

Andrew Crowther

This file contains the slides from the talk on W.S. Gilbert

Given by

Andrew Crowther

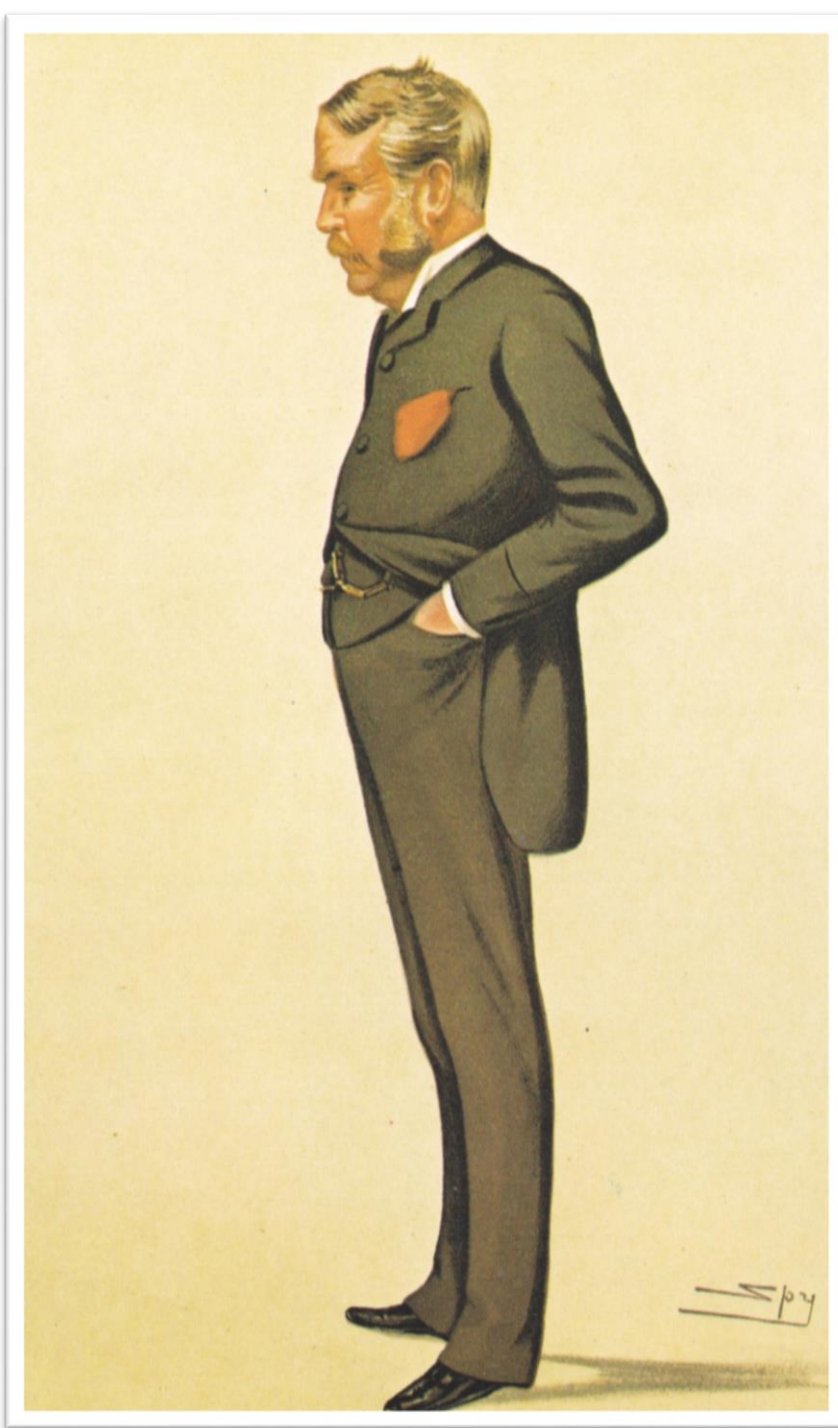
At

Manchester Gilbert and Sullivan Society

3rd February 2015



**1. Vanity Fair
portrait of Gilbert
by "Spy" (1881)**



Gilbert to Sullivan:

Anxious as I am, and have always been, to give due weight to your suggestions, the time has come when I must state—and I do so with great reluctance—that I cannot consent to construct another plot for the next opera.



Sullivan to Gilbert:

The tone of your letter convinces me that your decision is final and therefore further discussion is useless. I regret it very much.

It seemed like the end of the great partnership. A day or so later Gilbert was striding up and down his library in the new house at Harrington Gardens, fuming at the impasse, when a huge Japanese sword decorating the wall fell with a clatter to the floor. Gilbert picked it up. His perambulations stopped. 'It suggested the broad idea,' as he said later. His journalistic mind, always quick to seize on topicalities, turned to a Japanese Exhibition which had recently been opened in the neighbourhood. Gilbert had seen the little Japanese men and women from the

¹ *The Letters of Bret Harte*, edited by Geoffrey Bret Harte (Hodder & Stoughton), 1926.

Exhibition shuffling in their exotic robes through the streets of Knightsbridge. Now he sat at his writing desk and picked up the quill pen. He began making notes in his plot-book.

