached either side by "fins" which defines the waist line and lies loosely at the back. In a large range of colours and black.
Special Price **7½ Gns.**

Write for Catalogue.

"ELEANOR"

Attractive Tea Frock in rich Lyons shifton velvet. The deep bodice is pointed in front and self draped into a full skirt, which is slightly cut up on either side. In all the newest shades and black.
Special Price **£5/19/6**

Outsize 21" extra.

Can be sent on approval.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET, W.1

A Letter from Igor Stravinsky

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

It gives me great happiness to know that you are producing that masterpiece "The Sleeping Beauty," by our great and beloved Tchaikovsky. It makes me doubly happy. In the first place it is a personal joy, for this work appears to me as the most authentic expression of that period of our Russian life which we call the "Petersburg Period," and which is stamped upon my memory with the morning vision of the Imperial sleighs of Alexander III, the giant Emperor and his giant coachman, and the immense joy that awaited me in the evening, the performance of "The Sleeping Beauty."

It is, further, a great satisfaction to me as a musician to see produced a work of so direct a character at a time when so many people, who are neither simple, nor naive, nor spontaneous, seek in their art simplicity, "poverty" and spontaneity.

Tchaikovsky in his very nature possessed these three gifts to the fullest extent.

That is why he never feared to let himself go, whereas the "prudes, whether "refinés" or academic, were shocked by the frank speech, free from artifice, of his music.

Tchaikovsky possessed the power of melody, centre of gravity in every symphony, opera or ballet composed by him. It is absolutely indifferent to me that the quality of his melody was sometimes unequal. The fact is that he was a creator of melody, which is an extremely rare and precious gift. Among us, Glinka, too, possessed it; and not to the same degree, those others.

And that is something which is not German.

The Germans manufactured and manufactured music with themes and leitmotifs, which they substituted for melodies.

Tchaikovsky's music, which does not appear specifically Russian to everybody, is often more profoundly Russian than music which has long since been awarded the facile label of Muscovite picturesqueness.

This music is quite as Russian as Pushkin's verse or Glinka's song. Whilst not specially cultivating in his art the "soul of the Russian peasant," Tchaikovsky drew unconsciously from the true, popular sources of our race.

And how characteristic were his predilections in the music of the past and of his own day! He worshipped Mozart, Corelli, Glinka, Bizet; that leaves no doubt of the quality of his taste. How strange it is. Every time that a Russian musician has come under the influence of this Latino-Slav culture, and seen clearly the frontier between the Austrian-Catholic Mozart turned towards Beumarchais, and the German-Protestant Beethoven inclined towards Goethe, the result has been striking.

The convincing example of Tchaikovsky's great creative power is, beyond all doubt, the ballet "The Sleeping Beauty." This cultured man, with his knowledge of folk-song and of old French music, had no need to engage in archaeological research in order to present the age of Louis XIV; he recreated the character of the period by his musical language, preferring involuntary but living anachronisms to conscious and laboured pastiche; a virtue that appertains only to great creative minds.

I have just read again the score of this ballet. I have instrumented some numbers of it which had remained unorchestrated and unperformed. I have spent some days of intense pleasure in finding therein again and again the same feeling of freshness, inventiveness, ingenuity and vigour. And I warmly desire that your audiences of all countries may feel this work as it is felt by me, a Russian musician.

Yours ever,

IGOR STRAVINSKY.

To M. S. DRAGILEV,

Paris, 10th October, 1921.

CAST

73
©

Scene I.—THE CHRISTENING

King Florestan XXIV.	M. LEONARD TREER
The Queen	MRS. VERA SUDIRINA
Cantabutte, Master of Ceremonies	M. JEAN JAZWINSKY
The Fairy of the Pine Woods.	MRS. FELLA DUBROVSKA
Her Page	M. ERROL ADDISON
The Cherry Blossom Fairy	MRS. LYDIA SOKOLOVA
Her Page	M. LEON WOODROVSKY
The Fairy of the Humming Birds	MRS. NAJENSKA
Her Page	M. NICOLAS ZVEREFF
The Fairy of the Song-Birds	MRS. LUDOV EGOROVA
Her Page	M. NICOLAS KRUMNEFF
The Carnation Fairy	MRS. VERA NEMTCHENOVA
Her Page	M. TADDO SLAVINSKY
The Fairy of the Mountain Ash	MRS. LUDOV TCHERNICHEVA
Her Page	M. ANATOL VILKAK
The Lilac Fairy	MRS. LYDIA LOGOROVA
Her Page	M. STANISLAV IZHIKOWSKI
The Wicked Fairy	MRS. CARLOTTA BRIANZA
Her Two Pages	MM. FEDOROV and WINTER
Her Four Bats	MM. SAVITSKI, KARNECKI, VALMOUCJANSKY, LURINE
Royal Nurses	MRS. ALLANOVA, KRASSOVSKA, MALCHERNSKA, KOMAROVA
Ministers of State	MM. SEMENOFF, SINGAIENSKI, C. STEPANOV
Royal Pages	MM. MIKOLAICHUK, BOURMAN, OCHRIDOVSKI, PATRIKIEFF
The King's Herald	M. KOSIARSKY
The Royal Physician	M. PAVLOV
Maids of Honour	MRS. KLEMENTOVIK, BERICKI, MORETON, SCHARBOVIVA
Ladies-in-Waiting.	MRS. D'ALBAICIN, CONON, DAMASKINA, PLUTSKOVA, SAYITSKA, ROSENSTEIN, ANTONOVA, KYNA, GOSTEMILOVA, A. SCHARBOVIVA, L. NEMTCHENOVA, GRUKULOVA, POPLAVSKA, ANASTEVA

