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H I M A L A .

I. The curtain rises upon a drift of grey and silver clouds moving from Left to Right, which terminates in a gauze veil that remains permanently between the audience and the scene. As the last clouds vanish, a view of the ice peaks of the Himalayas, under the afternoon sun, is seen. The summit of the central peak is composed of yourself.

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(I suggest the music merely as a personal impression. Monsieur de Bussy will enter into the spirit of the matter as readily as myself, if he cares for the idea at all) I would suggest for the cloud prelude a motif, which in a more intense form and with an increased sense of cold and loneliness can be used for the finale. The sun is shining brightly, but the incessant wind is icy cold.

There should be no great difficulty in arranging for yourself an almost startling resemblance to the form taken by a peak of ice and rock. ( I should be loth to compare you to her physically, but there is a view of the Matterhorn, which is simply a mile-high statue of Queen Victoria!) You should have streamers of gauze from your shoulders and a diaphanous skirt of gauze. I dislike spangles, but you know best if the suggestion of ice could be best given by their use or not. On your head you would wear a single huge diamond - (perhaps the white topaz I gave you might serve



the purpose.) On your breast you should have chains and centres of turquoise in the Tibetan manner, and the general effect, though carried out only in diamonds and turquoises, would be rather like your attire as Salome. The skirt would of course carry out the idea of a snow field; but you know best about the details. You are seated, not in a gap in the ice peaks, but up against something that will still suggest your presence when you have left your seat.

2. The sense of remoteness and austerity is still emphasised by the music, and you remain motionless for a full minute.

At the end of that time two belated Tibetan travellers, wrapped in heavy dark red duffle, (more like horse-blankets than anything else) lay a small offering of flowers on the ground far below you, reverently set up little prayer flags, add a stone to the heap that marks the top of the Pass, and let loose little scraps of tissue paper. One of them makes a motion to move up stage towards you, and as he does so the music changes to a note of warning. A very slight blue colour comes over you, and the scene darkens. Before, however the Tibetan has set his foot upon even the lowest of the rocks on which you are seated, his companion hastily pulls him back. The sky clears, and the music resumes its serenity. As the two Tibetans move off L., unseen by them, you stretch your arms in blessing over their heads with a gracious smile.



3. An unusually elaborate sunset effect must now be arranged. The best known effect of all the Himalayas from one end to the other is the rose-pink of Kang-chen-junga standing out after the sunset has died down, against the deepening purple of the night. For another minute you remain motionless, and then, as the pink light gives place to moonlight, you rise and descend very slowly to the stage. The music at this point is the music of the devils of the Pass, in whom the Tibetans most firmly believe. (It would be more suggestive of a shrill wind moaning through an empty house while a storm is going on outside, than anything else. A skirling, whirling accompaniment: The Brocken is the kind of picture wanted. Your first dance now begins. It should be dignified, kindly, and more statuesque than at any other period of the "melodrame." Another belated Tibetan, crouching and muffled, makes his way across the front of the stage. He sees you, and with a scream shuffles off L. In the middle of this third part the utter pitch of loneliness and cold is to be suggested. You retire and take up a new position at the foot of the rocks, as indistinguishable from them as possible, and the music suggests tense waiting, at last broken by a distinct blend of European music, to announce the coming of the daring mountaineer. He is seen