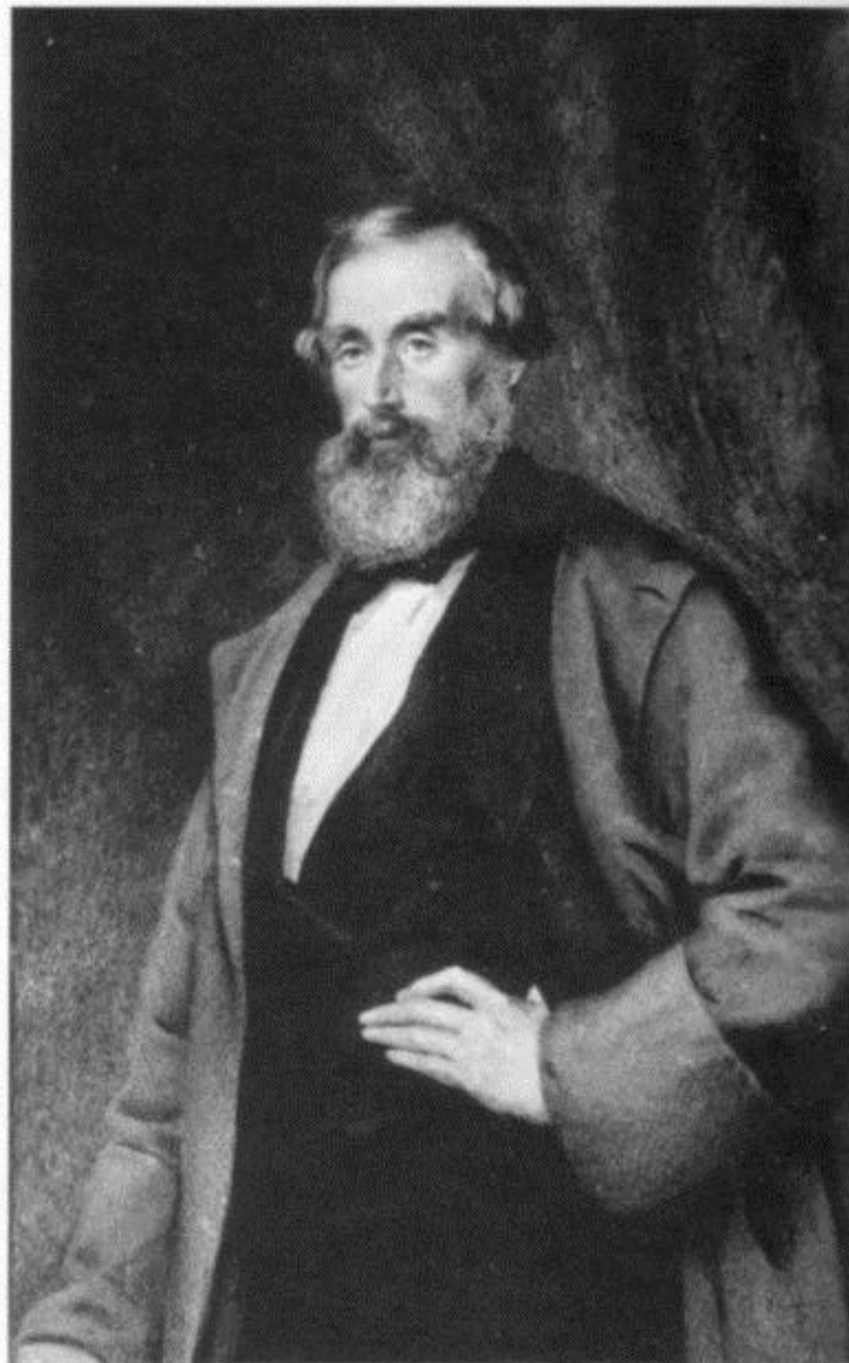
For several hours he scribbled down the pictures that were forming in his imagination. He saw the big Japanese sword carried across the shoulder of a diminutive Japanese executioner. He dipped his pen in the inkwell, and drew out a fat blob of unction: 'Pooh-Bah may be described without any hesitation as one of the most remarkable characters in ancient or modern history.'¹

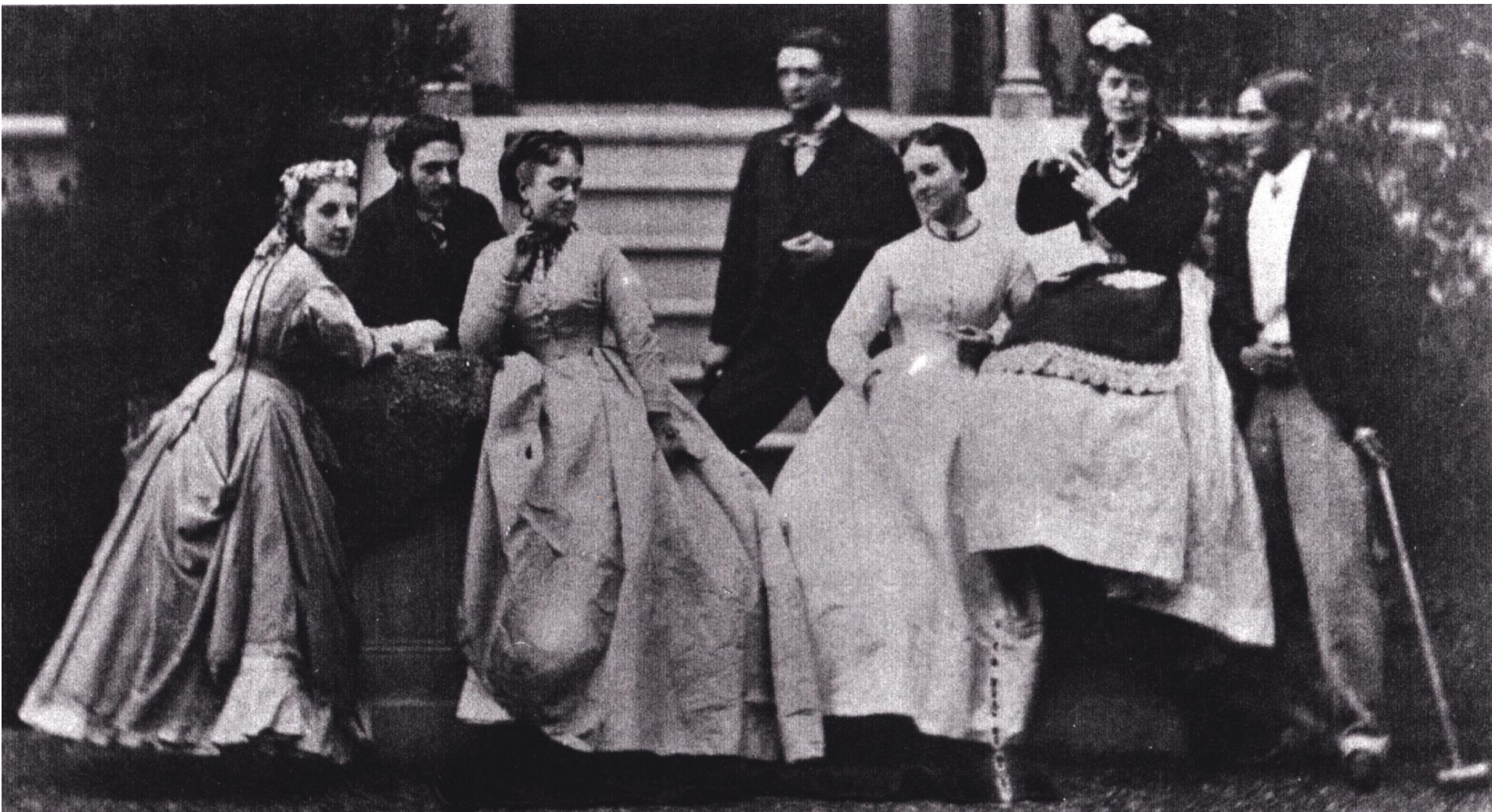
2. The writing of "The Mikado", from *The Gilbert and Sullivan Book* by Leslie Baily (1952)



