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O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

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O. G. SONNECK, Editor

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NO. I

TASTE IN MUSIC

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

IF all discussions of taste are relatively unavailing, it is especially futile to discuss Taste in Music; because, in a sense, there is no such thing. I mean by Taste, of course, that instinctive perception of æsthetic excellence which, in the case of a man of literary inclinations, will inevitably dispose him toward M. Rolland's *Jean-Christophe* and as inevitably indispose him toward Mrs. Glyn's *Three Weeks*. And there at once I have indicated, I think, the singular extent to which the art of music, in this as in all respects, stands apart from the other arts.

When you speak of Taste in Literature, or Taste in Painting, or Taste in Drama, you imply a general and instinctive recognition of conformity to an ascertainable ideal. Among connoisseurs of literary art there would be no dissent from the judgement that places among the excelling achievements of poetic inspiration such a thing as this:

Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath. . .

or such a thing as this:

He hath awakened from the dream of life. . .

or this:

The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
Like any hill-flower; and the noblest troth
Dies here to dust. . .

or this:

Brightness falls from the air,
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye. . .

It is as certain that any man of æsthetic discernment, loving poetry, will recognize and avow the excellence of such things as those, as it is certain that he will instinctively reject such a thing as this:

I've measured it from side to side,
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide. . .

even though it was written by a poet of incontestable genius. As for the arts of painting and sculpture, even those redoubtable oracles, the prophets and priests of Futurism, have been known to admit that Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother is meritorious, and that *Le Baiser* of M. Rodin is a noteworthy piece of modeling.

In all the arts save the art of music, we are, in this matter of taste, dealing with a faculty whose operations are normally predictable. For example, you would have no doubt whatever that Mr. W. D. Howells, who notoriously detests romanticism and prefers what he calls "intensive fiction," would nevertheless concede that *Don Quixote* is a great work. And so he does, quite candidly, in a recent essay, even though he anesthetizes his conscience by contending that Cervantes' novel is "composed of agglutinated episodes which are separately of the intensive method." I am convinced, further, that Mr. Howells, who does not love George Meredith, and who inhospitably omitted Diana Warwick and Clara Middleton, Rhoda Fleming and Rose Jocelyn, Carinthia Kirby and Nataly Radnor from his *Heroines of Fiction*, would grant that the love scene between Lucy and Richard Federal is scarcely to be paralleled, for tenderness and lyric beauty, in English fiction. I am equally certain that Matthew Arnold would have praised the grasp of character, the tragic poignancy, and the terrible veraciousness of Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*, though he would probably have gagged a little upon finding such a line as:

Watch out, the potatoes are burning!

in a piece of serious verse, and would, I fancy, have preferred to regard Mr. Masters as a compendious fictionist rather than as a poet. And it is salutary to recall that Pater admired the art with which *Henry Esmond* is composed, though it was written by a man who, in every respect but expressional mastery, differed from himself as does buttermilk from burgundy. I am not forgetting that Swinburne said of Euripides that he was, in comparison with John Webster, "as a mutilated monkey to a well-made

man." But I shall not seek to escape from the apparently damaging effect of that instance by remarking that Swinburne as a critic was violent, venomous, and irresponsible; for it is of course undeniable that men of high critical capacity and penetrating vision have failed to perceive excellences in the work of poets, dramatists, painters, fictionists. My point is that, in respect of these arts, men of sensitive perception and fine æsthetic breeding exhibit, normally, a unanimity of judgement for which we shall seek in vain among connoisseurs of the art of music.

Whenever I think of taste in music, whenever I hear people talk with vague complacency about standards and absolutes as applied to the art of music, several disturbing memories rise to the surface of my mind. I think, first, of that gallant and lamented fighter, the late John F. Runciman, viewing *Parsifal* with a coldly contemptuous eye and concluding that the music is "decrepit stuff"—"the last sad quaverings of a beloved friend." On the other hand, I remember Mr. Ernest Newman telling us that this score is "marvellous"—"in many ways the most wonderful and impressive thing ever done in music." Secondly, I think of Mr. George Bernard Shaw (a reformed but once shameless critic of music) regarding with angry disapproval what many of us have long supposed to be an exalted and beautiful theme: the rapturous melody, first heard in *Die Walküre* at Sieglinde's words, "O hehrestes Wunder, Herrlichste Maid!" which recurs in *Götterdämmerung* toward the end of Brünnhilde's valedictory. Mr. Runciman once spoke of this melody as representing "the great lyrical Wagner"; but Mr. Shaw has no use for it at all: in his view, "it might easily be the climax of a popular sentimental ballad;" it is not only "trumpery," but "the most trumpery theme in the entire Tetralogy"—as if trumpery themes were common and abundant in *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Thirdly, I remember that Vernon Blackburn (like Mr. Runciman, alas! a missing figure—one who could ill be spared—from the critical ranks) regarded Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* as the finest musical work since Wagner, but that Mr. George Moore, who can write shrewdly of music, dismissed it briefly as "holy water in a German beer-barrel." I remember, further, that Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* is considered by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel a score of which "nine-tenths is a dreary monotony," whereas M. Louis Laloy is stirred by it to bushed and reverent emotion. I remember that the love which Mr. Henry T. Finck bears for *Carmen* is paralleled in its intensity by the scorn that M. Jean Marnold heaps upon Bizet's masterpiece. I remember that M. Pierre Lalo said of Debussy's *La Mer*

that the odor of the sea-wind was less perceptible in it than the smell of the lamp on Debussy's desk, while Mr. Philip Hale wrote of it with poetic fervor; that Mr. W. J. Henderson is cool in the presence of Strauss's *Don Quixote*, and that Mr. James Huneker is not.

My reflection upon all this leads me to the unsettling conclusion that here are connoisseurs of music (public commentators necessarily, for purposes of exhibition, since private commentators are unrecorded in history)—men of sensitive and developed perception, of ample culture, of wide æsthetic experience—reacting, in the presence of modern classics and important contemporary works that are still *sub judice*, as if there were no such things as ascertainable standards of judgement; no such things as recognized conceptions of ideal excellence; no such things as touchstones: and, indeed, in relation to the art of music, there obviously are not.

It cannot be said that these startlingly divergent judgements, these grotesquely opposed estimations, these amazing conflicts of appraisal, are due either to a lack of perspective caused by the temporal proximity of the works under discussion, or to an inherent and confusing strangeness of character. *Parsifal* and *Götterdämmerung* and *Carmen* have been before us for more than a generation: they are already classics. *The Dream of Gerontius* is in the long-familiar Wagnerian tradition; and *Don Quixote* and *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *La Mer* had been prefigured for a decade so far as the character of their musical substance is concerned in the earlier works of their authors. I am discussing something more subtle and baffling than the reaction of criticism to dislocating musical innovations—to such musical Futurism as is represented by the later performances of Schönberg and Stravinsky and Ornstein. My special perplexity arises from contemplation of the fact that musical taste—aside from obviously conventional attitudes of veneration and mere fetish-worship—has apparently not yet evolved any workable criteria of appraisal.

This lack is peculiar to music, as I have tried to indicate. Contradictory estimates, of course, are inevitable in the critical evaluation of any art—even such wonted phenomena as M. Maeterlinck and Mr. Henry James, for example, are still somewhat discordantly regarded; and æsthetic controversy is eternal. But neither literary nor artistic taste exhibits anything comparable to the astonishing lack of orientation that is characteristic of musical appreciation. It is impossible to conceive of literary or dramatic criticism being so hopelessly at sea regarding the true status of

The Ring and the Book or *The Weavers* as musical criticism is, for example, in the face of *Parsifal*. Is this music "decrepit stuff" or is it "wonderful and impressive"? It is impossible to say. There is no means, apparently, of finding out. It is easy to determine the value of *The Weavers*. Its qualities may be ascertained and appraised by any observer of intellectual and emotional sensibility. But how is an observer of intellectual and emotional sensibility to know that he has correctly gauged the value of the music of *Parsifal*? If he rates it as a thing of unique and marvellous beauty he will be conscious of the reproachful wraith of Mr. Runciman, and he will also have Mr. James Huneker (surely a formidable antagonist) on his back. If he condemns it, he will have to reckon with that learned and upright judge, Mr. Ernest Newman. Where, then, shall he obtain aid and comfort?

It may be that he will turn for guidance to Mr. Henderson's admirable treatise, *What is Good Music?*—a book that is not only enlightening but deeply enjoyable. He will find there these sentences, in which the italics are mine: "The essential qualities of greatness in a musical subject are not to be described. *The loftiness of their thought commands an immediate recognition from the cultured mind, and that recognition, by force of habit, becomes immediate and almost instinctive.*" But what happens to this comforting assurance in the case of *Parsifal* and Messrs. Runciman, Newman, Huneker, and Mr. Henderson himself?—for he has written with enthusiasm of *Parsifal*. If "loftiness of musical thought" commands, as he says, "an immediate recognition from the cultured mind," we are confronted, in this case, by embarrassing alternatives: Either the musical thought of *Parsifal* is indubitably lofty, and the minds of Mr. Runciman and Mr. Huneker were not cultivated enough to recognize it; or else the musical thought of *Parsifal* is not lofty, and Mr. Newman and Mr. Henderson fail to recognize decrepit stuff when they hear it. There are difficulties involved in either conclusion, and I can only wish that Mr. Henderson had verified his delusive assurances by some such concrete and practical test as I have had to put them to.

It will be remembered that Stevenson in his essay on Style selects for particular celebration that sentence from Milton beginning:

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed.

No one with a sense of the euphony of harmonized syllables and deftly adjusted rhythms could read that haunting sentence

without recognizing its high qualities of beauty and distinction and its perfect art. Now what is it that would certainly prevent a similar unanimity of response if Stevenson had been a connoisseur of music instead of literature, and, in a discourse upon *Style in Music*, had chosen to exhibit, as an example of the perfect contrivance of musical beauty, that famous melody from *Götterdämmerung* to which I have before alluded? Indisputably Wagner is a great master—a greater artist, exerting a more powerful and fecund genius, I believe, than even Milton; yet if a Stevenson turned musical aesthetician had exhibited that melody from *Götterdämmerung*, would he have persuaded Mr. Shaw? We know that he would not. I have no intention of implying that it would be essential to persuade Mr. Shaw, or that it would be calamitous for the art of music not to do so. I use Mr. Shaw merely as a convenient symbol: he stands for those dissenters who counteract the response of the musically susceptible—or who, it may conceivably be, exercise a finer discrimination; for to be bigoted in this matter is to yield the whole case.

It is a good many years since Matthew Arnold told us how to detect poetic excellence by the application of touchstones: "For discovering what poetry belongs to the class of the truly excellent," he advised, we are to have always in mind "lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry." Of course, he continues, "we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them; it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact, we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality, and also the degree of this quality, in all other poetry which we may place beside them." Then followed the famous citations from the *Iliad*, from the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso*, from *Henry IV*, from *Hamlet*, from Milton; and we were assured that if we were thoroughly penetrated by the power of these examples, we should find "that we have acquired a sense enabling us, whatever poetry may be laid before us, to feel the degree in which a high poetical quality is present or wanting there." Critics, said the admirable Victorian, "give themselves great labor to draw out what in the abstract constitutes the characters of a high quality of poetry. It is much better to have recourse to concrete examples—to take specimens of poetry of the high, the very highest quality, and to say: 'The characters of a high quality of poetry are what is expressed there.'"

It would seem as if these principles, or something like them, might serve us in the estimation of music. For what, precisely, is a touchstone? It is something, says the Century Dictionary, used "for ascertaining the fineness of gold." You would suppose, then, that Arnold's famous expedient might be employed for the ascertainment of quality in music—you would suppose that, by holding before your mind the quality possessed by the opening melody of the Adagio of the Choral Symphony, the quality of the theme of Schubert's *Der Tod und das Mädchen*, or the quality of Siegfried's Hero motive from *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and applying this composite touchstone to, let us say, *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, you could detect the presence or absence of high musical excellence in Debussy's prelude. But you have only to try this to perceive at once that the scheme will not work. The rules of the game as laid down by Arnold may have been faithfully observed; but, as the little lad observed of the interminably loquacious anti-suffragist, we "don't seem to go somewhere." The truth is that you could no more test the quality of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* by referring it back to the quality which, according to our poetic analogy, should belong in common to the classic examples from Beethoven, Schubert and Wagner, than a blind man could discover whether a woman were beautiful by ascertaining how many lumps of sugar her grandmother took in her tea. The touchstone expedient, as applied to music, is not workable. It simply does not apply. As Arnold recommended and employed it for the critical examination of poetry, it is admirably effectual. There is undoubtedly an accent of style, a distinguishing character, a community of excellence, which binds together the classic instances that Arnold chose out of Homer and Dante, Shakespeare and Milton; and a sense of this quality will help us to ascertain what other poetry belongs to "the class of the very best." But how will it profit us to hold in our minds the quality of the Adagio theme from the Choral Symphony, and of the theme from Schubert's song, and of the Siegfried motive from the *Ring*, while we are studying *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*? These themes are among the great ones of music; but they are only in our way when we are trying to arrive at a just valuation of Debussy's tone-poem—indeed, we can estimate justly a new and original deliverance only by forgetting how Beethoven or Schubert or Wagner or anyone else would have uttered it, and by trying to think and feel ourselves into the particular region of the heavens inhabited by the potential Olympian. Only thus can we see him steadily and see him whole.

And even then, we shall often fail in justice and delicacy of vision. Our gods shall not be our neighbors' gods, nor will their gods be ours. We shall continue to extol that which is inferior, and disparage that which was conceived in beauty. Many a sunrise will bloom upon the hill whilst we remain dully sleeping; or we shall hail, deluded, many a false dawn. For there is nothing to guide us. We are wanderers in a mysterious and enchanted world, that is more baffling and unknowable, it may be, than those nearer worlds in which are the kingdoms of poetry and art and drama, because in it one breathes a rarer quality of spiritual air: because it is a little closer to that invisible world of which, said Sir Thomas Browne, "this visible world is but a picture. . . . wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that invisible fabric."

It was J. W. Mackail, I think, who said that no one of us, looking back, ever regrets his young enthusiasms; it is the enthusiasms we did not have that we regret. And I remember a profound and exquisite seer telling us not long ago that ballast is to be found everywhere—that all the sand on the beach, all the rocks in the harbour, will serve for it—but that sails are rare and precious things. And something of that sail-like, that wind-blown quality of the spirit is required if we are to navigate the perilous and haunted seas of that strange world in which we, uncertain and blindly worshipping followers of the most august and aloof of the Queens of Beauty, are explorers following an eternal dream.

THE ENGLISH THEATRE ORCHESTRA: ITS RISE AND EARLY CHARACTERISTICS

By W. J. LAWRENCE

NO longevous word incorporated from a dead language into a living one has been tortured into so many meanings as the word *orchestra*. It is the very Wandering Jew of vocables. But the great diversity of interpretations it has borne throughout its remarkably long career affords no warrant to the musico-dramatic historian, with any pretensions toward scientific exactitude, for its slipshod use. Instances of the employment of the term in its current meaning in a highly anachronistic way come readily to mind. There is, for example, a sentence in Dr. George Brandes' *William Shakespeare*, which not only errs in this respect but abounds in inaccuracy of statement:

At the Globe theatre the orchestra was placed in the upper proscenium box on the right; it was the largest in London, consisting of 10 performers, all distinguished in their several lines, playing lutes, oboes, trumpets and drums.

One might just as well argue that when *The Castle of Perseverance* was performed in the open, *circa* 1470, the orchestra was already in existence, basing one's statement on the fact that when Humanum Genus was foolish enough to make choice of the Bad Angel for his guardian, "the mynstrells," according to an old stage direction, were expected to "pipe up" in order to draw attention to the grave blunder he had committed. The truth is—and it is quite time the point should be fully demonstrated—that, while music and the drama have always been closely associated and no primitive modern playhouse but had its musicians,¹ the theatre orchestra, as we know it, is purely the child of Opera. The period of its origin can be closely approximated by the fact that its designation applied in the beginning to a particular locality, and not, as was afterwards brought about by a natural process of metonymy, to the musicians who occupied that locality.

¹It should be recalled that, long before specialization of function set in, many of the players were sound musicians and provided their own accompaniments. Even down to the close of the seventeenth century the Italian comedians of Paris were expert lutenists.

In the original Greek the word *orchestra* meant "the dancing-place" and signified that space of lowest level between actors and audience where the chorus performed its evolutions to a musical accompaniment.

Musico-dramatic historians, having failed to grasp the importance of the event, have made no attempt to determine the moment in the early days of Opera when the musicians were removed from their obstructive position behind the scenes and placed in an enclosure along the parapet of the stage. When we come to consider that practical instrumentation only became possible with this change, that with the establishment of the orchestra there was glimmering recognition of it as a separate, if co-operative, entity—something which of itself added to the sum total of artificially aroused emotions—this neglect seems all the more reprehensible. So much stress has been laid upon Monteverdi's innovative genius as the Father of Instrumentation that the way has insidiously been paved for us to draw the inference that he was the first to place the musicians in their now familiar position. But that assumption remains unwarranted by the evidence. When we read that in *Arianna*, in 1608, Monteverdi employed the large number of 36 instruments, we fail to see how so considerable a body of musicians could have been grouped together behind the scenes, and our imagination at once establishes the first orchestra. This reasoning is fallacious. It overlooks the fact that in Monteverdi's early operas the necessity for arraying the players in close order was precluded. Certain instruments were reserved for the accompaniment of certain voices, and it was only in an occasional chorus that all the instruments were employed. Hence the musicians could have been readily accommodated on scaffolds erected behind the side-scenes, a system which, as we shall see presently, was then commonly practised.

It is requisite also to recognize that in the early days of Opera, before music-lovers became surfeited with the magic and marvels of classic mythology and began to clamor for historical themes, the persistence of a not ungrateful stage convention, which had been a prime characteristic of the intermedii, obviated for long the necessity of an orchestra. In the intermedii of the latter half of the sixteenth century every scene was self-contained and presented its own individual music, the musicians being virtually figurantes and appropriately dressed in harmony with the action. As often as not they were seen playing on clouds during the descent to earth of some divinity. Moreover, as is to be noted in the intermedii of *La Cofanaria*, given at Florence in

1565, singers and dancers occasionally played their own accompaniments.

If, then, there were no pressing problems of instrumentation in Monteverdi's day whose solution imperatively demanded the establishment of the orchestra, to what inspiring cause are we to attribute its origin? Some one has argued that the site was chosen because it was equally good for hearing in all parts and because there the music is rarely overpowering to the singer, who throws his voice over it. But the Italian musicians of the early seventeenth century, like the English, had a predilection for an elevated position, and nothing short of sheer expediency could have overcome their distaste for being sunk in the depths. My own opinion is that the principle of the orchestra was first established in 1637 with the opening of the Teatro di San Cassiano, the first public Opera-house, in Venice. Questions of ways and means would have necessitated this arrangement. Baroque opera was nothing if not spectacular: it demanded a considerable variety of readily changeable scenery and much elaborate stage mechanism. Under these conditions, the presence of numerous musicians and their impedimenta in the regions behind, however suffered in the earlier days of private representation, was "most tolerable and not to be endured."

One reason why I have arrived at this conclusion is that in the *Practica di fabricar Scene e Machine ne' Teatri* of Nicola Sabbatini, a curious manual of instruction issued at Ravenna in 1638, and dealing only with the construction of temporary theatres for private performances, no clue to the existence of the orchestra occurs in the section on "Come si debbano accomodare i Musici," (Lib. I, Cap. 36) or elsewhere throughout the book. Sabbatini knows only of two methods of accommodating the musicians. In the first he places them in the auditorium in elevated boxes adorned with balustrades and lattice-work, one on either side of the proscenium front. This was probably the method adopted in ordinary drama and was seen as far back as 1513, when Bibbiena's epoch-marking (because mode-setting) comedy, *La Calandra*, first saw the light at Urbino. In the second method, which in all likelihood was the method followed in private operatic performances, elevated scaffolds for the musicians were ranged behind the side-scenes on both sides and extended from the front wings to the back wall. These scaffolds were made as high as possible so that room might be provided for passing beneath them. Care had to be taken that none of their supports rested on or even touched the stage, otherwise the bounding of the dancers would

have seriously discomposed the organ-players and others. The supporting beams had the floor of the hall for base and passed through large roomy holes cut in the stage. If this was the alternative, can we wonder that the promoters of the first Venetian Opera-houses preferred the principle of the orchestra?

The negative evidence of Nicola Sabbatini is confirmed by the significant silence of Joseff Furtenbach. By elucidated picture and diagram given in his *Neues Itinerarium Italiae*, published at Ulm in 1627, and in his *Architectura Recreationis*, which appeared at Augsburg in 1640, Furtenbach reveals the mysteries of Italian stage building and scene-shifting but affords no clue to his acquaintanceship with an orchestra. Clearly the principle, even if formulated, had no vogue before the rise of Venetian Opera. The earliest pictorial evidence I know of testifying to the existence of the orchestra is a plate showing a ballet-scene in the opera of *L'Hipermestra* as given by the prince cardinal of Tuscany, in 1658, at the new Pergola Theatre, Florence, in honor of the Prince of Spain's birthday.¹ It depicts a small, highly ornate coffer-like enclosure, occupying in length about a third of the width of the proscenium opening. Curiously enough, it is in 1658 also that the first trace occurs of the use of the term *orchestra* in its modern sense, and that, too, in England where the principle had not yet been established. Defining *orchester* in his *New World of Words*, Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew, begins by giving its ancient meanings and then adds, "it is also sometimes taken for the place where the musicians sit." It is noteworthy that in the seventh edition of the lexicon, issued in 1720 under the supervision of another hand, the latter clause is altered to "it is now taken for the Musick Gallery—or Place where the Musicians sit." This would lead one to believe that familiarity with the term had led to its general application, but, as a matter of fact, one cannot trace any employment of the term in England much before 1720, the good old Elizabethan designation of "music-room" having come to be applied to the musicians' new habitat. Thus, on June 2, 1716, the managers of Drury Lane notified one of their *employés*, "Mr. Castelmann,—You are to let Mr. Devan, Mr. Latour, the Hoboy and Mr. Pots know that after Saturday, the 9th instant, the company have no further occasion for their performance in the music-room." In the Dublin theatre the term "music-room" survived to the middle of the eighteenth century.

¹Reproduced from the opera-book in the second series of my *The Elizabethan Playhouse and other Studies* (1915).

So much by way of necessary exordium. Turning now to my main theme, I find myself absolved from entering upon any very elaborate discussion of the characteristics of Elizabethan stage music by the fact that the English theatre orchestra dates from Restoration times. Since, however, there was some carrying over of old musical conventions well into the first orchestral period, modifying the full force of the new principles and rendering the transition practically insensible, it is essential that some details should be presented of the scheme of theatrical music earlier in the century.

One has nothing but admiration for the artistry displayed by the wise Elizabethans in utilizing music to assist illusion and heighten the emotional content of a scene. Music, for the most part, was treated by them as a thing of reverence and of mystery, a spiritual enjoyment whose source was to be obscured. Except when they occasionally appeared on the stage for purposes of high realism, the musicians were never seen at work. Their normal position was behind a curtain in an elevated box in the tiring-house front, that permanent architectural background which formed an unvarying characteristic of the unenclosed platform stage. Just as "the music-room" differed from the orchestra in being within stage territory and in its capability of being used on occasion for purposes of dramatic action, so, too, the status and occupation of the Elizabethan stage musician had nothing in common with the specialism of the theatre musician of later times. This was largely due to the circumstance that from a remote period in the history of the English drama the identity of player and musician was largely confused. In early dramas, like Wilson's *The Cobbler's Prophecie*, the actor-singer frequently played his own accompaniments. In 1586 the English players, who were so much run after on the continent, not only enjoyed high reputation as musicians but were marvelled over as acrobats as well. Clearly the age of specialism was not yet. Like the Elizabethan super, the Elizabethan fiddler was "a hireling," with daily wages, and when not actively engaged in his own work was expected to do a super's, and go on with the crowds. As a rule, songs were sung in the music-room behind the shelter of the curtain, but when, for purposes of realism, in serenades, etc., they were given on the stage, he had to go on to accompany and sometimes say a few words in character.¹ Unless actors

¹Illusion was never outraged on the Elizabethan stage in the ruthless manner often practised on the modern stage, as, for example, in a drawing-room scene where the singer comes down unblushingly to the footlights and is accompanied by the band. In Shakespeare's day a song sung on the stage and accompanied in the music-room would have been an impossibility.

turned musicians oftener than musicians turned actors he was, in sooth, expected to have many accomplishments. In *Timon of Athens* we find the dancers following Italian precedent and providing their own music. In *Monsieur Thomas* a fiddler takes part in the dialogue and sings and plays.

Apart from the glamour and mystery with which they enshrouded their music (thus inspiring Shakespeare to fill Prospero's enchanted isle with supernatural strains), the Elizabethans deftly initiated and discreetly employed a principle afterwards to undergo excessive development in the *melodrame*. As in the opening of *Twelfth Night*, the lyric ecstasy of a speech was often accentuated by a running musical accompaniment. Death scenes and other pathetic episodes were similarly stressed. We shall see later how far the carrying over of these conventions affected the employment of the orchestra.

Since the principle of movable scenery operating behind an elaborately decorated proscenium arch was first brought to England from Italy by Inigo Jones and used by him as a setting for the Jacobean court masques, it might be thought that he also introduced the orchestra, transferring the idea, say, to the graceful court fantasies of the Caroline period. But this would be mere delusion. Even if the orchestra were in full-blown existence in Italy in Jones's later day, its adoption in the masques was precluded by the fact that its position was permanently occupied by a set of imposing proscenium steps down which the masquers descended from the stage to tread the mazes of the dance on the floor of the hall. Inigo Jones has himself stilled all our doubts on this point by leaving us a design for a court stage and auditorium, now preserved among the Lansdowne Mss. in the British Museum,¹ in which the position of the musicians is clearly indicated. They occupied a box on either side of the proscenium front, a system, as already pointed out, long followed in Italy.

Baffled in our expectations of Inigo Jones, and still pursuing our quest, we turn with eager curiosity to the Commonwealth period. At this curiously inopportune hour D'Avenant, after disarming suspicion by giving at Rutland House a dreary precursor of the modern "Concert with Readings," has made feeble attempt to reflect the dazzling radiance of Italian Opera. It is 1656; in Italy the orchestra is now well established; D'Avenant's stage is cramped, his hall small: surely necessity as well as precedent will demand the institution of the orchestra. But

¹Reproduced in G. H. Cowling's *Music in the Elizabethan Theatre*.

the unexpected happens. In a contemporary account of the "First Day's Entertainment," which consisted of a series of ponderous Socratic disputations intermingled with music and song, we read:

The Musick was above in a loover hole railed about and covered with sarcenetts to conceale them, before each speech was consort musick.¹

According to the directions in the book of the entertainment both singers and instrumentalists remained hidden from sight during the concerts. Here the precedent of the Elizabethan music-room seems to have been followed, although (and, D'Avenant having lived for a time in France, it is requisite to point this out) there was a somewhat similar practice on the contemporary French stage, due to the civil and religious disabilities under which all who appeared on the public stage in Catholic countries suffered. In 1650, when the *Andromède* of Corneille was given at the Petit Bourbon, the songs were rendered by vocalists hidden in latticed stage boxes while the ordinary players were engaged in the traffic of the scene. Notwithstanding, however, the squeamishness of D'Avenant's concert singers and players, the issue could not be shirked, so far as the vocalists were concerned, four months later when the innovative knight produced in the same hall *The Siege of Rhodes*, the first English opera. They had to sing their parts upon the stage. But all the available evidence tends to show that the musicians were stationed on this occasion behind the scenes. D'Avenant, in his address to the Reader, says

It has often been wisht that our Scenes had not been confined to eleven foot in height, and about fifteen in depth, including the place of passage reserv'd for the musick.

That this passage could not have conducted to some enclosure at the front, above or below the proscenium arch, is shown by the recently discovered designs for the scenery, etc., and plans for the stage.² Moreover, the possibilities of an orchestra box having been provided are negatived by the fact that the parapet of the stage was only 2 feet 6 inches high.

Abandoning Rutland House because of its manifold inconveniences, D'Avenant renewed his experiments (for they were nothing better) at the old Cockpit Theatre in Drury Lane, where

¹*State Papers, Dom. Ser. Interregnum, 1656, CXXVIII, art. 108.*

²*Cf. The Burlington Magazine for April-May, 1914, Mr. W. G. Keith's important articles on "The Designs for the First Movable Scenery on the English Public Stage."*

he opened in December, 1658, with his so-called opera, *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*. Once more dreading Puritan hostility, and desiring for the time being to lull suspicion, he was careful to avoid all semblance of dramatic form and steered clear of the quicksands of plot and dialogue. Arranged in six "entries" instead of acts, *The Cruelty* can only be described as a slowly developed panorama with illustrative songs and dances. We read in the book how, towards the close of the first entry, the Chief Priest of Peru (who was practically the lecturer to the pictures) waved "his verge towards the Room where the Musick are plac'd behind a Curtain," with the result that a song was sung. Which reminds us that when worthy Master Pepys went to the Clothworkers' Hall on June 28, 1660, to dine with the company and hear some good music he recorded

where among other things I was pleased that I could find out a man by his voice, whom I had never seen before to be one that sang behind the curtaine formerly at Sir W. Davenant's opera.

It only remains to add that *Sir Francis Drake*, the interlinked production which followed *The Cruelty* at the Cockpit, was much less epical and non-dramatic in form and certainly presented some singing on the stage. But we have no reason to suppose that from first to last during these interesting experiments the musicians ever exposed themselves to the public gaze.

When the King came to his own again, acting was hurriedly renewed in the old deserted theatres under all the old principles. Pepys expresses his disgust at the ragged performance of *All's Lost by Lust* at the Red Bull in March 1661, adding

and with so much disorder, amongst others, in the musique room, the boy that was to sing a song, not singing it right, his master fell about his ears and beat him so, that it put the whole house in an uproar.

The time was ripe for change and dramatic methods were now about to be revolutionized by the emergence of a new type of theatre, whose main differentiation lay in the employment of movable scenery. Old conventions, however, die hard, and the Elizabethan music-loft, so far from disappearing with the open platform and the permanent architectural background of which it had formed a part, succeeded in establishing itself above the proscenium arch in the new type of house. How long in England it maintained its efficacy, in face of the introduction and gradual encroachments of the orchestra, it would be difficult to say; but

in the Dublin theatre (where musical plays had no vogue before the days of *The Beggar's Opera*) it held its pride of place until the dawn of the eighteenth century.

Under the new conditions the music-loft was only utilized, it would appear, for the three selections given at intervals before the rising of the curtain, and for the *entr'actes*. In the performance of ordinary drama (as contrasted with plays of the musico-spectacular order) all necessity for the provision of an orchestra, in the narrow sense of the term, was precluded by the obstinate persistence of most of the old Elizabethan musical conventions. We know positively, from textual indications, that when a song or dance was given in a normal play—and nearly every Post-Restoration comedy ended in a general dance—the instrumentalists came on with punctilious realism to provide the music. Not only that, but the dramatist was expected to insert a few words accounting for their presence. Note how ingeniously Congreve brings in the musicians and leads up to the song in the second act of *The Double Dealer*. So, too, in Mrs. Behn's *The Amorous Prince* (1671) Cloris is unable to dance a jig to dissipate Frederick's sadness until she has first gone off to procure music. To-day we take all this for granted; mention of the word "jig" would be the cue for the orchestra to strike a long-drawn chord.

Leaving ordinary drama aside, there were, however, in Dryden's day, musical problems which neither Elizabethan convention nor music-loft could solve. True, after *The Siege of Rhodes*, the supply of legitimate opera was negligible, but there was an abundance of what old Roger North calls "semi-operas," plays presenting, *apropos des bottles*, pastoral dialogue in song, operatic scenes and clumsily intercalated masques, not to speak of sundry perversions of Shakespeare abounding in song and dance. Most of these excrescences, being purely theatrical and not episodes of contemporary realism, did not admit of the bringing on of the musicians during the action. For these, unless we can assume there was much playing behind the scenes, the constitution of an orchestra seems to have been imperative. But the curious thing is that, while that epoch-marking theatre, the Duke's in Lincoln's Inn Fields, opened in June, 1661, with *The Siege of Rhodes* and was known for some time distinctively as "the Opera," it is not in connection with this, the first of the picture-stage houses, that we have the earliest reference to the establishment of the orchestra. Pepys, our only authority on the point, is silent till he comes to deal with the opening of the second of the new houses, the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. Going there, on May 8, 1663,

the second day of performance, to see an old play, *The Humorous Lieutenant*, Pepys writes:

The house is made with extraordinary good contrivance, and yet hath some faults, as the narrowness of the passages in and out of the pitt and the distance from the stage to the boxes, which I am confident cannot hear; but for all other things it is well, only above all, the musique being below, and most of it sounding under the very stage, there is no hearing of the bases at all, nor very well of the trebles, which sure must be mended.

Rightly or wrongly, the impression one gains here is that the writer was dealing with a rank innovation. And that might very well be, for Tom Killigrew, the patentee of the new house, had been a decade earlier British Resident at Venice, and, armed with the knowledge gained there, was anxious to improve theatrical music in England. To the amelioration which set in after the passage of a few years, and that despite the British predilection for simple ballad tunes, he largely contributed, though his more pretentious schemes were balked. Pepys, in recording a conversation he had with him on the subject in February, 1667, points out that, whereas at the dawn of the Restoration the band consisted of "only two or three fiddlers," now there were "nine or ten of the best." As a matter of fact, English theatre music at this period was superior to French. Chappuzeau, after enumerating the London playhouses in his *Europe Vivante* (1667), proceeds to make invidious comparisons, much to English advantage:

Il faut ajouter. . . . que la musique y est excellente et les Ballets magnifiques; qu'elles n'ont pas moins de douze violins chacune pour les Preludes et pour les Entr'actes; . . .

Poor France had only six! One hears much of French influence upon the Restoration theatre but France can hardly have brought about the establishment of the orchestra in England because in respect to adopting that institution she was, strange to say, considerably belated. True, the musicians had assumed their now familiar position at court performances as early as May, 1664, but, in spite of a dubious assertion of Chappuzeau's presently to be cited, one has no trace of a public orchestra in France until the opening of her first Opera-house in 1671. By the way, it is noteworthy that an important clause in the king's *privilege* to Perrin for the establishment of that house was instrumental in bringing about a vital change at Molière's theatre. This indemnified "tous les Gentilshommes, Damoiselles et autres personnes

puissent chanter au dit *Opéra*" from loss of any of their rights or privileges by so doing. The moral influence of this salutary provision is shown by the following entry in the famous unofficial register of La Grange made in April 1671:

Jusques icy les musiciens et musiciennes n'avoient point voulu paroître en public; mais ils chantoient à la Comédie dans des loges grillées et treillisées, mais on surmonta tous ces obstacles, et avec quelque légère dispance, on trouva des personnes qui chantèrent sur le théâtre à visage descouvert, habillez comme les comédiens, etc.

But, if Chappuzeau is to be believed, the musicians of the house of Molière, so far from immediately emulating the singers' example, preferred for some years to remain in obscurity. Writing, in 1674, in his *Le Théâtre françois* (Bk. iii. Ch. lii), Chappuzeau says:

Ci-devant, on les plaçait ou derrière le théâtre, ou sur les ailes, ou dans un retranchement entre le théâtre et le parterre, comme en une forme de parquet. Depuis peu, on les met dans une des loges du fond d'où ils font plus de bruit que de tout autre lieu où on les pourrait placer.¹

He goes on to say that it would be advisable for them to learn the last lines of the act by heart, so that they would be able to begin the symphony at once, without waiting for the cry of "Play!" which was so often heard. Chappuzeau's statement that the orchestra had already been experimented with has to be taken on trust, but, assuming its accuracy, the whole passage shows that the position of the musicians, so far from being due to exigencies, was matter of caprice. This indetermination is noteworthy since it was not without its analogy in the Restoration theatre, where we find a similar chopping and changing.

One swallow makes not a summer, and the superiority of the English theatre rests not alone on Chappuzeau's *ipse dixit*. Other travellers, notably Sorbières in 1664 and Count Magalotti in 1669, testify to the same effect. Magalotti writes:

Before the comedy begins, that the audience may not be tired with waiting, the most delightful symphonies are played; on which account many persons come early to enjoy this agreeable amusement.

Harking back to the opening of Killigrew's Theatre Royal in 1663, one is apt to suspect, in spite of the inference most readily

¹Cf Collier, *Annals of the Stage*, 1831, III. 448, note.

deducible from Pepys' comment, that the Duke's, being distinctively the Opera-house, had already introduced the orchestra. But the sole existing reference to the accommodation provided for the musicians at the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre seems only to indicate the provision of a music-loft. On November 7, 1667, Pepys repaired to the Duke's to see the Dryden-D'Avenant version of *The Tempest* (which we must be careful not to confound with Shadwell's later, and, musically speaking, more elaborate version) but, arriving late and finding the house crowded, was compelled willy-nilly, "to sit in the side balcone over against the musique room." This position overhung the stage and was most undesirable.

The puzzling point is that, although we have fairly sound evidence of the use of an orchestra at the new Theatre Royal on its opening, we have also fairly sound evidence that, almost nine years later, when the house was burnt down, a music-loft was one of its features. In a contemporary ballad, dealing with the event, we read:

But on a sudden a Fierce Fire 'gan rage,
 In several scenes, and overspread the stage.
 The 'Horrors,' waiting on the dismal sight,
 Soon taught th' players to th' life to act a Fright.
 The Boxes where splendors us'd to surprise
 From constellations of bright ladies' eyes,
 A different blazing lustre now is found
 And th' music-room with whistle flames doth sound,
 Then catching hold o' th' roof it doth display,
 Consuming fiery trophies every way.

In keeping with the fact that the fire started below in the store where Orange Moll kept her fruit, this florid account begins with the stage and gradually ascends to the roof, near where the music room was. This music room might possibly have been a later addition, due to complaints similar to Pepys' about the music sounding under the very stage. One recalls that when the Theatre Royal was closed for some months during the period of the Great Plague, or about a couple of years after it was built, considerable alteration was effected in and about the stage.

The curiously contradictory evidence in respect to the accommodation for the musicians at the various Restoration and Post-Restoration theatres can only be reconciled by assuming the concurrent employment at one and the same house, for a considerable stretch of time, of both music loft and orchestra. This hardly sounds rational but I shall clearly demonstrate later on

this dual provision in connection with one particular theatre and strive to develop a theory accounting for it.

Meanwhile let us consider an item of interesting evidence clearly demonstrating that in 1665 the two picture-stage theatres were making at least occasional use of the orchestra. It is to be found in the Lord Chamberlain's accounts and runs as follows:

1664-5 March 20.

A Warrant to make up habitts of several coloured silkes for four and twenty violins, twelve of them being for his Majesty's service in the theatre Royall, and the other twelve habitts for his Majesty's service in his Highness the Duke of York's theatre; and also four and twenty garlands of severall coloured flowers to each of them after the same manner as those that were delivered to Sir H. Herbert, Master of his Majesty's Revells. All these habitts and garlands to be delivered to Mr. Killigrew for his Majesty's extraordinary service.

A like warrant of March 18 for habitts for the 24 violins, like Indian gowns but not so full, with short sleeves to the elboes, trymmed with tinsell about the neck and bottom and at the sleeves.

The Rev. H. C. de Lafontaine, from whose useful compilation, *The King's Musick*, the above extracts are taken, fails to see (p. 482) that the two items are not really associated. The warrant of March 18 clearly refers to provision for the new court theatre at Whitehall, which, according to Pepys, was opened on April 20 following. But taken together, the two entries admit of the interesting deduction that the King's band of 24 violins also constituted the bands at the two public theatres, twelve playing at each house. One must bear in mind that, whereas at these acting took place in the afternoon, court performances were invariably given at night. It is not on the whole surprising to find the King permitting his musicians to earn a little extra money by playing at the ordinary theatres, which, though public, were really royal appanages and depending for their patronage mostly on the courtiers. This was no more incongruous than his allowing the choristers of the Chapel Royal to sing in Shadwell's version of *The Tempest* at the Duke's in 1674. Surmise becomes certainty when at a later period we find positive evidence of the royal musicians playing at Drury Lane. In May, 1677, John Singleton, Theophilus Fitz, Henry Brockwell, Edmund Flower and Joseph Fashion, members of the King's band, petitioned the Lord Chamberlain against Charles Killigrew, Master of the Revels, "for dismissing their attendance at the playhouse."

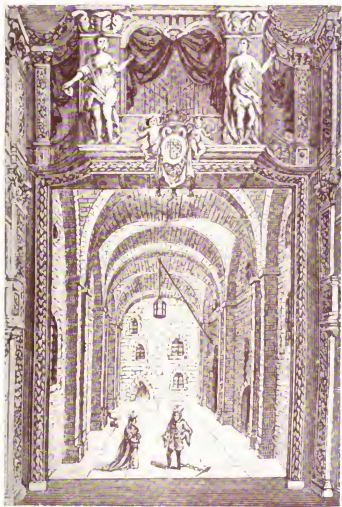
Jumbling the two entries unwarrantably together, Mr. de Lafontaine arrives at the conclusion that the habits referred to

in the warrant of March 20, 1665, were supplied for the production at Drury Lane of *The Indian Queen* in January, 1664, an unjustifiable harking back, more particularly as the habits were specifically provided for use at both theatres. That the Indian gowns of the earlier warrant were kept for the court and formed the conventional attire there of the royal musicians is shown by orders of January 18, 1668-9 and February 17, 1673-4, in which they recur. North points out in his *Memoires of Musick* that from the time of James I the court musicians performing in masques had been attired in rich liveries "of divers coloured silk mantles and scarfs with rich capps, and the master in the shape of an Apollo." Whence was derived the convention of the Indian gowns may be divined by examining Van Lochum's engraving of a French court performance in 1635, wherein the musicians, seated in a balcony close to the stage, are depicted wearing fancy gowns and feathered Indian head-dresses.¹

Since it was not the business of Charles II to supply attire for the ordinary theatre musicians, one can only surmise that the habits provided for the twelve violins at either house were for special use on those occasions when the King visited the playhouse in state. And, since in an elevated proscenium music-room adorned with curtains, rich garb would have been wasted, it may also be surmised that the dresses were intended for use in an orchestra and possibly on the stage. Owing to their being set off with wreaths and other head-dresses on these gala nights, the musicians fell into the habit of wearing their hats on ordinary occasions, with the result that in 1699 some high and mighty folk, chafing that anything should come between the wind and their nobility, complained to the Lord Chamberlain of the playhouse fiddlers remaining uncovered in their august presence and got the terrible grievance redressed. Surely a hint to the managers would have sufficed.

We come now by chronological progression to the vital evidence testifying to the concurrent employment in the one theatre of both music loft and orchestra. In October, 1673, or almost two years after the opening of the imposing new Duke's Theatre in Dorset Garden, there was published as having been acted there, a piece of sensational fustian, by Elkanah Settle, called *The Empress of Morocco*. Notable among the several curious illustrations in the book is a view, now reproduced, showing the front of the stage with the play in action, and especially

¹For reproduction, see Germain Bapst, *Essai sur l'Histoire du Théâtre*, p. 217.



View of the stage front of the Duke's Theatre, Dorset Garden, 1673.
Showing the music-loft (from Settle's "The Empress of Morocco").

valuable as documentary evidence from the fact that it proves the existence of the music-loft. Projecting over the proscenium, on a sort of shelf-like bracket, is to be observed a commodious room with three curtained openings, the front being adorned with statues of Tragedy and Comedy, the Duke of York's arms and a variety of musical emblems. Here the musicians played intermittently during the assembling of the audience and in the inter-acts. But within six months of the publication of Settle's play we have evidence at the same house of the employment of an orchestra. Shadwell's semi-operatic version of Dryden's *Tempest* was produced there in April, 1674, and published anonymously in the same year. At the opening of the play we read:

The front of the stage is opened and the Band of 24 violins with the Harpsicals and Theorbos, which accompany the voices, are placed between the Pit and the stage. While the Overture is playing the Curtain rises, and discovers a new Frontispiece, joyn'd to the great Pylasters, on each side of the stage.

It is apparent from this that the Duke's at this period boasted no permanent orchestral enclosure, the musicians only being placed *in situ* when elaborate musical productions demanded. Had the orchestra been a normal institution the opening sentence would have been superfluous. It would therefore appear that in 1674 there were two methods of accommodating the musicians in front, according to the nature of the piece presented. When ordinary plays were given, the regular band of twelve violins would officiate in the music-loft during the waits and probably appear on the stage, in accordance with time-honored convention, when the situation called for it. But when pieces of an operatic nature were performed, the band would be augmented and perforce would have had to resort to the orchestra. Probably for long the orchestra proved an eyesore to the pit, on whose demesnes it poached, a necessary evil of occasional obtrusion, tolerated on sufferance; and probably thence originated that tradition of hostility toward the fiddlers whose latent fires burst ever and anon into flame throughout the eighteenth century, not only in England and Ireland but in America.

It is important for us to note that we have clear evidence in connection with the performance of Shadwell's *Tempest* of the use of both music-loft and orchestra. The passage already cited from the play shows that the musicians only took their place in the orchestra shortly before the overture, or curtain tune, was to be given. But among the instrumental numbers written by

Matthew Lock for the production and published by him in 1675, we find the following:

First Music:—Introduction, Second Galliard, gavot.

Second Music:—Saraband, Lilk.

Curtain Tune.

Four Act-tunes:—Rustic air, Minuet, Corant, Martial Jig.

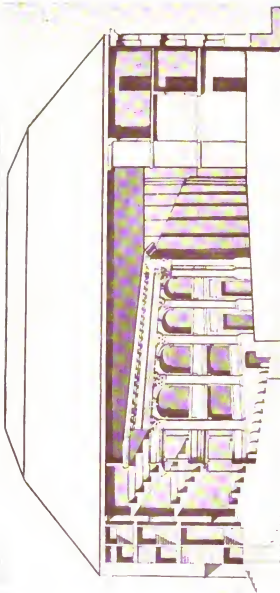
Conclusion: Canon 4 in 2.

On this showing the First and Second Music (following the regular custom) must have been played in the music-loft. Where the *entr'actes* were given must remain an open question; but my own opinion is that, once in the orchestra, the musicians would have remained there.

Having the advantage in the beginning of being a permanent architectural feature of the house, the music-loft was difficult to oust. One sees the influence of its privacy in the conditions under which, in 1672, John Banister established the first English concerts; according to Roger North he "procured a large room in Whitefriars, near the Temple back-gate, and made a large raised box for the musicians whose modesty required curtains." The entertainment began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the room was provided with small tables for drinking purposes. The charge was a shilling and one called for what one pleased.

As for the precise period when the English theatre orchestra became a permanent institution and entirely superseded the music-loft, that is difficult to determine. Evidence is scanty and conflicting. One asks one's self, for example, whether the dual system of accommodating the musicians was employed at the second Theatre Royal, Drury Lane on its erection in 1674. The production there in French of Perrin's opera of *Ariane* early in April, that is to say, very shortly after the opening, slightly preceded (practically synchronized with) the production of Shadwell's *Tempest* at the rival house. It is difficult to imagine that the one had an orchestra and the other had not, but the evidence is to that effect. In the books of *Ariane*, one in French and one in English, printed for use in the theatre, a frontispiece is given showing the front of the stage with the opening scene in action.¹ No orchestra is indicated. The stage projects in a semi-oval figure and its base is ornamented with musical emblems. The inference, possibly fallacious, is that the musicians played behind the scenes. But in a recently discovered sectional plan of Sir Christopher Wren's, which from its

¹Reproduced by me in *The Elizabethan Playhouse and other Studies* (Second series), p. 140.



Sir Christopher Wren's sectional plan for the second Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (1674).

measurements seems to have been made for the second Theatre Royal, a house he is known to have designed, a permanent orchestral enclosure is clearly indicated. (See reproduction.)

Abandoning this apparently insoluble problem, my own opinion is that the supersession of the music-loft came eventually through that familiarization with the orchestra due to the great outburst of "dramatick opera" in the last decade of the century, beginning with *Dioclesian, or the Prophetess*, in 1690, and proceeding with *King Arthur* (1691), *The Fairy Queen* (1692) and divers other productions down to Purcell's swan-song, *Bonduca*, in 1695.

In the passage already cited from Shadwell's *Tempest* one has the first record of the employment of the harpsichord in an English orchestra. In its presence we have the belated baton-wielding conductor foreshadowed, for, maintaining its pride of place for over a century, it was the tempo-giving instrument at which the leader long presided. Although in 1674 the orchestra was nothing better than a temporary expedient, its artistic influence had already begun to be felt. One notes the dawning of a certain musical relevancy. Superficialists will tell you with unblushing effrontery that the appropriate, as opposed to the conventional, overture dates from Gluck, oblivious of the fact that Matthew Lock's overture to Shadwell's *Tempest* deftly prepared the listener by its turbulency for the opening scene of the angry sea. Very soon this inducing of a mood preparatory to the rising of the curtain became to some extent a practice in connection with the preludes and act-tunes which Purcell and others regularly composed for the embellishment of new plays. Thus after Act II in Dryden's tragedy of *Aureng-Zebe*, as given at the Theatre Royal in 1675, we read "Betwixt the Acts, a Warlike Tune is plaid, shooting off Guns, and shouts of Soldiers are heard, as in an Assault."

Viewing the tendency of the regular theatre orchestra to solidify and remain impervious to outer influences, it was a happy circumstance that in Post-Restoration times there was no specialization of function, that the same house gave tragedy, comedy or opera indifferently. Soundness of orchestral equipment in the eighteenth century was largely due to instrumental experimentation in the pseudo-operas of this epoch. For it must be remembered that although the variety of instruments used in the course of an ordinary Post-Restoration play was only limited by the precise supply of the hour, the normal band for preludes and *entr'actes* consisted wholly of strings. Yet the theatre, with its hautboys, recorders, flageolets, flutes doux, was well equipped with wood. Recall how Pepys, on February 27, 1668, after

seeing Massinger's old play of *The Virgin Martyr* at the Theatre Royal wrote:

But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind musique when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife.

All the elements of a scientific orchestra lay ready to hand, awaiting the genius who should know how to combine them. Hence it was that the end-of-the-century rage for that hybrid entertainment called "Dramatick Opera" served two good purposes, first in firmly establishing the orchestra and secondly, through that establishment, affording opportunities for testing new instrumental combinations. With Purcell's success in these experiments orchestration began. Not but that the way had been paved for him by his predecessors, especially Lock and Grabut. His trumpet-song in *Dioclesian*, "Sound, Fame, thy brazen trumpet" had doubtless been suggested by the trumpet obbligato accompanying Fame's solo and chorus at the close of *Albion and Albanus*, as set by Grabut in 1685. One is assuming, of course, that in both cases a trumpet was really used, and not, as was the case in the early renderings of "The Trumpet Shall Sound" in *The Messiah*, a small alto sackbut. Be that as it may, the natural trumpet, much as it was employed behind the scenes, never became incorporated with the normal theatre orchestra. One finds vivid illustration of this in the old Covent Garden account books, as preserved among the Egerton Mss. in the British Museum. Thus on September 12, 1735, when *Hamlet* was played the expense of the orchestral music was £3. 11. 10. but this item did not include the kettle-drums,¹ trumpets and side-drum used in the play, which formed a separate entry and cost 17s. In looking over these books, by the way, it is interesting to note the increasing expense, connoting increasing importance, of the orchestra. In 1757, when there was a band of 22 performers, the cost was £5. 4. 4. per night. In 1766 it had increased to £6. 10. 10. almost double the expense of thirty years previously.²

Although the eighteenth-century orchestra partition was provided with a bristling array of spikes to deter the riotous

¹Kettle-drums were first made use of in opera by Lully at the French court late in the seventeenth century. Their orchestral use was unknown in England in 1749 when Handel employed them in his *Water Music*.

²The maximum expenditure on musicians in the English Theatre in 1661 was thirty shillings a day.



**Emblematic frontispiece to "The Beauties of the English Stage"
(London, 1737).**

(Showing the orchestra of the period.)



The last Song

Plate from Boz's "Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi."

(Showing spectators in orchestra at Grimaldi's farewell benefit at Drury Lane, 1828.)

from climbing over on to the stage, it cannot be said to represent the line of demarcation between actors and audience. Owing to the importation of a curious French custom the musicians often found themselves incommoded by the presence of spectators. At the Théâtre François from 1690 onward the musicians occupied a small central enclosure in front of the stage, flanked on either side by benches for the accommodation of newsletter writers, dramatists free of the house and other privileged spectators. All the ground-floor space behind was devoted to the standing pit. Little by little these orchestral seats increased, pushing the pit into the background, until they finally developed into the familiar *fauteuils d'orchestre*, otherwise stalls, of to-day. England, however, rejoiced in a seated pit, and when the primitive practice was introduced, it failed to produce analogous results. Whether or not Voltaire first brought it across the Channel, his is the name we first find associated with it. When the philosopher of Ferney came to London for the second time, in 1728, he sedulously attended the theatres with the view of improving his knowledge of English. On such nights as he went to Drury Lane, Chetwood, the prompter, lent him the book of the play and ushered him to a seat in the orchestra. The result was that before six months had passed he both spoke and wrote very tolerable English.

The privilege of sitting in the orchestra was much esteemed by men of distinction, particularly those who, like Dr. Johnson, suffered from myopia, or, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, were hard of hearing. It is related of Garrick that on the *première* of the tragedy of *Braganza*, at Drury Lane, in 1775, he sat among the musicians with a friend and that as the piece progressed his eyes became suffused with tears through the powerful acting of Mrs. Yates as the heroine. Forty years later Byron occupied a similar position on the night when Edmund Kean first played Othello in London, and, after Kean's magnificent outburst in the third act, he turned to Michael Kelly, the composer, and said, "Mr. Kelly, depend upon it, this is a man of genius." Not very long afterwards or, to speak by the card, in September, 1816, when the Drury Lane orchestral enclosure was considerably enlarged, a space was appropriated at either end for the use of spectators, and admission could be obtained there by paying box prices. In bygone days America had the misfortune to become infected with most of England's bad playgoing habits, and this was of the number. Spectators sat in the orchestra of the Park Theatre, New York, in 1822.

MUSIC IN THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

By J. LAWRENCE ERB

THE University is an institution of learning. A considerable portion of its duty is to formulate standards and to apply those standards by means of degrees, which presumably are granted upon the completion of certain courses or after passing examinations in certain specified subjects. There arises at this point the question whether the University, as it has developed in America, is to be only an institution for the dissemination of learning, or whether it is to be also a training school for the preparation of servants of the community. The first is the more or less traditional view which is associated with the term "culture," while the second is the more democratic view which we associate with the term "service." In considering the relation of music courses and music degrees with the University it is necessary to bear in mind this distinction.

The tendency in universities of the older type, such as those of Europe and including the English as well as our own older American universities like Harvard, is toward culture courses such as are ordinarily known as theoretical. The emphasis is placed upon Harmony, Counterpoint, Canon and Fugue, History, Analysis of Form, Orchestration, and the production of exercises which are, in form at least, musical compositions. In the newer institutions, which one finds principally in the West and Middle West, the accent is placed rather upon the practical training of the musician. The theoretical courses are also offered,—in many cases perhaps offered rather than given,—and the degree of Bachelor of Music is frequently bestowed at the completion of the course, but throughout, the practical subjects are given at least equal prominence with the theoretical, and often greater. Here we have a definite line of cleavage, a different point of view between two sets of institutions of equal seriousness of purpose, and in the case of the best of either type, equally eager for the highest educational ideals and equally thorough in their training of the students. The question seems to be, which of these represents the American point of view and meets the American need.

It is not necessary here to consider those institutions which

are Universities in name but Colleges in scope. There are many such and they are doing excellent work, but they are not concerned in this discussion.

It is evident that in any legitimate university course in music there must be considerable emphasis placed upon the theoretical subjects. No university has a right to offer *less* than the usual four years' course which must include Harmony, History of Music, and Esthetics (the two latter as adapted to the needs of the musician), Counterpoint, Canon and Fugue, and Analysis of Form, and every university has the duty to add, if *possible*, other important items such as Orchestration, Composition and more extensive courses in History of Music for the training of competent, *professional* historians of music, teachers of musical history and critics. It is not enough, it would seem, that these courses be offered in the cut and dried fashion which has so generally characterized them in the past history of American universities. There should be a much greater attention to the analytical study of specific compositions, and the range of such compositions to be studied ought to be wide enough to afford a reasonable acquaintance with every type of musical literature. This does not mean an exhaustive list by any means, but a representative selection which is within the scope of every well-organized University department of Music. Such a course may be called Appreciation or it may be called something else. It may be carried on with the assistance of the mechanical machines, or, as in some cases, by the use of illustrative material furnished by the professor in charge of the class or by students; but that it must be a part of a complete university musical scheme goes without saying.

The aim of this sort of course is two-fold: first to acquaint the members of the class with musical literature, and second to supply a historical and critical basis for the understanding of the compositions and incidentally to awaken the analytical and critical faculties of the students. There is no question that one of the greatest weaknesses of the American musical situation at the present time is a lack of intelligent criticism, a lack of constructive listening even among educated people and musicians of a certain class. One hears too often the statement that a certain composition is good because "I like it" and it is bad because "I do not like it." This sort of thing has kept the earnest musician helpless, subject to the whims of people who know nothing about the art but who are very positive in their opinions. For this same reason, the study of musical appreciation should be begun as far down in the school system as possible, for we need intelligent

listeners even more than we need performers and composers, and we need them in all ranks of society. In fact, it is not likely we shall have our fair share of either performers or composers until we have a larger number of intelligent listeners.

The conduct of such an Appreciation course must produce results, that is, the study of the compositions in hand must be in detail, must be at first hand, must be intelligently directed, and must include all of the elements which ought to enter into such study, such as the historical, the structural, the technical and the critical. It is not enough simply to play or sing a composition through once or twice and then lay it aside. We have tens of thousands of people in America who are suffering with serious cases of musical dyspepsia simply because they have done too much of this sort of thing. They have listened and heard until they have no longer the power of assimilation and they have become musically blasé or musical faddists. The healthy development of musical taste and culture can come only with the proper assimilation of what we hear, and assimilation can come only after analysis and digestion.

So far the practice of the older universities in this country has worked out successfully, but it is in stopping here that the younger institutions would take issue with them. They would say that such a scheme is all very well where the student has already acquired a considerable practical musical training, but that the American people will not tolerate as a musician him who cannot *perform or compose acceptably*. The American people, too, do not take seriously one who styles himself a musician and simply talks or writes about music but cannot "make" it, or, at any rate, never in his career was a musician in the above sense. He may be never so intelligent, never so well-informed in matters involving great research, but from the American point of view he is not a musician, but rather a historian or essayist or what not. Even the older institutions are beginning to feel the need of providing for *practical* musical education, and while it is often not included among the courses leading to the Bachelor's degree, opportunity is afforded for acquiring practical training, under the auspices of the institution in most cases, but at extra expense. The newer university says this plan is a humbug. If the institution is to offer the work, why not include it as a university course under strict university supervision, and why charge extra fees? It is significant that a few of the older institutions have actually made the first move in the direction of including practical music courses by allowing in connection with the Appreciation work, for the

practical preparation of illustrative material, a certain small amount of credit toward the undergraduate degree.

This points the way to what I believe is the true function of the musical courses in an American university. Since the American university is becoming increasingly a training school,—but with its culture features strongly marked,—opportunity must be offered for the training in all of its aspects under the supervision of the university faculty. Therefore, except in those few great cities where the private music schools are sufficiently well developed to take care with reasonable success of the practical musical training of students, it must be a part of the work of the university itself to furnish this practical training, and even in the large cities there must be a measure of university supervision. That too large a proportion of the time and energy of the students may be easily expended upon the practical work must be admitted; that the broad cultural phases of music have been slighted and in many cases neglected must also be admitted, but that the training in applied music may safely be left to outside teachers is a question which will be answered in the negative by practically every institution of learning west of the Alleghany mountains and by a considerable number in the East as well.

The reason for this verdict lies in the nature of the musical instruction offered in the studios and schools, with but few exceptions throughout the country. Music-teaching is a disorganized, unstandardized profession,—in fact, too often it is a *business* rather than a profession,—and at its best it is extreme specialization, while at its worst it is indescribable. Actually it is not *music* teaching at all, except as a by-product, but Piano-teaching, or Voice-culture, or some other technically specialized process with Music simply a means for demonstrating the admirable (!) results of the system (or method.) That this sort of study has educational value is not to be denied, but it is the education of the *artisan* rather than of the artist, for the *trade* rather than for the *profession*, producing technique rather than culture or art of a high grade. I have no quarrel with this sort of training in its place. The world must have artisans that it may have artists. But it is not the function of the university to create or develop artisans. Hence the university cannot afford to delegate any portion of its educational processes to a utilitarian or commercialized and at all times irresponsible influence. It is the policy of the American university to offer all courses, after matriculation, which are accepted toward the degree. The practice of granting degrees after successfully passing certain examinations is not

acceptable in this country. Therefore, since Applied Music is a necessary part of the equipment of the music student it is a necessary part of the curriculum of any university offering serious musical courses, and should logically be offered without extra fees, except on the same basis as other laboratory fees.

This opens up another important problem in connection not only with university but with all music instruction,—namely the private lesson. As a matter of business, the private lesson is a gold-mine. Educationally the private lesson system, except for short terms, is both wasteful and unsatisfactory. The reaction of mind upon mind, the opportunity to study at first-hand problems other than one's own,—and to observe at first-hand *virtues* other than one's own,—the economy of time and effort with the consequent ability to cover a wider range,—all these and many other arguments may be advanced in favor of the class system of teaching. Private lessons should be like tutoring, for emergencies and special cases. The class system makes possible the introduction of applied music into the university upon its proper basis. Its practicability has been demonstrated by every great conservatory in Europe.

There remains a third and most important field for exploitation by the university. For lack of a better term let us call it Community Music. Under this head would fall the various and sundry organizations of the student-body and of the community at large. These are now too often without definite connection with or intelligent supervision by the university, though owing their existence entirely to it and regarded to a great extent as representative of its musical taste, culture, and activities. Every university ought to have its Department of Community Music, designed first for service and then for instruction and propaganda, including the various phases of university extension work. Under its beneficent guidance should fall, whether officially or unofficially, all Glee Clubs, Bands, Orchestras, Choral Societies, Choirs, and any other musical organizations of whatever sort. Its function should be the organizing and purveying of musical entertainments of all kinds, not only formal (and formidable) but informal. It should be as much concerned with the Mandolin Club as with the course of Symphony Orchestra Concerts by visiting organizations, with the informal Campus and Club-house "sings" as with the Oratorio Chorus or the Grand Song Recital by Mme. Cantatrice. There is a vast amount of musical enthusiasm and energy going to seed in our American colleges and universities, just where it

could be most easily conserved and used as a tremendous educational influence all over the land where university men and women live. Instead of lamenting because the Glee and Mandolin Clubs are musically so inferior, the wise thing would be to help them find themselves. Instead of bemoaning the fact that students sing nothing but "rag-time", which is often *the only music they know*, it would be well to teach them something better. Total depravity is no more a characteristic of the college student than of young men and women in the world at large, yet we take pains, through settlement work, free lectures, and recitals, and the like, to reach these latter, and then grumble because the much busier college man does not take the time and trouble to seek out what we painstakingly bring to the door of his brother.

The time was, not so long ago, when it was necessary to make strict rules,—which were difficult to enforce because of hostile or indifferent public opinion,—looking to proper attention to the physical welfare of students. To-day the overwhelmingly popular thing in all American colleges and universities is Physical Training in its *Applied Form* known as *Athletics*. Possibly a little wisdom and foresight, a little willingness to prescribe for our students what they need and then to help them like what we prescribe, may produce in a generation an enthusiasm for Music in our colleges and universities which will be as universal and overwhelming as now is exhibited only through Athletics. Who knows? In any event, a wider interest in and love for music in the country at large will be vastly accelerated by creating enthusiasm and intelligent appreciation and worthy leadership on the part of those to whom every community looks for its ideals and its leaders—our American Aristocracy, if you will,—those to whom the state and society have granted the privilege of university or collegiate education. Therefore, every phase of musical activity should receive its due representation in the curriculum of the university or should be under the care of some member of its musical faculty. And that representation and care should be so tactful and withal so enthusiastic that the persuasion or the contagion, working upon the collective mind of the student-body, should make music as real and vital to the students as are their most cherished collective activities. Then will each student become a propagandist for good music and a power in his community for musical uplift. Thus will follow, in the course of a few student-generations, the atmosphere for which musicians have been so long hoping, and the universal intelligence and cooperation which alone will make America a musical nation.

A GENETIC STUDY OF THE AIDA LIBRETTO

By EDGAR ISEL

TO what extent Verdi, whom, as a rule, we regard simply as a master in musical art, influenced the form of his libretto, how far he was a musician-poet in the Wagnerian sense, even though not gifted with specific poetic powers nor even skilled in the art of versifying, is almost unknown to many of his admirers. It is a fact which should be much better known, that Verdi, the greatest Italian opera-genius of the 19th century, had an eye, before all else, to the actual life-giving stage effect, and that poetic or musical finesse was a secondary consideration with him. "I would," so he writes to Ghislanzoni, the librettist of *Aida*, "immediately abandon rhyme, rhythm and strophic form if the action required it; I would write blank verse in order to be able to say clearly and definitely all that the action demanded. In matters theatrical it is at times conducive to success if the poet and the musician possess the talent of not making verses and music." "This was sometime a paradox," as Hamlet says, but events have proven the truth of the statement. The overwhelming success which crowned Verdi's theatrical career is due as much to the unusually skillful calculation and combination of all scenic factors and effects as to the inexhaustible and ever new succession of musical ideas welling up in the master's imagination, which in themselves were not of great significance, but which by their place and collocation in the drama, rose to importance. Verdi himself never tired of emphasizing the fact that the success of his operas, success first and last was his chief aim in art. Like a true Italian he had few scruples in this respect, but herein we find him in the company of the best music dramatists of all times. Neither Gluck nor Mozart, Weber nor Meyerbeer, Wagner nor Bizet scorned success in this sense. "I repeat for the twentieth time, I desire but one thing—success," he once writes to his librettist, as he urges him again and again to make alterations in his verses. But this success was not to be gained by illegitimate means. All things must be in perfect logical order, for only on this basis could he look for that enduring success of which, in

earlier years, just because of the poor quality of his librettos, he was so often deprived. He had paid dearly for his apprenticeship and was now, accordingly, so much the more on his guard.

An unusual combination of circumstances brought him into contact with just those men whom he needed to carry out his work. They were Auguste Edouard Mariette Bey, the noted discoverer of the tombs of the Apis bulls, a learned archaeologist, to whom we owe the very first sketch of Aida; Camille du Locle, the French librettist, who had already written the text of Don Carlos for Verdi, and who now, residing in Busseto, worked out the story of Aida scene by scene under the master's eye in French prose, a proceeding in which Verdi himself took an active and by no means small part, (the finale of the last act, particularly, with its superposition of scenes, is Verdi's invention); and finally Antonio Ghislanzoni, a former opera singer, now a poet eminently fitted for the task of transmuting the French prose version into Italian verses, in the accomplishment of which task Verdi's share was again, as we shall see, uncommonly large. Ghislanzoni himself correctly indicated his comparatively modest share in the libretto when he wrote over the score "*Versi di Ghislanzoni*"; yet he is to-day regarded, not altogether rightly, as the sole librettist of Aida. The share of Mariette and du Locle, yes—even of Verdi himself—must in many respects appear more important. Nevertheless, we must accord to this man no little credit for having turned out, in spite of the unceasing pressure and the continual emendations of Verdi, such beautiful and singable verses.

Judgments as to the actual share of each of the four men in the Aida-book were for a long time extremely confused, and the Italian press in the year 1880 records a lively contest as to rights of priority. As du Locle chanced at the time to be in Rome, he published in the French journal, *L'Italie*, printed in that city, an open letter, in which for the first time the actual state of affairs was made clear. The facts are confirmed in the hitherto-unnoticed correspondence between Verdi and Ghislanzoni.¹ We can get a clear idea of the process of building up the libretto only by culling from this correspondence, which is a criss-cross discussion of the whole work, the single, oft-reiterated remarks of Verdi, arranging them systematically and submitting them to a dramaturgical analysis. This we shall attempt to do in the following pages.

¹ In the possession of Dr. Edgardo Masini, published for the first time in the supplement of the *Corriere (Lettura del Corriere)*, February, 1906; reprinted in the appendix of Verdi's *Copiallettere*, edited by Cesari and Luzzio in 1913.

Let us first, however, examine the early history of the subject. The opera, as is well known, was written to order for the Viceroy of Egypt, Ismael Pasha, for the celebration of the opening of the Suez Canal, and was to inaugurate the new opera house in Cairo. One year before he actually accepted the commission Verdi had declined all the Khedive's advances, but had been persuaded to change his mind when, in Paris, du Locle had submitted to him Mariette's first sketch. Some time later Ghislanzoni was invited by Verdi to the latter's country seat, S. Agata, where the composer laid before him the prose version, which, as Verdi writes to the publisher, Ricordi, (June 25, 1870), had undergone numerous changes at the hands of the composer himself after du Locle's departure. This version, called a "program" in the letters, seems to have been so detailed that it presented the complete sequence of ideas, including parts of the dialog, and needed in reality, nothing but the versification. On July 3, 1870, Ricordi was able to notify Verdi of Ghislanzoni's acceptance of the task and on July 21st he replied to some questions which Verdi had asked. The composer had inquired, for example, whether in ancient Egypt the duties of the cult of the gods had devolved entirely upon men; whether the name Ethiopia might in ancient times have been applied to Abyssinia; which Rameses was the great king of Egypt whom he wanted to designate by name, (in the final version the king remained without a name); where the sacred mysteries of Isis were celebrated; finally he sought information as to the chief temples of Egypt and about geographical matters.

In the correspondence with Ghislanzoni, which began on August 12th, Verdi mentions the fact that Mariette had informed him that he could have as many priestesses upon the stage as he pleased, and that, accordingly, these personages could be added in the consecration scene (Act 1).

To gain a more comprehensive view of the whole drama let us first make clear to ourselves the fundamental lines of its dramaturgic structure. It is, of course, impossible in this essay, to go into a detailed presentation of the basic technical principles involved in the construction of an opera libretto and we must assume that the reader is acquainted with the elementary technical terms of the theory of the drama, like exposition, play and counter-play, etc. Readers who have a deeper interest in the subject I refer to my book *Das Libretto* (Berlin and Leipzig: Schuster & Loeffler, 1914) which, however, is published only in German.

The tale of Aida in its original form is to be found, presumably, in some old papyrus known to Mariette. An Egyptian warrior of high rank is condemned to death for disclosing weighty secrets to the enemy, a case which has many parallels in history up to the present day. Possibly the old Egyptian record gave some intimation of the motive for the act of treason. In that case there could be only one noble and in a certain sense pardonable motive—the power of love. The Egyptian warrior loves a woman of a conquered race, who is held as a slave in Egypt, and for love of her, of course without intent and almost unconsciously, he betrays important state secrets. This furnishes the basis for a severe conflict in the hearts of the two chief actors, the conflict between love and duty. But the dramatist, and in still greater measure the opera composer, needed still other and more complicated conflicts. That the beloved woman should be a common slave was not enough. She must be the daughter of some important personage in the enemy's camp, yes, even the daughter of a king. Although consumed with love, she could not by herself without some stronger motive power tempt her lover to become a traitor, and so her father, the enemy's king, must be introduced into the story. He represents, in a certain sense, the heroine's conscience. He is the personification of her patriotism. This could be brought about only if the royal opponent of Pharaoh were conquered in battle and, like his daughter, dragged to Egypt a captive; if furthermore, his only salvation lay in his escape from Egypt and his return incognito to his native land, whence he might then deliver a crushing blow against his Egyptian adversary.

The conflict of emotions becomes still more involved when the vanquished king's actual conqueror in battle is his daughter's lover. In the hero's heart also the conflict is intensified, the counterplay becomes more effective, if the heroine is paired with a mighty rival. The only really powerful rival for a king's daughter was the daughter of Pharaoh, who was in a position to offer heart and hand, even the throne itself to the victorious general. Now it would have been possible (and a less skillful dramatist would probably have arranged it so) to let the hero waver in uncertain love between the two women; the author, however, chooses a nobler conception of the dignity of his hero and a more convincing characterization, when he makes love and love alone the motive on one side, and on the other, not merely duty, but honor and glory as well. The hero is thus faced with the alternative of yielding to the power of love and thereby—as actually happens—bringing disgrace and ruin upon his own head,

or following the behests of duty and winning a royal throne into the bargain. The ordinary mortal would unhesitatingly have chosen the latter, but the hero of tragedy cannot act contrary to the dictates of his own inmost nature and abandons himself to the guidance of love. In this we may see the greatness of his character and at the same time his tragic guilt.

In bewailing his fate, in letting our sympathy go out to him and to the woman who shares his ruin, we pronounce not only an æsthetic but also an ethical judgment. We rate his action, even though it violates the sublime duty of patriotism, higher than the correct deportment of the ordinary mortal. But we do this only on the assumption that he has become a traitor to his country unwillingly and unintentionally, because our loathing for the man who consciously betrayed his country, even though he did it for love's sake, would be so great that we could summon up very little human sympathy for him and, accordingly, no dramatic pity. On the contrary, we would regard his love as a mad passion, as an unjustifiable mania for which death was the proper penalty. On the other hand the climax of fellow-feeling is reached when we see that the very woman who brought this calamity upon her lover voluntarily shares his fate; and it seems like a kind of tragic irony that the rival prays for the soul of the wretched man over his tomb at the very moment when her bitter enemy is united in death with the object of her love.

Considering in this way the human and dramatic foundation of the Aida-plot as reduced to its simplest terms, we may easily obtain a clear survey of the various conflicts which make the tragedy. Radames, the victorious general; Aida, the Ethiopian slave; the father, Amonasro, the hostile monarch; Amneris, the daughter of Pharaoh; they all appear as necessary links in the chain of events, which needs only a King and a High-Priest (Ramfis) as representatives of Egypt's temporal and spiritual authority, to complete the tale of important actors in the drama. To these we might add the episodic appearance of the messenger who brings news of the assault of the enemy. How wisely economical the action is with respect to its dramatic motives, we may observe in the one fact that the conflict between love and duty, which tears the hearts of Aida and Radames, in like manner determines the conduct of Amneris. She herself must discover the treachery of her beloved. She herself must deliver him to the fanatical priests for punishment, and this in a truly feminine spirit, not because he has betrayed his country, but because, as she believes, he has betrayed her love. She herself must inwardly

suffer ruin with him, because her temporal power is impotent before the sentence of the spiritual judges, yes—because the hero in proud dignity disdains to save himself by resorting to an easy denial. On the basis of these dramatic lines of force it is a simple matter to map out the whole drama in acts, settings and scenes.¹

We shall confine ourselves here to the most important points and give just a simple scheme of scenes for general information, taking it for granted that the reader is acquainted with the plot of the drama.

ACT I:

SETTING I. (Royal palace in Memphis.)

Scene 1. Radames, Ramfis.

Scene 2. Radames alone.

Scene 3. Radames, Amneris.

Scene 4. The preceding; Aida.

Scene 5. The preceding; King, Ramfis, and large following; later, the messenger.

Scene 6. Aida alone.

SETTING II. (In the temple.)

Scene 1. Ramfis, with priestesses and priests; later Radames.

ACT II.

SETTING I. (In the chamber of Amneris.)

Scene 1. Amneris, with slaves.

Scene 2. Amneris, Aida.

SETTING II. (At the gates of Thebes.)

Scene 1. King, with Amneris; Ramfis, with large following.

Scene 2. The preceding; Radames.

Scene 3. The preceding; prisoners, among them Amonasro.

ACT III.

SETTING (The banks of the Nile. Night.)

Scene 1. Amneris, Ramfis.

Scene 2. Aida alone.

Scene 3. Aida, Amonasro.

Scene 4. Aida, Radames.

Scene 5. The preceding; Amonasro.

Scene 6. The preceding; Amneris, Ramfis, priests and guards.²

ACT IV.

SETTING I. (In the royal palace.)

Scene 1. Amneris alone.

Scene 2. Amneris, Radames.

Scene 3. Amneris alone; later, the priests.

¹ By settings we mean the large divisions in each act, called scenes by Verdi, which involve a change of scenery. By the word scene we designate those smaller divisions, not specified as such in the libretto, which are marked by the entrance or exit of any important actor.

² From Verdi's letters it would appear that originally the third act formed the third setting of the second.—*Ed.*

SETTING II. (In the temple. Stage in two stories: above, the altar; below, subterranean crypt.)

Scene 1. Radames alone.

Scene 2. Radames, Aida.

If we consider this scenario, the importance, of which will become evident in the following discussion, as a whole, the homogeneous character of the dramatic sequence of events is easily discerned. The first act is merely a matter of exposition, a prolog to the real action which begins with act 2. This action is developed in such wise, that at the close of act 3 we see the apparent triumph of the so-called "counterplay" (personified in Amneris) and the defeat of Aida, the character in which that which is technically called the "play" centres. The conflict in the heart of the hero, Radames, whose outward triumph is purchased at the price of inward misery, prepares the development of the following act, at the close of which we find the "*peripetie*," leading directly to the catastrophe. This catastrophe, which ends the drama, is deferred for a short time by the intercession of Amneris (moment of final tension), but its final consummation cannot be staved off. Thus we see that the Aida libretto agrees perfectly with the classic scheme of tragedy as it has been evolved and endowed with life by the best dramatists of all times and of all peoples, above all, by Shakespeare.

Let us now examine Verdi's share in this masterly construction. We shall disregard the discussions on matters of metre and prosody, which are repeated at times to the point of weariness. Verdi's first letter to Ghislanzoni, dated August 28, 1870, is concerned exclusively with the first act:

Mariette has informed me that we can have as many priestesses as we like. You may, therefore, add them in the consecration scene. (Act 1, Setting 2.)¹ Of the changes which you made (in Act 1, Setting 1) I have adopted: the first recitative (Scene 1), the Romanza, *Celeste Aida* (Scene 2), the recitative with the two stanzas of Amneris and Radames (Scene 3). In the *terzetto* which follows (Scene 4), it will be better not to let Aida say too much, and I like Amneris's threat still less.

Verdi's last remark is easily justified. It would not be in keeping with the character of Amneris, which is by no means bad, (she loves Radames truly and faithfully), if at this point she were to utter threats against the warrior.

¹ These scenic indications are taken from the scheme submitted above. They are not Verdi's.

Verdi continues:

The following hymn (Scene 5) is good as it stands, only I should like to have Radames and Amneris take part in the scene to avoid having the two characters standing aside, which always has a chilling effect. Radames need say just a few words. Amneris could take a sword, a banner or something else (*altro diavoleria*) and address her stanza to Radames in a warm, loving, yet martial manner. It appears to me that the scene would gain by this.

The change was made. We know how effective Verdi's suggestion proved. "Aida (Scene 6) is good so. She could not be other than she is."

About the consecration scene (Act 1, Setting 2), Verdi writes on the 14th of August:

If you want my frank opinion, it seems to me that the consecration scene has not turned out as important as I expected. The characters do not always say what they should say, and the priests are not priestly enough... Furthermore, it appears to me that the scenic word (*la parola scenica*) is not there; and if it is there, it is buried under the rhyme and the metre and therefore does not stand out clearly and evidently as it should. Surely one ought to give this scene, beginning at some determined point, all possible importance and solemnity.

On the 16th of August he recurs to the subject:

We must think it over carefully once more in order to arrive at a stronger characterization and greater scenic importance. We must make not a cold hymn but a real scene of it. I enclose a copy of the French program (formulated by du Locle) from which you can see the whole significance of the tableau.

Not until August 22d, after having meanwhile discussed a part of the second act, does Verdi return to this important consecration scene with the words:

This is not the time to write to Mariette, but I have invented something for the consecration scene. If it does not seem good to you let us seek farther. But it appears to me we could thus get a very effective musical scene. The scene would consist of a litany intoned by the priestesses, to which the priests respond, of a sacred dance with slow, sad music, of a short recitative, forceful and solemn like a psalm from the Bible, and of a prayer of two stanzas sung by the priests and repeated by all. And I should like it to be marked by pathos and the character of repose, particularly the first stanza, to avoid similarity between this and the choruses in the finale of the introduction (Act 1, Scene 5) and the second finale (Act 2, Scene 3), which smack a little of the Marseillaise.

Verdi's criticism of the second act on August 16th and 17th is as follows:

The first chorus is cold and insignificant. It is a report such as might be made by any messenger at all. I know very well that there is no action at this point, but with a little skill one might, at any rate, make something of it. There is no action in Don Carlos in the scene where the ladies, grouped under the trees before the convent, await the Queen; nevertheless, by means of a short chorus and the *canzone* in question, which is so characteristic and so full of color in the French text, we succeeded in making a real little scene of it . . . Without aiming at strange rhythms, make double heptasyllabics, that is, two seven-syllable lines in one; and if it does not offend your ear too much, make irregular verses, which, at times, have a great charm in music. *Traviata's* air *Di Provenza* would be much less tolerable if the verses were regular . . .

(August 17th) In the duet (Act 2, Setting 1) there are excellent things in the beginning and at the end, although it seems too long drawn out. It appears to me the recitative might be expressed in fewer verses. But when, in what follows, the action warms up, it seems to me that the scenic word (*la parola scenica*) is lacking. I do not know whether I express myself clearly when I say '*parola scenica*', but I mean by this the word which sets the situation in the proper relief and renders it clear and evident. For instance, the verses:

In volto gli occhi affisami
E menti ancor se l'osi:
Radames vive...

are less effective theatrically than the (for my part, ugly) words

...con una parola
Strapperò il tuo segreto.
Guardami, t'ho ingannata:
Radames vive...

So also the verses

Per Radames d'amore
Ardo e mi sei rivale.
Che? voi l'amate? — Io l'amo
E figlia son d'un rè.

appear to me less theatrical than the words: '*Tu l'ami ma l'amo anch' io, intendi? La figlia de' Faraoni è tua rivale!*' *Aida*: '*Mia rivale? E sia, anch' io son figlia,*' etc. I know very well what you will say to me:— '*And the verse, the rhyme, the stanza?*' I have no answer, but I would immediately abandon rhyme, rhythm and strophic form if the action required it. I would write blank verse in order to be able to say clearly and definitely all that the action demanded. Indeed, in matters theatrical it is, at times, conducive to success if the poet and the musician possess the talent of not making verses and music.

With regard to the *cabalettas*¹ he writes farther on:

Have no fear. I do not abhor *cabalettas*, but I should like to have a subject and a reason for them. In the duet in the Masked Ball there was a magnificent pretext. After this whole scene, you may be assured, the loves of Richard and Amelia must be discovered.

How unweariedly Verdi applied the file, we may see in the fact that, even after the score had been long completed and sent to Cairo, he wrote to Bottesini (the conductor of the first performance in Cairo) on the 17th and 19th of December, 1871:

I have made a change in the stretta of the duet of the two women in the second act. Two or three days ago I sent it to Ricordi, who has probably already sent it to Cairo. The stretta, as it was, always appeared to me somewhat common. The new stretta is not so and will close well, if, upon the return to the theme of the scene in the first act, Pozzoni will sing it moving heavily toward the wings (*marciando a stento verso la scena*). When you see the score, you will observe that I have taken the greatest pains with this duet; but inasmuch as it belongs to a genre that is, so to speak, misty (*saporoso*) the effect may not come up to my wishes. So please tell me the whole truth frankly, for this can only be of service to me. Tell me only of the passage in $\frac{3}{4}$ in D \flat (Aida's part) and of the other passage, the duet in G \flat . Tell me about the voice part and the orchestra, always with respect to the effect. I expect two letters from you; one after the orchestra rehearsals and the other after the first performance.

On the 25th of August, 1870, Verdi invites Ghislanzoni to visit him for the final revision of the first two acts, so that the letters do not inform us of the later course of the discussions. Yet Verdi's untiring spirit does not rest after Ghislanzoni's departure, and so, on the 8th of September he suggests a new improvement for the second act. The timely reference to the telegram of victory of the first German emperor (shortly after the battle of Sedan) is worthy of note:

After your departure I worked very little and have written only the march, which has turned out very long and full of detail. . . . You must, however, help me a little more, so that the chorus may sing partly the glory of Egypt, partly that of Radames. The first eight verses, accordingly, must be modified. The other eight for the women are good, and eight more must be added for the priests: 'With the aid of divine Providence we have gained the victory. May God continue to help us in the future.' (See the telegrams of King William.)

¹ Cabaletta: a lively strain, easily grasped by the bearer, generally used in ending an aria or a duet.

On the 10th of September, after Ghislanzoni has sent the alterations, he writes:

The verses of the finale go well, but it is impossible to do without a stanza at the end for the priests. Ramfis has a personality and should have something to say. I know that there is little which one might let him say here, and therefore it must be so arranged that the stanza of the priests at the beginning of the finale may be repeated at the end. . . . If the situation demands it, you need have no scruples. At this point the priests can do no more than invoke the gods, praying that they may be propitious in the future.

Later in the course of the discussion of the third act he writes abruptly on the 30th of September:

I observe that in the stretta of the finale of the second act we have a chorus of prisoners; it is impossible to let them remain silent (there are at least twenty of them) and they cannot sing with the populace. So arrange some stanza for me here.

Yes—even at the end of his work on this part of the score, on December 31, 1870, Verdi returns to an important point in the second finale. He is of the opinion that the scenic situation requires readjustment. Aida recognizes her father too quickly. If a few words were added, Aida would attract the attention of the spectator more, and the significant phrase, "*è mio padre*" (it is my father), would stand out more prominently. The passage in question is the one in which, in the final form, Aida sings: "*Chi veggo! — Egli? — mio padre!*" In the sketch which Verdi submits by way of suggestion, the words are: "*Che veggo! oh ciel! lo salva — or rè — lo salva! è mio padre!*" Verdi believed that the words "*lo salva*," which were afterwards dropped, gave more support to the scene, allowed the singer more movement and action and afforded the music a freer field for the preparation of "*è mio padre*." Apparently Verdi realized later that this version was too long. More effective than it is now it could hardly have been made. This final form, however, was the result of long and detailed deliberation. For instance, as we see from a letter of December 28th, the word *taci*, uttered by Amneris, was struck out because Amneris would have to speak it so quickly, that it would escape the hearer. If on the other hand, it were spoken slowly, it would cast a chill over the action. The words of the tutti *Suo padre!* must follow immediately upon Aida's *Mio padre!* At any rate Verdi was not satisfied with the original version. His criticism was, that Aida did not "stand" well in the scene at this

moment and did not say just what she ought to say. Of the change which he suggested first he says:

In fine, I have gained nothing, and must do the little scene over again. It is a question of a simple colloquy. But inasmuch as the situation is so important, woe unto us, if the characters do not 'stand' properly or if we say too much.

This extraordinary dramatic solicitude is confirmed in the later letters, from which we learn that Verdi fairly harassed himself with this scene.

Six times, (so he writes in January, 1871), have I written the two verses of recitative in which Aida recognizes her father among the prisoners. The situation is splendid, but perhaps the characters are not staged well (*non sono bene in scene*); that is to say, they do not act as they should act. Have patience, and please write the little scene for me once more, entirely after your own fashion. Do not think of it as it was; just place yourself in the situation and write. At present it looks like this:

Aida: Che veggio! — Egli! Lo salva,
O Rè . . . lo salva . . . È il mio padre!
Tutti: Suo padre!
Aida: Grazia a lui!
Amonasro: Sì, padre — anch'io pugnai, etc.

It is not much, but it is a situation, and it must be done well.

We see here that, compared with the final form, there were still too many words. (*Grazia a lui* and the interjection of Amonasro were dropped later.) But Verdi must first make several other attempts. On the 7th of January he complains despairingly:

I really fear we shall be drowned in a glass of water after having safely crossed the ocean. For the eighth time I have written this piece in vain. The King is not properly staged; but it is better now. I shall drop this piece for the present and go on to finish the instrumentation.

Let us pass on to Verdi's remarks on the third act. On the 28th of September, 1870, he writes:

This third act is very good, although in my opinion, there are several things which must be changed; but, I repeat, on the whole it is very good and I congratulate you upon it sincerely. I see you dread two things. You shrink from certain scenic audacities and from *cabalettas*. I always hold that one must make *cabalettas* if the situation demands it. The *cabalettas* of the two duets (Scene 3, Aida and Amonasro; Scene 4, Aida and Radames) are not required by the situation,

and the duet between father and daughter, particularly, seems to me out of place. Aida, in her state of terror and moral depression, must not sing a *cabaletta*. In the program there are, at this point, two things which are extremely effective scenically, true and good for the actor. In the poetic version they do not stand out in proper relief. Firstly, after Amonasro has said: 'Be the slave of the Pharaohs,' Aida can utter only broken phrases. Secondly, when Amonasro says to Radames (Scene 5): 'The King of Ethiopia,' Radames must hold the stage almost alone with strange, mad, very excited words. But this we shall discuss later.

In the meantime let us analyze this act from beginning to end. In the first chorus the second version seems the better to me. Only we need not repeat what has already been said in the litanies:

Luce divina eterna
Spirto fecondator.

It would be better to say, as in the program: '*Iside favorevole agli Amori*, etc.' The recitative and romanza (Scene 2) are good.¹ So is the duet which follows the verse: '*Ti maledice . . . Ah no!*' (Scene 3.) Then, '*Tu, agli miei, Dei Faraoni*' sounds flat to me. And I find this kind of enthusiasm false for Aida: '*Della patria il sacro amor*.' As I have said, after the terrible scene and the insults heaped upon her father, Aida has hardly breath enough to speak. Hence broken words in a low, hollow voice.

I have read the program again and it seems to me that there the situation has turned out well. I, for my part, would abandon the strophic form and rhythm. I did not think of letting the actors sing here and would render the situation just as it is, perhaps even in recitative verses. At the most I might let Amonasro sing one phrase: '*Pensa alla patria, e tal pensiero ti dia forza e coraggio*.' Do not forget the words: '*Oh patria mia, quanto, quanto mi costi!*' In short, I would hold as closely as possible to the program.

Later, on the 30th of September:

The duet between Aida and Radames (Scene 4) is very beautiful in the part that is sung, but in my opinion it is lacking in development and clearness from the scenic point of view. I should have preferred a recitative at the beginning. Aida would have remained calmer and more dignified and would have been able to utter some good scenic phrases. . . The four verses after the *cantabile* are cold and do not lead up well to Aida's beautiful stanza: '*Fuggiam gli ardori*, etc.' I know that this was done for the sake of strophe and rhyme, but why not make a recitative in order to say everything that the action demands? Observe that in the program also this point required greater development. . . In the following scene (Scene 5) you feared you would make Aida odious. But reflect that Aida is justified by the duet with her father, yes—by the very presence of her father, and the spectators accordingly know that what they hear is a secret. There is even more

¹ Verdi reversed this judgment later.

Aida can stop quite naturally to make a request of Radames, but after that duet Radames cannot do this. It seems to me the situation is not exactly dangerous, but it may become so. Aida's plea, therefore, which is true and natural, is still to be preferred. Only no superfluous word must be spoken . . . Here you would like to have a trio, but this is not the time to stop to sing and we must hurry on to the entrance of Amneris.

On the 7th of October Verdi, referring again to the beginning of the third act, praises the first chorus and the recitative of Ramfis and Amneris (Scene 1), but censures Aida's scene which follows, with the unwarrantable criticism that Aida has too much to do in this act (!); in the next sentence, however, he abandons this standpoint and judges more correctly when he says that the original version of the *romanza* is cold and commonplace. He suggests a change. He would keep the first five verses of the recitative and then offers for the *romanza* itself the verses which follow here, requesting Ghislanzoni to smoothe out the metre and the rhyme:

Io tremo!
 Sì a dirmi vieni eterno addio,
 Del Nilo ai cupi vortici
 Io chiederò l'addio;
 Là in quella tomba gelida
 Forse avrà pace il cor.

In the final version of this scene these verses are used in the recitative. The *romanza* itself, one of the most beautiful and touching pieces of the opera, was composed much later, after all the rest of the score was completed, as we learn from a letter of August 5, 1871:

The music of the first chorus of the third act, which is not sufficiently characteristic, I shall do over again; and having gotten into swing, I should like to add a little solo piece for Aida, an idyll as you once suggested. Only the verses you made then were little adapted to an idyll. It is true, Aida's character presents itself unfavorably here; but if we go a little farther afield, introducing some memories of her native land, we could get this quiet, peaceful number, which at this moment would act like a balm . . . Keep for me, at the end of the recitative, some such words as: '*O patria mia — mai ti rivedrol'*' They would serve as a refrain at the end of each stanza.

Verdi refers to the new chorus of the third act much later in a humorous letter to Ricordi, dated Turin, November 12, 1871:

As I told you, I have written a new chorus and a *romanza* for Aida in place of the other four-part chorus, which was composed in the style of Palestrina. With the latter I should have won a 'Bravo!' from

the old periwigs and become a candidate (Faccio¹ to the contrary notwithstanding) for a professorship of counterpoint in some conservatory. But I have been seized with scruples regarding this writing à la Palestrina, and the harmony and Egyptian music!... In fine, it is determined by Fate!... I shall never be a savant in music. I shall always remain a bungler.

But let us return to the regular course of the correspondence with Ghislanzoni. On the 7th of October, 1870, Verdi discusses in detail the scene between Aida and Amonasro (Act 3, Scene 3):

In the next scene I should not like to have Amonasro call Aida. It would seem better to me if Aida, upon turning, should encounter her father and exclaim: '*Ciel! E mio padre,*' etc. And I do not much like the phrase: '*Io del tuo cor leggo i misteri.*' From the lips of this proud and crafty monarch '*Nulla sfugge al mio sguardo*' would be better.

What follows is good, but the ending does not fit the situation. Perhaps I did not express myself clearly in my last letter, but I thought I had told you that this is a scenic moment, which one should dwell upon and upon which one should expend much care. The rôle of Aida must be developed more, that of Amonasro less. If you can find your way well into Aida's situation and will make me four good scenic verses, you shall see that the result will be tolerable and not commonplace.

On October 8th we read:

Once for all, let me remark that I do not ever intend to discuss your verses, which are always good, but to express my opinion on the scenic effect. The duet between Radames and Aida (Scene 4), is in my opinion, much less successful than that between the daughter and the father. The cause of this is that perhaps the situation or perhaps the form is more commonplace than in the preceding duet. Certainly such intercalations, as the eight verses which one character pronounces and the other repeats, are not well adapted to keeping the dialog alive. In addition to this the intermezzi between these *cantabile* passages are rather cold.

On the 16th of October Verdi writes more vigorously:

In order to answer your letter in detail I would need time and we have none to lose at this juncture. Away then with these discussions. Let one thought only preoccupy our minds:—to make a success! For this reason I should be sorry if the changes I have asked you to make were to deaden the effect instead of enlivening it... It seems to me you are too partial to the character of Radames. Let us not argue the point. Be it as you say; but in the duet, for instance, does Radames command the same interest as Aida? It would seem more natural to me if he answered Aida: '*Lasciar la patria, i miei Dei, i luoghi, ove nacqui, ove acquistai gloria,*' etc., but if you do not like this invoice of

¹ Faccio was the conductor of the first Milan performance and the arranger of the vocal score of Aida.

glory (*calculi di gloria*), invent something else. Only, if we once enter upon the path of *cantabiles* and *cabaletti*, we must continue on that road, and it would be well to let Radames answer with eight verses the eight lines of Aida... In Aida's *romanza* (Act 3, Scene 2), let us dispense with *prima donna* considerations; surely none of them will complain of this. On the other hand, if their fatigue should be too great, they would not do justice to the duets which follow. Then there are other considerations. The first chorus is *grave*, the scene of the priests and Amneris is *grave*, the re-entrance of the chorus is again *grave*. If now, we add still another scene and *romanza*, slow and *grave*, we will bore people.

I have composed this *romanza*. It was not a success!... '*Fra il verde dei palmizi, sul Nilo,*' etc., would not, you say, be very idyllic. I am entirely agreed with you, but this must really be an idyll. One must, as Filippi¹ would say, perceive the odor of Egypt and avoid '*l'orfana, l'amaro calice delle sventure,*' etc., and find a new form. But here I have arrived at an argument again. Excuse me.

In the fourth act, to which Verdi now directs his attention, he asks, before all else, for a cut in the duet of Amneris and Radames (Setting 1, Scene 2). Inasmuch as the letters mention a visit of Ghislanzoni and Ricordi to Verdi for the purpose of fuller discussion, we may assume that most of the deliberations on the fourth act were conducted orally. We read further on about this duet:

Develop the situation... and let the characters say what they must say without the slightest regard for the musical form. Understand, that if you send me recitative from beginning to end, it will be impossible for me to write rhythmical music for it, but if you adopt some particular rhythm in the beginning and hold it to the end, I shall by no means find fault. Only we might have to change it in order to have a *cabaletta* at the end.

And later we read of the same duet:

I believe that the duet should begin right off in the lyric form. In this opening there is, if I mistake not, something lofty and noble, especially in Radames, which, perhaps, I should like to have sung—a style of singing *sui generis*, not the style of the *romanzas* and *cavatinas*, but something of declamation, sustained and lofty,—the metre of your own choice. Break up the dialog, if you believe that you can thus give it more life.... If we cast the whole duet in lyric form, do you not think that the first scene needs more development?

Then he goes on to the great judgment scene in the fourth act, which on the whole he finds "marvelous," on a par with the similar scene in *Il Trovatore*. But for Amneris he would like two

¹ A critic who also reviewed the first performance in Cairo.

"more desolate" verses, so written, that he may take a portion of them for repetition each time Amneris hears a new accusation from the judgment chamber in the crypt. Amneris, as Verdi rightly maintains, cannot remain upon the stage continually while the terrible sentence is being pronounced, without some exclamation of despair.

In the meantime Ghislanzoni has revised the duet. Verdi thinks it pretty good but too excited and strained. The *cabaletta* is too long for the situation. "O, these confounded *cabalettas*, which always have the same form and are all so much alike! See whether you can invent something new." Over and over again he returns to the duet upon which he bestows particular care. A remark in an undated letter is of unusual interest:

(*Wednesday*) I studied the duet for a long time and am more than ever convinced that we must cast it in lyric form to the end. It will seem strange—a melody to words that appear to be spoken by an attorney; but under these lawyer's words beats the heart of a woman overwhelmed by despair and by love. The music may turn out a grand success, if it expresses this state of mind and, in a way, says two things at once. That is a quality of art which critics have not considered well and conductors not treated properly.

Another undated letter (*Sabato*) says:

The invective outburst of Amneris is stupendous. This piece, too, is completed. I shall not go to Genoa before the opera is entirely finished. It wants only the last piece and the setting in score of the fourth act and the instrumentation of the whole opera—work for at least a month. Be patient, therefore, and make your arrangements so that you can come to S. Agata without being pressed for time, for we must bring the whole libretto well into shape.

Finally the duet was rewritten to Verdi's satisfaction. In another undated letter (*Sabato*) he says: "But how very beautiful this duet is—very, very beautiful! After the duet of *Aida* and *Amonasro* in the third act, this seems to me the best of all. If you could find some new form for the *cabaletta*, this duet would be perfect." In one passage we read this admonition: "Do not be afraid of Amneris's invectives against the priests." Amneris must turn like a tigress upon Ramfis.

On the 2nd of November, 1870, Verdi received the last scene, which, on the whole, he finds good. After having studied it carefully he says:

In less expert hands this scene might either be choked to death or become monotonous. But it must not be a failure, because, if, after all

this effort at stage setting, it should not be sufficiently well developed, it would be a case of *parturiens mons*. The monotony must be avoided by the invention of new and unusual forms.... The French also, in their strophic songs, use verses which are sometimes long and sometimes short. Why could not we do this at once? This whole scene need not necessarily be one of pure and simple singing. A somewhat unusual metre for Radames would constrain me to depart from the conventional form of melody for seven- or eight-syllabled verses and would compel me to vary the movement and the time in order to write an aria-like solo for Aida.

In a later letter Verdi requests the librettist to leave out the customary "agony" and to avoid conventional expressions: "I should like something sweet and ethereal, a very short duet, an *addio alla vita*. Let Aida sink gently into the arms of Radames." Then Verdi sketches the scene exactly as it was finally carried out. As Ghislanzoni delays too long in smoothing out the "monstrous" verses that Verdi has dashed off, the latter simply sets them to music as they stand and calls upon the librettist to visit him in person in order to make as much *ex post facto* improvement as he can. We have, accordingly, in the scene just at the end of the opera, the staging of which was also suggested by the composer, the work of the poet-musician, Verdi. "Have no fear," is his final admonition to his co-worker, "for the last scene, that we may be scorched by it. It is cold steel."

This practically ends the correspondence between Verdi and Ghislanzoni. Later letters to other friends inform us of other details. For instance, on the 13th of January, 1872, Verdi writes that he has just finished an overture to Aida, a piece which, as we all know, was later discarded, and which but a short time ago was found again among the papers left after his death. Of all these later letters about Aida the most interesting is probably one to the conductor, Vincenzo Torelli, in Naples (August 22, 1872). Verdi assumes a very energetic manner:

By good elements of performance I understand not only the solo singers, but also the orchestra and the chorus, the costumes, the scenery, the machinery, the scenic movement and finesse of color scheme. It is all very well, pardon me once again—but you Southerners have no idea of what I mean by *movimento scenico* and *finezza di colorito*. The conditions in Rome and Naples are far too wretched (*giù di strada*) to stage a spectacle properly, as Aida was performed in Milan, Parma and Padua. I repeat once more, it does not suffice to have two or three good singers. Furthermore, one hundred people in the chorus are not enough for Aida. And they must be good—as good as in Milan. Money

alone will not do it, there must be good will also. I shall see how things go in Naples. If the elements are good, I shall look after everything; if not, I shall withdraw the score even after the dress rehearsal. No one will persuade me to produce Don Carlos as you have heretofore done it, nor to produce Aida as you are accustomed to do all your operas.