Lords, Pages, Negro Lackeys

SYMPHONIC INTERLUDE

Scene II.—THE SPELL

King Florestan XXIV.	M. LEONARD TREER
The Queen	MRS. VERA SUDERINA
The Princess Aurora	Mlle. OLGA SPASSIVA
The Lilac Fairy	MRS. LYDIA LOPOROVA
Catalabutte, Master of Ceremonies	M. JEAN JARDENSKY
The Spanish Prince	M. ANATOL VILZAK
The Indian Prince	M. LEON WOLZIKOVSKY
The Italian Prince	M. TADEU SLAVINSKY
The English Prince	M. ERROL ARDISON
Princess Aurora's Friends	MRS. VERA NEMTCHINOVA, BEHWICK, KLEMENTOVICH, MAJCHERSKA
The Wicked Fairy	MRS. CARLOTTA BHEANZA
Village Maidens	MRS. ALLANOVA, ROSENSTEIN, A. SCHABUROVA, L. SCHABUROVA, EVINA, L. NEMTCHINOVA, ANTONOVA, KRASNOVSKA, CONON, MORETOS, GOSTEHILOVA, KOMAROVA, PLOTNKOVA, POPLAVSKA, DAMASKINA, ASTAFIEVA
Village Youths	MM. KRUMNEFF, FEDOROFF, BOURMAN, SEMENOV, MEKALATCHIK, PATRIKIEFF, KOMARSKI, OCHIMOVSKY, WINTER, KARNEUKI, YALMOUZINSKY, SAVITSKY, PAVLOV, LUKINE, SINGAIENSKI, STEPANOV

INTERVAL . Twenty Minutes

PRELUDE . Orchestrated by IOSE STRAVINSKY

Scene III.—THE VISION

A Vision of the Princess Aurora	Mlle. OLGA SPASSIVA
The Lilac Fairy	MRS. LYDIA LOPOROVA
Comtesse	MRS. LUDOV TCHERNICHEVA
Prince Charming	M. PIERRE VLADIMIROFF
Gallison, the Prince's Tutor	M. NICOLAS ZVEREFF
Duchesses	MRS. DOBROVSKA, ALLANOVA, KLEMENTOVICH, KOMAROVA, MAJCHERSKA
Dukes	MM. FEDOROFF, SEMENOV, BOZDARSKY, PAVLOV, WINTER
Baronesses	MRS. SCHOLLAR, SOLOVAVA, V. NEMTCHINOVA, BEHWICK
Marchionesses	MRS. EVINA, CONON, SCHABUROVA, L. NEMTCHINOVA, ROSENSTEIN, SAVITSKA
Marquises	MM. KRUMNEFF, BOURMAN, MERGLATCHIK, KARNEUKI, OCHIMOVSKY, SAVITSKY
Huntsmen	MM. SINGAIENSKI, YALMOUZINSKI, LUKINE, STEPANOV
Nymphs	MRS. ALLANOVA, ANTONOVA, ASTAFIEVA, DAMASKINA, GOSTEHILOVA, L. SCHABUROVA, KOMAROVA, KRASNOVSKA, MAJCHERSKA, MORETOS, POPLAVSKA, PLOTNKOVA

BEHWICK, SCHARVA, etc.