3. Jim Broadbent as Gilbert in Mike Leigh's "Topsy-Turvy" (1999)

4. Portrait of William Gilbert, W S Gilbert's father





5. Photo of two of Gilbert's sisters (centre), reprinted in "Dressed to Impress" by Christina Walkley (1989)

William Schwenck Gilbert.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I HAVE been asked by the editor of this Magazine to give an account of myself. I was born on the 18th of November, 1836, at 17, Southampton Street, Strand. I was educated privately at Great Ealing and at King's College, intending to finish up at Oxford. But in 1855, when I was nineteen years old, the Crimean war was at its height, and commissions in the Royal Artillery were thrown open to competitive examination. So I gave up all idea of Oxford, took my B.A. degree at the University of London, and read for the examination for direct commissions, which was to be held at Christmas, 1856. The limit of age was twenty, and as at the date of examination I should have been six weeks over that age I applied for and obtained from Lord Panmure, the then Secretary of State for War, a dispensation for this excess, and worked away with a will. But the war came to a rather abrupt and unexpected end, and no more officers being required, the examination was indefinitely postponed. Among the blessings of peace may be reckoned certain comedies, operas, farces, and extravaganzas which, if the war had lasted another six weeks, would in all probability never have been written. I had no taste for a line regiment, so I obtained, by competitive examination, an assistant clerkship in the Education Department of the Privy Council Office, in which ill-organized and ill-governed office I spent four uncomfortable years. Coming unexpectedly into possession of a capital sum of £300, I resolved to emancipate myself from the detestable thralldom of this baleful office; and on the happiest day of my life I sent in my resignation. With £100 I paid my call to the Bar (I had previously entered myself as a student at the Inner Temple), with another £100 I obtained access to a conveyancer's chambers; and with the third £100 I furnished a set of chambers of my own, and began life afresh as a barrister-at-law. In the meantime I had made my appearance in print. My very first plunge took place in 1858, I think, in connection with the late Alfred Mellon's Promenade Concerts. Madame Parepa-Rosa (at that time Mdlle. Parepa), whom I had known from babyhood, had made a singular success at those concerts with the laughing-song from

7. first page of W S Gilbert's "Autobiography", from "The Theatre", April 1883

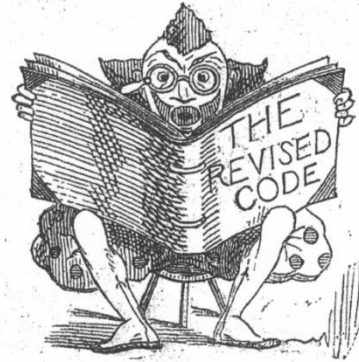
FUN.



INSPECTOR:—"I CANNOT RECOMMEND YOUR SCHOOL FOR A GRANT. THIS DISGRACEFUL CHILD IS THREE YEARS OLD, AND IS UNFAMILIAR WITH THE FIRST FOUR RULES OF ARITHMETIC!"

POOR VICAR:—"THEN, SIR, AS I CANNOT DISCHARGE EVERY SCHOOL EXPENSE OUT OF MY INCOME OF £150, I MUST CLOSE MY SCHOOL."

THE EDUCATION OFFICE, AGAIN.



WILL assuredly prove the death of Mr. LOWE, and Mr. LOWE's evasions, excuses, and explanations, would assuredly prove the death of us, if laughter could send us to our grave. That right honourable but unhappy gentleman was called to task the other night by LORD R. CRECH, to account for various acts of breach of faith committed by the Committee of Education towards the House of Commons and the public. He was charged (among other delinquencies) with having sent, or caused to be sent, divers notices to divers schools,