Can we not imagine that we hear Gluck or Richard Wagner speaking here? We see that Verdi, too, establishes the canon of the *Gesamtkunstwerk*, the collective work of art, in which music, poetry and scenic art support and complement one another. The extracts from the letters have given us a splendid illustration of how the master coöperated down to the smallest detail in the poetic side of this work.

(Translated by Otto Kinkeldey)

RUSSIAN HUNTING MUSIC

By JAROSLAW DE ZIELINSKI

IT WAS under Augustus I, and his son Augustus II the Strong, the "Saxon Man of Sin," as Carlyle called him, that Dresden, an old Slavonic city which Herder has since defined as "The German Florence," became known to the world. Here lived in 1746 one Anton Josef Hampl, attached to the reigning house as court and opera musician, and this man, scarcely ever noticed in our musical biographies, discovered in 1760, accidentally, that the natural tones of the French Horn could be lowered half a step by inserting the hand into the bell! Five years after this discovery the horn's beauty of timbre was demonstrated in Paris when Jean Joseph Rodolphe, a remarkable musician of his day, played the horn concertante part to the air "Amour dans ce riant bocage" by Pascal Boyer, as sung by the famous tenor, Josef Legros.

Having heard of great possibilities in the imperial city of St. Petersburg, now Petrograd, another French Horn player, Johann A. Maresch, unknown but soon to become famous, decided to go there and seek fortune. Maresch was a native of Bohemia, born in 1719 at Chotieborz, and he showed from his youngest days a remarkable aptitude for music, especially the French Horn, a favorite instrument at that time with the Czechs. He had the earnest support of relatives and friends, for the times were strenuous and the Prussians were pounding their way into Prague. So with his instrument under the arm, Johann A. got to Petrograd in 1744, just about the same time that Lestocq, the Franco-German adventurer, actual Counsellor of State and first Court Physician to the last of the Romanoffs, Elizabeth I, had left for Kieff, accompanying his mistress who had been now Empress of Russia for three years.

Maresch was not slow in pushing himself forward, and in a short time became known to Alexis Petrovitch Bestousheff, at one time a protégé of Lestocq, but later one of his most bitter enemies. Bestousheff was the descendant of a certain Gabriel Best from the county of Kent, England, who had come to Russia in 1413, a hundred and forty years in advance of Richard Chancellor whose landing at Archangel took place in 1553. Most of

the Englishmen who went to Russia in those days were either traders or craftsmen; one in particular, John Villiers, unknown to the world at large, built in Moscow the famous tower, and his name in consequence was corrupted into Ivan Veliky, that is, "John the Great!"

Alexis Petrovitch Bestousheff had been vice-chancellor a couple of years, and though destined to be all-powerful, he was more anxious to please his mistress who often spoke of her unbounded physical and moral repulsion toward him. Entering in 1744 upon the exalted office of Grand Chancellor, a festival in honor of the Empress was in order at the chancellery. Maresch was one of the soloists, and Elizabeth was so pleased with his art that she engaged him forthwith, conferring upon him also the title of chamber musician.

Prior to this event the court's musical favorite had been a peasant from Little Russia, a young man whose bass voice literally made the windows rattle in the diminutive country church where he sang Sundays. The way this singer was discovered is told in an interesting fashion by Colonel Feodor Stepanovitch Vishnievsky who had been sent to Hungary to buy wines for the cellar of Anna Ivanovna, niece of Peter the Great. On his return journey, crossing Ukraina, the colonel stopped at the village Lemiohy; it was Sunday, and like all good orthodox Russians, Feodor Stepanovitch went to church, where he was startled with the tremendous bass voice of a young peasant, Alexy Gregoryevitch by name. The youth's father was a registered Cossack, and an inveterate drunkard who beat the boy whenever a chance offered, and one time tried to kill him by throwing an axe at his head. This old reprobate's name was Gregory Yakovlovitch, but everyone called him "Razoum" (understanding), for when drunk he would persist in saying: "Ha! what a head, what knowledge!" Of course, the colonel carried off the young man and presented him to Elizabeth, for which he was rewarded with rank of major-general and an exalted position at court. In love with the beautiful voice and handsome peasant, Elizabeth conferred upon Alexis Gregoryevitch, later Razoumovsky, the title of chamber musician, upon which he promptly lost his voice.

Of these affections, so generously bestowed by the Tsarina, Johann A. Maresch found himself at times a beneficiary, viewed with a jealous eye by Bestousheff, Lestocq and Naryshkin, not to mention Razoumovsky. Of course, Elizabeth flattered herself that Russia teeming with imitations was Europe, and while she corrected to a certain extent the morals of her clergy, she and her

court led in scandals the other courts of Europe; Saxony, Prussia, Denmark, England, Spain and Portugal, in which the respective rulers set the example of most licentious manners. Many writers have tried to saddle this excessive freedom of morals on French society, but indeed such were the doings of the Russian and other courts that Versailles could have easily passed for the first asylum of virtue.

Directly under the orders of the Marshal of the Court, Simon Kirillovitch Naryshkin, who had also the direction of the Imperial Chapel and Theatre, Maresch was charged with the improvement of the very primitive Russian Hunting Horn, which must not be confounded with what we call a Hunting Horn, Flügel Horn or Post Horn; really it is but a simple conical tube of brass bent the fourth of a circle at its smaller end, as in the accompanying picture. There was much to accomplish, and the first thing that



Maresch undertook was the tuning of those instruments, so crudely constructed by tinsmiths that their pitch differed at times a whole step. After establishing a uniform pitch, he had the instruments tuned in thirds, fifths and octaves, so that when united they could give the major chord of D (D, F \sharp , A, D).

When hunting, sixteen horn-blowers were employed; these were peasants who had no idea of music, but when they met each one would sound his horn, and as each horn could give but one sound, the intervals of the chord of D major were heard, or the complete chord, according to the combination of the moment. Some enthusiastic admirers of Maresch have acclaimed this fanfare of horns to have been his glorious invention, dating from 1751, but as far back as the "Well-beloved" Louis XIV, many fanfares for the hunt were composed and selected by that monarch with the help of his master of the hunt, Monsieur de Dampierre.

Of course, the very first result obtained by Maresch delighted Naryshkin, the ex-betrothed of the Empress, to such an extent that he conceived the brilliant idea of using horns for the rendition of instrumental ensemble. One can imagine the horror with which poor Maresch, chamber musician of Elizabeth I, was

overwhelmed when this extraordinary notion was communicated to him, for, while the peasants combined under his orders knew how to blow individually into their instruments, their musical knowledge was there at an end. Nevertheless, he did not shirk the idea, and formulated a way of making each one hold his part in an ensemble without teaching him music for that purpose; indeed, such a course would have presented insurmountable difficulties.

The first move was the construction of twenty-five horns, tuned like the pipes of an organ and able to produce two complete chromatic octaves. The next step was to invent conventional signs that would replace the usual notation. Of course, that was easy, especially so because of the fact that each horn could produce but one sound; this turned the pseudo-instrumentalist practically into a machine; the only remaining difficulty was to teach him how to count the measures and rests! So each note was written the same as a quarter note, while silence was indicated by |[^]|, which sign corresponded with our quarter rest; furthermore, each part had at the beginning the name of the note and octave to which it belonged. The movement was developed during the study of the piece, while in view of the tremendous sonority of the band, Maresch had to use a bell to indicate the measure.

There was much profit to Maresch in what he taught, for in calculating how to teach others, he taught himself, and the instrumental ensemble that he chose to be accompanied by these hunting horns he made up of twelve horns, two trumpets and two post horns. The first four pieces prepared for this band were written in F major, and the twelve horns were divided as follows: one in C[#] (alt), which like the C or D horns in alt was seldom if ever used; these horns present a meager timbre of very poor quality, and examples of their use do not exist in the scores of classic writers; six horns in D, one in E, two in A and two in C. In place of kettle-drums he used two machines made up in the form of a drum; each one had four bells tuned in major third, perfect fifth and octave; when set in motion one machine would give the tonic chord of D major (D, F[#], A, D), the other that of dominant chord (A, C[#], E, A).

This strange instrumental combination lasted a year, when Naryshkin began to show dissatisfaction with the difficulty of keeping together so large a number of foreign horn-players, in order to combine them with the hunting horns; in truth, the financial charge was at the bottom of all trouble, for these peripatetic musicians, not particularly overgifted, knew how to



The Band of Russian Horn Players at Practice.

extort big pay and undeserved considerations. Otherwise Naryshkin was quite encouraged with the success of these first efforts, and asked Maresch to teach twelve hunters to play the horn, giving him a year in which to accomplish the task. Overwhelmed by this new fantasy of the Grand Marshal, and well aware of the insurmountable difficulties to overcome in teaching the moujycks that were detailed for such instruction, Maresch worried greatly and finally decided that the best way would be to use the hunting horns alone. Such was the real origin of Russian Hunting Music.

First, he wrote two easy pieces in three parts, which were put into practice at once at a tremendous expenditure of time, labor and patience; but the reward was near. At a banquet to which he was invited, Naryshkin was again in a faultfinding mood; this time because Maresch was not making a show of hurry to carry out his wishes. This was the cue, and bringing together his pupils who had been in waiting, Maresch made their ensemble playing reveal what he had accomplished, for he made no use of the foreign horn-players. Of course, the success was beyond all expectation; Simon Kirillovitch Naryshkin folded Maresch in his arms and declared the combination by far superior to the mixed ensemble of hunting horns and other horns whose tones were too weak for the former. There was haste in the séance that followed, and it was decided without much ado, that henceforth the hunting horns would form an ensemble of their own without the aid of other instruments. This necessitated an extension of the band's compass to three complete octaves, and musicians of renown were now invited to contribute some of their compositions.

Among those who were so honored was Johann Gumpenhuber, a virtuoso attached to the Imperial Chapel. The instrument on which he excelled was the pantaleon, a sort of large tympanon or dulcimer with gut and wire strings, invented about 1690 by his teacher Pantaleon Hebenstreit. This German musician, also a violinist of renown, found himself in Paris in 1705, and having been presented to Louis XIV, he played on his newly invented instrument at Versailles before the Grande Monarchie and his court. The King was delighted and forthwith baptized the instrument by Hebenstreit's first name, "Pantaleon."

In 1757, two years after the founding at the center of the empire, of the University of Moscow by Elizabeth's young favorite, Ivan Schouvaloff, Naryshkin organized a grand hunt in honor of the Empress, and gave a concert with his hunting band in the gardens surrounding the hunting lodge of Izmayloff, a suburb of

Moscow, before Elizabeth and her court. The affair was a great success and Elizabeth so well pleased that she appointed Naryshkin master of the hounds and ordered a similar band to be formed at once for her. So the band heretofore recognized as Naryshkin's hunting music, became known as the Music of the Imperial Hunt, and Maresch was appointed Kapellmeister with an increased financial remuneration as reward for his untiring efforts.

The successful development of the band was rapid, and following a false conception, the Music of the Imperial Hunt was employed to accompany Hermann F. Raupach's opera "Alcesta," given at Petrograd in 1779, where the composer had been appointed by Catharine II orchestral director of the opera.

Historians who have written on the subject of these horns have expressed widely divergent opinions; some claiming that these instruments were of wood, others again maintaining that they were of brass! It was in 1779, however, that the brass horns were replaced by wooden horns covered with brass; they were straight, and lackered on the inside, which was supposed to render their tone more soft, making it possible to use them oftener in place of ensembles made up of clarinets, French horns, bassoons, etc. The making of these hunting horns was confided to expert workmen, and their manufacture was quite expensive. To overcome the greatest difficulty, that of perfect attunement, Maresch added a tube to the lower end of each instrument which made it possible to lengthen or shorten it, consequently to get it in tune.

Among the pieces played by the Music of the Imperial Hunt were the overtures to "Henry IV" (Martini), "The Deserter" (Monsigny), "La Belle Arsène" (Monsigny), "Le Tableau Parlant" (Grétry), "Le Marchand de Smyrne" (Haindl) and "Zemire et Azor" (Grétry), while fugues for four voices were given with a precision that no organist could excell.

The drawing here given is taken from "Entstehung, Fortgang und jetzige Beschaffenheit der Russischen Jagdmusik," by Johann Christian Hinrichs. Born in Hamburg in 1760, Hinrichs went to Russia when about twenty years of age, and in time became known as Hinrichs, professor at the School of Statistics founded by the Government; the book referred to came out in Petrograd in 1796 when the Russian Hunting Music reached its highest point of excellence. The large folio of xiv and 24 pages was published by one Schnorr; it contains plates presenting pictures of the instruments and their description, the tablature in score and examples of music. In addition, it has a biography of Maresch.

The story is told of Joseph II, he who benefited by the dismemberment of Poland: when on a visit to Peterhof, the Tsar's residence near Petrograd, he heard for the first time the Russian horns, and was startled by the effect they produced. He desired to have Maresch presented to him, and after listening to a thorough explanation of the mechanism of his music, the Emperor tapped him familiarly on the shoulder, exclaiming: "Bravo! that's fine! Only you require forty men for this work which I can accomplish with one man, playing the organ. But then you have here numbers of men, enough to form easily a couple of companies!"

About 1796 there were nine bands of hunting music in Petrograd, among which were those of Prince Patiomkin and Wadkovskoi. Russian Hunting Music was heard in 1817 at Mannheim in a most successful rendition of a Te Deum; another similar band was heard in Paris toward the end of 1833 in the hall of the "Concerts Montesquieu."

This music of the Imperial Hunt is certainly the most remarkable musical curiosity of the eighteenth century from Russia. Its merit lies entirely with the Bohemian Maresch, a celebrated man one hundred and fifty years ago, but to-day entirely forgotten and seldom mentioned even in biographical dictionaries.

THE STUDY OF THEORY IN MUSIC TEACHING. IS IT SOUND?

By A. REDGRAVE CRIPPS

WE are fond of congratulating ourselves on the progress made within recent years in music; and, be it said at once, not without cause. There is one respect, however, in which little if any progress has been made: and unfortunately it is the most important of all, since it underlies everything else. It is in the *teaching* of music.

Assuming, for the moment, that the fact is as stated, let us consider the reason for it. It lies on the surface. Improved methods of education are not generally thought of in the abstract, but nearly always in connection with some particular subject: some time, therefore, must always elapse before they are applied to other subjects. Music has somehow a position by itself; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that music teaching has hardly been touched by the new spirit which has within recent years entered into education.

What, then, are our present methods? It is not very easy to answer this question quite definitely. There must always be a certain amount of diversity in teaching, just as there is in the individual characteristics of the teachers themselves. But, apart from minor differences, which are comparatively small and unimportant, there is a general agreement as to what is (within limits) the proper way of teaching music. There are certain general underlying ideas that practically all teachers have in common; ideas which are, in fact, almost taken for granted.

We may, perhaps, take the course of study at our great schools of music as fairly representing our present teaching. We find that in all of these the pupil's studies are divided into two kinds: the practical and the theoretical. By the *practical* is meant lessons in the principal and second studies, whatever they may be (such as singing, piano-playing, etc.); by the *theoretical* is meant lessons in Harmony, Counterpoint, etc. With the first of these—the practical—we need not for the present concern ourselves; the lessons which the pupil receives in these will, obviously, only affect him directly in these particular subjects.

The theoretical course, as we have just said, is divided into separate studies, such as Harmony, Counterpoint, and (when the student is more advanced) Canon, Fugue, etc. Now it should be noticed in the first place (and the point is important) that this division is entirely artificial, and does not exist in actual music. We may speak of Harmony and Counterpoint and Melody and Rhythm as if they were separate things, but in reality they are so inextricably mingled together that it is quite impossible to separate them,—even in thought. (Even the simplest music consists of more than one of these, and in more advanced works the various elements of effect are often so compounded together that one without the others would be absolutely meaningless.) What justification, then, is there for separating them in study?

It is true that music may, on analysis, be reduced roughly to certain constituents (though other elements enter into it which the theorist generally takes no note of, such as the peculiar tone quality of the various instruments, etc.); but that is surely no reason why those constituents should be studied separately. But not only are these subjects taught quite separately, they are taught as if they really were separate,—one might almost say, as if they were in opposition to each other. How often, for instance, is the pupil told that a certain chord or progression is allowable in Harmony, but not in Counterpoint. Nothing could be worse than this. Not only does it (as has been said) separate the two things most completely in the student's mind, but it has another and even worse effect. He comes to think that the only test of the rightness or wrongness of anything he has written is whether or no it conforms to the "rules" of some particular branch of theory; whereas the real test is, of course, (to put it roughly) "Does it sound well?"

But however separate these studies may seem to the student, they have at least one thing in common: viz., that none of them has any real relation to actual music. That this is so is clear even in the case of Harmony exercises. But in Harmony exercises it is not so much because they are different to real music, as because they show only one side of real music,—the relation of chords; they might possibly—some of them—be taken for rather dull hymn tunes. But what is to be said of "Strict Counterpoint"? Here the want of relation with actual composition arises simply from the fact that the two things have nothing whatever to do with each other. The exercises which the student has to write have no resemblance to any music that ever existed; they cannot be sung by any combination of voices or played by any combination

of instruments. They are, in fact, paper music, pure and simple; mere combinations of notes fitted in one against the other (like a Chinese puzzle) in accordance with certain arbitrary rules. Indeed, this study of Strict Counterpoint is so utterly artificial, and so far removed from all real art work, that one almost wonders what it can possibly be founded on—how it ever came to exist at all. As a matter of fact it is simply a survival of the ancient teaching of music.

Mr. Rockstro at the beginning of his little book on Counterpoint gives a list of authorities (whom he regards with almost pathetic veneration) on whose teaching, he says, the purest rules of Counterpoint are based. Of these authorities only one, and he by no means the greatest (Cherubini) has any connection at all with the history of music as an art. All the others were merely speculative theorists; men, such as Fux and Albrechtsberger—who were quite out of touch with the real art even of their own day.

Indeed, many of the rules laid down by these old writers are so antiquated, that modern theorists have been almost compelled to modify them to some extent. Hardly any theorist now-a-days would have the hardihood to assert (for example) that Canti Fermi should be written in the old modes. But these well-meant attempts to bring the study up to date have really done much more harm than good. For, since the whole thing is founded merely on speculation, and not on the actual practice of composers, each man has felt perfectly free to alter it in accordance with his own ideas. The natural result is an extraordinary diversity of opinion among theorists. It is perfectly safe to say that no two text-books on Counterpoint agree in their teaching; and this disagreement is not so much on little trivial things as on really important points. It would be quite easy to fill several pages with examples of these conflicting statements; but there is really no need, as nobody can possibly have studied the subject without being struck by them. The differences among theorists are, indeed, notorious; but the cause of these differences has not hitherto been properly recognised. The cause is that there is nothing to appeal to—nothing that the various theories can be tested by; and one man, therefore, has as much right to lay down the law as another.

The other studies, which generally come later, such as Canon and Fugue, might seem at first sight to have rather more to do with real music, but the resemblance is only superficial. There is all the difference in the world between the ordinary theoretical

conception of Fugue and the same form in the hands of a great master like Bach. The one is simply an exercise in contrapuntal combination—about as dry and mechanical as anything well could be; the other is an art form. And this holds good of all the other more advanced contrapuntal studies, such as Double and Triple Counterpoint, Canon and Imitation. These things are devices which composers make use of occasionally—we might almost say incidentally—in the course of their works, and to study them separately is absurd. In any case the exercises which the student is called upon to work are utterly unlike any examples that are ever met with in real composition.

Most theorists will indeed admit this at once. "But," they will argue, "these studies are not intended as practice in actual composition; they are merely preparatory work—a species of mental gymnastics." Such an argument, carried out logically, would justify almost any course of study. There is probably no form of mental application which is *absolutely* useless (either to a music student or anyone else); and it might be proved—say—that a course of mathematics would be of use (in some remote and round-about way) as a preparation for musical composition. In defending our present theoretical course, it is not enough to prove that it has some value as mere mental training; the question is—has it any direct bearing on the study of music?

Not only, however, are these studies bad in the negative sense that they do no good, but they are also bad in the positive sense that they actually do harm. It is a commonplace of science that if any faculty is neglected for any length of time it will gradually grow weaker and weaker and in the end cease to exist. It is impossible for the student to spend a number of years—and those too, generally the most impressionable years of his life—on these utterly barren and mechanical studies, without injury to his musical nature—his originality, imagination, and so forth.

It may be said that many famous composers have gone through such a course of study without apparently suffering much harm from it. It may be so; but then these were men of the highest musical powers, men whose genius was strong enough to triumph over the deadening influence of their early training; just as it was strong enough to triumph over many other obstacles. But because a few men of genius have succeeded in spite of an irrational system of training, that is surely no reason why the same or a similar system should be imposed upon others. About the only possible ground on which our present system can be

defended is that it is a sort of Spartan method of weeding out all but the very fittest.

After all, the best test of any system is the practical one. We have only to ask the student fresh from a course in harmony and counterpoint, to write an accompaniment to a melody, or to do some other such simple thing bearing some resemblance to composition; and observe how utterly at sea he is. All the "rules" that he has learnt are somehow no help to him; he has no idea how far they apply to his new task—or, indeed, if they apply at all. By writing innumerable harmony and counterpoint exercises he has acquired a certain amount of skill; but, unfortunately, it is only skill in writing harmony and counterpoint exercises; for actual composition, or anything approaching to it, he is little, if any, better off—even in a technical sense—than he was at the beginning of his studies. One of our foremost composers, who is also a professor at one of our leading institutions, is in the habit of saying to his pupils when they go to him for the first lesson—"Now the first thing I want you to do is this: *to forget all you have learnt.*" The advice is excellent; but the unfortunate pupil may be pardoned for wondering why—if his knowledge of theory was never to be of any use to him—he was ever required to acquire it at all.

Indeed, the more closely we consider the matter, the more evident it becomes that what is wanted is nothing less than a complete revolution in our methods of musical education. No tinkering or patching up can really do much good. Before considering what should take the place of our present system, it may be advisable to inquire more particularly what is fundamentally wrong with it. From such an inquiry we may possibly deduce those general principles that should—and indeed must—underlie any rational course of musical education; and we shall therefore be in a better position to map out such a course.

II.

The object of our present training—so far as it can be said to have any clear object at all—is to afford the student some preparation for actual composition. But not only is this object (as we have seen) at the best only imperfectly realized; *the very idea is in itself wrong.* It is wrong because it is based on an utterly wrong conception of education. Teachers and educationists have come to the conclusion that the best possible test of any teaching is whether or no it is in accordance with the natural

process of development—as revealed in the unconscious workings of the minds of infants and animals. There is no need to enter here into any discussion as to the rightness or otherwise of this principle—the time has long since gone by for that; we merely take it for granted.

Let us then apply this test to the teaching of theory. Perhaps the closest possible analogy in nature to the student just beginning the study of composition is that of an infant just beginning to speak. The analogy, indeed, is about as close as could be: for not only is the student just as unable to express himself musically as the child is by speech, but neither, at the beginning, has really anything to express; the ideas of each—in the one case musical, in the other general—are so very vague that they can hardly be said to exist at all. For the sake of simplifying matters, however, we will first consider how the child actually learns to speak; that is to say, how it learns to articulate clearly—to pronounce the word it wants to (supposing that its mind is sufficiently developed to “want to”). On this point there is fortunately no doubt whatever; the child learns to speak simply by trying over and over again to speak; not by any artificial exercise of the muscles of articulation: and there is no reason to suppose that any such exercises would in any way facilitate the process. The general conclusion that this suggests is supported by everything that we know of in nature. To quote the words of Herbert Spencer, in his book on Education:

Everywhere throughout creation we find faculties developed through the performance of those functions which it is their office to perform; not through the performance of artificial exercises devised to fit them for those functions. The Red Indian acquires the swiftness and agility which make him a successful hunter by the actual pursuit of animals. . . . And similarly in all cases. From the Bushman whose eye, habitually employed in identifying distant objects that are to be pursued or fled from, has acquired a telescopic range, to the accountant whose daily practice enables him to add up several columns simultaneously; we find that the highest power of a function results from the discharge of those duties which the conditions of life require it to discharge. And we may be certain, a priori, that the same law holds good throughout education.

But further. The child, as we have seen, learns to speak simply by constant practice. But the question may be asked—“Why is it that the child ever tries to speak at all?” Without attempting to go at all deeply into the subject, one thing is fairly clear; and that is that the child learns to speak *because*

it has something to say. Ideas are necessary to speech—this is self-evident—and it is only because the infant has ideas that it is capable of speech at all; so that the ideas are the *motive force* (as we may say) that produce the speech. Our present musical training, however, exactly reverses this natural order; its object is to provide the student with a fairly complete technical equipment first—as a preparation, it is to be supposed, for such time as he may have ideas to express—leaving the ideas to come after; this, of course, is simply putting the cart before the horse.

That the conclusion, too, which we have drawn from the analogy of nature is correct, is proved by the whole course of musical history. People did not find out how to express themselves in terms of music first, and then actually do so afterwards. It is only because they had ideas which they wished to express that they ever came to express them; and it was only by actually trying to express them that they ever learnt to do so. This is seen, if possible, even more clearly in the lives of the various composers. There is no instance of a musician acquiring a complete technique before beginning to compose. Each man had to find out for himself how he could best express his own particular ideas; and this he could only do by actually trying to express them.

But the true method of teaching is not only suggested by the analogy of nature; and the conclusions that may be drawn from the whole course of musical history, and the lives of the various individual composers; it is almost thrust upon teachers (if they would but see it) in the natural musical development of a child. Did not almost every great composer first attract attention to his gifts, when a child, by trying to pick out tunes on the piano, or in some such way? And what is more common than for a child of any real musical talent to make some attempts at composition? Of course, these early attempts are extremely crude and babyish; but that is not the question. The point is that the child has certain ideas—however vague they may be—which it is trying to express; and all that is really necessary is that the teacher should simply aid and guide this natural development. Unfortunately, what usually happens is that, as soon as the child has drawn attention to its natural talent, every possible care is taken to stifle that talent: all natural development is entirely checked, and its place is taken by an utterly irrational course of artificial training. It is really little wonder that so few children of great musical talent ever fulfil their early promise; the only surprising thing is that any survive at all.

III.

The application of the principles clearly implicit in the foregoing considerations is evident. Music teaching should be in almost all respects exactly the *opposite* of what it at present is. Instead of being dogmatic, it should be sympathetic and tentative; instead of seeking to split up into its constituent elements and present them to the student *separately*, it should aim at the general development of his musical nature; instead of trying to provide the student with an artificial technique long before he has anything to express, it should leave his technique to grow itself from his natural need of musical expression. It is obvious that this would carry with it great changes in the teaching of the so-called "practical" subjects (the only teaching that would in fact be given). Here we come on a wide field, and one, of course, into which it would clearly be impossible to attempt to enter fully here. But it may be said briefly that these subjects, one and all, would be taught less with a view to more particular technical excellence than to development of the pupil's general musical nature. That is to say, they should be taught so as to do for the student what the so-called "theoretical" studies are supposed to do for him at present. To say this, however, is perhaps after all only to say that the practical subject would be taught generally, as all best teachers at the present time do try to teach them.

It is, indeed, only when these subjects are taught rightly that any right teaching of composition becomes possible: for the study of composition would in the natural course of events grow out of them. If the pupil has any natural talent for composition (and it is, of course, only with such cases that we need deal) it will be sure to show itself, in various little attempts at self-expression: and these attempts, instead of being checked or ignored, should be encouraged. It is not very easy to indicate, in so many words, the exact course that the teacher should pursue; but his general attitude may be best expressed by saying that he should endeavour to aid the natural development of the pupil, without in any way interfering with it. Anything approaching dogmatic teaching should be entirely avoided. It is quite impossible for any student, at an early stage, to understand and really appreciate the real meaning of any rules—that is to say the principles which underlie them; and to learn merely to observe the letter of the law, without this appreciation of its spirit, is worse than useless. The aim of the teacher should be to develop the pupil's musical sense; and the only way in which this can be

done, is to constantly appeal to it directly. Thus, if the pupil is told that anything he has written is wrong because it is contrary to some rule or other, he is taught to substitute what is to him an altogether artificial standard for his natural musical sense, which is thereby (if only from non-use) weakened; whereas, if the teacher would only try to make him hear and feel for himself that what he has written is wrong, his natural musical sense would, instead, be strengthened and developed.

Not only would a technique be in this way acquired more easily and more quickly than it could possibly be by artificial means, but there is no comparison in the kind of technique; for while one would be exactly suited to the student's needs, the other could, at the best, only touch on them at one or two points, and then only imperfectly.

Of course, the success, in practice, of any such teaching as this, would depend to a very great extent on the teacher himself. It is here that the difficulty in the way of reform lies. For before anything can be done, we have to educate our educators, or rather, they must educate themselves. Things are, however, tending in the right direction. There is already a sort of dim and hazy recognition among teachers of practically all the principles that we have laid down; most of them, indeed,—however absurd they may possibly seem when presented in their bare form and pushed to their logical conclusion—are altogether too obvious to be entirely disregarded. But they need to be more fully and clearly recognized; and—above all—applied to actual teaching.

One word may perhaps be hazarded in conclusion. It is perhaps only when music takes its place definitely as part of our educational system that any right system of music teaching will become possible. But that is clearly too large a subject to enter upon here.

FERRUCCIO BUSONI AS A COMPOSER

By HUGO LEICHTENTRITT

IT is a common experience in the history of arts that the world will fail to appreciate an artist, however famous he may be, as soon as he shows an ambition to distinguish himself in a field of activity alien to the one in which he acquired his first fame. Thus it happened to Franz Liszt. His pianistic genius was admired without reserve, unanimously, all the world over, but in his capacity as a composer he had to combat most serious opposition throughout his life, and even now there is a considerable divergence of opinion on this topic, although the importance of Liszt the composer has become sufficiently manifest. Similarly, Ferruccio Busoni is esteemed as a pianist of the first order, but his remarkable achievements as a composer are hardly appreciated at their full value. It is the purpose of the present essay to analyze the rather complicated character of Busoni the composer, to characterize his art, to show its development and to appraise its importance.

The artistic career of Busoni may be sketched briefly by way of introduction.

Ferruccio Busoni was born on April the 1st, 1866, in Empoli, near Florence. His father was Italian, his mother partially of German descent; this racial mixture in their son is also clearly evident in his compositions, and one of their principal characteristics. He commenced as a child-prodigy, like most of the great musicians. Piano-playing and composition were equally familiar to him, and his skill in both was remarkable even in the years of boyhood. Between eight and thirteen (1874-79) he wrote the compositions which were published as Op. 1-4. He was taught by his mother; later, for several years, he was a pupil of Wilhelm Mayer-Rémy in Graz (in Austria), a pedagogue of considerable reputation, who was also the teacher of Kienzl, Heuberger and Weingartner. In 1882 he was made a member of the celebrated Philharmonic Academy of Bologna. In 1888 he became professor at the conservatory of Helsingfors in Finland. There he married shortly afterwards. This residence in Finland was not without importance for his artistic development; just at that time the

national Finnish school of composition had begun its activity, mustering composers like Kajanus, Järnefelt, and especially Sibelius. In 1890 he was awarded the Rubinstein Prize for composition, and for a short time afterwards he held a professorship at the Moscow Conservatory. His international fame dates from about this time. 1891-94 he spent in America, playing and teaching at the New England Conservatory in Boston. From 1894 up to the present time he has lived in Berlin, his residence there being interrupted, however, by frequent tournées all over Europe and America.

His pianistic development was straight enough; less so his growth as a composer. For a number of years it was doubtful whether his pianistic gifts or his capacities as a composer were more remarkable. Though the success of his compositions was very encouraging, though he possessed a considerable mastery of the technique of composition even as a youth, he still came to the decision that it would be impossible for him to follow his high artistic ideals and to excel both as a pianist and as a composer. From his twenty-fifth to his thirty-fifth year he concentrated his efforts mainly upon his pianistic studies, slowly developing his individual and unique style of playing. These years of artistic growth were not lost for the composer, although he wrote little during this period. It became evident to him that the traditional style of writing which characterizes his earlier compositions was not the way which could lead him to the goal he had in mind. The problem for him was to develop a personal, individual style, to take an active part in all progressive movements. How he solved this problem will be shown by an analysis of the compositions he has written since about 1900. Almost from year to year one can see the advance into regions hitherto inaccessible, the conquest of new means of expression in harmony, rhythm, and colour. Each new composition of these years was of startling novelty at the time it appeared, and met, as was natural, with strong opposition, which, however, calmed down in a comparatively short time.

Of these mature efforts, each one excels the foregoing as regards new technical devices, new effects of sound, new problems of composition. This does not necessarily mean that in æsthetic, artistic value one work is dethroned by the following—artistic value and novel means of expression are not necessarily in equal ratio. The mile-stones marking this progressively ascending path are the following compositions: Piano concerto, *Turandot* suite, opera *Brautwahl*, Elegies and first Sonatina for piano, Berceuse

and Nocturne for orchestra, second Sonatina for piano, Indian Fantasy. From the study of these compositions will be seen what contributions the composer Busoni has so far made to the treasure of the world's musical literature, in what manner he has enriched it, and how he reveals new beauties and impressions which only a mind like his could discover and impart.

Thus the main stress of this essay will have to be laid on these compositions; the rest (the earlier efforts) will be reviewed somewhat summarily, as preparatory to the real life-work of the artist, although necessary for an understanding of the second half.

The earliest published compositions date back as far as 1874-79. These first attempts of the boy were:

Op. 1. Ave Maria, for solo voice and piano

Op. 2. Ave Maria No. 2, " " " " "

Op. 3. Cinq pièces pour piano (Preludio, Menuetto, Gavotte, Étude, Gigue). Op. 1-3, published by Crazz, Leipzig.

A *six-part mass, a cappella* was written while Busoni, as a pupil of Mayer in Graz, also attended the Seminary, where he received instruction in church-music.

The second group of compositions, from 1880-85, is much more weighty and ambitious. It comprises a number of pieces, some of which were not published until years afterwards.

Op. 4, 5, 6 (Wetzler, Vienna) are piano pieces, a Scherzo, Prelude and Fugue, and Scène de ballet. The second "Scène de Ballet" (Op. 20), and Variations and fugue on Chopin's C minor Prelude (Op. 22), (both published by Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipsic) also belong in this group. The close sequence of scène de ballet, prelude and fugue, variations and fugue, is worthy of remark. Two main characteristic traits of the composer Busoni are already displayed in his beginnings: the light dance-rhythms and the intricate contrapuntal style, the Italian and the German manner. A number of songs are attempts in a direction which Busoni later pursued no further. These sporadic lyric compositions comprise Op. 15 (Gutmann, Vienna), two songs; Op. 18 (Kistner, Leipsic), two Old German songs; Op. 30 and 31 (Schmidl, Trieste), Album Vocale, four Italian songs and two German songs. Well made though they be, these songs show nevertheless that instrumental music is the natural idiom of their composer. The piano accompaniments, especially in the Old German songs, are worked out most carefully, but they lack the right proportion to the vocal part, which seems secondary in importance.

The early piano pieces, though hardly original in the higher sense of the term, nevertheless rank with the best piano music written in their time, if one excepts great composers in full maturity like Brahms and Saint-Saëns. The second "Scène de Ballet," Op. 20, shows Italian traits in its lightness, its elegance of treatment;—indeed, the light hand and a distinct Romanic grace are very distinctive features of Busoni's music. One might describe this composition as a Schumann Novelette translated into Italian. It is dedicated "to his beloved mother and teacher, Anna Weiss-Busoni."

During this period were also written Twenty-four Preludes for piano, and following these Seven Études for piano (Op. 16), dedicated to Johannes Brahms, (Gutmann, Vienna). At the age of 16 Busoni wrote a huge score of 300 pages: "Il sabato del villaggio," to a poem by Leopardi, for soli, chorus and orchestra. This cantata, performed in the Teatro comunale of Bologna, has never appeared in print. The "Variations and Fugue on a prelude by Chopin," Op. 22, are the most extended and most ambitious published work of Busoni's younger years. They show the other side of his nature, a meditative mind of German stamp, eager to solve difficult problems. Here Busoni does homage to Brahms, whose famous Händel Variations are clearly recognizable as model. Nevertheless, these eighteen variations deserve to be known on account of their musicianly solidity, their effective construction, their interesting contents.

During the years 1886-91 Busoni turns his attention to a field which later was ploughed and tilled by him with never-ceasing care. The first of a long series of transcriptions appear at Breitkopf & Härtel's: Symphonies by Mendelssohn and Mozart, ouvertures and other orchestral pieces by Schubert; and Gade's then much-admired Novelettes were arranged by Busoni for piano, two or four hands. Still more important are the first transcriptions of Bach's organ compositions, the preludes and fugues in D and E flat. These, as forming a class by themselves, will have to be dealt with in a special chapter.

Of compositions during these five years the following should be mentioned:

- Op. 19. String Quartette No. 1 (Kistner, Leipsic).
- Op. 23. Little Suite of 5 pieces for 'cello and piano (Kahnt, Leipsic).
- Op. 24. Two Songs for low voice and piano (Kahnt, Leipsic).

- Op. 25. Symphonic Suite of 5 pieces for orchestra (Kahnt, Leipsic).
 Op. 26. Second Quartette, in D minor (Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipsic).
 Op. 27. Finnish Folksongs, for piano 4 hands (Peters, Leipsic).
 Op. 29. First Sonata for violin and piano (Rahter, Leipsic).
 Op. 30a. Two Piano Pieces (Rahter, Leipsic).
 Without opus number, "Kultaselle," ten short variations on a Finnish melody (Dietrich, Leipsic) for piano and 'cello.

Of all these compositions, the *String Quartette*, Op. 26, is perhaps the most valuable. In style it stands about midway between the last Beethoven and Brahms. A certain austerity, a lack of sensuous melody, is characteristic of Busoni. It is written admirably for the instruments, with full knowledge of the peculiarities of the string-quartette, all four parts being worked out very carefully. The first movement, *Allegro energico*, is passionate, virile, rhythmically very subtle. The *Andante con moto* is much more quiet, in the manner of Brahms, subdued in emotion. A splendid scherzo follows, of obstinate energy, with a softer intermezzo of brighter colours. An andantino movement introduces the vigorous finale, a lively piece with touches of humor.

The Rubinstein Prize was awarded to Busoni for a number of compositions, among which the *Konzertstück* for piano and orchestra is the most extended. It is published as Op. 31a by Breitkopf & Härtel, and dedicated to Anton Rubinstein. A serious, well-made, effective composition, visibly influenced by Brahms's D minor concerto. Busoni's individuality is only dimly noticeable in it.

The two little *Tanzstücke*, Op. 30a (Leipsic, D. Rahter), which also belonged to the group of the Rubinstein competition-pieces, are very characteristic, however, of their composer, especially in the second edition (1914). They are named "Waffentanz" and "Friedenstanz," two little miniatures full of *esprit* and capriciousness. The composer of the *Turandot* music is foreshadowed here. The brisk, alert, cleanly cut, sharply pointed music reminds one of the fine contrapuntal style of old Italian masters like Frescobaldi or Scarlatti. Its pulse beats "staccato" and "vivace."

The *Six Pianoforte Pieces*, Op. 33b (Peters edition, Leipsic, 1896), also belong here. They are not free from various influences,

but already they show the hand of a master in many touches. They are written splendidly for the instrument, and show a very remarkable ability to orchestrate, as it were, in ever-changing colours, without transgressing the pianistic character. No. 1, "Melancholy," is pathetic, sombre, serious, in the manner of Liszt: declamation of the tenor melody apportioned to both hands, accompanied by soft arpeggio passages flowing around it. No. 2, "Gayety," *tempo di Valse, elegante e vivace*, a mixture of Liszt's and Busoni's peculiar Italian manner. No. 3, "Scherzino, vivace e giocoso," a study in tone-repetition, somewhat similar to Saint-Saëns' style. No. 4, "Fantasia in modo antico," gives evidence of Busoni's organic tendencies, which later were centered in Bach. Here he writes a serious piece in the manner of the classical Italian organists, like Frescobaldi. No. 5, "Finnish Ballad," a sombre piece, of a peculiar fantastic quietness—a souvenir of Busoni's stay at Helsingfors and his familiarity with Sibelius and other Finnish composers. No. 7, "Exeunt omnes," *pomposo, marziale e vivace*, somewhat Schumannish.

Of earlier orchestral works, two deserve special attention, Op. 32a and 34a. The "Symphonic Tone-poem" (*Symphonisches Tongedicht*, Breitkopf & Härtel, Op. 32a), dedicated to Arthur Nikisch, was written during the American sojourn of Busoni. I remember having heard the initial performance under Nikisch's direction at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1893. This date will help to explain the nature of the composition. Busoni's personality is hardly visible here. The score has a marked resemblance to the early works of Richard Strauss, such as *Don Juan, Tod und Verklärung, Macbeth*. This resemblance is perhaps less due to a direct influence, than to the models and starting-points at that time common to Busoni and Strauss: the traces of Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner are easily discernible in both. Busoni's work is not lacking in interesting traits, both in symphonic development and orchestral treatment: one may adjudge it, if not a "Meisterstück," at all events an excellent "Gesellenstück" which proves its author's fitness to be promoted to the dignity of a master in due time.

A decided step forward toward this magistral dignity is taken in the *Second Orchestral Suite*, Op. 34a (Breitkopf & Härtel). This *Geharnischte Suite*, composed in 1895, shows (especially in its remodelled version of 1903) unmistakably the hand of Busoni. Its four movements are dedicated to friends from Helsingfors, Jean Sibelius, Adolf Paul, Armas Järnefelt, Eero Järnefelt. Recollections from northern shores are discernible in the spirit

which breathes in these martial sounds, these rhythms full of obstinate northern energy, these austere, plastic melodies. Technically there is a great advance in the terse form, the economical use of harmonic and orchestral resources, the sureness with which the effects aimed at are reached, the clearness of construction and development. The whole manner of writing shows a considerable resemblance to Sibelius' symphonic work. In all four parts there is a power of working up to impressive climaxes which always assures the effect of this suite. The first piece, "Vorspiel" (Introduction), is severe in measured, march-like rhythms, rather dark in colouring. No. 2, "Kriegstanz" (War-dance), is perhaps the most original part of the whole suite; only the composer of the *Turandot* music could have written this brilliant piece. No. 3, "Grabdenkmal" (Funeral monument), in the rhythms of a funeral-march, very northern in sentiment and colouring; the climax in the middle has a splendid effect, and no less impressive is the gradual descent from it to the close in softest *pianissimo*. The fourth part, "Ansturm" (Assault), is a finale of impetuous energy; here and there a slight trace of motives in the *Brautwahl* music. The soft intermezzo is a wise trait. This *Allegretto marziale*, with its introduction, sounding as if it were a faint echo of far-off fighting, forms a happy contrast to the stormy motion and fiery energy of the close, at the same time preserving the unity of sentiment.

The *Violin Concerto* has of late become somewhat familiar through frequent performance. The young Hungarian violinists Szigeti and Telmányi especially have played it often. The composition dates back to 1898; it was published years afterwards as Op. 35. The rather simple harmony, the less progressive treatment, compared with the piano concerto, and the influence of Brahms and Liszt, are the outward signs of the early date of composition. Of Brahms' violin concerto one is reminded by the key, D major, and the rather Brahms-like principal theme with its effective entrance in the highest octave after extended passage-work on the organ-point of the dominant at the very beginning. In form the concerto follows the model of the Liszt concertos; though written in one movement only, the three sections of the sonata-form Allegro, Andante, Finale are marked clearly, and the thematic material in all three parts flows from a common source. The second section, *Quasi andante*, a hymn-like piece, of broad melodic outlines with an *agitato* intermezzo, is the most striking part of the whole, musically. It has the austere beauty characteristic of Busoni, an elevation of sentiment which

approaches the splendid beginning of the piano concerto. The introductory allegro and the finale are brilliant, effective and spirited violin music, though hardly fully expressive of their author's individuality.

The Second Sonata for piano and violin, Op. 36a (Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipsic), stands on the border-line between the first and second epochs of Busoni. While its technical apparatus does not transgress what was customary at the time of its production, still the individuality of the composer is distinctly visible, perhaps more than in any other work previous to the piano concerto, Op. 39. Indeed, this sonata might be called a prelude to the still greater concerto. There are many points of resemblance between the two works in the mixture of mysticism, fantastic traits, profound seriousness with brilliant romantic *élan*. The lofty and sublime spirit of the last Beethoven sonatas and of Bach's organ works is alive here. Form and idea of this sonata have marked resemblance to Beethoven's Op. 109. It begins with a slow introduction, a meditative piece, sombre, subdued, with accents full of grief, towards the middle rising to a brilliant climax, *assai deciso*, in dotted, march-like rhythm, then again sinking down and disappearing in a murmur, *soavissimo e calmo*. It leads without interruption to a Presto movement of tarantella character, full of incessant motion, ever growing in energy. A second *Andante piuttosto grave* follows, meditative, tranquil, dark, like the very beginning of the sonata. It serves as an introduction to Bach's choral-melody, "Wie wohl ist mir, o Freund der Seelen," which enters with marvellous effect, spreading, as it were, a mild light, bringing consolation to the troubled heart. A series of variations on this choral forms the finale; No. 1, smoothly flowing figuration; No. 2, *Alla Marcia vivace*, reminding of certain parts of Beethoven's last quartettes; No. 3, a sort of perpetuum mobile for the violin, accompanied by short chords of the piano in the style of thorough-bass; No. 4, contrapuntal fantasy on the theme; No. 5, starting very quietly, constructed in broad dimensions, rising to a powerful climax which marks the beginning of the 6th and last variation. Impressive gradual descent from the climax, leading back to the introduction of the first movement and combining with it the choral. The close, *apoteotico, quasi sacro*, of mystic sentiment, religious elevation.

There is hardly anything in this sonata which will help towards making it popular, but serious-minded, musicianly listeners will have to award this sonata a permanent and prominent place in its class.

I have a vivid recollection of the first performance of Busoni's piano concerto at the Berlin Beethovensaal in 1904. Dr. Muck conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra, Busoni played the piano part. The public was dumbfounded at the startling "ugliness" of the music; the verdict of the press was almost unanimous against the composition, which was called barren in invention, a scandalous outgrowth of modernism. Ten years later, the same concerto was greeted with enthusiasm, its ugliness, its modernism seemed no more offensive, a wealth of imagination was seen in it which contrasted strangely to the "barrenness" formerly attributed to it. In short, musical people saw that a rare masterpiece was laid before them which they could not understand a decade before, but which seemed intelligible now, after Richard Strauss's *Salome*, after Debussy, Scriabine and Schönberg had been listened to and more or less appreciated. Nowadays it seems strange that one should ever have had a doubt about the value of this monumental composition, so convincing and logical does it seem. As a concerto this symphonic work forms a class for itself. It is not, like the Chopin concertos, a solo piece with orchestral accompaniment, nor does it resemble the Mozart or Beethoven concerto as a contest between piano and orchestra; and in spite of the importance of the orchestral part it cannot be called a symphony with piano obbligato, like the Brahms concertos. Busoni takes "concerto" in the older sense of the word, as a coöperation of several bodies of sound; the piano, a large orchestra, and a six-part male chorus collaborate to produce a symphonic whole. The solo part is, of course, sparkling with virtuosity, yet without assuming the principal rôle in the ensemble; in an original, novel way it is rather of coloristic, ornamental effect. The thematic framework of this symphony in five movements is furnished by the orchestra. The piano throws over it a flexible, glittering, ample veil, dazzling, brilliant reflexes of light and colour. The real character of piano-style, constant motion, has nowhere been brought out in so brilliant a manner, except by Liszt. There is nothing massive, nothing inflexible, everything is resolved into motion, into flowing figuration. The artistico-technical motive of this style of writing is not the straight line, but the manifoldly broken line. Scale-figures, broken-chord figures, the tremolo, the trill in many new variations, are the elements of this figural technique. A second characteristic trait of Busoni's piano-treatment is his peculiar use of chord-playing, octaves and the *martellato* element, which is of prime importance in piano technique; herein the plastic expression, the sharply marked rhythm, has its

source, being derived from chords, octaves, *martellato*, wristwork and armwork ("schlagendes Spiel") in contradistinction to the gliding manner of playing necessitated by the smooth flow of running passages. This combination of vertical and horizontal lines, this complicated design, obtains shades and colours by the extraordinary art of pedal treatment which this score demands. The ear hears much more than the notes show; long-sustained tones, the intermingling of different resounding chords, produce various new harmonic effects, a sonority rich in gradations of strength and colour. The original sound-effects of this score come from the peculiar combination of piano and orchestra, from the manner in which the piano dives into the waves of the orchestra, works its way to the surface again and glides along, as it were, caressingly; then rushes on like a foaming mountain-stream, challenging the orchestra with an expression now imperious, now plaintive, or alluring, or sobbing, or imploring, or jubilant, while the orchestra pursues its way calmly.

The construction of the concerto is similar to that of a sonata. In place of the regular first "movement" form, a "prologo e introito" is put. The "pezzo giocoso" corresponds to the scherzo, the "pezzo serio" to the adagio. The fourth movement, "All' italiana," has the character of a brilliant finale. To close the concerto with this bacchantic piece did not, however, agree with the idea of the entire composition. The serious groundtone of the whole was to be brought out yet more strongly, and so the composer added a fifth movement, a solemn male chorus (to pantheistic verses from Oehlenschläger's drama "Alladin"), this "canto" corresponding to the calm and solemn "prologo."

Early in his career Busoni fostered an affection for dramatic music which, later repressed for many years, has recently been revived. His first operatic attempt dates back as far as 1889. This still unperformed opera, *Das versunkene Dorf*, was written to a text by Frieda Schanz, entitled, *Sigune*. Still earlier (as a youth of seventeen years) Busoni had an animated exchange of letters with J. V. Widmann of Berne, the distinguished Swiss writer, concerning an opera-libretto. The poet Adolf Wilbrandt had given young Busoni an introduction to Widmann. The proposed libretto was to be a dramatic version of Gottfried Keller's famous novel, "Romeo und Julie auf dem Dorfe," the same subject which was later taken up by Frederick Delius. Keller, asked about this affair, replied with characteristic roughness, "This novel runs after me like a shorn poodle!" Nothing came of this plan. Widmann then proposed a Spanish subject

from Alarcon, which finally was also abandoned, because in this piece the two lovers never got a chance to speak a word to each other, and because the thousand Marks demanded in payment by Widmann exceeded by far the resources of the ambitious young composer.

Twenty years later Busoni returned to dramatic music with intense interest. The first, successful step in that direction he made with the music to Gozzi's fantastic Chinese fairy-tale *Turandot*. The greater part of the incidental music to this drama has been combined in the form of an orchestral suite, in which shape it can be performed with great effect at any symphony concert. The *Turandot* suite, in its fantastic, bizarre, exotic style, is one of the most picturesque and fascinating productions of our age. It belongs in a class with compositions like Borodine's symphonic sketch, "In the Steppes of Central Asia," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherezade," Delius's "Appalachia." What attracted the composer was the opportunity to revel in exotic, Oriental colouring. He has been extremely successful in this endeavour. The grotesque, bizarre, noisy or languid music in which the Oriental delights is reproduced here, not so much with realistic fidelity, in imitation of "genuine" Chinese music, but in artistic form, appealing to the imagination. The music sounds as if it were Chinese, though it is in fact the product of an Occidental mind, for whom the exact imitation of the real Chinese model would always be unnatural and unattainable. Here, as often in art, the appearance is more artistic than the real thing would be. The means for suggesting to the imagination the Oriental local colour are the use of scales foreign to our music, of strange harmonic effects, the monotonous *ostinato* rhythms of Oriental dances, and a most brilliant, luxurious, gorgeous and characteristic orchestration; all this is managed with a great economy which heightens the artistic effect. The first piece, "The Execution, the City-Gate, Taking Leave," is founded on a sort of *basso ostinato*, over which a strange wailing phrase raises its penetrating voice. How expressive the flourish at its end, the plaintive scale-figure running up and down! With a few strokes the situation is painted most vividly. This sureness of attack is characteristic of the entire score. The character of each piece is marked clearly and forcibly, developed with admirable logical consistency and technical mastery. No. 2, "Truffaldino," *introduzione e marcia grottesca*, is very different from the merciless, cruel "crimson" coloured impression of No. 1. A humorous piece, vivid and busy, running to and fro with little steps, telling its tale with a thin,

penetrant voice. How grotesque the sound of the march for the wind-instruments alone, with bells, triangle, drum, timpani and bass drum! No. 3, "Altoum" march, is a grave, solemn march to accompany the entrance of the emperor Altoum. No. 4, "Turandot" march, is the principal piece of the score; a mixture of solemnity, capriciousness, enchanting grace, tenderness and passionate expression. It contains passages of rapturous beauty, such as the broad melodic intermezzo towards the middle, where violins and clarinets, viola and cello, sing *dolcissimo*, imitating each other in canon, accompanied by a complicated rhythmic design of fascinating capriciousness, trumpets, triangolo, tamburino, tamburo and piatti mixing their sounds. No. 4, Introduction to the third act, "Das Frauengemach," combines the pale sounds of flutes, harps with the clear, ringing trumpets, piano, soft timpani and triangle. The total effect is that of a sugary, languid beauty, just exactly what the drama required here. No. 6, "Dance and Song," is of a soft, effeminate, voluptuous grace, with a languid chorus for women's voices in the middle. No. 7, "Nocturnal Valse," brings a contrasting effect very welcome at this moment. A sombre, fantastic, mysterious piece, very characteristic of Busoni. Bass-clarinets, bassoons, trombones, trumpets, strings *pizzicati*, are combined with a striking, novel effect. No. 7, the closing piece, begins in *modo di marcia funebre*, but soon finds its way into a spirited, frolicsome and brilliant *finale alla Turca*.

The six "Elegies" for piano, published in 1908 (Breitkopf & Härtel), are closely related to the concerto, the *Turandot* music and the opera *Brautwahl*. In fact, several of these elegies are transcriptions or sketches of parts of the *Turandot* and *Brautwahl* music. A comparison with the "Harmonies poétiques et religieuses" and "Années de pèlerinage" by Liszt will show affinities of style as well as differences, points of departure toward new aims. The individual traits of these elegies I see principally in the combination of a masterly polyphonic style in the manner of Bach, with colour-effects of extreme modern sensibility. In this ingenious polyphony Busoni has found new possibilities for the piano, even beyond Liszt. By the alternate use of the hands, by utilizing every little pause and availing himself very cleverly of the pedal, Busoni has shown the possibility of playing the most complicated polyphonic music on the piano, such as formerly must have appeared impracticable. And he gets at his aim in an extremely pianistic way. The two hands learn to play what looks as if three or four hands were required for it; moreover, it sounds

most effective, and combines the maximum of sound-effect with the least possible inconvenience of playing. Every technical difficulty rewards the labour. No. 2, for instance, "All' Italiana," shows in the "Tarantella" a striking example of Busoni's ingenious setting, the hands alternating in the playing of the melody in order to gain time for the chords of accompaniment. Harmonic innovations are the frequent sounding together of the minor and major chords, in successive figuration sustained by the pedal; the strange and fascinating effects obtained by welding different chords into one compound sound. Thus, No. 3, "Preludio alla corale," employs towards the close an arpeggio of seven successive thirds piled upon each other as an accompaniment-figure.

Closely related to the Elegies is a set of piano pieces *An die Jugend* (Jul. Heinr. Zimmermann, Leipzig, 1909). Its title must not induce the belief that these pieces are intended for youthful beginners. They are dedicated (like the Elegies) to some of the pupils and younger friends of Busoni, hence their title; here Busoni has in view the younger, progressive artists. In the main these compositions are studies in polyphonic, contrapuntal writing, after Busoni's individual idea of this style.

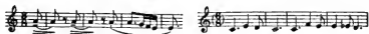
No. 1, "Preludietto, fughetta ed esercizio," was later taken over by the composer into his first sonatina, of which more will have to be said in the sequel. No. 2, "Preludio, fuga e fuga figurata," is a study after the third prelude and fugue of Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord." The prelude and fugue are first played in their original shape; in the "fuga figurata" Busoni brings a very clever and effective combination of both. No. 3, "Giga, bolero e variazione," treats in a similar manner two brilliant piano pieces by Mozart, the variation at the close combining both. No. 4, "Introduzione, capriccio ed epilogo," starts with a fantasy on a theme by Paganini, for the left hand alone, joins to this the extremely brilliant capriccio in the style of Liszt, and finishes with an *epilogo* in the fantastic manner of Busoni—this *epilogo* likewise forming part of the first sonatina later.

In the same year (1909) a piano piece, *Nuit de Noël*, was published (Durand et Fils, Paris), which might be described as an homage to Debussy, whose manner of writing Busoni approaches here very closely—by the way, an exception. An impressionistic sketch of great charm of sound.

The two *Sonatinas* for piano belong to the class of music called "problematic." Their means of expression are so unusual that it becomes difficult for most listeners to arrive at the essence, the real contents of the composition. The novel sound of the

music is baffling to the hearer, secondary effects tend to distract his attention, so that the way to the artistic contents is barred. In such cases it is prudent to suspend judgment until the new language, its grammar and mode of expression, have become somewhat familiar. There is a very marked difference in degree of progressiveness in these sonatinas, however.

The first Sonatina (published in 1910 by Julius Heinrich Zimmermann, Leipsic, and dedicated to Rudolph Ganz) is by far the simpler of the two, although far from simple in itself. Its title "Sonatina" is justified merely by the small dimensions of its single parts, the intimate character of the music, the absence of "greatness" in the usual sense. But it is difficult enough to play, and not at all fit for beginners, as one might perhaps conclude from its title. What is most striking at a first hearing is the perfection of form, a characteristic trait of Busoni's music in general, but especially impressive in this particular case. Its thematic material is limited to the two simple motives:



All four parts (which are combined into one extended movement according to the Liszt model) are occupied merely with a treatment of these two motives. The first part, corresponding to the first sonata theme, brings the exposition of theme (a), "semplice, commovente," develops it in a working-out section to a climax, and leads back to a varied repeat, thus rounding off the first section. "Più tranquillo," corresponding to the second sonata theme (b), is worked out in *fugato* in the second section. The third part, "Allegro elegante," corresponds to the working-out section. It brings quaint figurations in the whole-tone scale accompanying motive b. A resounding *fortissimo* brings this part to a close in the manner of a brilliant cadenza. The fourth part, corresponding to the coda, goes back to motive a, brings a fantastic improvisation which also interweaves motive b, and brings the sonatina to a close, very expressively, in soft *chiaro-oscuro* tints obtained by different chords melting into each other, with passages in parallel fifths. Of these harmonic peculiarities more will have to be said in the section of this essay devoted expressly to that subject. The idea underlying the construction of this sonatina is remarkable. It corresponds equally well to the several parts of the typical first "sonata" movement and to the several movements of the sonata:

- Section 1: first theme—or first movement (Allegro moderato).
“ 2: second “ —“ second “ (Andante).
“ 3: working-out part or finale (Allegro).
“ 4: taking up first theme, and coda or coda (Allegro).

The *Second Sonata* (1912, Breitkopf & Härtel) proceeds into new regions much more resolutely than any of Busoni's former works. It abandons entirely the maxims of tonality, of regular measure and of harmony based on the triad. This piece has no particular key, it is written without any signature, and every sharp or flat is marked every time it occurs. But quite apart from this manner of writing there is no possibility of determining a certain key even in the single sections. The ordinarily accepted system of cadences, of modulation, cannot be applied here. Chords are not formed in the way of triads, by the superposition of thirds, but rather more frequently by a conglomeration of seconds, fourths, fifths—indeed, hardly a single triad occurs in the whole piece. There is no time-signature; the piece follows approximately the “free rhythms” of the old Dutch composers; it does away with the single bars, dividing a piece regularly. Forsooth, a problematic composition, as problematic as is possible without departing altogether from our system of tempered tuning, our chromatic half-tone scale, the keyboard of the piano. But one feels that this scale, this keyboard, are fetters which the composer would gladly abandon, if there were to be found a practicable way of doing so. What, then, is the effect of this strange composition? One must hear it played by Busoni himself in order to get an adequate idea of its peculiar fascination of colour, its intricate design. It is best characterized by the words which form its heading: “Il tutto vivace, fantastico, con energia, capriccio e sentimento.” In fact, these words might be applied to Busoni as a composer in general. His distinguishing characteristics are vividness, fantastic imagination, strong energy, capriciousness and profound sentiment.

In many of his compositions Busoni has evinced an exceptional mastery of the contrapuntal style of writing. The acme of this style is reached in the *Fantasia contrappuntistica* for piano (Breitkopf & Härtel). This composition, dated 1910, was written during the American tournee of the artist. It is based on several fugues from Bach's Art of Fugue, especially that marvellous fragment which Bach was working at during the last days of his life. A number of musicians have tried their wits at the task of completing this grandiose torso. But, while working at it,

Busoni turned the contrapuntal, technical study into an original composition. He aims rather at building a new structure around a ruin than at merely restoring the ruin. Thus he gains peculiar beauties from the contrast of old and new, from the juxtaposition of the severe Bach style and the nervous Busoni style, from the fusing of these heterogenous elements into one compound whole of peculiar aspect. There are two versions of this fantasia. The larger one begins with an extended prelude on the choral-melody "Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Dank," a strange piece of music, of sombre, timid expression, with a few moments of brightness interspersed. This weighty choral-fantasy serves as introduction to the series of fugues now following. John Sebastian Bach has the word now for a while. After the two fugues from the "Art of Fugue" the third one (half finished by Bach) on the theme B-a-c-h appears. This fragment Busoni brings to a close in a powerful climax. It is followed by a mystic intermezzo on B-a-c-h, which takes up the opaque colours of the prelude. Three variations follow on the themes of the three fugues. A rhapsodic cadenza leads into the fourth fugue, in which Busoni erects a magnificent structure from the four themes of the different fugues, employing all devices of contrapuntal art, double and triple counterpoint, inversion, augmentation, diminution. This quadruple fugue is worked up to a most impressive climax, after which the choral melody returns, now soaring in ethereal heights above the menacing murmur of the deep *basso ostinato*; a close of majestic power, firm and broad, crowns this astonishing piece of workmanship, elevated to the height of a true work of art by passing through the mind of an artist of boundless aspirations.

The Fantasia contrappuntistica is hardly apt to arouse the enthusiasm of the ordinary concert-public, because its intensity is too uninterruptedly strong. It will be the privilege of the musician to appreciate fully and to enjoy the spiritual loftiness of this composition. A second version of it is not only considerably abridged, but quite different in some respects. The choral-prelude is shorter—in fact, a new composition; the intermezzo with variations and cadenza is omitted entirely.

Two small orchestral pieces, the *Berceuse élégiaque* and the *Nocturne symphonique*, show the fully developed, mature style of Busoni, his individuality clearly marked. The orchestral mass is dissolved here into individual elements. The intimacy, perspicuous clearness, delicacy of tone-colours desired necessitate the suppression of the massive, loud-sounding instruments, like trumpets and trombones. A new kind of "polyphonic harmony"

is used. Not one part is written against the other, not one group of instruments balanced against another, but tone against tone, every single instrument against some other. The music looks very simple, but its proper performance demands an infinite subtlety, otherwise pieces of this kind are easily turned into caricatures. Different chords run into each other, major and minor are sounded at the same time, unexpected chord-combinations clash one upon another. In the Berceuse, for instance, towards the end the celesta plays in A major and the harp at the same time in C minor. The resulting sonority is not, as in arithmetic, the simple sum of the component parts, but something new, totally different, due to the shading of the single *valeurs* of colours, as the painters call it. As in the second sonatina, new chords composed of seconds, fourths, sevenths abound here, showing that chord-effects are possible in ways different from the ordinary superposition of thirds.

The Berceuse is an elegiac piece of extremely delicate sound, in fact, perhaps the most delicate piece to be found in orchestral literature, more so, even, than Berlioz's "Queen Mab" scherzo, or "Will o' the Wisp" menuet, although not resembling these pieces in the least otherwise. The melody is plaintive, sorrowful, frequently interrupted as if by sobbing and moaning, here and there swelled by a sudden, but quickly subdued outburst of grief. These cries of woe wander from one instrument to another; towards the close the piece exhales its breath, so to say, as if dying. From beginning to end the rocking rhythm of the accompaniment figures is maintained, calm in its monotonous motion. "Cradle-song of the man at the coffin of his mother" is the subtitle of this extraordinary composition; it will serve to throw a light on the emotional "Stimmung" poured forth from these tones.

Different from the dusky, twilight colours of this piece are the still darker shades of night which seem to envelop the tones of the "Nocturne symphonique." The polyphonic texture of the nocturne is still denser. The breath of southern skies pervades both pieces. The Berceuse is more in the manner of a monologue, the Nocturne more like a dialogue. Sad, low, trembling in painful emotion, is the speech of both. Just as the eye needs special adaptation in order to perceive gradually the contours of objects in the darkness, so the ear must get accustomed to the dense network of tone-threads which is spun around these melodic fragments, to the peculiar manner in which the tone-colours flow into each other.

To the same group of compositions of Busoni's latest phase belongs the *Indian Fantasy* for piano and orchestra. It is, however, of a much more popular stamp, despite its complexity. A brilliant piano-piece on genuine Indian motives, distinguished by a plastic clearness hard as steel. Three parts passing one into the other form the entire composition: A fantasy, a canzone (of a quite enchanting beauty), and a finale on three Indian motives and an original melody. The endless sweep of the North American prairies is placed before the imagination in this picturesque composition: the father of rivers, the mighty Mississippi; the melancholy of the vast plains; against the distant horizon the silhouettes of the redskins; we hear the trampling of horses on-rushing in furious galop, the war whoops; we see the glitter of menacing tomahawks; we almost smell the fresh breeze of the prairie, the cool morning air.

One of Busoni's most important and characteristic works is his opera *Die Brautwahl*. Its first performance took place at the Hamburg opera, April 13, 1912. Afterwards it was given in Mannheim, but in spite of these performances it is as yet almost unknown and did not meet with the success it deserves. This "musical-fantastic comedy" is still awaiting a sympathetic performance; only then can an adequate judgment be pronounced. All criticisms of the Hamburg *première* agreed in the opinion that a wealth of music was lavished on a subject which did not repay the labour spent on it. Busoni has his own ideas, however, about the nature of a dramatic text and its musical treatment, which differ from the commonly accepted opinions on this subject. In his thoughtful *Sketch of a New Esthetic of Music* (English edition, G. Schirmer, 1911) he makes some interesting allusions to this topic (pp. 13-15). At all events, it is certain that the text (by Busoni himself) also shows the hand of an unusual artist, a soulful and thoughtful poet. Perhaps its theatrical verve is not strong enough for the taste of the average theatre-goer, but its artistic qualities are beyond all doubt. What attracted Busoni in the story of E. T. A. Hoffmann, the great Berlin romantic novelist of a century ago, is the atmosphere of a supernatural, fantastic element in its mixture with reality. The scene is laid in the Berlin of 1820, with its atmosphere of well-ordered rationalism; a bright, daylight scene with which the demoniac, mysterious, nocturnal visions of the characters engaged contrast strangely. Here Busoni has found an occasion to give vent to his strong sense for fantastic humour, grotesque, bizarre imagination. And in all these respects the *Brautwahl* score is a masterpiece of the

first rank. In fact one of the most admirable orchestral scores in the exuberant wealth of original ideas, sounds of picturesque novelty, imagery of the most brilliant kind, powerful and enchanting in its mystic depth and the purity of its emotional strength.

The *orchestral suite* of 5 pieces, published separately, will give a good idea of the *Brautwahl* music when transferred to the concert-room. No. 1, "Spukhaftes Stück," is the musical description of a magic trick played by the goldsmith Leonard. He bewitches the entire company, so that they begin a galop, dancing more and more wildly till they are completely exhausted. No. 2, "Lyrisches Stück," is a composition of Fouqué's poem "Ein Flüstern, Rauschen, Klingen geht durch den Frühlingshain"—a most delicate melody, characteristic of Busoni's austere tenderness; in the opera it is sung by the heroine at her spinet. No. 3, "Mystisches Stück," comprises the mystic, solemn actions of the opera. It includes the apparition of the unknown bride to the bridegroom at midnight of a certain autumn day, a piece of music which is also included in the "Elegies" for piano. No. 4, "Hebräisches Stück," gives the portrait of Manasse, the mysterious old Jew who plays such a conspicuous part in Hoffmann's novel. The orthodox and demoniac traits of this fantastic character are expressed in the music, in which a complicated, meditative, sombre fantasy on Hebrew synagogue-melodies is particularly conspicuous, with its strange murmurings, groans, and wild, weird outcries. No. 5, "Heiteres Stück," is brimful of life and motion, descriptive of the first scene of the opera (which is laid in the Berlin park, the "Thiergarten"); the band playing jolly tunes, while the crowd of Berlin people is listening, drinking coffee and eating cake. To this is attached the brilliant "Feuergaukelspiel" which ends the first act, descriptive of magic tricks.

Another piece of the *Brautwahl* music, not contained in the suite, but nevertheless suitable for the concert-hall, is the prelude to the third act, to which may be joined the first scene: a sombre night by the frog-pond in the Berlin Thiergarten; the desolate lover, about to end his life by jumping into the pond, is rescued at the last moment. There is a mixture of impressive landscape-painting and plaintive humour in the tragi-comical situation. The post-horn, sounding from far off, opens the symphonic prelude in a romantic manner. Voices of the night accompany this post-horn melody;—the sighing of the wind, the murmurings of the foliage, strange sounds of the rippling water

and of animals, the croaking of frogs. A symphony in green, as one critic has fitly characterized this piece of music.

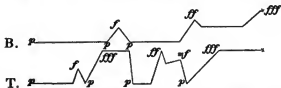
A study of the composer Busoni would be incomplete without taking into consideration his *Transcriptions*, which only a creative mind could have brought to such a perfection.

The number and importance of these transcriptions is so considerable that they form a class by themselves in his lifework, and deserve a detailed appreciation. The art of transcription in a modern sense was a creation of Liszt, who, with admirable skill, adapted to the piano in a most effective and brilliant manner pieces originally written for the orchestra, whole scenes from operas, songs, and pieces for organ and violin. Busoni follows the tendency of Liszt, which may be shortly expressed thus: A really artistic transcription for piano differs considerably from what is generally called a "Klavierauszug," a piano score, inasmuch as it is not satisfied to arrange the music in a playable manner for the piano, but tries to translate the composition into the idiom of the piano. Thus a good transcription ought to sound as if it were written from the start for the piano; like a good translation which should read as if it were written originally in the language into which it is translated. The transcriptions of Busoni differ from those of Liszt in that they are more systematic, more precise, more penetrating. In the main, Busoni's transcriptions are limited to organ compositions by J. S. Bach. His aim has been to translate the organ-works into the language of the pianoforte, while seeking to enrich the idiom of the piano by new turns and expressions derived from the organ. His transcriptions are, in fact, as pianistic as may be desired; moreover, they reproduce in new effects of sound the peculiar organ-style with its sudden changes from one colour to another, from *piano* to *forte*, its powerful, massive chords. Busoni makes a principle of avoiding almost entirely chords struck in the arpeggio manner, as being alien to the organ character and depriving the chords of their organ-like solidity and massive power. It is interesting to see how, by this means alone, his transcriptions get a more organ-like sound than those by Liszt, Tausig and others. By careful doubling of chord-notes, choice of proper octaves, distributing the music to both hands in a practical way, and a refined use of the pedal, he obtains surprising effects. A comparative study of Busoni's and Tausig's transcriptions of Bach's D minor Toccata and Fugue will show the differences clearly. Busoni's manner of transcription is much more subtle, more differentiated, and at the same time more powerful and organ-

like in character. The following two bars are instructive regarding the ingeniousness of Busoni's manner. He avoids Tausig's arpeggio, and gets the organ-like difference of sound between the different parts by a careful gradation of strength in the successive chords, *f*, *fz*, *mf*, *p*—and a wonderful pedal treatment:

The image shows two staves of music. The top staff is labeled 'Tausig:' and is marked 'Adagio'. It shows a piano part with a prominent arpeggiated chord. The bottom staff is labeled 'Busoni:' and is marked 'Adagissimo'. It shows a piano part with a more gradual, organ-like chordal progression. Dynamic markings *f*, *fz*, *mf*, and *p* are used in the Busoni part. A 'meno forte' marking is also present at the bottom of the Busoni staff.

His interpretation likewise, the building of the climaxes, is more monumental, in simple lines, more thoughtful and much more effective than Tausig's. The line of intensity in Busoni's interpretation is much more convincing than Tausig's somewhat arbitrary rise and fall, running thus:



These few indications must suffice to make clear the exceptional qualities of Busoni's transcriptions. The following is the list of his Bach transcriptions, most of them published by Breitkopf & Härtel:

- Bach, 6 Tonstücke: Organ Prelude and Fugue D major.
- 4 Choral preludes: 1. Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme;
- 2. In dir ist Freude; 3. Ich ruf zu dir; 4. Nun freut euch, liebe Christen.
- Chaconne for Violin.

2 Organ Toccatas, C major and D minor.
 Preludes and Fugues, E \flat and E minor.
 Orgelchoralvorspiele auf das Pianoforte im Kammer-
 stil übertragen.

In close connection with the transcriptions, his editions of Bach's piano-works are to be considered. They are not many, but are among the most valuable and useful of their kind. *Bach's two- and three-part Inventions*, long recognized as a cornerstone of pianistic technique, have been edited most carefully by Busoni (two volumes, published by Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig). Fingering, phrasing, expression-marks, analytical remarks, make this edition of this classical work the one which is most exhaustive as regards usefulness. In fact, the pedagogical importance and the musical design of these Inventions will be more thoroughly revealed in this edition than in any other.

The Inventions serve as an introduction to the vast structure of the *Well-tempered Clavichord*. To the many editions of this invaluable collection of preludes and fugues Busoni has added one which, in many ways, is superior to all. The first part was published many years ago (Schirmer, and the Universal Edition, Vienna); Breitkopf & Härtel are at present publishing the second part. Busoni's aim is not archeological or historical. Though preserving the utmost fidelity to the original text, his edition is made in view of the modern piano, not of the clavecin as Bach played it. As the renaissance of the clavecin progresses in our days, it will no doubt be very valuable to possess an authentic edition of the work in its original intention. Since the modern piano, however, will nevertheless maintain its predominance, it is necessary to adapt Bach's work to the modern instrument, so that its wealth of ideas may be expressed by its means to the best advantage, according to the style of Bach. This problem of translating clavecin-music for the modern piano has been solved by Busoni with an admirable mastery. The old instrument and the new differ so considerably from each other that it is not possible, in most cases, to play the same piece in the same manner on both. Analytical notes, remarks on the proper Bach style, practical fingering, careful marks of expression, adaptations of single pieces as instructive études for the development of modern technique, all this taken together makes this edition unique of its kind.

An edition of the *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue* (Universal Edition, Vienna) is of like value. Bach's *Capriccio on the departure*

of the beloved brother, four Duets for piano, *Fantasy, Adagio and Fugue* arranged for concert performance, have appeared at Breitkopf & Härtel's.

To these have to be added Busoni's versions of Liszt's compositions: *Spanish Rhapsody with orchestra, Fantasy and Fugue "Ad nos ad salutarem undam," Mephisto Waltz, Heroic March, Polonaise* in E major with final cadenza and the *Figaro Fantasy*.

Most instructive and valuable for pianists of advanced technical abilities is Busoni's edition of the Paganini-Liszt Theme and Variations, Étude No. 6, "a study in transcription" (Breitkopf & Härtel). It contains the original text by Paganini, the two different versions by Liszt, and Busoni's own version, written in the manner of an orchestral score, so that measure by measure a comparison of these four different versions is possible.

All these transcriptions and editions, these arrangements of Bach's and Liszt's compositions, are intended to be "contributions to the school of advanced pianoforte playing." In one of his prefaces Busoni writes about them thus: "In their entirety they are similar to an educational building which—preferably with Bach music as its basis—seems capable of eventually bearing further and younger superstructures, like unto a sturdy old oak-tree, which, although ever growing older itself, still continues to put forth the greenest and freshest of shoots."

* * *

Surveying, as above, the entire work of Busoni up to his fiftieth year, his development becomes clear. His main characteristics from the start are an Italian sense of clearness, of vivid rhythmical energy, form and proportion, combined with the German sense of architecture, of composition in the proper sense of the word, of endless striving after an ideal of perfection. The source of his creative ability is vivid, passionate southern temperament, an instinct of making music like a fanciful play, and combined with this a gift of profound meditation, an intelligence of the highest stamp, a tendency toward intricate speculation.

In a simple formula: Gay dance-rhythm and learned polyphony, light, graceful motion and weighty thought; Brahms, Liszt, Wagner, the last Beethoven, Bach—these are the masters whose influence is most marked in his earlier works. But his whole love and unbounded admiration from the start up to the present day has always belonged to Mozart. The clearness of

form, the economical use of means, the power of presenting complicated things in the simplest possible manner, traits which strongly characterize Busoni's art, are derived mainly from Mozart. Wagner has influenced him only during a limited period of his youth, less than all the other noted musicians of equal age. His artistic creed has later on rather put him into opposition towards Wagner, felt instinctively at first, expressed logically afterwards. From about 1890 the progressive tendencies become more and more manifest. Slowly Busoni turns towards a new horizon, yet never losing the ground under his feet, always remaining firmly rooted in the past. This circumstance gives a legitimate, natural aspect to his most daring innovations; they are a necessary growth, not whimsical, sensational, or forced.

The sense for new combinations of simultaneous tones, for delicate shadings of tone, is a peculiarity of our nervous age and its most salient characteristic. To this modern development of harmony Busoni has made some very important contributions. Step by step his innovations can be traced. The compositions up to about 1895 hardly go beyond the practice of modern chromatic harmony as we find it in Liszt's and Wagner's works. But from about 1900 new elements of harmony make their appearance in his music. He first exercises his ingenuity to find new effects within the system of chords generally accepted. Some of his processes are the following: Major and minor triad simultaneously, progressions of parallel fifths and fourths, different chords sounding together, different keys at the same time, chords formed by a conglomeration of seconds and fourths, new scales, new forms of cadence and modulation, a more liberal aspect of tonality, disregard for the commonly accepted idea of tonality, a striving aimed at evolving third-tones and quarter-tones. Some examples chosen from his different works may illustrate his use of the harmonic means. In "All' Italia" (in the "Elegies") we find major and minor triads, sustained by the pedal, sounding at the same time. It is strange that composers should not have thought of this effect before, since it is given in the germ by



nature in every minor chord. In the chord of *b* flat minor, for example, while *d* flat is heard distinctly, we hear *d* flat faintly at the same time, it being the fourth overtone of the fundamental note *b* flat.

How he manages to produce unusual, striking effects within the commonly accepted tonality may be illustrated by a few quotations from the "Fantasia contrappuntistica."

The image shows three staves of musical notation. The first staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring a complex texture with many notes and some dynamic markings like 'p' and 'f'. The third staff shows a different texture, possibly a different part of the piece or a different instrument's part, with a mix of chords and melodic fragments.

Different keys at the same time with picturesque effect at the close of the "nocturnal apparition" (No. 6 of the Elegies); C major and *D* flat, *D*-minor scale accompanied by *D*^b-major chord:

The image shows a musical passage with two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and features a melodic line with a 'glissando' marking and a fermata. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a sustained chord. The passage is characterized by a complex harmonic structure involving multiple keys simultaneously.

The colour-difference of the single "valeurs" in these passages must of course be observed closely, in order to produce the right effect. The strange passage from the "Berceuse" comes under

the same head, *C* minor and *A* major, *E* major and *G* minor, together:

Celesta

Harp

The following measures taken from the close of the first sonatina show the strange effect of different keys sounding into each other, and of parallel fifths:

Molto sostenuto
poco espr.

p

ppp

ppp

Finally, the following quotation from the second sonatina shows the entire emancipation from our current system of harmony. Tonality is abolished; triads occur, but without regard to a certain key; chords composed of fourths and sevenths are used. If properly played, the passage has a most peculiar effect, shadowy, dusky, of indefinite colour, suggesting mystic twilight:

ppp

ppp

dolente e cantando

ppp



With the Finnish composers, especially Sibelius, the modern French school around Debussy, and Delius, Scriabine, Schönberg, Busoni has some traits in common. Though a superficial observer might perhaps consider him a follower of these musicians, still the differences between his way of writing and theirs are greater than the similarities. The most striking resemblance between Debussy and Busoni is their predilection for exotic scales. The possibilities of our major and minor scale in a melodic and harmonic way are apparently exhausted. Hence the desire of progressive minds to procure new material for music. The mediæval church scales have been utilized more or less by modern composers, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, César Franck, the modern Russians and Frenchmen. As the music of the Oriental nations became more familiar in Europe, it exercised a certain influence. The Pentatonic scale of the Chinese, the ancient Scotch and the North American Indians, the whole-tone scale of the Siamese, found its way into French music, partly by the way of Russia. By experiment, Busoni has found out that there are more than a hundred scales possible, many of which have doubtless never yet been used in composition. Though Busoni and the modern French and Russian writers occasionally meet on common ground in the use of such scales, still, his manner of employing them, his thematic invention, his spiritual capacities and temperament are considerably, in fact fundamentally, different from theirs. Busoni is more austere, more masculine, more exalted and of greater energy, less enchanting, less soft and flexible than Debussy. From Schönberg and Scriabine, the two most radical modern musicians—apart from the futurists in Italy, who so far have not been accepted seriously—Busoni differs by his more organic and sounder art, by the stronger, more legitimate, broader basis, musically as well as spiritually and intellectually. He continues in a straight line the series of the older masters, whereas most

of the radical modernists run the risk of losing their way in a side-path which leads into a wilderness. In solid musicianship, musical erudition and polyphonic art, he surpasses all the other modernists, in fact, he deserves in all these respects the title of "master" in the sense in which it is commonly applied. Among these masters there has always existed, as the history of art shows, a marked difference as regards their attitude towards expression and means of expression. All real masters have always had to express something personal, unique, new. Many of them have found it possible to express their individual feelings within the range of the technical means in use at their time, or without considerable departure from this technical basis. Others have sought their ideal by trying to develop new means of expression, new harmonies, rhythms, forms, sounds. And among these again there are some who come to their discoveries in a naive way, by inspiration, others by a systematic, scientific investigation, by labour of the intellect. Busoni seems to belong to the last class, most emphatically. He meditates profoundly on the possibilities of a change, an advance in form, colour, harmony, rhythm. Like a great inventor he experiments in all these directions, not at haphazard, but with superior intelligence—in this way far superior to revolutionary anarchists like Schönberg and Scriabine—with a certain end in view. With passionate energy he works at his problems. Occasionally, it may seem as if this intellectual labour overbalanced the emotional essence, the soul, as if the means of expression were ahead of the inspiration. But always, so far, he has succeeded in mastering his own progressive ideas, so that his inspiration regains its due prominence; his invention, his ideas, become such that they need just those novel ways of expression. Thus the balance is restored, the basis is found which might be sufficient for a whole series of years. But his restless mind is not content with the result thus gained; he does not care to rest on his laurels; in his next work he is urged forward to try something new. Again he begins experimenting, his fertile mind finds new technical devices, and before long his creative imagination is enflamed, he breathes naturally in the new atmosphere.

His art has often been criticized by superficial observers as being too intellectual, too cool, somewhat soulless. This criticism I consider altogether unjust. He is "problematic," no doubt, because he is in advance of the standard of the day. But his music ceases to be problematic as soon as his listeners have become familiar with his way of expression. He has written

some eloquent words on feeling and emotion in his "Sketch of a New Esthetic of Music," and I quote a few of these sentences at the end of this essay, because they throw light on his ideas of art:—"In art feeling is held to be the highest moral qualification. In music, however, feeling requires two consorts, taste and style. Now, in life, one encounters real taste as seldom as deep and true feeling; as for style, it is a province of art. 'Feeling' is generally understood to mean tenderness, pathos, and extravagance of expression. But how much more does the marvellous flower 'Emotion' unfold! Restraint and forbearance, renunciation, power, activity, patience, magnanimity, joyousness, and that all-controlling intelligence wherein feeling actually takes its rise. What the amateur and the mediocre artist attempt to express, is feeling in little, in detail, for a short stretch. Feeling on a grand scale is mistaken by the amateur, the semi-artist, the public (and the critics, too, unhappily) for a want of emotion, because they all are unable to hear the longer reaches as parts of a yet more extended whole. Feeling, therefore, is likewise economy. Hence, I distinguish feeling as Taste, as Style, as Economy. Each a whole in itself, and each one-third of the whole. Within and over them rules a subjective trinity: Temperament, Intelligence and the instinct of Equipoise. These six carry on a dance of such subtlety in the choice of partners and intertwining of figures, in the bearing and the being borne, in advancing and curtseying, in motion and repose, that no loftier height of artistry is conceivable."

SOME GUESSES ABOUT YANKEE DOODLE

By FRANK KIDSON

TO the musical antiquary there lies in the tune *Yankee Doodle* the same mystery and fascination that lurks in the smile of the Mona Lisa of the Louvre. Small wonder then that for generations so many writers have spilled ink and made wild guesses in the hope of finding out the truth regarding its origin, a task as futile assuredly as solving the problem who wrote *God Save the King*. To the Library of Congress, some years ago, was officially assigned the labour of picking up the ends of all the tangled skeins that have got twisted round the subject, to unknot these and lay bare the innermost heart of the question. In the "Report on The Star Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, America, and Yankee Doodle" issued from the Library of Congress in 1909, much was done to knock on the head wild statements and absurd theories that had been made and broached since the history of the tune had become a matter of interest. Like the rest of us, the author left the origin of the tune still a mystery though he succeeded in clearing away a great deal of the rubbish which encumbered and blocked the search. It is not my intention to recapitulate any of the Report's arguments or discoveries, or to encroach on any of its ground. The book is so inexpensive and so full of interest for any student of national song that it is imperative that it should be obtained and placed in the library of every musician; it is a monument of patient and learned research. My own task is to add a few guesses and to leave the reader to draw his own conclusions as to the value of the propositions I put forth.

The mystery of the tune carries with it the mystery of the words "Yankee" and "Doodle." Wild flings into philology have been made into languages which range in currency from the territory of the Cherokee Indians to the Persian Gulf. Still, each derivation leaves us cold and doubtful. We have been told numerous stories to account for its existence as an American national air, none of which we really have faith in, but which we idly accept as the easiest and least troublesome way of accounting for the circumstance.

You will find them all in the Report of 1909, and I feel sure will mentally shed the tributary tear of pity for the author who has had to painfully accept them temporarily until he has with pain and travail knocked them on the head until they were apparently dead; for many of these wild statements will rise again and form themes for future historians to quarrel over. The present article will possibly add to the labours of these musical antiquaries and may even rouse some of the present day ones to a contention of the theories I now broach.

Yankee Doodle is among the queer tunes. It has never settled its own time-rhythm. We can take it in 6-8, in 2-4, and in common time with equal authority, for it is to be found printed with each of these time signatures, and to the ordinary person one is as good as another. It has also considerable variation in note and few if any old copies are identical with each other. I think I may claim to have been the first to put on record the fact that the earliest printed copy of the tune, under the title *Yanky Doodle*, appears in the first volume of Aird's "Selection of Scotch, English, Irish, and Foreign Airs, for the fife, violin or German Flute." In my "Old English Country Dances," 1890, I reproduced the tune from Aird and fixed the date of his publication as "about 1775 or 1776." Afterwards I accepted the late Mr. John Glen's date "1782," but on going very carefully into the matter I find full evidence that I was correct in my original estimate of date.

Aird's "Selection" is one of those rare little collections which are the joy of collectors. It is in six small oblong volumes, each measuring only six and a half inches, by four and a quarter. Originally commenced as a single volume by James Aird, an obscure Glasgow music seller, it sold so well that a second volume was published in 1782, a third in 1788, a fourth in 1794, a fifth in 1797 and a sixth, early in the 19th century. Aird having died in 1794 the three last books were issued by his successor, and the whole series reissued by this successor, and again by George Goulding, a London publisher.

Aird's little book is composed of tunes suitable for the drum and fife band of a regiment, and includes many regimental marches. The Military drum which is the chief feature of the engraved title page is inscribed "Royal Glasgow Volunteers," and upon that body and similar companies Aird probably depended for a sale.

It is a matter for speculation from what source Aird got his *Yanky Doodle*. It is evident that he had an American

correspondent, for he includes a sprinkling of tunes from across the Atlantic such as several "Virginian" airs, a "Negro Jig" and so forth. *Yanky Doodle*, as given by Aird, has a number of variations.

The fact remains that up to the present no earlier copy of *Yankee Doodle* has been found in print prior to Aird's publication which, as I have already stated, there is evidence to show was published about 1775 or 1776; certainly before 1778. Nor can we be certain that any manuscript copy exists of even a few years earlier. I have before said that every old copy of the tune varies considerably and that is a strong proof that it has existed for a period entirely by tradition, and passed from lip to lip, or from instrument to instrument. It has been noted down in manuscript books of airs to be played on the violin, or more frequently the German flute, the instrument which every young gentleman of culture in England and America tootled on from the middle of the 18th century to our grandfather's time. That *Yankee Doodle* was chiefly played on the flute or fife in its early days is, I think, very likely; it certainly lends itself to these two instruments.

I have not, myself, come across any early copy arranged for the harpsichord or pianoforte save three. The first occurs in the published score of Dr. Arnold's opera "Two to One," produced in 1784, the second in Charles Dibdin's "Musical Tour", printed at Sheffield in 1788, and the third is reproduced in Mr. Sonneck's Report from a music sheet published by Thomas Skillern of London sometime after 1777. In all three instances the songs are adapted to the tune and are not the original words (if any such existed) to the air.

Arnold's song *Adzooks old Crusty why so rusty*, forms part of his opera. Dibdin's song *The Return of Ulysses to Ithaca* is a burlesque version of that hero's adventures, and the third is entitled *Yankee Doodle or, as now christened by the Saints of New England, The Lexington March*. This is a scurrilous song in ridicule of the Americans. The words "now christened The Lexington March" sufficiently show that the tune was in existence before the words, also that it was re-named after the battle of Lexington. Anyhow I am anxious to show that the tune was a tune pure and simple, and while many sets of nonsense verses have been put to the air they were not united with it until it had become a popular one, as a tune solely.

Many musical people in those days were content to play simple airs on flute, or violin, without other accompaniment. The tune and the performer stood on their own merits and were not bolstered up by harmony or the backing of a second performer.

The man in his solitude unscrewed his flute and tootled into it to his own satisfaction, if not to that of his neighbours.

I assert, (I feel sure, correctly,) that *Yankee Doodle* has been evolved on the flute or fife, most likely the latter, by an amateur musician. I should fix the nationality of this person, unknown to fame, as American. My reason for these conclusions will appear later on. I do not see any great antiquity in the melody; I should very much doubt whether it went so far back as 1740, inclining to a date ten or twenty years later.

Another point in my argument is the fact that while fragments of nonsense verse have been adapted to the tune these have had no stability and have varied as fancy or political situations have dictated. It is, I think, quite obvious that the air has not been composed for words, but has been evolved as a sprightly dance melody. Its connection with the dance is indicated by one of the early choruses used to the tune:—

Yankey Doodle keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

We may now consider the question of the name "Yankee Doodle," for the title has never been satisfactorily explained. Much diving into records has elicited the fact that the earliest known use of the word "Yankee" goes back to 1725 at which date a negro man named "Yankee" is to be sold. (See *Notes and Queries* vol. 10, 1878). Further we find that the word "Yankey" is a nickname in use in America a little later than that time, and we know that in due course natives of the eastern states of America became nominated, vulgarly, "Yankees."

It is a futile task to attempt to trace the derivation of "Yankee" but I wish to point out that the words "Yanko" and "Yarico" have been used by English writers as typical proper names for Indians on the further side of the Atlantic, just in the same way that they might use "Mustapha" for a Turk, or "Paddy" for an Irishman. For example in the 11th number of "The Spectator" dated March 13, 1710-11 there is the tale of Inkle and Yarico told—or retold. Thomas Inkle is wrecked on the mainland of America and befriended by Yarico an Indian girl. On getting to the West Indies by an English ship he basely sells her into slavery.

Charles Dibdin in writing his opera "The Islanders," produced November 1780,—a work evidently inspired by Captain

Cook's voyages among the South Sea Islands—named the principal male savage "Yanko." We have seen that the negro man of 1725 bore the name "Yankee" and that the same name was a nickname indicating an American a few years later, therefore I venture to conclude that "Yanko" or "Yankee" has been used in friendly raillery for the Americans, indicating them as Indians, just as we might speak of the Irish as "Paddies," the Scotch as "Sandies," and so forth. If any one chooses to push the search further I would suggest that they note how often the name "Yanko" is used as a proper name in early stories dealing with American or savage life.

The word "Doodle" is equally obscure. As explanation, I think it will be found within everybody's experience that nurses in singing to children, also other people, vocalise a melody, where the proper words are not used, or are not known, by singing the air to such words as "Doodle, doodle" with a final "doodle, doodle do."

In fact in more than one country district in England this way of singing a tune is called "deedling," or "doodling."

Dr. Wright's *Dialect Dictionary* gives a quotation which confirms this. A correspondent writes him:

A friend, a fiddler told me he had learnt a certain tune by an old man "doodling it" by singing or humming it bit by bit until he learnt the whole.

Also, it must be noted that the 18th century flute tutors, and later ones, instruct the learner in "double tonguing" to pronounce the word "tootle" as he blows into the flute. The words "doodle" and "tootle" are sufficiently alike to believe that the one may be used for the other indifferently.

Accepting the above as reasonable propositions it is conceivable that the title *Yankee Doodle* may have come from "The Yankee Tootle," or "The Yankee Doodle," meaning the American air that has no words, and perhaps not a known title, which is "tootled" on the flute or "doodled" by the voice.

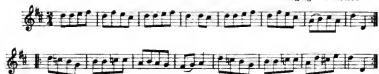
In making this suggestion I emphasise the fact that no words appear to have been coexistent with the birth of the tune, and that it is eminently a flute or a fife tune.

I put forth all these suggestions with humility but I think they are at least as reasonable as most others that have been made in regard to the intricate problem.

I append Aird's original version and several early copies from manuscript books of airs in my own possession. Also a

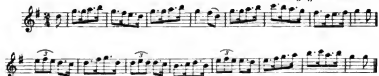
Yankee Doodle

From a manuscript book of airs
written about 1820 - 5
belonging to F. Kidson



Yankee Doodle

From a manuscript book of airs
circa 1825
belonging to F. Kidson



Yankee Doodle

From a flute tutor, title missing
circa 1825



London now is out of Town

From "Minstrel Lays"
circa 1820



Yanky Doodle

From Aird's "Selection" Vol. I
circa 1775-6



Yankie Doodle

From a manuscript book of airs in possession of Frank Kidson. On the first cover is written "George (?) Catt 1790." On end cover is written "John Carter given me by Stephen Catt when going away May 19th 1792." There are about seventy airs, all written in one hand, evidently that of George Catt. Oblong 8^{vo}



The Lexington March

From manuscript book of airs
circa 1798-1800
belonging to F. Kidson



curious use of the tune of a song by Theodore Hook, *London now is out of Town* published in a work called "Minstrel Lays," a collection of popular airs for the flute published by James Power of London about 1820. The name "Ware" is attached to the tune: evidently William Henry Ware, a musician attached to Covent Garden and producer of pantomimes, etc., He probably arranged and harmonised Hook's song for theatrical or concert performance.

I have estimated the dates of my manuscript books as closely and as carefully as possible.

IMAGINATION AND FACT IN VOICE CULTURE

By FREDERIC W. ROOT¹

Reference is often made to confusion and inadequacy of vocal method and the lack of agreement among its professors. There have, however, been fashions in voice teaching which have brought temporary approaches to unanimity, at least in appearance.

There was the florid method, in which the practice of scales and passages was the main dependence of all teachers. There was a rapidly fluctuating scientific period. For a time breathing was everything and the phrase "Chi sa respirare sa cantare" had its vogue.

Then came the treatment of vocal registers following upon Garcia's invention of the laryngoscope. Then the teaching of Helmholtz and other scientists swept the field and teachers sought the new knowledge and used its phraseology at least enough to make them feel up-to-date.

Again, anatomy and physiology were pushed to the front, mostly by the medical profession, with a great show of authority exerting a wide influence upon voice teaching.

Each of these fashions has been accompanied by much experimental teaching and theoretical discourse in the music journals, teachers' associations and the studios.

Meanwhile the human voice has remained as ever the same elusive, baffling, capricious, chameleon-like endowment, now appearing to justify the theorist in his "discoveries," and now leading him a wild goose chase; at one moment seeming to be a simple and natural gift and at another the most complex of problems.

So nothing beyond a few obvious elementary considerations has become established.

All fashions and discoveries have been in turn discredited. Investigation, however, has continued to press forward. Pressing forward at the present writing consists in looking backward at that shadowy object of veneration the "old Italian Method."

¹Mr. Root's illness prevented him from reading proof of his article. He died on November 8.—*Ed.*

It is interesting to note the extent to which antiquity can lend glamour to even commonplace things. A ruin, if it is only a pile of rubbish, is romantic if it is old enough. A useless book may be a treasure on account of its age. Old cracked paintings and dim frescoes appear as caricatures to one who does not behold them through the mists of a remote past.

The Italian singers of the first half of the 18th century studied their art leisurely and gave plenty of time to the development of their voices; their language predisposed their throats to musical utterance; their temperament was warm and expressive; their climate was genial; public taste inclined to euphony and sensuous beauty; singers had not the temptation to force their voices, the instrumental accompaniments being light and the method being florid song rather than declamatory utterance; more than all, every professional singer was prepared as a cultivated musician, one who could improvise and compose as well as vocalize—to use his mind as well as his body.

With all these advantages it would be a wonder if some expert singers had not been developed. But there were apparently very few such in comparison to all who undertook the study; and it is doubtful if these eminent ones excelled or even equalled the best we have to-day. But they have the glamour of antiquity, and their fame is enhanced by certain legends which continue to pass current. That epoch has figured for a century as the golden age of song, and those singers as exemplars of a wonderful art which has been lost to the world.

The fashion of to-day is the attempt to assign definite outlines to this "old Italian method" and to advocate its re-establishment for vocal education.

The most authoritative utterance upon this subject which has appeared—authoritative because of the literary skill with which it is presented and because of the high standing of the journal which gives it currency—discredits all mechanical discoveries and devices as they are at present applied to voice culture and advocates the instinctive, direct, "natural" treatment which is supposed to be the sole reliance of the early Italians.

Here is the argument which the writer above referred to¹ and many others are putting forth to-day with the air of giving the solution of a difficult problem:

Voice is a natural function and to interfere with Nature in the cultivation of it leads to disaster. The vocal organs act

¹Voice Culture: Past and Present, by David C. Taylor. THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1915.

spontaneously in response to thought and feeling; hence to attempt to guide their actions mechanically is an error. Tones of voice vary according to the vocalists' imagination without consciousness of mechanical processes; therefore the ear is the only proper means of guiding tone.

Hence cultivation of the voice should be accomplished with no reference to the vocal organs which originate and control tone, but only to the tone itself, forming this upon an ideal of quality and relying upon instinct and unconscious effort for the physical action required.

This must be an attractive proposition especially to a teacher who has difficult cases to deal with. He need no longer study to invent means to overcome vocal defects, nor worry over results. His course is to demand beautiful tones from his pupil, giving him models with his own voice, and then watch beneficent Nature dispose of defects, obliterate wrong habits and develop a fine even scale.

This plan seems to contemplate the exceptional rather than the average pupil, and the unusual rather than the common conditions under which the training is conducted. It would work well, certainly much better than imperfect physical analysis, with a gifted pupil whose antecedents were such as to endow him with fine, æsthetic perception, one who had established no bad habits, and if, furthermore, the teacher were one whose tones the pupil might profitably imitate, and the pupil were much with the teacher.

But the large majority of those who study singing have imperfect ideals of tone, some obstinate habits, and are taught by those whose voices are different from their own—as when a man teaches a woman, or a woman a man.

Shall we say that only the gifted ones may be taught singing? Shall we conclude that only one whose voice is the proper pattern for a pupil may give instruction to that pupil? Shall we assume that where a pupil has a falsely produced tone we may never point out the physical condition which vitiates the tone?

Let us contemplate a few actual cases:

Misses A, B and C had voices far above the average—in other words, they all produced what were generally regarded as beautiful tones and they had no thought of the physical process. They heard much good singing in concert and opera; they studied for musicianship with piano, etc., and were closely pursuing the "old Italian method" as defined by its prophets. Yet the progress of these young ladies was at a standstill because of defects which hampered and discouraged them.

Miss A could take her upper tones only by forcing them; any attempt at diminished power was attended by a grating sound or a sudden stoppage.

Miss B, as she added power to her tones in the swell, experienced a nervous tension like that which one feels in trying to lift something of which he has an imperfect hold, and her voice then took on something of a hard and hollow sound.

Miss C, with a voice which was entitled to high C, could not by any form of exertion force it above F.

Now each of these typical cases might possibly have been set right by strict adherence to the natural or idealistic method which forbids attention to mechanism. But it is extremely doubtful if it could have been thus accomplished within the limits and under the conditions of an ordinary course of lessons.

As it was, Miss A was easily taught to lower her tongue for her high notes—she had unconsciously acquired the habit of making the back of the tongue rise as the voice ascended through the compass.

Miss B learned without delay to raise the soft palate properly—the natural co-ordination of tongue and palate had become lost.

Miss C was made to control the position of her larynx which, because of forced registers in childhood, was prone to follow in singing the course which it takes in the act of swallowing—to close entirely.

The sincere devotees of the "old Italian method," especially those who have witnessed disaster in "scientific" procedure, will immediately call to mind all sorts of contortions and vocal monstrosities in connection with the effort to regulate consciously, a singer's tongue, palate or larynx. True, all these grotesqueries are possible, and, as competent handling of this method is rare, they are even probable.

But the ideal of beautiful tone is not the exclusive possession of the old school. One who regulates the position and action of the chest, lips, jaw, tongue, etc. in teaching may have the same and may seem to himself to give the pupil aid toward grasping this ideal by showing him the result of tone formed by a different adjustment of the physical organism from that which had become habitual and had seemed "natural."

"In his daily practicing the student strove" (says our advocate of the old Italian method) "through repeated singing of the same passages, to bring his voice into conformity with his mental conception."