Symphonic Interlude "THE DREAM"

Scene IV.—THE AWAKENING

The King	M. LEONARD TREED
The Queen	MRS. VERA SUDZIKINA
Princess Aurora	MRS. OLGA SPASSAYA
The Lilac Fairy	MRS. LYDIA LOPKOVA
Prince Charming	M. PIERRE VLADIMIROV
Cantabotte, Master of Ceremonies	M. JEAN JAZWINSKY
Princess Aurora's Friends	MRS. V. NEMTCHINOVA, KLEMENTOVICH, BUDICKY, MACHERSKA
Princes	MM. VILZAK, WOIJKOVSKY, SLAVINSKY, ADDISON

INTERVAL Twenty Minutes

Scene V.—THE WEDDING

The King	M. LEONARD TREED
The Queen	MRS. VERA SUDZIKINA

FAIRY TALES

Pierrotte	MRS. NZJINSKA
Columbine	MRS. VERA NEMTCHINOVA
Pierrot	M. NICOLAS ZVERLEV
Harlequin	M. ANATOL VILZAK
Papa-in-Boots	M. ERBIL ADDISON
The White Cat	MRS. LUDMILLA SCHILLER
The Blue Bird	M. SEASIMIAN IZIKOVSKI
The Enchanted Princess	MRS. LYDIA LOPKOVA
Red Riding Hood	MRS. LYDIA SOKOLOVA
The Wolf	M. MENGLAITCHIK
Blue Beard	M. FEDOROV
Ariana	MRS. LEONID TCHERNICHEVA
Sister Anne	MRS. FELIA DUBOVSKA
Scheherazade	MRS. MARIA D'ARRAHEIN
The Shah	M. PAULOV
His Brother	M. SINGAIENSKI
The Porcelain Princesses	MRS. HEMMER, SCHAROKOVA
The Mandarin	M. NICOLAS KHEMNETZ
Innocent Ivan and his Brothers	MM. LEON WOIJKOVSKY, TAIDEO SLAVINSKY, KORNEZEV
Pas de Deux	MRS. OLGA SPASSAYA, M. PIERRE VLADIMIROV
Princess Royal	MRS. KOMAROVA
Ladies of the Court	MRS. KLEMENTOVICH, MACHERSKA, KRASSOVKA, ALLANOVA, ROSENSTEIN, L. SCHAROKOVA, A. SCHAROKOVA, COMON, DAMASKINA, ETINA, GOSTERILOVA, ANATOLYIA
Dignitaries of the Court	MM. SERGIJEFF, SEMENOV, BOURMAN, SAVITSKY, OKRIMOVSKI, WINTER, VALMOUJENSKI, LUKINA, PATRIKIEFF, KORABSKI, STEPANOV, KOROSAROV

Lords and Ladies, Struiks, Negro Lackeys, etc.

<i>First Solo</i>	M. WYNN REEVES
<i>Conductor</i>	M. GREGOR FITZGEREG



DANCE FROCKS

ALL ONE PRICE - 8½ Gns.



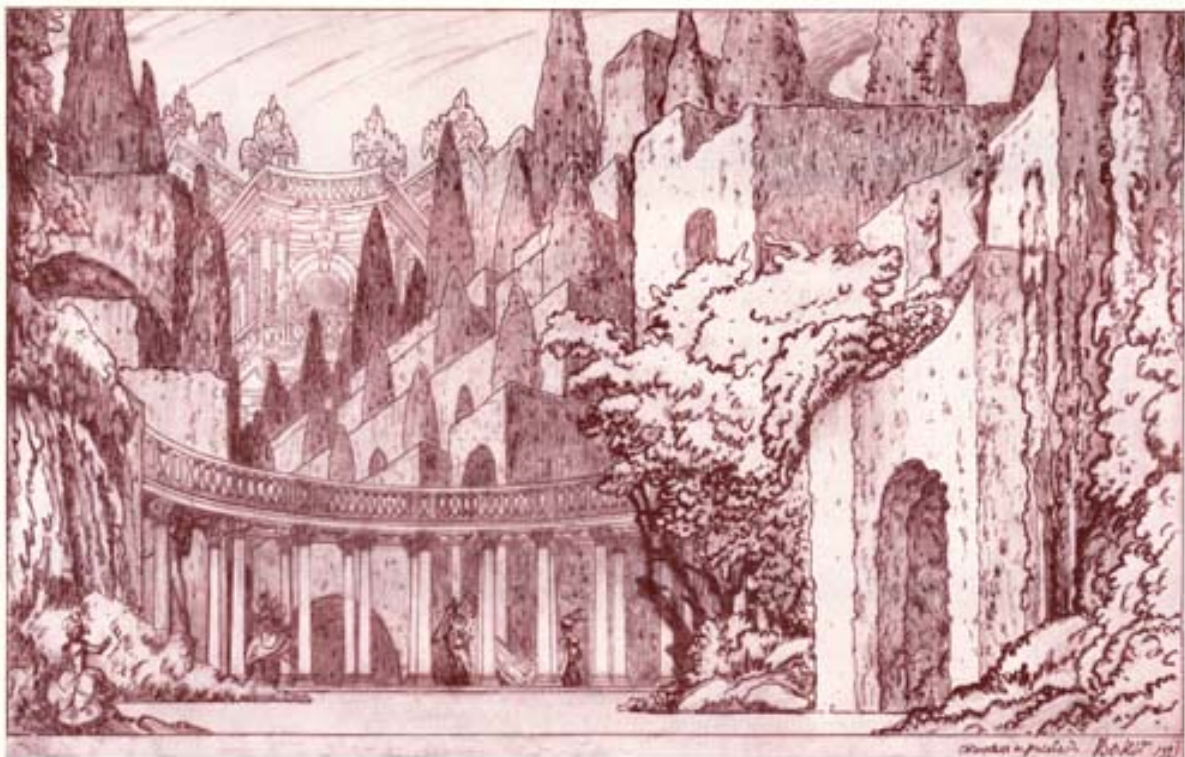
Dance Frock in soft georgette with simple crossover bodice, skirt having a novel touch composed of strands of smooth leather, dead or match georgette, arranged in rows and finished at waist with a cluster of styled netting or mesh. In Royal, Blue, Flesh Pink, Black, etc.
Price 8½ Gns.

