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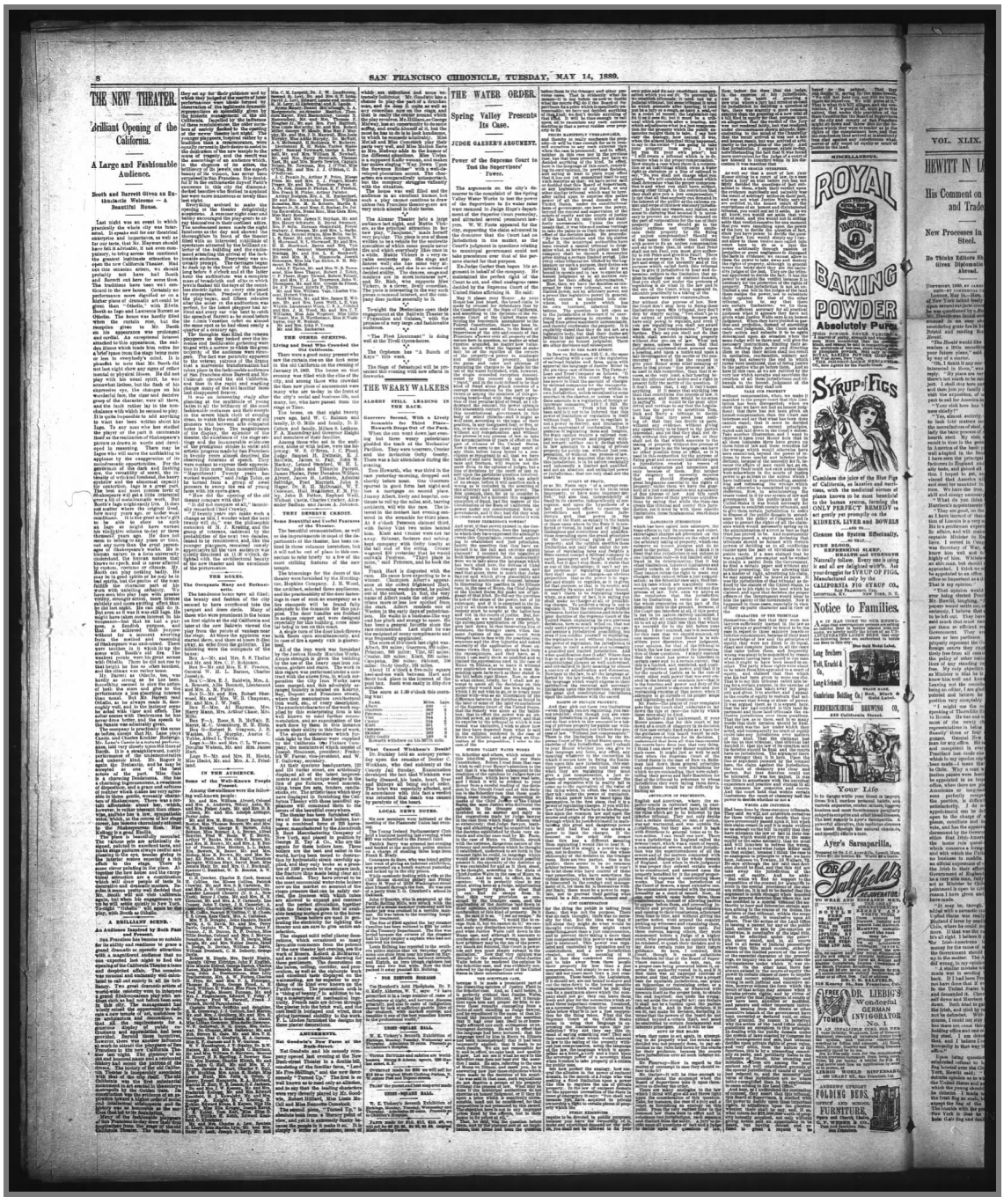

8 SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1889.

THE NEW THEATER.

Brilliant Opening of the California.

A Large and Fashionable Audience.

Booth and Barrett Given an Enthusiastic Welcome — A Beautiful House.

Last night was an event in which practically the whole city was interested. It speaks well for our theatrical enterprise and inspiration, as well as for our taste, that Mr. Hayman should have felt it advisable, it not even necessary, to bring across the continent two such stars as Booth and Barrett to open his new California Theater. Had he run this occasion astern, we should probably not have had Booth and Barrett out here for some time. The traditions of the past are too entwined in the town. Certainly no theater could be dignified or even a better place of dramatic art could be given than "Othello," with Edwin Booth as Iago and Lawrence Barrett as Othello. The house was hardly filled when the curtain rose, but the reception given to Mr. Booth on his appearance was prolonged and cordial. An expensive interior attached to this appearance, the audience whom trade has robbed for a brief space from the stage being more than usually brilliant. It was a goodbye to note that Mr. Booth did not last night show any signs of either mental or physical illness. He did not play with his usual spirit, he was somewhat listless, but the flash of his expressive eye, the changes on his mobile face, the grace of his every group of the character, were all there, and the fault rather lay in the non-elasticity of the audience with which he seemed to play. It is quite impossible to add anything to what has been written about his Iago. To any man who has studied the character, to any man who has read or heard the criticisms of the stage pictures as drawn in words and clevised in meaning. There may be Iagos who will mete the unthinking to applause by the exaggeration of its melodramatic opportunities. For the most part they are Iagos who are vulgar, the versatility of asset, the intensity of wits and treachery, the heavy villainy of the man who is not content for satisfaction. Iago is a great part. The best and most intense lover of Shakespeare will undoubtedly wonder Booth's Iago night easily lies. It does not matter where the original lived, how many years ago, or under what circumstances he lived, he ought not to be able to show as much as Iago as might have worked himself into the character during the thousand years ago. He does not seem to belong to any place or time, and any more than the great representations of Shakespeare's works. He is simply a man to be studied, understood, the human nature read thereto no pinch, and it never altered a single line of expression. Booth's Iago was perfect. It does not matter where the original lived, how many years ago, or under what circumstances he lived, he ought not to be able to show as much as Iago as might have worked himself into the character during the thousand years ago. He does not seem to belong to any place or time, and any more than the great representations of Shakespeare's works. He is simply a man to be studied, understood, the human nature read thereto no pinch, and it never altered a single line of expression. Booth's Iago was perfect.

Everything seemed to make the occasion a brilliant one. The magnificent audience. A summer night the public hardly encouraged the play-goers to remain indoors, and the fashionable world. The fashionable name made the night luminous as the day and showed the fashionable world. The fashionable name made the night luminous as the day and showed the fashionable world. The fashionable name made the night luminous as the day and showed