He would probably add that the proper effect of this practice should be expected only after the ear had been trained and the mental conception developed; but how this mental preparation is to be effected he does not say. His arguments repudiate the idea that the development of a true ideal of tone may be based upon a previous regulation of the physical action of tone production.

The majority of successful voice teachers are not willing to allow such manifestations of untrained mentality as heavings of the chest and contortions of the tongue in vocalization to await an indefinite method of correction. They are accustomed to regulate these things at once and then begin their quest for the ideal.

No one will deny that the mind is the determining factor in singing as in every other field of human activity. It is obvious, too, that the mind operates on different planes, dominating the material as well as the spiritual activities. To what extent mind's reactions are from spirit to matter, or from matter to spirit, in any given case is a subject for debate. We wish *mens sana in corpore sano*, but in a specific case we must decide whether the body or the mind shall receive first attention in order that both may be rightly cared for.

The "old Italian" plan of operation as recommended to us decides that mental concepts of tone subsequently ratified by sensation should be the sole reliance, vague and uncertain as is the mentality in most cases.

Teaching according to this plan appeals to a native taste and refinement of nature, which the pupil may not have, and depends upon that to guide the action of the vocal organs. If this does not produce satisfactory results there is recourse to imitation, another doubtful means of progress.

One who knows how to regulate the physical action required for a given tone quality can appeal to the mind more directly. The old method tells the pupil to employ a certain ideal of tone evolved from his own nature or sought through imitation, and the physical organs will act to produce a certain tonal effect. The modern method arranges the vocal mechanism to produce that effect, and from the sensation and sound of tone thus produced establishes the mental concept which then becomes the guide.

It is unreasonable to assume, as does the writer whose article we are considering, that the singer whose tone is developed by the aid of mechanical directions will thereafter always sing mechanically. Any modern singer who has within him the possibilities

of expressive vocalization is glad to roam the fields of song with all the inspiration claimed for the school of antiquity. In addition to this he may have a knowledge of the vocal process which will guard him from the errors of fatuous experiment and soaring ambitions.

In music we like what we are used to. Commenting upon the popular appreciation of new music a well-known composer remarked: "People never like a thing that they have not heard before." Thus writers of the successful light operas are usually criticised for being "reminiscent," an essential condition of immediate popularity.

One who has become accustomed to a sharp toned piano finds the mellow tones of a new instrument unsatisfactory. Some of the most beautiful voices that our concert stage has known are condemned because the ear of the commentator had accepted a different kind of tone as the model. A teacher occasionally finds after a period of up-hill work with a voice that the trouble is because of an ideal of tone in the pupil's mind which differs from the one he is trying to establish. Fond parents and friends may tell Sophronia that she does not "sing as well as she used to" because something sharp and throaty has been taken out of her voice.

Conception of ideal or beautiful tone is something shifting and various. It may serve an artistic purpose or it may lead astray. On the other hand, a tone produced with a certain position and action of the vocal organs is mechanically right, and you must bring your notions of tonal effect into conformity with that fact. In due time the personal note, the singer's own contribution to quality and expression, avails to color the tones so produced, and the mechanical aspects of tone by which the voice was "placed" do not obtrude themselves.

The efforts of singers to put this personal note into singing—to make the voice beautiful and expressive after the old Italian plan while the tones are produced with uncorrected faults of mechanism—are in some degree grotesque or pitiful. Of course no good teacher will allow such an exhibition; he will assert that vocalization is not in the old Italian method (if he be an advocate of it) until faults are eliminated. He is likely to decide, as do many teachers of the old school, that a pupil is not to sing songs until after one or two years of work for tone with scales, etc. This is a decree under which modern pupils are likely to be restive. And it is generally unnecessary.

The training of singers in those early times was, so far as we know, mostly for professional purposes, and they submitted to

rigors of discipline that would discourage nine-tenths of our pupils of to-day. Our "accomplished" young ladies are not willing to confine themselves exclusively to scales and vocalizes for any great length of time, and we must find a more direct way to give them something to show for their labors.

Our author says: "Of the many puzzling questions presented by the history of voice culture none is more baffling than the reason for the abandonment of the old Italian method." The reason seems very plain to the present writer. Conditions and objects of vocal study are so different in modern times that voice teachers would starve to death if they adhered strictly to the old method as it is now described.

Nobody does so adhere. The most bigoted advocate of the "purely instinctive process," if he is a successful teacher and not simply a coach, will be found making surreptitious excursions into the domain of mechanical action—giving directions as to the action of lips, tongue, chest, etc.—thus taking the first steps in the "abandonment of the old Italian method."

The method of voice training which lays foundations by regulating mechanical action is a difficult, even dangerous, one to handle if administered by any but a teacher who has mastered it.

Those who know certain facts concerning the mechanism of tone without knowing their relationship and interdependence are likely after a while to find themselves in a tangle with their teaching. It is generally such as these who are accused of ruining voices. To them the preachments of old Italian method are heartily recommended.

There is much to be said in favor of this *laissez-faire* course in the case of a large proportion of those who undertake to teach singing. It is better to leave things as they are than to risk making them worse.

Yet it is hard to see how the "old Italian" propaganda now in vogue is expected to advance the science of voice culture.

Its perennial attraction, to the profession, is however an indisputable fact. Teachers who are sincere cling to the idea for reasons set forth above. Those who are mere pretenders use the name as a badge of respectability, and the public is so accustomed to hear it referred to as a mysterious *summum bonum* of vocalization that any teacher can reassure and attract an inquirer for lessons by claiming to teach the Italian method.

Such exclusive advocacy of the old Italian method as we find in the article to which we have referred is quite comprehensible when we note the author's idea of the alternative. His descrip-

tion of the modern method would hardly recommend it to anyone. His acquaintance with exponents of it seems to have been unfortunate. He draws "a sharp contrast" between the old and the new systems, thus:

"One treated vocal cultivation as a branch of strictly musical education; the other makes it rather a system of throat gymnastics. One drew its inspiration from Nature; the other ignores Nature and turns to artifice. One appealed to musical instinct and esthetic feeling; the other places its reliance on purely physical observations of muscular movements and sensations."

He says again: "The supposed necessity of consciously guiding the vocal organs is never lost to view."

It should not be necessary to refute such statements. One might as truly suppose that the piano teacher who shows his pupil how to put the thumb under in scale playing expects him always to keep the thought of it in mind after he has progressed to concert playing.

Guiding physical action in the way which experience shows to be the best for any given purpose and expecting such action to become habitual and seem spontaneous, automatic, unconscious, "natural", is a commonplace of training.

Temporarily recognizing this, our critic of modern voice teaching makes a slight concession to its rationality thus: "When the voice has been 'placed' by the preliminary course in tone production, it should act automatically in the correct manner. . . . The technical training of the voice is then to be begun on the basis of artificially acquired habits."

Then he withdraws his concession: "But the theory seldom works out in practice. . . . It does not lead to spontaneous singing;" after which he draws the "sharp contrast" cited above, completely disposing of modernity.

There is no positive advantage claimed for the old system that is not equally in the modern when administered with reasonable intelligence. "Musicianship", the training of the ear and the mentality, is as essential to success with one as with the other method. "Strained," "throaty," "unnatural" tones are not allowed by a competent teacher of any system.

"Beautiful" tone is sought to-day as it was in days of old. Anyone who would displace "the natural use of the voice" when it is right is not a fair representative of modern teaching, which simply provides means to restore voices that have gone astray in "natural" singing, singing in which there was no guidance of the vocal mechanism.

The halo with which the old Italian method is invested in the eyes of its modern prophets seems to have escaped the observation of those who lived in the hey-day of it.

"Poor Italy" and "O ye degenerate moderns" are some of the exclamations, apropos of the singing of his time, made by Pierfrancesco Tosi in his *Observations on the Florid Song*, published in 1723. He says (Galliard's translation): "If all those who teach the first rudiments knew how to make use of this rule (concerning the upper range of tones) and to unite the feigned (falsetto) to the natural voice, there would not be now so great a scarcity of sopranos." "A diligent master . . . ought to leave no means untried so to unite the feigned and the natural voice that they may not be distinguished."

This looks like a reaching out toward the resources of modern method; at least, the one resource of beautiful tone seems to be discredited in some degree. And he actually touches upon the mechanism of tone production to the small extent of how the mouth should be held and what attitude should be assumed in order that the vocal organs may act freely.

J. B. Mancini who, fifty years later, published a book of *Practical Reflections on Florid Song*, shows still further departure from that "pure Italian method", the method which is unconscious of the vocal organs. He says: "Natural faults or those contracted under bad teaching can be eliminated only by a long course of action, the object of which is to correct the errors of the vocal organs or of the musical education." Such correction might perhaps be accomplished by the "beautiful tone" process; but Mancini shows throughout his work that he believes in some degree of physical regulation for tone.

He devotes one chapter to the arrangement of the mouth for tone, vowels and execution. He warns against cramping the throat, and says that the head should be so held that "the fibres of the throat remain soft."

Still more definite are his directions regarding the tongue. This he says should remain quiet in vocalization—and adds—this is decidedly modern—that good singers take great pains to groove the tongue for tone.

His judgment regarding imitation for pupils is that it is sometimes helpful to their progress, but that it is often prejudicial to their "own powers" and their "natural dispositions."

Like Tosi, Mancini fails to see the halo about the singing and teaching of his day. His opinion is thus expressed: "Our music is badly in decadence; we lack good schools and good singers."

So it would seem that the best each generation can do is to confess failure and lament the good old times! Here are Tosi, Mancini and our present writers with their faces toward the past assuring their contemporaries that their present efforts at progress are misdirected and futile.

This seems to be a habit of mind among theorists, justified to some extent by the mass of imaginative rubbish concerning the voice put forth in the name of progress. But it is a very unscientific habit and accords ill with the spirit of the times in other fields of endeavor.

The writer of the article which suggested the foregoing remarks withdraws his gaze for a brief moment from "the old glories of the art of *bel canto*" and glances over his shoulder at the future in his closing paragraph thus: "Some way may be found for utilizing scientific knowledge without involving the conscious direction of the vocal organs. A combination of the two systems, scientific and instinctive, may then be found to contain the most hopeful elements of a happy solution."

This happy solution should be seen as something more than a remote possibility. It will not so appear, however, to one who imagines the two systems combined in simultaneous operation. But if the bringing together of the scientific and the instinctive or inspirational methods place them in the relationship of preparation and fulfillment there need be no strain upon the imagination in foreseeing an establishment of the combination.

The "art of singing" is founded securely upon the "science of vocalization" by enough teachers and singers to demonstrate the feasibility and desirability of the combination. That it is not more generally recognized is because of the conditions of our "science." Our author, however, looks to the "possibility that the entire edifice of vocal science will ultimately be abandoned." Much of the ponderous erudition which physiologists and natural scientists would saddle upon voice culture should certainly be abandoned. As to the science which successfully guides the action of the vocal organs and brings a voice to a realization of all its resources, the need is that it be scientifically, i. e., accurately described.

At present this modern science upon which the progress of voice culture depends and which an increasing number of teachers successfully practice is obscured by the imaginative terminology and fanciful description with which it is commonly set forth.

The modern method, as a theory, will fare badly in contrast with the plausible arguments of our old Italian contemporaries

until we rescue it from the realm of sensation and place it upon a basis of fact—when talk about placing the voice in the head or the chest, directing columns of air forward or backward, etc. etc., is superseded or supplemented by statements of what really happens.



Wife of H. A. ...
lit. ...
GABRIEL PORTRAIT
H. A. ...
...
2. 26 October 1874

NIELS WILHELM GADE

In remembrance of the Centenary of his birth

By CORNELIUS RUBNER

Gade was born in Copenhagen on the 22nd of February, 1817. His father was a maker of musical instruments. The boy studied the violin under Wexschall, and Weyse and Bergreen were his teachers in composition. He became a member of the orchestra of the Royal Opera House and, being a very proficient and successful violinist, played in many concerts. In 1841 he was awarded a prize by the Copenhagen Musical Union for his overture "Nachklänge aus Ossian," the judges being Louis Spohr and Friedrich Schneider. Then, in 1843, he received the important Royal stipend and went to Leipzig where he was very successful with his first Symphony in C minor and the aforesaid Overture, as well as with his cantata "Comala." He became a friend of both Mendelssohn and Schumann who had a great influence over Gade.

While at Leipzig he held the position of assistant conductor to Mendelssohn as well as teacher of composition at the Royal Conservatory of Music, and after Mendelssohn's death he was appointed principal conductor of the "Gewandhaus" orchestra.

He returned to his native city in 1848 and conducted the Musical Union founded in 1836, also filling the post of organist at the Holmens church. After Glaeser's death he became conductor at the Royal Opera House. In 1865 he was given charge of the Conservatory of Music founded by P. M. Moldenhauer.

Gade was the son-in-law of J. P. E. Hartmann, the well-known composer.

Among Gade's sixty-four compositions, the most important are: his Overtures, Symphonies and Cantatas for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra. His best-known Symphonies are the First in C minor, produced by Mendelssohn, 1843, Leipzig, the Fourth, and his greatest, in B-flat major (1850), the Sixth in G minor, full of passionate melancholy, the Seventh in F major (1864), and the Eighth in B minor, which connects by its marked northern atmosphere with the First Symphony. The best of his Overtures is "Nachklänge aus Ossian," Op. 1 (1841), which shows us the real, true Gade in all his beauty of color, harmony and melody. Then the Overtures "Hamlet," "Michael Angelo," "In the Highlands," "Overture in C major," Op. 14. Very important also in showing Schumann's influence over Gade are his ballads and dramatic cantatas for chorus: "Comala," "The Erl King's Daughter," "The Crusaders," "Kalanus," "Zion," "Psyche," "Baldur's Dream," the poetic "Spring-Fantasy," "The Message of Spring," "Holy Night," "The Stream," "Sunset," and his opera, "Mariotta."

The same beauty of "Ossian" is felt in his Arabesques, Aquarelles, Tone-pictures of the North and Folk-dances for piano, also in the Trio in F major, two violin sonatas, the Sonata for piano in C minor, Op. 28, dedicated to Liszt, a work of his youth.

Mention must also be made of his orchestral suites: "A summer's day in the country," Novellettes, and "Holbergiana," which can be said to have laid the foundation for the development of Scandinavian music for string orchestra.

IT should never be forgotten that Gade was the father and creator of the Scandinavian school of Romantic composers. At the age of twenty-four he looked into the world, a fearless characteristic northerner, full of nobility of purpose, true to his calling, and ever sincere in his portrayal of his country's beauties, its depths of imagination and poetry, its wealth of rugged strength and poetic melancholy. He at all times realized the importance of the message he had to give and his superior talent and splendid training helped him to accomplish the task he had set himself: he is rightly to be called the creator of Danish romanticism in music.

His palette of orchestration was rich in colors and his portrayal of the old heroic figures of the North stands to this day unequalled and masterful.

Gade's musical activities may be divided into two periods, the first of which may be called the weightier of the two. During the "Ossian" period he composed those of his works that have contributed the most to the national element in Scandinavian music and have for all times secured him a place in the hearts of his own people and by his treatment of that very element shown the world the beauty of that folk-lore of the north at the hands of a great sculptor.

The splendid means at his command of instrumentation gives to his orchestral works a certain elusive beauty of colouring that seems to have its root in the very heart of his country and which has ever since haunted the music of all Scandinavians. Through his friendship for both Mendelssohn and Schumann a new element creeps into his music, that of the German school of Romanticism, and he now reaches his second period.

However, I consider it unfair to Gade to call him a mere follower of German romanticism. True, the influence of those two great musical minds is felt but through it all runs the true northern spirit, at times enhanced by the foreign influence, but never overshadowed, proof conclusive of his masterful strength and a sincerity of purpose which governed him at all times and will always preserve for his work a place of unquestioned honor.

Gade was a great musician not only but his was a nature endowed with the greatest of gifts combined with a deeply religious spirit; he had one of the best and kindest hearts I have been blessed enough to encounter. His sense of justice and true simplicity of spirit,—not to forget his delightful sense of humor—never failed to make their appeal to everyone fortunate enough to know him.

His was a mind ever open to poetry and beauty and although a true patriot he never failed to show real admiration for the accomplishments and deeds of countries not his own.

While he had a splendid knowledge of his own country's literature (Oehlenschlaeger, Thorwaldsen, Holberg, Andersen, etc., etc.) he was also a student of foreign literature and spent much time reading Shakespeare, Ossian, Ariosto, Tasso, Hoffman, Jean Paul. Rarely has an artist lived a life as blessed in harmony of both heart and mind. He had no enemies and was loved by everyone. Surrounded by loving care as a child in his home he spent his days working and dreaming at his instrument and with his favorite authors beneath the great beech trees in the woods of Denmark. Later he found happiness in the sincere friendship and goodwill of Mendelssohn, who smoothed away many of the usual difficulties in the young student's path and ever lent a helping hand to his success by producing many of his compositions in Leipzig, the centre of German romanticism in music. Gade was a great favorite in Leipzig, more so at the time than Schumann, who though undoubtedly the greatest of the three, was recognized only by a few. Mendelssohn however realized Schumann's genius and it is well known that after the first performance of "Paradies und Peri" he exclaimed "Schumann is the nail to my coffin!" Mendelssohn was not on the best of terms with the great philosopher-musician and while he tried to ignore him, Gade was one of his staunchest admirers and ever studied Schumann's works with the true enthusiasm he brought to everything high and beautiful. Some of Gade's most fruitful work as conductor of the Copenhagen Musical Union was carried on in behalf of the compositions of his two great friends. The performances of Schumann's great choral works were true festivals for Gade. After Mendelssohn's untimely death, and Schumann's departure from Leipzig, two sad blows for Gade, he left that city and hastened home, to return to Leipzig only once more, in 1852, temporarily in charge of the "Gewandhaus" orchestra.

It has been my privilege to have known Gade very intimately as he was not only my teacher but a good friend of my father. In our home in Copenhagen I had every opportunity from early childhood to come into contact with all the musicians of that time. My father—a pupil of Mendelssohn—also Gade's, had many close friends among them, and such artists as Franz Bendel, de Kinsky, Ferdinand Laub, Kellermann, Brelinger, Adolf Jensen, the well-known Gebrüder Müller string quartette, who played

most of the classic works from memory, Alfred Jaël, Joachim, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, F. Grützmacher, Rubinstein, Reinecke, Mme. Carlotta Patti, Norman-Neruda, etc., etc., were frequent visitors at our house. I was only a child then, but such men as Gade and Adolf Jensen did not deem it beneath their dignity to play little duets and folk-songs with the eager little boy of five. This letter of Gade shows how privileged we were in my mother's house; much later, in 1874, Carl Reinecke visited Copenhagen and Gade not knowing his address wrote this note:

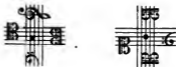
Dear Rybner: Will you give my greetings to Reinecke and tell him I have searched for him yesterday in all the hotels—not to mention cafés and the street cars and trams and I am glad to have at last discovered that he is staying with your parents.

Yours,
N. W. G.

It was at our house that Gade and Adolf Jensen met for the first time and the former laughingly remarked to Jensen that the name "Jensen" was far too common a one for Denmark. "Think," he said, "how many Jensens, Paulsens, Rasmussens, etc., live here"; whereupon Jensen very quickly retorted, "Well, how about your name? You have it on every street-corner in Denmark." (Gade meaning street in Danish.)

When I entered the Copenhagen Conservatory at fourteen years of age, Gade and Hartmann were my teachers in composition, and I had ample opportunity to realize in Gade the splendid teacher, who had a way of eradicating errors of long standing that was nothing short of genius. His manner of teaching was full of inspiration and geniality, and he preferred a good-humored railery to severity of judgement; but if he encountered superficiality in a pupil he was relentless.

His sense of humor showed itself also in his fondness for musical puns on his name. Comment on the fact that he was a splendid violinist he would counter by saying that he ought to be, considering his name—the open strings of the violin. The following amusing little diagram further illustrates the point. It represents his name in the different keys; he even made use of the old (Discant) treble key!



I shall never forget how amused he was when one day he came to my violin lesson at the Conservatory and, putting a piece of paper with a few bars jotted down on it before me, asked: "Play that, Cornelius." It was a passage from "The Crusaders" (Part II. Armida, the Siren's song, "The waves sweep my breast") he was just composing.

Allegro grazioso



After playing it for him, I said: "Dear Professor, it is rather hard to play. Why couldn't it be in flats?" Whereupon he slapped me on the back for my impudence and said: "You young rascal! I suppose I'll have to ask 'Armida' and all those sirens to play the clarinets to help the violins out!" (The orchestra score has one clarinet which plays the same passage in unison with the violins.)

I was fortunate enough as a young student to play in the concerts of the Musical Union under Gade's bâton and he was a most interesting leader. He always made it a point to explain to the orchestra and the chorus the works to be performed, before even attempting to rehearse them. He would go to the piano, explain each theme, each problem, sometimes intermingling his explanations with humorous remarks, but ever exacting strict attention. These rehearsals were most interesting, particularly those of the first performances of his own compositions.

I remember that of his Eighth Symphony and his reply to the question: "When will the 'Ninth' be performed?": "I have too much respect for Beethoven's Ninth!"

He used the bâton with ease and grace itself, and he made not the slightest difference in his treatment of the biggest draw-card in the way of soloist or the smallest of his chorus. He was ever indulgent and through that very kindness of his, as goes without saying, he obtained the desired results.

(The following amusing incident which Gade himself told me here comes to my mind and I cannot refrain from telling the story though it really has nothing to do with my subject: When he first went to Leipzig he arrived there with a small knowledge of the German language, and as he had an important call to make

the next day, and it was raining hard, he called a cab and gave the driver the address of his destination; the man looked astonished, but Gade got into the carriage and drove for nearly half an hour. When the carriage finally stopped, was paid, and went out of sight, Gade, after a little while, was most surprised to find himself in strangely familiar quarters—three houses from his hotel!

Gade was intensely interested in Grieg's talent, but told us once how, on calling on Grieg, he found him sitting at the piano, the fingers of one hand between the fingers of the other, on the keyboard, trying to find new chords by this extraordinary acrobatic stunt! What would Gade say to some of our modern harmonies by Debussy, Ravel, etc., and how would he think our composers had "found them!"

Gade told the following episode about Schumann. At one of the rehearsals in the Gewandhaus, Schumann led the orchestra for one of his new compositions. They were just playing a passage for four horns' and Schumann, intent upon listening to his own work, lost himself in his dreams. Slowly, like a man in his sleep, and utterly unconscious of everyone's astonishment, he left the platform and walked toward the back of the hall where among others Mendelssohn was sitting, speechless with surprise. Concertmaster F. David took the stand at once and tried his best to bring the somewhat shaky forces together, but somehow they finally had to come to a stop. Mendelssohn saw his chance at giving Schumann a little side thrust and loudly called out: "What has become of the composer-conductor?" Schumann was rudely awakened from his day-dream by the hearty laughter of all present.

Gade did not confine his conducting to his native city and Leipzig, but he travelled extensively as guest-conductor to many cities in Germany: Cologne (1862), Vienna, Berlin, also Paris (1871), Bonn-am-Rhein, Amsterdam (1873). He visited England in 1876 and 1882, and conducted his two choral works, "Zion" and "The Crusaders," at the Birmingham Festival. He several times conducted his choral works at the Nieder-Rheinische Music Festivals, which held a very high place in musical activities. They boasted a chorus of six hundred to seven hundred voices and an orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five musicians.

It was at one of these festivals that I had the great happiness of seeing my beloved master again after several years. On this particular occasion an incident occurred which reveals Gade's patriotism. Being the "Festival conductor," Gade was wearing the Danish Commandeur cross of the Dannebrog order and he

also wore the "Ordre pour le mérite," given him by Emperor William I, of Germany. After the performance he asked me to take off the German decoration (which is worn around the neck), as he did not much like having it on. I, realizing that this would look very discourteous and cause no end of hard feelings at the large reception where he was presently to go, saw only one way out of the difficulty. Quietly, as if acquiescing I, instead of untying it, tied it more securely and excused myself for being so awkward as to get it so tight that the knot could not be undone in a hurry. Gade, his usually kind face in ominous clouds, answered very severely—very severely, for him: "There is only one decoration—that of my King!" and his patriotism was very much ruffled.

Although as I have stated before, Gade had an open mind for all that was interesting in the musical world, he at first was not inclined to be very enthusiastic about Wagner. He even told me before I went to Leipzig "not to get lost in that pernicious atmosphere of Wagner and his disciples!"

At my return from Leipzig to my home, what a change had come over Gade! I went to see him at once and telling him of all my impressions during those years of study, I had at last to confess my enthusiasm for Wagner. To my surprise he begged me to play extracts from the "Nibelungen" for him and "Tristan." He showed keen interest and at last, with one of his inimitable chuckles, he went to his bookcase and proudly produced the score of "Tristan," most eagerly asking me to play for him the introduction to the second act with the beautiful effect of the horns, as he wanted to hear it played listening from another room. He admitted having perused and studied the scores of Wagner's operas very thoroughly and as a great secret: "that he liked 'Tristan' best of all."

Gade secretly loved but also feared Wagner as his was not the nature of a Verdi who changed his style of composing in his old age. A style so utterly new and epoch-making as Wagner's was perhaps too much for him to grasp at first in its entirety, although I have no doubt he fully realized with his prophetic, clear mind its far-reaching import even then.

After my parents and I moved to Baden-Baden, I often wanted to have Gade come and visit us, at the same time suggesting his conducting some concerts there. But at that time, in 1883, he declined all offers to conduct in foreign cities as he did not wish to leave home and his duties there. In a letter he writes (translated from the Danish):

Dear Cornelius,

I have considered the matter of your kind invitation to come to you but I will have to forego the great pleasure of seeing you all for many reasons. I do not feel well at all this spring; that dizziness that has troubled me, is bothering me again. I have been very tired and troubled. You must not count on me for your concerts this spring. I have been looking over your Violin Concerto with the greatest interest and hope indeed to hear you play it some day. With every good wish, etc., etc.

In another letter from Fredensborg, 23rd July, 1885, his summer residence, he writes:

Dear Rybner:

I am not feeling well enough to stand any journey; my eyes are inflamed. I cannot stand much sunshine, not much light anyhow, and think how tiring two days of concerts would be. Not alone the rehearsals, but think how many of my former friends I would have to talk to, however interesting and dear it would be to see them all. It will, I am afraid, tire me very much. Well, after all, as they say in Germany: "Aufgeschoben ist nicht aufgehoben," and we may talk this matter over some time, etc., etc."

In another letter, dated 27 Oct., 1885, he writes:

Dear Cornelius,

We are now working on Beethoven's "Ninth." It is the 50th concert season this year of the Musical Union. The first concert I begin with Kuhlau and Weyse (1836) and I end with the highest: "Beethoven." I am indeed sorry not to be able to perform Bach's St. Matthew Passion Music as I love it dearly, and as I have given it in the "Slotskirken," (Church of the castle). It is the greatest thing the Musical Union has ever done as you know, etc., etc.

To his duties as conductor, organist and director of the Conservatory of Music he gave his unceasing devotion and his untiring efforts until death came upon him like a thief in the night of December 21, 1890.

Let us honor and cherish his memory!

BEETHOVEN'S INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Translated from E. T. A. Hoffmann's *Kreiseriana*
with an introductory note

By ARTHUR WARE LOCKE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

E. T. A. HOFFMANN is an important figure in the background of musical history of whom we have gradually lost sight in spite of his significant relationship to the course of musical events and to those greater creative personalities by whom he was overshadowed. Hoffmann is known today chiefly for the part he took in the German literary movement of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. He also has a small place in the history of musical composition as the composer of the opera *Undine*, which had a successful run in Berlin in 1816. But his importance in the history of music does not come from the value of his numerous musical compositions which, curiously enough, coming from such a professedly radical romanticist in matters of music, follow the conservative methods of Spontini rather than the more progressive romantic style of Weber. Hoffmann did, however, exert a powerful influence on composers, critics, and the musical public through his literary writings in which he emphasized what at that time had little recognition in musical criticism, the romantic interpretation of music.

Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann was born at Königsberg in 1776, six years after Beethoven was born, and died in Berlin in 1822, five years before Beethoven's death. He changed the Wilhelm in his name to Amadeus as a testimony to his enthusiasm for the works of Mozart. Trained to be a lawyer but possessing unusual gifts for both music and drawing, his life was one long vacillation between the sober career of a *Kammer-Gerichts-Rath* and the bohemian existence of a romantic artist. During the last years of his life in Berlin this romantic dualism of his nature expressed itself in days spent over ledgers and police records which he kept with exemplary conscientiousness and nights spent in the most fantastic revelries at Luther and Wegener's *Weinhaus*.

In 1803, Hoffmann was serving as a district attorney at Warsaw, which had been ceded to Prussia in 1795. In a letter to a friend, he wrote, "—a gay world, full of magic visions, shimmers and flickers about me—it seems as if something great must soon come of it—some kind of an artistic creation must appear out of the chaos!—whether it will be a book—an opera—a painting—*quod diis placebit*. . ." and in his diary he writes, "Was I born to be a painter or a musician? I must put the question to the president of the senate or the prime minister; they would know!" As a matter of fact, at this time in Warsaw Hoffmann seemed to be making a highly successful combined use of his varied talents. Besides satisfactorily and faithfully performing his official legal duties, he conducted orchestral concerts in a newly opened concert-hall which he had helped to plan and on the interior decoration of which he had demonstrated his skill as a painter. His friend Hitzig wrote of his success as a conductor:

His tempi were fiery and fast but without exaggeration, and people used to say afterward that if he had been able to show what he could do with a good orchestra, it would not have been easy to find a conductor to surpass him in the interpretation of Mozart. He had already at that time brought out a Beethoven symphony (*Eroica*?) for which he was filled with admiration.

Partly as a result of some caricatures which he had drawn of his superiors, Hoffmann lost his government position and took up music as a profession. It was in 1809 and 1810 while he was eking out a bare existence as musical director at the theatre at Bamberg that the first of his *Kreiseriana* papers appeared in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* at Leipzig. These with other fantastical musical essays were published in book form at Bamberg in 1814, and it is from this time that Hoffmann's literary career really dates. His fame as a teller of weird stories spread through numerous translations into other countries, particularly into France. Balzac, Théophile Gautier, Gérard de Nerval, and George Sand extolled him, and his praises were sung in verse by Alfred de Musset in *Namouna* in 1833. Carlyle helped to introduce him to English readers by translating *Der goldne Topf*. In some ways the weird fancifulness of his style may be compared to the style of Edgar Allan Poe, though W. C. Brownell in his *American Prose Writers* considers Hoffmann more human than Poe. Scott in an essay *On the Supernatural in Fictitious Compositions*¹ spoke

¹The Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 1. July, 1827.

of Hoffmann's stories as the feverish dreams of a diseased brain, comparing them to the visions which are produced by the immoderate use of opium and concluding that they were the result of the condition of Hoffmann's broken-down physique. But Scott lacked the sense for the weird and the supernatural which was such a characteristic element in the romantic imagination. Hoffmann's use of the supernatural was, like Coleridge's, the result of the exaltation of the imagination over the intellect and falls directly in line with his romantic interpretation of music as shown in the essay on *Beethoven's Instrumental Music*.

The full title of the two volumes published in Bamberg in 1814 is: *Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manier. Blätter aus dem Tagebuche eines reisenden Enthusiasten. Mit einer Vorrede von Jean Paul*. Among the contents is a ghost story about Gluck containing a description of the overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis* and a fantastic dream picture of a performance of Mozart's *Don Juan*. There are six essays under the general title *Kreiseriana* of which *Beethoven's Instrumental Musik* is No. 4. The name *Kreiseriana* comes from the weird figure of the Kapellmeister Johannes Kreisler around whom the subject matter centers. It is not known why Hoffmann chose the name Kreisler. The description of his character—a struggling musician at odds with the world, ranting against the philistinism of musical society and rhapsodizing about his art—is obviously autobiographical.³

The essay on *Beethoven's Instrumental Music* is important as a contemporary criticism of Beethoven and as a demonstration of the growing tendency in music towards the romantic as opposed to the classic point-of-view. As an appreciation of the *Fifth Symphony* this essay is very remarkable when contrasted with the contemporary criticism which considered the *Third* and *Fifth Symphonies* as a falling off from the *First* and the *Second*. Philip Spitta has said:

Hidden in the *Kreiseriana* there is a power of extraordinary force which has permeated all the writing about music during the century. The pictures of the three great Austrian instrumental composers which Hoffmann has drawn and placed next to one another are conceived with such deep-seeing musical insight and portrayed with such successful

¹Jacques Callot, celebrated French etcher, engraver, and caricaturist (1592-1635).

²Sir George Grove in his Dictionary in an article on Jacob Böhner gives this man the credit of being the original from whom Hoffmann drew the portrait of Kreisler. Dr. Edgar Istel in the recent Reclam edition of the *Kreiseriana* does not mention Böhner. It is more likely that the character is drawn principally from Hoffmann's own experiences.

poetic power that they are as effective to-day as when Hoffmann sketched them.¹

Hoffmann's appreciation of the imaginative qualities in music made a strong appeal to those composers who were striving not so much to get away from classical forms as to make music more personal and more poetically suggestive. In 1820, Beethoven sent Hoffmann his greeting in these words:

I am aware that you interest yourself in my work. Allow me to say that it pleases me very much coming from a man gifted with such exceptional talents as you: I wish you all that is beautiful and good.

Schumann in his youth immersed himself in the imaginative, eccentric world of Jean Paul and Hoffmann, who, indeed, got many of his ideas from Jean Paul. Just as the *Papillons* is a reflection of Schumann's enthusiasm for Jean Paul's novel *Die Flegeljahre*, the *Kreiseriana* and the titles of some of Schumann's other pieces such as *Nachtstücke* and *Fantasiestücke*, testify to his reading of Hoffmann's writings. The general character of Schumann's *Kreiseriana* suggests admirably the rhapsodic outpourings of the Kapellmeister Kreisler of Hoffmann's sketches.

Hoffmann was one of the earliest writers to influence Wagner. As early as 1827, Hoffmann's stories with their background of Dresden life fascinated Wagner, and they continued to attract him all through his life because they took him back to the time when he was a struggling artist among the familiar scenes of city life which Hoffmann described. As remarkable as was Wagner's appreciation of Beethoven's genius, Ernest Newman in his recent book on *Wagner as Man and Artist* reluctantly admits that Wagner was stimulated in his worship of Beethoven by Hoffmann. It can be shown that Hoffmann also anticipated many other of Wagner's ideas on art.

The essay on *Beethoven's Instrumental Music* is a revision of an article by Hoffmann in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (xii. Jahrgang, No. 40, July 4, 1810) on the Beethoven *Fifth Symphony* and the *Trios*, Op. 70, which had been published the year before by Breitkopf and Härtel. The essay as it now stands was first published in 1813 in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* in Leipzig and afterwards reprinted in the *Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manier* when the collected *Kreiseriana* and other essays were published together for the first time.

¹Deutsche Rundschau, Dec., 1892, *Über Robert Schumanns Schrift*.

BEETHOVEN'S INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

FROM

E. T. A. HOFFMANN'S "KREISLERIANA"

When we speak of music as an independent art, we should properly refer only to instrumental music which, scorning the assistance and association of another art, namely poetry, expresses that peculiar property which can be found in music only. It is the most romantic of all the arts, one might almost say the only really romantic art, for its sole object is the expression of the infinite. The lyre of Orpheus opens the doors of Orkus. Music discloses to man an unknown kingdom, a world having nothing in common with the external sensual world which surrounds him and in which he leaves behind him all definite feelings in order to abandon himself to an inexpressible longing.

Have you even suspected this peculiar power of music, you pitiable instrumental composers who have taken such anxious pains to portray definite emotions, yes, even actual occurrences? How could you possibly conceive of using plastically that art which is just the opposite of sculpture? Your sunrises, your thunderstorms, your *Batailles des trois Empereurs*, etc., were nothing but ridiculous aberrations and have been deservedly punished by absolute oblivion.

In song, where the words of the poem indicate definite effects, the magic power of music operates like that wonderful elixir of the sages, a few drops of which make every drink more exquisite and more delicious. The passions which are portrayed in opera—love, hate, anger, doubt—are clothed by music in the purple glow of romanticism, and the very experiences of life lead us out of life into the realm of the infinite.

The ever-increasing magic power of music rends asunder the bonds of the other arts.

That inspired composers have raised instrumental music to its present height is certainly not due to the improvement in the medium of expression, the perfecting of the instruments or the greater virtuosity of the performers, but comes rather from the deeper spiritual recognition of the peculiar nature of music.

Mozart and Haydn, the creators of the instrumental music of to-day, show us the art for the first time in its full glory; the one who has looked on it with an all-embracing love and penetrated its innermost being is—Beethoven! The instrumental compositions of all three masters breathe the same romantic spirit, which lies in a similar deep understanding of the essential property of the art; there is nevertheless a decided difference in the character of their compositions. The expression of a child-like joyous spirit predominates in those of Haydn. His symphonies lead us through boundless green woods, among a merry gay crowd of happy people. Young men and maidens pass by dancing; laughing children peeping from behind trees and rose-bushes playfully throw flowers at one another. A life full of love, of felicity, eternally young, as before the fall; no suffering, no sorrow, only a sweet melancholy longing for the beloved form that floats in the distance in the glow of the sunset, neither approaching nor vanishing, and as long as it is there

night will not come for it is itself the evening glow which shines over mountain and wood.

Mozart leads us into the depths of the spirit world. We are seized by a sort of gentle fear which is really only the presentiment of the infinite. Love and melancholy sound in the pure spirit voices; night vanishes in a bright purple glow and with inexpressible longing we follow the forms which, with friendly gestures, invite us into their ranks as they fly through the clouds in the never-ending dance of the spheres. (Mozart's Symphony in E flat Major known as "The Swan Song.")

In the same way Beethoven's instrumental music discloses to us the realm of the tragic and the illimitable. Glowing beams pierce the deep night of this realm and we are conscious of gigantic shadows which, alternately increasing and decreasing, close in on us nearer and nearer, destroying us but not destroying the pain of endless longing in which is engulfed and lost every passion aroused by the exulting sounds. And only through this very pain in which love, hope, and joy, consumed but not destroyed, burst forth from our hearts in the deep-voiced harmony of all the passions, do we go on living and become hypnotised seers of visions!

An appreciation of romantic qualities in art is uncommon; romantic talent is still rarer. Consequently there are few indeed who are able to play on that lyre the tones of which unfold the wonderful region of romanticism.

Haydn conceives romantically that which is distinctly human in the life of man; he is, in so far, more comprehensible to the majority.

Mozart grasps more the superhuman, the miraculous, which dwells in the imagination.

Beethoven's music stirs the mists of fear, of horror, of terror, of grief, and awakens that endless longing which is the very essence of romanticism. He is consequently a purely romantic composer, and is it not possible that for this very reason he is less successful in vocal music which does not surrender itself to the characterization of indefinite emotions but portrays effects specified by the words rather than those indefinite emotions experienced in the realm of the infinite?¹

¹Cf. Wagner's *Zukunftsmusik*: "The ample heritage and promise of both of these masters (Haydn and Mozart) was taken up by Beethoven; he matured the Symphonic art-work to so engrossing a breadth of form, and filled that form with so manifold and enthralling a melodic content, that we stand today before the Beethovenian Symphony as before the landmark of an entirely new period in the history of universal Art; for through it there came into the world a phenomenon not even remotely approached by anything the art of any age or any people has to show us."

In this Symphony instruments speak a language whereof the world at no previous time had any knowledge; for here with a hitherto unknown persistence, the purely musical Expression enchains the hearer in an inconceivably varied mist of nuances; rouses his inmost being, to a degree unreachable by any other art; and in all its changefulness reveals an ordering principle so free and bold, that we can but deem it more forcible than any logic, yet without the laws of logic entering into it in the slightest—nay rather, the reasoning march of Thought, with its track of causes and effects, here finds no sort of foothold. So that this Symphony must positively appear to us a revelation from another world; and in truth it opens out a scheme (*Zusammenhang*) of the world's phenomena quite different from the ordinary logical scheme, and whereof one foremost thing is undeniable—that it thrusts home with the most overwhelming conviction, and guides our Feeling with such a sureness that the logic-mongering Reason is completely routed and disarmed thereby."

Translation by W. A. Ellis. *Wagner's Prose Works*. Vol. III. pp. 317-318.

Beethoven's mighty genius oppresses the musical rabble; he excites himself in vain before them. But the wiseacres, looking around with serious countenances, assure us, and one can believe them as men of great understanding and deep insight, that the worthy B. does not lack a most abundant and lively imagination; but he does not know how to curb it. There can be no discussion of the choice and the formation of his ideas, but he scatters the good old rules in disorder whenever it happens to please him in the momentary excitement of his creative imagination.

But what if the inner, underlying organic structure of these Beethoven compositions has escaped your superficial glance? What if the trouble is with you, that you do not understand the master's speech, intelligible to those to whom it is dedicated? What if the gates to that innermost shrine remain closed to you?—In truth, quite on a level with Haydn and Mozart as a conscious artist, the Master, separating his Ego from the inner realm of sound, takes command of it as an absolute monarch. Aesthetic mechanicians have often lamented the absolute lack of underlying unity and structure in Shakespeare, while the deeper glance could see the beautiful tree with leaves, blossoms, and fruit growing from one germinating seed; so it is that only through a very deep study of Beethoven's instrumental music is that conscious thoughtfulness of composition (*Besonnenheit*) disclosed which always accompanies true genius and is nourished by a study of art.

What instrumental work of Beethoven testifies to this to a higher degree than the immeasurably noble and profound *Symphony in C minor*? How this marvellous composition carries the hearer irresistibly with it in its ever-mounting climax into the spirit kingdom of the infinite! What could be simpler than the main motive of the first *allegro* composed of a mere rhythmic figure which, beginning in unison, does not even indicate the key to the listener. The character of anxious, restless longing which this portion carries with it only brings out more clearly the melodiousness of the second theme!—It appears as if the breast, burdened and oppressed by the premonition of tragedy, of threatening annihilation, in gasping tones was struggling with all its strength for air; but soon a friendly form draws near and lightens the gruesome night. (The lovely theme in G major which is first taken up by the horn in *E flat Major*.)¹—How simple—let us repeat once more—is the theme which the master has made the basis of the whole work, but how marvelously all the subordinate themes and bridge passages relate themselves rhythmically to it, so that they continually serve to disclose more and more the character of the *allegro* indicated by the leading motive. All the themes are short, nearly all consisting of only two or three measures, and besides that they are allotted with increasing variety first to the wind and then to the stringed instruments. One would think that something disjointed and confused would result from such elements; but, on the contrary, this very organization of the whole work as well as the constant reappearances of the motives and harmonic effects, following closely on one another, intensify to the highest degree that feeling of inexpressible longing. Aside from the fact that the contrapuntal treatment testifies to a thorough study of the art, the connecting links,

¹G Major entrance of the Second Theme in the development section.—Tr.

the constant allusions to the main theme, demonstrate how the great Master had conceived the whole and planned it with all its emotional forces in mind. Does not the lovely theme of the *Andante con moto* in A flat sound like a pure spirit voice which fills our souls with hope and comfort?—But here also that terrible phantom which alarmed and possessed our souls in the *Allegro* instantly steps forth to threaten us from the thunderclouds into which it had disappeared, and the friendly forms which surrounded us flee quickly before the lightning. What shall I say of the *Minuet*?¹ Notice the originality of the modulations, the cadences on the dominant major chord which the bass takes up as the tonic of the continuing theme in minor—and the extension of the theme itself with the looping on of extra measures. Do you not feel again that restless, nameless longing, that premonition of the wonderful spirit-world in which the Master holds sway? But like dazzling sunlight the splendid theme of the last movement bursts forth in the exulting chorus of the full orchestra.—What wonderful contrapuntal interweavings bind the whole together. It is possible that it may all sound simply like an inspired rhapsody to many, but surely the heart of every sensitive listener will be moved deeply and spiritually by a feeling which is none other than that nameless premonitory longing; and up to the last chord, yes, even in the moment after it is finished, he will not be able to detach himself from that wonderful imaginary world where he has been held captive by this tonal expression of sorrow and joy. In regard to the structure of the themes, their development and instrumentation, and the way they are related to one another, everything is worked out from a central point-of-view; but it is especially the inner relationship of the themes with one another which produces that unity which alone is able to hold the listener in one mood. This relationship is often quite obvious to the listener when he hears it in the combination of two themes or discovers in different themes a common bass, but a more subtle relationship, not demonstrated in this way, shows itself merely in the spiritual connection of one theme with another, and it is exactly this subtle relationship of the themes which dominates both *allegros* and the *Minuet*—and proclaims the self-conscious genius of the Master.

How deeply, O! exalted Master! have your noble piano compositions penetrated into my soul; how hollow and meaningless in comparison all music seems which does not emanate from you, or from the contemplative Mozart, or that powerful genius, Sebastian Bach. With what joy I received your *Opus 70*, the two noble trios, for I knew so well that after a little practice I could play them to myself so beautifully. And it has been such a pleasure to me this evening that now, like one who wanders through the sinuous mazes of a fantastic park, among all kinds of rare trees, plants, and wonderful flowers, always tempted to wander further, I am unable to tear myself away from the marvelous variety and interweaving figures of your trios. The pure siren voices of your gaily varied and beautiful themes always tempt me on further and further. The talented lady who to-day played the first trio so beautifully just to please me, the *Kapellmeister Kreisler*, and before whose piano I am now sitting and writing, brought it home to me most clearly that

¹The scherzo movement had no title in the original score.—*Tr.*

we should honor only that which is inspired and that everything else comes from evil.

Just now I have been playing over from memory some of the striking modulatory passages from the two trios. It is true that the piano (Flügel-Pianoforte)¹ as an instrument is more adaptable to harmonic than to melodic uses. The most delicate expression of which the instrument is capable cannot give to the melody that mobile life in thousands and thousands of shadings which the bow of the violinist or the breath of the wind-instrument player is capable of giving. The player struggles in vain against that unconquerable difficulty set in his path by a mechanism which is based on the principle of making a string vibrate and sound as the result of percussion. On the other hand there is no instrument (with the exception of the much more limited harp) which has control to such a degree as the piano, with its completely grasped chords, of the kingdom of harmony, the treasures of which it discloses to the connoisseur in the most wonderful forms and images. When the imagination of the master has conceived the complete tone-picture with its many groups of figures, its bright lights and deep shadows, he can bring it to life on the piano with the result that it emerges from the world of his imagination all brightly coloured. The many-voiced score of this truly musical wonder-book, which portrays in its pictures all the wonders of the art of music even to the magic chorus of the varied instruments, comes to life under the hands of a virtuoso, and an effective polyphonic orchestral transcription played in the right way may well be compared to the artistic engraving of a great painting. Consequently the piano is exceptionally adapted for improvising, for transcribing orchestral scores, for unaccompanied sonatas, chord playing, etc.; and also for trios, quartets, quintets, etc., with the addition of the usual stringed instruments—compositions which really belong to the sphere of piano composition because, if composed in the right way, i. e. in four or five voices, they are based on harmonic development which naturally excludes the solo treatment of separate instruments in virtuoso passages.

I have a strong aversion for all the usual piano concerti. (Those of Mozart and Beethoven are not so much concerti as symphonies with piano obbligato.) In such works the virtuosity of the solo player in passage playing and in melodic expression is supposed to be brought out; but the best player with the most beautiful instrument strives in vain for that which the violinist, for example, achieves with ease. Each solo passage sounds dry and lifeless after the sonorous tuttis of the violins and wind-instruments; and one is amazed at the finger agility, etc., without having one's feelings at all stirred.

How wonderfully the Master understood the characteristic spirit of the instrument and consequently handled it in its most appropriate manner!

At the bottom of each movement there lies an effective singable theme, simple but fruitful of all the various contrapuntal developments, such as diminution, etc. All the other secondary themes and figures are organically related to this principal idea so that all the material

¹The newly invented "Hammerklavier."—*Tr.*

divided among the different instruments is combined and ordered in the most complete unity. Such is the structure of the whole; but in this artistic structure the most wonderful pictures, in which joy and sorrow, melancholy and ecstasy, appear side by side, change in restless succession. Strange shapes begin a merry dance, now dissolving in a blur of light, now sparkling and flashing as they separate, chasing and following one another in kaleidoscopic groups; and in the midst of this unlocked spirit-world the ravished soul listens to the unknown language and understands all those mysterious premonitions by which it is possessed.

Only that composer penetrates truly into the secrets of harmony who is able to stir the soul of man through harmony; to him, the mathematical proportions which to the grammarian without genius are only dry arithmetical problems, are magic combinations from which he can build a world of visions.

In spite of the geniality which predominates in the first trio, not excepting the emotional Largo, Beethoven's genius, as a whole, remains serious and religious in spirit. It seems as if the Master thought that one could not speak of deeply-hidden things in common words but only in sublime and noble language, even when the spirit, closely penetrating into these things, feels itself exalted with joy and happiness; the dance of the priests of Isis must take the form of an exultant hymn.

Instrumental music must avoid all senseless joking and triviality, especially where it is intended to be taken as absolute music and not to serve some definite dramatic purpose. It explores the depths of the soul for the presentiments of a joy which, nobler and more beautiful than anything experienced in this narrow world, comes to us from the unknown land; it inflames in our breasts an inner, rapturous life, a more intense expression than is possible through words, which are appropriate only to our limited earthly feelings. This seriousness of all Beethoven's instrumental and piano music proscribes all those breakneck passages for both hands up and down the piano, the curious leaps, the laughable capriccios, the skyscraper notes with five and six ledger line foundations, with which the latest piano compositions are filled. If it is a question of mere finger facility, the Master's piano compositions are not difficult, for such scales, trill figures, etc., as are found in them should be in the fingers of every practiced pianist; and yet the performance of these compositions is certainly difficult. Many a so-called virtuoso condemns the Master's piano compositions adding to the criticism, "Difficult," the reproach, "and most ineffective!"—The difficulty lies in this, that the proper, unforced, performance of a Beethoven work requires nothing less than that one shall thoroughly understand it, shall penetrate into its deepest being, that the performer conscious of his own consecration to his purpose must dare boldly to enter into the circle of mystical visions which its powerful magic calls forth. He who does not feel this consecration, who only considers this sacred music as an entertainment, as something to pass the time when there is nothing else to do, as a mere temporary sensuous pleasure for dull ears, or for the benefit of showing himself off—he should leave this music alone. Such a one sympathizes with that criticism: "And most ineffective!" The genuine

artist throws himself into the work, which he first comprehends from the point-of-view of the composer, and then interprets. He scorns the exploitation of his personality in any way whatever, and all his poetic imagination and intellectual understanding are bent towards the object of calling forth into active life, with all the brilliant colors at his command, the noble and enchanting images and visions which the Master with magic power has shut up in his work, that they may surround mankind in bright, sparkling rings and, enflaming his fancy and his innermost feelings, carry him in wild flights into the distant spirit kingdom of sound.

EXOTICISM IN MUSIC IN RETROSPECT

By D. C. PARKER

THE dictionary tells us that the word "exotic" signifies something foreign and that it is the opposite of indigenous. The definition is important, for the student of the arts cannot fail to be struck by the strange manner in which customs and ideas are carried from one scene to another. People who travel or emigrate take with them not only their worldly goods, but their habits and religions, and, in many cases, these latter are preserved more jealously by the exile than by him who moves among his own folk. But there is another aspect of exoticism which, if less generally recognised, is equally important. It deals with the adoption of foreign terms on the part of the artist. It is difficult to account for the presence of the desire which has so often manifested itself, to write about people and describe sights which are far removed from us by time and space; but it may, I think, be partly attributed to the fact that the mobility of the imagination far exceeds the mobility of the body, and that, while outwardly the creator often leads the most uneventful of lives and spends his years in a study or studio, his mental existence is full of adventure and surprise, for he fights the battles of his characters and beholds the landscape towards which his pilgrims have turned their eyes.¹ Or it may arise from a consuming desire to fashion a universe of beauty, an artistic Utopia or El Dorado, a world in which heroes and heroines possess all the virtues and graces. And, as the conquistadores came back to the old world with wonderful tales of the glory and richness of far-off provinces, the recital of such exploits may possibly have given birth to the belief that distance lends enchantment, and have tempted artists to portray the life and manners of semi-legendary states in which Nature entralls man by her endless blandishments.

A proper appreciation of the value of exoticism in music depends upon that artistic cosmopolitanism, upon that urbanity of mind which alone can give us a perception of striking and unusual features. The men who were first attracted by new sights and

¹Compare the remark of Anatole France's *Monsieur Bergeret*: "If Napoleon had been as intelligent as Spinoza, he would have written four books in a garret."

unfamiliar modes of expression were those who inhabited that area over which the polyglot life of the Mediterranean, the mother of a hybrid culture, exercised a deep and abiding influence. From the East came merchants with their caravans, bringing along with their silks and spices something of the ancient poetry and picturesqueness of the Orient. In Greece, from which country the beautiful myths of Orpheus and Arion emanated, the power of music over mind and body was early recognized and, as the love of culture spread westward, great activity manifested itself in Italy and Spain.

In treating this question it is necessary to say a word about the South. There is a Capri and Sorrento, a Florence and Athens in the heart of every artist. Like Goethe's heroine, he sighs for the land where the orange trees grow and we cannot, therefore, test the value of exoticism or measure its extent if we do not carefully examine the influence of the South and Southern characteristics upon the sensibilities of the poet. The relationship between music and the South is more real than apparent. The words *orchestra* and *chorus* are of Greek origin, and the mention of the term *opera* at once reminds us of Florence. In music the difference between the North and the South is largely the difference between intensive and extensive culture. In the North men are by nature introspective and the song of the Northern races comes from within; in the South people are little given to self-examination. Where Nature woos and the sun shines in all its radiance men sing because they must and with little thought of the morrow. The song of the South is before all else emotional; it is an expression of the joy which animates man in beautiful surroundings, a contrast to that of the North which so often provides a refuge from the tempest which rages without. When Nietzsche declared that it was necessary to "mediterraneanise" music he meant that it was necessary to restore to it something of the "gay science" of the laughing and volatile South.

It is, perhaps, surprising that the cosmopolitan life to which I have referred did not reveal itself to any great extent in the older composers. The Modes are, certainly, of Greek origin. But there exists little music which could be described as exotic until a comparatively recent date. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that the vast resources of the orchestra have been available only in modern times. The music of Bach and Handel owes nothing to colour, for it has none in the present-day sense. In Handel we see an example of a man who treated a wide variety of subjects, sacred and secular, classical and topical,

elaborate and slight. But there is not, so far as I know, a bar which is tinged with exoticism. The influence of the singing schools of the seventeenth century is discernible, no doubt, but apart from the easy flow of the voice parts, the art of writing which he acquired when studying in Italy, there is nothing to remark in this connection. As a matter of fact, it was better for music that its grammar and syntax, as it were, should have been firmly established by Bach and Handel than that these composers should have indulged in what must have been colour experiments. For, by constant allegiance to one style, whether dictated by force of circumstances (*e.g.*, lack of instrumental means) or not, they did a greater service. In the wide sense they raised music from a patois to a language, and men from the ends of the earth who loved the works of these two giants had, at least, something in common.

Gluck passed from "Le Cinesi" to "Don Juan," from "Alessandro nell' Indie" and "Orfeo ed Euridice" to "Les Pèlerins de la Mecque," but commentators have not found that change of locality was responsible for the temporary introduction of new features. There is little difference between his Scythians and his Greeks. Speaking generally, the composers of the classic age were restricted to one or two very primitive effects, such as a few strokes of the triangle or of the cymbals, when they wished to give their works a picturesque touch. We find this in Mozart's "Il Seraglio" and Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." The music of "Don Giovanni" and "Figaro" does not differ in its essentials from that of "La Clemenza di Tito" or "The Magic Flute." It is interesting to note, however, that Gluck and Mozart showed a desire to give appropriate piquancy to their scores when they introduced a fandango into them.

The more one studies this question of exoticism the more one feels that it is an accretion. When a great composer writes at the top of his form he reveals himself to us, and he can do us no greater service. The action of "Fidelio" takes place in Spain, but it is the playbill, not the music, which tells us so. In this sense all art is autobiographical. Henry James rightly holds that the most valuable thing in Balzac is Balzac himself. He has been called the novel itself as Molière was called the comedy itself. Such a view is not inconsistent with a recognition of the value of an extensive use of local colour. "The style is the man," said Buffon in a memorable address to the French Academy, and the most vital writers have the power of giving us themselves in copious measure in all their works.

It is impossible to ignore the fact that an over-indulgence in local colour, an excessive flirting with exotic effects sometimes leads to curious results. We see a fair example of this in "Samson and Delilah." Lest I should be misunderstood I hasten to say that I am an admirer of Saint-Saëns's music and that I have on many occasions had the honour of paying him that homage which is his due. But what do we find in his dramatic masterpiece? The opening choruses of Hebrews derive their idiom from Bach and Handel. The entrance of Delilah and her flower-maidens is full of a grace that is typically Parisian. The celebrated *Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix* is French in its inspiration. The "Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon" and the "Bacchanale" carry us off to Palestine. The chorus of aged Hebrews reminds us of the music of the synagogue. In his art, as in his life, Saint-Saëns has been a great traveller, but despite the cleverness and beauty of his score, and both are great, the opera as a whole suffers from a lack of homogeneity. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the absurdities which abound in the pages of dramatic music, such as the mazurka in Gounod's "Polyeucte"; suffice it to say that in men of the first rank we find a consistency of style which is not destroyed by the introduction of picturesque traits and lavish colouring. Out of two ingredients, laughter and tears, must the artist fashion his art.

It may be well to point out at this juncture that local colour is often confused with characterisation. Reference to the stage works of Mozart will at once demonstrate the difference between them. Characterisation is an integral part of a dramatic work. I hardly imagine that anyone intimate with Mozart's operas would seriously contend that the composer was deficient in characterisation, but, as I have tried to show, there is little local colour in his scores. To take another example, in "Tristan and Isolde," while the personality of Wagner is evident in every bar, the characters preserve their individualities throughout. To insist too emphatically upon the use and value of local colour is to dislodge characterisation from its legitimate place in the artistic scheme.

Turning to later masters we find evidence of an increasing disposition to dabble in the picturesque. There is, perhaps, little to detain us in the ballet of "William Tell" or the "Bohemian Dance" of "Les Huguenots," but the point to note is that composers showed a readiness to treat subjects which, in modern hands, would have given ample opportunity for the introduction of exquisite shades of orchestral colouring. Cherubini's "Les

Abencérages" is an example of this. In Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche," described by a critic as "*un opéra tyrolien dont l'action se passe en Ecosse*," we meet with the familiar air of "Robin Adair," the *chant ordinaire de la tribu d'Avenal*. The melody of Auber is derived from the French *chanson*, but the composer of "La Circassienne" and "Le Dieu et la Bayadère," if I mistake not, introduced a negro dance and creole melody into his "Manon."

FRANCE

Coming to the French music of the nineteenth century we meet a remarkable exploitation of the exotic. Those familiar with the artistic history of the French people will hardly be astonished at this. In his beautiful story, "Honorine," Balzac contrasts the English and the French. If the French, he remarks, have an aversion for travelling and the English a love for it, both nations have a good excuse. Something better than England is everywhere to be found, but it is difficult to find the charms of France elsewhere. If, however, the Frenchman love to live at home his delight in the good things of the outer world is great. Seventeenth-century France, for example, was deeply interested in Chinese ceramics.¹ The porcelain which Dutch and Portuguese seamen brought from the Celestial Empire to Europe were more appreciated in France than elsewhere. In the pages of literature we discover the same. That typical Balzacian character, the Marquis d'Espard of "L'Interdiction", worked at "A picturesque history of China." And did not Gambara become excited at the mere mention of his great opera "Mahomet"? Voltaire gave us "Zadig," and the remark that the English were a people with seventy religions and only one sauce is characteristic of the man to whom dullness was a great artistic vice. Le Sage started on his career with two plays in imitation of Lope de Vega. The influence upon him of Calderon has been noted, but he was, nevertheless, among the earliest to realize the possibilities of the picturesque novel. Chateaubriand, Anatole France tells us, "was the first to infuse exoticism into poetry and make it ferment there." A sojourn in the East inspired Lamartine to his "Souvenirs d'Orient." De Musset attracted notice as the author of a volume of "Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie." "Local colour," Ferdinand Brunetière holds, "is a literary acquisition of romanticism." From the forbidding landscapes of the North Stendhal shrank as from a ghost. Gautier, who amused himself with the fantastic

¹Compare Auber's "Cheval de Bronze" (a Chinese Subject.)

notion that he was an Oriental, wrote of his travels in Spain and Russia, Italy and Turkey with immense gusto. The de Goncourts gave encouragement to Japanese art. Flaubert's greatest achievement deals with the struggle between Rome and Carthage. Mérimée's début was made in strange literary disguise. His first products were supposed to be translations from the Spanish and Illyrian. "Carmen," the masterwork of the man who felt at home in an Andalusian *venta*, is appropriately laid in Spain, and yet Mérimée was typically French. (The point is curious. The epigrammatic Nietzsche, student of philology, who claimed that he and Heine were the only men who could make the German language dance, recorded the fact that the stylists of the old and new worlds, the Greeks and the French, opposed the introduction of foreignisms and guarded the purity of their tongues.) In Renan the fascination of the East is once more prominent. Daudet, "the *bouillabaisse*," prided himself on being a Southern troubadour. Through the pages of Pierre Loti we find exquisite word pictures of Japan and Turkey. And Anatole France, to whom we owe the "Noces Corinthiennes," has shown in "Thaïs" what a great effect is produced upon the mind of a Latin artist when he contemplates the life of a far country in a remote period. Add to all this the vogue enjoyed by Lafcadio Hearn and you have abundant evidence that the French, while animated by a deeply rooted love of country, quickly become willing captives to the powers of the picturesque.

I have made this digression upon the literature of France, "a country where every man has a natural turn for the part of a sultan, and every woman is no less minded to become a sultana," because one can point to times during which the French regarded the words of a song as of primary, the music as of secondary importance—a reflection of the glory to which her literature had attained while yet her music lagged sadly behind. The music of France has been mainly dramatic, as that of Italy has been melodic and that of Germany symphonic, and the influence of the literary movements is often discernible in the sister art. Indeed, it is interesting to note that some of the outstanding characteristics of French literature are to be found in the music of the country. The wide use of the many adjectives of the language and the constant employment of its rich vocabulary find their musical counterpart in picturesque scoring and resourceful harmony. The manifestos of freedom, so often launched at the government of the day, have their equivalent in Berlioz's music of revolt. The choice of words for their atmospheric value

reminds us of the methods of the impressionist musicians. In France we behold an artistic phenomenon, namely, a keen appreciation of exoticism and a widespread exploitation of its capabilities which are for the most part freely indulged without the sacrifice of the traditional merits of conciseness, polish and clarity. An untidy mind is an abomination to the Frenchman.

For the purposes of this brief survey it is convenient to take Félicien David's "Le Désert" as a starting point. David recorded his impressions of the Orient in the only work of his which is now widely known. Something of its success is, doubtless, due to the variety which pervades the score. In it we find a "Prayer to Allah," a "Call of the Muezzin," and a "Dance of the Almées." The importance of the composition is largely historical. While experimental, the music cannot be ignored, for it must, surely, have been instrumental in encouraging many another musician to turn his attention to those captivating traits which are found in the East. Passing from David we come to Gounod, in whom the femininity which is so prominent in French music first becomes apparent. The heroines of Gounod and Massenet are as typical of the Latin mind as the heroines of Ibsen and Björnson are of the Scandinavian. They have little in common with the muscular Brunnhildes and terrifying Valkyries of the wind-swept North. Unfortunately Gounod put all that he had to say in "Faust," which the Germans wisely call "Margarethe," for "Romeo and Juliet," which tells us nothing new, should be called "Juliet and Romeo" if not simply "Reminiscences of Faust," and "La Reine de Saba" was a failure.¹ In Ernest Reyer there is more to occupy the attention. Born in Marseilles, he lived for a time in Algeria. A prolonged visit to the African province may possibly have been responsible for his choice of "Le Sélam," based on Gautier, as the subject of his most important work. Following later came "Sacuntala," a ballet, "Le Statue," and at a distance of some thirty years a setting of "Salammbô."

Camille Bellaigue speaks of "la France historique et la France exotique," and both of them are found in full measure in the compositions of Saint-Saëns. On the one hand he is descended from the scholars and schoolmen to whom all musicians owe so much; on the other he is an indefatigable traveller who has expressed in his art the impressions made upon him by the life and poetry of many lands. A polymath, he is remarkable alike for the fecundity of his ideas and the versatility displayed in the gestation

¹One can afford to disregard the Moorish-Spanish "Le Trihut de Zamora," which was a fiasco.

of them. In all his music there is a great deal of the Voltairean sauce, a liberal sprinkling of the *paprika* which Wagner found in Liszt. He is an extremely cultured man who draws his inspiration from the ends of the earth. "Samson and Delilah" I have already mentioned. "La Princesse Jaune" deals with a Chinese subject, and he has written Persian Songs, a Suite Algérienne, "A Night in Lisbon," a Jota Aragonaise, a Caprice on Danish and Russian Folk-themes, a "Souvenir of Italy," a "Havanaise," "Africa," a fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, a "Caprice arabe," and a "Souvenir d'Ismalia." (In connection with the study of the local characteristics of such places as Algeria, Morocco, Corsica, Madagascar and China, it may be remarked, in passing, that many Frenchmen come to an examination of racial traits untrammelled by those prejudices which exist elsewhere. An outstanding instance of this attitude of mind is to be found, if memory serves, in Jean Finot's volume, "Préjugé des Races.") Among the songs are some which bear further witness to the catholicity of his tastes; for example "Alla riva Tebro," "Désir de l'Orient," "El Desdichado," "Guitare," and "La Madonna col Bambino." To the critic this chameleon-like adaptability so frequently exhibited is, at first, bewildering. In which of these pieces do we find the essential Saint-Saëns? In which is he wearing a mask and mystifying us by donning the costume of a Spanish grandee or that of an Arab chief? Whatever the answers we give to these questions it cannot be denied that the personal merits of Saint-Saëns are present in practically all his productions. In the "Suite Algérienne" there are points in the rhythm and harmony which could have been conceived only by a man who possessed a great command of technical resource. And, while the experiments are not all equally successful, the cleverness shown in the manipulation of external features contributes to that variety and freshness which are among the master's most valuable artistic assets. It is not without good reason that he has made the confession, "*Je suis un éclectique.*"

The main difference between the exoticism of Saint-Saëns and that of Massenet lies in the fact that, while that of the former is spread over a large variety of works in almost every conceivable form, that of the latter is mainly confined to his operas. The "Scènes Alsaciennes" and "Marche de Szabady" are not among the most characteristic of his achievements. As in the case of Saint-Saëns we are faced with an apparent problem. Massenet was French of the French. His song was personal, and other men have felt the influence of the *mélodie massenetique*. This

Anacreontic musician consecrated his gifts to a praise of the Eternal Feminine—or, as some hold, that aspect of it which is represented by modern France; a Gallic trait, surely, for good critics have observed that the *Comédie Humaine* is remarkable chiefly for its women folk. Take away the male characters of Massenet and you do not lose very much. Take away his heroines and there is nothing left. We are often conscious of the rose-pink of the boudoir, of the frou-frou and patchouli of the elegant world. One cannot repress the feeling that there is some subtle connection between this femininity and the orientalism so frequently displayed by the French. But if Massenet's harp had but one string it was capable of the sweetness of honey. His is music born in a land in which the worship of the Virgin is a natural thing, and it is curious to note how many of his dramatic works are called after their heroines—"Manon," "Esclarmonde," "Grisélidis," "La Navarraise," "Sapho," "Thais," "Thérèse," "Ariane." It has been urged against him that he was content with the mechanical exploitation of a single idiom, but the interest of all the operas is heightened by the introduction of passages full of luscious colouring and seductive charm. In the early "Le Roi de Lahore" we have the divertissement in the *Paradis d'Indra* with its quaint variations on a Hindoo theme. (These are preceded by a waltz-like measure. "What," you say, "a waltz in such surroundings?" Have you not learnt that in the operatic Spain and the legendary India anything is possible?) In "Hérodiade" there is the clever dance of the Eastern girls. Passing "Manon," that captivating opera of powder and patches, we arrive at "Le Cid" in which we again have the French composer indulging his love of the picturesque to the full. "Le Cid" is somewhat bombastic and does not show Massenet at his best, but in the Moorish rhapsody and the ballet of the Spanish provinces there is much that is delightful in subject and in treatment. Again, in "Thais" there is subtle fascination in the oriental intermezzo and in the ballet. "Cendrillon" carries us to the old world of Perrault with its fairies and Prince Charming, but when we open "Chérubin" we behold the composer coquetting once more with local colour—see, especially, the opening of the second act. These examples might be multiplied, but enough has been said to show that Massenet's imagination was stimulated by the importation of phrases and rhythms calculated to lend piquancy and interest to his works. It is a habit with many to talk of Massenet as though he were a kind of sous-Gounod. While he was a feminist and wrote in Paris, the home of Paquin as it was formerly the scene

of the triumphs of Palmyre, his gift was greater than that of his predecessor. In him we see proof of the statement that the local colour, that the exoticism which he loved so much was an external thing. His personal contribution to his art lies in those sweet and alluring pages in which he revealed himself. That his talent was dramatic and not symphonic should not blind us to the charm of his muse.¹

In Edouard Lalo the musician will find much to admire. Lalo was not a great writer, and yet there is something peculiarly individual in his methods. The most prominent characteristics of his music, and they are very prominent, are a strong sense of colour, great rhythmical diversity, and considerable boldness in the modulations. I cannot understand why "Namouna" was not well received when given in Paris in 1881. The valse may be only a piece of refined dance music, spiced here and there with the unconventional touches native to Lalo, but the *Scène du Balcon* is a pure joy, full of originality in idea and the employment of it. The well-known *Symphonie Espagnole* is fascinating from the harmonic as well as the rhythmic standpoint. Lalo's harmony is worthy of serious study, for he obtains many of his best effects by means of it—a fact which did not escape Tschaikowsky.

It is necessary to dwell briefly upon one or two other composers. Bizet thought of writing an opera on the "Namouna" of de Musset and his widow informed me that he composed the music for three acts of "Le Cid" which he had not the time to write down. He wooed the East in "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" and "Djamileh." The former, an early work, bears traces of immaturity, but to the latter justice still remains to be done, for the score, in the words of Victorin Joncières, "exhales the perfume of the Orient." The opening chorus is full of an indolence and beauty such as one expects to meet with in Egypt, and if the unconventional Ghazel—a word familiar to students of Turkish and Persian literature—in which Djamileh tells a tale of love be weird and melancholy, the *Almée* is wild and fierce, suggesting the dancing dervishes of the Sahara. "Here," said Reyer, "is the true music of the East." There are other features in the little work which deserve attention, but they hardly come within the scope of this article. The music as a whole, nevertheless, stands as a kind of prophecy of "Carmen." "Djamileh" is the bud, "Carmen" the flower. Little wonder is it that Saint-Saëns celebrated its beauties in a sonnet and that Pigot described it as

¹Perhaps a word ought to be said about Dulcinea's song with guitar accompaniment in "Don Quichotte."

"a little masterpiece, a pearl, a jewel." In "Carmen" there is, of course, much of the sunny South and it is instructive to observe the different views of critics as to the legitimacy of Bizet's use of Spanish themes. Some tell us that the central figure is merely an attractive French heroine masquerading as a manolo, that we are deceived by the balcony of the inn, the guitars and castanets, the fans and mantillas, the "*costumes bariolés*" which have so often formed part of the stock-in-trade of third-rate men; others write enthusiastically about the manner in which Bizet used his materials. The opera as an opera is thoroughly satisfying, but I cannot say whether the author of it ever studied Spanish and gypsy music seriously. The Habanera, it will be remembered, was a glorious afterthought, the melody having been suggested, if not actually derived ("*imitée d'une chanson espagnole*" is Bizet's description of the process) from a song of Yradier lent to Bizet by Madame Bemberg, mother of the composer. The piece would never have been written had it not been for a dissatisfied prima donna, a circumstance which calls to mind the origin of Rossini's *Di tanti palpiti*, than which no solo was ever received with more frenzied enthusiasm. A Spanish authority informs me that, while the merits of the music are recognized by Spanish musicians, these men do not regard it as really Spanish, as faithfully representing the popular idiom of the people. When all is said, however, one must admit that Bizet showed remarkable cleverness in handling exotic themes and in lending a dash of colour to his canvas.

There remains much of interest, but this must be merely mentioned. Bruneau's "Kérim" owes not a little to the researches of that tireless student Bourgault-Ducoudray. In Chabrier and Charpentier, Debussy, Roussel and Ravel there are pages which yield much to patient examination. And we discover a great deal that is wonderfully refreshing in the march of César Franck's camel drivers and the czardas and mazurka to which the corphyées and nimble rustics of Delibes dance and pose. To Gevaert, to Louis Laloy (who has made a profound study of Chinese music) and to Jaques-Dalcroze (a commentator upon Arabic rhythms)¹ the French are deeply indebted. While the reader may protest that this survey has hardly brought him into contact with the greater aspects of France, with the society which walked abroad in the fair fields of Touraine and dined in the châteaux which flank the Loire, with the rich and bountiful life of the eighteenth

¹See also the Arab influence in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar."

century, with the thickly populated world of Molière and Dumas, he will, perhaps, admit that it has served to show how remarkable has been the French activity in this direction.

GERMANY

The Germans have not exploited exoticism to any very great extent. His love of self-culture impelled the Hellenic Goethe to a serious study of the art of Greece and Italy, a task which bore fruit in the extraordinary "Gott und die Bajadere," a title which recalls Auber, and the "Westöstliche Divan," wherein the Olympic figure of the poet is to be observed dressed out in the loose trousers and fez of a Turkish pasha. Heine, too, had his Southern aspect, and so it is true to say that there was a *Drang nach Osten* in an artistic before a political sense. Apart from such compositions as Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" and Scottish Fantasia, the Bohemian Dvořák's "Nigger" quartet, "New World" symphony, Biblical Songs, Gypsy Songs (one of which, "Als die alte Mutter," is an exquisite jewel, and shows what can be done in a small compass) and Slavonic Dances, and D'Albert's "Tiefand," a curious congeries of styles, all of which can be traced to their sources, there is little to scrutinise.

The exception which proves the rule, and a brilliant exception it is, may be found in "The Barber of Bagdad" by Cornelius. This work has a great historical significance as those who know the inner history of Liszt's break with Weimar are aware. On its *début* Cornelius's little effort met with a hostility which is capable of misinterpretation, for it was really directed against Liszt and did not reflect upon the value of the music. It may be that the circumstances in which the opera was introduced have mitigated against its wide popularity. In any case, it is not so well known as it ought to be. Cornelius was obviously inspired by his subject. Although he was a prominent member of the New German School and had sympathies with the Wagnerian movement, there is much in his music which cannot be traced to Liszt or Wagner. The Bagdad of the composer is an attractive place, and the score with its call of the muezzin, comic sallies and lyrical episodes so deftly handled holds a unique place among the modern operatic works of Germany.

Paradoxically enough, the first man in whom we find exoticism freely used is the national Weber. Weber was influenced by the trend of his time. The literature for which he showed the greatest

fondness was largely preoccupied with the baroque and the fantastic, and there is little doubt that, as he possessed a considerable literary gift, he was moved to adopt a somewhat similar attitude towards his own art. For the writings of Tieck he nursed a profound affection. In "Preciosa," taken from Cervantes, there are effective passages which portray Spanish and Gypsy life. He considered Columbus and the Cid as subjects for dramatic treatment, and sketched some music for "Die drei Pintos."¹ The score of the Gozzi-Schiller "Turandot" gives us an interesting attempt at local colouring in the use to which he puts a Chinese theme. In "Oberon," Arabic and Turkish melodies are incorporated, and there are one or two scenes full of the *cachet* of the Orient.

Liszt, by birth a Hungarian, was by nature responsive to outward impressions. To name the compositions in which he displayed a sympathy with the poets of the past and an appreciation of scenery and architecture would be to name practically all his works. An examination of the music of Liszt in all its aspects would demand more space than can be allowed here, and this is not the place to debate the legitimacy, or otherwise, of his incursions into the fascinating realm of Hungarian music. It is necessary only to point out that no composer has been more easily touched by the artistic monuments bequeathed by the ages. The literature of France, the paintings and frescoes of Italy, the ritual of the church, the music of the German classicists moved him profoundly and went far to shape that halo of enchantment which surrounds his works. It is permissible to assume that the objects of a man's admiration provide an index to his character and, as is the case with Carlyle, so with Liszt, the heroes whose praises he sang give us an insight into the man's nature. His view of life was essentially heroic; to him most human endeavour was to be fitly expressed in musical terms as a *lamento* and *trionfo*, even when the latter was posthumous. To Dante, Petrarch and Tasso, great figures born in the cradle of the New Spirit, he looked with veneration. The famous episode of Mazeppa, which is variously told by the historians, ends confidently with the victorious strains of a Cossack march. He passed from one subject to another with astonishing ease, and in every case there is evidence of the breadth of his intellect, the bountiful generosity of his nature, the extraordinary catholicity of his tastes, and the whole-hearted delight which he took in gorgeous pageantry and

¹This was dressed out by Gustav Mahler and produced at Leipzig.

effective decoration. After him Goldmark, a Hungarian Jew, has shown the most decided tendency to lay on thick colours. "Sapho" and "Sakuntala," to mention representative pieces, are the children of that opulent imagination to which we are indebted for several notable excerpts in "Die Königin von Saba"; though many will agree that the vivid hues are less cunningly handled here than they are in many French works and in "Aïda."

Strauss has a Southern aspect. He has declared that sunshine is necessary for his inspiration. Early in his career he paid handsome tribute to the land of Dante in a suite, and subsequently devoted two of his most elaborate tone-poems to outstanding figures of Southern imagination, "Don Juan" and "Don Quixote." But the exotic Strauss is almost wholly unsatisfactory, as witness "The Legend of Joseph." Nowhere, I think, has Strauss so signally failed as in the "Dance of the Seven Veils" in "Salome." Here was an opportunity at which most of the French composers would have put all the colour and perfume of the East in their strains. Strauss's dance is neither Eastern nor particularly distinguished. The technical ability is squandered, for the effect is out of all proportion to the means employed. I am not discussing the value of the opera, which is quite another question. All I say is that the German master has not taken full advantage of the situation from the exotic point of view. In this connection it is instructive to compare the treatment of the subject as shown here and in Massenet's "Hérodiade." But if you wish to realize the wide divergence between the French and the German methods, you have only to think what the French would have done with "Parsifal." To begin with they would probably have called it "Kundry," and it needs but little effort to imagine how Massenet, say, would have treated the scene of the flower-maidens. In his art Wagner maintained a unity of style which was little, if at all, disturbed by change of *locale*. Like Balzac, he gave us himself and we have little reason to complain. But, while the *paprika* which he found in Liszt is lacking in his own music, it is possible to create a picture of Wagner, the Eastern poet, to which Velasquez or Munkacsy might well have put his signature. Several traits in the man's character remind us of the life of Bagdad. The voluptuary, sybarite, hedonist has been dragged into the light of publicity by painstaking critics. He was the first to write sex music. He delighted in rich colours and perfumes, and had a weakness for gorgeous surroundings and fine personal apparel. There does not exist unanimity of opinion as to the extent of his absorption in the philosophical pessimism of Schopenhauer, but

no one can deny his interest in Buddhism, in the works of Hafiz, "the greatest and most sublime philosopher," in the *Tattvamasi*; and additional light is thrown on this aspect of the man in the sketches for "Die Sarazenin" and "Die Sieger." The portrait, however, can be drawn only from the man's mental activity, from his prose writings and his speech. His music gives practically no hint of this side of him. It was that of one who drew his strength from Gluck, Beethoven and Weber, and it was made possible by those brilliant members of the European schools who laid the foundations upon which the edifices of the art are built.

Hugo Wolf heard a great deal of Italian music in his youth, was sincerely attracted by the French masters, and encouraged the hope that, perhaps, some Latin blood coursed through his veins. He seems, in this respect, to have been one of few. The average German intellect often finds it difficult to adopt the externals of other nations, and to this we must attribute the comparative want of success in the exotic vein. It lacks the vivacity and mobility of the French mind; to it caprice is a stranger. (This difference in outlook and in method has been remarked by many, but none has analysed it better than Matthew Arnold.) The strongest link between German and French music seems to me to be that Southern product, the Viennese waltz, which Marcel Prévost has aptly designated as having *une âme de femme*. But it stands as a thing apart. To how many German scores could we fitly apply the epithet *une partition parfumée*, so frequently employed to describe French works?

SPAIN.

The music of Spain is a music of the people. In the Middle Ages there were the *trobadores*, a name which suggests knight-errantry and romance. But even more interesting is the story of the *villancicos*, or peasants' songs, which, if more vulgar than the *romanceros*, were a true interpretation of real life. Music in Spain has developed slowly, a fact which is, perhaps, largely due to the limited capacity of the guitar and mandoline.¹ And so we find that, whereas with other nations the perception of music has become keener, the singing beggars of the streets are to-day the bards of Spain very much as they were in olden times.

This by no means implies that Spain is at all lacking in musical interest. The country furnishes many features which are without parallel in the history of other peoples. That more is

¹There seems to be considerable difference of opinion on this point.

not known about Spanish music must be attributed to the facts that the country is cut off by the Pyrenees, and that the Basques who, like the adjacent Gascons, have jealously preserved their individuality as a race, are by nature secretive. As will be guessed by students, Spain is a country where the song is the dance and the dance is the song. Dr. Riemann holds that when music arrives at a certain point of development the gulf which separates it from poetry and dancing tends to become wider. This is not yet the case in Spain. It has always been natural for the Spaniard to express himself in movement, and the dances of the country tell us much of the history and temperament of the inhabitants. In the North the predominant influence is Basque; in the South there are traces of the Moorish occupation. Practically all this music can point to an ancient pedigree. The very names resound with a fine romanticism which conjures up in the mind the proud Spain of former days. There is the *jota*, a dance popular in Arragon and Navarre; the *rondeña*, originating at Ronda (compare the Scottish strathspey which takes its name from that district and the Serbian *nishevlyanka* which is derived from Nish); *el jaleo* is associated with Xerez; the *ole gaditano* is danced by the laughing girls of Cadiz; the *pollo* at Seville; the *malagueña del torero* came from Malaga. The *chaconne*, a word of uncertain derivation, and the *fandango* have now merely an historical significance. But more widely known than any of these are the *boleros*, *habaneras*, and *seguidillas manchegas*, the last of which are popular all over Spain. Among gypsy dances are the *zarandeo* and the *zorongo*. When we read of these dances, some performed in the village squares, others in the stifling, ill-lit cafés of Seville or Cadiz, we feel that they are far removed from the highly-organised music of middle Europe. And when their attitudes and accoutrements are added, the accompanying *pandero* and the clinking *castañetas*, the picture is rendered more complete. Spanish dances are of two kinds; the *danzas*, which are executed by the legs only, and others (popularly known as *bayles*, I believe) the evolutions of which necessitate the use of the entire body. The voluptuous grace of the *danse ensoleillée* has been made known by such artists as La Tortajada, La Guerrero, and La Otero, but it is said that a Spanish measure loses a great deal if not set in its natural surroundings. For these dances are often entirely an expression of the emotions, full of badinage and coquetry, the effect of which it is impossible to convey in a large theatre. Here the dance is a kind of love-motif and, being never far removed from the *odor di fama*, is invariably the portrayal of endearments,

jealousies and conceits, and is, in fact, a little drama of cloud and sunshine, frown and smile.

To lay peculiar stress on all this is not to deny that Spain can lay claim to some distinguished musicians. Several will, no doubt, be familiar to the reader, among them the blind Cabezón, called by some "the Spanish Bach," Santa Maria, Eslava, Morales, Vittoria and Ribera. We are too prone to imagine that all that Spanish culture stands for in the musical world is the Argentine tango and the Brazilian maxixe. The folly of this view is apparent to those who know that Spanish influence is discernible in Palestrina, and that the Spanish composers occupied a dominating position in the sixteenth century. In recent times there have been signs of a revival. Leaving out of account that Hoffmann-like figure, Sarasate, who filled our goblets with the Spanish vintage, and who, by means of the violin, the mix of the musical family and an instrument which has direct associations with vagabondage, won fame as an exponent of his country's music, there is much to arrest us. The work of Olmeda of Burgos is well-known. Isaac Albeniz has been faithful to the national idioms, as admirers of the celebrated "Triana," wherein he depicts this beautiful quarter of Seville, will testify. Granados won fame mainly with his "Goyescas," but he, like Albeniz, paints the Spain of the Spaniard in the alluring "Danzas." Pedrell is the critic of the young coterie, and Manuel de Falla, whose opera, "La Vida Breve," made such a deep impression in Paris and Nice, shows himself a true poet in those pieces, now languishing, now passionate, which have passed into the repertory of many pianists. The difference between his "Cubana," "Andaluza," and "Montañesa" and the "Iberia" of Albeniz lies, perhaps, in a divergence of personality rather than in any antagonism of artistic creed. To Joaquin Turina we are indebted for a clever suite which portrays the life of his native town, Seville.

Quite as remarkable as the compositions of these Spanish writers is the foreign music which has been inspired by Spain. It was in Arragon that Laparra collected the local colour for his "La Habanera," and tributes to the charm of Spain have been paid in Raff's "Rhapsodie espagnole" for the pianoforte, Glinka's "A Summer night in Madrid" and "La Jota Aragonese," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice espagnole," Lalo's "Symphonie espagnole," Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody," Chabrier's "España," Saint-Saëns's "Jota Aragonese," "Caprice andalouse" and "Habanera," Gevaërt's "Fantasia sobre motivos españoles," "Ravel's "Rhapsodie espagnole," "Debussy's "Une soirée en Grenade" and "Iberia,"

and Hugo Wolf's "Spanisches Liederbuch." All this makes plain the irresistible appeal which the song and dance of the humble peasant of Biscay and Navarre have made to many men of diverse temperaments.

From Spain to Morocco is no far cry and the permanency of the Moorish influence on music and ballad are proof of the artistic leanings of the Spanish Moor and may well lend colour to the belief that the native music of Morocco is not without its merits as a medium of expression, in spite of the fact that it is performed in unison with barbaric percussion accompaniment. When the Mohammedan invaders conquered Spain they brought into that country a superior civilisation, and, while they were mainly pre-occupied with science and philosophy, it was not in those spheres alone that the intellectual qualities of the race made themselves evident. To the excellence of their handiwork we owe the Alhambra of Granada and many a mosque of striking contour. To the care lavished on musical study by the Arab chiefs in Spain may be traced the African note in the songs and dances of the Mediterranean provinces. Many of the latter are held to be almost entirely Moorish in origin, and measures similar to the *malagueña* have been heard in Fez by travellers. In South America, so long associated with Spain, there is much music which lies buried. The Argentine, pundits assure us, possesses a vast amount of untapped material. Originally Spanish, the native melodies have gradually taken on a slightly different complexion due, no doubt, to the influence of the interminable plains upon the mind. We cannot reproach musicians who are not conversant with what is unwritten and merely passed from guitar to guitar in troubadour style. But one cannot contemplate the possible loss of this treasure to the world at large without a profound feeling of regret, especially when so many artificial pieces which exploit the familiar negroid syncopations are received with open arms. A South American tells me that when the Argentine Liszt or Tschaiakowsky appears the world will behold the charm of the new-born song with amazement.

I have often, he says, while in the pampas, itched for the unpossessed power to seize and chronicle all the beauty of sound that sprang up spontaneously around me. If the day come when Argentine music is brought into the realms of art the guitar will have to be incorporated into the orchestra. To realise the infinite possibilities of the guitar one should hear it in the hands of the gaucho minstrels. A few of them together will give a fuller, richer, more varied effect than a balalaika orchestra in its most swollen proportions. The *vidalitas*, or folk-songs, are among the most haunting things in music.

To insist further upon the importance of Spanish music in an historical study would be an impertinence. To the humanist it is valuable because it is democratic, and thus brings him into contact with the life and society of a great past. I have spoken of the effect of the Moorish occupation, but there are apparent traces of orientalism in the wider sense in the South of the peninsula. The romance and sensuousness of the East are here blended with the traditional austerity and latent fire. The old houses of Toledo and of the villages of Andalusia, with their single windows overlooking the street, speak of a race which naturally regards life through the emotions. The furtive glance and passionate whisper, the cassia set coquettishly in the señora's hair, the rapturous strain with which the rustic Romeo serenades his Juliet—do they not all remind us of the time when the Saracen, turning his back upon Syrian wastes and Egyptian deserts, rode across the Sierra, bringing with him some of the mystery of his native landscape and thereby adding a note of strange enchantment to the Spanish Song?

ITALY

It is not until recent times that exoticism has made its appearance in Italian music, and this is due to the popular attitude towards opera. Where music was almost entirely operatic and opera for so long merely a necklace of arias and duets, composers, in the main, showed little disposition to avail themselves of their relative proximity to the artistic oases in which the French have so often sought refreshment. It is a gross error to reproach an Italian for writing Italian music and, while we may contend that in Bellini and Donizetti there is to be found an allegiance to conventions which amounts to weakness, the Southern nature of their melody cannot be denied. The student eager for the discovery of exotic traits will not, I fancy, discover anything particularly worthy of note in Rossini or Spontini. It is not until we come to Verdi that we meet with a sustained effort to use exoticism in an Italian opera. Verdi probably took considerable pains to paint his Eastern pictures well, for, it will be remembered, "Aida" was commissioned by the Khedive. The composer had an unique opportunity. The action takes place in the time of the Pharaohs; the scene is laid in Memphis and Thebes; there is much picturesque pageantry. The chorus in the Temple of Vulcan, accompanied by the harp, the Dance of the Priestesses and that of the Moorish Slaves, the curious theme which interrupts the march of the Egyptians, the tranquil music

by the Nile—all these are full of a beauty which we find nowhere else in the master's works. But the orientalism is spasmodic. The disguise is swiftly thrown aside. In *Celeste Aïda*, *Su del Nilo*, in the love-motif and in *O terra addio* the mask is thrown off and the passionate Italian bursts forth. I must warn the reader that I am not disputing the value of "Aïda," which is a work of genius. I am merely pointing out that here, once more, we have confirmation of the view that exoticism, even in the best of hands, is an accretion.

The later men were not slow to emulate Verdi the experimentalist. Puccini in "Madame Butterfly," Mascagni in "Iris," Leoncavallo in "I Zingari," Leoni in "L'Oracolo" have introduced many clever effects borrowed from distant lands, and, though the success is variable, the remarks applied to "Aïda" hold good in these cases.

HUNGARY

This is no place in which to deal with the origin of what is popularly termed Hungarian music, or to examine the arguments which this subject has called forth. For the present I must content myself with showing to what extent composers have plucked the Hungarian blossoms and added them to their garlands. I have said that exoticism is an accretion, but it seems least so when the musician is brought into close contact with the idiom which he adopts; when, in other words, the act of borrowing racial characteristics or local peculiarities is a spontaneous and unsophisticated mental process. We find this in Haydn. It is no disparagement to say that, apart from music, Haydn was a peasant. And no operation of the mind could have been more natural to him than that of turning to good account the rustic material upon which his eye rested. For this reason it is difficult to detect where the popular themes end and Haydn himself begins. But it cannot be too strongly urged that Haydn's music is valuable because the personality of the man permeates it. By virtue of his merits as a writer not a few of the folk-songs and dances which he used have come to our notice, which, had he ignored them, would probably never have travelled beyond their parochial boundaries. Many a man of third-rate powers might have fathered them, but it is doubtful if, in such circumstances, the music would have exhibited any great vitality. Haydn's borrowings from the store-house of the people's music were many. In him we find Slavonic characteristics and Croatian melodies, and there is a Rondo à l'Hongroise. Hungarian features are

also detectable in Beethoven's "King Stephen," in Schubert's *Divertissement à la Hongroise*, in Weber's *Adagio and Rondo Ungarese* for bassoon, in Berlioz's *Rackoczy March*, in Brahms's *Hungarian Dances*, in Delibes's "Coppelia," in Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus," in Massenet's "*Scènes Hongroises*" and "*Marche de Szabady*." The musical history of South Germany and Austria constantly brings us into touch with that of Hungary, and I do not doubt that this is due to the unquenchable love of the art which animates the Hungarian. There is much to be said against the system of patronage, but good seed was sown by those eminent patrons the Apponyis, Szapárys, Erdödys, and Esterházys, whose names we so often find in dedications, and to whom Liszt and others were frequently indebted.

RUSSIA

In modern times no country has made greater progress than Russia. That the Russians are only now evincing a sense of national consciousness is not a matter for astonishment. Indeed, what has been accomplished is little short of miraculous. In the time of Catherine II the Italian influence was paramount. Enthusiastic applause greeted Paisiello's works, and in so late a writer as Glinka we find passages which recall the manner of Donizetti. The charm of French music was felt subsequently—the "Dance des Mirlitons" of Tschaikowsky's "Casse-Noisette" suite might have been written by Delibes, and the scoring of "The Sleeping Beauty" owes something to Saint-Saëns and Massenet; in recent days the German manner penetrated the Tsar's domains. The emancipation of Russia (so far as that is possible in any country) is in course of accomplishment; that is to say, Russian musicians realise the immense resources of their own land and mean to draw upon them freely. The attention which the rest of Europe has given to this Eurasian art was kindled by the appearance of Tschaikowsky, by the tours of the excellent *corps de ballet*, of which only travellers had much previous knowledge, and by the frequent appearance on the concert platform of innumerable Sachas and Mischas, whose playing assured us that music dwelt in the very heart of the people. Within the limits which I have set myself it is impossible to do more than indicate the sources tapped by the chief representative men. Glinka put Tartar, Finnish and Persian airs to good use. Rubinstein's "Persian Songs" (op. 34.) are said to have been inspired by a meeting with gypsies in the Caucasus. Cui has written *Circassian Dances*,

Borodin a remarkable sketch, "In the steppes of Central Asia," Balakiref "Islamey," an oriental fantasia for the pianoforte, (which, if not played superlatively well, is one of the ugliest pieces of music one could listen to), Rimsky-Korsakoff an Indian Dance in "Mlada," Rebikov a "Danse des Odalisques" and a "Danse orientale," Glazounoff, who has a German aspect, an Arab Melody for the G string. Such quotations might be continued indefinitely, and other excerpts, for example, Rebikov's "Hindustani Natch" from "Autour du monde," the Dance of the Chinese Dolls from his "Der Christbaum," the Hindu song from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko" and Arensky's ballet "Nuit d'Egypte" deserve study.

In a place by itself is the ballet music incorporated by Borodin in his opera "Prince Igor." These Polovtsian Dances are full of untamed energy and, unlike the ballet airs of the old operas, form part of the vivid picture which this singular creation presents to the eye.

When listening to some of these Russian works we realize that music is often merely a kind of opium in the East. Western writers seek harmonic variety and kaleidoscopic changes, but the oriental mind is generally satisfied with the reiteration of one idea. Sound is here a kind of fakir's mesmerism, a sedative or opiate which affects the senses but has little or nothing to do with the intellect. The conflict of Orient and Occident produces curious effects. In one human organism we have, so to speak, a struggle between the Russian and the Tartar of the popular epigram. We are not concerned with the authenticity of the claim of this or that composer to the title of Eastern singer. It may be well to point out, however, that it often happens that, even when the Russian has learnt all that the Western schools can teach him, the result is bewildering. Where elaboration is superimposed upon naivety, where themes and rhythms associated with sistrum and tabrets, with samisen and tam-tam are transplanted to the modern orchestra, we stand in the presence of a new beauty, none the less real because it is so often pagan and barbaric. That Chinese dream, Stravinsky's "Nightingale," would, certainly, have delighted Tieck, the dealer in topsy-turveydom, who loved to laugh with mandarins and watch the pagodas of his imagination flit through the air. Even in symphonic works which owe their structure to the West,—and the modern Russians are much indebted to Berlioz and Liszt—we often happen upon passages which carry us away from the conservatoire to the village *Kermesse* by the banks of the Volga. To those accustomed

to Beethoven, Schumann and Wagner such music must frequently appear very inorganic. The melody is sometimes left to tell its own tale, as it were, where the training of the Western musician would have prompted him to cause the inner parts to move, and thereby strengthen the weak beats of a bar. When some of these pieces are performed along with more polished utterances we feel as though we were overhearing the halting talk of a *moujik* in a Rambouillet circle. But, when all the ink has been spilt, you are bound to admit that the colossal Janus of Russian music is an imposing figure. No country has musical potentialities greater than those of Russia, and to say this is not to imply that the achievement is not intrinsically valuable.

A word ought to be said about the orchestration of the Russian composers, a branch of the art in which they excel, for the reason that, by their constant striving after richness and brilliance, these men show that they possess something of the Eastern love of opulent colouring. Rimsky-Korsakoff's instrumentation is a pure delight. Even when his ideas lack originality he gives them a charm or character by the manner in which he scores them. To mention the works in which the handling of the orchestra shows a masterly knowledge of its infinite resources would be to catalogue nearly all the compositions of the best musicians.

ENGLAND

Whatever we may think of *la vie bohème* as portrayed by Murger, there is little doubt that the antics indulged in by the aesthetes of the Victorian age seem a little comical in these days. The Bohemianism of the artists who slept in attics and lounged about the purlieus of Montmartre represented an aspect of the artistic life of France. Such jolly roisterers, living what was at once a comedy and a tragedy, were descendants of the wild and fascinating François Villon, of the worldly scholars of Master Rabelais, of those adventurous spirits who provide suitable material for the romantic chronicler, and in whom we find courage and wit, love of wine and petticoat hunting. Rapsallion painters and tatterdemalion laureates are to be met with at many junctures in French history. But the only thing which can be said in favour of the movement anticipated by Pater and represented by Wilde is that it was a protest against Philistinism. Being artificial, it could not last, and before long the drooping sunflower died. Such activity would probably have been responsible for the

creation of several interesting works in France. The only musical result was "Patience," which derided the modern exquisites in the same way as Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" held up to ridicule the pseudo-classical deities of conventional opera.

Britain is united to India and Egypt by close ties, but until a few years ago English composers showed little disposition to leave the beaten track. Their attempts to tickle our palates were comparatively few and timorous. Not one of them bathed in the Southern sun as Browning did. "The Mikado" is Japanese only on the surface. Among contemporary writers, nevertheless, there is much picturesque badinage. Elgar has a well-defined style of his own, but in "The Apostles" he has been able to forget the Handel-Mendelssohn tradition so completely as to introduce the shofar of the Mohammedan world. Delius deserves a whole chapter to himself, for he is very original, and in him we have a composer whose style is consistent even when he is gratifying his love of half-tints and creating the atmosphere of twilight. His sojourn in Florida and residence in France probably had a good deal to do with his mental outlook. A painter of rare charm, he occupies a niche of his own. Here and there, Cyril Scott, an impressionist, touches the borderland of the exotic, but for a profitable subject of analysis I should advise the musician to study the life and work of Coleridge-Taylor. His position is without parallel. The son of a West African native and an Englishwoman, he received his musical education in London. As the countless admirers of "Hiawatha" are aware, he struck a new note. Subsequently he tested the value of African and North American (indigenous) airs, and to his knowledge of them we probably owe some of his most arresting pieces. Coleridge-Taylor is a problem. The famous "Eleanore" is a true inspiration, but it might have been penned by half a dozen other men so far as the general style of the music is concerned. On the other hand, in pieces like "Hiawatha," "A Tale of Old Japan" and the African dances the African is prominent, and I think it a pity that he did not give a freer rein to his fancy and let his natural impulses lead him to the goal. What is conventional in his output could have been supplied by many men without a tithe of his imagination; what is African he alone could give. That he learnt much from the Germans is beyond doubt—his procedure is, of course, European—and his scoring shows a knowledge of the Liszt of "Les Preludes." But the plaintive accent is that which lends distinction to his finer moments, and for this sad, sweet, yearning song we must be grateful.

Another composer on whom attention may profitably be concentrated is Percy Grainger. Grainger is temperamentally antagonistic to pedagogy. To all that he does he brings a wholesome freshness which is rare in these days. It is ominous that this "Siegfried of the piano" is an eloquent advocate for Albeniz, Delius and Grieg, the cause of whose "Slätter" he has pleaded with a persistence which commands respect. In composing he is not fettered by the shackles of convention, but his unconventionality is that of the musician, not that of the novice. Many a conservative will, doubtless, regard his harmonic methods with disgust and frown upon his part-writing. But, ultimately, this clever musician wins you to his side. A large freedom stalks across his pages. His vision extends over the whole musical universe, and in many unfrequented places he discovers objects which move him to expression. Little escapes him, for he is quick to perceive the value of music as it is found among primitive races. The "Colonial Song" was inspired by Australia, his native country; the "Mock Morris" Dance is a study in the folk style written round the motto "always merry and bright"; the "Dance Song from the Faroe Islands" carries us to the far North. But perhaps his pre-occupation with the possibilities of various instruments is that part of his activity which bears most directly upon the present subject. He is interested in the percussion department and thinks that its capabilities have not yet been realised. He has turned his attention to the bass xylophone, the bass glockenspiel, to gongs and bells and advocates their use in chamber music. The "Random Round" is scored for voices, guitars, mandolines, mandola, piano, xylophone, celesta, glockenspiel, resonaphone, strings and wind. One version of the popular "Shepherd's Hey" contains a part for the English concertina, and in the "Zanzibar Boat-Song" he employs the celesta, glockenspiel and resonaphone. Elsewhere he has utilised the American organ. It is characteristic of him that, when a student, he thought of going to China in order to study the music of that country; it is equally characteristic of him that he has written of the chants of the Maoris with zest. He is continually sweeping away the cobwebs of obscurantism and, on account of his searches for new colour effects and striking harmonic combinations, is entitled to rank as one of the most successful opponents of Doctor Dry-as-dust.