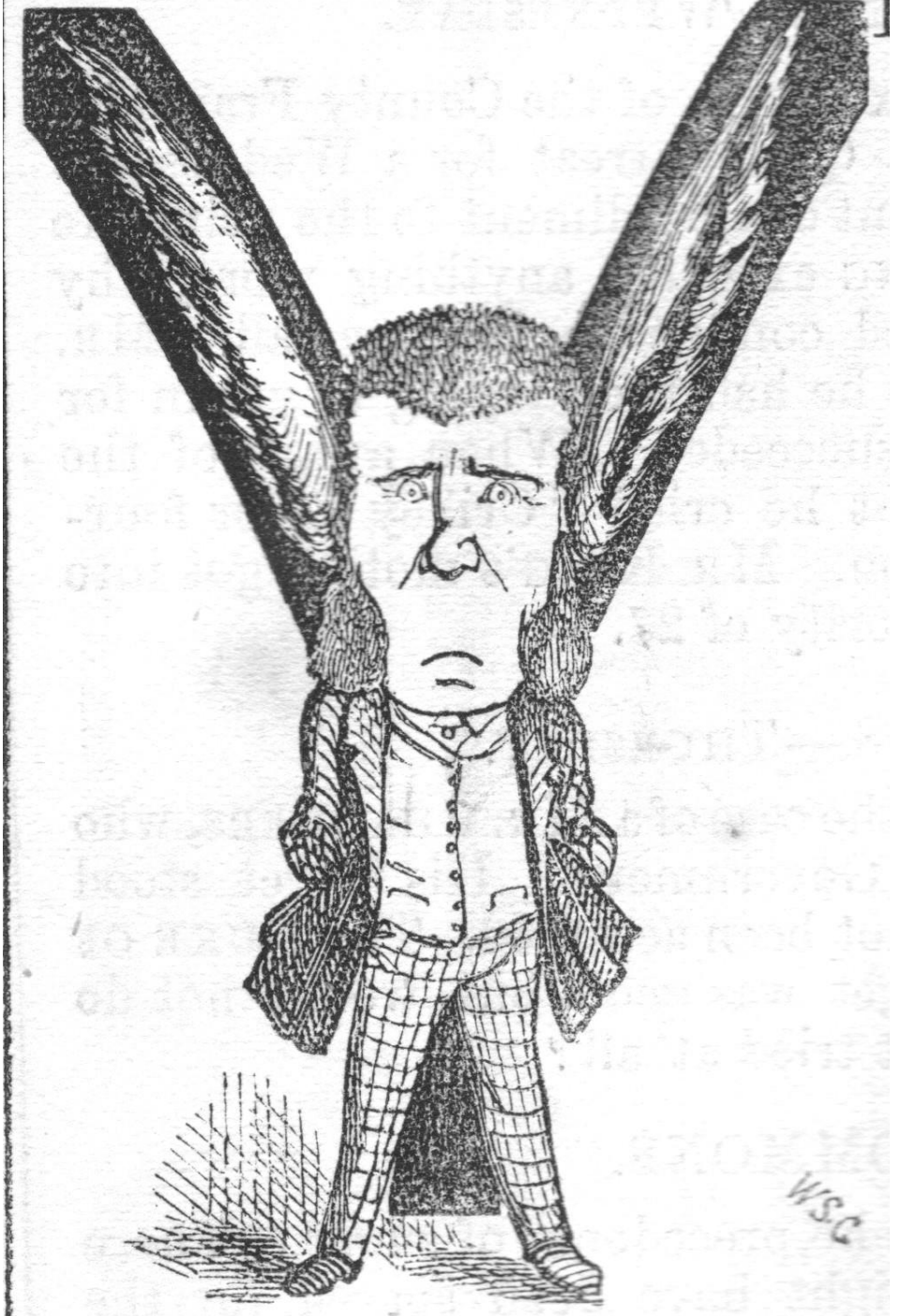
to the effect that all payments made after the 1st of November, 1861, would be governed by the principles of the Revised Code, whereas, Mr. LOWE had informed the House in unmistakable terms, that that Code could not, under any possible circumstances, come into operation before July, 1862. Poor Mr. LOWE's reply to this charge is remarkable, for it teaches us the system (or rather the want of it) upon which official correspondence of the gravest importance is conducted in Government offices. He says: "We correspond with some 6,000 or 7,000 schools, and it is impossible for me or for any other person to be responsible for every letter."

We have not the good fortune to occupy an arm-chair in a Government office,—we wish we had, for Government service always appears to us to combine the maximum of authority with the minimum of responsibility,—and therefore we cannot lay claim to any personal familiarity with the methods upon which business is transacted in the various public departments; but we venture humbly to suggest that letters despatched from a Government office are, as a rule, adorned with a signature of some kind, and experience has taught us that the person who signs a letter is usually held responsible for its contents. Mr. LOWE goes on to say that the statement that such letters have been sent to various schools, "*is not in accordance with our practice*, because we have in innumerable cases, since the notice was given on the 23rd of September, consented to the apprenticeship of fresh pupil-teachers under the old code."

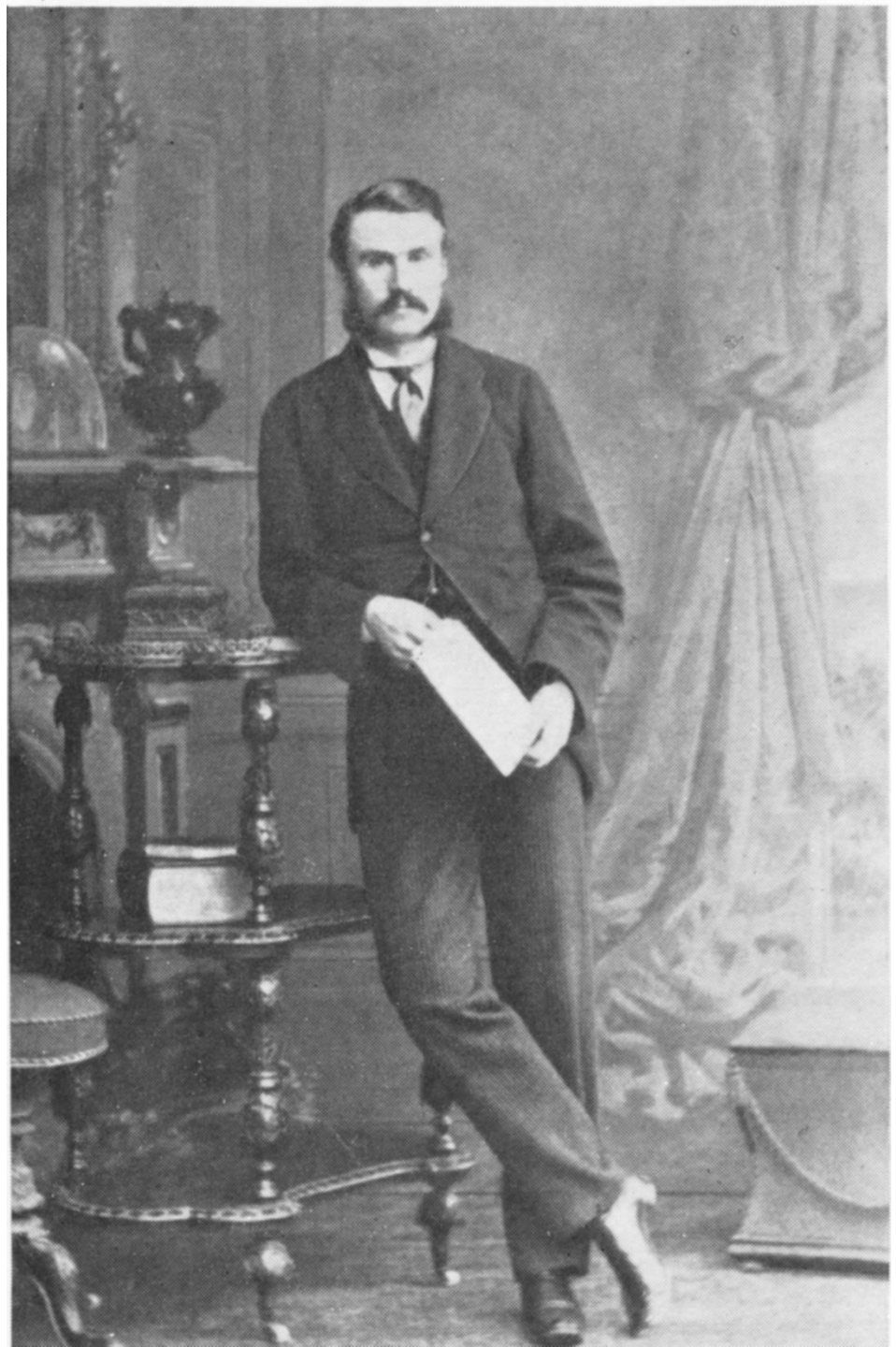
Now, who is the audacious Education-office subordinate who has dared, on his own responsibility, to dictate to managers of schools terms which Mr. LOWE publicly declares to be at variance with the principles and practice of the office? If we were in Parliament (which we are never likely to be), we would insist upon having the name of that subordinate, and we would move to have his official stool drawn from under him, and his official pen plucked from behind his ear; and we would have him drummed out of the service, as who had drawn down public obloquy upon the unoffending head of his department by fraudulently making him responsible for a gross violation of the commonest principles of truth and justice. One thing is very clear; although Mr. LOWE may be the head of his own department, he is certainly not captain of his own ship.