Delicate Dance Frock in sheer net with the new full long skirt with panel sides which give an old-world style to gown. The simple bodice is arranged in crossover pattern and finished at waist with bunches of velvet grapes to tone with gown. In Mauve, Cerise, Blue and many other beautiful shades.
Price 8½ Gns.

Dance Frock in fine quality georgette with side bunches of narrow satin ribbons arranged in rows, simple patterned bodice, finished at waist with cluster of shaded steel, blue, In Blue, Cerise, Rose, Mauve, Lavender and Pink and other beautiful shades.
Price 8½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS of Knightsbridge

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD.
KNIGHTSBRIDGE :: LONDON, S.W.1



THE GARDEN OF KING FLORESTAN

Scene of the Second Act by Leon Bakst

Copyright by Leon Bakst, 1912

MORALITÉ

Attendez quelque temps pour avoir un Epoux,
Hélas bien fait, riche et digne,
La chose est assez naturelle,
Mais l'attente est sans et toujours en danger,
On ne trouve plus de filleule,
Qui daignât si troussellement,
La Fable sensible encor vouloir nous faire entendre,
Que souvent de l'Hymen les agréables noues,
Pour être difficiles n'en sont pas moins hostiles,
Et qu'on ne peut rien pour attendre ;
Mais le vers avec tant d'achèter,
Après à la fin conjugale,
Que je n'ai pas le bon ni le meur,
De lui proposer cette Morale.

CHARLES PERRAULT.

MORAL

Ye Maid, be stout some while a love's fond,
Rich, fitful, debonaire as Phoebus,
Is reason ; and who leaves an idle in attend
Goes talbone unrequited in the end —
"What ? no one like us for a limited time !"
There, heh-heh ! I understand, my dear.

ANOTHER

Further, the story would suggest a doubt,
That marriage may be happier when deliver'd —
"Deliver'd !" you cry — "Deliver'd," I see you posit,
— We'll skip this moral, and attempt a third.

ANOTHER

Thirdly, our fable then appears to prove
Disparity of years no bar to love,
Child's Age and Youth — but that's an ancient quarrel,
And I'll not interfere. There's no third moral,
Translated by Sir ARTHUR S. QUILLER-COUCH.

VICKERY'S THE HOUSE for GIFTS

INSPECTION COURTEOUSLY INVITED
OR CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE



The very Latest in Cigarette Cases for Ladies

CHARMING

REAL ONYX

PLAIN OR INLAID WITH VARIOUS
BORDERS OR MONOGRAMS

- Plain Onyx, with silver gilt, from £7 7 0
- With Inlaid Border Lapis, Turquoise,
Shell Pink or Malachite - - - £8 18 6
- Inlaid Border, with Gold Mounts £13 13 0
- Also with Inlaid Ring Centre (no
border) - - - - - £8 10 0
- With Inlaid Bow and Ring - - £10 17 6

Inlaid Monograms from 2 Guineas.





IN our uncertain climate a gas fire is just the thing for old people. Though the evening turn chilly the after dinner game of patience may still be enjoyed.

By lighting a match and turning a tap the room may be made warm and cosy in five minutes.

THE GAS LIGHT & COKE COMPANY

Horseferry Road, Westminster, S.W. 1

AN ADMIRABLE WORK IN PREPARATION BY
LÉON BAKST



THE
SLEEPING
PRINCESS



Volume de grand luxe
published under the direction of
LÉON BAKST
and ornamented by him
with titles, headings, initial letters and tail-pieces



This magnificent volume will contain
full page reproductions in colors of :

8 Scenes
40 Costumes
10 Designs



This edition is sold by subscription for
TWELVE GUINEAS

Send your subscription to
M. DE BRUNOFF
Art publisher
32, Rue Louis-le-Grand — PARIS