The most persistent upholder of exoticism which England has ever produced is Granville Bantock who is something of a wild pagan in his art. In all he touches there is much of the grotesque and

baroque, and he is not afraid of the bizarre. His best-known work is "Omar Khayyám," which opens with the call of the muezzin from the minaret, *Allahu Akbar!* and which, apart from its exquisite colouring, is remarkable for such unconventional passages as the passing of the caravan. Here we have the music of a modern wizard. A Turkomani melody is sung, at first a *bocca chiusa*, while the orchestra confines itself to the persistent repetition of chords. Bantock's reputation rests upon a large number of works, for he has been prolific and successful. His fondness for subjects which offer wide scope for his whimsical fancy and imaginative gifts showed itself early in his career. He planned a series of symphonic poems on Southey's "Kehama," but of this huge Egyptian edifice only one part—"Rameses II"—was built. Then there are "The Fire Worshippers," "The Pearl of Iran," Songs of the East in six groups—India, Japan, Persia, Egypt, China and Arabia, and "Christ in the Wilderness," which contains a page or so of Eastern landscape painting. "Thalaba the Destroyer," a tone-poem, occupies an important place among his compositions, but where the pen of the creator has been so busy it is difficult to play the cicerone to the curious reader. I must refer him to the "Ghazals of Hafiz," "Ferishtah's Fancies," the Sappho Songs, the "Song of the Genie" (a remarkable fragment), the "Eastern Love-Song," the two Chinese Songs, "On Himalaya" and the Dramatic dances for orchestra. Bantock's success as an exponent of exotic subjects owes something to his prodigious technique. He handles the orchestra with great ease; there is no shade of which it is capable that he cannot obtain if he wish. In him I seem to discern the inevitable protestant against the conventional subject and the conventional treatment. In choice of theme he stands apart from his *confrères*. He reminds us of a gypsy who, despising the high-roads of commerce, seeks in hill path and rustic lane that freedom which is necessary to his happiness. Technically and temperamentally he is a man of to-day, or, rather, of to-morrow. And this musical Suleiman the Magnificent is never so pleased as when walking abroad in the caftan of a sultan or smoking a chibouk in the fairy palace of his dreams.

* * *

Much more could be said on this subject, so I ask the reader to pardon me if I have provided escort only for a hasty promenade

through these musical galleries.¹ A hundred points here untouched upon will suggest themselves to the imaginative mind. It is easy to discover pages which throw fresh light on the topic, or which threaten the destruction of our theoretical scaffoldings. On MacDowell's "Indian" suite, Stillman-Kelley's "Aladdin" suite, on Karg-Elert's "Sonatina exotique," on Georges Huë's "Croquis d'Orient," on Paderewski's "Manru," on Moszkowski's superficial Spanish Dances, the foreignism of which is only skin-deep, on "Les Filles de Cadix" of Delibes, on his "Lakmé," wherein we see the *école des flonflons* in Hindustani, on Grieg's dance for Anitra, the Bedouin chief's daughter, so effective after the northern lament for Åse, the student will have many things to remark. He might, further, reproach me for not discussing the romantic and the realistic methods of treating exotic themes, and for having neglected to mention the music of Albania and Armenia which such a piece as Ippolitov-Ivanow's "Rhapsodie arménienne" calls to our attention. But I shall leave the matter with the statement that the popularity of exotic subjects is to be found in the simple explanation that they furnish a legitimate reason for the utilisation of all those variegated effects obtainable in the modern orchestra. While the trait adopted, a peculiar scale or an unusual rhythmic singularity, may be foreign, the colours in which it is set out are now an indispensable part of the modernist's equipment, and they are drawn upon even when the local characteristics are discarded. It is not enough for the composer that the lines of the figure are beautiful. He is fastidious as to the hues in which it is to be clothed. This fact is of vital moment, for we have arrived at a time in which it is necessary to consider the scoring of a work not as a thing apart from its harmonic dressing, but as something intimately related to it. Most present-day writers think in terms of the orchestra. This makes plain why many a passage which seems to be little removed from nonsense when played on the piano is not only significant, but eloquent when performed on the instruments for which it was written. As has been shown, the net results vary according to the methods of the artist. We cannot always say with Taine, "Oriental poetry has nothing more dazzling or magnificent." The pilgrimages of this man lead to success, of that to failure. In many cases the picture is not *vécu*, but it is a question whether we should

¹For example, one might point to the growing popularity of Muscovite and Oriental subjects—the latter apparent in the chocolate coloured nudes of the Paris Salon, a reminder of the influence of Gauguin. This popularity is responsible for a change in the conception of beauty, which is always a relative thing.

expect a composer to be an expert archæologist and antiquarian. Gautier and others doubtless often offended history and science while giving us literature, and many painters have depicted biblical characters arrayed as gentlemen of their own period. The artistic temperament and the capacity for historical research are seldom found in the same man and all we can demand is that the composer should use his materials with discretion.

The study of exoticism transports us to strange scenes and new pastures. It shows us the *gay science* and *morbidezza* of the South. It tempts us to follow the track of the musical Borrovian who often shuns the spacious avenues laid out by the Haussmanns of the art. It compels us to set sail with Vanderdecken upon angry seas, for the man of ideas is never completely at rest. But such voyages, if fraught with dangers, put us in possession of a store of knowledge which we may seek in vain elsewhere.



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INDIAN MUSIC

By ANANDA COOMARASWAMY

MUSIC has been a cultivated art in India for at least three thousand years. The chant is an essential element of Vedic ritual; and the references in later Vedic literature, the scriptures of Buddhism, and the Brahmanical epics show that it was already highly developed as a secular art in centuries preceding the beginning of the Christian era. Its zenith may perhaps be assigned to the Imperial age of the Guptas—from the fourth to the sixth century A. D. This was the classic period of Sanskrit literature, culminating in the drama of Kalidasa: and to the same time is assigned the monumental treatise of Bharata on the theory of music and drama.

The art music of the present day is a direct descendant of these ancient schools, whose traditions have been handed down with comment and expansion in the guilds of the hereditary musicians. While the words of a song may have been composed at any date, the musical themes communicated orally from master to disciple are essentially ancient. As in other arts and in life, so here also India presents to us the wonderful spectacle of the still surviving consciousness of the ancient world, with a range of emotional experience rarely accessible to those who are pre-occupied with the activities of over-production, and intimidated by the economic insecurity of a social order based on competition.

The art music of India exists only under cultivated patronage, and in its own intimate environment. It corresponds to all that is most classical in the European tradition. It is the chamber music of an aristocratic society, where the patron retains musicians for his own entertainment and for the pleasure of the circle of

his friends: or it is temple music, where the musician is the servant of God. The public concert is unknown, and the livelihood of the artist does not depend upon his ability and will to amuse the crowd. In other words, the musician is protected. Under these circumstances he is under no temptation to be anything but a musician: his education begins in infancy, and his art remains a vocation. The civilisations of Asia do not afford to the inefficient amateur those opportunities of self-expression which are so highly appreciated in Europe and America. The arts are nowhere taught as a social accomplishment: on the one hand there is the professional, proficient in a traditional art, and on the other the lay public. The musical cultivation of the public does not consist in "everybody doing it," but in appreciation and reverence.

I have indeed heard the strange objection raised that to sing the music of India one must be an artist; and this objection seems to voice a typically democratic disapproval of superiority. But it would be nearly as true to say that the listener must respond with an art of his own, and this would be entirely in accord with Indian theories of æsthetics. The musician in India finds a model audience—technically critical, but somewhat indifferent to voice production. The Indian audience listens rather to the song than to the singing of the song: those who are musical, perfect the rendering of the song by the force of their own imagination and emotion. Under these conditions the actual music is better heard than where the sensuous perfection of the voice is made a *sine qua non*: precisely as the best sculpture is primitive rather than suave, and we prefer conviction to prettiness—"It is like the outward poverty of God,¹ whereby His glory is nakedly revealed." None the less the Indian singer's voice is sometimes of great intrinsic beauty, and sometimes used with sensitive intelligence as well as skill. It is not, however, the voice that makes the singer, as so oftens happens in Europe.

Since Indian music is not written, and cannot be learnt from books, except in theory, it will be understood that the only way for a foreigner to learn it must be to establish between himself and his Indian teachers that special relationship of disciple and master which belongs to Indian education in all its phases: he must enter into the inner spirit and must adopt many of the outer conventions of Indian life, and his study must continue until he can improvise the songs under Indian conditions and to the satisfaction of Indian professional listeners. He must

¹ Mahesvara, who wanders through the world a penniless and naked ascetic.

possess not only the imagination of an artist, but also a vivid memory and an ear sensitive to microtonal inflections.

The theory of scale is everywhere a generalisation from the facts of song. The European art scale has been reduced to twelve fixed notes by merging nearly identical intervals such as E \flat and D \sharp , and it is also tempered to facilitate modulation and free change of key. In other words, the piano is out of tune by hypothesis. Only this compromise, necessitated in the development of harmony, has made possible the triumphs of modern orchestration. A purely melodic art, however, may be no less intensely cultivated, and retains the advantages of pure intonation and modal colouring.

Apart from the tempered instruments of modern Europe there scarcely exists an absolutely fixed scale: at any rate, in India the thing fixed is a group of intervals, and the precise vibration value of a note depends on its position in a progression, not on its relation to a tonic. The scale of twenty-two notes is simply the sum of all the notes used in all the songs—no musician sings a chromatic scale from C to C with twenty-two stopping places, for this would be a mere *tour de force*.

The 'quarter-tone' or *sruti* is the microtonal interval between two successive scale notes: but as the theme rarely employs two and never three scale notes in succession, the microtonal interval is not generally conspicuous except in ornament.

Every Indian song is said to be in a particular *raga* or *ragini*—*ragini* being the feminine of *raga*, and indicating an abridgement or modification of the main theme. The *raga*, like the old Greek and the ecclesiastical mode, is a selection of five, six, or seven notes, distributed along the scale: but the *raga* is more particularized than a mode, for it has certain characteristic progressions, and a chief note to which the singer constantly returns. None of the *ragas* employs more than seven substantive notes, and there is no modulation: the strange tonality of the Indian song is due to the use of unfamiliar intervals, and not to the use of many successive notes with small divisions.

The *raga* may be best defined as a melody mould or the ground plan of a song. It is this ground plan which the master first of all communicates to the pupil; and to sing is to improvise upon the theme thus defined. The possible number of *ragas* is very large, but the majority of systems recognise thirty-six, that is to say six *ragas*, each with five *raginis*. The origin of the *ragas* is various: some, like *Pahari*, are derived from local folk-song, others, like *Jog*, from the songs of wandering ascetics, and still

others are the creation of great musicians by whose names they are known. More than sixty are mentioned in a Sanskrit-Tibetan vocabulary of the seventh century, with names such as 'With-a-voice-like-a-thunder-cloud,' 'Like-the-god-Indra,' and 'Delighting-the-heart.' Amongst the raga names in modern use may be cited 'Spring,' 'Evening beauty,' 'Honey-sweet,' 'The swing,' 'Intoxication.'

Psychologically the word raga, meaning colouring or passion, suggests to Indian ears the idea of mood; that is to say that precisely as in ancient Greece, the musical mode has definite *ethos*. It is not the purpose of the song to repeat the confusion of life, but to express and arouse particular passions of body and soul in man and nature. Each raga is associated with an hour of the day or night when it may be appropriately sung, and some are associated with particular seasons or have definite magic effects. Thus there is still believed the well-known story of a musician whose royal patron arbitrarily insisted on hearing a song in the Dipak raga, which creates fire: the musician obeyed under protest, but as the song proceeded, he burst into flames, which could not be extinguished even though he sprang into the waters of the Jamna. It is just because of this element of magic, and the association of the ragas with the rhythmic ritual of daily and seasonal life, that their clear outlines must not be blurred by modulation: and this is expressed, when the ragas are personified as musical genii, by saying that 'to sing out of the raga' is to break the limbs of these musical angels. A characteristic story is related of the prophet Narada, when he was still but a learner. He thought that he had mastered the whole art of music; but the all-wise Vishnu, to curb his pride, revealed to him in the world of the gods, a spacious building where there lay men and women weeping over their broken arms and legs. They were the ragas and raginis, and they said that a certain sage of the name of Narada, ignorant of music and unskillful in performance, had sung them amiss, and therefore their features were distorted and their limbs broken, and until they were sung truly there would be no cure for them. Then Narada was humbled, and kneeling before Vishnu prayed to be taught the art of music more perfectly: and in due course he became the great musician priest of the gods.

Indian music is a purely melodic art, devoid of any harmonised accompaniment other than a drone. In modern European art, the meaning of each note of the theme is mainly brought out by the notes of the chord which are heard with it; and even in unaccompanied melody, the musician hears an implied harmony.

Unaccompanied folk-song does not satisfy the concert-goer's ear; as pure melody it is the province only of the peasant and the specialist. This is partly because the folk-air played on the piano or written in staff notation is actually falsified: but much more because under the conditions of European art, melody no longer exists in its own right, and music is a compromise between melodic freedom and harmonic necessity. To hear the music of India as Indians hear it one must recover the sense of a pure intonation and must forget all implied harmonies. It is just like the effort which we have to make when for the first time, after being accustomed to modern art, we attempt to read the language of early Italian or Chinese painting, where there is expressed with equal economy of means all that intensity of experience which nowadays we are accustomed to understand only through a more involved technique.

Another feature of Indian song—and so also of the instrumental solo—is the elaborate grace. It is natural that in Europe, where many notes are heard simultaneously, grace should appear as an unnecessary elaboration, added to the note, rather than a structural factor. But in India the note and the microtonal grace compose a closer unity, for the grace fulfils just that function of adding light and shade which in harmonised music is attained by the varying degrees of assonance. The Indian song without grace would seem to Indian ears as bald as the European art song without the accompaniment which it presupposes.

Equally distinctive is the constant portamento. In India it is far more the interval than the note that is sung or played, and we recognize accordingly a continuity of sound: by contrast with this, the European song, which is vertically divided by the harmonic interest and the nature of the keyed instruments which are heard with the voice, seems to unaccustomed Indian ears to be "full of holes."

All the songs, except the 'alaps' are in strict rhythms. These are only difficult to follow at a first hearing because the Indian rhythms are founded, as in prosody, on contrasts of long and short duration, while European rhythms are based on stress, as in dance or marching. The Indian musician does not mark the beginning of the bar by accent. His fixed unit is a section, or group of bars which are not necessarily alike, while the European fixed unit is typically the bar, of which a varying number constitute a section. The European rhythm is counted in multiples of 2 or 3, the Hindu in sums of 2 or 3. Some of the countings are very elaborate: Ata Tala, for example, is counted as 5+5+2+2.

The frequent use of cross rhythms also complicates the form. Indian music is modal in times as well as melody. For all these reasons it is difficult to grasp immediately the point at which a rhythm begins and ends, although this is quite easy for the Indian audience accustomed to quantitative poetic recitation. The best way to approach the Indian rhythm is to pay attention to the phrasing, and ignore pulsation.

The Indian art-song is accompanied by drums, or by the instrument known as a *tambura*, or by both. The *tambura* is of the lute tribe, but without frets: the four very long strings are tuned to sound the dominant, the upper tonic twice, and the octave below, which are common to all ragas: the pitch is adjusted to suit the singer's voice. The four strings are fitted with simple resonators—shreds of wool between the string and the bridge—which are the source of their 'life': and the strings are continuously sounded, making a pedal point background very rich in overtones, and against this dark ground of infinite potentiality the song stands out like an elaborate embroidery. The *tambura* must not be regarded as a solo instrument, nor as an object of separate interest like the piano accompaniment of a modern song: its sound is rather the ambient in which the song lives and moves and has its being.

India has, besides the *tambura*, many solo instruments. By far the most important of these is the *vina*. This classic instrument, which ranks with the violin of Europe and the koto of Japan, and second only to the voice in sensitive response, differs chiefly from the *tambura* in having frets, the notes being made with the left hand and the strings plucked with the right. The delicate nuances of microtonal grace are obtained by deflection of the strings, whole passages being played in this manner solely by a lateral movement of the left hand, without a fresh plucking. While the only difficulty in playing the *tambura* is to maintain an even rhythm against the variation of the rhythm of the song, the *vina* presents all the difficulties of technique that can be imagined, and it is said that at least twelve years are required to attain proficiency.

The Indian singer is a poet, and the poet a singer. The dominant subject matter of the songs is human or divine love in all its aspects, or the direct praise of God, and the words are always sincere and passionate. The more essentially the singer is a musician, however, the more the words are regarded merely as the vehicle of the music: in art-song the words are always brief, voicing a mood rather than telling any story, and they are

used to support the music with little regard to their own logic—precisely as the representative element in a modern painting merely serves as the basis for an organisation of pure form or colour. In the musical form called *alap*—an improvisation on the raga theme, this preponderance of the music is carried so far that only meaningless syllables are used. The voice itself is a musical instrument, and the song is more than the words of the song. This form is especially favoured by the Indian virtuoso, who naturally feels a certain contempt for those whose first interest in the song is connected with the words. The voice has thus a higher status than in Europe, for the music exists in its own right, and not merely to illustrate the words. Rabindranath Tagore has written on this:

When I was very young I heard the song, 'Who dressed you like a foreigner?', and that one line of the song painted such a strange picture in my mind that even now it is sounding in my memory. I once tried to compose a song myself under the spell of that line. As I hummed the tune, I wrote the first line of the song, 'I know thee, thou stranger,' and if there were no tune to it, I cannot tell what meaning would be left in the song. But by the power of the spell of the tune the mysterious figure of that stranger was evoked in my mind. My heart began to say, 'There is a stranger going to and fro in this world of ours—her house is on the further shore of an ocean of mystery—sometimes she is to be seen in the autumn morning, sometimes in the flowery midnight—sometimes we receive an intimation of her in the depths of our heart—sometimes I hear her voice when I turn my ear to the sky.' The tune of my song led me to the very door of that stranger who ensnares the universe and appears in it, and I said:

'Wandering over the world
I come to thy land:
I am a guest at thy door, thou stranger.'

One day, many days afterwards, there was someone going along the road singing:

'How does that unknown bird go to and away from the cage?
Could I but catch it, I would set the chain of my mind about its feet!'

I saw that that folk-song, too, said the very same thing! Sometimes the unknown bird comes to the closed cage and speaks a word of the limitless unknown—the mind would keep it forever, but cannot. What but the tune of a song could report the coming and going of that unknown bird? Because of this I always feel a hesitation in publishing a book of songs, for in such a book the main thing is left out.

This Indian music is essentially impersonal: it reflects an emotion and an experience which are deeper and wider and older

than the emotion or wisdom of any single individual. Its sorrow is without tears, its joy without exultation and it is passionate without any loss of serenity. It is in the deepest sense of the words all-human. But when the Indian prophet speaks of inspiration, it is to say that the Vedas are eternal, and all that the poet achieves by his devotion is to hear or see: it is then Sarasvati, the goddess of speech and learning, or Narada, whose mission it is to disseminate occult knowledge in the sound of the strings of his vina, or Krishna, whose flute is forever calling us to leave the duties of the world and follow Him—it is these, rather than any human individual, who speak through the singer's voice, and are seen in the movements of the dancer.

Or we may say that this is an imitation of the music in heaven. The master musicians of India are always represented as the pupils of a god, or as visiting the heavenworld to learn there the music of the spheres—that is to say, their knowledge springs from a source far within the surface of the empirical activity of the waking consciousness. In this connection it is explained why it is that human art must be studied, and may not be identified with the imitation of our everyday behaviour. When Siva expounds the technique of the drama to Bharata—the famous author of the *Natya Sastra*—he declares that human art must be subject to law, because in man the inner and outer life are still in conflict. Man has not yet found Himself, but all his activity proceeds from a laborious working of the mind, and all his virtue is self-conscious. What we call our life is merely artificiality, far from the harmony of art, which rises above good and evil. It is otherwise with the gods, whose every gesture immediately reflects the affections of the inner life. Art is an imitation of that perfect spontaneity—the identity of intuition and expression in those who are of the kingdom of heaven, which is within us. Thus it is that art is nearer to life than any fact can be; and Mr. Yeats has reason when he says that Indian music, though its theory is so elaborate and its technique so difficult, is not an art, but life itself.

For it is the inner reality of things, rather than any transient or partial experience that the singer voices. "Those who sing here," says Sankaracarya, "sing God": and the *Vishnu Purana* adds, "All songs are a part of Him, who wears a form of sound." We could deduce from this a metaphysical interpretation of technique. In all art there are monumental and articulate elements, masculine and feminine factors which are unified in perfect form. We have here the sound of the tambura which is

heard before the song, during the song, and continues after it: that is the timeless absolute, which as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. On the other hand there is the song itself which is the variety of Nature, emerging from its source and returning at the close of its cycle. The harmony of that undivided Ground with this intricate Pattern is the unity of Spirit and Matter. We see from this why this music could not be improved by harmonisation, even if harmonisation were possible without destroying the modal bases: for in breaking up the Ground into an articulate accompaniment, we should merely create a second melody, another universe competing with the freedom of the song itself, and we should destroy the peace of the Abyss on which it rests.

This would defeat the purpose of the singer. Here in this ego-conscious world we are subject to mortality. But this mortality is an illusion, and all its truths are relative: over against this world of change and separation there is a timeless and spaceless Peace which is the source and goal of all our being—"that noble Pearl," in the words of Behmen, "which to the World appears Nothing, but to the Children of Wisdom is All Things." Every religious teacher offers us those living waters. But the way is hard and long: we are called upon to leave houses and lands, fathers and mothers and wives to achieve an end which in our imperfect language we can only speak of as Non-existence. Many of us have great possessions, and the hardest of these to surrender are our own will and identity. What guarantee have we that the reward will be commensurate with the toil?

Indian theory declares that in the ecstasies of love and art we already receive an intimation of that redemption. This is also the Katharsis of the Greeks, and it is found in the æsthetic of modern Europe when Goethe says

For beauty they have sought in every age
He who perceives it is from himself set free—

aus sich entrückt. We are assured by the experience of æsthetic contemplation that Paradise is a reality.

In other words the magical effects of a song in working mere miracles are far surpassed by its effects upon our inner being. The singer is still a magician, and the song is a ritual, a sacred ceremony, an ordeal which is designed to set at rest that wheel of the imagination and the senses which alone hinder us from contact with reality. But to achieve this ordeal the sycophant must coöperate with the musician by the surrender of

the will, and by drawing in his restless thought to a single point of concentration: this is not the time or place for curiosity or admiration. Our attitude towards an unknown art should be far from the sentimental or romantic, for it can bring to us nothing that we have not already with us in our own hearts: the peace of the Abyss which underlies all art is one and the same, whether we find it in Europe or in Asia.

THREE CENTURIES OF FRENCH MEDIÆVAL MUSIC

NEW CONCLUSIONS AND SOME NOTES.

By AMÉDÉE GASTOUÉ

ALL the historians of our art admit that from about the third quarter of the XIth century till the corresponding quarter of the XIVth century, it was French music which dictated its laws to Europe. Monks of Limoges and Discantus singers of Notre Dame de Paris, Troubadours of the South or Trouvères of the North, such were the first masters of French music, which was to enjoy such great influence in the artistic world of the Middle Ages.

The few scholars who have studied this epoch, so curious, have generally sought to specialise in one or other of the scientific branches implied by these researches: it is to such researches that must be attributed the merit of such general views as one can hope to be able to construct on this ground. But, it must be admitted, what each of these specialists has sought to deduce in his own sphere,—or indeed, the greater part of the general views, too hasty as to the conclusions, attempted so far, whatever may have been the merit of their authors,—cannot give an exact and precise idea of the development of our art at this period.

I should like to contribute, therefore, by a few special points made in this study, to laying the foundations of a work which shall view the subject as a whole, a work of which I have been preparing the details for years, with a view to publishing later on the precious remains of French music of the Middle Ages.

THE SOURCES

If we omit the few *incunabula*, or early examples, which, in any case, are still practically dead letters to us, dating from the IXth to the XIth century, we get at once to the precious manuscripts of the Limoges school, the earliest in date. Three volumes from the famous St. Martial's Abbey at Limoges, preserved at the Paris National Library, supply us with six different sources, with their additions, for the earlier part of the *ars antiqua*, that is, from about 1075 to 1180. As these volumes have not yet been examined

in detail by any modern musical scholar, I shall designate them by the sigla *S. M.* They include: 1° Bibl. Nat. Paris Latin 1139, fol. 32 to 82' (*S. M.*¹)

This volume is a factitious miscellaneous collection of sundry pieces from the XIth century to the XIIIth century. The oldest part of it happens to be just the part that interests us; written in very small lettering (minuscule script) in the early Aquitainian musical characters, it is almost entirely by *one* hand and presents, paleographically, the characters of a manuscript copied in the first quarter of the XIIth century by a hand used to the small letter writing of the preceding century. It contains about 60 pieces, some in Latin and some in the vulgar tongue (French) of which one is in *organum*; three others are to be found, likewise in *organum*, in the later manuscripts of Limoges. The style of the Latin text is not earlier than the last quarter of the XIth century;—the same remark applies to the Provençal texts, which are thus contemporary with the first Troubadour, William VII of Poitiers. The musical style of the greater part of the pieces is that of the "pastourelles" or little pastoral poems, which were sung up to the XIVth century.¹

2° The *Ms.* 3719 of the same collection, like the other, factitious, goes from the beginning of the XIIth century to the early years of the XIIIth. It offers four different parts, which are interesting as regards our own music.

ff. 23 to 32—*S. M.*² writing and notes of the music fairly resembling those of *S. M.*¹; this is the most ancient of the four.

ff. 15 to 22—*S. M.*³ same sort of notes, writing slightly later.

ff. 33 to 44—*S. M.*⁴ music with clef letters, stave in point, from about the middle of the XIIth century.

ff. 45 to 89—*S. M.*⁵ to a great extent a collection of *organa* of about the same period as the preceding one. This *Ms.* and the following one contain several Proses of Adam de Saint-Victor, arranged in florid *organum*.

3° The Latin *Ms.* 3549, another factitious collection, rather later on the whole, offers to us:

ff. 149 to 169—*S. M.*⁶ consisting almost entirely of chants in *organum*.

I will add to these six principal sources the additions that are to be found in places such as the foot of the pages, the margins, and the blank sheets, and there will also be added a *conductus*, copied, in the writing of about the middle of the XIIth century, on a fly-leaf of the Latin *Ms.* 1087, from Cluny. (Cf. also *Ms. Additional* 36,881 of the British Museum, having the same characteristic.)

These different sources occasionally reproduce the same pieces, which enables the expert to class them exactly; a few are dated, as for instance, those written for the first Crusade, and after the taking of Jerusalem.³ In all they furnish us with nearly *one hundred and fifty* pieces of music, sacred and secular, among which about sixty are in *organum*, and two *motets*,³ the only ones discovered so far. *S. M.*¹ has hardly anything but monodies. In the following sources, the proportion of the *organa* increases; the two motets are in *S. M.*⁵ and *S. M.*⁹ which are the latest and, while confirming the deductions of F. Ludwig and Pierre Aubry on the origin of this form, they throw new light on the subject.⁴

The manuscripts of the Northern schools, (XIIth century), hardly offer anything but the Latin Proses in the discantus of the manuscripts of Douai, the type of which is represented by the *Verbum bonum* published in De Coussemaker's "Art harmonique." Four other manuscripts of the XIIIth century, respectively from a church in the North (which I have not yet been able to identify)⁵ from the Abbey at Lire in Normandy,⁶ from the Cathedrals of Rheims⁷ and Rouen⁸; lastly, two other manuscripts of the XIVth century, which bring us back to the South, since they come from Fontevault⁹ and Perigueux,¹⁰ have the same sort of repertory. There is no reason whatever to suppose that these pieces are anything but very slightly older than the manuscripts containing them.¹¹

With the XIIIth century, we have abundant and voluminous sources: fifteen great manuscripts for Singers or Minstrels, with music. They are either from the North (works of the Trouvères) or of the South (works of the Troubadours) not to mention those of Gautier of Coincy (died in 1236) of which we have a dozen different examples; about the same number of motets and *conductus* (a sort of motet); and the great *discantum volumina* of the repertory of Notre Dame de Paris. In all, fifty manuscripts, some being of considerable importance, fully initiate us into the different forms of the musical art of this period. Treatises on the theory of music complete these sources of information.¹²

The same styles of music occur in some other manuscripts of the XIVth century, which help to clarify completely a repertoire of music which is so greatly appreciated by connoisseurs, and which reached its finished form in the compositions of the greatest master of this period, Guillaume de Machaut.

Born a little before 1300, Guillaume de Machaut, who died after 1362, has till now been studied more on account of his literary work¹³—for he is one of our principal French poets—than

for his music.¹⁴ This latter is considerable in quantity, and we possess several excellent manuscripts. The most ancient, which in all likelihood date from the lifetime of the author, are: Bibl. Nat. Paris, French, 1584; 22,545-46; 9221. They contain seventeen "lays"; twenty-three motets, some secular, some sacred, for three and four voices; two of them are written with tenor and counter-tenor parts; and four parts for instruments, which by preludes and interludes, alternate with the vocal passages; the celebrated Mass for four voice-parts; an instrumental piece for three voice-parts, entitled "David"; forty-five ballads with music, with or without instruments; twenty rondels for two and three voices; thirty-three "chansons baladées" or monodies, nearly all with a *refrain*; finally, six pieces of various kinds, a "complaint," a "chanson royale," etc., scattered through his poem *Remède de Fortune*. (I have collated the works of Guillaume de Machaut, in order to establish the text of his compositions. Some were still being sung during the Renaissance).

ON THE CHRONOLOGY OF SOME MUSICIANS.

The Troubadours and Trouvères have had the good fortune to interest the philologists in their literary works. Everything that can possibly be known about them is found in minute detail in numerous works. But the masters of this epoch, who were merely musicians, are not so well-known, and inaccurate details have often been published as to the approximate dates of their careers.

I therefore in the following make a point of offering dates and reliable synchronisms on some of these masters of the XIIth and XIIIth centuries and their identity.

Maître Léonin.—Nothing very precise is known about Maître Léonin, the author of the first *Liber Organi* of the Cathedral of Paris. Nothing in the Cathedral archives nor in those of St. Victor justifies one in identifying him with the canon Léonin, nor with the poet Leonius (a conclusion rather hastily drawn by some musical scholars). Furthermore, Maître Léonin could not have been a titular canon of the Cathedral, for musical functions such as those filled by him were entrusted to those called "matins clerks," whose leader, the "Cantor matutarum," had a share in the prebends of the chapel of St. Aignan in the City, founded in 1119 by the only too notorious Etienne de Garlande.¹⁵

Oswald Koller,¹⁶ who places Léonin about the beginning of the XIIth century, makes him, therefore, live at too early a date.

But we know from the references in treatises of the following century that Léonin wrote a little earlier than Pérotin, surnamed "the Great."

Pérotin the Great.—Numerous mistakes have been made about Pérotin. Musical scholars generally fix by mere estimate his activity at about 1150; Koller¹⁷ makes him live a little later than the beginning of the XIIth century; Pierre Aubry, incidentally in his "Cent Motets" (III. 9) places him in the first years of the XIIIth century. Let us try to fix, a little better, if possible, the period when this interesting composer lived.¹⁸

Maître Pérotin "the Great" was the first to write for three or four voices.¹⁹ He re-composed, for the choir of Notre-Dame de Paris, the book of his predecessor Léonin, introducing new rhythms and a chromaticism that was unusual for his time. We are sure of several of his works, because they are quoted by theorists of the XIIIth century. Some of these are the pieces for four voices, the "quadrupla" *Viderunt* for Christmas Day; *Sederunt* for the Feast of St. Stephen; the "tripla," no less famous, of the Alleluia *Nativitas*, for September 8th, and of the *Posui adjutorium*; among these "conduits" for three voices, the *Salvatoris hodie*; among those for two voices *Dum sigillum summi Patris*; among those for one voice, *Beata viscera* et *Justitia*. Now the synchronism of many of these details is easily demonstrated. FIRST, The name of "the great church of the Blessed Virgin," (commonly called "Notre-Dame") for the Cathedral of Paris, the same choir in which Robert de Sabilon officiated, in the XIIIth century, only applies to the present edifice, of which the first stone was blessed by Pope Alexander III in 1163, and of which the choir was finished and the high altar consecrated twenty years later. SECOND, Two acts of Bishop Odon de Sully,²⁰ mention for the first time, the quadruple *Viderunt*, among the pieces to be sung at Christmas (letter of 1198) and the quadruple *Sederunt* on St. Stephen's Day, for the singers of which he provides in his will (he died in 1208) certain gratuities. THIRD, We know one of the "libretto-writers"—to use a modern term—who supplied Pérotin with words for his pieces, for instance, for the "conduit" *Beata viscera*: the celebrated Parisian Latin poet Philippe de Grève,²¹ who seems to have begun to write about 1190, was Chancellor of the Church of Paris from 1218 on, and died in 1236. FOURTH, The volumes of "discantus" and of "*organum*," which have preserved the "conduits" or motets of Pérotin, such as the famous Book of the Choir of Notre Dame, improperly known as the "Antiphonaire de Pierre de Medicis."²² Other pieces, of which the words are by Philippe

de Grève, above named, accompany these works. Contemporary events are here made use of, such as the death of the celebrated Peter the Chorister, precentor⁵³ of the Church of Paris, who died in 1197; that of St. Guillaume, formerly Canon of the same church, afterwards Archbishop of Bourges, who died in 1209; that of King Philip-Augustus in 1223; or of St. Francis of Assisi in 1226, etc.

All these dates are absolutely concordant, therefore perfectly decisive: Maitre Pérotin le Grand composed for the choir of Notre Dame, after 1183; he wrote works which correspond with the decisions of Bishop Odon de Sully in 1198 and 1208; was a collaborator of Philip de Grève, who flourished as a poet about 1190-1236. Consequently the career of Pérotin must be placed approximately between the dates 1183-1236.⁵⁴

Conclusion on Léonin. The epoch in which Léonin, the most remarkable of his immediate predecessors, lived, can hardly be placed earlier than in the second half of the XIIth century.

Robert de Sabilon. Likewise, Pérotin gives us the clue for one of his principal successors, Robert de Sabilon, who can have flourished only during the second third of the XIIIth century. Thus the treatises *Discantus positio vulgaris* and the Anonymous Ms. VII, forming part of his teaching, should be attributed to the same period. Besides, these treatises speak of motets later adapted to *organa* of Pérotin, or having Philippe de Grève for an author, or figuring for the first time in the additions to the Miracle Plays of Gautier de Coincy, who died in 1236. Robert de Sabilon and these two treatises are, then, not anterior to 1236.

Jean de Garlande, senior. The conclusions of divers scholars have placed him successively either towards the end of the XIIth century, (Koller *op. cit.*) or in the first quarter of the XIIIth century (Allix in *S. I. M.*) or in the very wide interval (which has the advantage of agreeing with all opinions) between 1190 and 1264 (Joh. Wolf). But beyond his character as a musician, Jean de Garlande is a personage known and identified, a fact which hitherto seems to have escaped the notice of scholars: he appears as a professor at the University of Toulouse from 1229 to 1231. Besides his *De Musica*, he composed a *De Grammatica*; and lastly he is mentioned as a poet about 1252.⁵⁵ These dates coincide with those given for the preceding musicians; furthermore they explain how it is that Jean de Garlande forms the connecting link between them and the treatises or books on singing in which is met with, for the first time, *proportional notation*; in fact, these manuscripts,—a thing amply demonstrated either

by the dates they bear, or by internal evidence,—follow each other between about 1260 and 1275. It is at this time that Aristotle Beda⁸⁶ and Francon of Paris, the real inventors of proportional notation,⁸⁷ appear as theorists; and as composers, Adam de le Hale and those responsible for additions to the *Roman de Renart* and to that of *Fauvel*. These are the immediate predecessors of Guillaume de Machaut.

REMARKS ON THE INSTRUMENTS.

In 1914, at the Paris Congress of the I. M. G., I was rather severely criticized by several colleagues for the part, however modest, that I had accorded to the instruments in the accompaniments of vocal music, on the occasion of the recital of the Early French Masters at the Sainte Chapelle.

With no desire to treat "ex professo" of instrumental music in the Middle Ages, I should merely like here to set down a few justifying remarks:

1st. Treatises so early as those of *organum* in the Xth century and in the XIth century⁸⁸ teach us that in harmonisation we are not to go below the "plaga triti" of the low tetrachord, (= Ut C.) because the *organum* does not go any lower than this note. What does this mean? We have here the amphibology of the term *organum*, meaning both the *organ*, instrument, and the vocal harmonisation established according to the same principles as the playing of the organ. Now, the organ, at this period, did not, as a matter of fact, go down lower than this note (A. in the tablature of Notker Labeo). I conclude from this that the vocal *organa* (of course those which are mixed with diaphonies) were accompanied on the organ.

2nd. The anonymous Ms. iv of de Coussemaker (Scriptores, I, 363) cites the case in which the *organa* are accompanied by stringed instruments.

3rd. There are numerous illustrations in the manuscripts or in stained glass windows of the XIIth and XIIIth centuries in which there are secular singers accompanying themselves on instruments with bows, with a hand-wheel or with plucked strings; and in which church singers play on little portative hand-organs. (*portatilia*).

4th. In the monasteries of the Cluny Order, harmonic pieces were accompanied on the organ as far back as the XIIth century; this usage spread rapidly.⁸⁹

5th. There was an organ at the Sainte Chapelle, Paris, as early as the XIIIth century.⁹⁰

6th. Let us recall the passage of the "Roman de la Rose," already quoted by our colleague, Mr. H. Quittard, where the poet recalls the "little portative organs"

Où il meismes souffle et touche,
Et chante avec, à pleine bouche,
Motès, ou treble, ou teneure.³⁷

Whereon himselve he bloweth and toucheth,
Singinge the while full lustily
Motés, or treble, or teneure.

And compare with this the Spanish poem by Juan Ruiz, slightly more modern, it is true, but not less characteristic:

Dulce caño entero sal con el pandurete
Con sonajos de azofar fasen dulce sonete
Los Organos dizen chasones é motete.³⁸

A rich soft strain will come out from the bandore
With brass instruments will sweet songs be performed
Organs will chant chansons and motets.

ON RHYTHM AND TRANSCRIPTIONS

Down to the period when the notation expresses *completely*, in precise values, the *duration*, and up to a certain point, what we now call the *time*,—that is, until the epoch of *Fauvel*, about 1315³⁹ there is, in all the different kinds of chants, whether monodies or polyphonic chants, cultivated since the end of the XIth century, a rhythmic feature which escapes us. I will go further and contend on the basis of the hundreds and hundreds of the pieces of this period that have passed through my hands: *in each separate genre quite a large part of this rhythmic system will always remain a sealed book*. Here is the reason:

1st. We know with scientific certainty, because the treatises say so, and because the notation indicates it, that the *polyphonic* pieces, from the time of Pérotin are *measured* by *ternary rhythms*, and we know how to interpret their notation. (This interpretation is greatly facilitated for us by the transcriptions of motets composed after the *organa*).

2nd. We also know, for analogous reasons, and by the transcriptions made of them from about 1260 on, that the *monodies* with *syllabic* chants, or presenting but *rarely groups* or ligatures, were chanted in the same way, and that this rhythm was applied

to songs or to Latin pieces of the same kind, as far back as the earliest period.

But we also know:

3rd. That the polyphonic style, prior to the Pérotin period, ignored these proportions; that it had but *long notes of binary rhythm* or *short notes of non-isochronal duration*, and there is nothing to show how the groupings are to be interpreted rhythmically.

Also, we do not know:

4th. How to render the monodic pieces with numerous and extended ligatures. For (a) if we simply transcribe them according to the mere "modal rule" of verses, we get musical *absurdities* and practical *impossibilities*.⁵⁴ (b) These songs, when they were transcribed in proportional notation towards the end of the XIIIth century were *modified*, (c) or else the melodies were recast (*see* the transcriptions below).

Two facts are especially typical:

I. The manuscripts (of the XIIIth century) which have preserved for us the songs of the XIIth century, *do not agree with each other*, either in their groupings or in the succession of the notes, with reference to these earlier pieces;

II. If we take the work of an author living at the period when proportional notation was established, Adam de le Hale (between 1260 and 1280), we remark this strange fact, which the experienced editor (de Coussemaker) had well noticed long ago: the music of the Rondeaux and Motets—that is, the polyphonic pieces—as well as that of the "Pastourelles" or pastoral songs, in other words, syllabic monodies or nearly so, has the notes written in conformity with the Franconian doctrine, of ternary rhythms. On the contrary, the music of the songs having ligatures (including the "jeux-partis") is written with disconnected notes, in *free notation* like that of plain chant.

I therefore consider that certain pieces should be interpreted in *ternary rhythms*, according to the precise directions given by the manuscripts of the time. These pieces are: 1st. Monodies in the simple style. 2nd. Polyphonic pieces from the period of Pérotin.—On the other hand we ought to consider as being in *free rhythm*: 1st. The earlier *organa*, such as those of Limoges or the works of Léonin. 2nd. The monodies with developed ligatures.

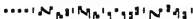
Moreover, as to the latter point, the treatises compel that interpretation. Indeed, the examples of the sixth "manerie" or "(rhythmic) mode," entirely composed of short notes, are uniformly notated either with three tone ligatures or with mixed ligatures,—which would appear to be conclusive.

The following are a few examples:

- A. Example of the sixth mode (reproduced by Joh. Wolf, *Handbuch*, p. 232):



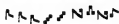
- B. Another example, extracted from the treatise of Amerus Cap. xxiv (ed. Kromolicki):



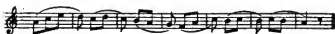
- B'. Another, from the treatise of Beda:



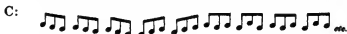
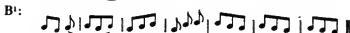
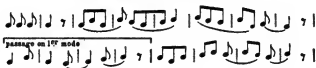
- C. Another, from the same treatise:



A: TRANSCRIPTIONS



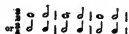
B: [Passage in the 1st mode]



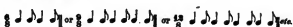
I have not divided these examples into bar-line measures, but have simply separated the rhythm groups by dotted lines, because these "maneries" are not real "bars," as we understand the word now, but merely rhythmical elements, which are analogous to the foot or the meter in ancient verse.

Several of these "maneries" would have to be put together to make one of our musical "bars" or measures. That is why, in measured pieces, I have habitually adopted the quaver ♪, the crotchet, ♩, the dotted crotchet ♪., to represent respectively the short note, the short "altera" or imperfect long note, and the perfect long, grouping these values according to the connections of the "maneries" in $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{2}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, etc., time according as these maneries are grouped in *ordo primus, secundus, tertius, etc.* For it is the *ordo* which effectually corresponds, in most cases, to our "time."

Thus, where my predecessors have written a series of measures in three time,




which only account for the constitutive elements of the rhythm, I write:²⁶



For the pieces and passages in which the rhythm is uncertain or free, I employ the simple note (without a stroke) • for the ordinary "punctum," the small note • for the plicas and the following, ■ for the notes having the great length of the *organa*.

EXAMPLES OF TRANSCRIPTIONS

All these examples are transcribed, for the convenience of the reader, in the tenor clef of sol: 

MONODIES

I Latin song for the First Crusade (1095-1099).

S. M.¹ f° 50.

Probable rhythm, 1st anacrusis mode.

Je - ru - sa - lem mi - ra - bi - lis, Urbs be - a - ti - or - a - li -
 sa, Quam per - ma - nes op - ta - bi - lis, Gan - den - ti - bus te an - ge - lis.

²⁶This line has divers variants, according to the verses.

II Pastourelle of the Troubadour Marcabru (before 1147)

Ms. Chansonnier provençal (Provençal song-book) R. f. 5.

Rhythm indicated by the notation, which is semi-proportional, in this Ms.:
2nd mode.

L'autrier, jost u - na se - bis - sa, Tro - bey pas - to - ra mes - tis - sa;
De jol e de sen mas - sis - sa, Si com fil - ha de vi - la - na.
Cap'e go - nel'e pe - lis - sa,
Vest e ca - mi - za tres - lis - sa, Sol - lars e causse de la - na.

N. B.—For the 3rd mode, I note it thus: ♩ = ♩ ♪ ♪

III Fragments of the song "Rose ne lis" ("nor rose nor lily") by
Blondiaus (end of XIIth century) after three Mss.

Rythm free, uncertain; divergent melodic versions.

... Car la vall - lanx à cul mes coers s'a - tent M'a
(ira bile)
fait lonc - tens ren - vol - sier en par - dou... je mor - ral.

POLYPHONIES

I Florid or ornamented organum of the ancient school with uncer -
tain rythm.S. M.^s f. 46^v—S. M.^s 159^v.

San - ctus Spi - ri - tus ad -



II Organum by Pérotin.

(Beginning of the *Alleluia* ♪ *Posui*).

Rhythm certain (Mss. of the *Liber Organi* of Notre Dame).

Two systems of musical notation. The first system has three staves: a vocal line (treble clef, one sharp), a lute/organ line (C-clef, one sharp), and a lower lute/organ line (C-clef, one sharp). The lyrics 'Al - etc.' are written below the first system. The second system continues the organum with similar staves and lyrics.

III Fragment of the "Conductus" "*Flos de spina*."

Same kind of notation and rhythm; same mss.³⁸

Two systems of musical notation. The first system has three staves: a vocal line (treble clef, one sharp), a lute/organ line (C-clef, one sharp), and a lower lute/organ line (C-clef, one sharp). The lyrics 'Ro - rant ce - li, nu - - bes plu - - unt,' are written below the first system. The second system continues the conductus with similar staves and lyrics 'Stil - lant mon - tes, col - les flu - - unt: . . . etc.'

NOTES

¹The "pastourelle" is characterized by a simple air of a popular turn; with only one note to each syllable, or nearly always so; and having the rhythm strongly marked according to the poetic accentuation of the words.

²These pieces have been the object of numerous studies on the part of philologists and historians: see the *Repertorium Hymnologicum* of UL. CHEVALIER, Nos. 9451 and 12071.

³Later on, I intend to devote a special article to them.

⁴A luminous exposition of these deductions was made by PIERRE AUBRY in "*Cent motets du XIII^e Siècle*" (Paris, Société Internationale de Musique, 1908) Vol. III; I shall return to this subject, later on, when studying the two motets of the Limoges school mentioned here.

⁵This is the supplement of the Ms. of the repertory of Notre Dame de Paris contained in the Ms. of Wolfenbüttel, 677. (Helm, 628): this supplement consists of proses and tropes, of which part have never been in use in and around Paris, but only in cities such as Arras, Noyon, Marchiennes, those of Artois and Flanders, and even, in two cases, at Canterbury and Hereford.

⁶London, British Museum, *Addit.* 16975.

⁷Assisi Ms. 695. The German scholars did not know of the publication and identification of this Ms. made by UL. CHEVALIER in Vol. VII of his "*Bibliothèque Liturgique*." So it is not a "Prosaire" of Paris, either, as Ludwig rather carelessly suggested.

⁸Rouen, Ms. 277 (anc. Y. 50).

⁹Limoges, 2 (17).

¹⁰London, Brit. Mus. Egerton, 945.

¹¹I am, therefore, by no means in agreement with LUDWIG, *Repertorium organorum et motetorum*, (Halle, 1911), who considers these sources to be those of the earliest repertory.

¹²The readers of this Review are begged to excuse me for not giving in detail all these sources, the mere statement of which would take several pages, and of which they will find the equivalent in Aubry, Beck, Ludwig and Wolf.

¹³See CHEVALIER "*Répertoire Bibliographique*," and the "*Histoire de la Littérature Française*," by PETIT DE JULLEVILLE, the two most recent works with information as to the sources on Guillaume de Machaut.

¹⁴The only study of any length on the musical works of this great composer is to be found in JOH. WOLF *Geschichte der Mensural Notation* (Leipzig, 1904). To this may be added the additional observations made on this subject by LUDWIG as a bibliographical review of Wolf's work in the *Sammelbande* of the I. M. G. VI, 604 and after.

¹⁵One might profitably consult CHARTIER's book: "*L'ancien Chapitre de Notre Dame de Paris*" (Paris, Perrin, 1897), Chap. III and IV.

¹⁶The article on *Léonin* in the *Quellen-Lexicon* by EITNER, in which he sums up his former studies.

¹⁷Id. op. art. *Pérotin*.

¹⁸The data on *Pérotin's* work (as also on that of *Léonin*) are given by the "*Anonymus IV*" and JOHN DE GARLANDE (*Scriptores*, published by De Coussemaker, Vol. I.) I recapitulate them here.

¹⁹Without prejudice to the possible imitation of English popular music, much might be said on the penetration of the musical, university and ecclesiastical circles in France by English elements: one of the Léonins, John of Salisbury, John of Garlande, John Balloche, (or Ballox), Stephen Langton, are only a

few of the most qualified representatives. I may recall the intimate relations existing between St. Thomas à Becket, the celebrated Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Abbey of St. Victor in Paris.

¹⁰These Acts are to be found in the Cartulary of Notre Dame. "*Cartulaire Episcopale*." LXXVI, and CXCI (ed. GUÉRAND, Vol. I, 76, and IV, 108).

¹¹Aubry, at the time of his death (1910) was preparing the materials for an edition of Philippe de Grève: I owe him several bits of information that are to be found in this article. The equivalent will be found in a work, quoted above, published by Ludwig the following year.

¹²Florence, Laurentian, Pluteus XXIX, 1. An account of this Ms. will be found for the "conduits" and "rondeaux" in Leopold DELISLE *Annuaire Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire de France* of the year 1885.

¹³The Precentor, or lay-clerk, "Monsieur le Chantre," as he was called in later times, in the Church or Diocese of Paris, had only the supervision of the teaching in the Parisian Schools; his musical prerogatives were purely honorary and conventional. The singers of the Cathedral, men and choir-boys, were under the immediate supervision of the sub-chanter or *succeutor*, and it is uncertain whether this personage had any share in the conducting of the music, although in the course of time we find several sub-chanters having previously fulfilled the actual function of choir-master. (See Chartier, op. cit., 193).

¹⁴The name of "Pérotin" is but a diminutive and familiar name for "Pierre;" hence it may well be that Pérotin was the sub-chanter Pierre, whose signature is to be found in many places in the pieces contained in the Cartulary of Notre Dame between 1208 and 1238. Le Beuf, however, thinks this Pierre to have been a former Vicar of the parish of St. Jean-en-Grève.

¹⁵See CHEVALIER "*Répertoire Bibliographique*," with the names of all the works on this subject.

¹⁶Modern musical scholars affect to call this theorist the "Pseudo-Aristotle" or "Pseudo-Beda." Why so? The names of Aristotle and Beda are much used in the Middle Ages. Until we have further knowledge on the subject, I shall continue calling this personage by the two names under which his works are mentioned.

¹⁷In agreement with the majority of my colleagues, I had long quoted as of highest rank, Walter Odington, whom we believed to have lived 50 years earlier, confusing Walter of Enesham and Walter of Evesham, but the excellent notice in the "English National Biography" has placed the theorist at his proper date, that is to say, in the first third of the XIVth century.

¹⁸*Musica enchiriadis; Scholia enchiriadis;* and the *Micrologus* of Guido d'Arezzo, inspired, let us not forget, by French musical teaching.

¹⁹See the very curious and very precise texts quoted by me in my book on "*La Musique d'Eglise*" (Lyon, Janin, 1911, p. 63 to 66).

²⁰See MICHEL BRENET, *Les musiciens de la St^e Chapelle*, Paris, 1910, p. 12 and 2.

²¹*Teneure*—tenor, that is to say the plain-chant with long values; *molts*—the part of the counter-chant above the tenor; *treble*, still used in English, is the highest part, *triplez*.

²²Quoted by Arthur George Hill, "*Medieval organs in Spain*," in *Sammlbände*," I. M. G. 1913, v. 14, p. 490.

²³The musical interpolations of the *Roman de Fauvel* have been published in fac-simile of the Ms. Fr. 146 of the Bibliothèque Nationale, by Aubry (Paris, Gauthner, 1907).

²⁴I refer the reader here simply to the transcriptions that Aubry and Beck, especially the latter, have tried, after this system, of the songs having "ligatures." Their rhythm, thus transcribed, corresponds to *nothing* of what we know of the music of the Middle Ages. I will say as much of the attempts of Hugo Riemann, which border on pure fantasy.

²⁵I employed this method as far back as 1898 for the "*Custodi nos*" sung under the direction of Mr. Drees at one of my first lectures, then published and performed again at the recital in the Sainte Chapelle, Paris, in 1914, on the occasion of the Congress of the I. M. G.

I pointed it out to Aubry, who tried it in his article on "*Un Explicit en musique du Roman de Fausel*," (Paris, Champion, 1906), and who, while quite recognizing its soundness, did not, however, dare to utilize it. (Cent Motets, III, 139).

²⁶Compare for these series of ternary or varied ligatures, the examples of the vith mode and the *conductus* No. 3 given below.

²⁷I follow the version of the Ms. W².

²⁸Version of St. Gall, 383.

²⁹Type of the "currentes," the only sort of "diminutions" existing in the classical music of this period.

(Translated by H. Morette)

THE BOY CHOIR FAD

By N. LINDSAY NORDEN

THE boy choir fad has grown so alarmingly that the choral ideals of the American church will degenerate unless a decisive check is firmly put upon this disastrous evil in church music. At the present time, the standards are so very low that many recognized musicians deem the field of religious music unworthy of their serious attention and interest. The realm of church music, as a whole, is not a prominent factor in the development of artistic standards in this country.

The boy choir propaganda may be argued from many points of view—musical efficiency, psychology, tradition, sentiment, finance, or from the viewpoint of religious training; but I can see not one unbiased, truthful, substantial argument which may be brought to its support. The following brief examination intends to bring out these facts. It is, of course, necessary to include some of the well-known arguments against the institution, in order to cover the whole ground.

There never has been, and there never will be, any child twelve years of age—no matter to what musical training he has been subjected,—whose vocal ability will measure up to the standard of that of an adult, who, through a longer training period, is able to acquire a greater amount of musical ability, and retains and uses it with intelligence and understanding. This statement is, of course, undeniable. When one considers the training period necessary to prepare a boy's voice for use during the brief term of a few years, it is immediately obvious that the energy expended in this process is practically wasted. Comparing this with the case of the adult, whose vocal compass is a permanent possession, and whose choral training is, therefore, cumulative, it requires but little logic to perceive the inherent inferiority of the boy choir. This statement, too, admits of no possible reply. Permanency of corps is one of the fundamental elements in ensemble work, but with the children's choir this is out of the question. When the boy choir was introduced into our country, the essential feature which made for the support of the institution in England (from which the whole business was copied), was neglected here—that is, the choir school. There are now a few of these scattered

throughout the country, endowed by people whose sentiments lead them. In such places the standards are, usually, better; but in the vast majority of churches, there are no such schools, in many instances on account of lack of funds with which to endow these wasteful institutions.

The actual mechanism of running a boy choir is most complex—vocal lessons, constant rehearsals, school machinery for maintaining discipline and control, regularly procuring new material, etc., etc. Such a stupendous amount of work might be considered rational, were the results obtained equal to those obtained with adult singers; but they will not bear the light of just criticism, nor even comparison with a mixed choir having but one weekly rehearsal. Such a choir will progress more in one month, and will be of more value to a congregation than a boy choir will in a year. And further, the finished product in the case of the mixed choir is worth while, while the boy choir never "arrives." An adult singer may be replaced, but it takes a year to train a new boy.

The matter bears the light of truth no better, if considered from a psychological standpoint. In order to sing with interpretative understanding, under the direction of a capable conductor, one must be able to form concepts of certain types. The concept-forming ability does not appear, nor does the religious awakening come, until adolescence, and then the boy's voice has gone! In the final issue, the essence of religion and worship is for the adult mind, not for the child. The religious world is composed of men and women, and although children may be taught to imitate, to some degree, their attitudes and beliefs, it is not until they become adults that they are mentally capable of entering fully into the comprehension and purpose of religion and religious activities. Mere imitation in choral music lacks reality and meaning, and, being insincere, is purposeless. A choir must have a comprehensive idea of its purpose and responsibility. The choral conductor who carefully instructs the choristers under his direction by bringing to their cognizance a certain amount of imagery and parallelism in other fields of artistic activity, is producing musical results which bear fruit. But the training of uncultured, inexperienced and undeveloped minds to perform the *same music*, is preposterous on the face of it, and doubly preposterous by actual observation and aural comparison. It is impossible to compare any boy choir renditions anywhere in the world with those of certain mixed choral bodies, known to every musician. Who would dare compare any boy choir with some of

the splendid mixed choirs in New York City? Only an individual with no musical conceptions upon which to base judgment, or perhaps one imbued with the idea that a "real" church choir should look in real life as some painters have elected to picture it. However, music has to do chiefly with the sense of hearing, and not with that of sight.

The principal elements which have made for the development of the boy choir are: sentimentality, a certain amount of ignorance about the "angelic" qualities of a boy's voice, hollow imitation of the English church, and the unusual belief that it is not proper to have women in the chancel.

A woman's voice, carefully trained for one or two years, is worth any number of boys' voices, trained for a similar period. Further, the adult voice, when developed, remains available vocal material, assuming, of course, that the singer does not give up musical activities. Light, lyric voices, with as much "angelic" quality as was ever found in any boy's voice, are easily found among women's voices. A boy's voice will not stand comparison with one of these for timbre, control, *sostenuto*, and vocal range. Any choirmaster, who would work half as faithfully with a mixed choir as he is obliged to do with a boy choir, would find his work progressing rapidly, and with the usual attendant success.

Many church musicians have arrived at their positions through a study of the organ and the writings of the masters for this instrument. Thus neglecting a serious and exhaustive study of church music, they are not in a position to judge the efficiency of boy choir work. The organ is such a minor consideration in the production of pure ecclesiastical music, that it is almost negligible. It is a very vital element, to be sure, in the production of the theatrical, operatic music, generally sung in churches. Any organist, educated on broad lines, given an opportunity to hear and compare choral renditions, and orchestral renditions, and allowed to give to the matter keen and careful study, would unflinchingly arrive at the conclusion that the musical work of a boy choir is extremely limited, and an impossible process in church music. Many city organists rarely attend orchestral or choral concerts, or are ambitious enough to hear choirs, other than their own, and thus to learn by comparison. Many well-known choirmasters, now managing boy choirs, have expressed themselves confidentially as disgusted with such unfruitful musical work, but they cannot afford to give up their work.

Wherever the boy choir is found, we find trivial church music, or, at any rate, music which is not as splendid as it might

be. The results cannot fail to be trivial, because we are assigning adult tasks to children. It is indeed to suffer indignity, to hear boys attempt the more profound religious music, perhaps based upon a text of great depth and beauty. Such renditions are carried on without the slightest conception as to what it all means, save to sing louder here or softer there. Such matters as phrase-lengths, sense of rhythm, key relationship with its subtle meanings, etc., are entirely beyond children, and nearly every boy choir regularly exhibits this fact. The great church composers should be treated with as much respect as those who wrote secular music. It is no less a musical crime to have children attempt the "German Requiem," than it is to have them attempt to play a Beethoven or a Tschaikowsky symphony. Somehow Tschaikowsky and Beethoven of the concert hall require a standard of performance, but Tschaikowsky and Beethoven, the church musicians, get very unmusical treatment at the hands of a boy choir. Symphony societies are endowed so that nearly the same performers may be retained year after year; but, in church music, alas! half of the performers are from nine to fourteen years of age, and the personnel of the corps is changing monthly! The influence that this has on the results hardly needs further comment; it is so very obvious.

In an age as rationalistic as ours, tradition should not have much consideration. Lorenz, in his splendid book, entitled "Practical Church Music," says:

A chorus made up of men and boys, or of normal men and abnormal men, with soprano and alto voices, was organized in the early and middle ages, because, owing to this ascetic doctrine, women's voices could not be employed. Nor is this idea yet extinct, as a recent Encyclical of Pope Pius X has directed a return to the ancient custom of excluding women from all Roman Catholic choirs; even previous to that women were heard in few great churches of Europe. I remember well my admiration of the portly, heavy moustached, handsome man I saw in the singers' gallery of the Choir Chapel at St. Peter's in Rome. I took it for granted that this was the basso-profundo of the choir. Later, a florid, semi-operatic solo, with a rumititum accompaniment was sung by a soprano voice of clear, but peculiar timbre, and looking up, I was amazed to see that the soprano soloist was my magnificent Adonis. Anything more incongruous it has never been my fortune to see and hear, unless it was the rendering of Root's "Under the Palms" at the leading Methodist church of York, England, where all the alto solos were sung by men, who used the falsetto register. To one accustomed to the prominent part played in American church music by female voices, the whole arrangement was distressingly absurd, unnatural, and monstrous in spite of the knowledge of its theological and historical basis. . . . One can forgive these cowed monks, misguided ascetics,

or gross in life, for their narrow views and exclusiveness, since the clerical organization of the choir, their celibate vows, as well as the accepted views of the inferiority and dangerousness of the sex, made the participation of women in the choral service impossible; but that men of this century, who have seen, and possibly rejoiced over the social and civic advancement of this sex, should apparently take artistic pride in perpetuating this medieval monstrosity in the church is beyond patience. There is no danger that boys will displace women in our American choirs, but there is a danger that none of us shall appreciate how much richer, stronger, and truly worshipful our church music has become, because this foolish, and at root, gross prejudice, against the participation of our sisters in the faith has been eradicated in our land. There is danger that we may thoughtlessly countenance the shallow imitation of the remnants of medieval and barbarous Europe, which is sometimes urged by musicians, who, in their anxiety to furnish some novelty, and to be "up-to-date," would revive the fruits of medieval superstition and folly, and by ministers, whose judgment is based on tradition, as the only test of "churchliness."

If it were impossible to have women in the chancel in certain churches, the choir could be placed in a gallery at the end of the church, or somewhere to the left or right of the chancel. Such positions would be ideal. No choir ought to be visible from the congregation, for the director should be able to assert himself as freely as is necessary while directing his chorus. In most cases, this is impossible in the chancel.

La Trobe, writing in 1831, says in his book on "Church Music":

The custom of admitting women to compose part of the choir . . . is indeed of the very highest antiquity. We learn from the Old Testament that they had a prominent part assigned to them in the musical performances of the Jews, and we have every reason to conclude that the services for which St. Paul so highly commends certain women, included assistance in the direction of church music. Doubtless, it was for general edification that God gave to the female voice that sweetness, flexibility, and strength of tone which renders it suited to lead or support the united chorus of a congregation.

In "Chapters on Church Music," the Rev. R. B. Daniel, Curate of Tickerhall, Derby, states:

The objection to women singers on the ground that the quality of the female voice renders it less fit for the use in the church services, than boys' voices, is surely mere prejudice. The opinion that female voices impart a sensuous coloring to the music is too absurd to need refuting. Women's voices are indeed different as to tone quality from boys', being less cold and penetrating, but fuller and more melodious. . . It is surprising to find people arguing from the Bible that women ought not to sing in church choirs. For women seem to have been employed

in the temple choir (see I Chron. xxv, 5 and 6; and Ezra, ii 65, where "two hundred singing men and singing women," are included with those who returned with Zerubbabel). And the singing of women does not seem to have been prohibited in either the Old or New Testament. The words of St. Paul in I Cor. xiv, 34 and 35, are strangely quoted by the advocates for boy singers, for they contain no injunction against women's singing. It is their *speaking* in church that is forbidden (see I Tim. ii, 11 and 12, where they are forbidden to teach). . . . We learn from Philo, that a choir of men and women sang in the religious service of the Therapeutæ, a sect of Jewish enthusiasts of the first century after Christ. And Burney gives quotations from Clement of Alexandria and Eusebius which show that women sang in the early Christian assemblies. . . . The objection that women cannot be robed in surplices weighs only with those who have adopted medieval opinions, or who like the appearance of a surpliced choir so well that they will have them at any cost. Those who have introduced the boy element into their choirs can hardly be expected to confess that they have made a mistake. And many people, even if they notice the falling off in church music, regard it with little concern. But there are others, who observe the degeneracy of church choir singing and know the cause of it, and these look forward to the day—and it will surely come—when the present fashion will give place to a better one, and women's voices (the most perfect and beautiful of all musical material) once more help to lead the praises of God in the Sanctuary.

Standards in church music should not be left to the control of laymen, any more than they are in the case of the opera, or in the symphonic field. They should be in the control of professional musicians who seriously and profoundly give these matters consideration. If the musical conductors in this country, the leaders in the musical work at our many universities, and the music critics would, at every opportunity, simply state the truth in regard to the boy choir propaganda, the worst evil in church music would rapidly disappear. As the matter now stands, the ruinous work of the boy choir and its attendant features, will require years of true choral effort to overcome. The cheap compositions, secular in style, produced here and in England, for boy choir use, are trash, not worthy of publicity. Their secularity appeals to the child mind, and they are easy to teach, notwithstanding they "profane the Sanctuary."

The contempt of the boy choir has been growing constantly, and is becoming more and more positive. Musical people—laymen and professional—realize the failure of this institution, and it is only a question of time which will be the victor—church music, or the boy choir, for the two are incompatible in the final issue. No minister ought to inflict a boy choir upon his congregation for the worship of full-grown adults. If the choirmasters who

are enthusiastic over their activities in the boy choir work, could be brought to a full realization of the compromising position they hold in the musical world, they would feel surprised and humiliated. Church music in this country is mainly a mechanical echo of the ideals of the English church, which some of us consider the stupidest and dullest the world has ever known. Even the operatic and sensuous style of the modern Italian church is more to be desired than is the style of the former.

Considered from the financial standpoint, the inefficiency of the boy choir business is again driven home. In many churches boys receive substantial sums, particularly in those places where there is any possibility of another church "stealing" boys who are "trained." As soon as a boy has acquired a certain amount of ability, he becomes a valuable product. Hence many choirmasters will take boys already trained, rather than go to the trouble of training them as part of their own work. The maintenance of a boy choir means money for choir schools, theatre parties, summer camps, excursions, whereby to hold the boys; for they enter the choir, not from any musical motive, but in consideration of the "money end of the business," or because these activities are sufficient bait. In view of the fact that money thus spent by a church might go into its musical work directly, such extravagance is not to be forgiven. In every community there are always women, perhaps vocal students, who are interested in choral music. Such people will sing for sums much smaller than the amounts, plus the extra expenses, paid out for boys. Such people enter choir work for musical pleasure and social activity. Boys are merely "put" in a choir, because their parents deem the training advantageous. Any interest on the part of the boy, which does later develop, is rarely musical; generally it is based on the "gang" instinct—which is a legitimate part of every boy's play life.

A presentation of this matter would be incomplete without the mention of the method of treating the alto part in a boy choir. This problem never has been and never will be solved, for a solution is impossible. In England, and generally in this country also, the alto part of a boy choir is sung by men who sing above the "crack" in their voices. Such a makeshift in Divine Worship is abominable, sacrilegious, intolerable. The sound produced is unnatural, atrocious, inhuman; it is but an unmusical hoot and often false in intonation. And all this for the only purpose of supporting an unsuccessful venture. In other words, there is no alto part possible in a boy choir. Some few attempts have been

made to force the chest register of boys' voices down sufficiently, to make tones as low in pitch as the legitimate tones of a real alto, but such a tone has none of the qualities of the alto timbre. As religion is a natural human process, so the choral worship of the service must be natural. This element has not been left out of the scheme of the Creator, for He has given mankind voices of varying vocal range, that they might unite harmoniously in praise and worship. It is not, therefore, required, nor is it wise, that we should use inferior substitutes, when the original and natural is to be had. The legitimate—the natural chorus—and the religious chorus is the mixed chorus, with the women's natural voices carrying the soprano and the alto parts, and the men's natural voices supporting with the tenor and bass parts. It is a most exasperating experience to hear the awful squawk of the male altos in the boy choirs in our churches. The tone does not combine with the other three parts in producing a balanced ensemble, but—in all its horror—shines through the combined efforts of the other three parts of the choir. It seems as though it could not be subdued, for one male alto will well nigh ruin the work of a chorus of forty voices.

These matters need careful attention and reflection, and a plain, truthful exposition for the consideration of those who have them in charge. Once the light of truth is upon the boy choir, any rational, unprejudiced mind, musical or not, can at once be convinced of the utter impossibility of the whole fad. No great or permanent results are obtainable from an insecure and erroneous foundation, no matter how carefully the after-effects are bedecked with fine equipment and properties. In other words, handsomely printed weekly programs, fine, clean vestments, beautiful buildings, four-manual organs, flashy newspaper advertising do not make for good church music in the least. If church music standards in this country are to equal those in the secular field, the boy choir must go. Rational, refined, musical considerations must overcome sentimentality, and uncultured, unworthy motives, which make for lower standards and insufficient results. The church which maintains a boy choir at once places a precise limit upon its musical activity, and the man who carries on such a work unconsciously sets a definite limit upon his musical growth—a limit which often disastrously blinds his vision and restricts his whole progress. Such church musicians, with the proper material wherewith to work, would rise to greater heights (partly gauged, of course, by their initial ability) with the inevitable result that they would be of greater service in the artistic world. This, in

turn, would insure not only better church music, but better church composition, larger church attendance, larger general interest in the great field of religious music, and a better financial support of church choirs. Thus the spiritual atmosphere in our places of worship would rise to a higher plane. In a book entitled "Evolution of Church Music," by Rev. F. Landon-Humphrey, with an introduction by the late Bishop H. C. Potter, occurs this paragraph:

From the accounts published from time to time in the parochial news columns of our church papers one would suppose that what is popularly called a "boy choir" is the only choir that can fitly sing the church's music. Thus it is told with deep satisfaction that St. Harmonium's parish has at last attained to a vested choir, which made its appearance upon such a date, and under such and such circumstances; and from the way the affair is written up, it is easily seen how happy the good priest is at his success, whether the people may be or not. One would almost imagine that some pressing doctrinal principles were absolutely dependent upon having a surpliced choir. The idea has seized upon the community that it is more devotional that the soprano parts should be rendered by boys' and not by women's voices, and the fancy has swept the country, capturing parish after parish, without regard to the many limitations which must regulate and modify the usage. The popular idea seems to be that all that is needed to obtain a boy choir is to gather a mob of street urchins, give them books and a few rehearsals, put vestments on them and turn them into the stalls. They may sing flat and sing sharp, they may murder the service and drag through the hymns, they may shout and scream with voices that would scratch glass, they may rattle the windows with *Nunc Dimitis*—but the parish has a boy choir and the Rector is happy, even though the long-suffering congregation be literally sung out of doors.

People are hungry for good, religious music. Cheap, trashy, "popular" music may fascinate for the moment, but it does not add anything to the spiritual atmosphere of the service. In all churches where the atmosphere is on a high plane, there is no lack of attendance or support, for the people are not long in finding that there is something to be taken out of such an atmosphere, a something which is precious and valuable. These churches are in the minority. If the other churches desire to regain the confidence and support of the public, they must consider these musical problems more deeply than at present.

ADVERTISING AS A FINE ART

By HAROLD FLAMMER

MUSICIANS will pay the closest attention to a tiny dot which changes the value of a thirty-second note but they do not like to trouble themselves with details that are of vital importance. It is this characteristic which causes artists to leave their advertising plans to managers or press-agents. Every musician, however, should watch the effect of his own advertisements and try to remedy many small defects which often contribute to the unfortunate necessity of appearing before a scant audience consisting mostly of critics and "paper." It naturally stands to reason that advertising alone will not make a successful artist, but all things being equal, efficient publicity will be found a valuable asset.

Nearly every artist uses programs, posters and a certain amount of advertising space in some of the musical papers. A glance at a few of these advertisements shows that every artist realizes how important it is for his announcement to attract attention. To attain this end photographs, silhouettes, original sketches, facsimiles of busts, bold types and rules are frequently employed. But has the copy-writer, or one who has arranged the material for insertion, considered the most important features to be displayed, proper balance, margins, types, borders, colors, etc.? These are important details often neglected. They may be easily remedied, however, by exercising a little care.

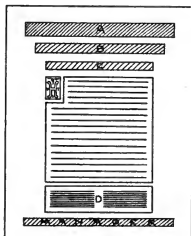
Let us say, to begin with, that we are about to insert an advertisement in some periodical in order to bring some name before the public. We have so much space, and lay it off accordingly with paper and pencil. Our next step is to gather together all the material on hand, such as photographs, press-notices, and other data. Having selected the material best suited to our needs, we must decide upon what impression we desire to create. This determines what is to be displayed, whether:

- (A) Simply a name, or
- (A+B) A name, coupled with (B) a particular branch of music, or

(A+B+C) A name, plus identification, plus (C) a certain concert, or

(A+B+C+D) A name plus identification, plus a certain concert, plus (D) testimonials, etc.

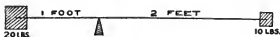
Then comes the general arrangement of display, which may be carried out in several ways. Perhaps the following is a good standard for one in which no photograph or illustration is used:



It will be noticed that in this arrangement the heaviest display is at the top, that "B," our subtitle, does not stand out more prominently than "A," and that the general effect of the headings is this: ▽ which brings the eye down to the small printed matter. The use of too many large displays should always be avoided, because a heavy line of type stands out only by reason of its contrast with adjacent smaller ones.

When using an illustration or photograph it is essential to note what course the eye takes on first looking at it. If there is any action in the picture the eye will follow it. Look at any portrait or photograph and, if it is a profile, note which way it faces. It will be observed that our gaze follows the same direction as the eye in the picture. It is, therefore, important in using a profile to have it face any type matter rather than have it back up against the "write-up," for in the latter case the reader's eye will be carried out of the advertisement to some other display feature in another part of the page.

When using a dark photograph or object in any part of the copy except the center, proper balance must be considered. So many people say: "Oh, it looks all right to me and I don't see how you can tell if an *ad.* has proper balance anyway!" The best answer to this is to apply the old rules of leverage. Note the proportion between the weights and distances in the following sketch:



This same principle applies to the proportionate arrangement of display matter if we substitute blackness for weight. That is, a very dark object has twice as much weight as a shaded or lightly typed portion of the same size. In measuring distances the expert will figure from the center of each portion or object and use the very center of the advertising space as his axis or fulcrum. This same rule applied inversely to any unbalanced copy will quickly show what part needs to be raised or lowered to attain the correct proportion.

While the artist is not usually interested in advertising beyond a certain point, the man who makes the world of music his field of business is more alert to modern publicity. Nevertheless there are many advertising theories and those who plan campaigns and prepare copy often follow sudden impulses and have favorite prejudices. While such advertising sometimes seems effective, it may not have any direct appeal to the prospect they desire to reach.

Advertising requires a thorough study. The styles of publicity vary just as fashions do. Look at any advertisement of three or four years ago and you will laugh at it, just as you will at an old tin-type. In the same way we perhaps unconsciously feel to-day the effect of futuristic and impressionistic art which is circulating in almost all of the magazines. On analysis we find that the Russian Ballet has had a decided effect on all color combinations. This is also noticeable in the sweeping lines in all illustrations and designs, and the use of more action wherever possible. One rarely sees nowadays a pretty girl advertisement and nothing else in the picture except a line or two of type matter. All the people in modern publicity are doing something—drinking (Coca-Cola), washing (Resinol Soap), smoking (any cigarette), cleaning (Dutch Cleanser), walking (O'Sullivan's Heels), telephoning (The American T. & T. Co.), cooking (Royal Baking

Powder), singing (Victor Talking Machines), eating (National Biscuit Company), riding (Goodyear Tires), and so on *ad infinitum*. Even the most conservative automobile advertisement of a town-car with a photograph of it at a stand-still will have the car either surrounded by or full of active people. We, therefore, realize that the eye is always forcibly attracted by bold characters with lots of action and vivid coloring.

These casual observations lead one to study the subject of publicity from the general to the particular.

Discussing publicity in a more general sense, every campaign or policy should first be considered from the standpoint of the result desired. In the field of music a few of the most common results sought for are:

- To create public prestige.
- To announce a new artist or product.
- To meet competition.
- To establish a trade-mark.
- To educate the public.
- To obtain future business.
- To sell to the consumer direct.
- To obtain retail distribution.
- To obtain inquiries.
- To convey one particular idea concerning a product.

Of course, it depends directly on whether one is an artist, manufacturer, publisher, dealer, manager, lecturer, teacher, or composer what results are sought. After the desired results have been decided upon, comes the task of planning the campaign and preparing "copy" accordingly.

In mapping out the campaign the most important matter for consideration is what mediums for distribution are to be used. Shall the advertising be done by means of circularization, newspapers, periodicals, trade journals, window displays, posters, dodgers, street-car advertising, bill-boards, catalogues, house-organs, signs, hangers, counter-strips, bundle-slips, calendars, blotters, souvenirs; or complicated systems which entail follow-up letters, return post-cards, coupons, trading stamps, reference books for counter use, prize contests, premiums, etc.? The compilation or purchase of lists for a large circularization scheme is usually a very expensive undertaking. When the cost of the postage (even with penny-savers) has been added to the expense of acquiring the lists it compels one, except in certain special instances, to seek another medium. Periodicals are then put

through certain tests. What class of people does this or that magazine reach? How great is its circulation? etc. At this point it might be interesting to note that a certain well known advertising agency uses finally what it calls the "editorial test." That is, will the editorials and reading matter of the paper put the reader in a buying mood or the particular mood desired for the advertisement in question? And so by a process of elimination the various means of distribution are decided upon; also whether the material to be inserted in the various periodicals is to be in a series or not, and how many times each single copy must appear in order to reach the majority of readers.

When writing copy the first and foremost characteristic to be considered is its striking appearance or it will not be seen. If it is to appear on a page with others, it must strive to dominate the page. I have already touched on this point and that of holding attention, proper balance and correct emphasis. Next in importance to these points is that of simplicity and a logical message. The lay-out should always be artistic; at times dignified. The sub-title, trade-mark or *slogan* should be chosen with a great deal of care and should never be emphasized more prominently than the main feature. It is surprising how few business men know typography or value the importance of it sufficiently. Would you write a dignified letter to a man of refinement using three different colors of ink? Then why use three different styles of type in a letter-head? Many people confuse *sizes* of type with different *kinds* of type. Some firms will spend months and a great amount of money in selecting a trade-mark and suitable type to accompany it,—for example, that of the "Saxon" automobile. Note the rugged type chosen in that case to embody the idea of strength and quality. Among leading display types used by some of the best advertisers are Bodoni, Caslon, Cheltenham, DeVinne, Gothic, Jensen, French Old Style, Pabst Old Style, Post Old Style, Scotch Roman, Tudor Black, and hand-drawn letters.

To insure the reading of an advertisement after it has been seen one must lay out the material for insertion in an orderly, logical manner, using facts, not generalities, and employing only sincere, forcible arguments. It should never be taken for granted that the reader is already acquainted with what one is about to advertise. There are many readers of musical papers who do not know from a mere name whether the person advertised is a tenor, violinist, conductor, composer, or teacher. An advertisement, therefore, that omits certain details which it assumes the

reader knows loses its value to all those not educated up to these facts. Everything must be made clear, but without a single unnecessary word. Writing movie scenarios is excellent practice for acquiring the habit of imagining what conception others will get from the picture to be sketched. The less "leaders" (that is, explanatory slides) there are in a film, the more pleasant it is to follow.

When a copy-writer has finished laying out his copy he must be sure that the reader will obtain a certain definite impression or impulse when reading it. This "punch" or "clincher" must be subtle and it must not offend. The impression one retains after the eye leaves an advertisement is often due to its general atmosphere. This point is particularly important. It is better to lay an advertisement aside when completed and examine it with a fresh vision later in order to estimate to better advantage its atmospheric effect.

Atmosphere is more or less psychological in its effect. It is often the determining factor which prevails upon the prospect to buy. One of the best examples of this I ever saw was an advertisement of the N. Y. Telephone Company. It consisted of a picture of a ranchman caught in a blinding snow-storm at night-fall in a bleak, mountainous district. Although you felt on looking at the illustration the complete desolation of the horseman, you were confident that he had in a distant little hut the means of immediate communication with any part of the entire United States.

In the same way an advertisement of a piano should convey the idea not only of durability, beautiful appearance, splendid action and general excellence, but also the impression that a virtuoso could produce on that particular instrument any delicate tone-effect or technical feat he might desire. In other words, the atmosphere must possess not only a sense appeal but also emotional words of a certain sound value which will stir the emotions of the reader as well.

Wherever possible the stock of paper on which an advertisement is printed should also come in for due consideration. It should harmonize with the subject, display and color scheme.

Good advertising so often requires good salesmanship. I once read of a man who used to tell his copy-writers to forget about all the excellent qualities of the article they were trying to promote and to take a pad and write down all the imaginable objections to the article they could think of. Then having decided on the biggest obstacles which might prevent the "prospect" from buying,

he would tell them to find a logical argument to overcome that opposition and create the buying impulse.

Personality is a very powerful psychological factor in salesmanship or advertising. We often patronize a newsboy, restaurant, or store, even though we know we are receiving inferior service, just because a personality makes us conscious of a certain pleasing element. This personal element should always be fostered in letter-writing, so that form letters do not announce themselves as such to the recipient, but under no circumstances should a letter be "smart Aleck" or overstep the bounds of business courtesy. Above all a letter should be faultless in every detail—not a word misspelt, no faulty grammar, no wrong initials, letters, or numbers in a name or address. It should also be logical and should waste no words in an age when brevity is appreciated. Letter-writing, however, is a study in itself which requires years of practice and experience and cannot be "covered" in a short article.

In conclusion, there are many small details which are often neglected and yet are very important. For example, rules are sometimes run horizontally through an advertisement from border to border. This practice makes the advertisement appear smaller than it actually is and the ruled-off portions are sometimes not read because they in themselves seem to be separate advertisements. This bad feature may be eliminated by shortening the rules half an inch at each end so that the copy retains the same lengthy appearance.

There is no end to the possible enumeration of such evils as the confusing practice of using one large capital letter as part of several names, etc. These errors can easily be avoided by detecting such harmful practices in the advertisements of others and watching for them in one's own copy.

In all sorts of advertising or printing it is essential to have all copies proof-read. It is not enough to be able to detect errors in the wording. One should be able to make corrections intelligible to the compositor who must make the changes desired. The ability to read proof well requires knowledge and practice, but most of the elementary rules may be obtained from a sample of corrected proof which will be found in nearly every good dictionary.

The proof of good advertising is to be found, of course, in direct results. However, in many cases, these cannot be estimated. This is especially true where publicity is used for other purposes than to create sales. One of the greatest problems in every manufacturing business is the question of jobber and retailer, and

price maintenance. Advertising is often used in abetting a certain policy in big business struggles. It is also used very cleverly in swaying public opinion or stamping a common article with an individuality. At the present time advertising has spread to fields it never reached before, such as charities, legislatures, churches, governments, health and safety-first crusades, etc. It is a strong weapon, but one that must be studied just as seriously as any other particular branch of a business that is to be perfected.

SOME NOVELLO CORRESPONDENCE

By W. BARCLAY SQUIRE

IN looking through a very miscellaneous collection of letters, more or less connected with music and musicians, which have found a resting-place in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, it became a matter for consideration how they could be given to the public in any kind of systematic arrangement. The correspondence of such giants as Beethoven, Mozart or Wagner has, even to the smallest scraps, an interest entirely apart from their literary merits. The letters of men like Mendelssohn and Berlioz have a distinction of their own, quite irrespective of the musical eminence of their writers. But no dead English musicians can be ranked with the musical giants of the Continent, nor has such of their correspondence as has been preserved the literary flavor which would constitute a claim to publication *en bloc*. After a considerable amount of sifting, it seemed, however, that a portion of the material collected might be grouped, not under the writers of the letters, but under the person to whom they were addressed. By a fortunate accident it happened that Vincent Novello, who seems to have been as methodical in the preservation of his correspondence as he was in the collection and annotation of musical manuscripts, on his retirement to Italy, in 1849, presented to the British Museum a quantity of books and documents, among which figured a considerable number of letters addressed to him during the greater part of his life. In the present day the name of Novello is chiefly known in connection with the great publishing firm which was founded by his son, but in the earlier half of the nineteenth century Vincent Novello was the centre of a small coterie of musical and literary characters then living in London. It is difficult for those who know the cosmopolitan character of London society in the present day to realize how circumscribed and provincial in its social aspects the metropolis was until well on in the reign of Queen Victoria. In the twentieth century, representatives of rank, art, literature and science are to be found mingling on an equal footing in the heterogeneous assembly which the newspapers call "Society," but before the 40's—and even much later—the grades of social intercourse were very



Samuel Wesley, age 11, from a mezzotint by W. Dickinson
of a painting by J. Russell, 1778

strictly defined, and the position of Society was essentially that of a patron of what used to be called "the professional classes." The system, objectionable and even degrading as it may seem to modern ideas, was not without its advantages to the patronized. The ranks of the trained musician or artist were not invaded by the talented amateur; the professional *was* a professional and did not claim to be anything else, and, as a professional, he had to know his own business thoroughly; there was no room for the half-educated aspirant for social success, nor, on the other hand, could artistically inclined members of Society descend from their sphere and compete (without remuneration) with the trades unions of the professional classes.

The system of social exclusiveness was, no doubt, largely supported by the circumscribed limits in which Society moved. London in the first half of the nineteenth century was not the overgrown place it is now. From the northeast of the York and Albany Tavern all was practically country, except for the straggling settlements of Camden Town and Kentish Town. North of Regent's Park Chalk Farm and one or two other isolated houses were the only habitations before Hampstead was reached. Grove Road was the boundary of St. John's Wood; the west side of Edgware Road, north of the canal, was country, which stretched down to the turnpike marking the junction of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Between the turnpike, Paddington and St. George's burial-ground, the land was unbuilt on. Going west and south from Knightsbridge, after Rutland House there were only a few big houses standing in the fields which stretched to Kensington and Berpton, then still villages, as was Chelsea further south. The residential part of London, as distinct from the commercial quarters in the city and East End, was therefore very small, and lent itself to the formation of small coteries and cliques such as are now to be found in country towns. Among such little sets of friends there was much more intercourse than is now possible. Entertaining was comparatively a simple matter, for the luxury of the rich had not spread to the professional classes and there was no inducement to outdo one's neighbors by giving expensive and elaborate dinners and parties. Cooking (*vide* the cookery books of the time) would undoubtedly nowadays be considered heavy, and the drinking habits of the eighteenth century survived, but meals were limited in character and the hour of dinner was usually at three or four in the afternoon, which allowed for a more or less substantial supper—the "supper-tray" of Miss Austen's novels—about nine o'clock. With badly

lighted streets and the limitation of conveyances, guests departed home at about the hour when modern entertainments often begin.

It is this life, so different from that of the present day, which the correspondence of Vincent Novello reveals to us. Born in England in 1781 of an Italian father and an English mother, he lived in or near London until 1849, when he retired to Nice (then belonging to Italy), where he died in 1861. His career thus covers the period between the reign of George III and the middle of the Victorian era, and he forms a connecting link between figures which, to us, seem as remote as Burney, and musicians who are still living or within the memory of the middle-aged. His wife was Mary Sabilla Hehl, of German origin, and several of their eleven children rose to distinction in musical and literary circles. The eldest daughter, Mary Victoria (Mrs. Cowden Clarke) is remembered by her Shakespeare Concordance; the eldest son, Joseph Alfred, founded the great publishing house of Novello & Co.; a second son, Edward Petre, was a promising artist whose career was cut short by an early death; another daughter, Clara Anastasia, was one of the greatest singers of her day; she married Count Gigliucci and died so recently as 1908. Another daughter, Cecilia (Mrs. Serle), was also a singer of some distinction, and a sixth daughter, Mary Sabilla, was an excellent translator of works on musical theory. During the earlier part of their married life the Novellos lived at 240 Oxford Road (now the Marble Arch end of Oxford Street) and here they gathered round them a circle of friends which included such celebrities as Charles and Mary Lamb, Shelley, Keats, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt. In her "Life and Labours of Vincent Novello," Mrs. Cowden Clarke recalls the "small drawing-room" where these memorable friends met. The walls were

simply coloured of a delicate rose tint, and hung with a few choice water-colour drawings by Varley, Copley Fielding, Havell and Crissall . . . the floor covered with a plain grey drugget bordered by a tastefully-designed garland of vine-leaves, drawn and embroidered by Mrs. Novello; towards the centre of the room a sofa-table strewn with books and prints; and at one end, a fine-toned chamber-organ, on which the host preluded and played to his listening friends . . . assembled in that unostentatious informal fashion which gave zest to professional intercourse at the then period.

From about 1820 to 1823 the Novellos lived in Percy Street, Bedford Square, when they removed to Shacklewel Green, then a village, but long since swallowed up in Hackney. Here Lamb, in a letter to Leigh Hunt written in 1824, describes them as having

"a large cheap house and garden, with a dainty library (magnificent) without books." They returned to London about 1826 and subsequently lived successively in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, in Great Queen Street, Frith Street, Dean Street and Craven Hill. In selecting the following letters addressed to Vincent Novello or his wife, an attempt has been made to exclude any that have been already published. For this reason the name of Charles Lamb does not figure among the writers: the many amusing letters he wrote to Novello having already been carefully gathered together in the edition of his correspondence published by the Bibliophile Society. But, in order that Lamb should not be absent from an article on Novello's friends, the temptation cannot be resisted of reprinting the amusing verses which he wrote in Vincent Novello's album: possibly to the present generation they are not so familiar as they should be.

Free Thoughts on Some Eminent Composers.

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
 Just as the whim bites. For my part,
 I do not care one farthing candle
 For either of them, nor for Handel.
 Cannot a man live free and easy
 Without admiring Pergolesi?
 Or through the world with comfort go
 That never heard of Doctor Blow?
 So help me God, I hardly have,
 And yet I eat, and drink, and shave,
 Like other people, if you watch it,
 And know no more of stave or crotchet
 Than did the primitive Peruvians,
 Or those old ante-queer Diluvians
 That lived in the unwashed world with Tubal,
 Before that dirty blacksmith, Jubal,
 By strokes on anvil, or by summ'at
 Found out, to his great surprise, the Gamut.
 I care no more for Cimarosa
 Than he did for Salvator Rosa,
 Being no painter: and bad luck
 Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck.
 Old Tycho Brahe and modern Herschel
 Had something in 'em; but who's Purcell?
 The Devil, with his foot so cloven,
 For aught I care, may take Beethoven,
 And if the bargain does not suit,
 I'll throw him Weber in to boot.
 There's not the splitting of a splinter
 To choose 'twixt him last-named and Winter.

Of Doctor Pepusch old Queen Dido
 Knows just as much, God knows, as I do.
 I would not go four miles to visit
 Sebastian Bach—or Batch—which is it?
 No more I would for Bononcini.
 As for Novello and Rossini,
 I shall not say a word to grieve 'em,
 Because they're living. So I leave 'em.

A few notes with regard to the writers of the correspondence here printed may not be out of place.

No. I. Thomas Adams (1785-1858) was one of the most notable London organists of his time. From 1802 until his death he was in succession organist of Carlisle Chapel, Lambeth, St. Paul's, Deptford, St. George's, Camberwell, and St. Dunstan's in the West. He was especially noted for his extemporizations.

No. II. The undated letter here printed from Dr. Burney (1726-1814) must have been written in his old age, and is of interest as showing that Wesley had drawn his attention to John Sebastian Bach: the "30 Waryations" are evidently the "Aria mit dreissig Variationen" from the "Clavier-Übung." Wesley had played "several admired compositions of the celebrated Sebastian Bach" at his concert in 1808, and in the previous year he and Horn had published twelve of Bach's fugues arranged as string quartets. Burney was organist of and lived at Chelsea Hospital, from 1783 until his death in 1814.

No. III. Carl Friedrich Horn (1762-1830) settled in London in 1782. From 1823 to 1830 he was organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. His chief claim to be remembered is that (with Wesley) he was one of the first to introduce Bach's music to English audiences. The "Mr. Kramer" mentioned in his letter was probably Franz Cramer (1772-1848), the violinist, a brother of J. B. Cramer and Master of the Royal Band from 1834.

Nos. IV-VII. The four letters from Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) do not call for much comment. In No. IV there are allusions to Charles Cowden Clarke (1787-1877), the friend of Lamb and Keats, who married Mary Victoria Novello in 1828; he had first met her at Leigh Hunt's ten years earlier. The "dear Clara" is Clara Novello (Countess Gigliucci). The canzonets mentioned in No. V were evidently by Salvator Rosa, as is shown by the reference to "Vado ben spesso." "Mrs. Serle" was Novello's second daughter, Cecilia. The undated letter (No. VI) was probably written in 1839, and if this is correct the reference to "my comedy" alludes to Hunt's "Legend of Florence," which was produced at Covent Garden in February, 1840. There is not

much in its contents to give a clue to the date of No. VII, but it must be later than 1826, when Dove published his edition of the "Arabian Nights."

The Rev. Christian Ignatius Latrobe, the writer of the interesting (if ill-spelled) account of Haydn in No. VIII, was a Moravian minister and secretary of the Society in England. He was born near Leeds in 1757 and died at Fairchild, Liverpool, in 1836. His selection of sacred music, published in six volumes from 1806 to 1825, is still a valuable and useful work.

The fragment of a letter (No. IX) from Mrs. Novello to Henry Phillips, the singer (1801-1876), is included for the sake of the passage about Samuel Wesley; it has already been quoted by one of Wesley's biographers.

The two letters (Nos. X and XI) from Joseph Severn (1793-1879) are interesting for the glimpse they give of Rome soon after Keats's death. Severn is now scarcely remembered as a painter, though his name will always be associated with that of his friend Keats, whose portrait he painted many times, both from life and from remembrance. His marriage to Miss Montgomerie (alluded to in No. XI) was the occasion of a breach with Lady Westmorland, an "impulsive, arrogant, dictatorial, but witty and brilliant woman," as he describes her in a letter printed in William Sharp's biography. Richards, Edward Holmes and Charles Cowden Clarke were all members of the Novello coterie; "W. R. Westmacott, Jr.," was the sculptor and R. A. Mrs. Novello's "beautiful little book" was "A Day in the Stowe Gardens," published anonymously in 1825. The Abbate Santini (1778-1862) was the well-known collector of old music, the remains of whose library are now preserved in the episcopal palace at Münster. At the date when these letters were written Severn was the fashionable painter in Anglo-Roman Society, numbering among his patrons Prince Leopold of Coburg (afterward King of the Belgians), the Duke of Bedford, Lord Arundel of Wardour and Cardinal Weld. It was for the last-named that he painted his "Infant of the Apocalypse caught up to Heaven," a big picture which was hung in the Church of St. Paul outside the Walls. That the work of a heretic should be so honored caused no small stir in Papal Rome; the full story will be found at great length in William Sharp's "Life of Severn."

The letters (Nos. XII to XXXV) from Samuel Wesley (1766-1837) and his son, Samuel Sebastian (1810-1876), are, with the exception of No. XII, which is printed here by the kind permission of Mr. Edward Speyer, a small selection from a mass of Wesley's

correspondence with Novello, which the latter presented to the British Museum in 1840. In giving them to the Trustees of the Museum, Novello wrote that his gift consisted of

one hundred and twenty-one autograph letters. . . from his friend Mr. Samuel Wesley, the celebrated organist, and which letters form the only remaining portion that he can now find of the correspondence which took place between them from the year 1811 up to 1825. As these curious specimens of Mr. Samuel Wesley's singular talent for the more familiar and quaintly humorous style of letter-writing may probably be considered very acceptable and interesting to some future musical historian, Mr. Novello is desirous of confiding them to the safe custody of the Museum to preserve them in such manner as to render them easily accessible to those of his brother Professors who may wish to consult them for the purpose of ascertaining what were the exact opinions of so superior a musical Genius, upon various subjects connected with English Composers, Performers and Musicians in general, during the latter part of Mr. S. Wesley's career. The only stipulation which Novello makes in presenting these original Mss. to the British Museum is, that nothing shall be *published* from them of a *personal* nature, during the *Lifetime* of any of the individuals relative to whom Mr. S. Wesley has expressed any opinion in the course of the correspondence.

The main facts of Wesley's biography are too well known to be set out in detail. He was born in 1766, the nephew of John Wesley and the son of the Rev. Charles Wesley. In 1787 he had a serious accident, the results of which are said to have accounted for many of the peculiarities of his character. According to his biographers, in 1816 he had a mental attack which forced him to abandon the exercise of his profession until 1823, but this statement is shown by some of the letters here printed to be inaccurate, and the mental depression from which he suffered may with equal probability be attributed to his poverty and his unfortunate married life. Very little has been revealed as to the cause of his leaving his wife and living with Sarah Suter, by both of whom he had a family, but it is probable that he had to pay some sort of maintenance to his wife and that the non-payment of this led to the imprisonment referred to in No. XXXII.

The many allusions in the letters now published for the most part do not require comment, but the following brief notes may not be out of place. No. XIII. The "organ at South Street" refers to the Chapel of the Portuguese Embassy, at South Street, Grosvenor Square, where Novello was organist. Angelica Catalani (1780-1849) was then at her prime. Her disinclination to be associated with any but second-rate singers led to the secession from her company of Teresa Bertinotti (1776-1854) who left the King's

Theatre and sang for a short time at the Pantheon. No. XIV. Catherine Stephens (1794-1882) was one of Bertinotti's company and one of the best English singers of her day. In 1838 she married the fifth Earl of Essex, who died in the following year. The Sonata by Pleyel, the violin part of which Wesley played, is No. 3 of his "Six Sonatas . . . dedicated . . . to the Queen of Great Britain." "Horsley and his Spouse Elect" are William Horsley (1774-1858) and Elizabeth Hutchins Callcott; they were married in 1813. No. XV. "Jemmy Hook" is James Hook (1746-1827) who was organist at Vauxhall from 1774 to 1820. No. XVI. Salomon, Clementi and the Cramers (i. e., Franz and John Baptist) are familiar names. Lanza is probably Gesualdo Lanza (1779-1859), an excellent singing-master. There is no record of Wesley's having officiated as organist at any Catholic chapel at this time; possibly he was acting as deputy to Novello at South Street. No. XVII again refers to a Catholic service at which Wesley officiated. "Ricci's Kyrie," etc., was a favorite work at that time: the composer has never been identified with certainty, but he was probably Pasquale Ricci (b. circa 1733). Turle may have been James Turle (1802-1882), afterward organist of Westminster Abbey, who sang as a boy chorister. The "Dialogue" (No. XVIII) is between Wesley, Edward Jones (1752-1824), a Welsh antiquary and bard to George IV, and William Ayrton (1777-1858), musical critic of the "Morning Chronicle" and "examiner" and for a time musical director at the King's Theatre. No. XXII. "Mr. Rimbault" is Stephen Francis Rimbault, organist of St. Giles in the Fields and father of E. F. Rimbault. Novello's endorsement of what he rightly calls "this affecting note" shows that there was very real cause for Wesley's depression at this period. No. XXVI. The opening sentence refers to the trial in 1813 of Richard Carlile's shopmen for selling the works of Thomas Paine and other similar books. The "personage" whose name began with A is evidently Thomas Attwood (1765-1838). No. XXVII. The "Carmen Funebre" is the fine motet "Omnia Vanitas." No. XXIX. Who the "royal quondam culinary Artist" was does not seem certain. Joseph Gwilt (1784-1863) was an architect and enthusiastic musical antiquary. "Burgh" may be the compiler of the "Anecdotes of Music," which were published in 1814. The "Mr. Cooper" mentioned in No. XXX was the elder George Cooper (ob. 1843), organist of St. Sepulchre. No. XXXI. The Harmonicon was an excellent musical periodical (edited by W. Ayrton) which first appeared in 1823. "Our royal and metropolitan organist" is Thomas Attwood. The

allusion to "Prince Hohenloe's Miracles" refers to the faith-cures alleged to have been wrought by Prince Alexander von Hohenlohe-Langenburg-Schillingsfürst (1794-1849) which occasioned a good deal of controversy in 1822 and later. No. XXXIII. William Horsley (*see* No. XIV) published a collection of 40 Canons.

I

Thomas Adams to Vincent Novello

Ap. 1st, 1840.

Dear Sir,

Had I received a letter of such very, very warm commendation as your last, from a stranger, or a person unacquainted with music as a science, I should have considered it as the language of mere compliment; but a knowledge of your character, and a delightful observation of your vivid recollection of all that was done, alike forbid me to form such an opinion of your panegyrick.—My previous intimation of your presence, made me extremely desirous of giving you pleasure; and I have, certainly, ample assurance that my wish was accomplished.—I am sorry to differ with you in opinion concerning the profitable result of my publishing an arrangement of Mozart's overtures.—It has always been my conviction that no written arrangement whatever will enable a student to give those effects which will be suggested to him, (if he be a person of mind,) by the power of reading score; and adaptations of full orchestral pieces which would approach the combinations of the band, would present to the general eye by far too great a crowd of notes to make such things saleable.—These circumstances have given me an invincible antipathy to writing arrangements.—

I read your commendation of my "cchurchified" movement with great pleasure, and would gladly send you some of it, but for two reasons; the first, that a person of your universally acknowledged excellence in that sublimest kind of music, must always be able to draw most copiously from his own mental stores; the second, that in strict truth I only recollect the general character, but not in the least, the identical notes of what I played.—With sincere thanks for your cordial eulogy, I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

Thos. Adams.

II

Dr. Burney to Samuel Wesley and Vincent Novello

Chel. Coll. July 19. ½ past 2. Thursday.

[Undated. Addressed to Wesley.]

With best Comp. al Virtuossiss^{mo} Sig^{to} Vincenzo Novello, I shall now begin my *finale* note, in the dual number, with

My dear Friends

If you c^d send your Lumber-dy Instrum^t sooner than 10 to-morrow morn^g. I sh^d be right glad; that it may be tuned in unison with mine: for if its pitch sh^d be altered, the 2 Giants will not remain in perfect friend^{sh}. an hour. While the weather continues warm, I had rather wait on ye at 11, than 12 or 1.—I am now entirely for the performance of the 30 *Waryations de suite*: as you two virtuous gemmen, doubtless, are so *parfit* in all these pretty *chunes*, that you'll

O remember me for good far, ere through the mortal coil

Show me thine a-to-ning Blood which my strength o' soul will

And give my gasping soul to see Je-sus crucified for me

Give my gasping soul to see Je-sus crucified for me

S. Wesley
1807

The original version of 'Come Ye Holy Men and Women, a part of the Song of Simeon' is published in the 'Hymns and Sacred Poems' of Charles Wesley, No. 33. It was revised by the author, and the name 'S. Wesley' is written in the lower right of the score.