9. "The Education Office, Again",
possibly by Gilbert, from "Fun," 15
March 1862

10. caricature of Ralph Lingen by
Gilbert, "Fun," 23 April 1864



11. Young Gilbert, 1868



MEN WE MEET.

BY THE COMIC PHYSIOGNOMIST.

HIS SCHOOLFELLOWS, AND WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEM.

The C. P. has reason to believe that he was not at all a nice boy, and this impression is strengthened by the evidence of those who were at school with him then, and who have the pleasure of his acquaintance now. These are few in number, and generally limited in intelligence, and the C. P. would, as a rule, hesitate to accept their opinion on any point unless it happened to agree with his own. His experience of schoolfellows generally is to the effect that they invariably turn out badly in after life. The most talented boys appear, somehow, to make the most hopelessly plodding men, and those who at school were remarkable for sullen dullness have, in many cases, developed into prodigies of discreditable acuteness. He has the misfortune to know but six of his old schoolfellows who have at all realized in their middle age the promises (or, rather, threats) of their youth. The others have all dropped off one by one—two are atoning for their errors in penal servitude; one is a billiard-marker (he was a mild boy this one, with harmless fancies for keeping rabbits, but he went wrong); another lives by whist in a cavalry regiment; another—a very good heavy lad—presides at a mock auction; another—a smart dashing boy, with depraved tastes—is a hopelessly stupid old curate, with a fat wife and seventeen children; one is a policeman (oh, what a LIAR he was!); and fifteen others have taken to the disreputable course of life of chairmen of joint-stock companies.

Six only remain to the C. P. (thank gracious!), and he has reason to believe that at least three of them are under the surveillance of a watchful police.

This is one of them, as he was and as he is. He was a very dirty boy, was this one, with an unpleasant habit of dissecting mice, and making their skins into purses, which he used to sell at an extravagant rate of profit. He was a sharp boy, and used to make a great deal of money by a variety of ingenious methods—among others, by assuming to himself the responsibility of all thrashable crimes at a shilling a crime. He also established a Provident Benefit Society; its principal rule was that its members paid him twopence a week for certain advantages, to accrue at the end of twelve months. One of these advantages was that at the expiration of that period all the members were to be invited to his father's "place" (which was in Brompton-square) for the holidays—another was a right to share in all hampers which might from time to time be forwarded to him for his enjoyment. The C. P. believes he meant well, though somehow the hampers didn't come, but that wasn't his fault, for he wrote for them. He certainly invited us all to his father's "place" in a most honourable and straightforward manner, but when it came to the point, he told us with tears in his eyes, that his father (an unreasonable old boor) declined most positively to extend his hospitality to the thirty-five members of the society for the paltry five weeks of vacation. The ingenious youth subsequently went into the Church, and then (by some process with which the Dean of Arches had something to do) out of it. He is now doing extremely well as a philanthropic lecturer and discounter of bills to a Young Noblemen's Christian Association (Limited).

The next was a very dashing lad indeed. He was always remarkable for a very tasty fancy in waistcoats, and his collars were calculated to excite the envy and admiration of Society at Large. He was a great deal more of a man than any other boy of his age ever was. He had rings, two watches, a pistol, a musical-box, a steam engine, yellow hair, a real yacht cannon (which he used to discharge, in his own honour, on his birthdays), half-a-crown a week, and a guardian. Altogether he was a most enviable young person. He had many

special privileges—wine at dinner, a separate room, and a half-holiday whenever he wanted it. It was darkly hinted that he had, through his guardian, advanced incalculable sums to the Doctor, and that he had that eminent ecclesiastic entirely under his thumb. He left us for Oxford, on his way to Parliament, and turned up twenty years afterwards as a General Broker and Commission Agent, having passed a portion of the interval as a pushing traveller in the fancy silk line. He then set up as a shawl merchant and boarding-house keeper, and eventually as the proprietor of a flashy restaurant in Leicester-square. This flashy restaurant took him through the Court, and he came out of it in the capacity of a General Broker, with astonishing facilities for procuring curious port and old masters at a nominal figure.

Poor Old Fagg! Almost the only one (except the C. P.) whose subsequent career has been comparatively respectable! Old Fagg (he was always old Fagg) was the heaviest, the stupidest, the dirtiest, the clumsiest, the most cowardly, and generally the most incompetent boy in the school. He never had any money, or any letters, or anybody to call upon him, or anywhere to go during the holidays, or enough clean collars. He had a shock head of brown, towzled hair, into which we used to put spiders and black-beetles. Nothing would ever induce him to fight anybody, but he stood a licking like a brick. Poor Old Fagg is a doctor now—a hopeless doctor enough, but quite good enough, of course, for a country union and provincial hospital, which is all the practice he can boast of. He has lost his shock head now, but as a set-off he has acquired a feeble development of whiskers on the cheek bones, and a puffy jowliness about the neck, which suggests a crowd of contagious diseases within him, struggling to break forth and assert themselves in the usual way, but all crowding so, that none can escape.

This was a very knowing lad indeed—a youth who was generally supposed to be thoroughly versed in all the dark, winding alleys of life in its most discreditable aspects. He professed to know all sorts of strange people—jockeys, Lords of the Treasury, clowns, judges, light-house-keepers, detectives, prize-fighters, and dancers. He was very knowing about horses, and



12. Column by Gilbert about life at school, "Fun," 9 February 1867

THE COMIC PHYSIOGNOMIST.

