BLANCHE WALSH

And Scenes from her Great Production of "RESURRECTION"

BLANCHE WALSH, after an absence of an even two years, comes back to Seattle and the Grand tonight with her original company and massive production of Tolstoy's "Resurrection." Seattle will see the same complete presentation that New York saw for four months at the Victoria Theatre. The local sale of seats has been enormous and Miss Walsh will play to the capacity of the Grand each night. The play will be given for four evenings and at a matinee on Wednesday.

The story of "Resurrection" is that of a woman condemned for a crime and exiled to Siberia, but not for having attempted the life of the Czar nor for having plotted against the government. Her downfall was due originally to the lustful passion of a libertine whose conscience was not stricken at the time, but who lives to see in her degradation the terrible result of the dishonor he brought upon her. The dramatic contention of the play lies in the man's self-imposed task of bringing about her moral resurrection and incidentally his own redemption, the consummation of which is the final denouement. The story is one common enough to every country and every race. On the one hand it shows the result of a woman's error in a new way, an error engendered by the same passion that under different circumstances develops and brings out all that is noblest, best and most sacred in womanhood—love.

On the other hand, it fastens the crime of sensuality on the man equally with the woman, in which respect it deals out numerous uncompromising and searching truths. The action of the play presents a variety of scenes and many contrasted character types which entirely eliminate the atmosphere of gloom, but without lessening the dramatic intensity which one would naturally associate with such a plot. That it gives a magnificent opportunity to the actress fortunate enough to be cast for Maslova is evidenced by the fact that it has established the fame of the three actresses who have essayed the role. In Paris it is Madame Rady, who was comparatively unknown before the production of "Resurrection" in that city, and in London Miss Lena Ashwell has earned all the credit for the play's success, even though the famous English actor Beerbohm Tree is the producer and the star of the cast.

Blanche Walsh's success is probably the greatest of the three. Not in a decade has an American actress attracted such extravagant praise as has Blanche Walsh for her portrayal of Maslova, and no other actress in America today is so much talked about. Blanche Walsh is a very young woman, not yet 30 years of age, and therefore, when some of her critics refer to her as the American Duse, they are merely anticipating the esteem which is bound to be accorded her by the public of this country to which her fortunes may take her.

Being asked by the New York World to describe her own views on Maslova's character and her personal sensation in depicting this scene, and how she could bring herself to sacrifice her beauty to such a role, she wrote in part as follows:

"My mind alternately wanders back to the innocent Katusha of the prologue and forward to the denouement when her resurrection takes place. I feel that if the depths of depravity are not sounded here, as Tolstoy evidently intended they should be, the glory of her resurrection is in that extent undulled.

"For those who would carp at this picture of vice, when it is so palpably shown as a means to extol Virtue, I would have you quote in the largest possible type across the double page of your journal the words of St. Luke:

"JOY SHALL BE IN HEAVEN OVER ONE SINNER THAT REPENTETH, MORE THAN OVER NINETY AND NINE JUST PERSONS WHO NEED NO REPENTANCE.

"He or she from whom the play 'Resurrection' does not in certain of its phases arouse the most joyous emotions of which we are capable, is, I fear, to be pitied. I would ask such a one to take the manuscript of the play and read it aloud from first to last.

"If, when Maslova has been finally redeemed through the explation of a tortured conscience and ennobling love, she utters those words on that beautiful Easter morning in the Siberian desert, 'Christ is risen!' if, I say, there be any woman of intelligence and bless with the most radiant physical charms who would then have any feeling of having sacrificed her beauty, and whether she would not rather consider she was thereby declaring her worship for the beautiful, then I do not know womankind and I am very ignorant of human motives.

"This aside, we are told art is beautiful, and whether my beauty is sacrificed or not, depends upon my worthiness to dwell in her temple. Suffice it to say, I implicitly believe that as a play 'Resurrection' will exert an influence for good even greater than it did as a novel. The youth of either sex who witness its performance cannot help but be ennobled by its precepts and its aims.