Unpublished setting by S. Wesley, with endorsement by V. Novello, of "Might I in Thy sight appear," Penitential hymn (part of No. 33 of Charles Wesley's 'Hymns and Sacred Poems.' From the Original Ms. in the British Museum).

go on as swimming from beginning to end, as if wind and tide were both strongly in your favour. I think the *fortè*, i. e. *fortès*, may begin to storm the works of Engineer Bach, before 12. And if we have any time to spare, after being played over, we can *talk* them over—or (what w^d be *shtill petter auch coot*) if little i were to say *bis*, there might, may-hap, be time for a *Da Capo*. So; *fin Dimani*, at least, God bless ye!

C. B.

III

C. F. Horn to Vincent Novello

Dear Sir!

It is with the greatest pleasure that I send you the music you do request, I found it out of the *ruins* of some old proofs and overplus Copies; I suspect now that I have been mistaken in the first Fuga, and believe it to be C. P. E. Bachs of Hambourgs Composition:

I would sooner meet your *little* musical party than five hunderd performers, was I well enough; but my lungs are so affected by this severe cold weather, that I must lay in a warm bed the greater part of my existance just now,—I will not fail of telling M^r Kramer your message, and remain

Dear Sir

Your very obed^t

Servant C. F. Horn.

Windsor Castle

January 13th, 1850.

IV

Leigh Hunt to Mrs. Novello

4 Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

October 24. [1835].

My dear Mary,

You will think, I fear, that I have been very rude, when I tell you that I received dear Clara's nice letter; but few people are so bad as they seem; and you must know that I have begun half a dozen sonnets, and turned them over and over in my mind, and have not been able to please myself. So I left off, and intended to begin again, because it is a bad thing if you do not hit out a piece of verse at once. I should have forwarded the Album the moment I succeeded, with an explanation of my delay, and an apology to our little syren; which I here beg her to accept. Will you let me keep the Album, still, to the last moment, and write me another note to say when that last moment will be? But above all, will you come and fetch it yourself? And will you bring Clara, and her dear father (if it will not tease him) and Clarke (if there is such a man—Do you remember him?) and a friend of his who used always to be with him,

In heaven yeleft Victoria,

But on earth heart-easing Wick?—

And furthermore, *will you all dine with us here at three o'clock, and name your day, and so be good, natural, hearty people, and kind old friends, and give me a holiday, and make us all seem immortal? My little ancient tenement here is more snug than it used to be; and I will give you a piece of roast beef for your dinner, with a pudding and a glass of wine; and after dinner we will go up into the study, and have tea and a book; and Clara shall not even sing if she does not like it; for I am aware that great ladies are not rashly to be asked to sing;*

only if she *would* (as the phrase is) oblige me with her father's sweet song, the words of which were written by a certain person, she will make me vain again, and very happy. We have a tolerably good piano-forte, and it shall be put in its best tune. So come over, there's good people, and let us have a day that shall leave a taste in the mouths of our hearts.

Many thanks for your remembering me on my birthday. It was virtue rewarded: for we drank dear Vincent's on his the other day, and the tears almost came into my eyes to think that he would not see his old friend in his illness, and let me try to comfort him. However, I did my best, by staying away; and they tell me he is well again, and out of his wilfulness (I begin to think it is Wilful Man, as well as "Wilful Woman," eh?) Well, God bless all our wilfulnesses, and let them all have their way, provided we all love as we go and refuse nothing, especially to come to dine with people at Chelsea. I am writing opposite a print of a Sybil after Guercino, who sometimes reminds me of your look [or book?]. She is no more a Sybil than you are, except in name; but she is a very nice woman, especially if she used to dine with her friends at three, and write immediate letters to say so. So come—come—COME. Fancy me, here, giving you a great spank on the shoulders and insisting upon it. How can a woman of any cordiality of shoulder-blade, resist?

Mind—this letter is addressed to the whole kit of you, and is to be looked upon as comprising special attentions and requests to all,—taking nothing impudently for granted, and yet somehow bringing all the charms of impudence in supposing consent given at once. And so, dear Moll-Vin-Charl-Wick-Clarinet, I am truly yours,

With hearty affection,

Leigh Hunt.

V

Leigh Hunt to Vincent Novello

Chelsea. April 24. [1840.]

My dear Vincent,

Let me again thank you for the pleasure and honour you have done me by inscribing to me the Canzonetts which Henry has brought. It is precisely one of the sort of things which I should have wished to happen to me, could one's wishes secure what one likes. So thanks again and again. I hope I may be able to do them some good;—meantime I shall please you best by saying that they do me good,—“enlarge my breast,” as the Eastern people say, and help me to breathe *allegrement*. “Vado ben spesso” I go about singing every where; and I look on the title-page and am pleased to see our names together. And yet what a name does mine look among those Italian harmonics with their vowel endings! And what the devil would the Italians themselves make of it? *La-eigh-eh-Hoon-keh!!* Oh che pena! stravaganza! impossibilita!—In Italy the custom luckily is to call you by your Christian name, so I used to escape under the romantic euphemism of “Signor Enrico.” How beautifully M^{rs}. Serle the other night threw out the “Ma non so mai cangiar desio”! Love to the loving from

Your ever loving

L. H.

P. S.—There is a mild rich goodnature in Elty's face and manner;—such as a painter ought to have. But then, you know, he does paint. How few painters do!

VI

Leigh Hunt to Vincent Novello

Chelsea. April 20.

My dear Vincent,

I will assuredly, Heaven willing, be at the Lecture on Wednesday, with many thanks. In addition to the desire I have always had to hear of these *angels and darlings* of song (Arcangelos & Carissimis) I want to poach upon them for my comedy, in which I introduce songs sung in *Italian*.—Love to the loving; and helieve me ever, Vincenzo mio, most heartily yrs.

Leigh Hunt.

VII

Leigh Hunt to Vincent Novello

Gower Place. Saturday Morning.

My dear Novello,

I have been looking forward all the week, in the midst of my cares, to the comfort I intended to receive from your music this evening; and so I let you know it out of revenge for your putting me off. You beg me to name an evening that will suit me. Alas! any evening is suitable, that brings so rare a thing as a pleasure with it;—and so there is another piece of revenge for you; in the melancholy good humour of that philosophy. I have devoted your memorandum-book, literally, to the putting down of "pleasant thoughts"; but as yet it remains blank. Perhaps the proprietor of the paper I mentioned to you will enable me to begin; for he is to-day to make me an "offer" himself, and upon departments of his paper not connected with politics. I have also a hope in another quarter, which with the exception of my visits to the museum, and one evening walk in the Regent's Park, has kept me at home all the week in a state of anxious suspense—I tell you all this, that you may see how little I enjoy myself any where, when I am unable to come and enjoy myself with you. Love to Mary, and helieve me ever, dear Vincent, your obliged and affectionate friend,

Leigh Hunt.

P. S. As I find impudence to be a consolation, and not, as Lord Ellenborough called it, "a curse" (he was not delicate enough to know the value of it, was he, Mary?) I must tell you, that there is a very pretty edition of the Arabian Nights published by a printer of the name of Dove in St John's Square, Clerkenwell. At least I judge so from the set of publications, of which it forms a part, and with which, it seems, he has so hurt his fingers (publishing thousands of them instead of hundreds) that you can get the said Arab. Nights at half price. They are in three small vol. about the size of the edition you wanted. Dove himself, being "wrathful," will not let the booksellers have a specimen to show: they and he are at daggers drawn,—*bites*, I should say, or becks rather. But Mr. Clarke could probably get a sight of it somewhere, that you might know whether it be worthy. You must not buy it of Dove, for then he whole-prices you. Stephens could not succeed in getting me one to look at; or I intended modestly to have brought it to you.

VIII

The Rev. C. I. Latrobe to Vincent Novello

19 Bartlett's Buildings. Nov. 22d, 1828.

My dear Sir,

When I had the pleasure of meeting you at York, I promised, on my return to town, to give you some account of my intercourse with *Haydn*, (a name, to which no high sounding epithet, not even that of Mus. D. Oxon, can add any lustre.) I returned in October, but have since been called to Oxford, and have not yet worked my way thro' a mass of correspondence, which had accumulated during my long absence. Add to this, that by a weakness in my arm and hand, which has for some time been creeping upon me, writing has become more troublesome to me than formerly, and I am sure you will now admit my apology for the Delay. But promises once made must be kept, and therefore without further preamble, I will endeavour to write down a few particulars, which, however, can be of little value to anyone but myself.

When *Haydn* arrived in England in 17 , I was introduced to him by Dr. Burney, who well knew the value I should set upon the personal acquaintance of a man, whose Works I so greatly admired, and of which I may say, that they had been a feast to my soul. I had at that time made scores of about 25 of his Quartetts, from the printed parts, and contrived to play them on the pianoforte with tolerable accuracy, as to their internal construction. Whether he perceived, on our first interview, that my admiration of him as the first of composers, in conversation, soon rose to sincere affection for him as a most amiable man, and therefore felt mutual kindness toward me, I will not presume to say, but he was pleased, not long after, to pay me a visit. When he entered the room, he found my wife alone, and as she could not speak German, and he had scarcely picked up a few English words, both were at a loss what to say. He bowed with foreign formality, and the following short explanation took place:

H. "Dis, Mr. Latrobe house?"

The answer was in the affirmative.

H. "Be you his Woman?" (meaning his wife).

"I am M^r Latrobe," was the reply.

After some pause, he looked round the room, & saw his picture, to which he immediately pointed, and explained: "Dat is me, I am *Haydn*!" My wife instantly, knowing what a most welcome guest I was honoured with, sent for me to a house not far off, and treated him with all possible civility. He was meanwhile amused with some fine Specimens of Lahrador Spar on the Chimney-piece, which he greatly admired and accepted of a polished slab. Of course I hastened home, and passed half an hour with him in agreeable conversation. He gave me his direction and begged me to call on him whenever I pleased, which I considered the more condescending, as he could derive neither honour nor profit by my acquaintance. You may be sure I availed myself of the privilege, and believe, that we did not grow tired of each other's Company. The same friendly intercourse between us was kept up during both his first and second Visits to England. Sometimes I met him at friends' houses, but never enjoyed his Company more than at his own lodging. I now and then found him at work upon his magnificent Symphonies, which he composed for Salomon's Concerts, and tho' I avoided taking up time so well employed, yet he would sometimes detain me, and play for me some passages of a new Composition. On enquiry, hearing from a friend that I had ventured to compose some Sonatas for the Pianoforte, he desired

to hear them. As he observed, that they ought to be printed, I agreed, if he would permit me to dedicate them to him. Of this he has made mention in his own account of his Visits to England. These Sonatas, with many compositions of better masters, have long ago swam down the stream of Oblivion, and made room for a younger fry. Speaking with me of Mozart's death, he added, with that modesty, by which he was distinguished, "In him the world has lost a much greater Master of Harmony than I am." In general, I never perceived in Haydn any symptoms of that envy and jealousy, which is, alas, so much the besetting sin of musicians.

He appeared to me to be a religious character, and not only attentive to the forms and usages of his own Church, but under the influence of a devotional spirit. This is felt by those, who understand the language of music, in many parts of his Masses and other Compositions for the Church. I once observed to him, that having in the year 1779, when a youth, obtained the parts of his Stabat Mater from a friend, who had found means to procure them at Dresden, I made a score, and became enchanted with its beauty. The study of it, more than of any other work, helped to form my taste, and make me more zealous in the pursuit of this noble science. He seemed delighted to hear my remarks on a Composition which he declared to be one of his favourites, and added, that it was no wonder, that it partook of a religious savor, for it had been composed in the performance of a religious vow. He then gave me the following account of it. Some time about the year 1770 (but as to the particular year, I am not sure,) he was seized with a violent disorder, which threatened his life. "I was," said he, "not prepared to die, and prayed to God to have mercy upon me and grant me recovery. I also vowed, that if I were restored to health, I would compose a Stabat Mater in honor of the Blessed Virgin as a token of thankfulness. My prayer was heard and I recovered. With a grateful sense of my duty, I cheerfully set about the performance of my Vow, and endeavoured to do it in my best manner. When finished, I sent the Score to my dear old friend *Hasse*, then residing at Venice (if I am right). He returned me an answer which I shall preserve as a treasure to the end of my life. It is full of affection and truly religious feeling, for he was not only my musical, but my spiritual father. The Stabat Mater was performed at Vienna, both in the Imperial Chapel and at other Churches with acceptance, but I dedicated it to the Electress of Saxony, who was an excellent judge in Music, and at Dresden it was done justice to."—The tears glistened in his Eyes, while he gave me this account, of which I have remembered the very words.

More I will not add, than to assure you of my Esteem and thanks for your kind musical presents to me and my children, and wishing, that ever possible success may attend your very meretorious Endeavors to promote the cause of good music,

I am ever, My Dear Sir,

Your obliged and aff^{te} fr^d and Serv^t

C. I. La Trobe

Pardon blunders and erasures.

P. S. You wished me to say something on the York musical festival, but you must kindly excuse me. Were I to say all I might say on the Subject, I should offend those who swim with the stream, after a gudgeon or a whale, a pigmy or a giant, who are in extasy on hearing a silly hallad, and yawn during a Chorus of Handel. The Choruses however were not worth going to York for.

IX

Mary Sabilla Novello (Mrs.) to Henry Phillips

[Beginning missing.]

"I have great pleasure in sending you two of Wesley's letters, wh. are particularly interesting, as shewing the mind of the man in its opposite extremes of mad fun, and excessive depression, to which alternations Wesley always was subject. I knew him unfortunately too well, pious Catholic, raving atheist, mad, reasonable, drunk and sober—the dread of all wives and regular families, a warm friend, a bitter foe, a satirical talker, a flatterer at times of those he cynically traduced at others—a blasphemer at times, a puleing Methodist at others"

Yours very truly
Mary Sabilla Novello.

[No date.]

X

Joseph Severn to Vincent Novello

Rome. March 8th, 1828.

My dear Novello,

Your kind letter has made me sit down to have a long chit-chat with you. I think I perceive an Italian longing in you, altho' you don't say it, quite as strong as in my English remaining one. I suppose a visit would do for us both, for I am afraid I am becoming an Italian—that is I have no thoughts at present of return. My stay here is so agreeable, to all the qualities of my mind, tho' not quite of my heart, for I have never been able to fill up the gap made by the absence of all you good fellows, with your warm imaginations and warmer hearts. My equivalent for all this (though it is not equivalent in any one point) is as much as I like of good natured equality or condescending high rank, so smooth'd down by common-place that I have long been satiated with what they call Society.—The Italians are a common-place people, at least they appear so to foreigners, habitual politeness is the cause of it, a monstrous bore in itself and a begetter of greater Monsters still—that is, in the same way. I am set upon this train of thought by your mention of Leigh Hunt, who has *all* that can mean "gentilezza" and is still ever delighting by perpetual novelty and deep feeling.—The Italians have not such a living Ariosto among them—at least I have never found one, and perhaps my intercourse is greater than any other of my countrymen.—What you tell me of him is really grateful news, I am most desirous to see his lord B—as it will answer to my notion,—but his getting into such "brio" of mind will produce many fine things.—I fear I can scarce echo hack to you what you say of Music, for the same taste pervades all Europe with the sole exception in Italy of the performers being worse than any other part.—Fine Operas they don't play because they have no Orchestra, or rather, no liking, or both. Rossini's imitators seem living on the slack rope, with him as the pole which keeps them up—everything is done upon one Leg, and that's the Melody, accompany'd only by the foolish grimaces of the Composer, which serve for harmony—. How different from the time when old Bach seem'd to go on all four's that he might move steadily, and Handel walk'd on two legs like a Man, and Mozart like a gentleman who had learn'd to dance, and knew how to keep his balance, and yet had no unnatural longings

after the slack rope.—Now what can all this lead to but the ground, to which the sooner it comes the better.—I suppose you have lots of these Italian metamorphoses, where the voice does the instrumental, and the instrumental the vocal part—where the Lady has the like of a Fiddle and the gentleman of a Guittar—I am sick of these musical flirtations, and sigh to woo Music with your taste again. Here if I ask a Lady to sing me something of Mozart, it's like asking her to wear a hoop petticoat.—'Tis a melancholy truth that Music is affected by Fashion or rather Novelty.—You see Corelli ought to be holding the rank of Raffaello, whereas he's forgotten, save but by his bust in the Capitol, now in Painting this is not the case. The old Masters still fetch the highest prices and get the highest praises, which is gratifying to us painters. I can hardly tell you what pleasure your Church Music which you sent gives me. I have a great turn for this style and lament that we never get it here in the Churches. Your beautiful "Sancta Maria" in C. I had an opportunity of producing which gratified me. My friend lady Westmorland was giving a "Tableaux" of Raffaello's S^t Cecilia, which I dare say you will know. This Tableaux is made up of living persons resembling the picture and dress'd and lighted to the exact effect, and shown behind a frame covered with gauze, so that the illusion of a picture is perfect, without the disadvantages of bad drawing or colouring etc. The thing, I assure you, is wonderfully beautiful and interesting.—Here in Rome it is continually done with great success and certainly forms the most elegant amusement.—Well, as I was saying of your beautiful Saneta Maria, I proposed it should be sung whilst the tableaux was seen, more so as we had good voices: it produced a magic effect and seem'd written for the occasion, for St. Cecilia drops her organ, on hearing the angels sing. And let me tell you that your work has given great pleasure to the Masters who are still lingering in the good style of Music.—Sirelletti, who is the finest player I have met in Italy, is unbounded in his praises of it, and longs to know you. There is also an Abbate Santini, who is not only very learn'd but has a very fine collection of old Music, who desires me to say that if you should like to exchange yours for some of his, he shall feel honor'd to possess such a superb work.—I shall send you his catalogue by the first opportunity.—Lord Arundel is here and talks highly in your praises, he is going to get up some of your Mottets at his house, if he can make the Italians consent.—Of my painting you will be glad to know that I can tell ev'ry thing that is favorable. I have not only succeeded in producing Works of my own intire invention, but have also been so fortunate as to sell them to the most distinguished persons amongst my patrons, the Duke of Bedford and Prince Leopold are the most worthy to be named.—This year you will see my "Cordelia watching by the bed of Lear," also some Italian subjects, there were 8 altogether and I have still 11 on hand.—My present work is an Italian Fountain, on the plan of the Vintage I did for the Duke of B. which I hope you saw.—You see the interest of these subjects is that the Antique customs and manners are evident every where, and then the Italian peasants are antequely beautiful.—I am just about beginning a large church picture, which I believe is to be an order, it is the woman and child from the 12th Chap. of the Revelation—a subject of my own choosing, from its close resemblance to the style of the Venetians.—I am leading a happy life in the uninterrupted pursuit of my darling painting—and but for the common place cant in all ranks here I would say it is a very happy life, for it is needless to praise Italy to you and that I enjoy it in the Italian way.—Tell my dear friend Holmes, that I'll never pardon him for telling me he was so near me, without seeing me, he might have kept it a

secret. Say to his questions that I do not fit to England these 3 or 4 years at least, or as long [as] they give me orders for my work (not portraits) I shall remain—that I am taller and better made, and handsomer of course, and younger, what the devil!!—Tho' curious, my complexion from my continued good health (which is another story) is become clear, but withal I should be still better with some of our "pleasant confabulations," tho' not in Goswell St.—That I never make portraits of myself, which in Painters, is like the Poets wanting the Park trees their dinner—that is I've better to do.—People leave me orders and the money and I may do what I like, which is the height of what I aim'd at—That I don't eat goat's flesh, and the "Lacryma Christi" is my wine, and that I walk when it enables on the "Pincio," a Roman hill overlooking the whole City. May I beg you to remember me most kindly to him and his father and family.—Tell him that I shall hope to see him from what he says, and that it is no compliment to me [to] enquire about my pictures when he may see them at Somerset House &c.—Pray make my Compliment to M^{rs} Novello on her beautiful little book of Stowe Gardens which gave infinite pleasure, more so [as] I found your own exquisite song in it—altogether it interested me very much—Also be sure to make my remembrance to our fine mutual friend L. Hunt, whom I most heartily desire to see—also C. C. Clarke when you see him—In my next sending pictures to England you will find a portrait of poor Keats and also his grave, the latter I am rather proud of, as one of my best things. Tell me if your 'Evening Service' is compleat—you were so kind as to send me 7 books of it—now, how many are there? or is this all—I have had the Mottets bound together.—I once play'd the Organ at Naples for 2 Months and made use of these books, but the Monks complain'd that the Music was very dull, and so I ventur'd the elevation of the Host with an "Ah Perdona" which they thought dull also—and so after several trials, I gave "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," which they liked very much—it is just their present Church Music.—So now I wish you good bye, I shall hope to hear from you when you get the Catalogue, and I will take care to send you my part of the Music. Believe me ever

Your obliged friend

Jos^{ph}. Severn.

XI

Joseph Severn to Vincent Novello

Rome. Nov^r 15th 1829.

My dear Novello,

I have had such a multitude of things to occupy my attention, and which were affairs of "downright business" by which I mean, what *must* be done: that I could not have the great pleasure of writing you to say how grateful I feel for the catalogue of your Music and the very kind offer you made me to chuse from it, and also to say how much I liked Mr. Fraser, and how much I regretted that he left Rome without my seeing him.—I missed him owing to a vile conspiracy which annoy'd me at the time and which I did not know how to emancipate myself from.—It was to rob me of £60 for servants wages, a demand made by the husband of my servant, who I had allowed to live in my house and whom I recommended to friends as a Porter.—I was saved by the exact manner in which I had kept a journal of my expenses &c.—This man with 18 others, swore to an agreement that *he* was my servant and *not* his *wife*, and they all attempted to identify both time and place—in answer to which I proved that I not only lived in another house but was also in Venice at the

time. This alibi saved me—for I afterwards discover'd that these wretches had money and aid from some arch enemy of mine, and it [was] by this, that the shameful cause was enabled to come into the Roman Court.—Pray do do me the justice to read this to Mr. Fraser, and tell him that I was in the midst of these troubles when he left Rome.—Pray assure him of the great respect I have for him.—I dare say that you know (altho' I have not had the grace to inform you of it) that I am "Benedict the married man" of a year's standing, and that I have the honor to be a father.—But altho' you know these things I dare say it will be a pleasure to you to know also how happy I have been in the choice of my wife, how well and calmly I am going on and how contented I am to think of my future life, which was such a gloomy prospect at one time.—You will laugh at me, but I am so superstitious as to think that poor Keats' dying blessing has raised me in all things—I won't attempt to define the unknown connection of this with another world, by reasoning on this, but by the emotions of my own feelings—often do I feel that Keats' noble spirit is about me.—I revel with him in Italian scenes which I know he would have loved.—I am raised from difficulties with remembrances of his advice—and above all the fine things he wish'd me in the very inmost of his poor broken heart have been realized.—I hope to pay a poor tribute to his memory in the next exhibition, in a posthumous portrait, and another of his grave, which is a very beautiful spot.—There is the Pyramid of C. Cestus in the hack ground, and I propose introducing a young shepherd sleeping against the tombstone of Keats, his flock about him, and a ray of the moon illuminating his face—this will seem an Endymion, and yet be the positive fact.—I am happy you like the little picture I sent you, it is true to nature.—I do not wish it to go to the Exhibition as I am sending many more extensive works.—I can now enumerate as my Patrons nearly all the great Patrons of Art in England, and many more.—My best work (as they say) is an Italian Fountain, done for Prince Leopold, I hope it will be exhibited in the British Gallery, or certainly at Somerset House.—It gratifies me much to hear of the taste you have given in England for sacred Music. They tell me that almost every Church have [has] a choice and sing Mozart and Hadyn [*sic*] of your arrangement. My brother has written me about it, giving to you "all honour and praise."—Tho' unacquainted with the sacred Works of Purcell I hope that they will at last meet their merits, which must be great judging from his other works which I know.—I have often wondered at the neglect of Purcell who appears to be the father of Modern Music, at least *he* it was who substituted Poetry for the Mathematics in the science, at least as far as my poor judgment goes.—What a fine thing it will be should you be able to revise the universal taste and practice that existed in Vocal Music. Old Walton I remember speaks of it.—You are so kind as to offer me the choice of your Cat* but I dare not be so bold save as to ask the favor of the wanting Numbers to your Mottetts & E* Service which you did me the favor to present me. The Mottetts I havt to No. 10. and the Er Service to No. 9.—Should there be some gem of Haydn that you delight to play, pray send it me—for I am a great enthusiast in this kind of Music.—If you send them to Mr. R. Westmacott Jun' N° 14 South Audley Street, I shall have them by Christmas as a friend is coming here then. I reckon that you have seen my friend Lord Arundell before this, who said that he should bring back *every* work you had publish'd.—I hope my friend Holmes is well and doing well. I should like much to hear from him, silent fellow as he is.—L. Hunt & C. C. Clark I hope are well, remember me most kindly to them and Richards also the Prisoner in the Tower, easy he

his chains, for I know he must demand to be out. My dear wife begs to present her respect to you for the pleasure she has in her acquaintance with you thro' your music, and to Mrs. Novello also the like for her elegant book called Stowe Gardens.—I fear M^{rs}. N. will hardly remember me altho' I do her so well.—Good bye my dear Novello—believe me your most

obliged and admiring friend

Joseph Severn.

We are ill off here for Music more than I can say. We have nought but Rossini *ill perform'd*—and this extends to the Churches.—How I wish you would come to Italy to let them know what organ playing is—I hear still your organ at South St. and can never forget it.

XII

Samuel Wesley to Vincent Novello

240 Oxford Street.

To Catholick Choirs and Organists.

An erroneous manner of terminating the *sixth* Tone of the Psalms having obtained, in consequence of not distinguishing it rightly from the *first*, (which it nearly resembles with respect to Intervals); it becomes advisable to state, that the Chants of the *four* former of the 8 Ecclesiastical Modes ought always to be accompanied with a *Minor third* upon their *final* note; and the four latter with a *Major third*.

The enclosed MS. shows the Difference between the Termination of the 1st and 6th Tones, as also the proper Accompaniments to each.

I shall be glad if this Explanation prove useful towards producing Correctness and Uniformity in this Point of the Evening Church Offices, which has long needed Observation and Amendment.

S. Wesley.

Monday, Dec. 9th 1811.

[Enclosure.]

T. 1

The let tone should descend one interval: the 5th two, as at the signs ♦♦

T. 6

XIII

Samuel Wesley to Vincent Novello

Vigil of April Fool Day 1812.

Dear N.

Your Organ at South Street is certainly "strong in the Faith," but I suspect your Bellows of Heterodoxy; for "not having the Fear of God before his Eyes, but being moved by the Instigation of the Devil, he did traiterously and of Malice aforethought" contrive, determine and resolve to be seized by a sudden Fit of Asthma, which the most experienced *practional Hand* could not relieve by the most *audorific* Administrations and energetic Efforts.—The Consequences were such as might be naturally expected, namely, a Chord and a Puff, a Puff and a Chord, sometimes a Chord and no Puff, and then, a Puff and no Chord: however: this Circumstance had the good Effect of reminding me of my hiblical Researches of old, where in the Pentateuch, the Priest is ordered by the grand Architect of the Universe and "the supreme Disposer of all Events" to wear not only in his Vestment "a Bell and a Pomegranate," but also a "Pomegranate and a Bell." So that the Parallell will be much in this Guise:

Bell versus Pomegranate:
Pomegranate versus Bell.

In the new Law, and under the Christian Dispensation,

Puff versus Chord:
Chord versus Puff.

Which I take to be a compleat and satisfactory Solution of all the Difficulties attending the Reconciliation of the Jewish and Christian Churches. I was informed that the High Mass to-day was not dis-, but un-organized—per contra, the Vespers were not un-, but dis-organized, I can tell you.

O! England! England! Wherefore art thou England?

I know one Matter at least, about England as a *Mister*; that if I were an Am-hassador, being able to afford the keeping of such an Organ in Tune for half a guinea a Week (and this would be Plenty of Money for the Purpose) I should think myself below any Pretension to the Dignity of the gallows were I to hesitate a moment to advance double the Sum for such a Purpose.

Friday the 5th of June is the *Day*, and will be the *Night*.—Catalani has written by her Amanuensis (a French Priest, therefore there can be no Doubt of Fidelity) that I am authorized to announce in the Papers her Determination to come forward in aid of a forlorn (and nearly blind) Organist, and has offered him his Victuals Gratis into the Bargain, next Sunday as ever is to be.—I am recommended to speak to her on the Bertinotti Question after her half Pint of Madeira. S. W.

Have you heard any Tidings of the Umbrella *minus*? Mine (at present) is certainly *yours* and not my own. Don't let us be robbed at Church and in the Choir, among the holy ones, without making out who's who.

XIV

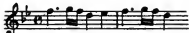
S. Wesley to V. Novello

Ramsgate.
Harbour Street, 7.
Thursday Oct. 1 [1812.]

My dear N.,

I abstained from laying Siege to you by Post, until I felt qualified to give you a true and particular Account of our Intentions, *Contentions* and Operations.—I mention *Contention* because my Coadjutor and myself have been retarded in our public Advancement by the Whimsies and Stupidity of two black Crows in the Shape and Guise of *Parsons*; one of them a Blockhead and the other a Brute.—The Story is this:—Mr. Webbe Senior suggested to his Son that he conceived it would be advisable, previous to our issuing public notice relative to anything like a Concert, to obtain the Permission of performing some select Pieces on the Organ at a Church or Churches (if deemed more eligible to attract *Customers*) and to give the Entertainment Gratis, in a Morning, thus rendering ourselves known not only as Artists, but as Lads of some Liberality and obliging Propensity.—The Clergyman of Ramsgate was afraid of offending the tight-laced Part of his Congregation by this Novelty, and therefore refused us; and the Hottentot of Margate upon our Application sent a most impudent vulgar Answer stating our Request to be so “highly indecorous and improper that he hesitated not a moment to give it his decisive Refusal.”—In Consequence of these *Pros and Cons*, the Time which might and would have been profitably employed in Preparations for our intended Party was unavoidably expended (not to say wasted) in waiting the Sentence of these driveling old Puts, and we were not able to announce our Day &c. until Saturday Evening last.

Added to these Delights, there has been not a little Debate concerning the most opportune Season for our Exhibition, some advising the Morning (or Noon) and others the Evening.—The Advocates for the Morning argued the great Probability of *Loungers* employed at that Time in quest of “something new and strange” as an Inducement to fix the Meeting then; but to this was opposed the Fact of all the fine Folk being in the *Habit* of prancing about on their Palfries, and bowling about in their Tumbrils for 2 or 3 Hours after scrubbing their mangey Carcasses in the Sea, which would quite do away any reasonable Expectation of their coming to hear our Quaverings before Dinner Time.—The Arguments in favour of the Evening have ultimately prevailed, and we have at length determined on Saturday Evening next, Oct. 3rd at 8 o'clock.—We have met with some very kind and active Friends, who are making whatever Interest they can in our Favour, and I think that we have a tolerably good Prospect—but you know that *my* Expectations of Success in any Undertaking are not generally presumptuous, and I shall not murmur in the least, provided we depart hence without burning our Fingers, and I rather think we may rationally hope as much as that.—We have engaged Miss Stephens (who is at Margate) as our Singer: I think you told me she was to have sung at the Thanksgiving Business in your Chapel: she has a very sweet voice, and sings in a pretty Style: there is no one else hereabout that can be endured by any but French Ears.—We mean to be very modest in our Pretensions, of the vocal sort especially; Miss S. is to sing two Songs, and Webbe and I intend joining her in two Gleees, furthermore, also and moreover, I shall attempt to fiddle the Accompaniment

of Pleyel's Sonata  *etc.* which may be

done without broken Bones. I trow; at least it is "devoutly to be wished."—My compeer will also give one of Dussek's most stately Pieces as a Solo: the Duet of "The Sisters" will also make its Appearance according to your Advice: another of Clementi (a Rattler) and a Fantasia, with some St. Giles's Ditty or other for the Delight and Edification of the learned Critics now resident in the Isle of Thanet, and who rank pretty much with the majority of those in London, touching Judgement and Acumen, but that you know is neither *here* nor *there*.

Pray, Sir, do me the favour to accept my "humble and hearty thanks for all your Goodness and loving Kindness to me" and my School Mistress to the North of Oxford Street. As we doubt being able to set forth sooner than Monday, of consequence I must once again intreat your Assumption of the Magisterial Chair on that Day, and you shall have very speedy Intelligence of our Arrival, whenever that shall be brought about, which I trust will be in the Course of Tuesday.

I forget whether you are as devout an Adorer of the Main Ocean as I, but if I were a Gem'man like, I would always live within a Hop, Skip and Jump thereof. I am convinced by my present experience that it would secure me a Perpetuity of Health, which I am singular enough to esteem a greater Blessing than long Life.

Mr. W. and I appear about every other Day in Paris naturalibus upon the Coast, to amuse the Fish and the Ladies. We scorn wooden Machines, where there is neither Prospect nor Sea Room; irksome Obstacles to aquatic Animals.

Yours as ever

S. Wesley.

P. S. Horsley and his Spouse Elect, Callcot's eldest Daughter, with her Mother are down here, and we met them Yesterday by Accident on the Coast, just as we were about to strip.—Miss C. said she should have known me at *any* Distance by Sight, and she had a narrow Chance of exercising her Memory in my *birth day* Suit.

P. S. We meet at Margate and Ramsgate the most perfect Piano-forte Artists you can imagine: they play uniformly in 5^{ths} & Octaves.—I see your name as a Subscriber to Mr. Panormo's Concerto, and I am sure by the Specimens of his Compositions I have seen that you have a Great Deal to *learn* yet.

XV

S. Wesley to V. Novello

25 June 1815.

Dear N.

Herein are the Tunes required, written at a Mail Coach Pace, and therefore very probably containing some Inaccuracies; these however you can examine, and substitute what shall be the right Thing whenever the wrong may happen to occur.—

My girl was very well received at Vauxhall: encored, and so on; and the Manager seemed pleased: if he only please to engage her, we shall all be pleased.—I doubt however if this will take place during the present Season, as there seem Singers enow without her.—Jemmy Hook to whom I had the Impudence

to introduce myself, and to whom I never before spake in my Life, surprised me not a little by his extreme Courtesy and still more by informing me that he had just published a Voluntary at Bland and Weller's, inscribed to my own Honor's Worship and Glory.—Of course, I was very reconnoissant: he desired me to take up any number of Copies I might be disposed for: I have taken three, and have given one to little Joey—I assure you that the Stuff is none of the worst, and the Fugue much more in the Shape of one than any thing I ever yet heard Crotch do upon the organ.—Hook's Prælium at the opening of the Acts was also exceedingly good: in thorough Organ Style, and with knowing Modulation.—I was never more agreeably surprized altogether.

I intend to start hence on Friday, by 5 o'clock in the Morning—therefore if you have any Inclination to see me once more before John Ketch Esquire does me and my Country Justice, your better Way will be to look in here, at the Condemned Hold in the Course to To-morrow Evening.—I will also shew you the Voluntary, and should like to have your candid opinion thereof and thereon. Yours as usual

S. W.

P. S. Birchall's People promise to send the Bach Proofs to you, but nevertheless have the Charity to jog some of their Memories.

Wednesday, 23d of June 1813.

XVI

S. Wesley to V. Novello

[20 July 1814.]

Dear N.

I have completed the Transcript of the Trio, and therefore now the only remaining Point is the Settlement of a Time for performing it in "worshipful Society."—Sunday, I think, all Matters considered, not the most eligible Day, especially as we are to assemble in rather a public-looking Place; added to this, two or three People whom I mean to invite, and who are worthy Guests, are more punctilious about the Ceremony of Sunday than you and I.—What say you to Monday next?—I shall be disengaged from *One* o'clock on that Day, and will attend at any Hour from that till 12 at Night, which perhaps might be considered *rather late*.—Pray turn all this over in your cogitating Scence, and let me know without unnecessary Delay how you can cut and contrive:—Salomon is much agog to be among us: I would strain a Point to accommodate him as to Time.—Clementi has promised to come.—The Cramers I shall invite; although of J. B. I have no Hope, *especially* as I think it probable that he has heard (by some Side Wind) how *well* Wilson can play his Musick.

The selected Mass went in very prime Stile on Sunday, notwithstanding the Absence of Lanza.—Miss Bonxyer and her Mamma were all in the Raptures.—Indeed all went nicely, and the 'vitam venturi' they roared out with becoming Enthusiasm, in which I joined, and made young L^d Petre laugh thereat, which comforted the Cockles of my Heart amain.

S. W.

XVII

S. Wesley to V. Novello

Gower Place. Monday Evening

[15 Jan. 1816].

Dear N.

We cooked the Hash yesterday as well as we could without you, and I think the Mass went very well: we had Ricci's Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus and Agnus,

and the selected Credo, and Roman Domine: Miss Stamp (who is intimate with Miss Harington) was introduced into the Choir, and certainly would be an Acquisition to you, were she engaged as a Fixture.—The Feast was "of the Name of Jesus," and Turle and Prina sang 'O Jesu Pastor bone,' that fine treaty Lollypop of old Webbe, but it had quite a ravishing Effect, upon the *Ladies* especially.

The Hymn "that's call'd *Te Dum*" is to be halloo'd out next Thursday it seems, and your *Nightingales* want a Rehearsal, and wished me to inform you and suggest that perhaps *Wednesday* Evening might suit you to drill them.—I promised to give you this Intelligence.

I inclose the Hymn of the Feast yesterday, which of course you will harmonize among the rest.—It is a very nice one.

Yours in great haste

S. Wesley

I suppose you had a roaring Day with Hunt yesterday.

XVIII

A Dialogue which happened on Saturday, July 27th, 1816 in Chappell's Music Shop, between Mr. Jones, the Welsh Harper and Antiquarian, Mr. Ayrton, the Philharmonic Orator and Legislator and S. W.

Jones.—Mr. Wesley, how came you not to be at White's last Musical Auction, where several of Sebastian Bach's Works were sold, and some of them which I think you know nothing of?

S. W.—I saw the Catalogue previous to the Sale, and found no Pieces of Bach with which I was not before acquainted.—I am at present in Possession (as a Loan) of six curious and grand Preludes and Fugues, with an additional Base Line entirely for the Pedals.

Ayrton.—I think these were sold at Salomon's Auction.

S. W.—I am inclined to believe the contrary. I know them to be very scarce in this Country—I doubt whether there be another Copy here.

Ayrton.—I'm sure 'tis no such thing, there were several Manuscripts of Bach in Salomon's Library which I did think worth bringing forward, and I rather think this Work was among them.

S. W.—I wonder at this Omission of yours as every Note of this Author is valuable.

Ayrton—(with a Sneer). To you they may be so, but very few are of your Opinion.

S. W.—All those are of my Opinion who deserve the Name of either Musicians or Judges of Music.—Bach's works are the finest Study possible for all our musical Doctors in this Country.—Were he living he would stare not a little to find how they had ever acquired their title.¹

[Exit S. W., Jones and Ayrton staring mutually at each other and at an humble untitled *Mister's* Hardihood, which of Course they dubbed to be Impudence.—N'importe—I came away in high good Humor with myself, and you are not much out of Humour with me for *sarving* it out handsomely to these Vermin.]

¹N. B. Ayrton's Father was a Doctor of Music, and one of the most egregious Blockheads under the Sun.

XIX

S. Wesley to V. Novello

[No date. Probably early in 1817.]

I request your candid and unreserved Opinion delivered to me in your own Hand and *by your own Hand*, of my *whole* present State, both mental, public, and domestic, freely delivering your Sentiments as far as you have been able hitherto to judge of the probable, possible or more immediate Causes of the general and permanent Discomfort you have so long witnessed.—Be assured that I shall take *every thing* you may observe in good Part, if not immediately according with my exact Notions at the present Moment, and at all Events it will serve to strengthen Reflexions which I am continually induced and obliged to make upon *Ways and Means* of every kind.

[Separate Sheet]

My dear Friend

You guess the Purport of this: I am again your importunate Applicant for a *Lift to-morrow*: My upper Story is still far from in *patient* Order, and I feel that you have a Right to add the same Observation in Consequence of my thus molesting you—However you have kindly *forbidden* my Apologies, and I will therefore not augment your Trouble by them.

Ever yours
S. W.

Tuesday morn^g.

XX

S. Wesley to V. Novello

Sat^r 30th May. [1817.]

My dear Friend,

Here am I in the greatest Agonies of Mind and Body too, tho' the latter are the less—*All forsake me*: why is this?—If you think you *ought* not to come and comfort me I must submit, but I trust this is not so.—O come my dear Novello, and leave me not utterly in my deep Distress.—My Prayer is unavailing, else how do I long for a Release from my offended Maker!—It is HARDEST that even my little ones are withholden from seeing me. Alas, alas, Despair is for ever in Prospect. *Will you come this Evening. Do, for Pity's Sake.* S. W.

XXI

S. Wesley to V. Novello

[29 Aug. 1820?]

My dear N.

It is as false as mischievous to tell you that I never Enquire after you: I have not gone to Ball's for many Weeks, because I do not like Insult added to the Train of my Miseries.—Major is the only Person of whom I can learn concerning You, and him I seldom see more than once in a Month or 6 Weeks.—I most truly and deeply sympathized on the news of your most afflicting Loss: *Several* Times have I known its Bitterness by Experience.—I have always considered you among the *very few* who care what becomes of me, and have been ever alive to your kindness for me.—My Views of any Peace or Comfort

My good Friend 91

Nov. 20.
Monday Noon
158

Can you give or obtain for me,
any Copying, literary or musical?
either of them would be very accept-
able at present, and the Terms I
must leave to your Consideration,
remaining always

My dear Friend

most cordially Yours

Wesley

P.S. I write this at Mr. Rimbauld's,
11.9 Denmark Street, Soho, where I
call almost daily, and should receive
an early Line speedily, with which I
hope you will oblige me.

I have not forgotten ^{your Desire of} the Ossian
Recit: have Patience with me: —
Whenever I write it, I must do it
from Memory, for I have not the Book
where it is — Mr. Bela Fite is in the
Country — I think he has it in his Trunk ^{locked} _{up}

on Earth have long since terminated, and could I only secure a Probability that my poor children would not exist in wretchedness, I could perhaps drag out the sad Remainder of my melancholy Journey in less Horror and Agitation.—To be starved one's self is dismal enough, but to become the Cause of similar Destruction to others, and worst of all to those we do and ought to love, is insupportable by any but a Heart of Adamant.

I am very low and ill, but would most willingly meet you, any where but in Duke Street.—The Music at the Chapel is too overwhelming for me to stand.—Behnes's in Newman Street is always open to me, and where I wish you to address any communication to your sincere (tho' now decayed and perishing) old Friend and Companion

S. W.

29th of Aug.—Tuesday.

Euston St. Euston Sqre.

[Endorsed by Novello: 'From Dear Sam Wesley.']

XXII

S. Wesley to V. Novello

Nov. 20. [1820?]

Monday Noon.

My good Friend N

Can you give or obtain for me any *Copying*: literary or musical? either of them would be very acceptable at present, and the Terms I must leave to your Consideration, remaining always

My dear Friend

Most cordially Yours

S. Wesley.

P. S. I write this at M^r Rimbault's, N. 9 Denmark Street, Soho, where I call almost daily, and should receive an early Line speedily, with which I hope you will oblige me.

I have not forgotten your Desire of the *Ossian* Recit: *have Patience with me*:—Whenever I write it, I must do it from Memory, for I have not the Book where it is—M^r. De la Fite is in the country and I *think* he has it in his trunk locked up.

[Endorsed by V. Novello:]

I wish to place this affecting note on record, as an eternal disgrace to the pretended Patrons of Good Music in England, who could have the contemptible bad taste to undervalue and neglect the masterly productions of such an extraordinary Musician as Sam Wesley, and who had the paltry meanness of spirit, to allow such a real Genius (who, like Purcell, was an honor to the Country where he was born) to sink into such poverty, decay and undeserved neglect, as to be under the necessity of seeking employment as a mere drudging *Copyist* to prevent himself from Starvation.

The behaviour of the rich *Patrons* of Wesley, in *England* reminds me of the equally despicable behaviour of the self-styled nobility among the cold-blooded, selfish and beggarly-proud Scotch, towards their really illustrious countryman, *Burns*.

May such unfeeling brutes meet their just reward.

Vincent Novello.

XXIII

S. Wesley to V. Novello

[27 Nov. 1821.]

Dear N.

Can you recommend me to a Pennyworth of Writing of any Sort, whether of Music or Words in the transcribing Way? As a *Composer* I am a Cripple, but in copying I believe I remain as correct, tho' certainly not so expeditious as heretofore.—You will perhaps give me a speedy Line upon the Subject, and I hope believe me always

Your obliged Friend
S. W.

16 Euston Street. Tuesday 27 Nov. '21.

XXIV

S. Wesley to V. Novello

16 Euston Square. [9 Dec. 1822(?)]

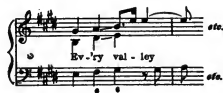
Dear N.

The following are my Notions about the Progression objected to,—

First, I think the Effect by no means harsh or unpleasant to the Ear, and when a Transition is not so, even if it be not according to an old Strict Rule (or in other Words a License) I do not see a Necessity for rejecting it.

2dly, there certainly are numerous Instances of the same Progression in some of the best Writers, as you truly observe.

3rdly, the very same occurs in Handel's Song "Ev'ry Valley," Messiah



I was taught that a perfect and imperfect 5th in Succession were allowable, when not put in the extreme Parts, the highest and lowest.—I have no more to say.

Will you meet me at Mr. De la Fite's, on *Saturday Evening*, No. 40, Clarendon Square, Somers Town, near the Catholic Chapel.—I will stay for you from 6 till 8. He is a very kind Friend to poor

S. W.

P. S. If I am to try for a few Halfpence by a Concert, ought Time to be trifled with? *pray* come on Sat.

I wish to place this affecting note on record
as an eternal disgrace to the pretended Patrons
of good Music in England, who could have the
intolerable bad taste & undervalue & neglect the masterly
productions of such an extraordinary Musician as Sam. Wesley,
and who had the paltry meanness of spirit, to allow such
a real Genius (who, like Purcell, was an honor to the Country
where he was born) to sink into such poverty, decay and
undeserved neglect, or to be under the necessity of seeking
employment as a ^{mere} drudging Copyist, to prevent himself
from starvation!

The behaviour of the rich Patrons of Wesley,
^{in England} reminds me of the equally deplorable behaviour of the
self-styled nobility amongst the old-blooded, selfish and
beggary-proud Scotch, towards their really illustrious
countryman, Burns.

May such unfeeling Brethren meet their just
reward.

Vincent Novello.



Endorsement by Vincent Novello, of S. Wesley's letter of
Nov. 20 [1820?] (British Museum)

XXV

S. Wesley to V. Novello

[4 July 1823.]

My Dear Novello

My old Friend, Mr. Jos. Barret (No. 50, Upper Berkley Street, Edgware Road) a sensible, worthy, conscientious and feeling Character, has given me his solemn Promise, that should he outlive me, which I most cordially hope and trust he will, I may safely depend upon his energetic Endeavour to fulfil my Request and gratify my earnest Desire of having my poor Remains deposited as near as can possibly be contrived to the precious Relicks of my transcendent and inestimable Friend in the Church Yard of Paddington:—and I have stated to the said J. B. my firm Persuasion that you will readily and heartily co-operate with him towards the punctual Accomplishment of this my anxious Wish, long cherished and unceasing.

I own that you would much gratify me by Consenting to an Interview with him upon the Subject, and which I am positive you would not afterwards regret, as you would find him a perfectly well bred man, possessed moreover of the unaffected Delicacy which belongs to a *genuine* Philanthropist, therefore you need not apprehend from him the slightest future encroachment on your Time by a Viva Voce Agreement and Stipulation to perform a tender Act of Charity to him who was once

S. Wesley.

Euston Street
July 4th 1823.

XXVI

S. Wesley to V. Novello

Wednesday, 12th May, 1824.

Dear N.

You know there is much squabbling at present in the Courts of Law about a right Definition of Blasphemy; but I fear that you have incurred the Guilt of musical high Treason in the Estimation of another Court, perhaps not less formidable to those who can *flatter* for Bread: what think you of the King's Court (par Excellence)?—You are not aware that among those whom you denominate "plodding Pedants" and "tasteless Drones," you have unluckily included a Personage high in Royal Favour and musical Office, and to whom, although I cannot but apply what Voltaire did to Father Adam, that he is not "le premier des Hommes," yet he must be confest to hold a *literary Priority* even to Johnson, Porson, and Tooke; for his name commenceth with A, and I do believe that if you guess, you may be right to a T in the next letter.

Although but by a few years my junior (therefore no Chicken), yet I am assured by many that he is even now only a *Chopping Boy*—upon the Organ. Well then, be it known unto you (and to all the World for what I care) that this is the ponderous Authority that has laid all its Weight upon my unfortunate (and I thought inoffensive) Apoggiatura, which however I nevertheless consider very effectually rescued from Suffocation by your timely Interference; and your general Observation upon the *Insufficiency of Rule*, to render harsh Sounds pleasant, or pleasant Sounds harsh, are so thoroughly incontrovertible, that finding the Chord which did not shock me, does not shock you, them whom it does shock I shall leave to recover at their Leisure.

It is usually thought a great Recommendation to a Man aiming at Advancement and Celebrity, that *he has been under the Tuition of some very eminent Master*: but still this Plan will not infallibly succeed: I remember the Circumstance of an amateur Performer on the Violin (and a Nobleman, be pleased to remember), boasting in a large musical Society in the Presence of Giardini, that he had *learned to play the Violin under him for a Series of Years*.—Giardini replied: "I beg your Pardon my Lord—it is true that I did *try to teach you* for about ten Years, but you never did *learn* any Ting, O no no no! Notting at all!"

I do not mean to determine whether this Story has any remote Reference to Criticisms and Choppings, and great A's.

Yours truly,

And as you will not see me, let me see your Writing.

S. W.

XXVII.

S. Wesley to V. Novello.

[14 June, 1824.]

Dear N.

The Words of the vocal Ditty herewith were nearly the last that my excellent Father uttered to me very shortly before his Death, and I have for some Time wished to give them Sounds a little congenial with the Sentiment.—Your Opinion of this Tune, and all other musical Matters is nearly the only one I consider worth a thought, so I leave it with you in the rough State, not having yet made any other Copy.—

Should you outlive me, which I hope and trust you will, by many years, I can now please myself with the Notion of your regarding this Scrap as what I have entitled it, *Carmen Funebre*, applied to myself, and a Testimony of my Veneration for the Dictates of a Parent whose Value was utterly unknown to me till he was translated to Society alone worthy of him!

You will not term this preaching and croaking, knowing that I only disclose genuine Feelings; for I have long regarded as an Axiom, a very unfashionable and nearly exploded Doctrine in our enlightened Nation, to which I however shall adhere with determined Tenacity, namely, that Nothing is worth a Lye. This *Prejudice* (as Courtiers and Time-Servers term it) has always stood in my Way to that Preferment which so many *call* Honour; and Veracity is pretty well known to be no Road to Riches, and so little is it successful in making *Friends*, that one D^r Terence, (who lived rather before your or my Time) has remarked that it leads to just the contrary Result, for says he *Obsequium Amicos. Veritas odium parit.*

Tho' I never could "boo to golden Calves," yet I have learned to bend to old Age with tolerable Contentedness, so certain that a few Days or Years will set *all strait* in the Grave.

I must obtain your Consent to introduce my Friend Barret to you, if solely on one Account: and as this concerns a last Request of mine, I do reckon upon your not opposing it:—be assured he is not among those who will annoy you by leaving at your Door a Pack of Cards (with his Name in German Text), or with teasing Solicitations to visit—in short, I will pledge 20 Years Experience of his Character that he will be no more troublesome to you in *future* than he is *now*. He is moreover a suitable Man: and yet perhaps *some* will doubt this, for he knows nothing of Music!

Y^{rs} in Truth

Monday 14 June.

S. W.

XXVIII

S. Wesley to V. Novello.

[No date. 1824.]

Dear N

Herewith are the separate Parts of the Carmen Funehre, and I think that as the Motett "Exultate Deo" is quite familiar of old to our Friend Street, and the present Tune somewhat of a Novelty (never having been sung at all) it will be as well to put it into the Hands and Mouths of your well-drilled Corps, to be produced on the Evening when you wish me to join your vocal Party.

As soon as I can I will make a Score for you, as I promised—Perhaps you may be able to *sketch* out sufficient Score from the Parts to rehearse it a little with those whom you judge the least likely to be quite steady and correct.

It is lucky that Mad^{am} Catalani is not the 1st Canto, as she must first have learned the 116 Bars *par cœur*, requiring therefore a longer Lesson than would be quite agreeable to give. The Text of Scripture which declares that one "who runs may read" does not appositely apply to our vociferous Heroine: we all know that she runs longer and faster than any Mortal of musical Taste can tolerate, but the *reading* Remainder of the Text is quite "another Part of Speech."¹

Yours

S. W.

¹Banti was another of these vocally voluble Dunces, who made the Band attend 24 Rehearsals for one Opera, never having studied so vulgar a Portion of Singing as the Gamut on Paper. She was however one of the best Singers, the finest Actress, and the stoutest Swallower of Brandy in the Operatic Annals of England.

XXIX

S. Wesley to V. Novello

[13 Sept. 1824.]

Dear N.

From my Smattering in Latin I just venture to guess at a Line of Italian, as far as an Opera Song goes, but having no Dictionary I steer without Rudder or Compass, only by the *Star* of the Latin Roots.—You ask what's all this about? Why I am putting in Chords to Handel's 13 Duets for the Accommodation of the Country Ladies and Gentlemen, under the divine Authority of the Royal Harmonic Institution, and at the Solicitation of that royal quondam culinary Artist, but now the supreme Disposer of Minstrelsy and Minstrels in "the Devil's Drawing Room" (Byron's name for London)—and whose Name I need not spell at Length to you.—You may remember something of him at the House of Jos. Gwilt Esq^r that Mirror of irradicable Friendship & Constancy.—Now I like to understand the Words with which I meddle whether by *Choice* or *Necessity*: the latter is the Case at present, and I shall feel it very kind if you will just sketch me out the meaning of the Lines annexed in English.—I daresay I have classed them awkwardly, but if they are wrongly spelt it is the fault of the Copy, as I was very careful in my Transcript.

I was much disappointed at not meeting you at Hampstead on the Day that Burgh gave me great Hopes of your coming.—I believe I know your principal Objection to visiting there, namely the vitriolic and acetous Qualities of the Hostess, whom I no more delight in than yourself, but I have learned to make her quite a secondary or more truly no Consideration, and there is so much of amiable Frankness and Cordiality in your Pupil that it more than

compensates me for the Gothic Inhospitality of Mamma.—Moreover Burgh himself is so odd a fellow, that he diverts me at least as much as Matthews or Punch.—(N. B. I have always regarded the latter as by far the greatest Comedian of any Age or Country.)—But after all, no one can justly direct the Conduct, because he cannot possess the individual Consciousness of another, therefore not feel *identically* with him; but I cannot help thinking that had you been with us that Evening, you would have found Andidote to the Poison over and above, the former being scarcely perceptible.—I am about arranging the names of my Customers alphabetically.—Will it be too much Trouble to you to give me (in *Condensation*) the List of those whom you have sent to my Shop?—I am teasing *other* Friends in the same Way, so that my Excuse is that I have the Impartiality to torment more Benefactors than yourself.

Yours as always
S. Wesley.

13th of Sept' 1824.
Euston Street
Monday

XXX

S. Wesley to V. Novello.

[25 Sept. 1824.]

Dear N.,

I learn that the perambulating Biographers at the Abbey whose Trade it is to prate to the Public about the Tombs and the Wax Work Royalties, object to the *Noise* of the Organ out of Church Hours, as interruptive of their Oratory. Now I guess that you would not relish much Impertinence from such Quarters, and I have therefore agreed with Mr. Cooper to meet at his Church (*St. Sepulchre's*, clumsily so christened) on Wednesday at Noon, where I think you will not disapprove of the Organ, and where we shall experience no Chance of Disturbance.—He will bring some Tunes of the *old Wig* (as John Xth B. dutifully called his Father) which will render it necessary for us to overload ourselves with Books, but I hope that Holmes will bring and play his Fugue that you mentioned.

I was very glad that you relished your Evening at Kentish Town: Harding *feels* all the Hospitality which he shews, and is no faint Antithesis to our old Host in Stamford Street: little *Profession*, but genuine *Cordiality*.

Yours as usual
S. W.

25 Sept' Sat'

P. S. I need not add that the Church aforesaid is hard by to Newgate.

XXXI

S. Wesley to V. Novello.

[27 Jan' 1825. Novello's writing]

Dear N.

Should you be minded to take a Stroll to Kentish Town on Sunday, you know when and where to pick me out, and I shall most willingly jog on with you, provided you will excuse my Pace being somewhat less than that of winged-footed Achilles.

The Apology for all my mortal Sins committed against holy Counterpoint in my Church Service being now made, as well as I could manage it, the same shall be presented to your Supervision if you will meet me on Sunday.

I am pretty sure that the Gentlemen of the Harmonicon will say to me in other Words "Depart from us, for we will have none of thy Ways."—With all my Heart: I don't like theirs, and if they *should* insert the Paper from Apprehension of what must be the Construction put on their Refusal, still I have resolved to have nothing more to do with them: they are evidently a Junto of mere book-making Blunderers, interspersed with a few half-in-half Musicians with just Knowledge enough to betray their Ignorance.

I am authentically informed that M^r Ayrton, of Operatical Notoriety, is one of the head-Pigs at the Trough, and I nothing doubt that our royal and metropolitan Organist is like unto him in the Dignity of musical Jurisdiction. —I think Crotch could hardly write such Nonsense as the others, but as he loves Money better than real Reputation, every Lye may have its Price in this noble army of Wiseacres.

Prince Hohenloe's Miracles have been very fashionable: I have lately worked one myself, which (strange to say) I can put in my Pocket: it has been already in the Ears of many, and I hope will be in the Tongues of more, and there is a great deal of useful Transubstantiation attached to it. If you will come on Sunday, I will try to prove my Words true.

Yours as always

S. W.

P. S. I think Elliston's Brains (if he have any) ought to be blown out. He it seems would have extorted £2,000 from poor Kean if he had not risked his, & 5000 more peoples' Lives on Monday Night.

P. S. 2^d. Do you think that the Proposal of copying & arranging Six Pages of Ms. Music for a Guinea (throughout a Work) is too much, or too little, or neither?

XXXII

S. Wesley to V. Novello.

[4 May 1825. Dated by V. N.]

Dear N.

Thank you for your letter, but not much for the sickly Part of the Intelligence.—All is up or down in this Whirligig World: I too have very strong Doubts of my attending your Society on Thursday.—My loving Wife has caused me to be arrested, and To-morrow (not being able to advance £25 tout d'un coup) I am going to Prison: any sudden Release is far from certain, and hardly probable, and I am rather puzzled how to be in Durance vile and at Church at one and the same Time on Sunday next.—The Duty must be done *somehow*; but that *How* is the *Cruz Possibilitatis*, upon which I fear the Reputation of my general Punctuality at *that there Shop* may be in the sinking Line.—You will hear from me shortly either from this House or my Prison-House, very shortly, but you see the Necessity of my warning you against my *certain* Appearance at the Crown and Anchor on Thursday. Pray make no Secret *there* of the real Cause of my Absence.¹

Yrs as in general

S. W.

¹The last sentence has been carefully erased.

Euston Street.

Tuesday 10th of May [1825].

Dear N.

Here I am, *safe*, (which I was when locked up by my loving Wife last Week) hut to add, *sound*, is hardly true, for I am not well recovered from the Effects of close Air, and what is still worse, the witnessing Scenes of Misery impossible for me to relieve. . . .

Adieu. S. W.

XXXIII

S. Wesley to V. Novello.

[June, 1825]

Dear N.

I do not know whether you are aware that a certain *Canonist* is also a prodigious Church & King-Man, (as indeed all canonical Folk ought to be): I have therefore guessed that the following might a little *metagrobolize* him as your favorite Rabelais may say:

Billy Horsley (Mus. Bac.) is the Man (of all others)

To shorten our Clergy's exorbitant Length:

For (by gen'ral Consent of his classical Brothers)

He denounces *Two Fifths*, and they just make a *Tenth*.

Do what you like with this; I think your Friend Hunt (being a loyal Man) would laugh at it.

On Tuesday I mean to set out to Cambridge, in Spite of my Horror of Stage Coaches.—O for Mercury's winged Feet, hut perhaps after all, Mercury's a had *thing*, and as to a *good God*, I know that is among your Doubts. S. W.

11 June 1825.

Dear N.

The following, I think is a better Reading of my Squih upon orthodox *Canonists*, and as whenever I mend (which alas! is but seldom) I like my Friends to know it, Vanity furthers unto you the 2^d Edition.—

Billy Horsley (Mus. Bac.) is the Lad of all others

To shorten our Clergy's exorbitant Length:

From a Duty most due to the Pedants (his Brothers)

He denounces *two Fifths*, and they just make a *Tenth*.

• • • • •

XXXIV

Samuel Wesley to V. Novello.

Euston Street, Euston Square,

Saturday, 7th of March 1829.

Dear Sir

The ingenious and profligate Author of "Lacon" (viz., the *Reverend* Colston) has truly said in his Book, that an "intelligent Man is generally an intelligible Man."—Now I wish to prove at least that I am the latter; and therefore will express my Judgement more exactly than can be conveniently done amid Bacchanalian Potations, upon the Contents of the Paper which you gave me on our last Lodge Night.

I remain steadfast in the Conviction, that no multitudinous Addition of Instruments can ever in the least degree augment the Solemnity of Tone which

the Organ inherently possesses and which will perpetually unite with the human Voice, in a Similarity of Effect, vainly attempted by any other Instrument than the *Flute*. It is true that some *Voices* resemble the *Reed Stops* of an Organ; (Braham's for example) but then, the Tone of the human Voice is either naturally had, or vitiated by a false Mode of exerting it, which latter is unquestionably Braham's case.

The nearer the Approach of Tone in the human Voice to that of a fine Diapason; (whether of stopt or open Pipes) in that Proportion will be its Approximation towards Perfection. In your Paper is stated, that "the Introduction of stringed Instruments may increase the Flow of Harmony." This is not correct, altogether; they certainly strengthen the Force of the Tones; but not the Power of the *radical and constituent* Harmony.—That they much embellish and diversify the general Effect will not be disputed; but then, that general Effect is rather *theatrical* than *ecclesiastic*.—wherefore I agree with your Critic, that "Requiems," sung to the Organ, without stringed or wind instruments, are indisputably the most "consistent with perfect Taste;" & will be universally found "more impressive upon every devout Mind, as well as upon every competent Judge of *ἡ ἀρετὴ*,"

Whoever begins and continues to practice ever so strenuously on the Piano Forte and shall even be able to execute the marvellous Difficulties of Messrs. Hummel and Moscheles, will, when attempting the right Way of performing even a *Psalm Tune* upon an Organ, soon discover his Incompetency:—for even admitting that these Pianists are Harmonists, that is, that they understand how to modulate aright, (which is very seldom the Case), yet they are sure to treat the noblest of all Instruments in the mood awkward and barbarous Way: for Instance, in striking any Chord, they do not put down the Keys simultaneously, which on the Organ should always be done, but after another, beginning at the lowest note in the Base: so that (to use a harsh military Metaphor) the Effect on the Ear is not that of a general instantaneous *Explosion* but rather of a *running Fire*: To make this conspicuous, take the following Diagram: We will name the Chord of C, E, G, in the Base, and its Reduplication in the Treble (though beginning in a different Order):—

Treble	{	E	A Novice on the Organ (who may be verè <i>adeptus</i> on the Piano Forte) will strike one Key after another—thus:
		C	
		G	
Base	{	G	
		E	
		C	

Treble E

C

G

Base G

E

C

The effect of which (in a Psalm Tune for Instance) is perfectly ludicrous. Added to this absurd mode of handling the Keys of an Organ, the Pianist

constantly forgets that the sound of every Pipe is *continuous*, not fleeting, like that of the Piano Forte; and therefore although on the latter, the Finger may remain without Mischief upon a Key, for some Time after the temporal Value of the Note has been exhausted; the Fact is totally the opposite as to the Organ, which necessarily preserves a Continuation of the Tone so long as ever the Finger may remain upon the Key: consequently, if the Execution of every Passage be not extremely nice, and accurate; if the Length of a note, (either in Slow or brisk Measure), be protracted, even for Half a Second beyond its legitimate Duration, false Harmony will be the instantaneous Consequence: So far are they miserably mistaken who imagine the Piano Forte an Instrument requiring *more* delicate management than the other;—whereas the *direct Reverse* is the Truth.

He who wishes to be a good Player, both on the Piano Forte and the Organ, must learn the latter *first*: if he do otherwise he will never be an Organist deserving the Name of one. And now for a little Masonic Confidence.—I shrewdly Suspect that you were the Suggestor of my Right and Title to all the Finery which I came down to the Banquet bedizened withal, the other Monday. If you were thus zealous to place me among the worthies,

“Stuck o’er with Titles, and hung round with Strings”

let me express my Thanks for kind Intention at once to you: if some-one other of the Brethren made the Motion, tell me his Name, that I may make a due Acknowledgement to him.

I fully believe that you give me Credit for a Fact, of which I am internally conscious, namely, that my Mind is not that of a *mere* Musician: I have (from a Boy) been a Lover of more of the Alphabet than the incipient English Letters, and had I not been an idle Dog, under the Instruction of my classical Father (whose Loss is by me daily felt, *more than 40 years since its Occurrence*) I might long ago have been well qualified to bandy Latin and Greek along with Parr and Porson. My *Trade* is Music, I confess; and would to Heaven it had only been destined for mine. Amusement, which would certainly have been the Case, had I availed myself of the Advantages which were offered me in Juvenescence, of rendering myself eligible for any one of the learned Professions; but it was (it seems) otherwise ordained; and I was to attend only to the Cultivation of *one* Talent, which *unluckily cost me no Trouble to do*: had there been any up-Hill Work for me in Music, I should soon enough have sacrificed it altogether. You will perhaps wonder at my pestering you with all this Egotism but I will tell you my Motive: Although I am pretty closely occupied in drumming the intrinsic Value of Minims and Semi breves both into Paper Skulls and *impenetrable*; yet I contrive to *make* Time (some how or other) for Attention to the *Whole Alphabet*, and should feel no Objection to rendering myself useful among Persons engaged in literary Pursuits, as far as I should feel conscientiously warranted to take a Share in them.—In our boasted “March of Intellect” are certainly Plenty of opportunities to increase and strengthen the Battalions; and I think that I should not rashly volunteer any Promise which I might feel incapable of rightly performing.

Perhaps I might lend a helping Hand in some critical Work, where I understand the Language and the Subject, and if you will think a little upon this Proposal, and hint some Information concerning it, you will thereby gratify

Dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend & Brother,
S. Wesley.



SAMUEL WESLEY
(From an anonymous pencil drawing in the
British Museum)

XXXV

Samuel Sebastian Wesley to Vincent Novello.

Close. Exeter. Nov. 5, 1839.

Dear Sir,

I did not acknowledge the receipt of the first letter you were so kind as to send me because I thought your object in addressing me was the vindication of your friend M^r Dragonetti, and I knew nothing about the publication of my father's work. Your letter more lately received I should have noticed earlier but I have been expecting to be in London when I had promised myself the pleasure of waiting on you; I was in London on Friday last but owing to an accident on the railway my time was so short—I had but a few hours to attend to much business in—that I did not reach you. Of my father's work I regret to say I know not of there being any chance of its immediate publication. Its publication was undertaken—I fear—by a gentleman whose view was quite as much to introduce his own name to the Musical World by such means as to bring out the work. Now the gentleman's view was, as he probably felt, as much gratified by the mere issuing of the prospectuses as by the final completion of the undertaking, and the gentleman has therefore rested from his labours without the work's following him, I regret to say. My opinion may do him injustice—I am willing to believe that it does.

I hope to be able to comply with your desire respecting the Voluntary; I have now several engagements to fulfil with Publishers in London but the dreadful nature of an organist's, I mean a country Cathedral organist's, occupation, that of giving lessons all over the country from morning to night, makes composition a pleasure hardly to be indulged in. How much should musicians grieve that the offices connected with the art in Cathedrals are not of a nature to make them independant respecting money, so that they might give their attention to the improvement of the decaying, much degraded musical service of the Church. How small a thing it would be to the Clergy to establish an office in every Cathedral which might be of a nature to compensate first rate men for the total absence of all pupils, that they might write and arrange for their choirs, and practise with them, what a beautiful service it might be made, and I am convinced many great men would be delighted with such offices if they paid 6 or 7 hundred a year.—The press might, I am convinced, put the matter to rights, might place a "chief musician" in every Cathedral, and increase the Choirs to a Chorus of 5 or 6 to a part.—The clergy will never move in the matter. They know nothing of their real interests and consequently the Establishment is going to ruin. To one who loves his art and its interests so well and so wisely as you are well known to do, I am induced to think I need not apologise for introducing this subject. I am led to it by mentioning the Voluntary which I am proud to be asked for and which I promise myself the pleasure of submitting to your notice. Of my Father's work, I cannot inform you—but if you would be so good as to inquire of my mother, who lives at 8 King's Road, Pentonville, a post letter would be attended to. I think every information would be given if you have any particular wish respecting the Confitebor.

I am, dear Sir

Your obedient servant

S. S. Wesley.

P. S. I have just received your letter of the 16th. I open my letter to say that it would have been forwarded much sooner but that I preferred waiting until I had an opportunity of addressing you free of postage. Your again asking the question about my Father's work makes me conclude that you have already paid your subscription money; if you have I will communicate at your desire with the parties you may have paid it to. You possibly know the parties who undertook the publication in question, in them I have no confidence—my poor father was wholly their tool.

Truly yours

S. S. W.

Sunday, Nov. 17.

SINGING OR MUSIC: A SUGGESTION

By CONSTANTIN VON STERNBERG

SONG and singing have always been an inexhaustible source of inspiration to the poets and rimesters of every land. They have extolled in the most glowing terms the beauty of the human singing voice; Oliver Wendell Holmes went even so far as to express outright pity for "those that never sing, but die with all the music in them." Surely no true humanitarian will disagree either with him or with the innumerable other poets, but to make our agreement perfect it might be well to know just what kind of singing the poets had in mind when they wrote their pæans about it. That they thought of Grand Opera is improbable and historically impossible because the praises of song in many cases antedate the existence of Grand Opera. Much more likely they referred to the natural, unschooled voice that bursts forth into song for sheer joy of living, over some happy event or the like, and learns its songs by purely oral tradition. They may have thought of church choirs and congregational singing, possibly also of the song of conviviality men sing together at the club table or even of the singing with which working people enliven their labor. With all these types of singing and many others, besides, no one but an ill-willed misanthrope will find any fault, but the singing that inspired the poets is not of the kind which is here to be contrasted to music; what is here referred to is the ubiquitous, pseudo-artistic and utterly unnatural singing of the majority of our vocal amateurs and dilettantes; the singing that drives peaceful neighbors to despair and causes them to move away from their accustomed localities into others where, in all probability, they will be just as much distressed and by the same cause; it is the now epidemical, artificial kind of singing in which so many of our young people indulge—especially the girls, God bless 'em—that is here to be dealt with. The dear girls "take vocal"—as they usually put it—not from any inner urging to "breathe out their soul in song" but rather from a tendency to appear musical without taking the slightest pains to know anything about music. Thus their endeavor, to win applause for worse than nothing and to win it from their musically ignorant

auditors, indicates rather plainly the source of their singing to be vainglorious ambition, not artistic aspiration.

It is this kind of unmusical singing that recently induced several of our musical periodicals to sound a warning of an over-production of singers, while our orchestras are still largely depending upon Europe for their musicians. A desire for mere balance in this matter can scarcely have induced this serious warning. Beneath it there was, no doubt, a much deeper thought; a thought born of the observation in history that preponderance of vocal art never conduced to the development, advancement and educational utility of music in any nation, while the instrumental musicians—more especially those that used keyed instruments—have been the *makers of musical history*.

The explanation of this fact lies in two circumstances: first, that the almost total absence of sensuous charm of keyed instruments has in their devotees favored a less material, more abstract, and therefore more ideal conception of music; inversely, it may have been this higher conception of music and the possibility of producing it in a complete manner that induced their choosing of a keyed instrument; secondly, that there are certain aspects of singing which differentiate it so strongly from music as to justify the view that singing is a phenomenon entirely distinct from music; something that may serve music, as mural painting and decorative sculpture embellish architecture, but that it may also be a totally separate instrumentality for the production of impressions exclusively sensuous and devoid of any meaning.

Bold as such an assertion may look, it is well supported by the "charm of material" of which Herbert Spencer spoke. It is undeniable that, *e. g.*, a wall-paper without any design but of a nice hue gratifies the eye; in a semi-conscious way we are pleased with it, but—we do not call it a "picture"! In precisely the same manner our ear is flattered by the sound of a good human voice; but whether our pleasure is purely sensuous or "musical," that will depend upon a variety of factors. Though, more than any other instrument, the human voice is capable of making a direct appeal to our feelings, it should not be overlooked that it is not an exclusively musical instrument inasmuch as it is (or should be) quite as much concerned with the poetic text and meaning of a song as with the notes of its musical setting. Which one of the two factors is the more weighty in singing, is a question somewhat beside this discussion, but a passing mention may be made of it that either of the two has often saved the other from well-deserved censure and oblivion. The utterly puerile tune of

“Home, sweet home” owes its stability entirely to the sentiment of the text, while, on the other hand, the text of Schubert’s “Wanderer” is kept alive solely by its wonderful musical setting. To the vocalist, however, the text and the music should be equiponderant factors, for, whenever he does not regard them so and treats the text negligently, he will at the same time cause something else to suffer; something which is of far greater importance than a, possibly, indifferent poem, namely: *the phrasing of the music*, the very element which constitutes the mental handle for the average auditor to grasp the musical sense of a composition. Whenever this handle is broken or so crippled that the auditor hesitates to take hold of it he becomes indifferent to the composition, as a piece of music, and gives himself over to an exclusively sensuous enjoyment instead of feeling this enjoyment incidentally, as a contributing part of a higher, more complex and much deeper reaching delight. It requires no explanation that in the former cases, which are unfortunately very frequent, singing becomes an esthetically lowering, retarding, if not altogether an obstructive, influence in the musical development of a nation.

Many an audience sits patiently through a well written but poorly sung ballad; but when at the end of it the singer fires out that high note (for the sake of which he selected the song)—the applause is deafening! What can have so suddenly roused the enthusiasm of the audience? It was neither the composition nor the text, for neither one nor the other was understood. Was it the athletic feat of reaching the high note without bursting a blood-vessel or a button? Perhaps partly, but in the main it was *the tone of a beautiful instrument*. Not *what* was played upon it, not *how* it was played; not that for which the voice was to be the vehicle; it was, so to speak, a piece of fine cloth which the audience took for a well-made garment. The modesty of this demand on the part of an auditor speaks well enough for his kindliness, but as long as he wishes for nothing more he must not cozen himself with the idea that he is an appreciator or an intelligent absorber of *music*, which is a totally different matter.

Taking vocalism by and large, its effect upon the musical development of a nation is easily measured by a geographical survey of music. In Italy vocal music predominates. Some serious musicians like Sgambati, Martucci, Bossi and others have tried to bring their people to a proper appreciation of *music*, as distinct from *voice charm*, but the Symphony is still the pabulum of the not very numerous minority, the higher, cultured classes;

it is not a popularly appreciated type of music there, as it begins to be here.

It is somewhat better in France, though the difference diminishes with every mile when we leave Paris for the interior. Looking at the history of French music and admitting—to avoid digression—that the works of the Neo-French school were more than speculative and experimental, it remains nevertheless true that the finest flower ever grown in the garden of French music was the "Opéra comique" of Grétry, Méhul, Boieldieu, Adam and Auber. The symphonists, Berlioz, Franck and others, were never as popular in France as the Russian and German symphonists are with their respective people. The French feel respect rather than love for instrumental music; they crave the sensuous charm of the human voice; tremolo and all.

To speak of English music in this connection would be premature, because the creative efforts of serious aspect are of too recent a date and too small in number to admit of any prediction as to their longevity and their consequent national influence. In the executive field we find vocal art predominating: opera, oratorio, ballad concert, chorus.

These conditions could not bear comparison with those in Russia and Germany; with those countries where the folk-songs are greatest both in number and in quality and where the people's love of music does, nevertheless, not lean altogether toward the vocal side. The Russians, in their pleasure resorts, have legitimate, complete orchestras, varying in merit but never falling below the artistic line. Even the poor peasants have evolved an instrumental type of music—on the Balalaika—which indicates a craving for more than voice charm. The Germans, in their beer gardens, listen also to full orchestras or to very fine brass bands playing the best class of music and playing it very well, indeed. If we now compare these "instrumental" countries with the "vocal" ones, we find that the instrumental countries have been the chief developers and contributors to the advancement of music as an art, while the vocal countries could not substantiate such a claim. True, Italy gave us a *Verdi* whose genius is indisputable; but his contributions to the advancement of music did not begin until his "Manzoni Requiem" and "Aida," both of which were strongly and directly influenced by Wagner, whom he so generously admired and of whom he is reported to have said: "he makes me feel so small."

Russia, on the other hand, has in a remarkably short time given us some truly great symphonic works as well as some

operas of strong musical and dramatic power. As for Germany, it gave the world a complete musical history, an unbroken line of musical giants, from Bach and Händel to Wagner and Brahms, who did not confine themselves to instrumental music but have also written many works of undying beauty for the voice. The song of Schubert is very little short of an art-miracle, but he also gave us the Symphony in C and the immortal "Unfinished," not to speak of his compositions for the piano and of his chamber music. The same impartiality as to vocal and instrumental music has been shown by all the Russian and German masters, while the French and Italian masters favored vocal music almost exclusively. It seems but reasonable to infer from this parallel that the instrumental countries, while by no means neglecting the vocal side, have not only developed the art of music, but they have at the same time educated their people *musically*, while the vocal countries have only followed in the wake of these advancements, catered to the sensuous craving of their people for voice charm and failed to elevate their taste in a more strictly musical sense.

As for ourselves, in our tea-rooms, hotels and kindred places we listen—if we do—to *singers* if, indeed, not to mandolins or other hodge-podge "Salon" orchestras. It is very fortunate that our legitimate Symphony orchestras grow so quickly in number and merit, but their fruition will not show until the audiences attracted to their concerts by the vocal soloists are no larger than those that like any other soloist equally well or, best of all, those that assemble solely for the sake of the orchestra and its program. Until we have reached this point we can, despite our eminent composers, not hope to take rank among the truly musical nations.

* * *

I read once an essay entitled "Against Smoking" which began: "As my right hand takes up the pen, the fingers of my left hold an exquisitely fragrant Havana cigar" and it went on to speak of the abuses of smoking, maintaining that even smoking, though a vice, can be made genteel by a certain amount of self-restraint, discretion and decorum. My position resembles that of the essayist precisely: as the right side of my heart rebels against the inordinate preponderance of vocalism in our country, its left side cherishes the greatest love and the most enthusiastic admiration for those superb singers who lend their great artistry to the service of high, dignified musical thought and sentiment. When these fine women and men sing, however, they participate

in *music making*. They, all, deserve the praise that an old viola player of the orchestra once gave to Jenny Lind when he said: "You? You are no prima donna! We, down there in the orchestra, regard you as a member of the orchestra on the stage!" It is said that Jenny Lind embraced the old gentleman and regarded his praise as the highest that could be given to a singer. I feel certain that among our "orchestra members on the stage" there will be very few, if any, that would not share the views here expressed about singing. Only a poor, pervertedly minded musician can fail to recognize in the human voice, despite its relatively small compass, the noblest of all musical instruments; but for this very reason must the sane, earnest musician protest against its use as a means for mere self-exploitation and its consequent lowering of musical standards.

It is no longer open to doubt that there is a decided overproduction of singers in this country, especially of mediocre and downright bad, unmusical ones. It is due, principally, to the large number of alleged vocal teachers who know no more about music than a cow does of botany, although, like her, they live on the products of a field not their own. The contention that they should be good physiologists rather than good musicians is fallacious, because physiology—rudimentary at least—enters into every kind of physical training, from athletics to the playing of a musical instrument; it is by no means reserved for vocal training alone. Teachers of instrumental music, however, besides knowing something of anatomy and physiology, must be *musicians*; why should not vocal teachers be likewise? Richard Wagner said: "The dignity of the interpretative artist depends upon his respect for creative art; if he trifles with it he throws away his honor." Vocal teachers should insist upon it that their pupils should study *music* in conjunction with some legitimate instrument and they should reject such pupils as are unwilling to do so. This would be one way—the shortest by far—to make singing and music-making identical, as it should be and as, relatively speaking, it now so seldom is.

GLUCK'S FRENCH COLLABORATORS

By J. G. PROD'HOMME

I.

LEBLAND DU ROULLET

THE first of Gluck's French collaborators, the librettist of *Iphigénie en Aulide*, the adapter of the *Alceste* and of the *Hypermetre* of Calzabigi (which became *The Danaïdes* of Salieri) has never been the object of extensive research by biographers of musicians or by historians of lyrical drama. For a long time, nevertheless, it was almost exclusively to the "bailiff" that people attributed, if not the high credit of the Gluckist reform, at least the merit of having finally determined its success, since—and this is what we shall try to show—being in the centre of the musical movement from the time of "The Bouffons" to the middle of the eighteenth century, Lebland du Roulet profited especially from the ideas of Algarotti and by the good intentions of the composer, already started on his road by another Italian, Raniero de' Calzabigi, the librettist of *Orfeo*, *Paride e Elena* and *Alceste*.

Because of traditions more or less erroneous, handed on from biography to biography, the different names of du Roulet are rarely written correctly. Yet the civil register, of which we give a copy, enabled the learned Beffara a century ago to give the exact form. This is confirmed by the communication sent us from the registry of the town of Normanville in the Department of the Eure. From this record and from the marginal corrections of the parish register of baptisms, it appears that the exact name of the future collaborator of Gluck was Le Bland du Roulet, and his Christian names Francois, Louis, Gaud. This last Christian name is pretty common in the diocese of Evreux; it is generally printed Gand and generally taken for a surname in biographical collections.

Different pieces preserved in the archives of the Department of the Eure, compared with the casual mention of a "du Rolet" in the Memoirs of Mme. de Stael-Delaunay at the beginning of the eighteenth century, throw some light on the origins of this

Norman gentleman whom the chances of diplomatic circumstance threw into relations with the chevalier Gluck in Vienna about 1772.

Mlle. du Tot, one of my oldest friends and a woman of rare merit, writes Mme. de Staël, offered me a refuge at the house of the uncle with whom she lives, M. du Rolet. I was there until Mme. de Grieu had to go to Paris. . . . I passed six weeks in the house and received there all sorts of kind treatment.

Du Rolet, adds the memorialist whose memories date from 1709 or 1710, was the son of a lady from La Croisette "who had been maid of honor to the Duchess of Longueville." The name of la Croisette is in fact found in several of these records of the archives of l'Eure; it will suffice here to sum up the facts. The oldest goes back to 1632; it is a transaction between Madam Anne d'Auber, widow of messire Pierre Le Blanc, Chevalier, sieur du Rollet, counsellor of the King in his councils and field marshal of his armies,—and her husband's heirs—Jeanne du Houllay, Diane Le Blanc du Rollet, widow of George de Bordeaux, esquire, sieur du Bosgarenne, lieutenant-general at Vernon; and Thomas Le Roy, esquire, sieur d'Heudeville—about the inheritance of the, said Pierre Le Blanc.

A declaration furnished by the revenue to Louis Le Blanc du Roulet—who was apparently the uncle or the grandfather of our bailiff—gives him, in 1678, the titles of "chevalier, governor of Louviers for the lands depending on the marquissette of Normanville"; the same gentleman in a later entry, in 1683, is described as "chevalier seigneur de la Croisette, baron de Normanville, governor of Louviers and commander of the city and castle of Caen." In 1700, this same "messire Louis Le Blanc du Rollet, chevalier, seigneur de la Croisette, chatelain and high justice of Landes-Normanville, commander for the King in the castle of Caen, enters a declaration at the bar of the bailliage of Evreux, of the furniture and utensils in gold or in silver which are in his possession.

The father of Gaud himself, in a declaration of lands dependant on Normanville, which was delivered to him in 1723, bears the titles of chevalier, marquis and high justice of Landes-Normanville, lord and patron of Caen, le Mesnil-Figuet, le Mesnil-Morin, le Mondelie en Caux, Quevremont, etc.; and again François du Roulet, or one of his brothers, figures on the land-map of the seignory of le Mesnil-Figuet in 1742 as one of the principal proprietors of the country. But he must have died between 1723 and 1744, for at that date, his wife also having died, the

king's attorney in the bailiwick of Evreux, gave his judgement on the account of guardianship presented by Anne-Mouis le Blanc du Rollet, esquire, seigneur de Sassey, to his nephews—François-Louis-Gaud le Blanc, chevalier, marquis du Rollet, and to Alexandre Le Blanc, knight of Malta, ensign in the regiment of the French guards—whose guardian he had been since the death of their mother, dame Elisabeth Marguerite de Villegagnon.¹

François Louis Gaud was then twenty-eight years old. At the time when he received his uncle's account of guardianship, it is not easy to decide whether he was still living in the province or whether he was already at Paris, serving his apprenticeship for the diplomatic career which was, long after, to take him to Vienna. Only the indiscreet Archives of the Bastille, now preserved at the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal in Paris, mention him in 1750 among the guests of the fermier-general Le Riche de la Pouplinière, a distinguished amateur in music, as is well known, in company with the "academicians" of Passy, where that gentleman had his chateau.²

From this time on, well launched in the gallant society of the time, the Norman gentleman, turned Parisian, must have been interested in questions of dramatic music, for, at the height of the quarrel of the Bouffons, the day after the appearance of the famous *Letter on French Music* by Jean Jacques Rousseau, news items refer to him in these terms: "The marquis du Rollet also plans a learned reply to J. J. Rousseau, which will shortly appear."³ Three months later, other *Nouvelles littéraires*, addressed to the duke of Deux Ponts by Parisian correspondents, refer again to the pamphlet which du Rollet was preparing:

Mr. le Marquis du Rolet wished to break a lance against him [Rousseau]. He entered the lists but dodged the blows and beat a retreat in fairly good countenance. That was enough for a dandy.⁴

Nevertheless, it does not appear that this reply was ever printed. Or, was it perhaps lost in the flood of pamphlets which rose around the Quarrel of the Bouffons?

It may reasonably be supposed that du Roullet already laid down in this pamphlet some of the ideas on which Gluck's "system" was based, and which he developed later, after *Alceste*, in his *Lettre sur les Drames-opéra*. Du Roullet,—if Beffara does not confuse him with his brother—may have been at this time an officer in the regiment of French Guards. He was then a member of the military order of Knights Hospitalers of Jerusalem, of

¹Cf. Notes at end of this chapter.

Rhodes and of Malta, as was his brother, and as was one of their ancestors before them; this was Jacques Le Blanc du Roulet de la Croisette, who was received in 1680.³ He became bailiff and Knight of the Grand Croix. His diplomatic career would probably be quite unknown if it were not revealed to us by his collaboration with Gluck. When and how did he enter diplomacy? How long did he stay? These questions cannot be answered. The records of the Foreign Office, we are told, are silent about him. We know only that he was secretary, or perhaps only an attaché at the Embassy of Vienna, when in 1772 he met Gluck. For Gluck, collaborator of Metastasio and Calzabigi, du Roulet composed the libretto of *Iphigénie en Aulide*, following Racine's play and taking inspiration, beyond all doubt, from the ideas of Count Algarotti. The same year he wrote to Monsieur D. [Dauvergne], one of the directors of the Paris Opera, the letter on "M. Glouch"; the letter was printed in the *Mercure de France* for October 1 of that year. Du Roulet there defended the privileges of the French language against Rousseau, his enemy of twenty years' standing, but without calling him by name.

M. Glouch is indignant, he writes, at the bold assertions of those famous writers of ours, who have slandered the French language by saying that it did not lend itself to musical composition. . . . M. Glouch desired to lend the weight of his opinion in favor of the French language by a proof of actual experience, when chance brought to his hand the tragedy-opera of *Iphigénie en Aulide*. He thought that he had found in this work what he was looking for. The author, or to speak more exactly, the revisor of this poem, seems to me to have followed Racine with the most scrupulous care. It is Racine's *Iphigénie* turned into an opera.⁴

Du Roulet, in all probability also edited that same year the manifesto of Gluck himself, addressed to the *Mercure de France* and published by it Feb. 1, 1773.

The first product of this fortuitous collaboration of du Roulet and Gluck, the *Iphigénie en Aulide*, was presented at the Opera, April 19, 1774. Following the rehearsals had been "the rage," writes Bachaumont; and on the day of the first performance the doors of the theatre were besieged at eleven o'clock in the morning. The Dauphiness, who was to become Queen of France a month later, seemed to have become a partisan, and clapped continuously, writes the same anecdotalist, and that obliged the Countess of Provence, the Princes, and all the boxes to do the same. But Gluck and his librettist won that first evening only a success due to curiosity—a curiosity skillfully maintained for a

year or two by all the talkers of the Court and the city, and fanned especially since the master's arrival in Paris at the beginning of the year.

"The ear, not yet used to this kind of sung declamation" becomes gradually accustomed to it, and "feels its beauties." Not until after the uncontested success of *Orphée* played Aug. 2 of the same year,⁷ did the success of *Iphigénie* definitely establish the reputation of the Viennese master, despite the opposition of the partisans of the old French school.

But even on those first evenings, musicians and theatrical folk were not mistaken. One of them, the Belgian librettist, Reynard de Pleinchesne, wrote to Compain-Desperrières, director of La Monnaie at Brussels, as early as April 27:

The opera of the chevalier Gluk [sic] did not achieve a complete success on Tuesday the 19th at its first performance. On Friday the 22nd it picked up, and won great and well deserved applause. The faults which can be found in the ballet airs, the small airs, and in the choruses are entirely effaced by the beauty, or rather, the sublimity of the scenes, so much so that I confess that this work has given me new ideas about music.

Gossec, too, from a saying of the same correspondent, felt on hearing *Iphigénie* how his style would fade and grow old at the touch of the breath of Gluck.⁸

Alceste, the libretto of which du Roulet made over from Calzabigi's Italian original, came two years later, April 23, 1776. That year, this collaborator of Gluck's, who had introduced him in France, published his *Lettre sur les Drames-opéra* (Amsterdam et Paris, chez Esprit, libraire, au Palais-Royal). It is a pamphlet of 55 pages, of which the title alone is a whole program, for the old lyric works given at the Royal Academy of Music had generally borne since Lully the title of "tragédie-opéra."

In this letter, a sequel to which, on Opéra-bouffe, he announced but never published, du Roulet defended the ideas which, since the Gluckist triumph, needed defense no longer. It was especially a scarce concealed defense of his poem of *Iphigénie en Aulide*. Working over, probably, his ideas of twenty years before, du Roulet proclaimed, quite like Calzabigi, that a good opera depends on the complete agreement of music and poesy; he advises preferring familiar subjects to invented ones, putting the exposition in action, treating simple subjects, taking as models the ancient Greeks, especially Euripides, varying the character of the scenes and the meter of the verse so as to enable the musician to multiply, to vary, and to contrast his effects. Choruses

should take part in the action; festivals and dances, generally dragged into opera inappropriately, should be introduced necessarily by the subject, as the enchantment in *Armide*; if not, these dances are a distraction to the spectator. In sum, the poet should supply the musician with resources to display all the power of expressive music.

The pamphlet drew down on its author some "satirical couplets" which have been preserved for us among the papers of Favart. Was Favart himself the author?

CHANSON À L'OCCASION D'UNE LETTRE SUR L'OPÉRA
ATTRIBUÉE

à M. le Bailly de R

Je consens, mes chers frères,
A vous initier
Dans les profonds mystères
Du lyrique métier.
Croirez-vous mes préceptes?
—Oui, Monsieur le Bailly.
—Vous serez donc adepte.
—Bon, Monsieur le Bailly.

Connaissez-vous *Armide*?
—Oui, Monsieur le Bailly.
—Quel poème insipide,
Sans chaleur, sans génie!
—Mais, vive *Iphigénie*!
—Oui, Monsieur le Bailly!

De la scène lyrique
Quinault n'est plus le roi.
Lisez ma Poétique,
Vous direz comme moi,
Nous n'avons qu'un génie.
—Qui? Monsieur le Bailly.
—L'auteur d'*Iphigénie*.
—Ah! Monsieur le Bailly.

Admirez sa sagesse,
Modeste en ses essais,
Par respect pour la Grèce,
Il parle mal français.
Même en pillant Racine,
Son génie affoibli
Dément son origine.
—Oui, Monsieur le Bailly.

SONG ON THE OCCASION OF A
LETTER ON THE OPERA

attributed to Bailiff de R

I agree, my brother dear,
Now we have the time,
To teach you all the business,
The mysteries of rhyme.
Will you follow each precept?
Yes, my lord bailiff!
Then you will become adept.
Good, my lord bailiff!

You know a poem on *Armide*?
Yes, my lord bailiff!
There is none insipider,
With less warmth or genius?
Yes, my lord bailiff!
But hail to *Iphigenias*!
Yes, my lord bailiff!

Quinault, once the stage's king,
Has met deserved fate;
My Poetic is the thing
To show what's up to date.
Of geniuses we have but one.
Who? my lord bailiff.
He who *Iphigenia's* done.
Ah, my lord bailiff!

Learned, still so very meek,
(You'll wonder at this, surely).
From a great respect for Greek,
He speaks French very poorly.
From the great Racine, of course,
His work is but stealing;
Yet he oft belies his source,
So feeble is his feeling.
Yes, my lord bailiff.

Gardez-vous dans la fable
De choisir vos sujets.
Point de dieux, point de diables,
Ni fêtes, ni balets.
Cela sent trop l'enfance.
—Mais, Monsieur le Bailly,
On peut aimer la danse,
—Hein? . . . Monsieur le Bailly.

Toi, chef de mes Athlètes,
Qui, dans ce pays-ci,
Sait mesurer les têtes,
Sois mon suprême appui;
Cours, cabale au Parterre,
Du fond je suis saisi.
La forme est ton affaire.
—Oui, Monsieur le Bailly.¹⁰

Keep away from fables old
When you choose your plot;
From tales of gods and devils told
Or feasts and all that lot—
That suggest a child's romance.
But, my lord bailiff,
'Spose one simply loves the dance?
Hein, my lord bailiff?

Thou, of my Athletes the chief,
Who, throughout the land,
Tak'st the measure of all men,
Lend me now thine hand.
Come, cabal of the Parterre,
I've a hint for the idea;
The form is all your affair.
Yes, my lord bailiff.

After all the music of the chevalier no longer needed the support of literature. *Armide*, so much discussed at the beginning, then the second *Iphigénie* confirmed the success of the reform which had been begun by the first *Iphigénie*, *Orphée*, and *Alceste*.

At the same time as *Alceste*, du Roulet may have planned with Gluck an *Iphigénie en Tauride*; the poem of that opera was definitely signed by Guillard. If we may believe the *Memoirs of the Conventionalist*, Brissot, young Guillard, his childhood's friend, wrote the poem after hearing Gluck's *Iphigénie*; he sent it to du Roulet, who recommended it to Gluck so warmly that the master, fired by his enthusiasm, composed the first act at once.

Five or six years later, du Roulet, with the baron de Tschoudi, drew out a libretto from a *Hypermestre* of Calzabigi. Gluck probably sketched in the score before giving it up to his pupil Salieri, who made of it *Les Danaïdes*. Formerly, in 1781-82, du Roulet had been called on to retouch *Le Renaud* by Lebœuf, destined for Sacchini. In the terms of a letter sent by La Salle of the Committee of the Opera to the Intendant des Menus-plaisirs, Papillon de la Ferté, Sacchini

had the misfortune to work with a very poor, ill-corrected poem, all because of the obstinacy of M. the bailiff du Roulet; everybody is convinced that he played a trick on poor Sacchini to favor the chevalier Gluck; that is the opinion people have of the bailiff's intrigues, and everyone agrees in giving him credit.¹¹

But up to the last, du Roulet remained faithful to his Gluckist friendships, and perhaps he wanted to take vengeance for the failure of *Echo et Narcisse*, Gluck's unsuccessful opera which du Roulet had helped the baron de Tschoudi to finish,

as he had done for *Les Danaïdes*. This failure had acutely affected the musician, and he had sworn to return to Paris no more until the French made up their minds what sort of music pleased them.¹² It must have been a consolation to him to learn that the admirers of the "revolution" accomplished by him were bringing out a collection of *Mémoires* to which du Roulet was lending his collaboration.

Almost of the same age as "the germanic Orpheus," Le Bland du Roulet, his Parisian collaborator and his faithful defender, departed from life a year before him, Aug. 2, 1786, and was buried, according to Beffara, in the church of Saint Laurent.

NOTES

1 État civil de la Commune de Normanville (Eure). Acte, 1716. François Louis Gaud, son of Messire Louis Le Blanc, knight, Marquis de Rouler, and of the noble lady Madam Marguerite Elizabeth de Durand de Villegagnon, born in wedlock, was baptised April 11th; sponsors were Messire François Durand de Villegagnon, assisted by the noble lady Anne Le Blanc du Rouler, wife of Messire Pierre François Daché, Seigneur de Marbeuf. [Signed] Rabasne.

In the margin is written: corrected act of baptism in right of Messire François Louis Gaud Le Bland du Roulet, Marquis du Roulet; he who bears this name is son of François Le Bland, Marquis du Roulet, instead of his son Louis whose name has been employed through an error up to the present and which has been verified exactly by acts and extracts.

We owe these records in part to the learned genealogist O'Kelly, of Galway, to whom we here extend our sincere thanks.

Beffara, who drew up a note on the librettist of Gluck, and who knew his baptismal extraction, gives to du Roulet the titles of baillif, grand cross of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, former officer of the regiment of French Guards. Perhaps in this last particular he confuses him with this brother.

The genealogist d'Hozier notes in his papers, preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale: Rollet, near Evreux. M. du Roulet, ensign of the French Guard, came to my house in 1734. (Bibl. nat. Ms. Cabinet d'Hozier, Dossiers bleus, 15, 207 (2)).

2 It has been learned that M. de la Pouplinière took supper on Friday, the 18th of this month, at the house of Mlle. Dallièrre, in company with the Marquis du Rollet, Vaucanson, Marmontel, and several other academicians of Passy. (Piton. Paris sous Louis XV, d'après les rapports de police. 5^e série, p. 29; 22 septembre, 1750. Cf. Cucuel, *La Pouplinière*, p. 166-167.).

3 Bibl. nat. Ms. fr. 22, 158, fol. 201, 24 dec. 1753, cité par Cucuel, *Zeitschrift der Internat. Musikgesellschaft*, 1912, p. 291: *Notes sur J.-J. Rousseau, musicien*.

4 Nouvelles à la main, kept at the Bibliothèque de Munich, published by J. G. Prod'homme in the *Zeitschrift der Internat. Musikgesellschaft*.

5 The official catalogue of the Knights of Malta, published in 1891, mentions, after 1680, a Jacques Le Blanc du Roulet de la Croisette.

6 This letter, as well as that from Gluck, have appeared in my *Écrits de Musiciens*, p. 387 ff.

7 It must not be forgotten that the death of the king, May 10th, caused the closing of the opera for several weeks and consequently interrupted the performances of *Iphigénie* when it was still a novelty.

8 According to Goovaerts, *Un Opéra français composé en 1774 pour le Théâtre de la Monnaie*.

9 *Armide*, by Gluck, played in 1777, had been composed on an old poem by Quinault.

10 Archives de l'Opéra, Papiers Favart. II.

11 On the *Danaïdes* of Salieri, see the study by M. Adolphe Jullien, in *La Cour et l'Opéra sous Louis XVI*, p. 166-200.

12 Letter from Gluck, written from Vienna, May 11, 1781, cited by Bachaumont, under date of the 30th. (*Mémoires secrets*, tome XVII, p. 197).

II

PIERRE LOUIS MOLINE

The opera of *Orfeo e Euridice* which marks the beginning of the Gluckist "reform" is, as is known, the oldest work in the repertory of the lyric theatres, in that it counts already a century and a half of existence. In addition to this longevity, exceptional in an opera which is not represented as an archeological curiosity only, the score which Gluck wrote on the poetic libretto of Raniero de' Calzabigi has another distinction. Almost immediately after the first representation at Vienna, Oct. 5, 1762, the director of performances of the Imperial Court, Count Jacopo de Durazzo, took pains to have it engraved, not at Vienna or in Italy, but at Paris under the care of Favart. After rather long delay, the score was put on sale about the month of April, 1764, at the bookseller Duchesne's in the Rue Saint-Jacques.

We learn from the correspondence of Favart with the Count de Durazzo that the success of this publication was very slight; in ten years there were sold only half a dozen copies of this first edition—to-day "introuvable." *L'Orfeo*, as M. Wotquenne has remarked, was the first operatic Italian score for a century and a half to have the honor of engraving. This was consequently an unusual honor, the expenses of which were met by Count Durazzo; it was at the same time a distinction such as a German composer had never before obtained before the representation of his work in a foreign country. Now this engraving of *Orfeo* was completed at about the same time that Gluck paid a short visit to Paris in March, 1764, before going to the coronation of Joseph II at Frankfort; so we may suppose that the purpose of the engraving was to get the work accepted at the Opéra as an Italian interlude, or in default of that, at the Comédie-Italienne, which was then assuming a certain musical importance.

This project was not to be accomplished until ten years later, at the beginning of a new reign, when the first presentation of *Iphigénie en Aulide* was followed by that of *Orphée et Eurydice*, translated into French by Moline (Aug. 2, 1774.)