CHAPTER XIV.

SEC. 1.—THE COMIC PHYSIOGNOMIST IN A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

"For I'm a West-end Government Clerk
And I've got no work to do!"—"Fun," Vol. I.



ABOURING night and day for the last thirteen weeks as the C. P. has for the benefit of his readers, and feeling quite done up, as he did at the end of that period, he determined to recruit his health (which was beginning to suffer—nay, start not, oh reader, for he is better—dry that tear), by taking a little holiday. He felt convinced that by so doing he would come out stronger, if possible, than ever, and his fertile brain suggested to him a plan by which he might employ his gigantic faculties in acquiring a store of information for his readers' improvement, while at the same time he could indulge in a condition of apathetic indolence absolutely Eastern in its character. In other words he gratified a poor devil of a minister who is constantly boring the C. P. to be allowed to do that philosopher a favour, by requesting him to procure for the C. P. the post of junior clerk in the Thread-paper and Battle-axe Department.

The delighted minister, who endeavoured (but in vain) to induce the C. P. to accept a secretaryship, immediately placed a clerkship at his disposal; and the Civil Service Commissioners were so struck by the C. P.'s look of intelligence (when they heard who he was) that they not only declined to examine him, but prostrating themselves abjectly before him, offered up to him a grateful sacrifice of sandwiches and very fair sherry. With a sense of the appropriate, which did more honour to their hearts than to their heads, they despatched a messenger to ASTLEY'S (where a morning performance of the pantomime was taking place), to request the spirited lessee to send over to Dean's Yard, for immediate use, thirty of the loveliest coryphæes in his company to dance before the C. P., whom the Commissioners were then entertaining at lunch, with sandwiches and very fair sherry. Accordingly, thirty ballet girls, as ordered, drove up in fifteen four-wheelers, and bored the C. P. excessively by grouping before him as if he had been a King in a burlesque, and had given the word, "Let the revels commence!" The C. P. soon put a stop to this by circulating the remainder of the sandwiches and very fair sherry among the fairies, and then dismissing them with a blessing.

SEC. 2.—OF THE PEOPLE THE C. P. MET IN THE GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

"Take office head!"—New reading of a Passage in Richard III.

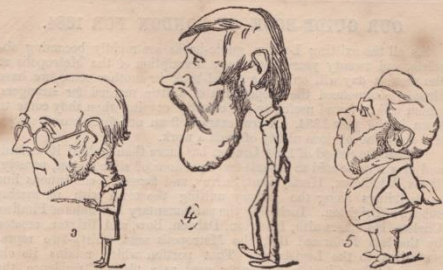
THE C. P. on entering the Thread-paper and Battle-axe Department in the capacity of junior clerk, made these important discoveries:—

1. That it was expected of him that he should not wear light neck-ties or a beard.
2. That provided he blinded his official superiors by humiliating himself before them three times a day, he might consult his own tastes as to the amount of work he chose to do.
3. That a government office is a capital place in which to write copy on other people's paper.

The C. P. was not long before he had made mental memoranda of his fellow-officials. The head of his department is represented in the initial letter to this chapter. As the C. P. has already described a Government secretary to the life, he will not stop to dilate upon this gentleman's merits, but will content himself by remarking that the aforesaid description applies in every respect to the secretary of the Thread-paper and Battle-axe Department.

1.—A PROUS CLERK, who is always "feeling in to be his duty to report," &c. He is a clerk to the back-bone, writes a hand like copper-plate, and has a poor opinion of all who don't. It is a treat to see him when he imagines that official injustice has been done to him. This is pretty frequently the case, for being a mere machine he is treated accordingly by his official superiors, and is often superseded. He saves money, and notwithstanding his serious frame of mind, has a secret weakness for flashy jewellery.

2.—THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.—This is a very



fine fellow indeed. He has a diplomatic turn of mind, and a taste for official routine. He is, perhaps, the younger son of a noble but hard-up house. He is extremely gentlemanly, and when he *does* snub his juniors he does it so blandly, that they rather like it than otherwise. He will eventually get into parliament, and obtain a minor ministerial appointment.

3.—THE LAW-STATIONER'S CLERK.—This poor fellow is the drudge of the office generally, and of specimen No. 1 in particular. He is a quiet, inoffensive old gentleman (he is a gentleman), who has seen better days. He is not bright, but he is very patient, and has need for all the patience at his command.

4.—THE OFFICIAL SNEAK.—This is a repulsive creature, and there is a specimen of him in every Government office in England. He is a pale man, usually with red hair, and is always in a cold perspiration. He is a shambling, knock-kneed fellow, and generally drops his h's.

5.—THE OFFICE KEEPER.—This gentleman was probably a minister's butler, and consequently he combines the servility of the flunkey with the bullying of a parish-head. He has a nicely graduated scale of respect, and seldom says "sir" to anything under £500 a-year.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

OUR OWN MEDIUM OF INTER-COMMUNICATION FOR EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING.

RAMBLING lately over Hastings Castle, I observed a small boy throwing stones from the cliff into the town beneath. On my remonstrating with him, and asking why he did so, he replied in the dialect of the county, "Because ay laikes." Can any of your correspondents who may be members of the Sussex Archaeological Society inform me if this answer had any reference to the custom of eating geese on Michaelmas day? Or was it merely a rustic colloquialism to be traced to our Norman conquerors?—A. S. S.

In a rare old MSS. of the reign of ELIZABETH, lately discovered by an enterprising mudlark among the debris of Hungerford Bridge, the following passage occurs: "Ande on thatie daye ourre Bille dyd have hys cornes cutte, wherethe I was moch rejoeyd." Does this refer to SHAKESPEARE; and if so, who was the operator? Considering the near approach of the SHAKESPEARE Celebration (that is to say, provided the Committees make up their differences sufficiently to celebrate anything but themselves), this important question ought to be solved. I should also like to know if the corn referred to was a hard or soft one; as in the case of the latter, I and SHAKESPEARE are very similar, barring a trifling difference in our writings. We know that the bard left his second best bed to his wife on account of her extravagant habits and her custom of always going on tick, and, therefore, I should be much obliged if my present query could be answered as soon as possible.—HAMLET TOMKINS.