Now this second French collaborator of Gluck, Pierre Louis Moline, while the Italian score was being engraved, translated into prose Calzabigi's poem. It was published in a little brochure of 32 pages entitled: "*Orphée et Euridice, Tragédie-Opéra, par M. Calzabigi. Traduite de l'Italien par Mr. M*** avec des reflexions sur cette pièce. A Paris. Chez Bauche, Quai des Augustins. Duchesne, rue S. Jacques M. DCC. LXLV (sic.)*" The reflections of the translator, the purpose of which was to explain the new poetic of the Italian Calzabigi, followed by Gluck in reaction from that of Metastasio—had already appeared in the *Journal des Dames*; but "they are not out of place here" say the *Affiches, Annonces et Avis divers* of Nov. 28, 1764; they were themselves followed by an Italian arietta taken from the score.

This anonymous little book, carefully printed, won as small success as the score had done; it does not appear that contemporaries paid much attention to it. The name of Gluck, however, though still unknown to the French public, did penetrate to certain circles, thanks to this double publication, so contrary to the usual custom. We even know that the musician Philidor, one of the leaders of the French school after the death of Rameau, profited by *Orfeo*, the proofs of which he corrected.

As to the anonymous translator designed by the letter M followed by three asterisks, he was without doubt the young barrister Moline, then twenty-five years old, who had made his début the preceding year with some occasional verse. Son and grandson of merchants of Montpellier, Pierre Louis Moline was born in that city May 27, 1739, and baptised May 30 at the Church of Notre Dame. Master of Arts from the University of Avignon, he must have been at Paris for some time when he was entrusted with the work of translating *Orfeo*, in preparation for the definitive translation which remain his sole title to literary fame (we dare not say glory) with posterity. In fact, in his laborious career which was destined to be prolonged to 1820, Moline, a prolific and painstaking poet, an indefatigable writer on manifold subjects, wrote not less than fifteen works in prose or verse (occasional odes which brought in some royal gift, like that on the death of the Dauphin in 1766) about a dozen revolutionary hymns, thirty-one dramatic pieces which had in general

but mediocre success, and fifteen or sixteen librettos, which were offered to the Opéra, but of which only five were accepted.

After *Orphée*, Moline gave at this theatre July 2, 1780, *Laure et Pétrarque*, a heroic pastoral in one act, with music by Candeille. The libretto, it seems, injured the music; the author was reproached with having misrepresented history by making Laura responsive to the love of Petrarch and, especially, by depicting jealousy and passion such as she never felt. The ballet was directed by d'Auberval. The work stopped at its third presentation.

September 24, 1782, Moline was more lucky with an *Ariane dans l'île de Naxos*, a "lyrical drama" in one act. The music was entrusted to Edelmann, a skillful clavecinist, the author of the arrangement for clavecin of *Orphée*. This work was revived rather frequently up to 1825, and provincial theatres kept it in their repertoires, as is shown by a document about Moline's estate.¹

He translated, in 1788, for Paesiello, *Le Roi Théodore à Venise*, heroi-comic opera in three acts, which had only thirteen performances. At last, April 5, 1794, the Opera, having become the Théâtre des Arts, played a revolutionary piece by this former collaborator of Gluck: *La Réunion du 10 Août*, by "citizens Bouquier and Moline."

When the Revolution came, Moline soon embraced its principles; he became registering secretary of the Convention, without ceasing to cultivate his Muse, who had also turned republican. While filling his official functions from '93 to '97, he celebrated contemporary events, military and civil, in couplets; these couplets were sometimes to be sung "to the tune of the Marseillaise"—that Marseillaise which Moline's fellow citizens had brought from Montpellier to Paris about July 14, 1793—and sometimes to other popular airs of the time. The learned Constant Pierre has discovered not less than a dozen of these songs and patriotic hymns, in which Moline celebrated in turn: the republican Reunion (Aug. 10, '93); the manes of Marat and Lepelletier (Oct. Nov. '93); the Supreme Being (praerial an II); the battle of Fleurus (1794); the young heroes Bara and Viala (for a ceremony at the Pantheon, 10 thermidor—July 28, 1794); the capture of Fontarabbia (14 thermidor, an II) to the tune of La Carmagnole; the republican Reunion of Aug. 10, 1794; and his second production in this genre, an *Idylle sur la Paix*, addressed to the brave soldiers of the French army (Nov. 1797) on the air *Femmes, voulez-vous épouser. . . .*

¹ It was performed in New York on March 28, 1791.—Ed.

During the same period, the registrar of the Convention produced two patriotic works in the style of the time: *Le Naufrage héroïque du Vaisseau le Vengeur*, in collaboration with Citizen Pagez and, for the music, Citizen Duboullai, leader of the orchestra at the Théâtre de l'Égalité (formerly Théâtre Molière) where these three acts were performed, and *l'Inauguration de la République* in five acts, in collaboration with Bouquier, representative of the people, and the same Duboullai, performed on the same stage March 13, 1794. The same piece with music by Porta under the title *La Réunion du 10 Août ou l'Inauguration de la République* was soon (April 5, 1794) revived at the Opéra at the expense of the Republic by decree of the Convention of 4 frimaire (Nov. 24, 1793). This "sans-culottide" in five acts was mounted with rare luxury of setting and chorus; the five tableaux produced the greatest effect; it represented first the Place de la Bastille, then, in turn, the Boulevard des Italiens, the Place de la Révolution (now Place de la Concorde), les Invalides, and the Champs-de-Mars. The crowd of subordinate figures and choristers bestirred themselves patriotically in these five scenes, painted especially for the occasion. And when, the seventh of the following August, the national opera, then called the Théâtre des Arts, left its temporary hall at Porte Saint-Martin for that of the rue de la Lai (now rue de Richelieu, opposite the Bibliothèque Nationale), it was with the *Réunion du 10 Août* that was inaugurated the former theatre of Mlle. Montansier. Moline, for this occasion, wrote a prologue and a hymn which was sung on the national air: *Veillons au salut de l'Empire*.

The close of the Convention marked the abandonment of these patriotic pieces. Thereafter, the former collaborator of Gluck prudently withdrew from public life, and devoted himself exclusively to the theatre, which, in spite of his fertile productions, gave him not fortune but a mediocre livelihood.

Before taking leave of the librettist of *Orphée*, we may cite a few more works connected with the lyric theatre: these were, first, a parody of Gluck's *Armide*: *Madame Terrible*, opera in two acts in prose with interspersed vaudevilles, which seems to have been performed Sept. 6, 1778, at the Theatre of Meaux (?) and the manuscript of which is preserved at the Bibliothèque Nationale; an occasional piece entitled *Sacchini aux Champs-Élysées*, which must consequently be dated October or November, 1786; a "Chinese comedy" in two acts, with music, *Le Mandarin*, which is also preserved at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and which offers this interesting distinction that the music announced by the

manuscript was to be by Gluck (perhaps it may be discovered in *Le Cinesi* or *L'Orfano* of the chevalier); finally, the first French translation of *L'enlèvement du Sérail* of Mozart, performed at the Lycée des Arts in 1798, "done in verse and received at the Opéra (where it was not played) in 1818," according to a note reproduced in the catalogue of the Collection de Soleinne, where the manuscript remains.

Moline had received a slight pension of 300 francs a year in 1817. He did not long enjoy it, for he died at Paris, Feb. 20, 1820, no. 37, rue d'Argenteuil. As he left no heirs, his property fell in escheat. The inventory of his mediocre property, dated the 24 day of the following May, estimates his personal property at 108 francs. Among his papers were found his certificate of birth, dated June 4, 1817 (at which date he had probably sued for the minute pension soon after allotted to him); receipts of rent of his little room, for which he paid 38 francs 40 centimes a quarter; several receipts relating to his pension from Oct. 9, 1817 to Jan. 20, 1820. In addition, different papers dated from Apr. 16, 1819 to April 1820 made it possible to recover the poor sum of 79 francs, 90 centimes, due on author's rights for performances of *Orphée* or *Ariane* at the theatres of Rouen, Nîmes, Lille, Avignon, and Bordeaux. The sale of his furniture and personal property, which took place July 3, 4, and 5, with others of similar importance, produced for the benefit of the estate, the sum of 291 francs 55 centimes.¹ Such was the fortune left by the librettist of *Orphée*.

III

THE BARON DE TSCHOUDI

Le Bland du Roulet was destined to remain the chief French collaborator of Gluck. Nevertheless, the "German Orpheus" had recourse, for his Parisian operas, to the aid of three other librettists, without counting Quinault for *Armide*. Moline and du Roulet had made over the fine poems of Calzabigi, the *Orfeo* and *Alceste* respectively; du Roulet alone (as a posthumous collaborator of Racine) gave him the first *Iphigénie*; Guillard, the second. Another gentleman, a diplomat like du Roulet, a botanist and agronomist, but a poet on occasion, the baron de Tschoudi, was to give him the poem of *Echo et Narcisse*, as well as that of *Les Danaïdes*, afterwards given up to Salieri. Even

¹ According to documents kept in the Archives de la Seine, Paris.

to these two librettos, the bailiff lent his hand to give them the touches that the composer thought necessary.

From the collaboration of these two literary noblemen, brought together apparently by a common admiration for the German composer, came the libretto of the pastoral *Echo et Narcisse*. The fate of this score at the Paris Opéra was not very happy, and its failure was bitterly resented by Gluck, who promised himself that he would work no more for "these Frenchmen." The check did not, however, discourage Tschoudi who—doubtless recommended to Gluck by the ambassador, Count de Mercy Argenteau—soon was preparing, still with du Roullet, the poem *Les Danaïdes*, which he sent to the composer in Vienna.

Jean Baptiste Louis Théodore, baron de Tschoudi, "learned naturalist, admired writer, lofty poet, profound juriconsult," as says the *Biographie de la Moselle* by Bégin,¹ was born at Metz, August 25, 1734. After having served in a Swiss regiment, he became, in 1760, bailiff of Metz and King's councillor; he was elected honorary member of the Academy at Metz in 1761, and was president of it for several years from 1767. Appointed minister of the prince-bishop of Liége in 1774, he gave up the functions of bailiff of Metz and came to Paris, arriving there in 1777. He was presented to the king, in his quality as minister, March 23, 1779.

The baron de Tschoudi seems to have had no special preparation for the honor of collaborating with the reformer of the operatic stage. The former bailiff had published between 1763 and 1768 only some notes on agriculture, which he reissued at Paris and at London in 1778. But, once arrived at Paris, he composed and published numerous poems, among which we notice *Vœux d'un citoyen*, an ode to the King, published in 1775 after the accession of Louis XVI.

Echo et Narcisse, the libretto of which Tschoudi had presented to Gluck in 1777, was given for the first time Sept. 21, 1779, and repeated, with a prologue, Aug. 8, 1780.

The music, says the biographer of Metz, is by the celebrated Gluck, but it cannot be compared to that of his best works. In general, it suffers from the poor subject and the feeble poetry. Still, at certain passages, it can be seen that the poet and the musician have risen to the height of their subject. For example, all music lovers know the fine hymn to friendship, of which Gluck has made a sublime chorus. It was, after all, the baron's first experiment. He succeeded better with the *Danaïdes*.

Although the poem *Echo et Narcisse* is pastoral in character, judged the *Journal de Paris*, it has little connection with its predecessors in

that kind. It has some wit and there are some well turned verses. . . . The second performance was better received than the first. We have already observed that the capital defect of the poem is coldness. Certain happy changes have been made leading more directly to the action; but, although moving more quickly, it did not, apparently, give more pleasure to the spectators, who took no interest either in the death of Echo or the despair of Narcissus.

Grimm, not a less ardent partisan of Gluck than the *Journal de Paris*, is none the less unable to conceal the failure of this work.

The music, he writes in September, is by M. de Tschoudi, who comes from the Canton of Glaris, and who was formerly bailiff of Metz and is now prince-minister [*sic*] of Liège; he is the author of the articles on botany in the new supplement of the Encyclopedia and of several pieces of poetry printed in different papers. The music is by the chevalier Gluck . . . judged more severely than all the other works of this author.³

Echo et Narcisse, revived in 1780, "with considerable changes"³ according to this same Grimm, could not maintain its place. Only the fire at the Opéra, which made the Académie Royale move for some weeks to the Menus plaisirs in rue Bergère, gave the work an appearance of vitality.⁴ But it was judged useless to mount it again on the stage of the new Opéra Boulevard St.-Martin. A few performances were given after 1806, but always without success.

Tschoudi was infinitely more fortunate in the choice of subject for *Les Danaïdes*, the libretto of which probably inspired Gluck before it fell to his pupil Salieri. But Tschoudi died of erysipelas, as his biographer says, "when his opera was being rehearsed at the Théâtre des Arts [*sic*]. He insisted on being present, contrary to his doctor's advice; the erysipelas was suppressed, and a violent inflammation of the bowels took him off in a few days."

As early as Sept. 11, 1783 among the works in preparation at the Opéra, Bachaumont announces the *Danaïdes* under the title of "*Hypermetre*, by Baron Schudy and the chevalier Gluck."⁵ It appeared on the April 26 following; "Words under the name of M.***,—that is to say, Baron Tschudi and the bailiff du Roulet, music under that of Gluck," writes Grimm, who must have been aware of the subterfuge which Gluck had used to to have the work of his disciple Salieri received and represented at Paris.

Gluck had undertaken the music, says the biographer of Metz, but sated with glory and loaded with riches, he left the work unfinished;

Salieri completed it in the most happily inspired way. Tschudy showed in his poem deep sensibility and brilliant imagination.⁶

And in proof of these qualities Bégin cites the celebrated Chorus des Epoux, in the second act: *Descends dans le sein d'Amphitrite*.

The baron, before finishing this libretto—the authorship of which Calzabigi later claimed in a long letter to the *Mercure de France*—united with the fortunate arranger of the *Iphigénie* of Racine and the *Alceste* of that same Calzabigi. Gluck let everything be said and done, from his distant retreat at Vienna. Probably, in fact, he had begun to work on the libretto of his former Italian collaborator, but illness and a desire for rest, legitimate enough after his unusually agitated and laborious life, combined with opulence sufficient to let him enjoy his last years in peace, caused him to give up a fine drama in favor of a submissive and reverent disciple. And it was only after the twelfth representation that du Roullet revealed to the Parisians the little trick which had made the success of a work—the masterpiece of its author, and one distinguished, besides, for its high dramatic qualities. As a matter of fact, *Les Danaïdes* remained in the repertory until the advent of Rossini. The young Berlioz, it will be remembered, enthusiastically applauded Mme. Branchu in it in his early years in Paris.⁷

Tschoudi having died during the rehearsal of *Les Danaïdes*, du Roullet published the poem just before the first performance. The approval of the censor is dated March 28.

After the numerous and well-deserved successes which the subject of *Les Danaïdes* has won in different theatres, du Roullet writes in his preface, we should not have presumed to bring it out again at the Opéra, if we had not thought that we could show it there in a new form. If the public decides that our poem has some merit in this direction, we are glad to declare here that this merit is not entirely our own. A manuscript of M. Calzabigi, author of *Orphée* and the Italian *Alceste*, du Roullet goes on to admit, was communicated to us, and this gave us much aid. We borrowed also some ideas from the *Ballet des Danaïdes* by the celebrated M. Noverre, that modern rival of Bathyllus and Pilades. To all these we added our own ideas and composed our plan from them all.

One of our friends, whose family forbids us to name him, consented, to hasten the work, to put into verse part of our composition, and this is certainly not the least finished portion. Death has just removed this excellent man, equally renowned for his works in prose and in verse; he was as remarkable for his social virtues, his military merit, and his lofty birth, as for his wit and his literary gifts. May our friendship be permitted on this occasion to offer this just meed of praise to his memory.⁸

On reading this preface and the reports which the *Mercure de France* brought him, Calzabigi, then in retirement at Naples, burst into a fury (which is easy to understand) and, seizing his pen, the author of *Orfeo*, *Alceste*, and *Paride e Elena*, hastened to claim his legitimate share in this collaboration—an involuntary collaboration—which du Roullet had not made large enough to suit him; he took advantage of the occasion to recall to the French public, forgetful of his past merits, that he had been the initiator of the Gluckist reform, and, so to speak, the inventor of the "system" which had made the composer's fortune.

Letter to the Editor of the *Mercure*

Dear Sir:

I have read in the *Mercure* for the month of May (nos. 18, 19 & 20) all that you have published about the lyric tragedy of *Hypermetre* or *Les Danaïdes* which was given at the Opéra on April 26 last.

Your analysis of the work, your observations on the faults in the plan of it, your comments on the theatrical effect—all seem to me just and worthy of the attention of those who are interested in dramatic art.

In your three articles, Sir, my name occurs only once, and then is passed over very lightly. The translators, revisors, or copiers of my drama (for it appears that there were two of them) have scarcely deigned to mention me in a little corner of their announcements. I appear here only in the background. Is it not fair for me to put myself in my real place? Permit me to quote one of our proverbs which applies here: *Non ho buoni vicini; bisogna pero che mi lodi da me.* This is so much the more my duty, in that, in naming me, care has been taken to give a share of this halo to a truly celebrated man. M. Noverre, who, I admit, deserves praise for his Ballet-pantomimes, which are the finest I know of, but who seems here mentioned rather gratuitously. He is the *Deus ex machina*, lowered from Olympus to turn away glances from an essential personage. This dramatic device was not necessary. It would have been more becoming to admit that they had translated my poem nearly entire. But let us begin at the beginning of the lamentable history of my *Danaïdes*. It was in 1778, after the great success of my *Orphée* and my *Alceste* on your stage that M. Gluck wished *Iterum antiquo me includere ludo*. He bound me by great promises to write another drama for him. I wrote a *Semiramis*, which I sent to him; I do not know its fate, but perhaps it is running about the world like its younger sister.* M. Gluck at first highly approved of it; but he afterward saw that it was not adapted to the actors who then shone on the lyric stage! I had formerly spoken to him of a *Hypermetre*, and he urged me so eagerly to write it that I decided to please him. He had this poor *Hypermetre* at Paris, where he was in November of that same year; he was enthusiastic about it; he told me that he would have it translated so as to give it at the Theatre; that is all that he told me.

After a silence of several years, it was only in February of this year that I heard that M. Gluck was to put on my *Hypermetre* immediately at the Theatre in Paris, and that, not having been able to finish the

music himself, he had employed M. Salieri, who had worked under his direction.

In the interval, as one often retouches one's work, I had made some changes in my piece. I should have communicated them if I had been consulted, but I was forgotten. People were willing only to "get much assistance" from my poem; they didn't even say from whom they got it. This silence seems to me singular. M. Gluck, who alone in the world read my manuscript, must alone know the reason for it.

I had amused myself last year in having set to music some scenes from my *Hypermetre*, according to some ideas which I have long held about dramatic music. I employed for this M. Millico, not less celebrated as a singer than excellent as a composer. His music excited the curiosity of several personages; by request it was heard at Court when H. M. the Emperor was at Naples, and was there found admirable.

As my tragedy had been disposed of, I was afraid that it might be similarly printed, without corrections. I therefore determined to publish it last February, on the occasion of an assembly where part of it was performed in the presence of H. M. the King of Sweden, by the best singers of our grand opera, at the residence of H. E. Mgr. the Count of Razoumowsky, ambassador from H. M. the Emperor of Russia.

There you have, Sir, the exact truth about the wanderings of my vagabond *Hypermetre*. I beg you now to follow in my Italian tragedy, of which I am sending you a printed copy, the plan I have pursued.

Whatever the subject which I undertake to treat as a drama, my first care is to draw out the great scenes which are sure to strike, to move the spectators. I distribute them in the acts according to the progress of the piece; the dialogue serves only to bring in the persons who must figure in them. I have spoken at length of this arrangement of my tragic plans in a letter in Italian to Count Alfieri, on four tragedies that he published last year. I do not know if I acted wisely or not, but in accordance with this idea, which is at least new, even if not good, I arranged by tableaux the plan of my *Danaïdes*.

You will see, Sir, that with the exception of a few observations [perhaps we should read: situations] the plan of my tragedy is exactly the same as that which you announce, and you will see that the faults which you justly perceive in the copy are not in the original.

After examining and refuting the criticisms of the *Mercure*, (it would be too fastidious to do more than call attention to them here), Calzabigi goes on summoning Gluck himself into the case.

That is all that I have to say about the plan and development of my drama. A reading will convince you that all my ideas have been taken nearly all entire, except in the cases where my work has been mutilated. It is for a just public to decide if that may be called "getting much assistance" from a piece.

You say in your article in no. 20, "that the author. . . proves that he understands in a superior fashion the dramatic arrangement and movement suitable for the Théâtre Lyrique, and one can judge

of this by his opening scenes. . . which present an amusing and true picture where recitative, measured song, and chorus are combined in the most felicitous way." I think that I must claim this praise; it belongs to me only. If I had not by chance had my tragedy printed several months ago, M. Gluck, whom I tried to oblige, would have put me in the position of a plagiarist and in the ridiculous rôle of the crow in the fable . . .

Furtivis nudata coloribus.

I should have done, but there is something else on my heart which demands relief. In speaking of the music of *Les Danaïdes*, you observe that "one easily recognizes in the general spirit of the composition, the grand, strong, rapid, and true style which characterizes the system of this creator of dramatic music."

This is what I have to say on this subject:

I am not a musician, but I have carefully studied recitation. People give me credit for talent in reciting verse, especially tragic verse, most especially my own. Twenty-five years ago I thought that the only music appropriate for dramatic poetry, and especially for dialogue and the airs that we call "airs of action" (*azione*) was music which approached as closely as possible to animated, energetic, natural recitation; that recitation itself was only imperfect music; that one could express it in notes just as it is, if there had been invented enough signs to mark as many tones, as many inflections, as many outbursts and restraints, as many infinite shades, so to speak, as the voice gives in declaiming. Music to certain verse, then, according to my ideas, being only a form of recitation more studied, more advanced, and enriched by the harmony of accompaniment, I conceived the idea that there lay the whole secret of composing music for a drama; that the more the poetry was firm, energetic, passionate, touching, harmonious, the more the music which should try to express it closely in accordance with the true recitation, would be the true music for that poetry, the music par excellence.

By meditating on these principles I thought I discovered the solution of the problem. Why are there airs like *Se cerca, se disce* in the *Olimpiade* by Pergolesi, *Misero Pargoletto* in the *Demophon* by Leo and others, where the musical expression cannot be changed without falling into the ridiculous—where one is simply forced to come back to that of these great masters? And why is there also an infinite number of other airs which still admit of variations, though they have already been set to music by other composers?

The reason according to my view is that Pergolesi, Leo, and the others have found for these airs the true poetic expression, the natural recitation, so that changing them spoils them; and for the others which are still susceptible of change, no one has yet discovered their real declamatory music.

I came to Vienna in 1761, full of these ideas. A year after, H. S. M., the Count of Durazzo, then director of the Spectacles at the Imperial Court, now ambassador at Venice, to whom I had recited my *Orphée*, urged me to give it at the theatre. I agreed, on condition that the music be composed according to my wishes. He sent to M. Gluck, who, he said, would conform to my ideas. M. Gluck was not then estimated among our great masters (doubtless unjustly). Hasse, Buranello,

[Galuppi] Jomelli, Mérés, [Perez] and others occupied the chief positions. None of them knew the music of declamation, as I call it; and as to M. Gluck, since he did not pronounce our language well, he would have been unable to recite any verse whatsoever. I read my *Orphée* to him, reciting some passages several times, showing him the shades which I put into it, the suspensions, the slowness, the rapidity, the sounds of the voice, now charged with feeling, now feeble and languishing. These shades I desired him to use in his composition. I begged him especially at the same time to leave out *i passaggi, le cadence, i ritornelli* and all those gothic, barbarous extravagant additions which have been made to our music. M. Gluck entered into my views. But recitation gets lost in the air and is often not found again; it would be necessary to be always equally animated, and this constant uniform sensibility does not exist. The most striking traits escape when the fire and enthusiasm grow weak. That is why there is so remarkable a diversity in the recitations of dramatic authors even of the same tragic selection. Even with the same author, from one day to another, from one scene to another, the poet's recitation of his verses changes from good to bad.

I sought for signs by which to mark at least the most striking features. I invented some, and placed them between the lines all through *Orphée*. On such a manuscript copy, accompanied by notes written in certain places where the signs gave only incomplete indications, M. Gluck composed his music. I did the same later for *Alceste*. The truth of this is shown by the fact that, when the success of *Orphée* seemed uncertain at the first performance, M. Gluck threw the blame on me. In regard to *Semiramis* and *Les Danaïdes*, being able neither to recite them to M. Gluck, nor to use my signs, which I had forgotten and the originals of which he still had, I could only send him full instructions in writing. These instructions for *Semiramis* alone filled three entire sheets. I kept a copy of them, and of those for *Les Danaïdes*; some day I may publish them.

I hope that you will agree, Sir, after this statement of the facts, that if M. Gluck is the creator of dramatic music, he did not create it out of nothing. I furnished him the matter, or the chaos, if you prefer; the honor of the creation belongs to us both in common.

Connoisseurs were charmed by this new kind of writing. From this general approbation, I draw a conclusion which seems just to me—that the music composed by M. Millico for my *Danaïdes* must be infinitely superior to that given in Paris based on the copy of my drama.

The author of this music (whoever he was, since I learn that M. Gluck disclaims it) could not have followed the recitation which I gave at Vienna, whereas M. Millico, while composing his, saw me every day and recited with me the pieces on which he was working. If I did not fear to take your valuable time uselessly, I would call your attention to my instructions, my notes on the monologue of *Hypermetre*, Act IV, Scene 1. If you should in the least desire it, I will send them to you.

And, Sir, there is only one opinion about the excellence of M. Millico's music. I hope that it will come out some day. I dare to flatter myself

that the public will agree on this question with the élite of nobility Neapolitan and foreign which heard it at M. de Rasoumouky's.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your very humble and obedient servant

De Cassabigi [sic] Honorary Councillor to
His Royal Imperial Apostolic Majesty.

At Naples, June 25, 1784.¹⁰

To these manifold claims, which contested his chief title to glory, Gluck disdained to reply; he left this care to the survivor of his two collaborators; Du Roulet came off rather badly in the *Mercure* for October. Nevertheless, he opposed to Calzabigi one argument to which there could be no response: if the pupil of the Italian librettist—that is to say, Gluck,—could not compose music without him, how did it happen that his work was not inferior in the two *Iphigenias*, inasmuch as his pronunciation of French was more vicious than his pronunciation of Italian, and inasmuch as Guillard, the author of *Iphigénie en Tauride*, could not even have read his poem which was written in Paris to Gluck who composed it in Vienna? Besides, it must not be forgotten that, as early as 1773, also in the *Mercure de France*, du Roulet had rendered justice to Calzabigi, and that in the preface to *Alceste*, Gluck had done the same, the following year. Nevertheless, so far as the libretto of the *Danaïdes* was concerned, the Parisian librettist found nothing to reply.

The *Journal de Paris* for March 9, 1784, announced in its list of deaths, that of the Most High and Puissant Lord Jean Baptiste Théodore, Baron de Tschoudi, formerly Bailiff and Chief of the Nobility of the District of Metz, Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, ex-Privy Councillor, Minister in residence for the Prince Bishop of Liège at the Court of His Most Christian Majesty, rue de Bourgogne. The Almanach royal of the preceding years states more precisely that he had succeeded d'Arget as minister in France of the Prince Bishop of Liège and the Prince Bishop of Spire, and that he lived first at rue Vivienne, before moving to rue de Bourgogne in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, near the Barracks of the French Guards. It was to this dwelling that

on Sunday, March 7, at four o'clock in the afternoon, went the Commissioner Claude Le Seigneur, royal Councillor, Enquirer and Examiner at the Châtelet of Paris . . . to a house owned by my Lord Joly; we passed, he says, into a lodging in the right wing, went to the second story above the entresol, entered an apartment looking out on the first court, where, in a bed-room we found and there appeared before us Louis François, esquire, the heir and secretary of the Baron de Tschou-

dy hereafter named, living in Paris rue St. Nicaise in the parish of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois.

He told us that Messire Jean Baptiste Louis Théodore Baron de Tschoudy, former Bailiff and chief of the nobility of the District of Metz, Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, Privy Councillor and minister in residence for S. A. Sellarissime [sic] Monseigneur the Prince Bishop of Liége at the Court of His Most Christian Majesty, had died on that day at six o'clock in the morning and that, having been notified of this decease by the servants of the house, he had thought wise for security and in consideration of the rights, interests, and claims both of the lady his wife and of his children, all absent from Paris, and of any others whom it might concern, to request our presence that we might place the necessary seals . . .

The Commissioner Le Seigneur fulfilled his duty, took the oaths of the domestics, Jacques Henriot, Marguerite Salome Vagnerin, wife of Louis Gaston (who signs in German); and the following April 3, he came to proceed with removing the seals; the family being still absent from Paris, he handed his papers to Count Dessuile, without giving detailed description of them. The whole transaction was ended April 22.¹¹

NOTES.

1 Bégin: *Biographie de la Moselle, Metz, 1852*. Vol. IV.

2 Grimm: *Corresp. littér. edit. Tourneux XII, 813, 428*.

"It is not possible to read worse words," one reads in the *Mémoires secrets* of Sept. 31, 1779.

3 Worked over (*retravaillé*) with du Roullet (*Mémoires secrets*, Aug. 9, 1790).

4 This performance was due to the suggestion of du Roullet, who addressed to the intendant of the *Menus plaisirs* a note, which ended thus: "It is true that M. Gluck has felt keenly the poor reception of this work, that he has blamed partly the Royal Academy, and that his distress has made him indisposed and checked his desire to work. A revival would flatter him and lead him to finish his opera of *Les Danaïdes*, which is a superb machine, and it is certain according to the latest news that he has all his wits—and that he may hope from the waters of Baden a second season a complete cure. (Archives nationales, O 629). The *Mémoires secrets* express themselves on the subject of the same work, Sept. 9, 1781: "It has been decided to give *Echo et Narcisse* again. This tragic pastoral, having had little success the first time, there was cause for fear lest the failing should be greater on Friday, Aug. 3d. Happily, the prophesies of the Chevalier Gluck, author of the music, were fulfilled. He said at the time of bringing forth the work: "There cannot be a theatre too large for *Iphigénie en Aulide*, nor one too small for *Echo et Narcisse*. In fact, it was definitely a success." Lays played the part of Narcissus. The *Hymn to Love* was demanded over again at the end of the opera, and manifestations of that sort, still unusual at the time, deeply shocked the editor of the *Mémoires secrets*.

5 *Mémoires secrets*: Vol. XXI. Sept. 11, 1783.

6 Grimm: *Corresp. littér.* XIII, p. 527-529.

7 Berlioz: *Mémoires*, vol. I.

8 The same libretto bears the indications: The poem is by M.***. The music is by MM. the Chevalier Gluck and Salieri, Master of Chamber-Music to H. M. the Emperor and of Spectacles at the Court of Vienna.

9 It would be interesting to compare this *Semiramis* of the Italian poet with the libretto taken from Voltaire's tragedy, set to music later by Catel and given at the Paris Opéra, May 3, 1802, and with that of the poet Rossi, set to music by Rossini several years later.

10 Cf. Gluck-Jahrbuch, 1915, pp. 56-102. *Calzabigis Erwiderung von 1790*.

11 National Archives. Y 14,754. In number 11,488, under date of Feb. 9, 1769, there exists another report of seals of a "baron de Tschoudy, Henry-Théodore, rue des 4 Vents, former councillor at the Parliament of Metz"—doubtless a relative of the librettist of Gluck.

(Translated by Marguerite Barton.)

LITERARY ERRORS ABOUT MUSIC

By ARTHUR ELSON

POETS and novelists, for the most part, recognize music for its emotional qualities. They do not realize that music is something of a science as well as an art,—that it needs to be studied in courses, for example, that are fully as formal in their way as Algebra or Chemistry. The average literary worker does not know that harmony, counterpoint, and musical form are based on much stricter rules than the writing of poems or short stories. As a result, the literati often make errors in their statements about music or their use of musical terms and ideas. Some of these mistakes are collected to form the present article.

Among the poets, a few of the leaders have been well posted in music, if not trained musicians; and these few have been accurate in their musical allusions. Milton was one of these. Shakespeare was probably another. The word "probably" is used because of something that looks much like a mistake in one of his sonnets. In describing a lady playing on one of the instruments of the time, which were of the harpsichord-spinet type, he mentions the

"Nimble jacks, that leap
To kiss the tender inward of her palm."

This passage is decidedly surprising to the musician. The idea of anyone playing virginals (portable spinet) with the palm may be passed over as poetic license. But the jacks, unfortunately, were the vertical sticks or bars *inside* the instrument, which carried the quills that plucked the strings. The jacks were not the keys, which kissed the player's hand; and when they leaped, they were certainly not able to leap out of the instrument. Later on, Shakespeare makes a pun by calling them "Saucy Jacks." He may have miscalled the keys purposely, in order to make the ensuing pun; but the chances are that he used the word by mistake. The reason for this is found in the fact that he probably knew little about the virginals or spinet, since he makes remarkably few allusions to them in his plays. Shakespeare was more familiar with vocal music, and some of his plays, such as "Twelfth Night," literally teem with allusions to it. He was familiar with the lute also, as "The Taming of the Shrew" will show. But almost

the only other allusion to the virginals is found in "A Winter's Tale," where Polyxenes, watching a prolonged handshake given by the queen, exclaims: "Still virginaling upon his palm!"

Many writers have been practically tone-deaf, and unable to recognize intervals. Strangely enough, it is said that Tennyson was one of these. Tennyson and Browning are therefore opposite in this respect. Browning knew music, but wrote unmusical verse, while Tennyson was unmusical, but wrote poems of the most musical character. Tennyson's "Maud" contains his chief error, in one of his few musical allusions, when he calls for "Flute, violin, bassoon,"—a very poor combination. It will always seem strange that the man who wrote about

"The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells"

could not appreciate music.

The bassoon seems to have been a source of trouble for more than one English poet. In Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," the wedding guests are made to listen to the "loud bassoon." But the word Posaune, from which Coleridge took his allusion, means trombone, and not bassoon, the latter not being very loud. Incidentally, Lady Wallace came to grief over the same word, in translating a Life of Mozart, and in her hands "Posaune" became bass-trumpet,—an instrument invented by Wagner a century later.

Browning wrote three poems distinctly about music,—*"Abt Vogler," "A Toccata of Galuppi,"* and *"Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha."* The first is a glowing tribute to the expressive power and elevating influence of music, echoing the direct appeal of the art in the line

"The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

This is an excellent description of the art that is said to begin where language ends. But in the poem there are several phrases that have worried the musicians. At the end of *Abt Vogler's* improvisation, he is said to "slide by semitones into the minor," after which he claims to "blunt it into the ninth." These phrases are said to describe very poor progressions. An example is append-



ed by the writer, and composers are welcome to improve upon

it, thus perhaps proving that the progressions may be made into something good after all.

In "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," the poet casts reflections upon the worth of a fugue which that artist was playing. If intended to question the worth of the fugue as a form, the slur was certainly undeserved, and marked its writer as incapable of appreciating counterpoint. Birrell, the commentator, defines fugue as "a short melody;" a rather startling statement, but one that does not acquit the poet.

In "A Toccata of Galuppi," that individual is depicted as indulging in "Sixths, diminished, sigh on sigh." A diminished sixth would be a perfect fifth. Modern composers use consecutive fifths occasionally, just to show their independence; and Puccini even employs quite a series of them in his "La Bohème." But in Galuppi's day, it was entirely against the law to use them. Some have claimed that Browning meant minor sixths, while others assert that he was thinking of diminished sevenths. Either of these, in succession, would be doleful enough to be considered a sigh. But as it stands, the line is decidedly wrong.

The poet Collins, in "The Passions," seemed discontented with the music of his day, in spite of the glories shed upon it by Händel and Purcell. He insisted, in fact, that some person or persons unknown should "Revive the just designs of Greece." But the poet's real knowledge of ancient Greek music seems to have been a rather doubtful quantity. In the only line in which he becomes at all specific, he indites the request, "Wrap me in soft Lydian measures." It happens that the Lydian mode was the one corresponding with our major scale; so that in spite of the poet's complaint about "Cecilia's mingled world of sound," he was being wrapped in Lydian measures when listening to the works of his own country and epoch.

Victor Hugo did not devote himself to any such survey of musical conditions. He did, however, make a decided error in describing a Haydn quartet as being played by three violins and a flute. Lest the uninitiated should think that this is possible, it may be stated that the viola and the violoncello, which take part in a string quartet, have very many notes that are too deep for either violin or flute to reach.

Poets can sometimes take refuge in the fact that poetic license enables them to deviate a little from the straight and narrow path of truth and accuracy. The novelists have no such excuse; but even after making allowances for this, they seem to be greater sinners than the poets. Perhaps the latter confine

themselves more to matters about which they know something, if not everything.

Adverse criticism of masterworks hardly comes within the scope of this article; but in the case of Ruskin the criticism was given voluntarily. He wrote an entirely unnecessary tirade against "Die Meistersinger," calling it, among other things, "baboon-headed stuff." Such estimates, when put in essays, practically amount to actual errors. Thus Charles Lamb, in his "Essays of Elia," speaks of "The inexhausted German ocean (of music) above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions, Haydn and Mozart, with their attendant tritons, Bach and Beethoven." This is a decided reversal of the verdict of musicians, who know how far above the other two Bach and Beethoven really were.

The musical novel in English began with "Charles Auchester," that ecstatic British picture of a musical hero, be he Mendelssohn or Sterndale Bennett. It made a sensation in its time. But to-day it seems full of gush and slush, as an example or two will show. The hero was described as a man of absolute perfection, even to the physical point of having a fragrant breath. Again, the authoress says, "Music is the one pure beautiful thing in a world of sin and vileness." The painter's art, she adds, may descend into "sensual bondage," the sculptor may "forget the soul;" and the poet may praise unworthy things. But music, she claims, is free from all these errors. Such a claim is ridiculous. There is good music and bad music, just as there is good and bad poetry; and the poet may inspire men as well as the composer. *Suum cuique*. The masterpieces of one's favorite art will always appeal to him as stronger than those of other arts.

Tolstoi wrote a novel called "The Kreutzer Sonata," in which he claimed that Beethoven's great work of that name incited lewd thoughts. Nothing could be farther from the truth. That sonata is a work of pure beauty, and the evil thoughts existed only in the author's mind.

Many novelists, not writing especially about music, will yet use some allusion to it that is fearfully and wonderfully made, according to the real standards of the tonal art.

The worst example is undoubtedly George du Maurier, whose knowledge of illustrating should have made him treat another art carefully. In his "Trilby," he introduces a series of musical miracles.

Svengali and his pupil Gecko perform the first amazing feat. They engage in a "wonderful double improvisation," though it

is not made very clear how this can be done. Their action becomes more impossible than ever when the author tells us that they extemporized the strictest and hardest kind of music to write. To quote his words, "They fugued, and canoned, and counterpointed." Passing over the fact that verbs such as the last three are not usually made from their corresponding nouns, one is lost in amazement at the mind-reading powers of this remarkable pair. Each would have had to know just what the other was going to play next, and would have had to put a contrapuntal answer or accompaniment to it instantly. Incidentally, composing counterpoint, let alone improvising it, is a matter of slow, hard work.

After this the pair performed "in *sordino*" instead of "con *sordino*."

Svengali, also, could transform the most trivial and cheapest tune into something of the rarest beauty "without altering a note." Composers and publishers are longing for someone of this sort.

Trilby herself is not lacking in wonderful achievements. Thus the author states boldly that she could sing Chopin's Impromptu in A-flat, opus 29, a piece that has a compass of over four octaves. Incidentally, she ended the work on E in alt, as if she held that Chopin's ending with C, in the key, was a mistake. The author continued with the startling statement, "Everything that Paganini could do with his violin, she could do with her voice,—only better." Living singers have difficulty in double-stopping, for example, as the human voice is not well adapted to singing two notes at once. The singers of the present might also have trouble with harmonics and pizzicato effects.

There is a waiter in "Trilby" who is more modest in his attainments, and does something that ordinary mortals can imitate. He sings "F *moll* below the line." Probably he did not know that he sang F *dur* also; just as M. Jourdain, in the play, did not know that he talked in prose.

Trilby, in spite of her large compass, is outclassed by the heroine of Meredith's "Sandra Belloni," who could "pitch any notes."

The novelist known as Ouida (Louise de la Ramée) is another writer who seems to have found some unusually gifted singers. One of her characters could give "glorious harmonic" all by herself. Another, a tenor, sang "ravishing airs from Palestrina," who, unfortunately, composed only part-music. Still another rendered pages from the "grand masses of Mendelssohn," com-

positions which the musical world has not yet found. In view of these statements, it is not surprising to find that one of Ouida's instrumental performers had a broken violin "on which the keys were smashed beyond all chance of restoration."

Consuelo, in George Sand's novel, is another performer who does not confine herself to solo work. She sings Marcello's psalm "I cieli immensi," which happens to be four-part music. This singing of several notes at a time seems to be a favorite performance with the vocalists of fiction.

Marie Corelli, in one of her novels, makes Prince Lucio Rimanez state, "an amiable nightingale showed me the most elaborate methods of applying rhythmic tune to the upward and downward rush of the wind, thus teaching me perfect counterpoint." Applying tune to the downward rush of the wind seems to suggest the impossible feat of singing while inhaling; while a nightingale that teaches counterpoint, which is more or less involved part-writing, is a decided rarity. Taken as a whole, this statement deserves the prize for inaccuracy.

Bulwer-Lytton, in "The Last of the Barons," avoids the usual error of giving one voice a number of notes simultaneously. He does, however, go somewhat astray by describing an occasion where "Many voices of men and women joined in deeper bass with the shrill tenor of the choral urchins." At present, women do not sing bass; and the shrill tenor of boys is not a tenor, but a treble.

Thackeray, usually so accurate, made an error, if not a slip of the pen, in describing Beethoven's opera "Fidelio." He commented upon the excellence of the singing, especially in the phrase, "Nichts, Nichts, mein Florestan." That passage, however, is for spoken voice, and has no notes written for it.

The violin, though not as popular with the novelists as the voice, has still received some attention. Thus Archibald Clavering Gunter, in one of his sensational novels, speaks of a nervous tension resembling "the C-string of a highly-tuned violin." Even the most individual of special tunings has never given the violin a C-string. Paganini would sometimes tune up a semitone and transpose the music down by the same interval, thus obtaining the brilliant tone of tight strings without altering the pitch, but neither he nor anyone else on record ever used a C-string on a violin. The novelist adds the phrase "in the breeze," as if the violin were used like an Aeolian harp.

Violinists of great ability are very common in fiction. Thus the hero of "The First Violin" is able to take the post of Concert-

meister because he had amused himself with the instrument during the two years when he was an officer. In a book called "The Dominant Seventh," the hero introduces that chord on a violin, "woven together by pathetic chords rolled out in one shining web of melody." In "A Roman Singer," by F. Marion Crawford, there is a Jewish violinist who obtains from a single instrument "great broad chords, splendid in depth, and royal harmony, grand, enormous, and massive as the united choirs of Heaven." The violin may not have a deep compass in reality, but there is no doubt that Mr. Crawford would have made a good press agent. He is the author who ascribed "La Traviata" to Donizetti.

George Eliot and William Black have joined forces with Browning on the question of consecutive fifths. In "The Mill on the Floss" we are told of "the perfect accord of descending thirds and fifths." Black does not even soften the blow by including thirds; but he follows his predecessor closely enough in describing "a perfect accord of descending fifths." On the cover of an English novel, a series of ascending fifths was emblazoned,—perhaps inciting musicians to buy and investigate.

Both of the above authors have made other strange statements in connection with music. George Eliot mentions a "long-drawn organ stop," which could not be drawn very far, though the phrase may refer to a pause in the music. William Black, in "Kilmeny," states that his heroine "would express faint surprise at hearing Mozart's Sonata in A-sharp." Musicians would be much more surprised; for there is no such key. In this case one may guess how the error arose, for the author may have remembered A as a sharp key, and put the two items together.

The practice of singing and accompanying one's self on the bagpipe is another favorite procedure of musicians in fiction. In one or two old forms of bagpipe, the instrument was played by the pressure of a bag under the arm; but as the instrument is usually played by blowing with the mouth, the gravity of the situation will become evident.

Charles Reade is cited into the musical court for making Peg Woffington whistle "a sparkling Adagio." This is certainly a mistake; but if we look at the rapid notes of small value in the slow movement of Beethoven's first sonata, we may see why the author chose that adjective.

Jack London, most virile of writers, has portrayed the music of nature in its wildness so well that he may readily be pardoned for a rather superficial allusion to the tonal art of civilization.

His mistake occurs in "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," where he tries to describe a common-sense, practical, and rather unimaginative heroine by stating that she could appreciate Beethoven, but did not understand Debussy. Granting the ethereal delicacy of the better Debussy pieces, it is nevertheless a surprise to find Beethoven's music considered fit for prosaic people. They would be more apt to enjoy rag-time than to appreciate the sublimity of the fifth and ninth symphonies. Only in a later novel did the author recognize the fact that there has been some discussion about the position of Debussy himself.

The mistakes that newspaper reporters make about music are not always classed as literature; but one or two of them deserve a place in this article.

The first of these has to do with an organ pipe which would not "speak," or sound, when its key was played. It was found afterwards that a mouse had built its nest in a place which permitted the little home to interfere with the vibrations. The reporter at once rushed into print with an account of the finding of the obstruction, the application of tremendous air pressure, and the blowing of the nest out through the pipe. The last two items were made "out of the whole cloth." There is no need of any tremendous pressure in organ or other instrumental pipes. The vibrations are caused by the fluttering of a tongue of air at the mouthpiece of certain organ pipes. It is to cause this fluttering of the air reed or other more substantial mouth-piece that performers on wind instruments use their breath. But the current of breath is not necessary if the vibrations can be started by any other method. Thus if a tuning fork is made to vibrate near a flute of the same pitch, the flute will begin to sound, without any air current passing through it. The organ pipe was silenced because the mouse had built its nest in a position that would interfere with the formation of the air tongue, or air reed, at the mouthpiece. Removal of the nest by hand remedied the trouble.

The second item appeared in St. Louis, when that city had prepared its great exposition. A large organ was one of the attractions. Once, when a certain note was played on the instrument, the skylight broke. The omniscient reporter rose to the occasion, and stated that this was probably not the organist's fault but must have been due to harsh notes played by some stranger. Apart from the fact that it is hard work to play an organ note that will be harsh by itself, the reporter was completely mistaken in ascribing the accident to any such notes. The

sky-light was set in vibration, not by a harsh tone, but by an exceptionally pure tone, that happened to set the skylight into sympathetic vibration. The power of synchronism is not generally realized by the layman; but there have been notable examples of it. A certain factory was found to sway dangerously when its engine was made to run at a particular speed; and the engineer was given orders to avoid that speed. Soldiers crossing a bridge are always ordered to break step, so that their marching may not make the bridge vibrate. Many old instruments, such as the *viola d'amore*, depended upon synchronism, the playing of one string making another of the same pitch vibrate in sympathy with it. It is even held possible that the falling walls of ancient Jericho were thrown down by synchronism with the Hebrew trumpet calls.

A very popular novel about the achievements of one Ashton-Kirk, detective, made use of the principle of synchronism in a way that can hardly stand the investigation of musicians. A certain villainess, on the inside of a house of mysterious events, was described as giving signals to an accomplice outside, by means of harp tones that caused the strings of a harp outside to vibrate in sympathy. The idea may have seemed clever enough, but it was applied wrongly. In any case the tones of a harp would not cause sympathetic vibration at any great distance; but in the story they were expected to travel through a window, across a courtyard, over a wall, and off into the woods. The author then makes his case even weaker, for he states that the tones used were above the limits of human hearing, for the sake of secrecy. In reality high tones carry less distance than low ones, as steamer whistles will show. These inaudible harp tones would have been so high that their influence in causing sympathetic vibrations could not have extended beyond a very few feet.

Returning to the musical novels, the most amazing of them all is the French story (published in 1837) entitled "The Old Age of William Dufay." The author apparently makes history to suit himself, so utterly does he tamper with historical accuracy. The plot, laid in Paris in 1465, shows the old Dufay, in absent-mindedness, rapping at the wrong door. There he finds Helene, widow of an old friend, with her child. He decides to protect her, and takes her to his home. The housekeeper, fearing for the old man's peace of mind, asks Josquin DesPrés, unblushingly claimed as a pupil of Dufay, to make his master send Helene away. Josquin, however, falls in love with the young widow.

After some time, Dufay, in senile idiocy, sets fire to the house, and the child is burned to death. Helene then goes crazy, and starts to sing old noëls. Dufay perceives that her melody may be made to accompany itself; and he mentions this to Josquin, who, it seems, has already noticed it. The two musicians then join in the singing, using the melody in canonic style. This somehow cures Helene, who marries Josquin later on; while the author makes the startling assertion that "Counterpoint was discovered in this fashion."

These instances should teach authors to be careful when alluding to music; and they show also that fiction is sometimes stranger than truth.

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION

By F. CORDER

I AM writing this in all sympathy and understanding for the numerous music-lovers whose receptive capacity is not great.

I fancy we all begin much on a level, and I certainly remember that in childhood my attitude towards music was very different from what it is now: it was simply that of the ordinary, not-particularly-musical person, and anything approaching what the real musician considers "good" music bored me frankly. If only people could divest themselves of their cherished garb of propriety and look upon their naked souls now and then, it would be better both for them and the world at large. It does not hurt me in the least to confess that from the age of eight to fourteen I found the greatest delight in playing idiotic waltzes and quadrilles as piano duets with my brother, and that it took a good deal of scolding from our scandalised mother before we would consent to amuse ourselves with music that had a little more in it. At this period we were being taught the piano and our master had the strictest injunctions to give us nothing but "classical" music, in order to foster a taste for such. With all respect, I cannot think this the wisest method of attaining the desired end. Very few people imbibe a taste for Homer, Virgil or even Shakespeare by being dosed with them in childhood, and those few who do can only be considered as having an unnatural appetite. The taste that is formed on follow-my-leader principles is not worth anything and whether in literature, in painting or in music, the person who admires a work because he is told that he ought to is too often only building up a character of insincerity and self-deception.

As one's ear improves—if it ever does—one's appreciation of real music must awake. The nursery jingle and the music-hall song are just as useful in their place as the dime novel and *Comic-Cuts*. When the musical powers awake—if they ever do—they crave for better and better nourishment. All that is necessary for the cultivation of musical taste is to train the ear and the aural memory: the understanding of and love for real music is then inevitable. But to hocus the dawning intelligence with indigestible food, to insist recklessly that everything written in a past age, whether it was *then* considered good or bad, is a

"classic" and therefore to be reverently admired, while everything written in our own day is just "modern stuff" and unworthy of serious attention—this, which is the conventional attitude, I hold to be utterly foolish and pernicious.

I remember well how in the days of my youth I had these tenets thrust upon me and put them to the test. When I was about fifteen the first of the cheap editions of "pianoforte classics" began to appear, and I zealously purchased them all and strove to master them. In the Sonatas of Beethoven one came upon single movements that one could play and that appealed to even the most undeveloped taste. Yes, Beethoven must be a great man, and one would be willing to believe that some (but by no means all) of the less attractive movements were also fine if only one could perform them properly. Then came Mozart's Sonatas, the smallness and naïveté of which repelled one. Yet one could not help feeling that Mozart was rather like the old literary geniuses of the 18th century, polished and high-bred, but speaking an idiom of the past which failed to attract the schoolboy mind. Haydn the same, though there was a lurking jollity in his music which made him seem more human than Mozart. Next appeared a volume of Weber, and here one felt that one was getting one's money's worth. How splendid seemed those Polaccas, that Rondo in E flat, and above all that dear delicious Invitation to the Waltz! And as these grew familiar one could struggle with the Sonata in C and its breathless last movement. Yet truly the Weber pieces did not wear very well, and as one grew older one began to feel that these Sonatas were whole miles away from those of Beethoven and to wonder why both men were "classics." But by this time had appeared Schubert's Sonatas, which were rank boredom to the youthful mind, and after these came volumes of Dussek, Hummel and Field, which were so dry and disgusting as to make one loathe the name of "classic" and to shun those red paper-bound volumes with horror. Dussek, Clementi and Hummel to be ranked with Beethoven and Weber? Impossible to speak of them in the same breath; there must be something wrong somewhere. The more one tried to extract pleasure and profit from them the more the difference between these and the others became manifest. Yet one's teachers and elders insisted that all were equally "classical" and good, and that all were to be equally revered and admired. Was music like canned provisions then—was only the good preserved? If so who preserved it and how did he make his selection? And above all, why did these repulsive red volumes include none of the

composers one really admired with one's whole heart? Where was Mendelssohn? Where was Chopin? If these were not classics then this term should be one of reproach, a label for second class goods—and yet there was Beethoven and the incomprehensible yet dimly revered Bach! This was a mystery which until to-day has never, I believe, been honestly revealed.

There are, alas! more spurious "classics" than genuine ones, and the term is really only a publisher's trade-mark for "works out of copyright"—works which, for any reason whatever, have once been saleable and which he has therefore found it worth while to push. When these works—whether in literature or music—go out of copyright it is still more worth the publisher's while to foist them upon an ignorant and confiding public. Such, for example, is the case with a pianoforte piece best known as "Woodland Whisperings," a drawing-room piece so bad that the original composer dared not put his name to it, but which is pushed to this day by no less than ten houses under twelve different names, perhaps more. Many "classics" of course are good, some worthy of the immortality thus arbitrarily conferred on them; but because Dussek, Steibelt, Hummel and other dull writers were once eminent performers, publishers bowed before them, their names live and consequently their works, no matter how faded by time these have become. The curious part of the matter is that if a man have achieved ever so little fame during his lifetime that fame tends to grow after his death to an altogether exaggerated extent. It may be an ungenerous thought, but the living composer cannot but suspect that a dead man's being unable to share in the profits of his work must have something to do with this rise in its value. I remember some thirty years ago a student addressing an innocent enquiry to the editor of a musical paper and being informed in reply that "the music of Rubinstein was *not yet* classical." But it was as good then as it ever will be; some of it is excellent, most of it superficial rubbish;—but because the composer was still alive it was not classical!

In most books you will find it laid down that the term "classical" is applied to works which have survived the critical taste of the cultured minority of several generations. This would be a sound definition, but it ignores that very potent factor—the shop element. If you have any literary taste at all you cannot consider the popular novels of 70 years ago, such as those of Lever, Ainsworth and Cockton, to be anything but sorry stuff. It is useless to pretend that they ever received the approbation of the cultured class; good critics at the time they were written

found them superficial and turned out for cheap popularity: everybody knew it. Yet just because they sold in their thousands the copies remained in circulation and advertised the fame of their authors till it became enduring. Now no list of "Popular Classics" or "The Hundred best Books" is considered complete without specimens at least of all these, so that we have the edifying spectacle of seeing "Charles O'Malley," "Valentine Vox" and "The Tower of London" ranking as superior to "Peter Ibbetson," "The Prisoner of Zenda" or the immortal works of Stevenson and Conrad.

You might think that the once respectable and now worn out works would sink into oblivion and make way for the new and more brilliant productions of our own day. So they do and always have done, but the process is a very slow one in literature and far slower in music. It is hindered greatly by the extraordinary conservatism of all musicians, even the best. They all honestly believe that whatever is old must necessarily be good, even though it bores them to death. I say take no matter of taste upon trust: if music really attracts you your taste may be crude at first—probably is—but it will not lead you far astray, and as your experiences accumulate you will infallibly learn to appreciate what is worth loving. But beware of believers. They it is who, having no genuine love of anything, swallow whatever is set before them and endorse the false opinions of their forefathers out of mere credulity. Once a man is declared famous, for any reason whatever, they cease to criticize him and he can do no wrong. In dictionaries of music you will find scores of names, such as those of Pietro Raimondi or H. H. Pierson, to take the first which come into my mind, men who never wrote four bars of decent music. Yet their names are enshrined there for ever in long biographical articles and they are spoken of with just the same reverence as that accorded to Mozart and Beethoven.

The class chiefly responsible for the maintenance of the classical tradition is the tribe of amateur writers on music. In England we had two dreadful specimens of this class in the 18th century—Dr. Charles Burney and Sir John Hawkins. Neither was a practical musician but both wrote huge Histories of Music in several quarto volumes which are to be seen upon the shelves of every respectable library; but I have yet to find the man who can truly affirm that he has waded through either. In other countries there have been plenty of historians not only but so-called theorists, such as Marpurg, Fux and Albrechtsberger in Germany, Fétis, Reicha and Choron in France, Antoniotto and

Asioli in Italy, who have inflicted enormous folio volumes upon the world, each book being the duplicate of the other and all tabulating with the utmost prolixity the driest possible details of musical grammar. Whereupon the world has bowed down to these men and called them Authorities, without so much as opening their terrible volumes to criticise the contents. In sober truth, I do not believe that one of these books has had the slightest beneficial effect upon music or musicians. The attitude of all the writers, whatever age they lived in was precisely the same—boundless reverence for “the ancients” and supreme contempt for the degenerate “moderns.” These musty treatises are almost always to be found upon the shelves of the organist’s library and are never bought or sold—only bequeathed when the owner dies. But all right-minded musicians profess to hold them in the greatest veneration, and to confess mistrust of the musicianship of any one of the writers—who never composed anything worth mentioning—is to proclaim yourself an atheist.

In the turbulent 19th century these pedants were succeeded by a horde of journalists, who at first took their technical verbiage from their predecessors, but later found it more spirited and interesting to their public to profess radical, or even revolutionary views. Yet in their wildest verbal excesses these scribes shrank from musical atheism. In the present day they have long ceased to rebuke a composer for technical licenses, and you find them accepting a symphony by Elgar, an operatic snippet by Puccini, and a “Tone-poem” by the latest French or German decadent as all of equal art-value; yet when you take them to task you find the classical tradition as strong as ever within them: not one would admit that Elgar’s first Symphony could really be superior to Beethoven’s or even Brahms’, or that a Sonata by McDowell was better work than one by Hummel. They are convinced that Gluck was a great opera-writer, though they have never heard any of his works, but if you asserted that Purcell was a better they would think you mad. Auber and Flotow are to them classics but Sullivan and Goring Thomas are nobodies—in fact they accept all the dead composers as geniuses provided they were not of their own country.

Who was it said that the number of people who will undergo the fatigue of forming opinions of their own is very small? It was a sound truth and the fact is responsible for that Classical Tradition which I here denounce.

That tradition is harmless if not pushed too far, but in the art⁷ of music it has been carried to absurd lengths and acts very

harmfully upon the interests of the present and future generation of native composers. Heaven knows I am no iconoclast, or Futurist; I do not desire, like Signor Marinetti, to make a bonfire of all Old Masters and to replace them by freak-music of the latest type; I would only urge our critics to turn their search-lights occasionally upon the works of the dead as well as upon those of the living, and still more would I urge the musician to clear out his lumber-room and his library now and again. He will be surprised to find how many of the "classics" he can dispense with and how few he has ever really studied.

A STUDY OF ELGAR¹

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THE most inspiring chapters of musical history are those that tell of the struggles of great men, spurred by the desire for free, sincere, and personal speech, to wrest the musical language out of the triteness long conventional usage has given it; to make it say something new; to add, so to speak, to the impersonal organ chord it sounds an overtone of their particular human voices. This is what stirs us when we think of Beethoven, after he had written two symphonies in the style of Haydn and Mozart, finding himself at the opening of "a new road," leading he knew not whither, but irresistibly summoning him; of Gluck, at fifty, protesting against the hollowness of the Italian operas he had been writing up to that time; of Franck, still older, finding at last the secret of that vague, groping, mystical harmonic style he made so peculiarly his own. Men dread liberty, says Bernard Shaw, because of the bewildering responsibility it imposes and the uncommon alertness it demands; no wonder that they acclaim as truly great only those artists who fully accept this responsibility and successfully display this alertness. And it may be suggested that the more conventional, and therefore paralyzing to personal initiative, the style from which the artist takes his departure, the more alertness does he require, and the more credit does he deserve if he arrives at freedom. If this be true, Sir Edward Elgar, who, starting at English oratorio, has arrived at the cosmopolitan yet completely individual musical speech of the first symphony, the Variations, and parts of "The Dream of Gerontius," is surely one of the great men of our time.

For nothing, not even stark crudity, is so unfavorable to artistic life as the domination by a conventional formalism like that of the Handel-Mendelssohn school from which Elgar had to start. It may take a great artist like Dvořák or Verdi to build an art on the naïvetés of Bohemian folk-song or the banalities of Italian opera; but to free an art from the tyranny of drowsy custom, as Elgar has done, requires not only a great artist, but something of a revolutionary. Elgar's whole life is a gradual and progressive

¹ The author is indebted to Mr. H. W. Gray, of the H. W. Gray Company, for the generous loan of Elgar scores used in the preparation of this article.



A recent portrait of Sir Edward Elgar

self-emancipation from the limitations of inherited style, an escape from habit to initiative, from formality to eloquence, from insularity to cosmopolitanism. Nor has this progress been the less inspiring in that it has been spasmodic, subject to interruptions, and never complete. In that respect it shares the lovable imperfection of all things human. It has been instinctive rather than reasoned, has proceeded largely by trial and error, and has counted among its experiments almost as many failures as successes. There are commonplace pages in almost everything Elgar has written, unless it be the "Enigma" Variations. But the important point is that however much, in moments of technical inattention or emotional indifference, he may fall back into the formulæ of his school, he has at his best left them far behind, and made himself the peer of his greatest continental contemporaries in wealth and variety of expression—of such men as Strauss in Germany and d'Indy in France.

What are these never-quite-ejected formulæ, lurking in Elgar's brain, ever ready to guide his pen when for a moment he forgets to think and feel? If we look at the opening chorus of "The Black Knight," written in 1893, and numbered opus 25, we shall get a working notion of them.

From the opening chorus of "The Black Knight". Op. 25

Allegro maestoso



How this passage calls up the atmosphere of the typical English choral festival: the unwieldy masses of singers, the scarcely less unwieldy orchestra or organ, the ponderous movement of the music, half majestic, half tottering, as of a drunken elephant, the

well-meaning ineptitude of the expression, highly charged with good nature but innocent of nuance! There is the solid diatonic harmony, conscientiously divided between the four equally industrious parts. There is the thin disguising of the tendency of this hymn-tune type of harmony to sit down, so to speak, on the accent of each measure, by a few conventional suspensions. There is the attempt to give the essentially stagnant melody a specious air of busyness by putting in a triplet here and a dot or short rest there. And there is the sing-song phraseology by which a phrase of four measures follows a phrase of four measures as the night the day. In short, there is the perfectly respectable production of music by the yard, on the most approved pattern, undistorted by a breath of personal feeling or imagination.

How far Elgar, whenever his imagination is stirred, can get away from this conventional vacuity, even without departing materially from its general idiom, may as well be shown at once, for the sake of the illuminating contrast, by the quotation of a bit of genuine Elgar—the "Nimrod" in the "Enigma" Variations, opus 36 (1899).

"Nimrod," from the Enigma Variations
Adagio

The image shows a musical score for the piece "Nimrod" from the "Enigma Variations" by Edward Elgar. The score is written for piano and is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It is marked "Adagio". The score consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef. The first system begins with a piano introduction marked "ppp" (pianissimo) and features a triplet in the first measure of the right hand. The second system concludes with the marking "etc." in the final measure.

This touching tribute to a friend of the composer, Mr. A. J. Jaeger (the English equivalent of whose name, hunter, suggested the title), has all the serious thoughtfulness, the tenderness coupled with aspiration, the noble plainness, that belong to Elgar at his best. And it is a striking fact that the originality of the passage (for no one but Elgar could have written it) is due to subtle, almost unanalyzable qualities in the mode of composition rather than to

any unusual features of style. The harmonic style, indeed, is quite the same simple diatonic one as that of "The Black Knight" chorus, showing that, in music as in literature, noble poetry can be made from the same materials as doggerel. There is the same predominance of simple triads and seventh chords, especially the more rugged sevenths, for which Elgar has a noticeable fondness; the same frequent use of suspensions, though here it is dictated by emotion rather than by custom; the same restless motion of the bass, one of the hall-marks of Elgar's style. The melody, however, shows a tendency to large leaps, often of a seventh, in alternating directions, giving its line a sharply serrated profile. This, it may be noted, is also one of the outstanding features of his more personal thought. But above all should be observed the rhythmic flexibility that here takes the place of sing-song:—the free sweep of the line, scorning to rest on the accents, soaring through its long continuous flight like a bird in a favoring gale.

We have here, then, the vein of expression at once plain, serious, and noble, which makes Elgar at his best both English and universal. It recurs frequently throughout the whole body of his work: in the "Go forth" chorus in "Gerontius," so finely used in the prelude; in the theme of the Variations; in the fundamental theme of the first symphony, which dominates the entire work and in which Elgar reaches perhaps his most exalted utterance; in the themes of the slow movement of the same symphony; and in another way in the Prince Hal theme of "Falstaff." Some may feel that this is the essential Elgar. Yet there is also in this quiet Englishman a passionate mysticism, a sense of subtle spiritual experience, which has urged him to develop progressively quite another mode of musical speech. On this side he is related to Wagner and to César Franck. Like them he has realized that there is a whole range of feeling, inaccessible to the diatonic system of harmony, that can be suggested by harmony based on the chromatic scale, and even more vividly and subtly by a harmonic system that opens up a path between all the keys, that makes them all available together—by what we may call, in short, "polytonal" harmony. This polytonal harmonic system is common to "Tristan und Isolde," to Franck's "Les Béatitudes," to much of Chopin, and to many parts of "The Dream of Gerontius," however much they may differ in other respects.

Elgar began early to experiment in this direction. Even in "The Black Knight," for example, at the word "rock" in the lines

When he rode into the lists
The castle 'gan to rock,

we have the following progression, equally striking from the musical and the dramatic point of view:

From "The Black Knight"
Allegro molto e con fuoco



This is what Mr. Carl W. Grimm has well named a "modulating sequence;" that is, each unit group of harmony (in this case a measure in length) is the sequential repetition of the preceding, yet the chromatic texture is so managed that each begins in a new key; the total effect is thus much more novel and exciting than is that of the traditional monotonal sequence. Yet, as Mr. Stillman-Kelley has pointed out in a closely reasoned essay,¹ however ingenious may be the arrangement of the modulating sequence on the harmonic side, it is liable to the same fault that besets the monotonal sequence—that is, rhythmic monotony. Once we have the pattern, we know what to expect; and if the composer gives us exactly what we expect the effect is too obvious, and we are bored. It is precisely by his avoidance of this literal repetition, says Mr. Kelley, that Wagner, in such a modulating sequence as that of the Pilgrims' Chorus, maintains both the rhythmic and the harmonic vitality of the music.

Judged by the standard thus suggested, the sequence on the word "rock" is seen to be too literally carried out. The pattern is applied with the mechanical regularity of a stencil, necessarily with an equally mechanical result. It must be said in the interest of just criticism that Elgar frequently falls into this fault. Even Gerontius' cry of despair, so magnificently developed by the orchestra, contains less of subtle variety than is given to that curiously similar cry of Amfortas in "Parsifal" by the "inversion" of the parts, while the priest's adjuration to his departing soul² and the chorus afterward based on it, become irritatingly monotonous through the literal repetition of a pattern admirable in

¹"Recent Developments in Musical Theory," by Edgar Stillman-Kelley. *The Musical Courier*, July 1 and 8, 1908.

²Vocal score, page 59.

itself. At the beginning of the Development in the first movement of the second symphony there is a passage illustrating the same fault. The tonal and harmonic coloring here are singularly impressive, and quite original; as Mr. Ernest Newman remarks in his analysis:¹

A new and less sunny cast has come over the old themes. . . . The harmonies have grown more mysterious; the scoring is more veiled; the dynamics are all on a lower scale.

Everything favors, in fact, a most impressive effect except the structure; but that, through its over-literal application of the modulating sequence, almost jeopardizes the whole.

Fortunately, however, happier applications of this harmonically so fruitful device are not far to seek in Elgar's scores, especially the later ones. The following theme from "The Apostles," appropriately marked "mistico," is a fine example of the kind of mysticism that is not unmindful of the needs of the body and of the intelligence as well as of the soul.

In the Mountain, - Night. From "The Apostles"

Adagio

The principle is still that of the modulating sequence, but the application is here not mechanical but freely imaginative. Two of the one-measure units are in each phrase balanced by a unit twice as long, so that the rhythm is as a whole far more organic than in our earlier examples of sequences. Furthermore the purely

¹Musical Times, London, May 1, 1911.

harmonic treatment makes use of unforeseeable relations, so that the effect of stereotype is successfully evaded. Finally, here is a theme from the second symphony in which the sequential principle is still further veiled, so far as harmony is concerned.

Theme from Symphony No. 2



The harmonic progressions seem here to "shoot," so to speak, with complete spontaneity; we cannot anticipate whither the next move will take us, and we get constantly to interesting new places; yet the unity of the whole, beginning and ending in E-flat¹, prevents any sense of aimless wandering.

The alert student will probably still feel, nevertheless, perhaps without being able to account in any way for his impression, that even in these last excerpts there is an unsatisfactory element, a something that keeps them on a lower level of art, for all their opaline color, than that of the forthright and transparent "Nimrod." This something, perhaps on the whole Elgar's most ineradicable fault, is rhythmical "short breath." He gets away from it, to be sure, in all his finest pages; but except when his imagination is deeply stirred his melodic line shows the dangerous tendency to fall into short segments, a measure or two in length, into a configuration of scallops, so to speak, rather than wide sweeps, exemplified in the three last illustrations. Instead of flying, it hops. Examples will be found right through his works, from the second theme of the early overture "Froissart" to that of the first movement of the Violin Concerto, opus 61.

¹ Is not Mr. Newman mistaken in stating that this theme begins in G major?

Second Symphony.

molto lento.

pp

p

etc.

Edward Elgar.

Facsimile of Autograph Manuscript of Sir Edward Elgar

Of course it is not intended to account for the wide favor accorded this symphony by adducing so technical a matter, from one point of view, as its comparative freedom from a rhythmic weakness to which its composer is unfortunately peculiarly subject. What is meant is simply that sing-song balance of short phrases is often a symptom of superficial feeling, and that, *per contra*, elastic, vigorous, and imaginative rhythms are a constant result, and therefore a reliable evidence, of the emotional ardor that makes a piece of music live. The A-flat Symphony is a work intensely felt by the composer, a work that, coming from his heart, finds its way to the hearts of others. And in this respect, in its emotional sincerity, earnestness, and subjectivity, it differs from his other works more in degree than in kind. For in everything Elgar writes there is the preoccupation with inner feeling which we find in such a composer as Schumann, but from which most of our contemporaries have turned away. Elgar is an introspective musician, not an externally observant tone-painter like Strauss. With Vincent d'Indy he is almost alone in remaining loyal to the spiritual vision in an age more curious than devout.

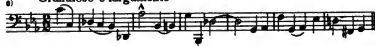
That this attitude indicates a preference rather than a limitation is proved by the felicity of the external characterization in passages scattered all through the choral works, as for instance the setting of the line "The castle 'gan to rock," cited above,

Three of the "Falstaff" themes

a) Allegro



c) Grandioso e largamente



from the "Black Knight," the music of the devils in "Gerontius," or the scene in "The Apostles" where Peter walks upon the water,

and even more strikingly in "Falstaff," the composer's single contribution to program music. Here he frankly takes the Straussian attitude, and skilfully uses the Straussian methods. Leading themes, as he tells us in his analysis,¹ depict the fat knight, one "in a green old age, mellow, frank, gay, easy, corpulent, loose, unprincipled, and luxurious" (a); another "cajoling and persuasive" (b); and a third in his mood of "boastfulness and colossal mendacity" (c).

These portraits evidently belong to the same gallery as Strauss's Don Quixote, Sancho Panza (*cf.* the first quotation), Till Eulenspiegel, and others; they are sketched in the same suggestive and telling lines; in the third there is even the same touch of caricature. The picture of Eastcheap, too, where, "among ostlers and carriers, and drawers, and merchants, and pilgrims and loud robustious women, Falstaff has freedom and frolic," has something of the German composer's brilliant externality. It should, as Elgar says in his notes, and it does, "chatter, blaze, glitter, and coruscate." Yet, vivid as all this is, even here from time to time, notably in the two "interludes," the composer characteristically withdraws from the turbulent outer world he has conjured up, to brood upon its spiritual meaning; and it is noteworthy that after stating in his analysis that "some lines quoted from the plays are occasionally placed under the themes to indicate the feeling to be conveyed by the music," he immediately adds, "but it is not intended that the meaning of the music, often varied and intensified, shall be narrowed to a corollary of these quotations only." This intensification arises, of course, through the universalizing of all the particulars by the power of music to express pure emotion.

The same instinctive leaning to introspection is curiously shown in the Enigma Variations.² "I have in the Variations," writes Elgar in a private letter, "sketched portraits of my friends—a new idea, I think—that is, in each variation I have looked at the theme through the personality (as it were) of another Johnny." The idea was not indeed quite new, however originally applied, as Schumann had already sketched a number of his friends in the Carnival. But what is of much greater import is that Schumann and Elgar, both introspective temperaments, go about this business of portrait painting in the same characteristic way—not by recording the external aspects of these "other Johnnies," but by sympathetically putting themselves at their

¹ Musical Times, September, 1915.

² Arranged for piano by the composer. Novello, Ewer, and Company, London.

points of view and becoming, so to speak, the spokesmen of their souls. The tender intimateness of Elgar's interpretations is their supreme charm. Whatever the character portrayed, whether the tender grace of C. A. E. (Lady Elgar), the caprice of H. D. S-P., the virile energy of W. M. B., the gossamer delicacy of Dorabelle, or the nobility of "Nimrod," we feel in each case that we have for the moment really got inside the personality, and looked at the world along that unique perspective. Even in the indescribably lovely Romanza, Variation XIII, calling up the thought of a friend at sea, though programistic devices are used, the spirit looks away from externalities. Violas in a quietly undulating rhythm suggest the ocean expanse; an almost inaudible tremolo of the drum gives us the soft throb of the engines; a quotation from Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," in the dreamy tones of the clarinet, complete the story. Yet "story" it is not—and there is the subtlety of it. Dim sea and dream-like steamer are only accessories after all. The thought of the distant friend, the human soul there, is what gently disengages itself as the essence of the music.

In his two symphonies the composer gives us even less encouragement to search for detailed programs. It is true that the second bears the motto from Shelley:

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight.

But it will be observed, first, that these lines contain no pictorial images which would prevent their application to the most purely emotional music—a symphony of Beethoven, for example; and second, that even their emotional bearing is somewhat ambiguous, as we are left in doubt whether it is the Spirit of Delight itself, or the rareness of its visitations, that we are asked to consider. Mr. Ernest Newman thinks the former, and finds in the symphony the "jocundity and sweetness" which characterize English music from the earliest times. We read in the *Musical Times*,¹ however, that there is "some disagreement.... with the composer's own opinion that it is on a totally different psychological plane from that of the first symphony, and represents a more serene mood," although the writer adds that "it is unquestionable that the themes, even in the slow movement, speak of a lighter heart and more tranquil emotions." If there is thus room for doubt even as to the emotional content of the work, no attempt to read into it a "story" is likely to be successful. Even Mr. Newman,

¹ July, 1911.

programmist à outrance, is forced in this case to the admission that

though practically every musical work of any emotional value must start from this basis [of the composer's life-experience],¹ the connection of it with the external world or with the symbols of the literary and plastic arts may range through many degrees of vagueness or precision, according to the psychological build of the composer.

Coming now at last to Elgar's masterpiece, the Symphony² in A-flat, No. 1, opus 55, first performed under Dr. Hans Richter at Manchester and at London in December, 1908, we find Elgar's method at its purest—the preoccupation with spiritual states and experiences is complete. It is true that this may be the symphony upon which he was reported nine years earlier to be at work, and which was to bear the title "Gordon." If this is the case it shows only that he was moved to musical expression by the heroism of the great Englishman, as Beethoven was by that of Napoleon before it transpired that he was a tyrant. The A-flat Symphony is not for that reason any more program music than Beethoven's "Eroica." The two are indeed similar in being throughout profound searchings of the human spirit, highly dramatic in the vividness of their introspection, but never realistic. They penetrate to a level far deeper than that of action; they deal with the emotional springs of action; we may even say that each suggests a philosophy, since the philosophies, too, are born of those deep inarticulate emotional attitudes toward life which only music can voice in their purity.

This fundamental attitude is in the A-flat Symphony far more mature and chastened than that of the ebulliently youthful "Eroica." If we wished to find its analogue in Beethoven (and it is a high compliment to Elgar to say that there are few other places we could find it) we should have to go rather to the Ninth Symphony and to the later sonatas and quartets. It is in essence the attitude of religious resignation, and has as its constituents the primary opposition between the ideal and reality, the disappointment, softening, and impersonalizing of the soul by experience, the reciprocal activity of the soul winning its values out of experience, and the final reconciliation between them. Of course it is not meant that these ideas are intellectually formulated in

¹ This premise, which Mr. Newman expands as if it bore directly on the problem of program music, though true to the verge of truism, hardly helps us to solve that problem. The question, it may be said once again, concerns not the composer's stimulus, but his method; whether, that is, he works through the suggestion of external objects or of inner emotional states.

² Arrangement for piano by S. Karg-Elert. Novello, Ewer, and Company.

the music. It is simply that the music expresses the emotional states that accompany such universal human experiences, and thus suggests and at the same time by its beauty transfigures them.

The noble melody in A-flat major with which the symphony starts, recurring in the finale, and indeed the nucleus of the whole work, suggests aspiration, resolute will, the quest of the Ideal. Everything about it,—its steady movement, its simple, strong harmonic basis, its finely flexible rhythm, notably free from the short breath of the composer's less exalted moments, even its rich and yet quiet tonality of A-flat major, raises it into a rarefied atmosphere of its own, above the turmoil of every-day life. With the theme in D minor marked *Allegro appassionato*, on the contrary, we are brought rudely down to earth, with all its confusion, its chaos, its meaningless accidents (note the constant feverish motion of the bass, the phantasmagoric nightmare harmonies at index letter 7, the increasing restlessness of the whole passage). Presently more poignant or tender phrases, (10 and 11) suggest the longing of the spirit for the sweet reasonableness of the lost ideal world, and at 12, in the "second theme" in F major, we do get for a moment a breathing interval of peace. The beautiful, tender phrase, as of divine pity, beginning in the fourth measure of 11 and ushering in this theme, should be especially noticed for its deep expressiveness and its complete originality. This "phrase of pity," as we shall see, is destined to play an important part in the structure of the movement. Soon earlier fragments return, reintroducing the restless mood, the intensity of the feeling steadily grows, and at 17 we have a magnificent climax in which the "phrase of pity," much slower and more emphatic than before, suggests the first crisis of the struggle.

With the return of the theme of the ideal, now in C major (18) and in tentative accents, begins the long and complex development of the themes. We need not go into detail here, further than to remark that the strange, devious new theme at 24 seems almost to have some concrete "meaning," undisclosed by the composer, and introduces the most baffling element we find anywhere in the symphony. The development proceeds much upon it. At 32 begins the recapitulation of themes of the orthodox sonata-form, treated freely and with many interesting modifications. The climax recurs at 44, now impressively amplified. Even finer is the gradual but irresistible return of the fundamental theme, the "Ideal," and its triumphant statement through 49, 50, and 51. The sinister, groping theme returns, however, seeming

to darken the atmosphere as when clouds come over the sun. The "Ideal" theme is heard in faltering, uncertain accents, and reaches, just before 55, a timid cadence on the tone C. Now comes one of the most exquisite things, not only in this symphony, but in modern music. While the clarinet holds this C, reached in the original key of A-flat major, the muted strings, high and tenuous, in the remote key of A minor, like voices from another world, gently breathe the "phrase of pity." It is magical. With fine dignity of pace they reach the tone C, whereupon we are again quietly but conclusively brought back to A-flat, and with a single plucked bass note the chord of the clarinets sinks to silence.

End of First Movement, First Symphony



The two middle movements of the symphony, *Allegro molto* (the scherzo) and *Adagio*, are played without intervening pause and conceived together. From the point of view both of form and of content their treatment is of exceeding interest. Structurally they form an inset between the first movement and the finale, contrasting sharply with them in key as well as in melodic material, embodying as they do the "sharp" keys (F-sharp minor and D major) in opposition to the A-flat major and D minor of the others. After this inset has been completed, the earlier themes and keys return in the finale and round out the cycle projected by the first movement. Thus the symphony as a whole consists of two interlocking systems—a scheme of structure which gives it both variety and unity in the highest degree.

The scherzo begins with a racing, eagerly hurrying theme, staccato, in the violins, in the fastest possible tempo. Together with a more vigorous, barbarically insistent tune to which it presently (59) gives place, it seems a musical expression of the forward-looking, all-conquering spirit of youth. These themes are separately elaborated, are displaced for a while by a quieter Trio, and finally return with renewed vigor, and at last in combination (75). And now, as coda, comes one of the most remarkable passages of the Symphony. The racing theme returns (82), but now pianissimo, mysterious, shorn of its pristine exuberance. It hesitates, halts, seems to lose faith in itself. It reappears in the more sombre key of F minor, instead of F-sharp minor, and with abated pace (84). A little later it sobers to a still quieter movement, in eighth notes, (86), then (87) to quarter notes, and at last (90) the clarinets give it out in a movement eight times slower than the original headlong dash. Indeed, the rhythm seems about to fail entirely when, with a change of key to D major, and of time to Adagio, we hear the identical notes of the original theme, sung now with broad deliberation by the violins, completely transfigured in meaning.

Thus begins the slow movement with the coming of maturity, the taming of the blood, the sadness of self-acquaintance no longer to be postponed. The excitement of unlimited possibilities gives place to the sober recognition of limitations. Poignant grief there is here, unanswered questioning, moments of passionate despair. But with the beautiful and thoroughly Elgarian theme at 96 begins to creep in the spirit of resignation to the inevitable, and of divine pity for human failure, born of this bitter self-discovery. From this point on is heard unmistakably the deeper note of religious consolation, reaching full expression at last in the melody marked *Molto espressivo e sostenuto*, one of the noblest, profoundest, and most spiritual that Elgar has conceived, with which the movement ends.

The finale opens with a slow introduction, intended partly to direct our attention back to the first movement and partly to forecast the strains destined to complete the cycle which it began. We hear the mysterious groping theme first heard in its development and fragments of the "Ideal." Especial emphasis is laid, however, on a marchlike tune, given out by bassoons and low strings at the sixth measure, and on an aspiring phrase for clarinet (measures 10-11) peculiar to the present movement. The prevailing mood here, both in the main theme with its emphatic interlocking rhythms (the opening Allegro) and in the second

theme at 114, with its buoyant triplets recalling the finale of Brahms's third symphony, is energetic will. This seems to merge in jubilant achievement in the march-like theme of the introduction at its reëntrance at 118. For a moment, to be sure, doubt as to this triumph seems to be suggested by a rather halting version of the "Ideal" (129) and by a pondering version of the march theme (130). But with the return of the main themes of the movement at its recapitulation, beginning at 134 and now inflected towards A-flat, the radical tonality of the whole symphony, the mood of vigorous volition revives, and from now on to the splendid reassertion, by the full orchestra, in its richest sonorities, of the theme of the "Ideal," all is one long climax.

It is hard to see how any candid student can deny the greatness of this symphony. If only for the stoutness of its structure, the grasp with which the fundamental principles of musical form are seized, however the details have to be modified to suit the occasion, and for the richness and variety of its treatment of orchestral coloring, it would hold a conspicuous place among modern orchestral works. But of course these things are only means; the end of music is expression. It is, then, to the fact that the symphony gives eloquent voice to some of the deepest, most sacred, and most elusive of human feelings that we must attribute its real importance. That it does this at a time when most musicians are looking outward rather than inward, and incline to value sensuous beauty above thought, and vividness above profundity, gives us all the more reason for receiving it with gratitude, and finding in it a good omen for the future.

HISTORY AND GLORY OF THE CONCERT-HALL OF THE PARIS CONSERVATORY

(1811-1911)

By HENRI DE CURZON

WHEN the State decided, about 12 years ago, to transfer the National School of Music and Elocution into a new locality more spacious, open, and convenient than heretofore, under the title of Conservatory, public opinion was suddenly brought face to face with an inevitable question.

What was to become of the Concert-Hall of the Conservatory? Should it ruthlessly follow the fate of the buildings doomed to speedy demolition, or should it be spared,—the sole survivor of this time-honored seat of study and of art? The matter was not going to be settled without dispute. In the eyes of the economists, appointed to investigate the case, it was only a question of some old and uninteresting buildings occupying a most valuable site in a very commercial district, and the recovery of which would mean a great profit. Little did it matter to them, that some of the buildings might arouse particular regrets, and that they were in a measure historical. It was, moreover, represented to them that the Hall in question, standing in a corner of the plot and detached on two sides at least, only occupied a minimum of this space, and the most profitless at that. They replied that the smallness of this hall together with its inconvenience with regard to space—its lack of comfort, and from a musical point of view, its incapacity for the execution of modern music, should all justify its being abandoned.

Happily they convinced no one. Those who defended the accused, that is to say, all the artists and music-lovers, had stated their case sufficiently well.

They did not think of denying these shortcomings. Although in accepting them for so long, they had become almost oblivious to them; and what were they, in comparison with the exceptional and priceless qualities which caused all defects to be forgotten?

"The Concert Hall of the Conservatory!" they cried, "Why, it would be as monstrous to move it in order to recover the site, as it would be to tear down a cathedral to widen a street!" A more sacred *Sanctuary* is not to be found in the musical world. Indeed, it is the only one; for the cult of Beauty has been observed there for one hundred years, without interruption, by the first artists of the world, who contended for the honor.—A question of sentiment accordingly?—Perhaps; and why not? The echo of so many master-pieces, wonderfully rendered, still resounds among these time-honored walls. Why consent to never evoking it again? However, the question of its utility must also be considered; for it is expedient that the essence of this beauty be safeguarded.

This rectangular hall, not very large in size, somewhat long, closed on all sides, and with a high ceiling, partly made of glass, may be compared to a gigantic violin—a fantastic Stradivarius, whose walls, whose smallest corners and windings, resound alike with a mellow harmony, light and sonorous, as proportional to the discreet intimacy of a trio or quartet of instruments as to the sumptuous amplitude of a symphony with choruses.

It is common knowledge that the acoustics of an auditorium is purely a matter of chance. When there is a question of building a new one, for the theatre, or for concerts, what wise calculations, what ingenious experiments are made! How rarely does the test give decisive satisfaction? In this case, nothing had been attempted, nothing calculated, and yet success was complete. Chance had accomplished what science could not have produced. People doubted at first, and the professionals did not fail to declare that the new hall was contrary to all the best rules. However, it was soon discovered that the rules were wrong, that the sensitiveness of this violin was unique, and became finer with the years. Later, no one dared to change it, and the most trivial necessary repairs were dreaded, in the fear of altering in the slightest degree, this exquisite delicacy of resonance, and unheard of miracle in acoustics. That is why we love this hallowed building, and why we cling to it. In this hall, music of such delicacy and taste may be enjoyed, as is found nowhere else. It is heard with more emotion, and penetrates the being with more rapture than in any other place. When it is interpreted by the incomparable orchestra which is organized by the *Société des Concerts*, the listener feels, from the first chords, as though bathed in a mysterious effluvium. He seems to have penetrated into the sanctuary at Delphi, and the oracle suddenly makes itself heard: "Deus . . . ecce Deus!"

Let us say in conclusion, that public opinion carried the day. The Conservatory is gone, and its buildings have given place to an enormous and unwieldy postal and telegraph station, the most utilitarian and unhandsome imaginable—but the Concert-Hall still remains, isolated, modest, and scarcely visible.

* * *

It is now time to relate the story of the origin of this hall, and account for its existence in the institution known as the Conservatory of Music and Elocution, from which it is henceforward detached.

It was in 1762 that the representations of the Court, which depended on the distribution of the King's Household, and entitled, "Argenterie, Menus, Plaisirs et Affaires de la Chambre" (this was later abridged into the somewhat senseless term Menus-Plaisirs) acquired in the Poissonnière suburb, a large piece of land, where stood workshops of carpenters, decorators, painters, cabinet-makers, and costumiers, surrounding a hall, which was none other than that of the Opéra-Comique of the Foire St. Laurent, and which had been rebuilt.

The principal entrance to this place was from the Rue Bergère. The opposite side was bounded by a lane, which only later received the name of Rue Richer.

When, twenty years later, the question came up of facilitating the "recruiting" of the Opera, by founding a school of singing and elocution, the choice of its location naturally turned towards this piece of ground, where an approved theatre already stood. But only a small proportion of the land was considered, about one third, more or less; the part which bordered the Rue Bergère, which was only completed by extending it as far as the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière. The remaining part of this sort of enclosed city still harbored the various trades utilized in the making and preserving of materials for the celebration of official holidays. Apparently the working people lived there happily and peacefully until the height of the Revolution, protected by their very necessity, and also by the numerous civil bureaus of politicians who found the place convenient and installed themselves there. It was, during this period, the strangest caravansary, and it retained its designation of "Magasins du Matériel des Fêtes" during the Empire and the Restauration. Not until towards 1850 did they give way to the street, the church (St. Eugène) and to the *maisons de rapport*, which stand there to-day.

The School of Singing of 1784 had, on its side, also continued to exist, in spite of the tumult; and, the results which it obtained under the direction of the composer Gossec, the idea of making the pupils perform whole acts of operas with orchestra and chorus, these things must be recorded in the history of musical instruction. However, this was not yet the actual Conservatory.

The Conservatory was the final outcome of the divers enterprises of Bordelais Bernard Sarrette, captain of the National Guard of Paris in 1789, who had conceived the idea of uniting the musicians and pupils of the old regiments of the French Guards, and to form them into a musical corps with a view to the musical needs of public holidays. Circumstances afterwards enabled him to convert this corps into the "Municipal School of Music" in 1792, and the "National Institute of Music" in 1793, but finally into the "National Conservatory of Music."

Its foundation dates from the third of August, 1795, but the installation of the premises proved such a laborious task, thanks to the ill-will of the inhabitants, that it was not until October, 1796, that the new school could officially open its classes. It is true that, after having at first flourished for a period, especially during the Empire, the popularity of the Conservatory began to decline, since the government of the Restoration reduced it to its primary object,—a school of singing, which was simply the lyrical alimentation of the Opera. However, the time of eclipse did not last long, from 1816-1830, and when the Conservatory had resumed its title and its object of existence, this was for a definite scope, which by degrees assumed a reputation of the highest value.

It is not for me to relate its development under the successive directorships of Sarrette, 1795-1815; Perne, 1816-1822; Cherubini, 1822-1842; Auber, 1842-1871; Ambroise Thomas, 1871-1896; Théodore Dubois, 1896-1905; and Gabriel Fauré. What interests us here, is the Concert-Hall.

This Concert-Hall owes its existence to an imperial decree, issued on the third of March, 1806. At this time, the school for its public performances had still only a small hall, situated on the first floor of the buildings in the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière. We have seen it used, until the recent demolition of all the estate, for non-public examinations and elocution classes which need scenery.

The success it had met with, as soon as it was opened, and the co-operation of the public, interested in the work of the pupils and their concerts, had very soon caused it to be deemed

inadequate; and there had been no delay in selecting a new site, which would be truly worthy of the development of the school.

In this respect, no better place could be found than the one where but lately had stood the Hall of Menus-Plaisirs. Work in hand had already been turned in this direction; in 1801 building had been begun on a library, which the gift of a valuable stock of books and music had rendered immediately necessary,—between two courtyards and adjoining the houses on the Rue Bergère. It was decided to join the new Hall and its offices to this building so that each could profit by the other.

The Official reports of the time, show that the value attached to this library and this seat of artistic education, was without precedent:

This monument, unique in Europe and standing in the heart of the new metropolis of the world, should rightly bear the imprint of the grandeur of the Imperial Government which caused it to be erected, and to testify to the high patronage which the latter accords the fine arts... (and further, in a simpler style). By an excellent arrangement all the vestibules and staircases of the library will be utilized by the theatre, and will be common to these two principal parts of the establishment, destined, more than any other branch of the school, to attract large audiences.

This latter project had its drawbacks, and it was not pursued. We have therefore always seen the staircase and entrance of the library,—and of the Instrumental Museum, a new institution which was at first expected to form a part of the library,—entirely independent of those of the Hall.

The latter was not completed until 1811, under the direction of the architect Delannoy, and the inauguration was celebrated on July seventh of that year by a grand concert. The curiosity of the Parisians had been greatly roused for some time, and the effect was great. The result of the undertaking obtained scarcely anything beyond praises. If criticism gave free vent to its opinions, it was either on those points which seem secondary to us, such as the accomodation, or the locality, or on "principles" such as its planning from a musical point of view, then regarded as opposed to all the accepted rules,—a criticism which makes us, smile to-day.

I am going to quote some passages from the articles in the current newspapers. They will give a vivid idea of the public of the time and its point of view.

The most trustworthy account was published the following day by the "Journal de Paris," a little daily, which has remained

so precious a document for all the literary and artistic activity of this period. Two days later the "Moniteur Universel" inserted it also in full, before speaking of the concert itself.

The arrangement of the locality placed the main building, destined to receive the library, between two courtyards. The architect has taken advantage of this to build a peristyle under which vehicles may enter under cover. This peristyle gives entrance into a vestibule, which is executed with the utmost simplicity, and only ornamented by the eight figures of the Muses, modelled on the antiques possessed by the Musée Napoléon.

A fine staircase with two balusters, leads to the auditorium, and to the gallery destined to receive the library; it is ornamented by a bas-relief of great size representing Minerva, distributing crowns to the different branches of study pursued at the Conservatory. The lateral walls are to be embellished by two grand tableaux; the door of the hall opens upon the landing of this great staircase, and leads to a *salon* which precedes the principal boxes. . . .

Light columns support an arch, elegantly decorated, and pierced by a window which lights the hall and the stage. These columns stand on a base which comprise the boxes on the ground floor, and support the first and second tiers. A balcony reaches around the hall, below the first tier of boxes; it is breast-high, and ornamented with thyrses and festoons of vine branches, the former wearing alternately tragic or comic masks, and musical instruments.

The chief arch of the stage, supported by four columns, is decorated by five compartments in which are painted, in the centre, Apollo, Thalia, and Melpomene. Amphion, representing heroic music, and Pan symbolizing pastoral music, are placed in the lateral divisions.

The principal tone of the hangings is green; the background of all the architecture is gray linen, from which all the ornamentations stand out in dead white. The railings of the first and second tiers of boxes, are decorated with green hangings, embroidered and fringed with violet. The extension of the balcony rail, below the stage-boxes, is adorned with two bas-reliefs, one representing Orpheus, the other Eschylus, crowned by two genii.

The curtain, bearing in the centre the imperial coat of arms, separates the auditorium from the stage, which for concerts is decorated in the same way as the circular part which faces it.

Praise is due to Mr. Delannoy, not only for the excellent taste of the decoration of this hall, in which a sense of fitness must be recognized; but also for the good account to which he has turned the lack of space and the troublesome features which this place presented.

The comments of the reporters of the "Courrier de L'Europe" or the "Tablettes de Polymnie" were more *fantaisistes*,—an echo more or less of the discussions of spectators whose initial curiosity had been satisfied.

The vestibule receives the most commendation, although it appears somewhat low; but the lateral staircases, which are not mentioned

in the official account, are narrow to a degree. The balcony in front of the first tier of boxes, is too small. The only entrance to the lower floor, (to the orchestra and the pit) makes it impossible to pass out after having been seated. "As for the amphitheatre, which is placed entirely in a recess at the very top (*au comble*), it might be said without attempting a *calembour*, that the audience condemned to see nothing (doubtless because, in a concert one is only expected to listen) is there subject to the height (*au comble*) of discomfort owing to the heat and the mephitism. There is no circulation of fresh air, and consequently this gallery resembles a veritable oven, whose heat and discomfort make the pleasure of the music dearly bought."

This is not all; for what can be expected of a hall whose plan is a parallelogram? Is this not "the most unfavorable arrangement for a concert hall? From time immemorial, it has been recognized that circular halls succeed far better with regard to acoustics." It is also very surprising to see the orchestra seated at the back of the stage, when everywhere else it is placed between the performers and the audience. Truly people do not come here for the sake of seeing.

Finally, there is the question of illumination: and it is perhaps that which displeases more than anything else. In the first place, as the light comes from the centre of the hall, "the orchestra, for which it is of the utmost importance, has only reflected daylight, and is placed in the darkest spot." Moreover, "passing through a window made of rough glass, and being reflected on the white, green and violet furnishings, it renders the faces of the audience pale and yellowish, which is scarcely flattering to the ladies." They "complain exceedingly, of the disadvantage to which their beauty is subjected in the boxes. A bright day betrays to the eyes of the audience those little mysteries of the toilet, which enhance the freshness of their charms; a burning sun casts its beams directly upon them; the heat of its rays is disagreeable in more than one way, and the reflection of the colour of the boxes completes their distress by casting certain greenish and yellowish half-tints upon their faces, little calculated to beautify them."

Evidently the reporters amused themselves by displaying *style*.—The inauguration of the Concert Hall of the Conservatory in the middle of summer, before an audience arrayed in the fashion of the times, and for a *gala* event, naturally provoked such criticisms. It was decided, however, that, with all the lack of comfort of this new hall, the method of lighting by means of one window, far too small for the purpose, was perhaps—other examples can be quoted in Paris, notably the great Châtelet Theatre—precisely one of the causes of the marvellous acoustics. The concert itself was praised on all sides. It included symphonic and lyrical selections from Haydn, Mozart, Piccini and Gossec, and was performed by Nourrit the elder, Dérivis and Madame Branchu of the Opera.

After the concert, the audience probably walked in the gardens, for at that time the Conservatory was surrounded by large

grounds, and a ball had even been given there—a night celebration—in 1801, on the day when the foundation stone of the library had been laid. To mention the fact in passing, it is curious to note that this unfortunate library, the cause of so much labor, and so pompously advertised in advance, was in reality not opened until 1860. Too much had been expected. The fall of the Empire had caused the subsequent retaking of the grounds by the Ministers of the King's Household, only leaving the School a very small part of its former possessions and assigning the new building, the Hall, and the neighbouring stores to the service of the Crown property.

In order to make use of the Concert-Hall, an official permit from the ministry was always necessary, and it was not until 1850 that the Conservatory regained the liberty of its disposal. However, the utilisation of the library caused ten more years of delay;—the transfer of the store-room, which carried with it the sale of the land, the opening of the two roads known respectively as "Rue du Conservatoire," and "Rue de Sainte-Cécile," and finally the construction of the façade of the building, whose ground floor was occupied until lately by the Museum, and the second story by the business offices of the library.

Fifteen years later, the Concert-Hall was completely re-decorated, at least, so far as the interior was concerned; and it is from this time (1865) that the Pompeian style dates,—a combination of old rose and green which is still maintained.

Since then, with the exception of the removal of a few seats, and some practical improvements, no further alterations have been made to this celebrated hall.



Good fortune may provide a fine Concert-Hall, but it is the music performed there, which renders it both excellent and exceptional. Like a celebrated instrument, which never had any one but a great artist to master it, the Concert-Hall of the Conservatory owes its reputation entirely to the *Société des Concerts*. Fame is indissolubly attached to both, and one cannot be spoken of without the other.

Having been established for the use of the School of Singing and Elocution, doubtless the Society of Concerts belonged to this institution primarily. Its essential objects were the *concours* and performances of the pupils. Here, each year following the tradition, whose origin we have noted further back, the best

pupils in the instrumental and lyrical classes, perform either some time-honoured but seldom heard masterpiece, or a more modern composition, as an interesting proof of the excellence of their studies: Bach's cantatas, Händel's "Messiah," a motet by Rameau, a symphony by Beethoven, or his "Fidelio;" Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" or his "Requiem;" Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" or "Orpheus;" Haydn's "Creation"; Weber's "Oberon;" Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" or Rossini's "Moses," "Othello" or "Count Ory."

It was here also that the final annual competitions, (a perpetual source of keen interest to the public) took place, when (since illustrious) virtuosos and great artists first demonstrated their talents. Among the composers may be mentioned Hérold, Halévy, Berlioz, Thomas, Gounod, Massé, Bizet, Massenet; as instrumental virtuosos: Alkan, Franck, Saint-Saëns, Marmontel, Padeloup, Planté, Duvernoy, Diemer, Pugno, Alard, Tolbecque, Dancla, Lamoureux, Maurin, Sarasate, Colonne, Marsick, Tulou, Dorus, Altis, Taffanel; as singers: Ponchard, Bataille, Levasseur, Roger, Bussine, Faure, Capoul, Nicot, Maurel, Gailhard, Vergnet, Talazac, Villaret, also M^{mes} Falcon, Carvalho, Billbaut-Vauchelet, Richard, Rose Caron; as actors: Beauvallet, Ligier, Samson, Got, Delaunay, Thiron, Marais, Coquelin, Porel, Worms, Mounet-Sully, M^{me} Augustine, Madeleine Brohan, Favart, Sarah Bernhardt, Reichemberg, Croizette and Samary.

The chronicler could write an entertaining chapter,—but I shall resist the temptation: it would lead too far afield. Suffice the passing observation that from the pedagogic point of view the exceptional and sympathetic quality of our hall frequently proved a positive snare: it favored the voice altogether too much. Certain pupils, talented but superficial, triumphed here too easily. How much disappointment would have been spared them, if they had been compelled to let their budding talents shine in the cold surroundings of the present Conservatoire.



The story of the Society of Concerts has frequently been related. It gave its first performance February 15th, 1828; but its instant superiority was only made possible by a long period of preparation.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, the idea had been evolved with the object of emulation and benefit, to attract the

public by lyrical and orchestral performances, undertaken at first by the pupils of the School, and later by the professors. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, this plan was improved upon; the pupils united with their laureate comrades, and their masters, to establish a *Society of French Concerts* by subscription. The first performance was held on November 21st, 1801, and is described as follows in the flowery language of the time:

The happy thought which caused the founding of the *Society of French Concerts*, is crowned with the most brilliant success. The artists who compose the society, about sixty in number,—all pupils of the Conservatory of Music, and almost all honoured by the palm of talent in the competitions of this learned school; united at heart, and animated by the taste and the desire to perfect the sublime art of Amphion, have formed a society under the auspices of peace, to provide real enjoyment for true lovers of good music.

Laureate students and professors of the school—one sees how even then the actual method of recruiting the personal of the *Société des Concerts* prevailed essentially. However, the enterprise only lasted one year. Having returned to the precincts of their School in 1802, only actual pupils, directed by one of themselves, took part in the concerts. And yet this is the most interesting moment in the genesis of our celebrated Society; for it was not only in taking part, and soon almost exclusively conducting these performances, that Habeneck revealed his talent as a violinist of the highest degree, a conductor beyond compare, to whose lot it fell to be the real founder of the Society of Concerts; perhaps it was due also to his impulse that his fellow-students put on their programs from the very beginning together with symphonies by Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven's first symphonies, just written,—the one in C major, the "Eroica," and even that in C minor, in 1808, that is to say in all its freshness. And such was the perfection, the fire, and the musical beauty of the performances that the enthusiasm of the audience had its echo even in foreign lands. Some Germans declared they had never been present at such a remarkable concert, and already critics were making the following statements:

The more one hears the orchestra of the Conservatory, the more is the opinion, that it resembles no other, confirmed. Let us admit if we must admit it that we have heard elsewhere as much precision, purity and harmony; but where else can be found such warmth of young blood, such youthful verve?

These young and deserving workers in the temple of Euterpe are radiant with fervour; their love for their art is for them a religion, and we all know how alive, ardent and enthusiastic the devotion of youth is.

The success of the enterprise was in proportion to this praise; the public began to demand the repetition of whole symphonic movements as *encore* and the box-office receipts testified to its interest. This period lasted until 1814. Then the memory of it began to fade rapidly. But was it not worth while to revive it before narrating the début of the *Société des Concerts* proper which showed the same initiative, benefited by the same praise and enjoyed the same vogue? By the year 1828, however, the pupils had become masters, and the *exercices* became *concerts*. Habeneck, who was at that time the leader of the orchestra of the Opera house, had not for a moment lost sight of the idea of some day resuming these impassioned performances in this same Concert Hall of the Conservatory, where he and his comrades had made their first appearances. He knew,—and the *concerts spirituels* organized by him each year in the Opera house had also proved to him,—to what a degree of perfection acquired experience, years of joint study, and personal merit, could bring regular performances.

Under the auspices of and with the sanction of the director of the Conservatory, who from that time became the natural president, the society was soon established under conditions and proportions, which have not, so to speak, varied since that day.

It comprised, from the outset, as in our day, approximately 90 musicians (of whom 15 were first and 15 second violins; 10 altos; 12 violoncellos; 9 double basses); and 70 voices. A few candidates ("aspirants") were added to the titular, and this term of probation became the great ambition of the laureate-students leaving the School, for the Society, henceforward independent, no longer admitted as member any student still at school. It was no less essentially connected with the Conservatory, however, by the obligations it assumed, on the one hand to perform the annual contributions to the "Prix de Rome," and on the other, to reserve one of its performances for the benefit of the pension fund of the establishment. The rules, at this time, only provided for seven concerts a year, by subscription, and this order of things lasted for a long time. It was not until the year 1865, at the time of the repairs to the Hall, that it was decided to give two successive performances of the same program, thus bringing the number up to 14 (to-day, and already for some time past, the normal figure of 20 has been reached.) It must be mentioned at the same time that the subscribers have been divided into two groups; their number rendered this measure indispensable.

There is no need to repeat that the dilettante public immediately voted this orchestra "different from any other," and with much better reason than at the time of the pupils' concerts. People soon contended for the worst seats, and the very entrances. This singular privilege of standing in the entrances in the corridors of the upper galleries, in spite of their narrowness, was granted to sixteen titularies, and was not abolished until 1865. One must have known one of the individuals who profited by this arrangement, to get a clear idea of its "desirability."

Not a vacant seat, not an accessible corner anywhere without its subscriber; impossible to penetrate into the "sanctuary" without some fortunate invitation, or chance, which could not possibly be assured until the last moment, when a subscriber might relinquish his seat. In vain people entered their names years in advance as subscribers: the Society guaranteed the reversion of an *abonnement* to the family of the late holder. Accordingly, presence at these concerts soon came to be considered as a function of normal life. How many remember having gone to them as children, then as young people, then married, as fathers, grandfathers,—having seen their neighbours grow old, as themselves! Besides, even if the seat was not of the very best,—and verily, one could fare worse,—the music could be heard so well, everywhere!

That the audience had arrived at such a stage of exclusiveness, that, jealous of its traditions, it only wished to see them preserved, it could not be denied. Thus it happened later on, when other societies, more enterprising, more in quest of novelty and competition, more anxious to invent than preserve, offered "popular concerts" to a constantly increasing public,—that of the Conservatory retired all the more within itself, in its aristocratic dignity. Yet, had it not been an innovator in its time? Had it not distinguished with its favour numberless masterpieces, then as new and "audacious" as the most advanced of to-day? Had it not welcomed enthusiastically sundry other works, whose austere grandeur and difficulty had till then discouraged all performance?—such as Bach's Mass in B minor (1891) and even more so Beethoven's Mass in D (1888) whose effect was so prodigious, and whose success so celebrated. Moreover, this splendored auditorium may be said to have been above all, and from its first day, "the home of Beethoven." It should justly retain this title; I, on my part, say this in all sincerity: whoever has not heard the nine Muses of symphony in this very special ambient of sonority,

interpreted by this orchestra "which resembles no other," does not suspect what artistic joys they provide.

To impose Beethoven, from the very first and at so early a day, was an act of boldness; but we have already been able to prove the small amount of truth which may be attributed to the anecdotes so constantly repeated in connection with these débuts of the Society, in 1828. They try to make us believe that Habeneck alone had faith, in the midst of general incomprehension, and that he was forced to adopt ruses, in order that his musicians take the master of symphony seriously. Now, we have seen that these same musicians in their youth, had, with all their hearts, made Beethoven, the new and young, known to music-lovers. Later, they completed their task; but if any doubts could have grown up amongst them, it was because he had become more difficult than ever even for them.

Indeed, they enthused the most unexpected guests: does not Richard Wagner acknowledge that Beethoven was revealed to him at the Paris Conservatory?

Without entering into the details of the history of these 87 years of regular performances under the successive directorships of Habeneck, 1828-1848; Girard, 1849-1859; Tilmant, 1860-1863; Hainl, 1864-1872; Deldevez, 1872-1885; Garcin, 1885-1892; Taffanel, 1892-1901; Marty, 1901-1908; Messenger, 1908-1914; let us at least note some of the first performances,—truly sensational,—whose echoes still resound within our Hall, and which are like rays of glory.

To begin with *Beethoven*, his nine symphonies were all included in the first five years; the ninth, which was considered so "inaccessible," in 1831; the eighth (still unpublished) in 1832. At the same time, there figured on the programs the majority of his overtures; also the concerto and the romances for the violin; the septet; fragments of masses; pages from "Fidelio," then various concertos for the piano; the "Ruins of Athens" (1847); and the whole of *Egmont* (1855).

Neither *Mozart* nor *Haydn* were forgotten; the latter was represented by his symphonies; parts of "The Creation" and "The Seasons" (both in entirety, later on); the former from 1828, by his three symphonies in E flat major, G minor and C major, his overtures, the "Ave Verum," and the "Requiem."

With its very first years are connected, *Cherubini* (overtures, masses, motets); *Händel* (fragments of oratorios,—later orchestral concertos); *Weber* (overtures and concertos); *Onslow* (symphonies); *Mehul*; *Gluck*; *Rossini*; *Meyerbeer* (overtures and fragments of

operas) and so forth. *Bach* appears in 1840 with a page from the "Passion of St. Matthew," in anticipation of numerous instrumental and vocal excerpts and various cantatas.

Mendelssohn begins in 1842 with his symphonies and overtures; then comes "St. Paul" (1846); "The Midsummer Night's Dream" (1851); "Athalie" (1867); "The Elijah" (1878); *Berlioz* appears from 1833, with his overture "Rob-Roy"; his "The Damnation of Faust" was heard in 1849, "Beatrice and Benedict" in 1863, "The Childhood of Christ" in 1864, "Romeo and Juliet" in 1873. *Pergolesi's* "Stabat mater" we notice in 1842 and "The Desert" and "Christopher Columbus" by *Félicien David* in 1849.

There is *Schumann* with his symphonies (from 1868 onwards), and his "Manfred" (1872); there is *Wagner* in 1866 with fragments of "Tannhäuser" and of "Lohengrin"; then *Gounod* with his "Requiem," "Gallia" (1871) "Mass of St. Cecilia" (1880); *César Franck* with "Ruth" (1872), "Beatitudes" (1882); *Reyer* with fragments of "Sigurd" (1876); *Saint-Saëns* (symphonies since 1872, orchestral pieces, "The Lyre and the Harp" 1880).

Since that time, with the progressive expansion of the new French school of symphony many remarkable masterpieces would still have to be mentioned, to show that the Concert-Society is attentive, not only to preserving the heritage of the masters, which is its duty, but also to keeping its audiences within the current of evolution, brought about by modern art and inspiration.

Still other echos might be evoked in this ideally harmonious auditorium: they are those of the illustrious interpreters, who, at all times, have been anxious for the honor of participating in these festivals of art.

I, for my part, would wish that their names be inscribed upon marble tablets like those of the masters and their works, together with the dates of the first performances which revealed them to the public. This would tend to emphasize the continuity of this artistic and exceptional education.

It was here that *Mendelssohn*, in 1832, played *Beethoven's* Concerto in G, and *Liszt* in 1835 that of *Weber* in E flat major; that *Adolphe Nourrit* revealed to France *Schubert's* "Erlkönig," and *Chopin* some of his most penetrating pianoforte compositions. Among the pianists, there are, *François Planté* (from 1861); *Theodore Ritter*; *M^{me} Clara Schumann* (in 1862); *Saint-Saëns*, *Rubinstein*; *Paderewski*; among the violinists, *Baillet*; *Sauzay*; *Alard*; *Sivori*; *Vieuxtemps*; *Sarasate* (from 1861), *Joachim*; the

flutists: Tulou, Dorus, Taffanel; the 'cellists, Servais, Franchomme; and finally the finest voices ever heard in France: Adolphe Nourrit, Levasseur, Duprez, Roger, Faure, Achard, Lasalle, Talazac, M^{mes} Falcon, Dorus, Damoreau-Cinti, Pauline Viardot-Garcia, Carvalho, Nilsson, Cruvelli, Krauss and Isaac,—to mention here only a few of those who are no longer living.

It is not superfluous to call attention to the fact that the greatest virtuosos, when they give their co-operation to this Society of masters, simply share the lot of the artists who compose the society. Such an exhibition of artistic fellowship is met with only here. The invited artist immediately feels that he is among his peers; and in fact, no approbation is more precious to him than the applause which the latter accord him from their seats, even during the performance.

It is now necessary to draw to a close; I have said enough, I think, to show why we are so cordially attached to our old Concert-Hall of the Conservatory,—why we wish to preserve it,—why we are proud of it, and finally in what particulars the impressions gained there are both unique and incomparable; and in what a halo of glory it appears to our eyes, as though transfigured, when we recall its radiant memories.

(Translated by Christine Groncke)



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THE CREATORS OF MODERN MUSICAL IDEALITIES

By GUIDO ALBERTO FANO¹

IDEALITY is art: its aim to infuse into music new spirit and understanding and impose a taste for them on the public, a malevolent tyrant toward most composers, especially the dramatic type. The grandeur of this conception debars really great masters from regarding music as a diversion for the idle or those wearied by the day's labor. Thus Beethoven is wholly penetrated with the heroic spirit of the Revolution; Berlioz pours out the richness and variety of his temperament in musical creations, and also in vast literary works; Franz Liszt, pianist, orchestral director, composer, and author of valuable writings, full of imagination and charged with his intense personality, hails with enthusiasm the July revolution of 1830, receives from Saint Simonism a notable impulse in the development of his individuality and finally, fascinated by Catholic thought, and moved by a natural inclination toward mysticism, in 1865 takes minor orders and becomes an abbé; Richard Wagner composes the dramatic poems for his music and sets forth in fully developed theories his thoughts on art and philosophy, his dreams of social and political revenges, and the sad realities of life's experience; Franck, an organist and fervent Catholic, reading the "Critique of Pure Reason," smiles and exclaims: "C'est très amusant!"

. . . The bond that most closely unites these great men as artists is their conception of music as an admirable medium of

¹ From the final chapter in the book "Nella vita del ritmo" (Naples, 1916) with permission of the author, potent in Italy's musical life as pianist, conductor, composer and director of the Royal Conservatory in Naples.—Ed.

expression, independent of rigid traditional forms and of the schematism of the strictly classical school.

Music,—it is Berlioz who speaks,—is the art of affecting, by combinations of sounds, men of intelligence endowed with special and trained organs. . . . Music associating itself with ideas, which it has a thousand ways of awakening, increases the intensity of its action by the power of what we call poetry. . . . directing at one and the same time all its energies upon the ear, which it both charms and skilfully offends, upon the nervous system, which it excites to a high degree, upon the circulation of the blood, which it accelerates, upon the brain, which it inflames, upon the heart, which it causes to dilate and redouble its beats, upon thought, which it expands immeasurably and launches into the regions of the infinite. It acts in its own peculiar sphere, that is, upon persons in whom the musical sense really exists.

In this definition of music made by Berlioz in 1837 and reprinted twenty-five years later, definition which may be considered his musical *credo*,—lies in my opinion the whole program of the art of sound as developing from the time of Beethoven's maturity until to-day, in opposition to music of pure form, while in the Hanslickian conception of it as merely the play of beautiful forms comparable to that of a kaleidoscope, rests the principle affirmed by every adherent of "pure music." Not new but certainly never more vigorous than from the period marked by the genius of Beethoven to our own time, this controversy requires further explanation in order that we may more effectively outline the aforementioned figures, who are of the greatest importance,—more especially Berlioz and Franck,—in the formation and development of the French school. Above all do not accept the oft-repeated statement that Classicism and Romanticism have little meaning in connection with musical art, that is, if these words be given their real significance, not the one just now dear to a goodly part of the Italian public, defining classical music as that which bores unspeakably and is conducive to slumber,—notably the dramatic music of Richard Wagner! The ideas relating to Classicism and Romanticism will become clearer if one frees the principal elements from their exaggerations. It is true that Classicism in its decadence leads to art that is academic, and Romanticism to anarchy of forms and vacuous nebulosity of content, unless indeed it rises into the most sublimated mysticism. Now precisely the first characteristic of a classical musician, in the true sense of the word, is the reverence for rhythm taken in its wide significance of number and proportion in the larger parts as well as in details, a reverence which with lesser men

may become arid, conventional, obvious,—so to speak,—symmetry. Thus,—note the irony in the reversal of meaning of the word,—eminently classical in a certain sense were all the writers of the happier period of Italian opera,—Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi,—because, and herein lies the origin of the opposition they aroused, especially in Wagner, they aimed to construct a *piece of music* rather than to let its form and content spring from the form and content of the poetry, which in fact was always written with reference to the music designed to accompany it. It is true in Italian opera that, whereas special regard was paid to rhythm in the construction of the part, there was apparently less in the construction of the scene, of the act, of the entire score, whence resulted a joining of part to part rather than an organic whole. The musician who is a thorough purist, for instance of the type of Brahms, has in view beyond the part, the entire structure, and furthermore,—in Italian opera this was lacking,—gives particular heed to the harmonic and contrapuntal play of the separate voices, in which precisely consists beautiful form, the revolving kaleidoscope. Hence it may be said that classical music is first of all music *in se* and *per se*, with special regard to all therein that is *architectural*, and the form therefore springs from something anterior to the conception of the musician who carries, as it were, at the source, seeking there to retain and mold and dominate his creative force. It is clear that if this force be not vigorous and fervid the composer becomes academic, or worse still, scholastic—faults these last that, in spite of the oft-repeated assertion that Italians have imagination more vivid and pulsating with sentiment than other nations, were and are very frequent precisely in Latin countries.

In a different fashion proceeds the romantic musician, although he does not compose with the design of being so classified. Excluding always the mere vulgar pleasure of the crowd, romanticism fixes as basis of the work of art not a preëstablished model to be copied, not a formal archetype with which to constrain inspiration, but the spontaneous creation of the ego that feels, suffers, enjoys, aspires in the fullness of its freedom and craves the ineffable happiness of breaking the chains that bind it to earth. Consequently a work of art is the greater the more it reveals the stamp of a strong individuality, the more personal its content and unusual its form in adequate expression of that content; the more the rhythm in its elasticity, complex and detailed, inspires dream fancies and spiritual joys. Hence all that is romantic is not false, as Carducci said in a moment of ill-humor,

but true, live and ardent; since individuals and not abstractions are real, and therefore the manifestations that express personality are more sincere than those created in an established mould. Even though romanticism may degenerate into vacuity and formlessness, that does not affect our conviction that the domain of living expression, free from formal preconceived rules, is the true field of the fertile art of infinitely conserving and reviving, just as the variety of individuals is infinite; and when it attains to the mysticism of a Parsifal, that art speaks to the soul the most profound language of the human race. Let this be said with all due respect to scientists and philosophers who hold in abhorrence the word mysticism.

. . . Let us now rapidly consider what are the characteristics that diversify and individualize, as men, as artists and as creatures of destiny, so to speak, the five great masters whom I regard as the creators of modern musical idealities pulsing with vitality.

The life of Ludwig van Beethoven displays in itself something of the heroic, the sublime, Promethean. Upon his pure and lofty brow is, as though engraved, a thought, which he expressed in a letter to Kanka during the Congress of Vienna outlining a touching synthesis of the faith, the ideality, the essence of one of the most powerful and saintly minds recorded in history. "Mir ist das geistige Reich das Liebste, und die Oberste aller geistlichen und weltlichen Monarchien." (To me the realm of the spirit is the dearest and the highest of all spiritual and worldly monarchies). The dominion of the mind over all the empires of this world; the religion of the spirit gradually victorious over other faiths, the republic of Plato a dream to be realized in human society; the persistent effort to overcome in oneself the bondage of matter, the malevolence of fate, and the tyranny of man; in musical art to hold essential depth of sentiment, liberty of form, humanity of content; a poetical, chaste aura, a refined and tender love of nature; such the life and soul of Ludwig van Beethoven. What signify the daily events of his existence dear to the myopic who delight in viewing and measuring great minds by their own narrow vision? Nothing if not precisely that adversities of fortune, domestic trials, financial difficulties, even the fate of deafness, so ineffably cruel for a musical genius, were unavailing to destroy a mind and soul such as those of Beethoven. Indeed Providence seemed to rejoice in multiplying in his pathway vexations and obstacles in order that, striking against the indestructible rock of his spirit, they might be transmuted into harmonies of unheard-of potency. There is profound

truth in these words of Rolland: "What victory compares with this, what battle of Bonaparte, what sun of Austerlitz attain the glory of this superhuman effort, of this conquest, the greatest ever made by the Mind: an unfortunate, poor, infirm, solitary, sorrow become man, to whom the world denies joy, himself creates Joy to give to the world. He forges it out of his misery, as he expressed it in a proud phrase that sums up his life and is the motto of all heroic souls:

Durch Leiden Freude. (Joy through Sorrow.)"

Ludwig van Beethoven is the genius of the sonata form. But he is much more. All the most elevated records of modern musical idealities, as I propose to show, find in him the source from which rise and flow the multiform currents of contemporary musical life. As usual I refuse to be affected by the foolish talk of our puny young esthetes who consider Beethoven (and certain others) old fogies because they did not write their compositions in the Greek ecclesiastical tonality,—or something equally absurd,—but conceived them in the spirit, as it were, of the Monteverdian methods. Nor, on the other hand, am I moved by the opinion still held in our professional and official circles, that Beethoven should be considered and interpreted as belonging to the school that reveres the principle of authority and conservatism. As regards this point there can be no possible doubt, no agreement. Beethoven was a true and great creator because,—and when,—he was able to transfuse into the sonata form, sterile in the hands of his predecessors, vigorous vital blood and so render it a free, varied, supremely efficacious manifestation of his multiform spiritual activities; he failed on the rare occasions when for practical reasons or in an attempt at adaptation, he denied his original independence. Therefore the truest and greatest disciples of Beethoven must be sought among those who defend with vigor the rights of the future, not those who, while calling themselves humble admirers of his genius, can only appreciate its form, not its vibrant subject-matter. In short Liszt and Wagner on one hand, Berlioz and Franck on the other; somewhat less than they (and not invariably) Mendelssohn and Brahms.

Liszt himself thus luminously estimates the work of Ludwig van Beethoven:

For us musicians, the work of Beethoven is like the column of cloud and of fire that led the Israelites across the desert,—a column of cloud to lead us by day, a column of fire to light us by night, *so that we may march day and night.* His obscurity and his light equally trace the

way that we should follow; the one and the other are a perpetual commandment, an infallible revelation. If it fell to me to categorize the terms of the great master's thought as expressed in his sonatas, symphonies, and quartets, I should in truth scarcely be content with the division into three styles now quite generally adopted, which you have followed. [We quote a letter dated Dec. 2, 1852, sent from Weimar to William de Lenz, the author of *Beethoven and his Three Styles*—but taking into consideration the points thus far raised, I would frankly put the great question which is the basis of musical criticism and esthetics at the point where Beethoven has brought us, that is, how far should traditional and conventional form necessarily determine the organism of thought?

The solution of this question, as revealed in Beethoven's own work, would lead me to divide the work not into three styles or periods,—the words style and period can here be only corollary, subordinate terms of vague and ambiguous meaning—but quite logically into two categories: the first, that in which the traditional and accepted form contains and governs the thought of the master; the second, that in which the thought expands, destroys, re-creates, and fashions in response to its needs and inspirations, the form and the style. Undoubtedly proceeding in this way we arrive in a straight line at the persistent problems of authority and liberty. But why should we fear them? Fortunately in the realm of the fine arts they bring in their train none of the dangers and disasters that their fluctuations occasion in the practical and social world, because in the domain of the Beautiful genius alone is the authority, and dualism disappears; the notions of authority and liberty are restored to their primitive identity.

Excellent! But precisely because genius and genius alone, whether or not it be recognized of men, is supreme in freedom of creation, and, conversely, intuition alone is the promoter of genius, one must be even more positive than Liszt and his commentator, Jean Chantavoine, and declare unhesitatingly that where Beethoven himself was dominated by traditional form he expressed little or nothing that was worthy of him, and that composers succeeding him who in his work set the principle of authority above that of liberty, understood him ill and became his imitators rather than his disciples. However, Chantavoine is right when he affirms,

Music, enfranchised by Beethoven, is now able to sing freely of the joys and sorrows of the world; it has been changed from science to conscience, and those shall be eternally his disciples who, without copying or imitating him, employ the liberty that he gained for them through suffering.

Beethoven bore wonderful fruits in the field of the sonata—notably for the pianoforte, of the quartet, and of symphonic music. But to understand him profoundly one should also study

him as composer of songs, of dramatic and religious music, and as the thinker that he is revealed in his own letters and writings and in those of others. The effort to give an exalted poetic significance to musical art,—effort that is one of the most distinctive features of the modern tendency,—finally acquires in the mature Beethoven a clear and definite consciousness. And from the appearance of the first sonata for the pianoforte in F minor, passion, clarity, dramatic force are the qualities that differentiate him, for instance, from Mozart and Haydn. Moreover, his ideality of content and lyrical emotion become continuously freer and more intense as the gradually transhumanized Beethoven finds in art and in art alone the reason and also the consolation of a life weighed down with suffering. Evidently the transitions cannot be defined in the category of his styles; they were now more marked, now less, according to seasons, circumstances, and his spiritual activity.

The difficulty of understanding and interpreting Beethoven's music,—whether as performer or conductor,—is unquestionably great as regards both the technique and the expression, but there is nothing more grossly erroneous, as I have shown, than an interpretation prevalingly rhythmical and formal, not permeated with intimate vibrant comprehension and sentiment, and a poetic penetration of the musical text. Yet even here what prejudices obscure the vision of interpreters, critics and professors, especially in Italy!

The sonorous combination in which the genius of Beethoven makes a truly aquiline flight is the quartet, now surely a field forever closed to any other fertilization. To the pianoforte, to symphonic forms and scenic music, even to those harmonies that find inspiration in the higher regions of human faith, new horizons of beauty and splendor were opened by this universal genius, who had no need of the many lines of training so complacently striven for by certain of our smaller intelligences.

. . . The moral figure of Franz Liszt is one of the purest and noblest known in the history of music. Reflect: a mind open to all the prizes, all the aspirations of life and modern thought, a man beloved and idolized as an incomparable virtuoso of the keyboard by multitudes of concert-goers and by the most clever and fascinating women of the various European aristocracies, an artist whose renown as a composer was marred and too little appreciated by very reason of the unanimous approval he received as concert player; a master of the pianoforte eagerly courted, followed, sought after, by students of every nationality; a

musician truly continuing the tradition of the highest endeavours to give poetic and human significance to the art of sounds, and therefore the creator of new forms for the pianoforte, orchestra and voice,—yet even now only partially understood. What more required to fill an artist with pride in his achievements, or, on the other hand, with a certain bitterness because of the unjust contemporary estimate of his work as a composer? What more, I ask, to render him in any case solicitous only for his own glory and eager for new delights, new loves, for always greater and more perfect triumphs? But in the case of Liszt the contrary was true. Early attracted by the mysterious aroma of the Catholic contemplative life through very weariness of his agitated exuberant existence as youthful virtuoso, his mind fluctuated between a passionate enjoyment of amatory adventures and an inward aspiration toward ascetic calm. In Liszt this inner strife was very human and sincere, as evidenced in his art, pervaded with a sensuousness incomparably refined,—one might almost say immaterial,—and by poetic, religious and contemplative harmonies. In music one does not deceive those endowed with esthetic and psychological penetration. Hence it is futile and unfitting to seek for the practical reasons that may have determined the master to become an abbé, and don the cassock soon after the death of Prince von Wittgenstein, a death that finally rendered possible the marriage ceremony with the Princess.

While still unknown himself as a composer, he helped and protected others; always prompt and happy to discover vigorous young talents, he encouraged, stimulated, and spurred them on, not only with words, as is customary among musicians, but by performing and making known their works, placing at their disposal his very valuable authority with the public, the press and the powers that be,—even by generously opening his own purse. Frankly, who among musicians can be compared with him in this respect?

Anyone familiar through personal experience with the obstacles set in the path of yet unrecognized composers by their colleagues, by critics, by publishers, in a word by all those who under present conditions are only too much the indispensable intermediaries between a musician and the public, can estimate the value and the rarity of a man like Franz Liszt, all zeal in promoting the advancement of others. For it is never the multitude,—note this well,—that fails to recognize the work of genius; it may err, but it is prompt to correct the error. Those who

through envy, prejudice or self-interest brazenly oppose the diffusion of new, truly original productions, are precisely the above-named gentlemen! Are funds needed for a monument to Beethoven?—Well and good, it is Liszt who gives money and personal effort for the project; under his musical and orchestral direction Weimar becomes the irradiating centre for all the most modern ideas and for the introduction of any new work stamped with profound personality. Berlioz while still unknown finds a friend and ardent interpreter in the Hungarian master; and many others as well who responded but inadequately to his effective sympathy. What he was to Wagner, theoretically Christian but practically more egoistically Nietzschean than Nietzsche in the flesh, I shall not here record.

Another characteristic that indelibly marks the figure of Liszt and distinguishes his rare quality,—the more if one reflects that even to-day there are some who regard general culture as almost a demerit in a musician,—is his capacity for being passionately moved by everything beautiful, by Nature, by Art, by Philosophy and Religion.

It required his death, says Chantavoine in a beautiful synthetic page, to free his personality from false judgments, and the blossoming of an art that sprang from Liszt's achievements to reveal them to posterity, to show behind the incomparable but perishable virtuoso one of the most powerful creators, the boldest initiators of his century, perhaps the most generous and disinterested servant, and unquestionably the most lucid and penetrating and the broadest intelligence that the art of music has ever encountered. A mind avid of all ideas, a soul open to all aspirations, a heart sensitive to the rhythm of every enthusiasm, in the century that produced the greatest number of new ideas and tried the most new ways, set down in the midst of this complex century, shared and claimed by two countries, France and Germany, Franz Liszt was like a prism, he absorbed all their light and then diffused all the rays. Love, Nature, Poetry, Painting, Religion, all these splendors he moulded in an immense achievement, unequal, by turns very full and somewhat empty, but beautiful with life and grandeur and the origin of a new school.

And this immense work unfolds itself in symphonic poems, in pianistic forms, in religious harmonies, in letters and other writings. Liszt was undoubtedly committed to Romanticism and favored free flights of independent form; he created the pianistic and orchestral poem, evolving it from Chopin and Beethoven; he was a wonderful winged poet and dreamed as had none other of inspiring the divine art of sounds with poetic and religious feeling. Even the Gregorian melodies and tonality were now and then

employed by him, not only in works of vast choral and orchestral proportions, but also in smaller pianistic compositions. The sonata for his chosen instrument is the most beautiful ever published since those of Beethoven and preludes the cyclic form dear to the French school. He reveals splendid rhythmic freedom, new, vivid, enchanting activities of color and sonority, and at the same time a melodic and harmonic purity, a truth of line absolutely Hellenic. His vast reading and culture are a preparation for translating into sounds the intimate spiritual force of the master, who found in them opportune suggestions which he selected with fine intuition and aristocratic taste.

Thus for instance the study of our divine poet inspires the symphony on "The Divine Comedy." . . . German literature stimulates the creation of one of his most perfect and profound works of grand design, "Eine Faust-Symphonie in drei Charakterbildern (nach Goethe)." . . . In addition to the bias received from "obermanism," a sort of melancholy literature much in vogue after the overwhelming success obtained by the celebrated romance of Pivert de S enancour, the work of Franz Liszt particularly revealed the influence of the French poets, as the universal Victor Hugo and the evanescent Alphonse de Lamartine. . . . Hebraic and Evangelical poetry also fascinated him irresistibly when, on the eve of fixing his residence in Rome and adopting the ecclesiastical vocation, he began writing music for psalms and masses, and the two oratorios "Die Legende der heiligen Elisabeth," and "Christus."

And now let us consider more in detail his stupendous, luxuriant pianistic work which, beside the very important sonata already mentioned, the two concertos and the infinite number of transcriptions and paraphrases, notably includes the Hungarian rhapsodies and the various compositions of more particularly poetical and religious inspiration. For the modern pianist who, with eager, incessant, insatiable effort seeks to draw from the instrument,—apparently lifeless but in reality adapted to infinite transformations and developments,—ever more enchanting melody, color, shadings and diaphanous plasticity of touch, silvery, almost imperceptible, gradations of intensity of timbre and new combinations in the use of the three pedals,—not merely to satisfy the offensive vanity of a virtuoso but to produce with the most beautiful of the solo instruments made well-nigh immaterial, the essential poetry of sounds,—the work of Franz Liszt is unquestionably the richest original source hitherto known. It is also an inexhaustible stream from which

composers of the most recent tendencies draw inspiration. And what variety, what lordly abundance, what refinements, what invention of chords, of parts harmonically independent, of melodies eloquent as never any before them to communicate intense emotions; what inherent talent, what wealth of technique!"¹

Indissolubly linked with Franz Liszt by ties of blood and gratitude is Richard Wagner. As men and artists they are notably dissimilar; the latter more Teutonic in ways both good and evil, the former more human and therefore more sympathetic. Liszt, great himself and modest, recognized the greatness of Wagner, set aside his own claims and in the line where for a time they had a common lot, that is the lack of appreciation and diffusion of their work as composers, the pianist, the distinguished conductor, with unselfish generosity devotes himself to advancing the fame of his friend. Wherever and whenever possible he performs his music, and with persevering effort and exquisite tact endeavours to make known the forms and ideas of the Wagnerian reform opera; and to the very frequent and insistent demands for money made by his extremely cavalier friend he never fails to respond, even at a personal sacrifice. Nor was he recompensed in kind: Wagner, solicitous only for his own preëminence, rarely expressed a complimentary estimate of Liszt's work that had the ring of sincerity.

The moral figure of Richard Wagner, although in a different way from Beethoven and Liszt, is nevertheless characterized by sentiments of ardent virile nobility. He is a man of the theatre; toward this end flows all his energy; music itself, from the period of his first youthful emotions, seemed to him a very powerful means to a more expressive ideation of the drama; the variety of his spiritual attitudes, and even of the instruments he employed, at times chosen without great delicacy in order to obtain the desired effect, should not be judged without taking into account the height and difficulty of the goal fixed and pursued with inflexible tenacity.

As a boy he wavered in his inclinations because of the diversity of his talents and the freedom of choice permitted him in his studies by certain favorable conditions, but when fifteen years old he determined to be a musician. Spurred by the necessities of practical life, at twenty he began his activities as *ripetitore* and orchestral conductor and in November, 1834, he married the charming young actress, Wilhelmina Planer. From this moment

¹Here follow enthusiastic pages expository of Liszt's main works for the piano-forte.—Ed.

troubles, torments, tribulations succeed each other through long years of changing vicissitudes, encountering, however, in the character of Richard Wagner a marvellously unyielding, robust resistance and combativeness. But by the very nature of the man and his work, the manner and results of the struggle were the reverse of those between the spirit and the destiny of Beethoven. And while the work of the genius of Bonn is a necessary condition to that of the genius of Leipsic, the latter integrating, as it were, the former,—the moral personality of Beethoven may appear to many of a purer humanity and a more crystalline transparency than that of Wagner.

In truth Beethoven is a hero, a most holy martyr and the Kantian imperative category made flesh: Wagner, on the contrary, is a dominator, who must triumph at any cost, who employs action, speech and writing to impress his message on the world, to whom it is not repugnant to use means at variance with the dictates of a scrupulous conscience, or slightly histrionic, to accomplish his end; in short, Wagner is the presentiment of the modern man who "arrives,"—with the noblest and highest ideals, however, that he never betrayed. Also dissimilar were the fortunes of the two men; one lived and died in poverty, with the sole consolation of knowing at the end that his request for aid had been favorably received by the English; the other through the munificence of Ludwig of Bavaria attained the apotheosis of Bayreuth, always having found someone to supply, more or less sumptuously, the effeminate luxury that he craved, surrounded by an unenviable spectacle of neurasthenic adorers, so-called "Wagnerians,"—trumpeting to the four winds that music was born and died with the advent of their unique divinity. It is true that this plague is explained and justified, not only by the extraordinary quality and magnificence of Wagner's creations, but as a reaction from the never sufficiently aired moral narrowness and microcephalia of musical critics and professors; now, Heaven be praised! it has finally almost disappeared through the aid of time and a more serene historical and esthetic valuation. . . .

What then is this work which so unexpectedly agitated to its profoundest depths the musical world of Europe? Let us first consider in a brief summary the concept of musical drama, to view later its perfected realization in opera, especially as regards the various elements of musical art in relation to the expression of the tragic idea, and then draw certain comparisons and conclusions most important to the purpose of our theme.

Friedrich Nietzsche, in one of the most beautiful and profound of his books, that relating to the origin of tragedy, or Hellenism and pessimism, sets forth most genially the informing ideas of this admirable fruit of Greek art, and compares them with the rebirth of pessimism in the philosophy of Schopenhauer, running parallel with that of the tragic sentiment in the symphonic dramas of Wagner. Greek serenity, affirms Nietzsche, as it is understood from more or less scholastic tradition, does not correspond to the historical and philosophical reality of the mind. In the most brilliant period of Greek life this serenity is not the result of negation or indifferent contemplation of the sorrow of the world, but rather a recognition of its perennial existence and its consequent virile subjection. In its purest form this serenity is symbolized in the myth of Apollo, the god of light, and Olympus, the seat of the gods. The Apollonian cultus is the manifestation of the radiant vision of the world, by force of which it is viewed objectively as though reflected in a mirror of shining brightness, and the image of its eternal immutable travail is softened by the very beauty of the vision, by the dream, by Art. In other words, Hellenic serenity is not the spiritual condition of those who profess a vulgar short-sighted optimism, for it necessarily presupposes a pessimistic "Weltanschauung" subdued and overcome by the divine restorer, by the pure ambrosia of the plastic art and the Epopoeia. In the heavens of Apollonian culture the Homeric poems shine as stars of the first magnitude. Quite the reverse is the tragic Dionysiac spirit; whereas, under the influence of Apollo the individual dominates sensuality and suffering by the well-regulated serenity of the esthetic vision, under that of Dionysius the will of nature creates, destroys, exterminates individuals and, an unwearied generator, is never satiated with ineffable emotions and torments. From the divinity of Dionysius spring music, lyric art, tragedy and the dramatic dithyramb. But, since life as it is, with its events pleasant and painful, its passions productive of sublime virtue and low vice, is not art unless Apollo with his magic stroke endows it with the confident calm of the contemplative spirit, it follows that the winged lyrics of Archilochus and Pindarus, the tragic force of Aeschylus and Sophocles, the very essence of music, are inspired by a living, penetrating fusion of the spirits of Apollo and Dionysius. The more immediate origin of tragedy is in the chorus; not as traditionally understood in the significance of the ideal spectator or as incarnating the ethical law of the Hellenic people, but regarded, according to Schiller and Nietzsche, as affirmation of the dominion

of the ideal, and of poetic freedom, as symbol of a religious reality recognized under the sanction of the myth and of worship. The chorus alone at first; then the chorus in the orchestra, and finally Dionysius on the stage. But the divine harmony of instinctive wisdom, the starry light of the spirits of Apollo and Dionysius, the genius of music which is at the source of tragedy,—and through which—Wagner said well—the effects of so-called civilization are demolished just as the pale light of a lamp is quenched by the glorious day,—are obscured as it were by the Socratic principle. Socrates is the emblem of man's ratiocinating force; Euripides, the tragedian, sucks its slow corroding poison; the dialectic optimist dispels the chorus and music from tragedy, thus destroying its very essence; the frozen calm of the theorist succeeds the fervid serenity that imbibes divinity from Apollonian and Dionysian wisdom; scientific criticism consumes the sacred balm of legend and myth, of national and religious faith by which every great art—especially the Hellenic—was nourished.

All this seemed at first to Nietzsche to find a parallel in Germany with the metaphysics of Kant and Schopenhauer, with the music of Beethoven and Wagner—considered as the art of transcendental consolation antagonistic to the optimism of modern Alexandrian culture. In the esthetic, tragic, Socratic or Alexandrian conception of the world, art, music and science are parallel, dissimilar images of the universe. Modern man, already affected by the mania for analytic inquiry and committed to an optimistic faith in scientific research and the results of progress, is serene in the Socratic sense, but through Wagner's music the myth is being reborn and with it instinctive wisdom; the theoretic Alexandrian spirit is put to flight by those of Apollo and Dionysius; the pessimistic "Weltanschauung" triumphs over discipline of action and the Hegelian satisfaction with self, with the facts of history. Nietzsche, however, is in error when he affirms that the representative style of our composers of the 17th century arose from the action of an idyllic tendency extraneous to the essence of art and tragedy; he is right when he opposes opera as commonly understood to the symphonic drama of Richard Wagner, and considers that the progressive reawakening of the tragic Dionysian spirit in our age has kept step with the music of Bach, of Beethoven and Wagner, with the philosophy of Kant and Schopenhauer,—true renaissance of the Dionysian principle hostile to the Socratic Alexandrian. In fact, the whole development of Germanic thought in the last century is affected by the tendency to

confound German culture with the Greek: the purifying and liberating force of tragedy aims to introduce, by the universal action of music, subjecting the hearer to the Dionysian influence, the myth as a sublime symbol; the revival of the bellicose instinct,—I am still speaking of the 19th Century,—the rebirth of the tragic myth, and the Germanic musical drama opposed in conception to the old opera of Socratic tendency are signs of the ardent, passionate aspiration toward radiant Hellas;—"the Dionysian instinct, with its primordial joy even in the presence of sorrow, is the common womb from whence issues music and the tragic myth."

There is no contradiction between the two attitudes of Nietzsche, at first favorable then hostile toward the work of Wagner, but a development of thought and a clearer consciousness of identical personal idealities. To understand this it suffices to penetrate the mind of the former as revealed in his numerous volumes. Nietzsche and Wagner were both, at a certain point of their intellectual life, fascinated by the ideas of Schopenhauer, and each saw in him a sign auguring well for the new Germanic life and the resurrection of tragic sentiment. The theory of the Dantzig philosopher united them particularly at the point where the Platonic idea is declared the object of art,—an impersonal contemplation of the universe by which the individual rises to a state of pure subjectivity whose whole content is pure objectivity, while music with its marvellous intuition is considered outside of the hierarchy of the other arts, as an expression not of Ideas, but of the Will itself parallel to them. This is a translation into the language of Schopenhauer of the Apollonian and Dionysian principles from which arise on one hand the epic and plastic arts, on the other tragedy and music. However, in Nietzsche pessimism was always more or less clearly subdued by the *will to power*, by a vision of the world becoming paganized and anti-christian, by a bold, ardent, superb glorification of conflict and of life beyond good and evil, by a nostalgic aspiration toward the southern sun and the ethereal lightness of Greek and Roman art. Schopenhauer and Wagner, on the contrary, became drowsy and ponderous under the narcotics of the Buddhistic annihilation of the will, of the Christian negation transplanted in Teutonic soil, of undigested and unspeakably dull and soporific Northern legends and mythology. Hence there is nothing to awaken wonder or sinister interpretation in the fact that Nietzsche's mind, supremely artistic, after the first unconscious Wagnerian intoxication, penetrated more deeply his own inner spiritual

visions and was forced to diverge from the common standpoint.¹

Wagner's life-work is assuredly among the most powerful recorded by history, for the vastness of its conception, for the profound and inexpressibly suggestive personality of the musical content as well as the scenic vision, and for a most original use of means of expression. The system of leading motives is, like all methods preëstablished by the reasoning faculty when it usurps the office in art belonging properly to intuition, very open to criticism. It is not new, although never before the time of Wagner was it developed so completely and at times with such magnificent effect; Beethoven himself, who in *Fidelio* took a decisive step forward in the history of the modern lyric drama, similar to that marked in the history of the symphony by the composition of the Fifth, had resolved to employ the "leit-motiv" in another opera, planned but not completed. Nevertheless, when one listens to the last scene in "*Die Walküre*" or in "*Götterdämmerung*," for instance, what words can serve to express the emotion that stirs the inmost fibres of the soul? And how foolish then appears any discussion of method! The originality and penetrating expression of the melodic discourse, the harmonic wof extraordinarily chromatic and dissonant even to those familiar with Monteverdian tonalities, the always full and richly poetic orchestration, of homogeneous impasto and varied in coloring, the eagle-like amplitude of the lyric flight, the Michel-angesque strength of design and dramatic content, all solemnly consecrate to posterity the work of Richard Wagner as an indestructible monument of towering grandeur, even when viewed from the especially musical standpoint. It is true that he often sacrificed the voice, the chorus and the dance to instrumental richness; his dramatic inspiration frequently drew its vitality more from the orchestra than from the stage,—but precisely in the reaction from such errors lies a fruitful germ for the future!

Of the school more particularly French, let us now briefly mention Berlioz and Franck. Not sufficiently personal the versatile Saint-Saëns nor Bizet, the very talented writer of operas; neither of them can claim a place beside the first two names on the great historical roll. The development of this school cannot be explained without taking into account the lively penetration

¹The author here illustrates his point of view by a quotation from Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra* and by a quotation of those wonderfully penetrating pages in d'Annunzio's "*Il fuoco*" in which due homage is paid to the genius and greatness of Wagner, but in which also the gulf between his and the Latin spirit is laid bare.—*Ed.*

of foreign tendencies, from Beethoven to Liszt, from Wagner to Strauss; a decisive influence on all contemporary art, which, like the preceding, is the story of various and reciprocal infiltrations—according to the period,—of Flemish, Italian, German and other elements. Whether such penetration, prejudicial to the permanency of nationality, be beneficial, it will not be difficult to decide; it is essential and inherent in human nature itself,—which is the same through all diversity of places, climates, traditions and ideas,—if only its action does not alter their peculiar qualities or the characteristics of individuals. The dream of Wagner, which was precisely the creation of a profoundly national art in opposition to the invading Italian and French opera, is most instructive in this regard. But do not, I beg of you, confound, as is sometimes done with us, to impress the timid, the uncertain and the uncultured, Italian music with art and,—absurd as it sounds,—with vulgarity, German music with science and frigidity. Art, I repeat, is above all a manifestation of personality and humanity, and I have expressed elsewhere my disapproval of foolish prophetic judgments. Has then this modern penetration been verified in Italy? Giuseppe Verdi's marvellous "Falstaff," Arrigo Boito's noble "Mefistofele," the chamber music and symphonic works of Antonio Bazzini, Giovanni Sgambati and Giuseppe Martucci are the only productions in modern Italian history worthy of serious, profound consideration. Of the silly performances botched together for the sole end of lucre by the so-called young and very young school, I say nothing. A few dignified attempts, a few more or less recent names are noted in the world of pure and dramatic music, none as yet truly significant for original power or synthetic completeness.

Berlioz and Franck were very unlike in character, life and thought. The former eager for glory and riches, for action, for personal and artistic strife, not always kind or grateful for benefits received, but generous and averse to compromises with his own austere musical conscience. He was a *littérateur* and journalist; he travelled in various parts of Europe, sometimes insufficiently appreciated, often receiving much applause; he experienced many times the tremors and torments of love and wrote under its impulse; certain works he admired, but more often he despised, failed to comprehend, or was ignorant of the true value of illustrious contemporary colleagues, for instance of Liszt and Wagner, who both, especially the former,—need it be said?—esteemed and encouraged him. Less universal than Wagner and more concerned with his own interests and his own art, whereas the former in

Dresden is inflamed by the revolutionary movement that ends with the catastrophe of May, 1849, Berlioz is overwhelmed by the February revolution and understands nothing of the profound changes that are ripening. Everyone knows in what fashion Weimar, for a certain period, through the efforts of that beneficent genius, Liszt, was the cradle where the most daring works of art,—those saturated with new ideas,—were nourished with maternal loving care. Berlioz profited largely by this, and yet without a shadow of reason or justice he ended by slandering his friend, the Hungarian composer. Wagner also, usually averse to showing interest in anyone but himself, held in due esteem the work of the French master, who, however, despised the so-called "music of the future" and gave credence to the evil reports concerning it then current. Although restless and sick with nerves, Berlioz led a life not deprived of satisfaction; he was familiar with poverty, having left the home roof in early youth to follow his chosen path, but he received excellent earnings, valuable gifts and family legacies. As an artist he was essentially romantic in the widest acceptance of the word: "romantic"—says J. G. Prod'homme—"in the disregard of rules, in his lack of proportion, in his abuse of hors d'oeuvres, and especially in his pursuit at whatever cost of the picturesque, the horrible, the colossal, of violent contrasts; romantic also in the pose with which he complacently stepped before the public in *L'Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*, in *Harold* as the heroes of Byron and Goethe, the chosen types of his first episode." In the symphonic and religious domain, as in the theatrical, Berlioz has left traces of signal beauty and personality: it is a pity that his most important music is so little known in Italy. With the "Symphonie fantastique," for example, he established the creation of program music, and in "Benvenuto Cellini" he perfected, as wrote Franz Liszt about the middle of the last century, the most considerable and original achievement of lyric dramatic art that,—aside from Wagner's incomparable works,—had appeared in the last twenty years. His treatise on instrumentation and orchestration is the first and most important for completeness, poetry and color-vision; perhaps Gevaert's alone,—which is much later,—excels it in discerning acuteness of method. At the end of this magnificent book, in the chapter entitled "L'orchestre," having depicted an ideal complex of voices and instruments, he concludes with these impressive words:

In the thousands of combinations possible with the monumental orchestra that we have just described there would dwell an harmonic richness, a variety of timbres, a succession of contrasts comparable to

nothing hitherto produced in Art, and more than all, an incalculable melodic potency, expressive and rhythmic, a penetrating force beyond any ever known, a prodigious sensitiveness to the *nuances* of ensemble and detail. Its repose would be as majestic as the slumber of the ocean; its agitations would suggest tropical hurricanes, its explosions the crash of volcanoes; in it would be heard once more the plaints, the murmurs, the mysterious noises of the virgin forest, the outcries, the prayers, the songs of triumph, or of mourning, of a people of expansive soul, ardent heart and fiery passions; the solemnity of its silence would awaken fear, the most rebellious would tremble as its crescendo increased, roaring like a huge sublime conflagration.

Such is the style of the man, such the dream of the artist!

César Auguste Franck was a most pure and candid mind, without resentment, without rancor; hate he did not know, hence he was unable to translate it into notes; he fervently loved art, humanity, religion and the contemplative life. His days passed in even and quiet rhythm; the first morning hours he dedicated to his own work, the rest to imparting instruction that was efficacious and decisive in its result on recent French musical art, and to the performance of his duties as church organist and professor at the Conservatory. Only during the summer vacation had he leisure to devote to the composition of his admirable works, and to the perusal of the most elevated literature on human thought. It was at Quincy that occurred the episode mentioned at the beginning of this study. One morning he was walking in the garden of his little summer home; with brow contracted he was meditating intently on a weighty volume and at the same time smiling. "What are you reading so funny?" asked one of his sons. "A work by Kant, *The Critique of Pure Reason*—it is very amusing," replied the father, a fervid, profound sincere Catholic. And in truth, religion was coëssential to his spirit which,—of angelic goodness, free from all but the most noble aspirations,—seemed to be not of this world. The neglect, the ingratitude and unkind treatment on the part of his extremely narrow-minded colleagues he never perceived or would not admit. A few enthusiastic pupils, who were to carry forward the torch of the French musical renaissance, understood and loved him; Liszt, as usual, delighted in him from the appearance of his first compositions. Ambroise Thomas, the arrogant director of the Conservatory, the mediocre author of "Mignon" and "Hamlet," feigned, as did some others, a convenient indisposition to avoid attending the obsequies of the truly great artist for fear of exposing himself to the risk of being thought favorable to the abhorred musical vanguard.

Adieu, Master,—said Emmanuel Chabrier at the tomb,—and we thank you, for you have done well. We salute in you one of the greatest artists of the century; we salute also the incomparable teacher whose instruction has caused to flower a whole generation of robust musicians, capable of faith and reflection, armed at every point for severe, sometimes long contested combat; we salute in you also the just and upright man, truly humane and unselfish, who never gave aught but safe counsel and helpful words. Adieu!

It may be that Franck was not thoroughly familiar with Gregorian and Palestrinian art, but he infused a breath of intimate mysticism into a few religious works quite particularly Latin; he treated the symphony, the quartet, the pianistic and organ forms absolutely with the understanding of a renewer, absorbing, however, from the art of Beethoven its vigorous and vital quality; he was so much in harmony with Bach that, as improviser and author of works for the two sovereign keyboard instruments, he seemed at times to be his modern reincarnation. Take as an example of Franck's last and most significant period, the prelude, choral and fugue, or the aria, prelude and finale for piano, and note the depth of sentiment, the inexhaustible riches of harmonic succession, of thematic work, of polyphonic play, the freedom and novelty of rhythmic forms, contained, however, within architecture of classic purity. And who does not recall the string quartet, the symphony, the quintet with pianoforte, the sonata for piano and violin, not to mention the sublime pages scattered through his oratorios, his dramatic and other works. César Auguste Franck, in his masterpiece dedicated to Eugene Ysaye, definitively consecrated the cyclic form destined to so high a place in the more modern symphonic art. He likewise inherited from Beethoven the variation, and amplified it still more richly.

The times are weighty with extraordinary events. The human world is being turned upside down and renewed from roots to branches. In the divine art of sounds great destinies are also maturing. Ludwig van Beethoven is like an ancient trunk of immeasurable height, solidly, deeply fixed in Mother Earth; from him propagate themselves other roots, new, green, luxuriant branches are spreading, flowers, fruits and young twigs are growing. Without his art would not have existed program music, or the colossal Babylonian, sonorous structures of Berlioz, the pianistic and symphonic poems of Chopin and Liszt, the musical drama of Richard Wagner, or the Apollonian mystic forms of Franck. Without his adamant labor, neither the orchestra, nor the meloepia and ritmoepia, nor the harmonic and

polyphonic elaboration, could have followed the perfected path of the present musical tendencies.

Let us incline our heads as at a sacred rite,—to-day more than ever, when Dionysius is again arising and with him the hope of a life more spiritually complete,—before Ludwig van Beethoven first of all, then before the other creators of modern musical idealities, who preserved and passed onward the clear flame of the purifying art in endless ascension. Let us study and perform, as well as the more ancient, the works of these great artists. Let us rejoice in their new forms, vocal, instrumental and harmonic; and, more than all, let us penetrate their individuality and profound humanity, begotten of the travail of sorrow and love.

In these latter days too many weak, esthetic draughts are offered us. Claude Debussy and Maurice Ravel, Max Reger and Arnold Schönberg, Alexander Scriabine and Igor Strawinsky merit our loving attention because they aspire to widen the horizons of technical expression in musical art: in rhythmic freedom as well as in orchestral coloring, in vocal recitation, in mimetic and suggestive symbolism, and by overthrowing the harmonic and formal prejudices that are still very prevalent. As regards the latter I have sufficiently expressed my opinion. And now may our professors of harmony pardon me: their canons are dead: all the twelve sounds of the chromatic scale are—I think—quite prepared to form every possible combination of from two to twelve notes! Great therefore is the enrichment of expressive instruments due to these contemporary minds, who in diverse ways are following in the footsteps of the five greater masters. Nevertheless, in their music—sometimes more, sometimes less—theoretical illustration and mechanical elaboration dominate the lyric impulse and creative force; the rational faculty conquers the intuitive; intellectuality dries up inspiration. They are means, not ends, in History. . . .

(Translated by Julia Gregory.)

FRENCH MILITARY MUSIC IN THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV

By MICHEL BRENET

THE magnificence of Versailles leaves no visitors unmoved. If they are but passing, it makes on their memory a deep impression of grandeur; but to those who know how to question it, it speaks a language in which every one feels vibrating the echo of his own inclinations. If his soul has, ever so little, a natural bent for revery, at the close of day, or in the midst of autumn the lonely loungee will love to plunge into the shade of the groves or to stroll along the ponds reflecting in their standing mirror, with the last rays of the sun, the profiles of perished deities.

The artist, whatever his likings or his scholastic idiosyncrasy may be, will give way in meditative contemplation to the all powerful charm of these palaces, of these gardens, whose majestic harmony realizes the indissoluble union of strength and peace. But doubtless the historian will feel most deeply the attraction of these spots imbued with memories. At his call, life will rouse again. He will picture to himself, in mental visions, Versailles once more crowded with the people who built it, planted it, adorned it, under the command of the famous architects its creators, and under the impulse of the king their inspirer. Amid the chilling silence of the galleries and terraces, he will hear furtive steps stealing, whispering voices answering one another, and the remote harmony of vanquished concerts vibrating in the air.

Louis XIV, said Saint-Simon, "loved passionately all sorts of sumptuousness for his court." He took the same care in visiting the workings of Mansart or of Le Notre, or in favouring a musical improvement answering to his conception of noble luxury and regulated opulence.

The part he took in the development of art in France has greater value, from the fact that it was not mixed with any dilettante practice. Son of a king fond of music and of a queen infatuated, at least for some years, with Italian opera, Louis XIV reckoned among the teachers of his youth a guitar player, Bernard Jourdan de La Salle, whose lessons were not entirely fruitless. Thus, Charlotte de Bavière (the Palatine princess),

who became his sister-in-law in 1671, though asserting that he did not know "a note of music," acknowledges that he has a "good ear," that in the art of performing he is "more than a master on the guitar" and is able to play "all he wishes." His talent was a hidden one, kept, by a refined sense of the royal dignity, apart from praises as well as from raillery.

In 1672, as soon as the building of Versailles was sufficiently advanced to allow the king to spend there several months in the year, all varieties of musical art were called on to contribute to the pleasures of the court.

Besides the representation of lyric tragedies or ballets, the musicians of the Chamber and travelling performers, still rare at this time, sung and played cantatas and French or Italian instrumental pieces, during the king's supper or on the days of "Appartement"; the company of 24 violins and the other band of the musicians of "l'Ecurie" played at the hours of balls and during walks in the park or boating in gondolas on the ponds; in the chapel, a chorus, accompanied by thorough base and some instruments, performed concert motets; preceding the royal coach rode "the king's trumpets."

With the same period of the installation at Versailles are connected the documents which reveal to us the greatness and the efficacy of the interest Louis XIV took in military music.

We are not speaking of a new creation. For a long time the use of musical instruments in the armies had assumed the double meaning which former ages had foreseen and which the modern time was to keep up and make more precise: the adoption, on one hand, of a sonorous language translating in rhythms or in musical intervals the words of command, and, on the other hand, the coöperation of the symphony in the embellishment of military life, by richness of sounds added to richness of arms, and appeal to their power of stimulating energy, to the synonymy of the notes of a melody and of the colours of a standard.

Many of the great captains or great adventurers whose lives were written by Brantôme already knew all this. During their campaigns, they were followed by instrumentalists whose office was at the same time that of soldiers and that of servants. A little later, in the seventeenth century, when every one of fashion made it a point of honour to have among his people some "valets musicians," and when "précieux" and "précieuses" had only to call out "Holla! violins!" to have played for them a dance tune, many chiefs of the army contrived to procure the same entertainment to the ladies who sometimes used to make the

camps the objective point for a walk. And so, the presence of stringed instruments at the head quarters may be indicated without involving for them any of the warlike obligations which rested entirely on more robust and more sounding instruments, as drums, trumpets, fifes and oboes. We shall try to define in a few words the state and part of each one of these in the French army, at the moment when their use became the object of Louis XIV's solicitude.



It is rather surprising to ascertain that three of the principal authors whom we may call upon to give evidence on the subject of the drum and of its military use in France, during the XVI and XVII centuries were churchmen: a canon from Langres, Jehan Tabourot, who published under an anagram of his name Thoinot Arbeau, in 1588, the precious treatise on "the honest exercise of dances" called *Orchésographie*; a canon from Rouen, preacher to the king, Etienne Binet, who wrote under the pen name of René François, and made room in his "Essay on the Marvels of Nature" for a chapter on war, with a paragraph on the French manner of beating the drum; and lastly, a religious, a Minim, the celebrated P. Mersenne, who took good heed not to forget military musical instruments in the series of treatises included in his *Harmonie Universelle*.

It is because the regularity of the step is at the base of all the art of movement, that Thoinot Arbeau studied it as a prelude to all kinds of dances. As, said he, when three people are walking together, they go along at their own fancy without taking any trouble to keep time in their step, so the soldiers would walk in a confused and disorderly way, were they not obliged, by the beating of a drum in time, to keep step in their squads: and it is in order to prevent uncertainty which would put them in danger of being defeated, that the French decided to lead the soldiers by the beating of a drum.

The instrument which was then in use, and which is described by the old author, was made of a hollow wood barrel about two feet and a half long and equally broad, covered at its two ends with two stretched parchment skins, fastened with hoops and braced by stretched cords. The drummer held it hanging nearly horizontally under his left arm with his elbow leaning on it. The measure he struck counted eight equal beats; each of the first four was marked by a stroke of one drumstick

only; the fifth, by a stroke of the two sticks together, and the three last were counted in silence:



At the sound of the first note, the soldier put down his left foot; at the sound of the fifth, his right foot. This double movement makes a *passée*, and, with 2,500 *passées* or repetitions of the 8 time measure, the soldier walks over the length of a league.

The sound of drums heing, as says Thoinot Arbeau, more pleasant when varied, the players exercised their skill in breaking the monotony by combining the three sorts of values, which they intermingled according to their fancy on the first five heats, the three last being always invariably filled out with rests, whose position in the rhythmical scheme is peculiar, once for all, to the "French march."

The Swiss march, on the other hand, or, as it is called in the *Orchésographie*, "the Swiss drum," is distinguished by the introduction of a rest at the fourth beat:

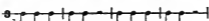


This particular rhythm was traditional with the Helvetic levies and it will be remembered that Clement Jannequin introduced it, with a descriptive intention, in his famous song of the Battle of Marignan (Melegnano), which commemorates the defeat of the Swiss (1515).

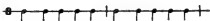
Thoinot Arbeau having in view only the music necessary to keep up marching and dancing, did not mention the military signals the drum can give. However, he alluded to them when he said that the sound of the instruments performs the office of telling the soldiers to "déloger" (to march), to go forward, to go backward, and to hurry the march on the quick two-part time called by the poets *pirrichie*, made up of equal strokes, hasty and harsh, giving a sound like the shots of an arquehuse:



Lastly, he foresaw the possibility of a march beaten in a three-part time, in which the five notes would be followed by a single rest, the soldier weighing upon his left foot with the first sound, and upon his right foot with the fourth:



This rhythmical division, which he declared to be "very nice," differs only by the position of the accent from that of the *basse danse*, as sounded by the drums of Provence, struck by one drumstick only:



The *tenor* and the *bassus* also mark the accent heavily in the *Volte du Tambour* included in the great instrumental collection of Praetorius, *Terpsichore Musarum*, printed in 1612:

Thirty years after Thoinot Arbeau, René François praised the excellence of the beat of the French drum, the best, said he, for sounding the march and for keeping the soldier in step. He went on to say that for the alarm the "drum-colonel" beat at first some hurried taps on the drum, and, in the case of a secret move, the skin was covered so as to muffle the sound.

Mersenne, in 1636, stated that the barrel of the drum was made sometimes of brass, sometimes of wood, usually oak. He did not mention any changes in its dimensions; but the iconographic documents of the same time show us that the old manner of holding the instrument under the arm had been given up, and that henceforward the nearly vertical position, by the left leg, made easier the management of the sticks by the two hands.

Therefore, the skill of the players improved, and the learned monk was amazed at seeing the drum beaten so quickly that the mind could neither number the multitude of the strokes, nor understand their strength and the resistance of the parchment. The roll had become an element of variety in the rhythmical design, and drummers were skilful in obtaining variations of intensity by beating the drum-head either on the middle or on the sides.

Three manners of attacking the sound were practised: the beating of the "round beat," in which the sticks give a stroke one after the other, and the beating of the "broken beat," in

which each stick strikes two strokes successively; lastly, the "mingled beat," consisting of two strokes by one hand for one by the other.

As to retreat, it is beaten with the two sticks together. Mersenne excused himself for not having room enough to give the notation of the beats of drum in use for "the simple and double entrance, the march, the double march, the assembly, the *ban*, the *diane*, the *chamade* and the alarm," and the suggestion he makes to his readers to go home and study there this notation offers now-a-days little consolation for a loss so much to be regretted.

The *fife*, often added to the drum, was, according to Mersenne, "the special instrument" of the Swiss, who introduced it in the various nations with which they enlisted. It was the primitive model of the transverse flute, called the Swiss flute in Germany and the German flute in France. As it was always used by itself, its habitual lack of accuracy of tone did not grate upon anyone's ear, and provided that the performer knew how to come in exactly upon the *passées*, the rhythm of which was sustained by the drum, nobody asked him the reason for the succession of notes he played just as he liked. Thoinot Arbeau has given a copious specimen of these strings of notes in which we would be puzzled to discover a real melodious purport, but in which exist already the forms which Louis XIV will sanction in his ordinances.



Neither the *Orchésographie* nor even Mersenne, in 1636, knew yet the military rôle of the oboe, but the laborious Minim willingly went into detail about the trumpet, which instrument, said he, is used in peace, as well as in war, in all sorts of rejoicings and public solemnities. His taste for scientific studies induced him to examine chiefly the structure of the instrument, but happily he showed himself less parsimonious as to notations, than in the chapter relating to the drum, and he gave the set of the eleven chief calls "which are in use in the militia." He even added to this set a specimen of flourish, a "song for trumpets"

in two parts with a *bourdon*, a very short and very meagre piece, noticeable only because its subject forms the outline of a march subsequently famous as "the march of Turenne," and, later, as the motive of a Christmas carol of Provence from which Bizet drew the introduction of *l'Arlésienne*:



The melodic elements of some of the flourishes published by Mersenne, particularly those of the *Cavalquet*, a march played "going through the towns," may still, after three centuries, be partially guessed at, under the modern forms of the signals actually in use in the French cavalry. Therefore, it is likely that the themes noted in the *Harmonie universelle* were established in their original form, in the armies of Louis XIV. It is towards the regulation of the infantry signals that the king's will seems to have been first turned. The statute concerning them is dated the 10th of July, 1670. Its aim is to prevent the confusion which would arise between the troops of an army, unless distinct drum signals gave notice whether the whole infantry or only a regiment was to march. In the first case, the sound of "call" (*assemblée*), is to be preceded by a newly decreed signal named the *Générale*; in the second case, a "salute" (*aux champs*) is to be beaten before the "call," followed itself by the "marching out of camp," and lastly, as soon as the troop moves forward, the march is to be sounded.

This drum-call, named the *Générale*, had for its author no less a person than Lully. For nine years already, in possession of the position of "superintendent and composer of the music for the king's chamber," and of the letters of naturalization which had definitively bound him to France, he had spent in the service of Louis XIV a prodigious activity, and his share in the budding repertory of military music is not to be neglected. His work in this style is probably wholly contained in the precious manuscript belonging to the library of the town of Versailles, in which André Philidor, surnamed Philidor the Elder, "a musician in ordinary to the king and guardian to his musical library," gathered in 1705 more than one hundred French and foreign drum-signals, calls and marches. Owing to this collection, the rare and brief references of historians and of official regulations

are made clear, and at the same time the artistic importance of the whole work is revealed.

The task of Lully and of less eminent musicians, whose names are given with his in Philidor's in-folio, was not confined to the drawing up of simple rhythmic formulas. Each signal has a corresponding piece of music for two or four instrumental parts, based on the rhythm of the drum, and meant to be played together with or alternating with it. Although nowhere is found the indication of the instruments which are to perform the parts, the disposition of them is such as to allow the instruments to be recognized: this arrangement, as in the pieces in dance form, making up the repertory of the musicians of the *Ecurie*, is that of the familiar types for oboes, noted according to their sonorous compass, in clefs of G first line and C first and second line and seconded by the bassoon, which is noted in the F clef fourth line.

Therefore, the introduction of the oboe in the service of the armies, was an accomplished fact, and was not limited to substitution for the fife. Thanks to the various models of oboe, real little orchestras were made up, in perfect equilibrium and of a regular composition, the office of which, always closely united to the necessities of manœuvre, was not any longer confined to the summary interpretation of the code of signals.

Such a capital innovation must have taken place under the king's eyes, in the body of troops attached to his person. The foreign traveller in 1657 whose diary was published by Faugère, did not mention the oboe in his description of the royal train. "We went," said he, "to see the king, coming back from Vincennes (to Paris) with his new hundred and twenty musketeers who are also his guard. These are certainly well selected men, who are magnificently clad, for each of them wears a blue cloak adorned with large silver crosses and golden flames ending in fleurs de lys. Over the whole cloak is much silver lace. Nobody is admitted among them who is not a nobleman and brave to the utmost. . . . They have two drummers and one fifer. Each carries a musket and fastens the tinder of it to the head-stall of the bridle between the horse's ears." These were the grey musketeers, so called from the uniform color of their horses, and beside whom, later on, we find under a similar denomination, the black musketeers or the second company.

Serving, as did the dragons some years later, on foot or on horseback, they had, for the latter case, two trumpets, and this fact dispenses us from supposing, as certain authors have done, the very singular use of a riding drummer. It would be, according

with or without drums, for the French and Swiss guards, the Scotch dragoons, the Monterey's dragoons, the Fusileers, the Gunners, the Naval Guards, the regiment of Boulogne under the duke d'Aumont's command, etc. Soon after, requests arrived from foreign countries. Lully, as a reward for the composition of three drum-calls and five instrumental pieces, received from Victor-Amédée, duke of Savoy, the picture of H. H. "richly set with diamonds, worth a thousand crowns," which was delivered to him by H. H.'s ambassador. Later, the prince of Orange bespoke of him a march, while the march of the Royal Scotch regiment, serving in France, crossed the Channel to become in England the special march of the 1st Regiment of foot. Soon after the accession of Philippe d'Anjou to the throne of Spain, Matho, the two Philidors, and the oboist Desjardins wrote for the new King's musketeers, on Lully's models, three series of drum-beats and pieces of music.

Some of these pieces are provided with annotations, giving information about their dates and about the personal interference of Louis XIV in the circumstances of their composition. One of these pieces for the drum was written by Lully at Saint-Germain-en-Laye in 1670, on the order of the king, who wanted to change the march of the musketeers; another was composed by Philidor the Elder, "at the king's command," in 1674; another, an arrangement in trio for oboes on the tune of the *Folies d'Espagne* (one of the few pieces in this collection the purpose of which is not obviously military) has for heading "written in 1672 by Lully, Philidor the Elder having received the king's order at St. Germain-en-Laye for M. de Lully." The date 1692 is to be found on a Grenadiers march, from the same Philidor, composed during the siege of Namur, and the date 1694, on the pieces of music written by the same author for the regiment of Boulogne.



Kastner published in the appendix of his *Manuel de Musique Militaire*, in 1848, a generous selection of pieces extracted from the manuscript of Versailles. It is from this edition that M. Kappey in England has reproduced one and M. Parès in France, two of the marching airs by Lully. By writing under the score of each piece in this collection the notation of the beat to which it belongs, one sees how close is the subordination of the musical texture to the rhythm of the drum, and, in a word, how far "the air of the oboes" is really sprung from the drum-beat. We

show this combination in the following examples, where also we believe we have made the reading easier by substituting modern clefs for the ancient ones of the original by translating into little notes the mordents which are expressed in the manuscript by crosses. Whatever the key of the piece may be, the rhythm of the drum will be conventionally figured on the note C.

We reproduce first the whole of the first and most interesting of the five versions of the "Musketeers march" which Lully composed:

Hautbois

Basson

Tambour

Tambour I

Tambour II

A comparison of Lully's "first tune of the French march" with the third, of which the author is Louis de Mollier, will show how the same rhythmical design was faithfully adopted by the various composers, who had to set to music a drum-call. The

one which we are now speaking of is still identical with the formula used at the time of Thoinot Arbeau (see example 1):

Lully

Hautbois

Basson

Tambour

This musical score for Lully's piece consists of five staves. The top staff is the melody for the Hautbois. The second staff is for the Basson. The third staff is for the Tambour, showing a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The bottom two staves are for the Basson and Tambour, respectively, with the Tambour part showing a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The music is in 2/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic figures and rests.

Mollier

Hautbois

Tambour

This musical score for Mollier's piece consists of four staves. The top staff is the melody for the Hautbois. The second staff is for the Tambour, showing a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The bottom two staves are for the Hautbois and Tambour, respectively, with the Tambour part showing a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The music is in 2/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic figures and rests.



Who would here not give the preference to Lully's version? A master's hand is felt in the least details, and one is not surprised to see, scattered among these small pieces of military music, many motives of clear outline and of well marked rhythm which Lully surrounds with light counterpoint, without pedantry or excess. Soon after, he will transport to the stage the form, which he has just created, and he will introduce into the warlike opera of *Thésée*, in 1675, a march planned in imitation of those given to the troops of the king of France, but more brilliantly coloured with the splendor of the trumpets and of the kettle-drums.

The *duple* time is not exclusively used in the military repertory made up by Lully and by the musicians who, in this matter, may be looked upon as his fellow-authors. When Lully set to music his "March of the king's regiment," he wrote it in 3-2 time, but, in reality, this measure was divided into two ternary groups, as are the 6-8 of the modern double quick time. In this march, as the *Orchésographie* had already pointed out the possibility, the pressure of the first foot is made on the first beat, and

of the second foot on the fourth; the simple notation of the piece shows this, ending by two dotted minims in each bar, and the formula of the bass strengthens it under the more embroidered designs of the upper parts:



The Swiss March was written in simple triple time. It was established on a beat unlike the one peculiar to the Swiss levies

Musical score for the first system of the Swiss March, featuring three staves:

- Hautbois** (Horn): Treble clef, playing a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes.
- Basson** (Bassoon): Bass clef, playing a supporting line with eighth and sixteenth notes.
- Tambour** (Drum): Bass clef, playing a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Musical score for the second system of the Swiss March, featuring three staves:

- Hautbois** (Horn): Treble clef, continuing the melodic line.
- Basson** (Bassoon): Bass clef, continuing the supporting line.
- Tambour** (Drum): Bass clef, continuing the rhythmic accompaniment.

Musical score for the third system of the Swiss March, featuring three staves:

- Hautbois** (Horn): Treble clef, continuing the melodic line.
- Basson** (Bassoon): Bass clef, continuing the supporting line.
- Tambour** (Drum): Bass clef, continuing the rhythmic accompaniment.

Musical score for the fourth system of the Swiss March, featuring four staves:

- Hautbois** (Horn): Treble clef, continuing the melodic line.
- Basson** (Bassoon): Bass clef, continuing the supporting line.
- Tambour** (Drum): Bass clef, continuing the rhythmic accompaniment.
- Basson** (Bassoon): Bass clef, playing a second supporting line.

at the time of Jannequin and of Thoinot Arbeau. Of the four tunes for this new beat included in Philidor's manuscript, one is his own composition, another one his son Pierre's, and the two chief ones, of which the first is reproduced here, Lalande's. The step doubtless comes on the first beat of each measure:

The image shows a musical score for three instruments: Hautbois (oboe), Basson (bassoon), and Tambour (drum). The score is written in 3/4 time and consists of four measures. The Hautbois part is in the treble clef and features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The Basson part is in the bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic patterns. The Tambour part is in the bass clef and consists of a series of rhythmic rolls, represented by vertical lines, that correspond to the notes in the other parts.

A nearly constant usage, arising from the purpose of distinguishing the couplets of a piece by varying their effects, was that of separating the drums into two groups, at the beginning of the second repeat of each beat, one of these groups going on marking the established rhythm, and the other accompanying it by an unbroken roll until the final cadence. The notation of this process was shown in the 10th example. It is interesting to notice that not only has that tradition been kept up in France, but even that it can be recognized in some foreign nations. The drums and the big drum that are added to the bag-pipers of the Scotch Guard regiment, emphasize by a similar roll certain repeats of their marching tune: and, since this recollection slipped under our pen, we will say that no comparison seems better for allowing us to conceive the sonorous effects produced by the French military band under Louis XIV, and of which our present brass instruments, very probably, give but a false likeness. The improvements of the oboe, and the exclusively pastoral, poetical, or melancholy part which is ascribed to it at the present time, are such as to make us forget the rather harsh vigour by which its tone was formerly marked, and which fitted it for expressing warlike feelings, in the same way as this vigour induced the masters to use the oboes in great numbers to sustain, with the stringed instruments, the weight of the vocal ensembles in the opera and oratorio.

So, the oboes, replacing the fife almost completely and definitively, filled under Louis XIV the very part the clarion has filled since 1825 in the French infantry, and Lully's small military orchestra corresponds to what to-day our soldiers call the *clique*—the groupe of drums and clarions for transmitting the signals and for regulating the step during marching. But this orchestra, including the four types of a complete instrumental family, and the pieces forming its repertory being written in real four-part counterpoint, it becomes at the same time the artistic attire of a body of troops, and it adorns the accomplishment of military duties by the virile beauty of its martial accents.

Lully and his contemporaries (Louis XIV, without doubt, being the first) had about this kind of music a wholly objective idea. To their minds each piece and each execution must answer an exigency of the service: a marching tune is only to be sounded at the head of a marching troop. The music is an auxiliary language for the command. Then nobody foresaw the concerts that later on were to be given by performers in uniform, drawn up in a ring, in the centre of a public walk, playing for the amusement of loungers "pots-pourris" succeeding "valse lentes" and fantasies on fashionable subjects succeeding transcriptions of symphonies and of whole acts of operas.

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Nothing indicates how many musicians were included in an infantry band in the armies of Louis XIV. But, if we do not forget that a century later, at the eve of the Revolution, the regular number was eight, we may suppose very likely that such was the effective force put at Lully's disposition, and that each of the four harmonic parts added to the drum beat was divided in two.

One is, at first sight, a little disconcerted at reading the royal ordinances dated the 10th of March, 1672, and the 18th of January, 1683, which seem to be contradictory to all the measures taken exactly at the same time, and to pronounce simultaneously the suppression of the oboes, at the very time when the king's favourite musicians were striving hard to create for these instruments a military repertory. But in studying these texts more closely, we understand that they are evidently written only with an intent to hold in check the excess of an emulation which had spread to the captains of companies, and which led to the multiplication of many rival groups of instruments in a

regiment, in a manner as useless for the service as it was burdensome for the captains. For, in fact, the public treasury took upon itself the expenses of one drum only in each company of foot, or of one trumpet in each company of cavalry, and the other performers were to be hired and paid at the colonels' and officers' cost. We will not linger to observe that this system of recruiting and of maintaining military orchestras was practised during this and the following centuries in all the armies of Europe. But we must conclude by casting a glance on the state of music in the mounted troops, which we have till now left out of our statement.

The trumpet remained rightly the special instrument of the cavalry. The comparison of the signals set to music by Mersenne, with those contained in Philidor's manuscript, shows that the skill of the performers had improved in lightness and swiftness of the "coup de langue." Five couplets were sometimes written for the flourish of the march, and more for the trumpet's "sound to boot and saddle."

All was played in unison, and it has not come to our knowledge that the flourish having two or three trumpet parts had been heard anywhere else but in the tilting-matches, where they were performed by the musicians of the "Grande Ecurie." The collection of in-folio engraved plates, thanks to which the memory of the ring-tiltings in 1662 has been kept, does not fail to picture with great details the groups of trumpets and kettle-drums accompanying each quadrille. Louis XIV, wearing a magnificent dress, was caracoling among the Roman party, who were adorned with no fewer feathers than the parties of the Turks and of the "Ameriquains." When the tilts began, the musicians drew up in a line in the tilt-yard and, undoubtedly, made the greatest noise they could. For the tilting-match of 1686, tunes in two or three parts for trumpets, prelude, gavotte, minuet and jig were composed by Lully. Admitted by Philidor in his manuscript, they were added by M. Rhodes to his printed essay on the king's trumpets.

One of the beats for kettle-drums likewise contained in the manuscript of Versailles, is a march written for the King's Guard, of which the author was Claude Babelon, the holder of the position of "kettle-drummer for diversions." The form of this piece, as of the others, was inspired by the service of the prince. The decorative effect of the kettle-drums, as much as their martial sound, caused their introduction in corps vying with each other in luxury as well as in valour. It is said that for a long time the favour of having a pair of kettle-drums preceding the trumpets

was granted only to the regiments who had won it in fighting against the enemy. Thus, being trophies of war, the kettle-drums could be given but to "gallant-minded men" who would prefer "to perish in the fight, rather than to surrender their instruments." But, at the same time, the kettle-drummer ought to have "a fine motion of the arms, a good ear" and to know how to please his chiefs by playing pleasant tunes during times of rejoicing.

Mallet, who thus described in 1691, in *Les Travaux de Mars*, the accomplishments of a good kettle-drummer, was portraying, in a few words and unwittingly, the very spirit of military music, in which must be found, in equal shares, heroism and beauty.

(Translated by Mariola Chardon.)

SOME MEMORIES OF ETHELBERT NEVIN

By FRANCIS ROGERS

ETHELBERT NEVIN possessed a lyric gift of exceptional spontaneity and charm, by virtue of which his name as a composer is likely to achieve an honorable longevity. His music was the faithful expression of his inner nature. In this brief paper I shall not speak critically of his compositions or recount the story of his life, but shall, rather, try to offer a glimpse of that inner nature as I learned to know it in the course of a happy friendship with him.

I met him first at an evening party in Boston, where he was then living. I had never seen him, altho his songs had already won some celebrity, and I did not know he was in the room till I, with boyish rashness, had sung some songs which to a critical ear must have seemed well beyond my powers. I was still standing by the piano when Nevin came up to me and said some gracious words about my singing—what they were I have quite forgotten, altho I recall clearly his gentleness of bearing and speech and a certain air of melancholy.

Our next meeting took place a year or two later in Florence, where he was passing the winter with his family and I was studying with Vannuccini. We saw each other but seldom, for I was grinding hard in an Italian *milieu*, while he was the center of a group of stirring Americans. The old Tuscan city, with its rich records of a glorious artistic past, its bright sun and its warm-hearted, lovable inhabitants, was well suited to Nevin's temperament and he seemed very happy in its congenial atmosphere. In his garden dwelt a nightingale, whose full-throated serenades were a constant delight and inspiration to him, and to all such genial influences as these his sensitive, beauty-loving nature was fully responsive. The east wind of Boston had not been altogether favorable to the development of the best in him; the soft air of Tuscany brought to flower some of the loveliest of his inspirations.

But even in Florence he did not escape all the cool breezes of the Hub. One afternoon a roomful of us Americans had been listening to the exquisite playing of Buonamici, at that time the best of Italian pianists. I still recall the quizzical look that passed over Nevin's face when a spinster from Boston, to whom he had just been presented, asked him politely: "And are you fond of music, Mr. Nevin?"

The following winter found us both in Paris: I continuing my studies, Nevin settled in an apartment in Rue Galilée. Before long we were seeing each other constantly and intimately. He was the soul of hospitality and his little home became the much frequented *rendez-vous* of all the musical and music-loving Americans in the city. His celebrity as a composer was growing fast and everybody was eager to make his acquaintance. He was always easy of access, especially to young musicians. He was enthusiastic over the talented ones, and patient with the talentless; with the pretentious alone was he intolerant. With some, in whom he discovered unusual merit, he assumed the relation of critic and teacher, but I do not think he ever undertook to give them regular lessons—his nervous, highly-strung temperament was ill-suited to the wearing routine of teaching.

Despite all the petting and praise showered upon him, Nevin was always the simplest and least pretentious of men. The most real thing in life to him was his affections and emotions in their relation to those he loved and to his music. He had had excellent technical training, both as pianist and as composer, but his interest in matters of technique was always secondary to his concern for the true expression of the emotional content of a composition. It would have been easy to pick technical flaws in his singing and playing, but these were quite overlooked in the extraordinary pleasure he gave by means of the sincerity and musical insight of his interpretations.

His singing voice was naturally poor and he never, so far as I know, strove to improve its quality, but, nevertheless, his rendering of songs that appealed to him—indeed, he would sing no others!—was an unforgettable delight. Equally effective was his playing of the piano. His touch was extraordinarily lovely, and, apropos of this, I recall a story he once told me about his first public concert in Boston. Then, as now, pianos were furnished free of charge to artists of recognized standing, provided the name of the maker of the instrument appeared on the program. As Nevin was unknown, he was compelled to agree to pay cartage. A day or two after the concert, he went to the piano ware-rooms to settle his account, but was told by the smiling dealer that there was nothing to pay, because since the concert two grand pianos had been sold to purchasers who insisted on having instruments that were "exactly the same in tone as the one played on by Mr. Nevin."

Altho in his earlier days he had had a considerable piano repertory, when I knew him people were so constantly asking

him to play, as well as to sing, his own compositions that he performed but little else. I can see him now as he used to sit at the piano, body and head thrown back, a lock of his rather long hair falling across his heated forehead, everything forgotten in his eagerness to interpret truly the meaning of the composition.

He was of medium height and very slender. Without being emaciated, his frame appeared to carry neither flesh nor muscle. He had no liking for sports of any kind and seldom walked if a cab was available. Indeed, in his distaste for physical exercise, he was somewhat Oriental. Oriental, too, was his habit of squatting on one heel while he read and smoked contentedly. It would have been well for him if he had had a liking for exercise, which fatigues the body healthily while it refreshes the mind and the nerves, for the intensity of his emotional life made large drafts on his vitality. His senses were abnormally keen, especially his sense of smell and his hearing. He could recognize his friends, he told me, not only by their footfall but also by their odor.

Nevin's relations with his family and friends were profoundly sweet and loyal, and with all the many people he met he was invariably considerate and courteous. He had brought with him from Florence, in addition to an Italian valet, a Pomeranian puppy, of which he was devotedly fond—"Bob" or "Robert, toi que j'aime," as he used to call him. Unhappily, poor Bob's Tuscan constitution was unequal to sustaining the rigors of a Parisian winter. Nevin mourned his loss deeply and for weeks Bob's collar lay before him on his desk, an intimate souvenir of a departed friend.

Not for a moment would I have it thought that Nevin's emotional intensity made him neglectful of the rules and regulations of his art—he honored and loved it too much for that. His compositions, which sound so spontaneous and unstudied, were the result of an infinite amount of pains and self-criticism. Publishers might clamor and importune him for manuscript while a song or piano piece lay on his desk all but completed, but he never would part with a composition till he felt it was as nearly perfect as he could make it.

He never could bring himself to write to order. Unless he had something to say musically, he said nothing, and it is for this reason that almost all he wrote bears the touch of his characteristic freshness and charm. He was most scornful of a well-known American composer, who withdrew to the suburbs of Paris, in order to set twenty-two poems to music within the space of a fortnight.

Nevin was a delightful host. Wherever there was a piano he was an incomparable master of the revels and in his own house he was indefatigable in his devotion to the entertainment of his guests. He was equally admirable as a companion on informal excursions or in *tête-à-tête* conversation. I passed many happy hours with him in and about Paris. There were some joyous (though rainy) days together at Fontainebleau, and an excursion with two other American musicians to the home of Mlle. Chaminade, where everybody made music and paid each other compliments, finally toasting our gracious hostess in glasses of her own sweet champagne. What fun it would be to live those days over again!

Nevin returned to America in the summer or fall of 1897 and established himself in New York in an apartment on West 57th Street. I came home towards the end of the year. On my arrival, altho his apartment was none too large for his own household, he insisted, with characteristic hospitality, on my being his guest till I could find permanent quarters of my own. He was planning several concerts of his own music in some of the large cities and engaged me to sing in them. The first of these concerts took place in Pittsburgh, which was really his home city, for he had passed his boyhood in Sewickley, a suburb, where his parents and many relatives still resided. The return of "Bert" Nevin was a momentous event for the whole region, for he and his people were respected and liked by everybody. Carnegie Hall, on the night of the concert, was full to overflowing with his numerous family connections, his old friends and a new public, which as yet knew him by reputation only. Of the details of this concert I remember little; I recall only that every number on the long program was applauded rapturously, that there was a vast quantity of flowers passed over the footlights, and that no returning artist could have possibly received a heartier welcome home after a long absence.

Our second concert was to take place in New York. A few days before the concert I was dining with the Nevins in New York. Mrs. Nevin's sister, Mrs. Frank Skelding of Pittsburgh, and her husband were of the party. After dinner Nevin sat down at the piano, as was his custom, and began to play. After a little he handed me a slip of music-paper with the voice part and the words of a song scribbled on it in pencil, saying as he did so, "Here is a song I want you to sing at our concert next week." I deciphered my part as best I could, while Nevin played the accompaniment from memory. Except for the pencil

manuscript then in my hand, I doubt whether any part of the song had been committed to writing. The song was "The Rosary."

Our little audience approved of our efforts, but Mr. Skelding professed to doubt our ability to get the song ready for public performance in so short a time, and after some good-humored discussion offered to bet Nevin a champagne supper for all present that the song would not be sung at the New York concert. Nevin accepted the wager and won it, for the following week, February 15, 1898, in Madison Square Garden Concert Hall, we gave "The Rosary" its first public performance. It made, as one paper put it, "the hit of the afternoon."

The text of "The Rosary" had been sent by some correspondent to Nevin who recognized at once its fine lyric quality and, with my voice in mind, set it to music. He knew nothing at the time about the author, Robert Cameron Rogers, nor did Mr. Rogers know anything about him. The life of the song has been one of great and undiminishing prosperity. Soon after its publication, I sang it in England to appreciative ears, and I am told that it has retained its popularity there just as it has here. No sentimental song written by an American since the immortal melodies of Foster (who, by the way, was an intimate friend of Nevin's father) has enjoyed such lasting popularity as this, the masterpiece of Nevin.

A roseate glow suffuses my memory of the evening in Pittsburgh, but my recollection of our New York concert is somewhat charged with gloom. Nevin's music was well and favorably known in New York, but he himself was almost a stranger and without the personal following on which he could safely count for support in Pittsburgh and Boston. Madison Square Garden Concert Hall was much too large for his public and not suited acoustically to the intimate character of the program. Everything went askew from the very first. Besides Nevin, who presided at the piano, and me, there were another singer, a violinist and a 'cellist. We were told to report at the hall not later than three o'clock. I arrived punctually and found in the dressing-room two of the company, but not Nevin and the other singer. Without Nevin the concert, of course, could not begin, but the passing minutes did not bring him, or news of him. Half an hour passed, three quarters, but still no Nevin. The audience was very weary and impatient. Finally, about four o'clock, somebody burst into the room, gasping: "Where have you been all this time? Mr. Nevin is nearly distracted." Of all absurd situations: there were *two* dressing-rooms, one on each side of

the stage. While Nevin was pacing the floor of one in an agony of impatience, the major part of his troupe were chafing over his absence not fifty feet away.

After such an inauspicious prelude, it was quite beyond our powers to awaken in our hearers anything like the enthusiasm we had hoped for—we, as well as they, were quite out of the right mood. After some minor mishaps on the stage, I, to cap the climax, became hopelessly confused in the words of one of my songs. I managed to keep going, but Nevin, fearing a complete break-down on my part, in his agitation managed to knock his music from the rack to the floor. I still have a picture in the corner of my eye of poor Nevin fumbling with one hand on the floor for the fallen sheet, while with the other he was attempting manfully to play the accompaniment. Under the best of conditions the program would have been long; “under the bludgeonings of chance” it was interminable. Long before the final numbers, the audience began to melt away and we were left to bring the program to a close towards six o'clock in an almost empty hall.

The last concert of the series we gave in Steinert Hall, Boston, repeating the program we had just performed in New York. There were no memorable mishaps on this occasion and Nevin's many friends once again bore willing testimony to their affection for him personally and to their admiration for his musical gifts. As a matter of course he had to play for them his delightful “Narcissus” and “The Rosary” appealed to their sensibilities just as it had to those of the New York public.

Shortly after the Boston concert, I sailed for Europe and did not see Nevin for many months. When we met again, his failing health had already begun to curtail his musical activities and, as time went on, he withdrew more and more from public view. In March, 1900, I took part for the last time in a concert of his compositions, given in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, New York, at which his “Captive Memories” had its first public performance. After his removal to New Haven, which did not long precede his death, we met only occasionally and then quite by chance when he came to New York for the day.

The death of Nevin removed from musical life in our country a unique and delightful figure, for he possessed, in addition to remarkable musical gifts, personal qualities that endeared him to all those with whom he was thrown with any degree of intimacy—a loving and lovable personality, with a streak of genius running through it.

"FOLLOWING MUSIC" IN A MOUNTAIN LAND

By JOSEPHINE MCGILL

THE history of æsthetic interests in the United States offers few phenomena more surprising than this: that a region somewhat unprepossessingly known to the outside world should be one of the few sections of our land where there is the traditional cult of an art and where, moreover, local fancy has invented a special term for the practice of this art.

The fastnesses of the Kentucky mountains, too exclusively identified with feuds and illicit stills, may boast this particular æsthetic activity known in the vernacular as "followin' music." The quaint phrase is a general formula. The music to which it refers may be thus classified: traditional English and Scotch ballads; songs of later origin bordering on folk-ballads; local improvisations, notably feud songs; finally, religious and play songs.

Of these groups distinctly the most important is the first—that of the old English and Scotch ballads brought to this country by the forbears of to-day's mountaineers. The literary values of these "song-ballets" have been much discussed; but little attention has been paid to the musical settings—the wings of song upon which the poetry of the ballads was borne across the ocean and has been sustained down the centuries. Yet, as Professor Alphonso Smith of the University of Virginia has recently said: "It was as song that the ballad was born, and as song that it survives." Primarily as song are the ballads extant among those whom Dr. Frost of Berea College aptly names "our contemporary ancestors"—those Kentucky highlanders whose diction and customs are often Elizabethan.

The particular section of the State which has preserved its melodious treasures is the Eastern mountainous section, fourteen thousand square miles in extent. The region is variously rich. It contains some of the largest coal fields and the noblest timber land in the world. The diction and customs—so little altered since the adventurous pioneers first entered these parts—offer

valuable data to philologist and historian. Other travellers find the chief charm of the place to be its beauty—though the difficult roads often justify an old mountaineer's obloquy: "an everlastingly ill-situated country." Immemorially this picturesque wild land has been a good hunting-ground,—of yore for Indians and early colonists and still for city Nimrods. But good hunting and other enticements seem prosaic compared with the quest of the "song-ballets".

If this particular chase be not a sanguinary one, it is nevertheless a spirited adventure demanding patience and a dauntless will. Tedious journeys must be made on horseback or muleback, up creek-beds always stony, sometimes extremely narrow, yet often the only paths through the highland wildernesses. Nor when the balladist has arrived in the neighborhood of some singer is the devoir as near accomplishment as might seem. On the contrary, suspense and uncertainty continue to rule the situation. As in more sophisticated artistic spheres, elements of temperament and character must continually be reckoned with; above all, that dominant trait of the mountaineers—pride. If they suspect the stranger of a patronizing, critical or otherwise superior attitude, likely as not they will decline to share their melodious stores. Mood, languor from overwork, or failure of "re-collection" may make the singer mute. Moreover, there are two other forces excellent in themselves which often thwart the ballad-hunter. If a wave of Temperance or Religion has recently swept by, there is a tendency to renounce singing and such like diversions.

But for all these baffling obstacles, the quest of the song-ballet vigorously allures. Though roads be difficult and balladists recalcitrant and elusive, it is sufficiently rewarding to pursue the quest, to wander up wooded slopes where no sound save bird-song, breeze or waterfall disturbs the stillness—till suddenly from across the valley or down the mountainside floats some such ancient strain as *Lord Randal*, *The Turkish Lady*, or *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*. As one halts one's horse to listen, that sense of the spirit of place—perhaps more poignant in a steep-walled mountain land than elsewhere—is for the nonce in abeyance and the hearer is transported from the almost virgin upland wildwood to English manor or Scottish castle where originally these strains rang forth.

The first adventure of the present collector consisted of two days and a half on horseback, broken by nights beneath humble but friendly roofs, on the way to the home of a young mountaineer with a renowned repertoire. Between noble forest trees the paths

wound upward, finally widening into a clearing where Beauty fairly smote the vision—the loveliness of valley landscapes and, far as sight could sweep, “Alps on Alps.” The road to this glorious view was made by a young mountaineer who has had good educational advantages and a chance to cast his lot among progressive city dwellers. But because of his fine passion for his native highlands he has preferred to pitch tent upon this majestic summit whence every morning across the valley he may greet the sunrise. Equally punctual is his observance of an evening ceremonial—a reading from the Bible to his small household or whatever guest may be sharing his hospitality. The poetry and dignity of his matutinal and vesper customs, the general tone of his simple but well-kept home, were an initiation into the qualities and possibilities of the mountaineers. It was an initiation which forthwith discredited the unsympathetic interpretations—so justly resented by native pride and self-respect—made by alien spirits who have seen in these parts chiefly intractable crudeness.

Among the treasures which the young host of the mountain-top shares with the ballad-hunter were two possessing the double interest of genuine antiquity and contemporary popularity. These—*The Turkish Lady* and what Samuel Pepys called “the little old Scotch song, *Barbara Allen*”—were often heard in different versions, but never more effectively than on this first occasion as sung to an accompaniment on the dulcimer. This instrument, in the vernacular “dulcimore,” is nearly a yard in length and resembles an elongated violin. It has three strings, the first and second being tuned to the same pitch, the third a fifth below; the range is two octaves and a quarter. Two prime effects are obtainable from the instrument; one similar to that of the ancient drone; the other, like the twanging of a banjo or guitar.

To the collector with a vestige of feeling for the historic, few experiences could have been more stirring than to have heard on this isolated peak a song so venerable as *The Turkish Lady*. According to some authorities the hero of the ballad is Sir Gilbert à-Becket, father of St. Thomas. This idea was rejected by Professor Child. But be the hero Sir Gilbert or another, a romantic enough discovery in the remote Kentucky altitudes of to-day is this song-ballet of a Knight:

In England bornéd,
And he was of some high degree;
He became uneasily discontented,
Some foreign land, some land to see.

He sailed East, he sailed West,
He sailed unto the Turkish shore,
Till he was caught and put in prison
Never to be released any more.

The Turk, he had but one lone daughter,
And she was of some high degree;
She stole the keys of her father's dwelling
And vowed Lord Bateman she'd set free.

Naturally such a rescue demands the usual matrimonial pledge, after which the Knight returns to his own land and, alas, another lady. But "when seven long years have rolled around" the Turkish Lady's patience ends and she goes to seek the faithless one—

She rode till she came to the gate, she tingled;
It rang so loud but she wouldn't come in;
"O is this here Lord Bateman's castle,
And is his Lordship now within?"

Go remember him of a piece of bread,
Go remember him of a glass of wine,
Go remember him of the Turkish Lady
That freed him from the cold iron band."

When the message is delivered, the hero

Stamped his foot upon the floor,
And burst his table in pieces three;
"I'll venture all my land and dwelling
The Turkish Lady has crossed the sea."

Then, though the ceremonies are fairly well advanced, a change of brides is made—an arrangement satisfactory at least to the Turkish Lady and the groom, for all the latter's seeming infidelity.

The tune of the ballad is very simple, scarcely departing from the tonic harmony; it suggests the drone of the ancient music. The dulcimore afforded an appropriate accompaniment, as it did also for the particular version of Barbara Allen heard from the same balladist. Some versions run:

All in the merry month of May
When the green buds they were swelling.

But my host's rendering not unfittingly transposed the episode to the melancholy days—

Late in the season of the year
When the yellow leaves were falling,
Young James Graham of the west countrie
Fell in love with Barbra Allan.

With considerable charm the children of the Hindman Settlement School, Knott County, Kentucky, sing the version, "All in the merry month of May," as well as that beginning: "Late in the season of the year." The latter, in minor key, lends itself to the plaintive effects achievable upon the "dulcimore." As may be fancied the chief variety to be obtained therefrom is that of rhythm. This is true also of a more primitive indigenous, and highly popular, instrument—a hickory limb strung with a single wire. The one which the collector saw was four feet long, but greater length is desirable. The performer rests one end of the instrument upon the floor, pressing his lips to the other end, thus supposedly improving the tone. There is art in the playing of even so primitive an instrument.

The hickory limb and dulcimore share popularity with the banjo, violin and reed organ—sometimes known as the "little cupboard organ." The violin—locally "the fiddle"—is often played with a bow strung with horse-hair. Such an instrument was employed in a fiddling contest, a notable incident in the expedition of "following music." One competitor was a woman, "vast old" in the words of another dame equally "bowed and satiate with the monotony of years" as Mr. Arnold Bennett might say. However with much esprit the aged competitor participated in the contest, dancing as well as fiddling. Nevertheless she did not win the prize, the verdict having been partly the result of anti-feminist prejudice, for to some spectators her dancing gave no little scandal—a fact which she herself seemed to relish. What thoughts were in her mind as she sawed away upon her humble instrument, it were difficult to state; but surely they were far removed from attention to mere technique. This meantime was achieved somehow while she turned her head sideways and dreamed as she danced and played. Her averted face symbolized the history of the mountain people. In her expression there was a detachment from the rush of affairs, a resignation to the inevitable; yet withal in the clear profile an evidence of vitality, of race, giving one hope for her people's future.

The advance of progress into these "high hills and valleys so deep" became apparent during another adventure of this lyrical quest. The scene was a cabin with its own arresting distinctiveness. According to the wish of its chatelaine it had been painted

"blue and white like yon sky." The original and cheerful taste which dictated this color scheme was further revealed in the occupant's raiment. This represented a radical departure from the custom of the country which of yore prescribed black dress and sunbonnet for matrons. No such trappings and suits of woe for the dweller in the cerulean-tinted cabin. Despite stern local criticism she persisted in wearing garments somewhat expressed in fancy. This spirit of innovation doubtless resulted from the fact that her home was less secluded than many of the mountain lodges whose isolation often fosters quietness of mood and taste. The cabin—"blue and white like yon sky," was a way-station where pilgrims replenished their stores of fodder and other necessities. The constant coming to and fro was enlivening and remunerative to the lady of the house but less propitious for the ballad-seeker, as it had tended to efface the memory of songs once known; hence after hearing a little "pickin'" on the banjo, the collector passed on to another goal where richer melodious booty was promised.

This new destination was a lonely spot at the head of a narrow creek in a world of green and silver, repeated upon bole and leaf of beeches and the stream silvering over the woodland reflected in its ever-shimmering surface. For all the surrounding beauty, the place seemed apparently "at the end of everything". It seemed strange that here men might live from generation to generation and, as the case proved, in cheer. As we arrived, the rain had begun to fall softly, but not wishing to force hospitality we remained upon our horses till the balladist of the family, the mother, came out to us. On learning our errand, she began to sing almost immediately. In the softly falling rain she leaned upon the fence and intoned in a high nasal voice *The Sorrowful Fate of Fair Margaret and Sweet William*. The performance had a charm which induced forgetfulness of the shower and fatigue of the journey. While the mother sang, her beautiful dark-eyed daughter came and stood in the doorway; she might have been a highland sister to Jeanne d'Arc or some other peasant girl of history who, "born better than her place, still lent grace to the lowliness she knew." About the mother who also exemplified one of the finer mountain types there was a delicacy, a touch of romance which linked her with the subjects of the old songs she sang.

One of the fairest of ladies that ever died for love is the heroine of *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*. This song possesses a quality which defies time, the perversion of the text and the personality of the singer. It is in major key but the mountain woman's

plaintive rendition of it set minor cadences ringing in the heart. This was especially the case as we listened while the gentle obligato of the rain intensified the pathos of words and melody:

Lyddy Marget died like it might have been to-day;
Sweet William died to-morrow;
Lyddy Marget died for pure, pure love,
Sweet William died for sorrow.

Lyddy Marget was buried in the lower church-yard,
Sweet William was buried in the higher;
And out of her grave there sprang a red rose,
And out of his grave a briar.

The singer of *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* initiated the collector into the charms of another song locally popular and likewise one of the most esteemed in the formal compilations of English and Scotch ballads where it appears as *The Demon Lover* and *The Old Salt Sea*. Prosaically known in the mountains as *The House Carpenter* or *The Ship Carpenter*, this ballad relates a wife's desertion of home and husband when, in the disguise of a former suitor, the demon lover wickedly beguiles her:

Well met, well met, my own true love;
Well met, well met, says he;
I've just returned from the old salt sea,
And it's all for the love of thee.