It may be interesting to your correspondents in this country to know that the celebrated American game of Poker derived its name from the fact that a short but strong poker is always laid between the players, with which the loser invariably splits open the head of the winner, provided he is a smaller man than himself. Although this innocent little freedom might be objected to in England, yet in the land of freedom, bowie-knives, and civil war, it is regarded as a delicate attention, and a proof of physical prowess, only second to gouging out the eyes of, or ripping up, an unarmed man.—J. B.*

* We do not know for certain, but fancy, from internal evidence, that our correspondent is no other than the well-known Member for Birmingham.

13. Column by Gilbert about life in a government office, "Fun," 6 February 1864

MEN WE MEET.

BY THE COMIC PHYSIOGNOMIST.

THE C. P. IN LOVE.



THE C. P. has no recollection of any period of his career which is not identified in his mind with a romantic association with the name of a beautiful young lady. To love and be loved by an exquisite female is a state of things which has always appeared to his susceptible mind to be the incarnation of earthly happiness—and, so far, he agrees with the poets, a body of men with whom he generally has the misfortune to be at the most utter variance. If his proposition is correct, the C. P. may congratulate himself on being a singularly fortunate philosopher, for he who can boast that he has attained but one half of human felicity, may be said to be a truly happy man. He has always loved an exquisite female—and this is the half upon which he takes the liberty of congratulating himself. It occurs to the C. P. that some portions of the preceding remarks are written in the style of Cicero.

The C. P. is quite alive to the fact that the assertion of his chronic happiness is wholly at variance with statements that have already appeared in these papers to the effect that he is the most miserable of men. But his readers must bear in mind that these compositions are written in detached portions, and that an interval of about a week takes place between the writing of each chapter. Under these circumstances, it often has happened, and often will happen, that the particular state of mind in which he writes one chapter is quite at variance with that which governed the *essence* of the preceding one, and equally so, perhaps, with that which will regulate the one that follows it. The C. P. makes no claim to consistency—that is to say, in his present frame of mind. He is aware that this statement may go far to affect the value of his compositions in the eyes of those who look upon these essays as mere statistical facts; but, on the other hand, he flatters himself that this very inconsistency will invest them with a special interest for those who regard him, not as a mere statist, but as a Great Intellectual Study. The fluctuations of his mental tides, and their regulating influences, are in themselves extremely interesting subjects for analysis, and he confidently recommends them to the attention of the Bæthetic, the Grandly Irrational, and the German.

The C. P. will take the liberty of skipping his earlier adorations—partly because so many years have elapsed since the date of their occurrence, that his recollections on the subject are too hazy to be of any great practical value; and partly because he doubts whether the raw emotions of an inexperienced person of two would be worth embalming in these pages. It will probably suffice to say that he was clandestinely married at that early age in a back garden somewhere in Hammesmith, to a very worthy young person in a quilted satin bonnet and knitted socks, which used to drop off in an inconvenient manner whenever she sneezed, or otherwise exerted herself. The marriage was afterwards set aside on the ground that the officiating priest, her nurse, was not a qualified functionary. From the date of this unhappy affair he has always had the misfortune to fix his affections on the most desirable but, at the same time, the most unattainable objects. Mrs. KEELY, Mrs. BARBAULD (she was dead, but that didn't matter), the female Babe in the Wood, a worthy cook, all the ladies of every *corps de ballet*, his governess, and a beautiful countess—here she is—and Mrs. ELIZABETH FRY, occupied his heart's attention until he was seven. From seven to ten, his affections were divided between his mother's dressmaker and her assistant—he gives their portraits from memory. He is aware that the method of dressing the hair, and the fashion of the bonnets are anachronisms, but he gives his impression of them as it survives in

his memory, modified, of course, as all such recollections must be, by the imperceptible but never ceasing changes of fashion. If the C. P.'s middle-aged readers will be good enough to revive their earliest impressions of their fathers, they will find that they dress these mental photographs, not in the high collars, tight sleeves, and pantaloons of KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, but in the more convenient apparel of the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA. Very well, then!

The C. P. is unable to account for his evil taste in allowing the mature charms of the dressmaker to rival the blushing beauties of her assistant. He supposes that the fact of the dressmaker's wearing a moustache had something to do with it. He remembers, too, that she was a viscountess of some foreign order, whereas her assistant was not, and her exalted rank may have dazzled him. However, it is quite unimportant, for it never came to anything serious, in either case. The C. P. may mention, however, that the viscountess (who was a widow, or something of the kind), eventually married a certain popular demagogue, who lived by taking the chair, at a guinea a time, at Reform and Chartist meetings. He was, also, a Church-rate agitator, an out-of-door preacher, a temperance lecturer, a chairman of Convivial Dogs, and a begging-letter writer. He eventually made a fortune as the proprietor of a religious magazine.

The C. P. goes on to the age of seventeen, when he was at King's College, in the Strand. He gives, on the right and left of the page, the utterly



inadequate portraits of two lovely daily governesses whose sweet faces charmed his dreary trudge from Brompton to the Strand. One was haughty, and treated the C. P. with the contempt which, at that early age, his immature charms deserved. The other, however, seemed to take pleasure in meeting the young philosopher, and in



flushing her bright eyes at him as he blushingly passed. He knows not which of them he loved the most, but his self-pride was nettled by the pretty scorn of the former, and he made a solemn vow that one day she should be his. That vow is but one of many which he has failed to keep. But the space between Knightsbridge-green and the drapery establishment of MESSRS. HARVEY, NICHOL AND CO., is still a hallowed ground to him, and to this day he never passes it without shedding a tear to the memory of the two daily governesses. One of them went out to India and married an ex-Rajah—the other married a dancing-master, and went on the stage.

Here is a lovely creature, who is only identified in the C. P.'s mind with the act of accepting an invitation to dance. He used to meet her at evening parties, where she was always popular, and it was the C. P.'s fate to be always engaged to dance dances with her that never came off. He adored her with all the devotion of a philosopher's heart, and he has reason to believe that his attachment was in some degree reciprocated, but a stern mother—the C. P. has a great mind to give her portrait—always interfered to carry her off before the dance which was to make the C. P. happy.

Here are two more. One who could talk but wouldn't—the other who would talk, but couldn't. The C. P. is eminently a talking philosopher. He prides himself on his flow of agreeable gossip, and he flatters himself that he possesses, in a remarkable degree, the power of drawing out a timid girl. It is his delight to select a young lady, at an evening



14. Column by Gilbert about love, "Fun," 2 March 1867

CHAPTER II.—His SCHOOLMASTERS.

Somebody has remarked that our schooldays are the happiest periods of our lives. The C. P. has no hesitation in recording his conviction that Somebody is an ass. Probably Somebody never went to school at all. The C. P. does not deny Somebody's proposition on the

15. Gilbert comments on school as the happiest days of our lives....
"Fun", 2 February 1867

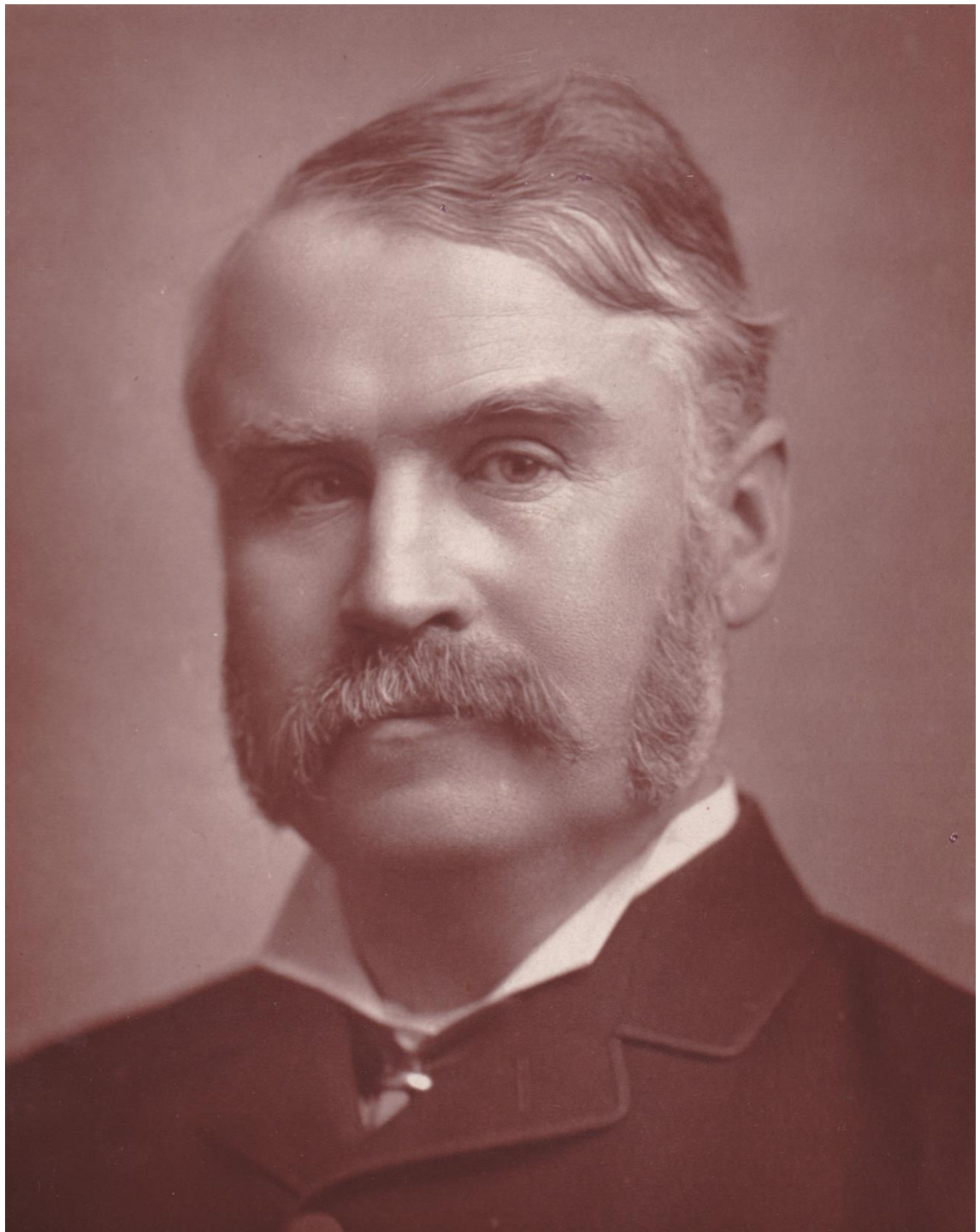
16. Gilbert as "The Ironmaster at the Savoy", cartoon by Alfred Bryan, 1884



17. Detail from a cartoon entitled "The Savoy"
by Alfred Bryan, 1894



18. Photo of Gilbert, 1883



19. Gilbert as Harlequin, 1878





127
 Att. Gen. asks his mother to intercede with Lol. - She cannot - Why?
 Because she is his long lost wife - & to reveal herself
 after such a long absence she ~~desires to die~~ ^{she would be to mean death}
 in Att. Gen. into Lol. ^{Why Att. must die & despair. No - I will}
^{wait myself.}

Scene when Lol & Lol Co. (she revels)

Lol. refuses - he wishes to marry Phyllis himself.

She ~~he~~ explores him not to pass

He insists - He has struggled with his passion but in vain.

There then is only one step to be taken - Behold! (usually)

by long lost wife!

Gen - How the courage of remaining myself is death -

No now!

Love ye outraged fays. & avenge yourselves!

Enter all the fays

They denounce ~~Phyllis~~ Lolanthé

~~She~~ Att. Gen. explores her propensities

Impassable

Lol's pathetic adjuration

Fans all names - even Queen relent ^{Gen.}

Had only way out of difficulty is for ~~att. gen.~~ ^{Gen.} to his

long fays. This he agrees to do.

All the ~~fays~~ ^{fays} by this time love all the fays - they

wish to ^{be} made fays too.

She grants this - Wings appear on shoulder of all - Seven

of seven (who remain Queen) - Finale.

20. from Gilbert's "Iolanthe" plotbook



21. Lucy Gilbert, nee Turner, in 1866 and c.1929

23. Gilbert at Grim's Dyke in the 1890s



24. The Gilbert Memorial on the Embankment



See Andrew Crowther's biography of W.S.Gilbert

"Gilbert of Gilbert & Sullivan: His Life and Character"

Paperback: 272 pages

Publisher: The History Press (1 Oct. 2011)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 075246860X

ISBN-13: 978-0752468600