I could have married a king's daughter dear,
And she fain would have married me;
But a crown of gold I did refuse,
It was all fir the love of thee.

Whereupon the lady retorts that he might as well have availed himself of that matrimonial opportunity as she is now wedded to a House Carpenter—whom, however the Iniquitous One persuades her to leave. It is said that the American versions of the ballad tend to eliminate or minimize the supernatural elements. In the present ballad this is true on the whole; but with what effect of sinister fancy the supernatural appears in the final stanza of this song:

What hills, what hills are those, my love,
That look so white like snow?
They are the hills of heaven, my love,
Where we will never go.

What hills, what hills, are yon, my love,
That look so black and low?
They are the hills of hell, my love,
Where you and I must go.

This ballad offers a good example of what happens to the ballads in general in a region so far from the scene of their original composition. This House Carpenter for instance borrows lines now and then from *The Lass of Loch Royal or Fair Annie of Loch Royal*:

O who will shoe your feet, my love,
 And who will glove your hand,
 And who will kiss your red rosy lips
 When I'm in a far distant land.

The surprise and delight of the collector may be fancied on hearing in still another version of the House Carpenter entitled *Old True Love*, these lines:

Her cheeks were like some blooming red rose
 All in the month of June;
 Her voice is like some sweet instrument
 That's just been put in tune.

So fare you well, my own true love,
 So fare you well a while;
 I'm going away but to come back again
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

These stanzas, however, have a tune of their own—quaint, plaintive, charming, with abrupt harmonic changes, fascinating but difficult to notate. *The House Carpenter* is sung to two tunes, both minor and interesting. They end differently—one by this descent: 3-2-1; the other, by 4-7-1; both intervals are common.

The balladist who sang *The House Carpenter* had a large répertoire, at one time even greater. Because of it the young people used to flock to her cabin from miles away—a commentary upon the rich social values the ballads have had for the lonely highlanders, to say nothing of their power of stirring half-starved imaginations. Such an influence has been exerted, for instance, by such a ballad as *Six King's Daughters*—a story similar to that of Bluebeard. The tune is a simple, lively melody with a frank rhythm of four beats, less dramatic than the narrative.

From the quiet scene where these songs of old sorrows and dire dooms were heard, a wide circuit was made to a small settlement of farm lands. Here the ballad-hunter was expected; but such is the reserve of these sequestered spirits, they at first gave no signs of anticipation. When, however, the collector was seen to be free from unkindness and mere idle curiosity, the friendliest reception was accorded.

In this special neighborhood dwelt a clan having distinct holdings in the realm of song. This family was composed of a grandmother, an unmarried daughter and a married daughter and her children. Among the most gratifying pleasures of the whole quest was the grandmother's recitation of *Darby and Joan*. This ancient dame, who well deserved the appellation "vast old," chanted with a rhythmical lilt in her voice and visions in her eyes; the performance might justly have provoked the envy of more sophisticated entertainers. Another and younger member of the family boasted that at one time she had known three hundred songs. Many of these were forgotten, but she finally droned several. As she did so, she might have been a mountain Lorelei; for unexpectedly she let down her long silky black hair, absent-mindedly combed it, singing "ein Lied dabei."

How intense this clan's love of music was may be deduced from this incident: A long journey was once undertaken by several members of the family. To break the tedium of the trip the party stopped over night at a friend's house. But neither the pilgrims nor the host and hostess retired; the whole company sat up all night singing, dancing, "running sets"—a diversion akin to the Virginia Reel.

After this family had shared ballads with me a neighbor was invited to come and sing to me. An engagement was made but not kept—the neighbor was detained by a pastoral tragedy of his own, his lambs having been eaten by marauding dogs. Finally, however, he appeared and in an impressive manner—a stalwart old man, lustily singing as he approached, his eyes twinkling, his personality radiant with vitality. His repertoire consisted of hymn-tunes—for later mention.

As the collector walked along one day in this melodious neighborhood, a voice called out asking if I were the "strange woman huntin' song-ballets." On admitting the charge the collector was invited to linger and listen—the interlocutor being a veritable mountain Madonna with a child constantly in her arms—a frail, half-blind babe. One of her first offerings was *Barbara Allen*, of which six versions of four variants were heard during the quest. The tune this woman sang was perhaps less ancient than the others but it had much charm, being in regular 4-4 time, cheerful in mood for all its "pitiful" final episode. To a tune almost identical with one setting of *Barbara Allen*, the mountain Madonna sang *Old King Cole*. Another of her lively ditties began:

Old Sister Phoebe was happy as could be
The night she sat under the June-apple tree.

More authoritatively "June-apple" is juniper—so much for oral transmission. Less blithe than this song but more impressive was *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender*. This is a supreme example of the tragic ballad, the three principal characters in it all being slain before the story is told. The music is as sinister as the words. The verisimilitude of such narratives goes straight home to the mountaineers' bosoms, familiar as they are with melodramatic episodes. Yet, apropos of Lord Thomas's murderous temper, one old man asked me if I could "understand how a man could become to be enthralled like that."

During the collector's first week in the mountains she was told of a man who could sing all night without repeating himself. As became so gifted a personage, for some time he was so elusive as to arouse suspicions of being merely mythical. But, with his supreme reputation, he seemed worth waiting for. Worth waiting upon, suggested one of his friends who advised a morning's pilgrimage to his house for the sake of persuading him to come sing to us. When we discovered him in his little woodland retreat at the head of a creek, we were tempted to suspect that shy reserve rather than august aloofness had been depriving us of his presence. The actual fact was that his cow had run off the day before and he had been busy seeking it. He was a quiet little man who had been something of a traveller and had at one time taught school; these experiences had given him a touch of dignity and amenity. With polite compliance he consented to return with us; so we set forth down the green slopes, my companion and I on horseback, the troubadour on foot—drifting into the woods now and then to take short cuts and thereby causing us no little anxiety lest he and his marvellous répertoire might utterly vanish. Finally he borrowed a mule and thereafter closely followed, enabling the ballad-seeker to pursue the journey with a serener mind.

When once heard, this gentle bard proved well worth anticipation and resolute capture. In the entire quest no experience gave keener delight than his singing of *The Golden Willow Tree* and *The Cherry Tree Carol*, to name his choicest numbers. One version of *The Golden Willow Tree* has as its hero Sir Walter Raleigh "sailing in the lowlands low" where his ship, "The Sweet Trinity," is seized by "a false gallaly." In the mountain version the sole hero is "the little bold cabin boy." To hear the troubadour with unique rhythmic effects recount the story, to note the enjoyment of the listeners, to relish one's own delight, is to be freshly aware of the charm of an imaginative musical and literary composition and an artistic rendition of the same. One of the

characteristic practices of the mountain singers is to ornament the tunes according to their own fancy—words, syllables, as well as notes being liberally added. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford notes this tendency among Hungarian and Irish musicians, a tendency encountered also among more primitive peoples. The effects thus produced, so different from those conventionally heard, stimulate speculation upon the mysterious sources of mood and emotion, personal or atavistic, which inspire such rhythmic elaboration. Genuine if singular pleasure was it to note the original melodic phrasing of these lines:

I had a little ship and I sailed her on the sea,
Crying: "O the land that lies so low!";
I had a little ship and I sailed her on the sea,
And she went by the name of The Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed in the lowlands low, low, low,
As she sailed in the lowlands low.

Beguiling as was the rendition of this ballad, even more gratifying was the singer's presentation of that exquisite example of quaintness, naïveté, literary charm and enchanting melody—*The Cherry Tree Carol*. The finding of this ancient song so far in time and space from its original source is at once a testimony to the age-proof quality of its literary and musical elements and to the tenacity with which the Kentucky highlanders have preserved such treasures of poetry and song. The story is based upon Joseph's momentary mistrust of Mary when she asks him to gather her cherries from a wayside tree and for the first time gives him a hint of her Precious Burden:

Then Joseph flew in anger,
in anger flew he;
Let the Father of the Baby
gather cherries for thee;

Then the unborn Infant speaks:

Let my Mother have some cherries,
bow low down, cherry-tree;

The cherry-tree bowed low down,
bowed low down to the ground;
And Mary gathered cherries
while Joseph stood around.

Joseph being duly humbled by the happy miracle then asks: "O tell me little Baby, when your birthday will be?" The answer

has a special local interest from the fact that in many parts of the region the Nativity is celebrated on Old Christmas—

On the sixth day of January
my birth day will be;
When the stars in the elements
shall tremble with glee.

Especially musical was the family who effected my introduction to the singer of *The Cherry Tree Carol*. One relative was the subject of the unique boast that he could dance all night on a dinner-plate; there are of course dinner plates and dinner plates. Another member of the family sang *The Greenwood Side*—a variant of *The Cruel Mother*, in the Child Collection. To discover such a fine old ballad in such completeness was among the rewards of this often baffling quest. Mr. Child thus recorded this ancient song:

There lived a lady in London,
Alone, and alonie;
She's gone off to the good greenwood
Down by the greenwood sae bonnie.

The mountain version runs:

There was a lady in yonders town
Alone, alonie O;
She's taken her a walk one day
Down by the greenwood sidey O.

The music for this story of a cruel parent, no less indeed than a matricide, is appropriately melancholy though beautiful. It is one of the typically "hurтин" or what Autolycus called "the very pitiful" ballads so dear to the mountain folk, their gloomy preferences as well as their diction often linking them with their Elizabethan ancestors.

While the collector lingered in the musical neighborhood where *The Greenwood Side* was heard, one morning there walked in from several miles away a feeble dame. A first glance roused sympathy for her decrepitude—entirely unnecessary sympathy. In truth her élan vital was her chief characteristic. There was every evidence that curiosity about the stranger—the collector—had prompted the visit. But besides curiosity, high sociability may be mentioned as another inspiration of the early morning call. Desire for companionship is a prevailing trait among these people who suffer from so much enforced isolation. In this particular dame's case sociability was freely indulged in; she

spent her time visiting her children and her friends. An indefatigable pilgrim, week by week she might be seen trudging upland and valley, or perched aloft on the mail-hack or behind some one on a mule, thus shortening the way over rough roads.

The day she arrived the visit was unmistakably an "occasion," for which she had obviously dressed. Around the neck of her gingham frock a bright handkerchief lent a note of color—as did a string of blue beads. Her endearing gentleness and sweetness immediately worked the spell of pleasing personality. Besides her sociability and her curiosity, one more urge was responsible for her presence—a certain pardonable vainglory not uncommon in the artistic temperament. It soon transpired that she had a répertoire and was eager to share it. The most entertaining part of the performance was the singer's surprising memory and vitality. To special advantage these were displayed in her presentation of *Little Musgrave or Lord Daniel's Wife*. In the mountains this famous old song sometimes becomes *Lord Vanner's Wife*—by whatever name a ballad of singular charm, as the second stanza indicates:

One holiday, one holiday,
The very first month in the year,
They all went down to the old church house,
The gospel for to hear.

The first came down all dressed in red,
The next came down in green,
The next came down Lord Daniel's wife
As fine as any queen.

But for all this felicitous beginning the story is one of domestic infelicity and tragedy. The minor melody is distinctly Scottish. The twenty-eight stanzas, elsewhere forty-eight, are typical survivals of the erosion of age and changing circumstance.

From another ancient dame whose years might have been supposed to have dried the springs of song and fancy were heard two of the most interesting of all the ballads—*Lord Randal* and *The Gypsy Laddie*. Listening to these, sung to tunes of much charm, the ballad-hunter knew the rapture of the gold-washer when the ore begins to gleam. Again there was the satisfaction of noting afresh the perduring qualities of genuine poetry and music. A while before going on the trail of these mountain melodies the collector had heard Mr. Bispham's impressive interpretation of the Edward Ballad. With this so poignant a

memory, the ballad-seeker's delight may be fancied on hearing in a squalid mountain cabin the somewhat similar *Lord Randal*:

Where have you been Randal, it's Randal, my son,
 Where have you been, Randal, my pretty sweet one?
 O I've been a-courting, Mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down.

What will you leave to your father, it's Randal, my son?
 What will you leave to your father, my pretty sweet one?
 My land and fine buildings, Mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down.

Through legacies to the brother, sister, and mother the "incremental repetition" proceeds, attaining the dramatic climax similar to that of Edward:

What will you leave to your sweetheart, it's Randal, my son?
 What will you leave to your sweetheart, my pretty sweet one?
 A rope and a gallows, Mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down.

The music for this miracle of terse drama and pathos is in major key, swiftly moving in what Professor Gummere terms "abounding triple measure." The ballad is evidently a prized and common heritage of the descendants of Kentucky pioneers. One version from the Bluegrass section begins: "Where have you been Randal, taranter, my son?" Another variant heard from an old negro nurse characteristically runs: "Where have you been Miranda?" Miss Lucy Furman, who has so ably reproduced the mountain types in her stories, Mothering on Perilous, Sight to the Blind, etc., heard her grandfather sing: "Where have you been, Ronald?" This version doubtless antedates Sir Walter Scott's alteration of the hero's name to Randal, thereby connecting the episode with the death of Randolph, Earl of Murray.

The hero of *The Gypsy Laddie* has been identified with Lady Hamilton, wife of the Earl of Cassilis. But for all its possible historical associations when, to joy of singer and audience, this ballad is sung in some poor mountain cabin, there is a temptation to regard the historical element as but secondary to its intrinsic values of pure romance—from its first captivating line to the reckless avowal of the last stanza:

There came three gypsies from the north,
 They were all wet and weary O;
 They sang so neat and so complete,
 It charmed the heart of the Lady O.

The squire he came home one night,
 Inquiring for his lady O;
 The news so quickly lit on him:
 "She's gone with the dark-eyed gypsie O".

"Go saddle up my milk-white steed,
 Go saddle up my brownie O;
 And I will ride both day and night
 To overtake my honey O".

But the pursuit avails not:

"What cares I for house and land,
 What cares I for money O?
 I'd rather have a kiss from the gypsie's lips
 Than all your land and money O".

As the elderly woman droned these romantic measures she knitted steadily upon a tufted counterpane—thus simultaneously practicing two arts once dear to some ancestor across the ocean and the centuries. She added charm to the tune by her sweet old-fashioned high-quavering vocalization. But she illustrated, too, a mood frequent among the mountain balladists—especially the women: a mood of such utter languor or preoccupation that the listener is constantly fearful lest song and singer may fade away. This is partly the result of the monotonous isolated life; partly because in this land of mountain torrents and bitter winters the women work so hard in the fields that it is a temptation, when possible, to relax. Hence sometimes before the end of the ballad they are inclined to stop; the collector must exorcize their lassitude and indifference. Again in abstract monotonous fashion they will sing the twenty or thirty stanzas of a ballad. Often, meantime, this mode of singing is abruptly varied by startling intervals defying conventional notation in the present stage of our scale. The elasticity of their intonation and their rhythms lends much variety to their performance and is not without suggestion to the more sophisticated musician—if frequently a test of the subtlety of his auricular faculty. Sometimes in the hope of hearing the tune more exactly I asked them to sing in a higher key; invariably they would sing more loudly, thus interpreting the word, high, according to local code.

Lady Gay, or *The Wife of Usher's Well* has been pronounced the "most beautiful of all the English Ballads." The belief, so recurrent in folk-poetry that the rest of the dead is disturbed by the grief of the living, is perhaps nowhere poetized more touchingly than in this ballad of the bereaved mother:

"There is a King in heaven," she said,
 "That wears the brightest crown;
 Pray send to me my three little babes,
 To-night or in the morning soon."

It was just about old Christmas time,
 The nights being cold and clear;
 She looked and saw her three little babes
 Come running home to her.

She set a table both long and wide,
 Put on it both bread and wine;
 Come and eat and drink, my three little babes,
 Come and eat and drink of mine.

But only for a brief moment may the mother hold them—

For yonder stands our Saviour dear,
 To Him we are assigned

Green grass grows over our head, Mother,
 The cold clay under our feet;
 Every tear that you shed for us,
 It wets our winding sheet.

These words were sung to a tender beautiful melody modulating from minor to major and back again. The idea that the sorrow of the living disturbs the dead is poetically present in another popular mountain ballad, *The Two Brothers*—more prosaically *John and William*. The grim episode is the murder of one brother by another for the sake of the heroine who

mourned the fish all out of the sea,
 The birds all out of their nest;
 She mourned her true love out of his grave
 Because that she could not rest.

Absorbing as was the quest of song, the collector's imagination was often stirred by appeals to the visual faculty—by this scene for instance: a woman with a child in her arms and a toddler clinging to her, crossing a creek where the stones were far apart and almost invisible; yet the crossing was made almost dry-shod. To this gift of exquisite equilibrium the young mother added a talent for song. Her chief contribution was the famous Border ballad, *Lord Lovel*. Hearing this old song of deathless devotion, again—as repeatedly—the listener was struck by the contrast between the environment of the singer and the scene of the ballad. Who can estimate what embers of poetry and romance have been

kept at least smouldering in the often meagre lives of the mountaineers by such lines as these, with their beautiful melody:

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle wall,
Combing his milk-white steed,
Down came the lady Nancie Belle
A-wishing her lover goodspeed.

Lord Lovel rides forth; but when he has been gone a year and a day "strange countries for to see", he has what the prosaic moderns term a telepathic wave; far more poetically the ballad:

A languishing thought came over his mind,
It was of the Lady Nancie.

Riding homeward he hears the toll of St. Pancras' bells. Asking the cause, he receives as answer—fairly startling in the lowly cabin proclaimed by a slender young woman in calico or homespun:

"There's a Lord's Lady dead", the women replied,
"Some call her the Lady Nancie".

This tender "hurtin'" story ends with that charming fancy which adorns so many songs of the love faithful after death: when Lady Nancie is laid in St. Pancras church and Lord Lovel in the choir, from their respective fond breasts spring the rose and the briar:

They grew and they grew to the old church top,
Then they could grow no higher;
They tied in a true-lovers' knot,
For all true lovers to admire.

From a masculine balladist was heard *The Mermaid*. Such songs of the old salt sea have a special appeal for these now far inland folk with who-knows-what memories of the deep in their breasts. The *Mermaid* is English sister of the *Lorelei*:

Last Friday morning as we set sail,
Not very far from land,
We all espied a fair mermaid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand, in her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

This vigorous melody was delivered with good effect but the singer was so much interested in conversation as often to interrupt his performance to discuss the ethics of singing—local revivalists having raised some doubts about the question. But the balladist's speculations also ran further afield, even into economics. In all earnestness one day he asked me if I could conceive how a

family of six could spend the luxurious income of seven hundred dollars a year. This prodigality was indulged in by a local preacher's family—what could they buy?

As the mountain phrase goes, the minstrel above quoted "showed" the collector "into the light" of several old ballads and some newer ones. The latter are by no means equal to the earlier songs; they are such as may be heard almost anywhere from older members of families or old family servants. But among the best of this later group are: *As I Walked Out*, *Pretty Polly*, *Little Sparrow*, *Young Edward*. Songs like *The Lonesome Scenes of Winter* have a realistic appeal for these people many of whom dwell in mountain-shadowed cabins where "the sun don't never shine". The songs less ancient in character have a tendency to moralize, to brood over private wrongs and griefs in a manner entirely foreign to the free, narrative, impersonal spirit of the true ballad. Among these later songs lighter in mood are *William Hall* and *The Single Soldier*. Bright, tuneful but commonplace is the setting for *William Hall*—a not unattractive youth nonetheless:

O he was meek and he was modest,
And them pretty blue eyes ain't all;
O he had black hair and he wore it curly,
And his name was William Hall.

A lively tune presents *The Single Soldier*—possessing contemporaneous interest:

A neat young lady at work in the garden,
A brisk young soldier came riding by,
A-saying: "Kind miss, don't you want to marry?"
A-saying: "Kind miss, won't you marry me?"

Many such songs of soldiers and sailors—including *Constant Johnny* and *John Riley*—are based on a returning lover's duplicity in pretending to have died in war or shipwreck—the ruse serving to test the damsel's fidelity. These songs enjoy a popularity which definitely reveals a local trait—a humorous relish for mischievous strategy.

There is still another group of songs of greater interest—the spirituals or meeting-house songs. One early winter afternoon we set forth over the hills through a snow-touched landscape where browns and purples of late autumn still lingered. Finally after climbing till late afternoon we arrived in sight of good fences and well-kept fields, evidently the strongholds of efficient spirits. It was the domain of one of the best Mountain families, Irish in

strain, who here remote from others live a life of dignity, industry, comparative comfort. On our arrival the father and his two sons, "stout and stalwart" like those of the Carline's Wife in *The Wife of Usher's Well*, came forth to greet us. True lord of his castle, the father saluted us in dignified tones and extended hospitality: "Strange woman, since you have rid so far, light down and take the night with us". Accepting his invitation, we found the cabin spotless with its fresh wall covering of newspapers—another custom of the country. Father and sons sang to us in lusty voices, often pausing to correct and calumniate one another over an inaccurate word or phrase. Hymns were their chief numbers, these being contained in books owned by nearly every mountain family—"The Thomas Hymnal" and "The Sweet Songster". In these volumes there is only the text; there is no printed music in the mountains, the tunes all being traditional.

Never are these religious songs so impressive as when part of those singular gatherings, the Funeral Occasions or Funeral Meetings. These sometimes occur years after the passing of the person to be honored. They depend above all upon the possibility of getting several preachers. In these sparsely settled regions the loss of one person makes a deep mark upon the community; hence it is the custom to make as much as possible in an emotional and ceremonial way of bereavement; as large an audience as possible is desired.

Such a gathering we saw one day; as we rode along in the valley, from far away came the sound of voices and the tramp of horses. Presently arriving at a clearing, we saw a long cortege winding aloft to a typical mountain-top burying-ground—"under the wide and starry skies". Once the little procession had passed beneath the little arch inscribed: "God bless those who sleeps here", the service commenced. First a leader in a round resonant voice began "lining off" the hymn; this consists in reading one line, holding syllables and words as the reader's emotion dictates; then the whole crowd sonorously sings the line—and so on through the entire hymn. At close range the performance may seem harsh and crude; at a distance it is impressive; the long-drawn out melancholy phrases deepen one's sense of life, death and the human relation.

Many writers who have employed the mountaineers for fictional purposes have interpreted their occasional melancholy and languor as marks of an effete race. While these traits are frequently encountered, by no means are they dominant characteristics. The "old plain men with rosy faces" and remarkable

twinkling eyes, the elderly women who tramp miles and then sing twenty or thirty stanzas of a ballad, typify the physical and mental vitality of the highlanders. As one proof of their exuberance is quoted this incident: during a certain session of court the prisoners in jail adjoining the Court House had to be moved to some distance because their hearty singing disturbed the deliberations of the legislators. To hear the children of the Hindman Settlement School lustily carolling *Susie in the Parlor* and *Down Among the Daisies* is to be assured that the founts of joy and an inherited feeling for rhythm and melody are not exhausted. What is true of the children may also be noted when the young men and women are "running sets" while a spirited minstrel strums the exhilarating strains of *Sourwood Mountain*.

This sprightly song is a native classic. Other indigenous compositions have received much attention from philologists and folk-lorists. Feud songs—such as *The Rowan County Crew*, *Tom Smith's Confession* and the like—have been noted as proving the communal origin of ballads and as illustrating the survival of the art of balladry. But not as a fine art is this phase of ballad-making practiced by native talent. Though it does thrive with some vitality, the results are not engaging; the narratives are usually tedious, the metres cheap and the tunes tawdry. The chief idea seems to be to get the story told in all its brutality and sordidness. This applies to another class of songs commemorating the Westward travel of half a century ago. Hence, all things considered, the feud song and similar contemporary compositions are poor in æsthetic values.

Yet for all this lack, they have their part, if not an elevated one, in rendering to the mountain people a service given by the older ballads—a service distinctly social in nature. For among these people music is primarily a means of beguiling lonely hours, a source of companionship and communal diversion. Illustrative is the pathetic account of a mountain bard who by merely scraping upon a wire-strung hickory limb, kept himself heartened through a dismal night when a near-by creek, justly named Perilous in Miss Furman's stories, was tumultuously rising and threatening to damage his homestead.

Such a story is perhaps a more convincing test of music's charms than are newspaper reports of attendance at opera and concert in large cities. Indeed more than once, watching eager groups around a ballad-singer, the collector felt that here was supremely demonstrated the magic of music and poetry—their power to cheer, to refresh heart and spirit, to perform that good function of art:

the liberation of the imagination. What a happy liberation when the environment is a lonely cabin, an isolated settlement! Who can estimate the solace, the emancipation of spirit which through generations the ballads have rendered to their land-locked inheritors?

But such a treasury of song and poetry is more than the mountaineers' own precious legacy. It is a common heritage of the English-speaking peoples which the simple but proud-souled highlanders are sharing with the outside world now going to them with opportunities of education and progress. Not always however with a higher order of music and poetry; for the cheap transmontane songs now following progress into this steep-walled land are, alas, so inferior to the *répertoire* of almost any mountain man or woman—the melodious strains, the stirring poetry of Long Ago.

In more senses than one the musical adventures herein recorded resembled the bagging of game; and there seems to prevail a hunters' code, as it were, encouraging a statistical avowal of quarry gained. Therefore it may be stated that in and about Knott County, where the chase was chiefly pursued, over a hundred songs were captured. These may be summarized according to the classification earlier made: traditional ballads; songs of later origin but of folk-song genre; local improvisations; religious and play songs.

The settings noted for the first and second groups differ from the melodies found in such authoritative collections as those of Chappell, Ritson, Rimbault, Christy and Mr. Cecil Sharp. These differences may be accounted for by two theories: that the tunes have changed through transmission down the centuries, though in some cases this is unlikely, especially when there is no trace of resemblance between the mountain version and others; secondly, that the melodies found in the mountains represent distinctive settings which have hitherto not been transcribed—owing to the infrequency of transcription at the time the ballads were brought to America, and later to some such baffling circumstances as beset the often arduous but ever-alluring quest of "the strange woman huntin' song-ballets" in the mountains of twentieth century Kentucky.

TYPES OF MUSICAL LISTENING

BY SOPHIE P. GIBLING.

A PUZZLED youth at a Whistler exhibit turned to an older companion, after a long, silent scrutiny of the etchings, and asked with wonder: "But what is beautiful in an etching? What should one look for? How should one look?"

Perhaps he had a sneaking suspicion, or a hope, that a sense of beauty might be achieved by squinting a bit, or cocking the head askew, as his more sophisticated elders had been seen to do with modern paintings of certain schools. But this question implied a technique of listening—a science, a craft, or an art, of conscious contemplation.

A few years later, when our youth had attained a nearer maturity, he discovered himself looking upon Whistlers and Pennells with appreciation quite untrained and unpremeditated. And asking himself his old question, he was as unable as at first to answer it. All that he as an amateur knew of a good etching was that it gave him a sense of beauty. For him there was no technique of contemplation.

MUST we be trained in order to hear the beauty of music? Is there a certain duty in listening—a duty of hearing all there is, the complete content, on the assumption that the thought content is inherent in the music, and not put into it by the individual listener? Certain it is that there are infinitely varied and graded qualities of listening—qualities often keenly sensed by the musical performer. The joy of having a perfect listener, sensitively sympathetic and responsive, the play of whose moods the musician can feel as he stimulates them, is rare.

Perhaps the listening capacity of an individual depends upon his quality of what I venture to call "soul." The fineness of his musical response can be no greater than his final spiritual fineness. Indeed, the spirit may shine through, be discovered, in the listener—the child, when music stirs him, letting his soul peep forth for a moment from the gateway of his body in the light of his eyes; the "dull clod" sending forth his momentary divine spark; the apathetic and the phlegmatic revealing the breadth and the intensity of their quieter inner desires. Perhaps music's function

is just that—the bringing of the soul for a momentary pause on the threshold of the visible—a tiptoe pause in the timeless moment between the past and the future.

Well and sorrowfully do we know the listener who is no listener at all, who passively sits through a concert, intellectually contributing nothing; waiting, like a cabbage or a stone, for something to happen to him. He hears without listening. Music is for him mere sound, because he does not give it interpretation, either emotional or intellectual. It is no crime for a man to be musically dense; but if to an unfortunate lack of ability to respond to music he adds the insincerity of pretending to enjoy and to understand it, he commits an unpardonable musical crime. There are many to whom music is nothing but sound—for whom a succession of rhythmic, melodic, or harmonic units, has no more artistic meaning than the click of the typewriter or the tick of the clock.

A well-known professor always leaves his college vesper service when the music begins, because for him tone blocks and lines happen to mean just nothing. Music is a language whose hieroglyphics he can not read.

The average listener, I suppose, is naturally capable of thinking in terms of music. With respect to it, he is like someone who can at least understand a language, although he cannot speak it. And "average listeners" vary according to their musical experience, their familiarity with musical grammar and idiom. Gregorian modes may be as difficult for them as Chaucerian Anglo-Saxon for us; Strauss's *Don Juan*, as the original Euripides *Iphigenia* is to those of us who have not gotten beyond a halting try at Greek verbs. "The average listener" is likely not to know just what he *is* listening for. If the composition is a familiar one, he enjoys anticipating the phrases and melodies that he knows will "come true," and feels a satisfaction in their fulfillment. Hearing a familiar song (and incidentally understanding it better each time) has in it the joy of reminiscence. If the composition is new to him, he often listens quite helplessly for the high points, the climaxes, the urgent phrases, the "dying falls"; and (as Ethel Puffer reminds us in the "Psychology of Beauty") finds a sense of completion in the resolution of harmonic cadences as their striving comes to its final fulfillment.

There is, of course, a huge difference between hearing and listening. One is passive; the other intensely active. To one rarely responsive type, the act of listening is so intense that it is physically exhausting. As this individual listens, he rises to supreme and ecstatic heights, utterly losing himself in the flight.

How he listens he scarce himself knows. It is as unconscious a striving and reaching forth, as is the state of religious ecstasy. He lives toward the event of a concert, which becomes for him the climax of a dramatic crescendo; and afterwards he crumples, physically and nervously, into extreme exhaustion, as if after great effort. An individual is known to the writer, to whom music is an intoxicant so extreme in its effect, that doctors forbid concerts. Another finds his dreams, after a concert, permeated with musical fragments. Sometimes he dreams a whole symphony through.

But this type of intense listening, superlatively responsive, is rare. It is wholly emotional, and there is no cultivating it. Akin to it is the crowd response to its own singing of a great chorale, a folk-song, or a stirring patriotic song. The passionate intoxication of music is, of course, greatest to the performer, since to the joy of hearing and responding emotionally, he adds that of creation. Squirming hearers of a badly sung *Messiah* are sometimes astonished into real listening (a listening past the technique into the intention) at noting the rapt faces of singers in the chorus. And the young composer visibly thrills at the beauty of what to his victims seems a meaningless and incoherent mass of tones.

Between the emotional and intellectual there are many grades and shades of listening. There is the listener for rhythm. He it is who torments his concert-neighbor with his unconscious foot-tapping. He cares not so much what else be the quality of what he hears, if the rhythm be strong and swinging. The listener for melody, whose ear is tuned for grace and line, delights in Mozart and Schubert. There is, too, the harmonic listener, who loves the ponderous upward sweep of Bach chorales, the harmonic vagueness and atmosphere of Debussy, the chordal complexity in Strauss, and the subtlety of Ravel's harmonic insinuations. Each of these types of listeners, selects, consciously or unconsciously, a favorite element to which he gives his main musical attention.

A type completely different from any of these is the romanticist, to whom every composition must "mean something"—a woodland whisper, a tragic event, a forgotten childhood's glowing moment. He listens for what the music will suggest to him, sound transmuting itself into pictures.

Of course, the romanticist and the classicist are at swords' points as far as mental attitude in listening is concerned. To the former, the slow movement in the Beethoven Pastoral Symphony, figures forth perhaps a shepherd, with contented sheep grazing in broad meadows. To the classicist, it is sheer, simple beauty—beauty pure and untranslated. To him it is unthinkable that

music should be understood only through seeing it in the picture. His own act of listening renders music more abstract, instead of particularizing it back into the concrete.

Between the two is the man who listens for musical plot in the striving of themes and thematic developments to their climaxes. He is the man to whom the musical form—the theme contrasts, the developments, recapitulations, codas—represent the meaning of a composition. And having explored it, exhausted its capabilities of arousing expectation and surprise, he is willing, like the reader of a tale of adventure, not to go through it again. He does not like Debussy and Schönberg; and he is first cousin to the opera-goer.

Many varieties of listening are purely intellectual—listening for form, or for technique of performance or of composition. The student and the teacher, and the hearer, surfeited with music to the saturation point, are likely to fall into the latter rather narrow way. The harmony student listens, analyzing for chord progressions; next year all he hears is counterpoint; and when he begins to write for orchestra, his attention is all for methods of instrumentation.

To the purely intellectual listener, music is not necessarily an art at all; it is a craft or a science. Musical meaning, emotional content, are to him not as important as the methods of producing them. He himself sometimes regrets the sophistication which for him takes the emotional content from music, destroying its charm and illusion. What to his blessedly ignorant neighbor sounds like a round pebble, softly dropped into limpid waters, is nothing, perhaps, but a tonic chord balanced with its heaviest note in the middle. His imagination simply isn't fooled into responding beautifully. He is like the botanist, who regretfully knows that toadstools are not fairies' umbrellas, but simply fungus.

But is there such a thing as ideal listening? I have already suggested that the power to listen well depends upon the quality of a man's personality; on his character, if you please, and on his mental make-up. Perfect listening is, of course, active rather than passive. It is much more than divesting the mind of all other irrelevant thought, and waiting for something to happen. There ought even to be anticipatory activity. A good listener has, before the symphony concert, gone over the orchestral scores with utmost care, studying themes, orchestration, everything there is to know. He scorns with a superlative scorn the musical idiot who goes to hear *Siegfried* without having read a word of the libretto or note of the score, having no notion whatever of Leitmotiv

or of what has gone before; and who, of course, comes out complaining that he understood not a word, and that Wagner is obscure. Such people, believes the listener with a conscience, ought either to be wiped off the face of the planet or else be speedily converted. He is convinced that the concert-goer places himself under much more of an obligation than that of paying his admission fee, and of not rustling his program. There must be a certain intellectual, as well as emotional, readiness.

Musical knowledge and training need not preclude a man from the highest emotional enjoyment of music. Knowledge should be so complete and so matured that it is unconscious of itself; that the hearer, while he recognizes and fully understands harmonic structure, melodic flow, quality of instrumentation, architectonic form, does not unconsciously listen for these. They lie in the background of his mind, just as the literary sense, the feeling for form and phrase, lies in the subconsciousness of the good reader.

The consciousness of musical quality should be present; yet, especially when the performance is bad, it has no right to detract from the enjoyment of a noble composition. The beauty of a great work of art will shine through even a poor copy—and, of course, all musical interpretation is simply the presentation of a copy.

With the critical faculty distantly present, hovering on the mental threshold, our ideal listener sinks himself completely into the music. It becomes part of himself; and he part of it. In the final merging, he quite loses himself; becomes purely abstract spirit. When musical experience reaches its greatest heights, the individual ceases to be an isolated personality. He somehow seems to share all the world with his neighbor. Really great music—Bach, Beethoven, César Franck—has a certain quality about it which is almost religious. The religious mood descends upon the ideal listener like an enfolding mantle. And the central quality of his listening is a great silence—the rich and wondrous silence which is part of obedience to the command: "Be still, and know that I am God."

LISZT AS LIEDER COMPOSER

By EDWIN HUGHES

DURING the fifties of the last century, Richard Wagner addressed the following letter, among many others, to Franz Liszt:

Let me first of all tell you, best of all men on earth, how astounded I am at your enormous productiveness! When I look back over your activities during the past years, you seem to me simply superhuman. I marvel how you can create so much and I realize your enviable position. I think I have discovered the fact that you are the greatest musician of all times!

How profound you are! I realize more and more that you are really a great philosopher. While I was reading Schopenhauer I was nearly the whole time with you. Your own thoughts I have rediscovered there in wonderful likeness. Even if you express yourself differently, because of your religious nature, I still know that it is the same thing which you mean. You are to me such an astounding personality, that I know of no other appearance in the whole province of art or life with whom I can in any way compare you.

To-day came the second part of your Symphonic poems; they give me such a sudden feeling of opulence that I can hardly control myself. Each day I read over one or the other of the scores, just as I would read a poem, quite freely and unhampered. And every time I have the feeling that I have been immersed in a deep, crystal flood, quite by myself, the whole world left behind, living for an hour my own real life. Then I emerge, refreshed and strengthened, and wishing that I might be with you. . . .

Perhaps there are very few even among the most ardent of Liszt's champions to-day who would care to go as far as Wagner in assigning to Liszt his place upon the Olympian heights. From a purely human viewpoint, however, Liszt certainly was the most splendid figure that has yet appeared in the history of the art of tone.

When in 1848, after his incomparable career as virtuoso, the inner necessity of giving to the world the expression of his personality in a more lasting form caused his withdrawal to the quiet precincts of Weimar in order that he might devote his whole attention to composition, he took with him little presentiment of the reception which was to be accorded to this deeper unfolding

of his genius among the very people who had showered on him the most frenzied ovations during his wide-flung concert tournées. The world of music knew Liszt as the greatest piano virtuoso of all times, and it did not want to know him in any other rôle, least of all in that of the serious creator of serious musical works. The unequalled power and beauty of his performances, quite as magical from an interpretative as from a technical standpoint, had completely upset all previous notions of the possibilities of piano playing. At the same time that he was writing his scintillating operatic transcriptions and his fiery Hungarian Rhapsodies, he was championing all that was deepest and finest in the piano-forte literature, making popular in the best sense of the word the Beethoven Sonatas and Concertos, the daring flights of the young Chopin, and, through his "genial" transcriptions, the mighty organ creations of Bach.

The above mentioned attitude of the musical public of Europe towards Liszt the composer still exists to a very marked degree, particularly in German Europe. There can be no doubt that Liszt's dazzling success as a virtuoso worked long after his death through the power of suggestion and still keeps a great number of very estimable musical persons from believing that anything of lasting worth could have come from the pen of Liszt the creative artist. It is as though these same persons should reject the plays of Shakespeare or Molière because the authors happened to have been actors by profession.

Liszt was perhaps always a little too much a man of the world for genuine German musical taste. In spite of the fact that his serious works practically all belong to the domain of German music, there was still something exotic about him to the average German music-lover. Although born of a German mother, he was nevertheless a native of Hungary, had given a good deal of his attention at one period to an earnest study of Gypsy music, a subject always very near his heart, and had even made an attempt to introduce the tonal idiom of the *puszta* into serious West-European music. In addition, he had spent the impressionable years of his youth in Paris, he spoke French by preference and wrote nearly everything for publication in that language. Then again his connection with the Catholic Church had drawn him southward to Rome for more or less extended periods and he had imbibed Italian culture, both secular and religious, to a marked extent.

The series of important musical creations which came from Liszt's pen after his retirement to Weimar were, a great part of

them, as revolutionary in form as they were in musical content. Besides inventing a completely new manner of composition in the Symphonic Poem, he developed chromatic modulation to a hitherto unheard-of point, and introduced a novel and peculiarly expressive use of the suspension, the latter becoming an unmistakable and distinctive characteristic of his compositions. To the rich feast of musical ideas which Liszt spread out during the few years after his retirement from the concert platform, Wagner in particular helped himself right and left. The appearance of Liszt's Symphonic Poems and that memorable visit of their composer to Zurich, of which Wagner writes in his autobiography, when Liszt played many of his new works to a marvelling group of listeners at Wagner's house, had the effect of giving an entirely new direction to the musical manner of the creator of modern German opera. A letter from Wagner to Bülow from Paris, dated October 7th, 1859, contains the following confession: "There are many things that we gladly own up to among ourselves, for example, the fact that since my acquaintance with Liszt's compositions I have become, harmonically, an entirely different person than I was before." For those who still refuse to be convinced by the material proofs at hand, this frank admission of Wagner himself should remove all further doubts as to the matter. The musical ancestry of the *Ring* operas and of *Tristan* is to be sought for not in *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser* and *The Flying Dutchman*, but in the tone poems, the symphonies and the greater piano works of Liszt.

Liszt is, on the other hand, one of the few composers whom it is difficult to accuse of having "stolen" musical ideas or musical styles from either his contemporaries or his predecessors. Although his musical relationship to those other two romanticists, Schubert and Berlioz, is not to be denied, I can recall scarcely anything in all his original compositions which seems to have been borrowed, consciously or sub-consciously, from some other composer. The single exception in which he deliberately adopted a form created by another may be found perhaps in the great B minor Ballade, which is based on the Chopin models. He is in fact one of the most original geniuses of the art. Even his more youthful compositions, trivial as some of them are, have at least the stamp of originality. In 1829-30, about the time when Wagner was writing his opus 1, the Sonata for piano in B flat, a work entirely based on the models of Mozart and Haydn, Liszt was busy with the sketches for a great "Revolutionary Symphony." The principal theme of the *Adagio* of this never-

completed work was used later by Liszt as the melodic basis of his symphonic poem *Héroïde funèbre*. It is easy to see then which of these two composers was the first to wander into new realms of discovery.

The new works which Liszt gave to the world about the middle of the last century did not at all lack their propaganda and their propagandists. But before these compositions had succeeded in making for themselves a perfectly secure place in German musical life, there appeared on the northern horizon a star of the first magnitude, no other than Johannes Brahms of Hamburg, whose whole musical personality was as foreign as could be to the Neo-German manner of music-making. Contrary to the cosmopolitan Liszt, Brahms came as the most German of Germans to his own people. He looked askance at anything French during the whole period of his life, and even his love for travel in Italy left no apparent impression in his musical works. Hungary was the only land outside of his own Germanic soil which touched within him a sympathetic chord, and, strange to say, he and his antipode, Liszt, are the only two of all musical composers who have succeeded in producing lasting art works of importance in the modern Hungarian manner.

There was no mistaking Brahms' *Germanentum*. One look at him sufficed. A certain lack of the light, fluent hand, a certain ungracefulness in his creations, as in his personality, did not hinder in the least the recognition, at first in smaller, then in ever-widening circles, of his enormous musical potency. The lack of these particular qualities, in fact, rather endeared him to a nation which regards the possession of the qualities of grace, charm, facility, and the like to a high degree more as a sign of triviality in creative or even reproductive art, and as attributes merely decorative and not fundamental in character. A whole cult of musical purists, dissatisfied with the desertion by Liszt and Wagner of the classical forms, and predicting the downfall of the whole art of tone through the growth of such, to them, degenerate tendencies, found in Brahms a champion of traditional German music-making, a man who could with success use the old bottles for his new wine. Converts, many of them, from the Liszt-Wagner direction, they quickly acquired the taste for the somewhat austere Brahms idiom, and Bülow, son-in-law of Liszt, trumpeting forth his discovery of the Holy Ghost of the art, proclaimed himself high prophet of the cult, dosed his followers copiously with the new evangel and carried the propaganda far and wide. Joachim also, who owed so much to Liszt, was one of

the most active of the backsliders. In company with Brahms and a certain Julius Otto Grimm, he issued a public anathema against the whole Neo-German movement, in the shape of a pronouncement of uncalled-for bitterness, and at the expense of his friend and benefactor, Liszt, succeeded in enormously strengthening his own position in Berlin. He exerted such a powerful influence on the faculty of the Hochschule für Musik, that even up to the present time pupils of that institution are taught to look upon Liszt's compositions as a delusion and a snare.

The Brahms movement was successful, and the result was that to this day a large portion of the self-chosen musical *intellectuels* will have none of Liszt, even at his most serious and deeply-felt moments. For them nothing of any particular musical importance happened during the interim between the Ninth Symphony and the appearance in print of Brahms' Sonata for Pianoforte in C. In spite of the fact, however, that Brahms has become the most popular musicians' musician in German Europe and that all true Brahmsites affect a fine scorn for anything in the Liszt-Wagner direction of music-making, the movement has not by any means succeeded in driving Liszt off the concert-platform. His compositions for orchestra and for piano exhibit a most vigorous and (for the Brahmsites) exasperating tendency to put in their appearance with undiminishing frequency wherever German music is produced. Even the all-Liszt piano-recital has the temerity to show its face on occasion.

All the more remarkable then is the fact that Liszt as a song-composer has suffered such an unbelievable neglect, when his *Lieder* belong without a doubt to the finest creations of the German Muse in this form. All the more remarkable, too, that these songs are so unjustly neglected in German Europe, for they are German *Lieder* through and through, as German as any of Schubert's or Schumann's in spite of the fact that their composer was the most cosmopolitan of all great creative musicians. In Germany you will find any number of young musicians who will tell you that they have never heard a Liszt song and who, some of them, probably do not even know that Liszt ever wrote such a thing as a song. Such is the case in music-saturated Germany, and it is not therefore very difficult to imagine that in America and England there are many singers of ability even, who are quite as ignorant of Liszt's achievements and of Liszt's importance as a song-composer, who perchance have never had these exceptional songs called to their attention and who do not know that Liszt wrote anything for the solo-voice except

perhaps *Es muss ein Wunderbares sein* and *Die Loreley*. In the long article in Grove's Dictionary on the development of song composition, the portion devoted to the German Lied contains not one single word about Liszt's achievements as song writer. Reason enough then for the present essay.

Anyone who pretends to an appreciation of the German *Lied* as a whole must of necessity possess more than a passing acquaintance with the Liszt songs, forming as they do the important connecting link between the songs of Schubert and Schumann and those of the later German composers. Liszt, at once the last of the romanticists and the first of the moderns, occupies as song-composer much the same position that he does in the field of orchestral composition. He who would seek the orchestral ancestry of Richard Strauss will find it in the Symphonic Poems and the two great Symphonies of Liszt, just as he will find in the Liszt songs the musical ancestry of the Neo-German *Lied*. Liszt's songs opened up entirely new perspectives in the art of song composition and pointed out the path upon which Hugo Wolf discovered even more distant and wonderful vistas and along which Richard Strauss and other modern German song-writers have achieved their successes. To the almost purely lyrical character of the *Lied* up to that time, Liszt added a new note, the dramatic, which had previously put in its appearance only in the ballad, and which Liszt now introduced on appropriate occasion and with remarkable effect in the musical settings of poems of other character as well.

If Liszt's Muse received any hints at all as to the direction which the new songs were to take, these came surely from Schubert. Of the Schumann songs there is not the slightest trace of an influence in those by Liszt, either in the melodic line or in the accompaniment. Schumann's accompaniments show little or no advance over those of the Schubert songs, and Schumann's manner of creating a rhythmic figure and then using it throughout the several verses of the poem as accompaniment finds no counterpart in the Liszt songs. Liszt, on the contrary, developed an entirely new type of accompaniment for a number of his songs, using the same method in miniature that he employed in such a wonderful manner on a large scale in his Symphonic Poems; namely, the invention of a short, pregnant motive of characteristic significance, and the alteration or metamorphosis of this motive, without the loss of its identity, to express the varying moods of the verse. *Es war ein König in Thule*, *Ich möchte hingehn* and *Die Fischerstochter* are examples of this treatment.

It was afterwards so developed by Hugo Wolf that in his songs one often finds the whole poem mirrored in the piano accompaniment to the extent that in many cases the accompaniment could be played very well as a solo, giving, as it does, a perfect mood-picture of the poetic subject. Not only Wolf, but many modern song-writers have added unto their possessions this, if the term may be allowed, symphonic form of accompaniment, which originated with Liszt.

Nowhere is there a trace of Liszt the piano virtuoso in his songs, but of Liszt the musician there is evidence on every side. Nowhere is there artificiality, nowhere bombastic effort. On the contrary, a directness, a wealth of musical ideas, often a simplicity almost Schubertesque. The melodic line is never distorted or obscured by an overloading of accompaniment, not even in the more elaborate songs. The introductions and postludes of the songs are short, as a rule, wonderfully expressive, and without any seeking after effect. How finely drawn, for example, are the prelude to *Die Loreley* and the postlude to *Die Drei Zigeuner*.

The moods of his songs are manifold and Liszt is at home in all of them. One thing only is not to be found in the songs or in any of Liszt's other works: humor. Fond as Liszt was of a joke in daily life, we do not find in his compositions that fresh, healthy humor of which Beethoven, Schumann and Hugo Wolf were such masters. Liszt's musical humor, when it does make its appearance, as in the *Mephisto Waltz* or in the last movement of the *Faust Symphony*, is always of the mephistophelean variety. On the other hand, no one has sounded the note of poignant grief in music more deeply than Liszt. As a counterpart to *Tasso, Funérailles* and the *Andante Lagrimoso* among his instrumental compositions, there are, among the songs, the *Sonetto 104 del Petrarca*, Goethe's *Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass* (the second setting) and de Musset's *Tristesse*, to mention only a few. The deeply-felt religious sentiment of several of the songs was without doubt genuine with Liszt, in spite of the fact that some of his detractors have endeavored to place Liszt in a false light with regard to this side of his character. The battle between his artistic and religious natures, which lasted with more or less violence during the whole of his life, makes itself manifest in his *Lieder* such as *Der Du von dem Himmel bist* and *Im Rhein*, not to mention the two songs of Joseph Müller, poet of the Mariencult, *Das Veilchen* and *Die Schlüsselblumen*, just as it does in the *Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude*, the two St. Francis legends and other of his pianoforte compositions.

The composition of songs after the versewise pattern, as in the two weak Müller *Lieder*, occurs very seldom. When Liszt repeats the musical setting of the first strophe for the remaining verses, he usually introduces alterations toward the end and climax of the poem, as in Cornelius' *Wieder möcht' ich dir begegnen*. In such songs as *Die Loreley* and *Die drei Zigeuner* the manner of composition breaks away completely from all previous notions of form in song writing, and follows solely the poetic program of the verses. In these two songs there is no working with small motives even, and still there is no lack of unity in either. In fact, there is not present in any of his songs that certain structural loose-jointedness which is characteristic of and detrimental to many of Liszt's larger instrumental compositions. The student who compares the Liszt *Lied* with that of his forerunners will discover an intense intimacy between words and music which up to that time had existed to such a degree in the songs of no other composer, and it is this fact perhaps even more than Liszt's invention of the symphonic form of accompaniment which gives Liszt such an exalted position among song composers. Not that song writers before Liszt had failed to absorb themselves completely in the poetic content of the verses which they set to music, but with Liszt we first find in addition that detailed, subtle transmutation into tone of each finest lilt of meaning in the poetic line. It is on this point more than on any other that the close relationship of Hugo Wolf to Liszt rests. In the Brahms songs there is in the main a quite different conception of the art of song composing, one which overlooks completely the advances of the Neo-German style, contenting itself largely with the versewise pattern, the music seeking to reproduce the mood of the poem as a whole, rather than to enter into any detailed intimacy with each finely-felt turn of expression.

In his vocal works Liszt was quite free to compose program-music to his heart's content, even from the standpoint of the absolute-music fanatics, who may, however, in time evolve a form of vocal writing with pure vowel sounds, in order to do away completely with the distracting influence of the words. Who can tell? Liszt then, the father of modern program-music, was very much within his own particular domain as *Lieder* composer. I have the feeling, in fact, that Liszt never composed anything other than program-music, except perhaps the Sonata, the two Concertos, the Fantasia and Fugue on B-A-C-H, one or two of the Études, and the pieces in dance form.

As to the harmonic structure of the musical settings of the songs, there are of course on every hand the typical Liszt idioms: daring and frequent modulations, deliciously painful suspensions and passing notes (for those whose ears have not become too dulled by ultra-modern excruciations), and yet no utilization of these things for mere outward effect. The veiled tonality of some of the songs gives them an added charm, as does the ending on some other chord than the tonic triad, as the closing mood of the poem dictates. Liszt does not hesitate to alter the key signature half a dozen times during the course of a song if the changing mood of the verses makes it an artistic necessity. In the song *Ich möchte hingehn* there are seven changes of key signature. With alterations of the time signature Liszt is even more liberal in some cases; the same song shows no less than fifteen changes between the $\frac{4}{4}$ in which it begins and the $\frac{3}{4}$ in which it ends.

The dramatic character of many of the songs is heightened by a most effective use of the *fermata* and by the frequent introduction of *recitativo* passages, demanding a highly developed command of the art of vocal declamation on the part of the singer. The *fermata* finds employment in so many of the Liszt *Lieder* that it is quite superfluous to quote examples. In *Tristesse*, one of Liszt's finest efforts in song composition, the whole is kept largely in recitative character, with no attempt at sustained melody, a treatment which brings about just that dramatic intensity which the lines of de Musset's sonnet demand. As an example of these points the song is worthy of especial attention from the singer who wishes to become acquainted with Liszt in his most profound moments. The handling of the accompaniment is interesting and important enough to warrant a quotation or two at this point. Like angry curses against an inexorable fate is the beginning:



and the return later in the song of these short, anguished phrases below a C sharp organ point is an exceptionally fine moment. The postlude is quite heartrending. The wearily rising sequences, full of bitter tears, of futile longing, seek in vain a comforting

solution, and finally end despairingly on an unresolved discord, quite foreign to the tonalities of the piece.



Some of the songs exhibit that compositional weakness of Liszt, the occasional tiresome and unnecessary repetition of phrases without any alteration whatever, but not of course to the degree which this trait manifests itself in many of Liszt's instrumental compositions. There are many *ossia*, particularly in the later songs, proof of Liszt's continual striving towards a more perfect form of expression. As a rule the alterations are to be preferred to the original readings.

As an example of Liszt's use of a short, characteristic phrase after the symphonic manner to give musical cohesion to a work of somewhat larger dimensions than the average *Lied*, let us look at his setting of Herwegh's *Ich möchte hingehn*, one of the most difficult poems for musical composition which Liszt attempted. Its very length and the rapidly changing succession of mood-pictures which it presents would have placed impassable obstacles in the way of most composers. The fact that Liszt was able to make a success of it, to give unity to the many-hued fancies of the seven stanzas, is due largely to the symphonic style of the accompaniment, and is proof enough of the composer's past mastery of the art of song writing. The task was lightened by the fine inspiration of the brief, aspiring phrase with which the songs open, and which forms the *Leitmotiv* of the whole:



The opening phrase of the voice is built on this *Leitmotiv*,



which appears then in various garbs in the melodic line and the accompaniment, as the changing mood of the poem demands:

The image contains three musical excerpts. The top excerpt is a piano piece with a treble and bass clef, marked *dolce*. The middle excerpt is also in piano, marked *dolce e legato* and *sempre una corda*. The bottom excerpt is a piano piece marked *rit.* and *mf pesante*.

The next to the last example is a curious anticipation of the second half of the love-motive from Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, in precisely the same tonality in which it first appears in the prelude to the music-drama, and note-true except for the fact that in the Wagner version the progression of the alto voice reads D sharp—D, while Liszt was satisfied to have the voice remain stationary on the latter tone.

Liszt left us among his songs only four examples of the ballad, a sufficient number, however, to give him a lasting position among the best-known of German ballad composers. The setting of Uhland's *Die Vätergruft* for baritone must be placed side by side with the most powerful ballads of German musical literature. Indeed it is difficult to say who after Löwe has written anything which can be ranked with it. It is of that rare nobility of conception which characterizes also the setting of the Goethe ballad, *Es war ein König in Thule*, and the interpretation of its veiled, sombre mystery should be left to the singer in whom ripe musicianship is coupled with more than ordinary vocal gifts. The music to Heine's well-known ballad *Die Loreley* is in every way worthy of the romantic beauty of the legend and the charm of the poetic text. The remarkably detailed structure of the accompaniment, following each change of mood in the poem and enhancing the effectiveness of the vocal line without either forcing the voice into the background or losing its own unity or importance—this was an artistic achievement which was first accomplished by Liszt, and which has been equalled in manner by but few of his successors. *Die*

Fischerstochter, (Count Coronini), while not equal to the other three ballads, is still worthy of more than passing notice. The naive motive of the opening bars:



metamorphosed under Liszt's practised hand, is used to picture the storm near the close of the poem:



As to the poets who furnished the inspirations to Liszt's songs, what bards are dearer to the German heart than Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Lenau, Heine, Freiligrath, Fallersleben, Rückert, Hebbel? Among the lesser lights we find Geibel, Herwegh, Willbrant, Rellstab, Redwitz, and many more. From the French, Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset; from the Hungarian, Horvath.

Of the seven Goethe settings, all save the first two, *Kennst du das Land* and *Es war ein König in Thule*, are pictures of the inner mood. Musicians who are accustomed to look for purely external effect in Liszt and for whom the composer's magic name is immutably linked with the brilliant cadenza and the flashy octave passage will experience more than a mild surprise at the deep intensity of the second setting of *Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass*, or the heavenly calm with which *Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh* is suffused.

Schiller is represented by three songs from his *Wilhelm Tell*. Standing far behind Goethe as lyric poet, his works as a whole offer scant reward to the searcher after song texts. Liszt, however, was as happy in the choice of these three poems as he was in their musical interpretation. As a contrast to the Goethe poems, in the Schiller songs we are transported into the big out-doors, into the midst of the blue skies and the keen, cool air of Alpine highlands. Here there is fine, free landscape painting. All the healthy

joy of life in the boundless open is reflected in the fresh inspiration of these songs, in which Liszt has so delightfully characterized the fisher boy, the herdsman and the Alpine huntsman among the high airs of their native hills.

There are seven Heine songs, among them the well-known texts *Du bist wie eine Blume* and *Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam*. The second setting of the latter, together with the less well-known *Vergiftet sind meine Lieder*, a powerful, passionate utterance, worthy of comparison with Schumann's *Ich grolle nicht*, and *Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen*, a remarkable example of mood-painting, belong among the finest of the Liszt songs. In the last-named composition, helpless despondency is wonderfully pictured through the halting rhythm of the accompaniment and the beginning of the vocal phrases on weak parts of the measure:

Poco andante

mp

An-fangs wollt' ich fast ver - za - gen

p

With the clever modulation from F sharp to G comes a fresh glimmer of hope reborn:

und ich hab' es doch ge - tra - gen

cresc.

f marcato

Reilstab, the Berlin critic and editor, who held sway in affairs musical at the Prussian capital for decades, making himself notorious through his attempts to belittle the compositions of Chopin, would have disappeared almost completely from the ken of man to-day were it not for the fact that some of his lyric poems have found a permanent place in the history of art among the songs of Schubert and Liszt. The author of the verses to the first half of Schubert's *Schwanengesang* furnished also the texts for three of the finest of Liszt's songs, *Es rauschen die Winde*,

Wo weilt er? and *Nimm einen Strahl der Sonne*. The first is certainly one of the most beautiful of all German *Lieder*, and the two others do not rank far behind it. All the melancholy of blighted hope is imaged in this song, an elegy of surpassing beauty. Who would suspect the writer of gorgeously tinseléd operatic fantasies in the following sombre introduction:



or the author of the *Soirées italiennes* in the finely felt musical setting of these two lines:

A musical score for the song 'Soirées italiennes'. The tempo is marked 'dolce rit. a piacere'. The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are in German. The music is characterized by a soft and delicate mood.

dolce rit. a piacere.

Ihr blu - mi - gen An - se, da son - ni - ges Grün, So
wel - ken die Blü - ten des Le - bens da - hin, da - hin...

Liszt found the inspiration to four of his finest vocal fancies among the poems of Hoffmann von Fallersleben. *Lasst mich ruhen* might well deserve a separate analytical monograph. Evanescent phrases of melody, drifting away into softest *pianissimi* like sighs of tenderest remembrances! The accompaniment is one of Liszt's most exquisite inspirations, delicate, and at the same time eloquently expressive. As a tempting morsel, just a measure or two of this delightful creation:

Lento molto

pp

Lasst mich re - heu, lasst mich träs - men, wo die

sempre dolciss.

ppp

A - bend-wi - de lin - do säu - sein in den Blü - ten-bäu - men

At the close the song wanders away from the E major of the beginning and vanishes dreamily, vaguely, in the far off tonality of G sharp major. The temptation to quote from the other Fallersleben songs is strong, but space will not permit of its indulgence. The reader who takes the time to investigate the charms of *Wie singt die Lerche schön*, *In Liebestlust* and *Ich scheid*e will find his pains well repaid, particularly with the last two of the trio. Rarely have those oft-composed words "*Ich liebe dich!*" been given a musical utterance so glowingly passionate as in the song *In Liebestlust*.

Die Drei Zigeuner is Liszt's only Gypsy song. It is strange that he did not write more lyrics on *puszta* themes, for no one has understood better than he how to portray in tone the Gypsy character with its contradictory mixture of moody melancholy and devil-may-care frivolity. Perhaps the fact that the talents of these children of the sun run more to instrumental than to vocal music may have had something to do with it. But at any rate this setting of Lenau's verses is to be counted among Liszt's master songs. Each of the three ragged figures in the poem is drawn with a musically unerring hand. Horvath's *Isten Veled!* (Farewell!) is the only song of Liszt's after original Hungarian verses. The rhythm has the characteristic Hungarian tang, and the melody is heavy with the sorrow of parting.

The four love songs of Victor Hugo are not German *Lieder* at all, but typical French *romances*, which might almost have come from the pen of Gounod. Liszt is as typically French in these

songs as he is Italian in his *Tarantella* and Hungarian in his *Rhapsodies Hongroises*.

Besides *Die Vätergruft*, the two first *Liebesträume* are also after poems of Uhland, *Hohe Liebe* and *Seliger Tod*. Although the piano transcriptions, which appeared at the same time as the songs, have quite eclipsed the latter in popularity, singers will find these compositions not unworthy of attention in their original cast. Liszt was particularly enamored of the piano arrangements of these songs and had a great predilection for playing them in public at his occasional appearances on the concert stage during the later years of his life. The third *Liebestraum*, after Freiligrath's *O lieb so lang du lieben kannst*, has, in the piano transcription, been played to a sugary death by all keyboard dilettantes in the four quarters of the earth. May it rest in peace!

Of Italian poems Liszt set to music Marchese Cesare Bocella's lullaby *Angiolin dal biondo crin* and numbers 47, 104 and 123 of the Sonnets of Petrarch. These *Tre Sonetti di Petrarca*, like the *Liebesträume*, are better known in the splendid piano transcriptions than in the original. Although these compositions have the charm of Italy in their melodies, they are in fact genuine Lisztian *Lieder* in the manner of their conception and the depth of their musical content. No Italian has turned quite such a phrase as this, from the 104th Sonnet, (for brevity the quotation is from the piano transcription):



This proud threnody may be especially recommended to baritone singers who are capable of its vocal difficulties, the character of the poem forbidding its being sung by the female voice. Of the three sonnets it is the finest. Liszt himself was extraordinarily fond of these songs, and when the piano transcriptions were played in his presence, he was often so affected that he would join in with the player, singing his own warm melodies of the southland with true Italian fervor.

In looking over the list of the *Lieder* there are three other songs which it would be hardly fair to pass by without individual notice. *Es muss ein Wunderbares sein* is the most popular of all

the Liszt songs, a really exquisite creation, simple in contour, unpretentious, almost Schubertesque in execution, wonderfully perfect in balance and not overdone by a single note or *nuance*. One must be musically *blasé*, past all hope of recovery, if this song awakens no response. *Wieder möcht ich dir begegnen* is a charming example of the poetic gifts of Peter Cornelius, to whom Liszt was also indebted for the excellent German translations of the Petrarch Sonnets and three of the Victor Hugo songs. These verses, finely conceived and finely executed, inspired one of the most delicately beautiful of all the songs of Liszt. Again, *Die stille Wasserrose* (Geibel) is a composition of which it is difficult to speak save in superlatives. It is one of the most precious pearls of the entire German *Lieder*-literature, one which alone would be sufficient to place its creator among the immortals of song composition. Of what ineffable grace is the soft, lilting accompaniment, over which is then spun a melody of singularly tender beauty!



What wonderful finesse of workmanship each new measure unfolds and what delicate mysticism lies in the closing bars:

Lento *sotto voce*

O Blu - me, weis - so Blu - me,
kannst du das Lied ver - ste - hu?

rit. *rit. molto* *dolce* *pp*

Singers who know only the Schumann setting of this poem will, I feel confident, find an even finer interpretation of its beauty in the Liszt composition.

Among the sixty odd songs which represent the extent of Liszt's activities as *Lieder* composer, there are numerous others whose originality and striking beauty would call for individual discussion, did space permit. It must be left to the reader to make their acquaintance and discover their beauties for himself.

The greater number of the songs appeared in print in the year 1860. There is little reliable information as to the date of composition of many of the songs, but most of them belong doubtless to the forties, some to the fifties, and a few to later years. *Angiolin dal biondo crin* is probably the earliest of the published songs, having been composed at Geneva for Liszt's first daughter, Blandine, who was born in the Swiss town in December, 1835. The *Sonnets of Petrarch* date in their original form from 1838, though they were revised and reissued at a later time. From the three happy summers, 1841, '42, and '43, spent on the island of Nonnenwerth in the midst of the legends of the Rhine, date the Heine songs, most of the Goethe songs, *Nonnenwerth*, the Hugo romances, which seem like echoes of the Paris days, and probably some of the other songs. Those two splendid efforts, *Tristesse* and *Ich möchte hingehn*, belong to the year 1844, the latter having been composed just after Liszt's meeting in the little town of Pau (after many years of separation) with his youthful love, Countess Caroline St. Cricq, now Madame d'Artigaux. *Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen* was written in 1856, the two Müller songs in 1857, *Ich scheide* and *Die drei Zigeuner* in 1860. The three *Liebesträume*, in their original form, were doubtless earlier works. They first appeared in print in 1850. In spite of the glowing youthful enthusiasm of many of the compositions, they are the work of the musician ripe in years as in experience. It may be that during the Paris years, in the first flush of youth, Liszt tried his hand more than once at song composing, but if such were the case, these early efforts have quite disappeared, and it is certain that Liszt would not have wished to have such works placed beside the product of his ripened genius.

The songs in the third volume of the complete edition, (Kahnt, Leipzig), beginning with the Hungarian *Isten veled!* were of later composition, with the exception of the last of the list, *Tristesse*. They were all published in 1878, except *Verlassen*, which appeared in 1880, and was therefore the last song which

Liszt gave to the public. With one or two notable exceptions these later songs will not bear comparison with the earlier works, either as to text or musical setting. One of Liszt's finest traits of character was a never-failing gratefulness to anyone to whom he felt himself in the slightest degree indebted, even for a passing pleasure or a momentary sign of distinction, and it is doubtless on this account that a number of his later *Lieder* are set to the verses of aristocratic dilettantes and mediocre poetasters, from whose efforts in rhyme extraordinary musical inspiration could hardly be expected. As exceptions may be noted *Isten veled! Die tote Nachtigall* and *Bist du!* while in *Der Glückliche* there is a complete return to the power of former days, a flaming outburst of passion, of pulsating youthful emotion. *Gebet, Sei still, Ihr Glocken von Marling* and *Verlassen* are steeped in that spirit of religious contemplation which took deeper and deeper hold on Liszt during the last years of his life, and which was not particularly propitious to the fertility of his musical inspiration. They are exceedingly primitive in character, bare of any sort of ornament and melodically and otherwise of little interest to anyone who is not able to place himself in a like mental condition to that of the composer. The musical depiction of grief, otherwise one of Liszt's strongest sides, degenerates in these songs into the maudlin.

The following songs were arranged with orchestral accompaniment by Liszt himself: *Kennst du das Land, Die Loreley, Es war ein König in Thule, Der Fischerknabe, Der Hirt, Der Alpenjäger, Die drei Zigeuner* and *Die Vätergruft*, the last-named arrangement being the final work which Liszt brought to paper before his death in Bayreuth in 1886. Quite a number of the other accompaniments have been orchestrated by Felix Mottl and Wilhelm Höhne.

For the benefit of that class of musicians who like to imagine Liszt the composer as a completely distanced musical personality, let me quote a word of Hans Richter's on the subject, uttered not so long ago in Bayreuth. "You will see", he said with conviction, "we will *have* to come back to Liszt."

For anyone who has not achieved an appreciation of Liszt's larger and more serious compositions in his musical youth, such an appreciation in later musical life is to a very large degree an acquired taste. Of Brahms the same may be said, while there are other composers, such as Chopin and Schubert, who easily win the sympathies of the musically inclined at almost any period of life. For those who are accustomed to associate the name of Liszt principally with a series of exceedingly brilliant Hungarian

Rhapsodies for the piano, it is a long way indeed to the *Bénédiction de Dieu*, the B minor Sonata and the *Faust Symphony*. The *Lieder*, however, while they belong unmistakably to Liszt's most serious compositions, are not so difficult of appreciation as many of the instrumental works, and are now, some two generations and more after their composition, hardly out of the reach of any musical person who will take the trouble to become acquainted with them. Such trouble will reward the searcher with the discovery of a veritable horde of the most delectable musical treasure.

CHOIR-BOYS IN CATHOLIC CHURCHES

By H. T. HENRY

“IT is the woman’s soothing voice that mankind wants and needs.” With these rhythmically soothing words an American daily newspaper concluded its editorial appreciation of a Roman decision which appeared to relax the stringent legislation, found in the famous *Motu Proprio* of Pius the Tenth, excluding women from the choir at solemn liturgical functions in Catholic churches.

Whatever view may be taken of the legislation in question or of the subsequent Roman Brief which answered a query as to its exact meaning, certain it is that the soothing quality of woman’s voice on the nerves of the Tired Business Man did not enter even faintly into the considerations that shaped the decision thus applauded by the editor. Needless to add, the original legislation excluding women from the choir was not dictated by any opposite desire to have that kind of boy’s voice which stimulates the nerves or (as some might say) unduly excites them. One is reminded here of the anecdote contributed to a French magazine in a *causerie musicale* of M. Gastoué. “I recall,” said that eminent musician, “a cruel but just answer made recently by one of our zealous confrères, the choirmaster of a basilica frequented by pilgrimages, in answer to an objection against the uninspiring character of the music performed under his direction. His music, it seems, did not ‘excite the nerves enough’—in other words, it was too religious for church-music. He replied: ‘Well, my dear sir, when one wishes his nerves excited, he does not go to church.’”

It is equally certain that the Congregation of Sacred Rites, which has rendered the decision or interpretation of the previous legislation, would not at all agree with the American editor’s other comment that “under the new order the masses will be more impressively rendered, the offertories will be more appealing and the recessionals more of a benediction than when only male voices were in the choir.” Even a superficial reading of the *Motu Proprio* would have saved the editor from such an ill-formed estimate of the reason for a benign interpretation of the existing

Church law on the subject of women in the choir. For it is a common impression that the voices of women are not well adapted for singing the Gregorian Chant; and yet the *Motu Proprio* had declared that no solemn celebration in which Gregorian Chant alone is used should be esteemed to have lost thereby any of its dignity or of its esthetically satisfying quality.

The comments of the editor have been dwelt upon here somewhat at length, because they represent fairly well a common but mistaken estimate of the function of music in the liturgy of the Catholic Church. If the world of thoughtful music-lovers may ever hope to understand aright the attitude of the Church to the whole subject of sacred music, emphasis must be laid on the fact that Catholic authorities look on the question of ecclesiastical music from two standpoints. They consider, first of all, the spirit and traditions of that liturgy in which music, it is true, plays so prominent a part. This spirit and these ancient traditions are not merely first in the order of consideration, but they are also supreme in directive power. Only secondarily does the artistic or esthetic side of music come under review. This is not to say that the Church is content with inferior musical compositions or renditions, however; for the whole context and spirit of the *Motu Proprio* must be interpreted in a directly opposite light, since it sets up a high artistic standard, insists upon its maintenance, and even goes to the length of indicating the means and instrumentalities for most effectively achieving and maintaining the standard.

The important lesson to be drawn from all this is that, because of the supreme character of the liturgical requirements, the authorities will not readily lend an ear to counsels of expediency in the sphere of ecclesiastical music. They will narrowly scrutinize the arguments put forth in support of any plea in derogation of the liturgical standard of propriety. They will not admit the correctness of any general declaration that the voices of boys are not good substitutes for those of women, or that the proper disciplining of the boys is a task beyond the competency of a choirmaster. Still less, of course, will they listen to the wholly uninformed choirmasters who say that the voices of boys are not "high" enough for soprano parts, or "low" enough for alto parts. For well-instructed church-musicians know the history of the employment of boys' voices from most ancient times down even to the present day. And the Church knows its own traditions, venerable and artistic alike, in this matter. It knows the present practice, both without and within its own communion, and the witness which this practice cheerfully bears to the feasibility of

organizing and maintaining choirs of men and boys, and to the artistic excellence of the musical renditions of well-trained choir-boys.

What the authorities of the Church do admit is that there may be certain circumstances, in certain localities, that will justify the use of women's voices in the choir at solemn liturgical functions. In thus tolerating the employment of these voices, the Church does not really relax her general rule of action, but grants an exception to that rule. Meanwhile, the rule itself is not based on any poor estimate of the artistic efficiency of the ladies, or on any criticism of their voices, or of their piety, or of their spirit of reverence. Neither has it any reference to questions of relative cheapness or expensiveness of the various kinds of choirs.

It is not to be denied that, under the several heads thus briefly catalogued, a pastor or a choirmaster may find much matter for discussion and for definite lead and guidance to a correct or to an incorrect decision, liturgically or artistically, as to the kind of choir he will have. And much white paper could be profitably subjected to printer's ink in reply to the various arguments that could be urged against the employment of choir-boys for the rendition of truly artistic ecclesiastical music. Briefly, however, the objections may be considered as centering around two points. Can "boy-choirs" be easily organized and properly maintained? To this point one may reply as the philosopher of old replied to a similar difficulty: *Solvitur ambulando*. Just go ahead and try; and if you have proper knowledge of the musical capabilities of the boy-voice and have taken the trouble to qualify as an organizer, you will succeed, as so many like you have succeeded, in organizing and maintaining excellent "boy-choirs." The present writer could fill several pages with modern instances, and might be permitted to answer the querulous objector: *Si monumenta quæras, circumspice*. The other point concerns the artistic capabilities of boys, not theoretically, but practically considered. Their voices "break" so soon, their emotions have not felt the expanding and intensifying experiences of life and therefore are not good bases for artistic expression, their propensity for flattening is so pronounced, and so on. Chapters of a book might be written about each one of these difficulties. Can we therefore reasonably look for consistently good renditions of good music by choir-boys? In reply, we may fairly enough say: *Contra factum non valet argumentum*. For indeed, with respect to all such argumentation, the best answer must simply be the experience of those who, competent and zealous for their task, have successfully

trained and do now successfully manage choirs of boys and men. One can, indeed, point to many failures, but we may surmise that these failures should be laid at the doors rather of the choirmaster than of the choir. *Sicut rex, ita grex*. We have to depend most largely, after all, on the man behind the gun.

By this excursus into the field of the theoretical and the practical questions relating to choir-boys, we have strayed from the purpose of the present paper; for the position of choir-boys in Catholic churches, while it may be properly defended by arguments similar to those which choirmasters of other churches would employ, is concerned less with questions of artistic than of liturgical propriety. Let us briefly indicate the ecclesiastical regulations on this matter, and the basis on which they rest.

The "Instruction on Sacred Music," commonly styled the "Motu Proprio," promulgated by Pius the Tenth (22 November, 1903) says (Nos. 12 and 13):

Except the chant of the celebrant and the sacred ministers at the altar . . . the rest of the liturgical singing belongs properly to the choir of clerics; wherefore singers in church, if they are laymen, are the substitutes of the ecclesiastical choir. . . .

It follows from the same principle that the *singers in church have a really liturgical office*, and that therefore *women, being incapable of such an office, cannot be admitted to the choir*. If high voices, such as treble and alto, are wanted, these parts must be sung by boys, according to the ancient custom of the Church.

The legislation seems to be pretty clear, especially those portions of it upon which we have ventured to bestow underlinings. And it is also quite obvious that in this legislation no reflection is cast upon the artistic capabilities of women, upon the quality—soothing or exciting—of their voices, or upon the spirit of reverence with which they would voice the praises of God. Finally, the ancient custom of the Church is invoked, partly as an illustration of the liturgical spirit, and perhaps partly in deprecation of unwise or misunderstanding criticism of this "new" legislation.

There has been much discussion, and very much misapprehension, of the various laws and regulations set forth in the *Motu Proprio*. Especially is this true of the question of Gregorian Chant, about which there has been not a little rather ludicrous misunderstanding. In general, however, the document was accepted in theory as an excellent Code of Liturgical Music Legislation. But the storm-centre of argumentation was the question of replacing the voices of women by those of boys. Here the discussion was hardly confined within the bounds of due reverence for

the legislation of the Church, for adverse criticism was passed on the very theory, or at least the implications of the theory, on which this particular legislation was based. The practical side of the matter, of course, came in for the largest share of unquiet animadversion.

It is unnecessary to review the discussion in this place. Suffice it to say that, as usual, much of the dissent was based on misapprehension. It was loudly proclaimed that women were generally more pious than men, that they alone could take the higher parts in good musical compositions, they they were more tractable than either men or boys, that they were simply necessary under the present financial and other conditions of many of our parishes, that the "choir" referred to was architecturally a portion of, or immediately adjacent to, the sanctuary and therefore was not the "choir" such as we understand that portion of the gallery (the most remote part of a church from the altar and sanctuary) devoted to the singers in English-speaking lands—and so on. With respect to the last-mentioned point, it is sufficient to say that it was based on a misapprehension. The *Motu Proprio* was originally written in Italian, and used the expression *cappella musicale*. In the Latin translation, this was rendered by "chorus"—an ambiguous word when finally turned into the English word "choir," since "choir" may refer either to a body of singers or to an architectural location of the church (*i. e.*, the sanctuary).

Finally, in order if possible to close a wearisome discussion that seemed merely to darken counsel, a *dubium* was submitted to the Congregation of Sacred Rites, explaining choir conditions in America and asking whether, in view of these conditions, women might be permitted as heretofore in our choirs. The reply of the Congregation has been variously interpreted, but in general it is thought that it permits the use of women's voices provided that the men be completely separated from the women, forming two distinct bodies of singers, although close enough, of course, to permit of effective choral renditions. It seems hardly necessary to enter here into the further question whether this permission is to be construed as an exception under the general law or as a partial abrogation of it.

Worthy of special emphasis, nevertheless, is the fact that, despite many untoward conditions of the musical status of various parishes, "boy-choirs" which had been introduced under the legislation of the *Motu Proprio* still continue to exist and to flourish in our churches under the apparent relaxation of the rules (as the Brief of the Sacred Congregation of Rites has been interpreted by

many choirmasters). And the pastor of one parish which can offer but scanty material for "boy-choir" training has declared his intention of never returning to the "mixed choir" of men and women which had previously conferred upon his church the highest distinction as "the best Catholic choir" in the city. The pastor is a man of taste and discernment. But he is favored highly in the possession of a choirmaster who is also a man of taste and discernment, of very great competency in his profession as a choirmaster, of generous zeal in the cause of good church music, and of noted ability as a composer of music. It would appear that the whole vexed and vexing question of "choir-boys" resolves itself into the old proverbial wisdom: "Where there's a will, there's a way."

WHY WE HAVE MALE CHOIRS IN CHURCHES

By G. EDWARD STUBBS

DURING the past fifty years the increase in the number of ecclesiastical choirs composed exclusively of boys and men has been a notable feature in the history of American church music.

In the United States this growth, which is often spoken of as the "boy choir movement," first manifested itself in the Episcopal Church.¹ Within the last two decades, since the musical legislation of Pius X has become effective, it has undergone marked expansion in the Roman Church; it has also extended to many religious bodies which formerly showed a decided preference to the "quartet" type of choir.

The development of male choirs in churches may be considered from two distinct viewpoints—(1) the ecclesiastical, and (2) the utilitarian. The former involves a retrospect of thousands of years, and takes us back to the time of Moses. The latter deals with a comparatively brief period, dating from the introduction of choirs of boys and men in "denominational" churches.

History teaches us that the early Christians borrowed from the Hebrews not only their melodic forms but also their choral customs. Converts from Judaism regarded the Augustan style of music as profane, and as suggestive of the licentiousness of the games of the arena.

Forkel says:

Christians could not make use of music which showed so many moral defects, and which had become so degraded as to be merely a means of luxurious and sensuous pleasure; it could not be permitted to enter into a Christian service, where the heart of man should be uplifted to a decorous sense of godliness and veneration. Christian sects were therefore forced to seek a different species of music, something more fitting and acceptable than the Roman fashion as a vehicle for their sentiments.

¹The term "boy choir" is hardly a felicitous one. Perhaps a more dignified expression is "male choir." Both terms however are somewhat indefinite, as a boy choir usually contains men, and a male choir often contains no boys.

Musical historians tell us that the sacred songs and chants of the early Church were closely connected with existing Hebraic tradition. At the dawn of the Christian era there was no marked departure from the general character of the sacred songs of the Temple, nor was there any breaking away from the ancient principles of ceremonial worship. And it is a fact of significance that the architectural form of churches in primitive times was in the main derived from the Temple at Jerusalem.

Next to the porch or chief entrance was the narthex, which answered to the court of the Gentiles, and which was appropriated to the unbaptized and to penitents. Beyond came the nave, which corresponded to the court of the Jews, and which was appropriated to the body of worshippers. At the end of the nave was the choir, answering to the Holy Place, intended for those who were officially engaged in Divine Service. Next to the choir was the Bema or Chancel, which answered to the Holy of Holies, and which was used for the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and was separated from the choir by a closed screen. (The Iconostasis.)

This continuity in principles of musical form, ceremonial, and architecture, was, as a matter of course, accompanied by the perpetuation of the ancient Service of Song.

There is a dual meaning to the term Choral Service. It refers not merely to the chorus music of the Temple, but to the entire musical system of Hebrew Worship, of which the cantillation of the Law and the musical performance of *all* of the priest's part formed an integral feature.

Persons who are not affiliated with the pre-Reformation Churches, and who are unfamiliar with ancient ecclesiastical tradition, often express surprise when they hear prayers and extracts from the Holy Scriptures intoned in Greek, Roman, and Anglican churches. They can see no reason for a practice which they do not understand, and which consequently strikes them as being unnecessary, meaningless, and even absurd. They do not realize that the custom of adopting the ordinary colloquial or conversational tone of voice in Divine Service in place of solemn musical recitation (technically known as the ecclesiastical chant) is a modern innovation, unknown before the sixteenth century.

The Mediaeval, the Primitive, and the Jewish Churches were *singing Churches*. The musical service (of which intoning formed a component part) came into use before the time of David, and its true significance is involved in that ancient view of Worship

which accentuated Praise and Adoration as essential elements in glorifying God. The highest expression of homage to the Almighty that mankind was capable of was through the medium of the singing voice. Ritual and music were closely and consistently related.

John Henry Blunt, the eminent Anglican authority on ritual worship, says:

The great purpose for which we build churches and frequent them is that we may offer ADORATION (or Divine Worship) to God through our Lord Jesus Christ. This explains the very large space which is occupied in the services by 'Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.' And because Adoration is the chief work of Divine Worship, a large amount of ceremonial is used, after the pattern which God Himself revealed to Moses on Mount Sinai; to Isaiah and to Ezekiel in their visions; and above all, to St. John in the Book of the Revelation. If we went to Church chiefly for the sake of being taught by the reading of Holy Scripture and the preaching of sermons, we need use little ceremony; but the Prayer Book principle is that we go there to worship God; and the worship of God must necessarily be of a highly ceremonial character, whether offered by Angels and redeemed saints in Heaven, or by ourselves on earth.

The same principle explains why there is so much singing in Divine Worship. For singing is the highest and most beautiful use that can be made of the human voice; so that, as an organ for singing, David calls the tongue 'the best member that I have,' and bids it to join with instruments of music in the praise of God by such words as 'Awake up, my glory, awake, lute and harp.'

If we come to historical facts, it will be found that to *speak* the praises of God in Divine Worship in any other manner than by singing them is quite a recent invention, and an entire innovation upon the practice of God's Church from the time of Moses to the rise of Puritan habits in the sixteenth century,—a period of three thousand years.

As soon as the Israelites were a free people, "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." A similar national song of triumphant praise was sung by Deborah and Barak. And, though the psalmody of the Tabernacle is not directly spoken of until the time of David, it could not have been to unpractised choirs that he gave the command that they should bring up the Ark from its captivity 'with instruments of music, psalteries, and harps, and cymbals, sounding by lifting up the voice with joy.' From his time, at least, and probably long before his time, 'the Levites, which were the singers, arrayed in white linen,' stood between the congregation and the altar, and day by day sang appointed Psalms to God.

This mode of service was continued in the Church of Christ.

Although much of the detailed history of the earlier Temple music is shrouded in obscurity, we learn a great deal concerning

the Levitical choir of boys and men after the time when the synagogues began to increase in number. Before the capture and fall of Jerusalem there were nearly five hundred of these places of worship in that city. Not only was the Law recited in them with a definite cantillation, but musical services resembling those of the Temple were held.

R. Joshua ben Hannania, who was a member of the Temple choir, tells us that at a certain period of the year the Levites in the choir were fully occupied all day, and had almost to dispense with sleep because of the extra services, and that those in the synagogues alternated with the Temple offerings. The Rev. Francis L. Cohen, of London, an acknowledged authority on Hebraic music, commenting on this testimony, says:

This would seem to show that whatever music was used in the synagogues of the time must have been founded on the same system as prevailed in the Temple. For the choristers would otherwise not have needed to go in a body from one place of prayer to the other, as is implied in the Talmudical passage where R. Joshua's remark is preserved. The Psalms and Canticles that found place in the Temple service are still repeated in the synagogues of this day, according to the ancient arrangement.

We are indebted to this distinguished authority for some valuable information regarding the attitude of the Jewish Church toward the singing of women. It is not at all unusual for clergymen in these days to quote certain passages from Scriptures which *seem* to indicate that female choristers were ministerially employed in the Temple. In the Episcopal Church especially, where "female vested choirs" have obtained a foothold, such quotations are occasionally used as a defence of these unchurchly organizations.

Cohen says in regard to this:

Although the voices of women were freely to be heard in secular music, in worship the sexes were quite separated, because of the ancient feeling that 'woman's voice is a physical attraction.' There may, however, have been in the Temple a female precentor to lead the worship in the court of the women.—A similar institution on a smaller scale still obtains in many Polish congregations, and may even be observed in London.

The office seems to have been of greater importance at one time, for in the old Jewish cemetery at Worms has been found an inscription dated 1275, to the effect that 'this monument was erected in honour of the pious maiden, Urania, whose beautiful singing and great liturgical knowledge were so well known. She used to act as precentor in the women's chapel of the Worms Synagogue.'¹

¹The Women's Reader, known in Judæo-German as the "Sagerin."

But in the Temple the place of female voices in 'lending taste to the song,' as the Talmudist puts it, was taken by those of the youthful Levites who were being trained in the free music school that seems to have been kept up in Jerusalem for that purpose. That in this school the best available instructors were employed may be concluded from the circumstance that specific blame is attached to one Hogrus the Levite, a chief musician gifted with a superb voice of wonderful expressiveness and flexibility, for declining to impart his method to pupils.

In the Temple itself the youthful Levites were ranged on a lower level in front of the orchestral platform, on which the singers stood. The number of voices and of instruments employed in the services varied according to their respective importance; but there were never less than twelve singers on duty, while on grand occasions there must have been several hundreds in the choir.

When the Church was founded, the principal elements of Christian worship were, as has been said, taken without material change from the Hebrew forms. The psalms were sung to their traditional music by the traditional vested choir of boys and men; the Scriptures were sung to the same inflections, and the new prayers were intoned very much in the same manner as the old ones. The custom then established of performing *all* parts of the service *chorally* became the rule of the universal Church, and from this rule the pre-Reformation Churches have never departed to this day, excepting under the pressure of emergencies.

Reference has been made to the separation of the sexes in the ancient Temple service because of the feeling that "the woman's voice is a physical attraction." The personnel of the Temple choir itself was of course conditioned by the primary law that the ministerial body could only be composed of males.

In regard to the employment of women's voices in the Church service, an authority of the Roman Church says:

It is not sufficiently well known that until recent times it has not been the custom to introduce women into choirs, because the choir which serves the priest has a part in the liturgical action, and as women are excluded from the altar service they have therefore no place in the choir. We here arrive at the fundamental reason. The Liturgy is entrusted to the priests; of this Liturgy the choir is a constituent portion, and hence the words of the Apostle, *Mulier taceat in ecclesia*, in regard to the Liturgy remain in force. This has ever been observed in the Church, and even though we find that some of the ancient Fathers, for instance Ambrosius, Gregory of Nazianzus, Chrysostomus, and Zenobius decreed that women could take part in the Psalmody, the simple fact of the matter is that the singing of Psalms was not at that time liturgical, but more in the nature of folk-singing. The exclusion of women's voices had reference therefore only to the liturgical portion and not to the rest of the Divine Service. When, as is much to be desired, our beautiful Psalms become real folk-songs, when at Vespers

and at Compline the whole congregation are able to answer the priest, there will be no objection to the participation of women in this part of the service. These are sufficient arguments to show what authorization ever existed as to women's voices in the choir.

Strange to say, just as there are persons who cannot understand why prayers and Scriptures should be intoned instead of being read with the common conversational voice, so also are there those who cannot see why girls and women should not form part of the ministerial body—not only as choristers, but also as crucifers, servers, and acolytes!

Coming down to later times, when the various activities of the early Church began to be thoroughly organized, we need not be surprised to find the perpetuation of the ancient choir school system which existed, as we have seen, at Jerusalem. According to historical evidence the first ecclesiastical choral establishment was founded in Rome by Pope Sylvester (314-335). Another important school was founded by Hilarius (461-467). Gregory the Great (590-604) took a very active interest in choral institutions. His biographer, Johannes Diaconus, says:

He founded a style of singing which is today followed in the Roman Churches. He fixed a certain sum to be set aside for the maintenance of singing schools, and selected two homes for them, one near St. Peter's and the other near the Lateran Basilica. To this day one can see the couch on which he rested while he himself instructed the boys in pure singing according to the letters and neumatic notation,—also the rod with which he threatened and sometimes punished the indolent and unruly ones.

In course of time choir schools sprang up in all directions. Among the more important were the Palatine School, founded in France by Charlemagne, and the schools at Fontenelle, Reichenau, Hirschau, Regensburg, Hirschfeld, Mayence, Corway, St. Emeran, Trier, Prum, Fulda, Pomposa, Paris, Chambray, Toul, Dijon, Metz, Orleans, and St. Gall. The last named became a famous institution, in which a remarkable interest was taken in the welfare of the choir boys. They were encouraged in every possible way, and were rewarded by a yearly festival which used to take place on Holy Innocents' Day. The following is an account of this holiday at one of the schools at St. Gall.

The most modest and industrious boy was chosen as leader of the choir, and as an emblem of his dignity received a staff, similar to that carried by the Abbot. It was his privilege to select two of his companions as assistants. The entire Divine Service was conducted by the boys. They discharged the duties of the canonical office of the day, and sang at the celebration of High Mass. In the afternoon a festival

procession followed, with solemn Stations and Blessings until at the second Vesper the words "*deposuit potentes de sede*" in the Magnificat occurred: the staff, brief symbol of his importance, was then taken from the presiding boy, and thus the festivities were brought to an end. On this day everything possible was done to add to the enjoyment of the boys. An example like this shows how the singing of boys was respected and cared for, and how well the possibility of awakening the love of sacred music, as well as preserving and uplifting the standard, was understood at this school.

At the time of the Reformation the musical traditions of the early Church underwent no fundamental change in the Anglican, Roman, and Greek communions. They continued as they were, and they have so continued to the present day, disturbed only by temporary irregularities. Periods of musical decadence have manifested themselves at times in all branches of the Church. The Church of England suffered particularly during the Commonwealth, and during the general decline in religious life which preceded the Oxford Movement.

In the United States male choirs were practically unknown before the influence of the English Tractarians began to make itself felt. The Colonial period was for obvious reasons unfavorable for the proper development of ecclesiastical music. Among the earlier male choirs of the Episcopal Church were those of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., and Christ Church, Philadelphia, Pa. The former was in existence prior to the year 1798. The latter was founded in the beginning of the last century. It was not however until after the year 1850 that the musical traditions of the Mother Church of England found general adoption,—or more correctly speaking, restoration.¹

In the churches in this country belonging to the Church of Rome the introduction of male choirs has undoubtedly been retarded by a lack of facilities, among which there have been architectural disadvantages of a serious nature. The Bishop of Covington has recently said:

We have succeeded in the past in removing the choir as far as possible from the altar, and have been spending money in the wrong way. Therefore we need not be surprised that we have succeeded in banishing also the music of the altar, the music of the Holy Service, from the church, and have substituted in its stead something more in keeping with exterior wordliness and profanity, and, with all, we have driven in a measure from the hearts of our men and boys that love for things most sacred, which the closer communication between altar and choir fostered so extensively in the Ages of Faith. Let us learn to spend more and more wisely, and restore the chancel choirs to the

¹In this restoration Trinity Parish, New York City, took the lead.

churches, and bring our men, old and young, back into the Sanctuary of God, that they may take a more active part in our magnificent Liturgical Service. Let us return to the old Catholic way of building our churches with a long chancel, and, if possible, an organ chamber, and vestries not only for the priests but also for the choristers. Let us bring altar and choir nearer each other.

In the Episcopal Church, prior to the latter part of the nineteenth century, the delay in returning to "the old way of building churches with a long chancel" proved to be an effective drawback to the progress of sacred music. The relationship between ecclesiastical architecture and choral worship is an intimate one, and it cannot be disregarded without disastrous results.

In summing up the first division of our subject we find:

(1) That Praise and Adoration of the Almighty were the chief characteristics of the ancient Temple Worship.

(2) That the singing voice was therefore used exclusively in all parts of the musical ritual.

(3) That the intoning of the officiating priests and the responses of the choristers formed a choral entity, and were inseparable.

(4) That the male choristers formed a part of the ministerial body.

(5) That there was an elaborate and consistent ceremonial.

(6) That architectural provision was made accordingly.

(7) That these facts were recognized both in theory and in practice by the Primitive Church.

The choral principles above enumerated have for obvious reasons played a secondary part, if indeed they have exerted any influence, in the adoption of male choirs in Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and other churches.

The usefulness of juvenile choristers from the musical standpoint, rather than from the ecclesiastical, had first to be satisfactorily proved before such adoption could take place. The demonstration was slow in coming, and it was furnished under peculiarly adverse conditions.

For a considerable time after the recognition of ancient musical customs began to gain ground in Episcopal churches, the practical value of boys' voices for choral purposes was doubted by "music committees," ministers, and by the generality of church musicians. Even in these churches the antagonism to the employment of boy choristers was exceedingly bitter. In the period 1860-1890 many of the most distinguished Episcopal organists in New York, and in other large cities, exerted their utmost influence to encourage the continuance of the quartet type of choir.

These men were highly educated musicians, but they had received their training from secular sources, and for the most

part in Germany. They were out of sympathy with Anglican tradition, and the idea of being compelled to train a parcel of boys with uncultivated voices to do the work of professional female vocalists filled them with consternation. They received good salaries for the performance of duties which were comparatively light, and which did not involve responsibilities connected with voice training and with the exercise of discipline. Their chief work consisted in accompanying professional soloists. Their choir rehearsals were few in number, and often amounted to little more than social gatherings, at which the solos for the next service would be politely assigned to the various vocal artists, with the tact and discretion necessary to avoid jealousy and friction. The low church style of service prevailed, and there was really not much music to rehearse beyond florid and unchurchly settings of the *Te Deum*, and anthems in which solos formed a prominent feature. There was no Eucharistic music, excepting on the first Sunday of the month, and then it consisted of a meagre setting of the Sanctus, one hymn, and a peculiar composition known as the "Old Chant," which was sung to the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

The Morning and Evening Service being read, and never intoned, there were practically no choral details. Even the Psalms were rendered in the speaking voice. The distinctive Choral Service, requiring a distinctive choir, was not yet the accepted type.

Not only did eminent organists wage war against the "boy choir movement," but they also instructed their pupils to fight against it. They declared it to be a mere fad, and prophesied that it would soon have its day, and die a natural death. It was unfortunate for our native musicians that men of high musical ability and of liberal education were so short-sighted. The inevitable happened. There was an influx of English organists who were willing enough to do the work that Americans were not trained to do. As time went on it became apparent that the much despised and berated "boy choir" had come to stay.

It is a remarkable proof of the force and vitality of Church tradition that these early choirs did not snuff themselves out of existence. They were as a rule badly organized, shockingly illtrained, and they suffered from every handicap that musically ignorant vestrymen and unpractical clergymen could impose. In many cases they had no regular practice rooms, but were shifted about from pillar to post to meet the convenience of various parochial organizations. Often the only instrument

furnished for rehearsal purposes was a cheap reed melodeon. Almost every necessary facility for success was wanting. Nevertheless the general condition of these choirs steadily improved, and the musical results obtained began to attract attention in churches of various denominations where choral tradition *per se* was not a factor sufficiently strong to dictate what kind of choir should be adopted. In short, the utilitarian argument in favor of male choirs demanded a respectful hearing, and succeeded in getting it.

It was maintained that such choirs had passed the experimental stage; that they had survived a trying period of musical persecution; that in spite of serious drawbacks they had vindicated their usefulness, and that they should be freely adopted in denominational churches wherever the necessary vocal material could be secured.

Evidence began to accumulate that boys' voices possessed an intrinsic value that had been called in question prematurely, and without proper investigation. Scientific manuals on the training of choristers made their appearance, and it was demonstrated both theoretically and practically that juvenile male voices were, under expert management, capable of producing the same results as were secured from the voices of young women. Vocal authorities of experience in training both female and boy choristers found that after a certain age the registers of the former were difficult to blend, while those of the latter yielded readily to methods of equalisation.¹

Of late years there has been a tendency in the denominational bodies toward choral enrichment, and this has favored the employment of male choirs on the ground that the singing of a chorus is more hearty and uplifting than that of a quartet. The "liturgical" form of service has in many cases displaced the "arbitrary" type, with the result that greater opportunity is given for musical participation on the part of both congregation and choir.

¹The elasticity of boys' voices is remarkable. Sir George Martin in his work on Choir Training mentions the fact that the higher tones of women's voices are more difficult to develop than those of boys. In highly trained choirs the beautiful blend of voices is very noticeable. Dr. Richard R. Terry, organist and choirmaster of Westminster Cathedral, London, in his book on Church Music says that a properly trained chorus of boys sounds like a single voice. In Kitton's Memoir of Dr. Buck, the celebrated organist and choirmaster of Norwich Cathedral, it is related that on a certain occasion Sir Julius Benedict (Conductor of the Norwich Festivals) tried to distinguish between three of Buck's choristers who sang a solo "jointly" while hidden behind a screen, each boy taking a few strains in turn. Owing to the blend of tone Sir Julius could not tell them apart! With adult female voices such deception would be almost impossible.

At a meeting of Presbyterian clergymen held in Philadelphia in 1894 the Rev. Dr. Fulton spoke strongly in favor of the liturgical service. He said in part:

God is not the author of confusion, but of order. Out of chaos came cosmos, and I think the tendency of all great bodies lies in the direction of harmonious order. John Calvin was fond of his liturgy, and John Knox practiced a liturgy in hard-headed Scotland. I doubt if we have gained anything by the extreme simplicity we have, and I do not think it can be said that the services of our churches have at the same time strength and simplicity and beauty.

This has been the fault of our service, that it has been dismal, wailing, melancholy, rather than a joyful uplifting in all its attitudes. Do you wonder that the wordlings are not attracted to the service? Do you expect that people will be content with a service bare, bald, and barren, and not attractive in itself? Another point is that the migration is now from new sources, and the hope of the churches rests in drawing those people to ourselves. But they all, Hollanders, Italians, and Germans, have been used to a liturgical service. We make a great mistake in supposing that we can get those people by offering them a less attractive service than that to which they have been accustomed.

Many clergymen have taken a similar view of the "bald and barren" form of public worship, lacking musical warmth and inspiration. In consequence a development of the chorus choir has followed, in which the male choir has received due share.

In religious communions having large Sunday Schools including numbers of boys possessing good voices it has been felt that the non-use of such available material represented a waste of vocal resources. The question of financial economy also presented itself. It was found that boy trebles, if paid salaries too small to command the interest of female sopranos, could nevertheless be counted upon for regular attendance at rehearsals and services. It was also discovered that they would cheerfully submit to a more exacting form of vocal drill than would be relished by female choristers.

The present tendency is toward an increased use of boys' voices in denominational churches. Whether it will meet with the approval or disapproval of musicians will depend in great measure upon the action of church authorities in withholding or providing facilities for (1) the selection of voices, (2) expert training, (3) the retention of voices until the time of mutation.

American "efficiency" in the scientific sense of the expression, has with two or three exceptions, never been applied in this country to the organization and maintenance of male choirs.

Choir schools of the Anglican type are practically unknown. There are but three or four in the entire country. And strange to say the inexpensive parochial day schools have seldom been utilized to their fullest extent as choral auxiliaries.

With a wider recognition of the practical needs of the traditional form of choir should come a growing appreciation of its utility in all religious bodies.

HANDEL, ROLLI, AND ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By R. A. STREATFEILD

In the Biblioteca Estense at Modena there is a small collection of the letters of Paolo Rolli, protected from indiscriminate perusal, as the late Dr. Garnett once observed of a somewhat similar piece of calligraphy, by the triple ægis of execrable ink, execrable paper and execrable penmanship. I visited Modena in the Autumn of 1912, and did my best to transcribe and translate all that is decipherable of Rolli's correspondence. The results of my labours are embodied in the following article. I venture to make this personal statement, lest it should be supposed that I have merely borrowed the fruits of Signor Sesto Fassini's researches in the same library, and I may also point out that considerably more of Rolli's correspondence appears in my article than Signor Fassini has yet cared to publish. Nevertheless, I gladly admit my indebtedness to that gentleman's researches on the life and work of Rolli, and I have no desire to minimize my obligations. His able and accurate work, "*Il Melodramma Italiano a Londra nella prima metà del settecento*," has been of the greatest assistance to me in writing the following article, as have also been in a less degree his two pamphlets: "*Il Ritiro del Rolli dall' Inghilterra*," (Perugia, 1908); and "*Dodici lettere inedite di Paolo Rolli*," (Torino, 1911). I should like also to acknowledge my debts to Signor Ercole Sola's "*Curiosità storico-artistico-letterarie trasse dal carteggio dell' inviato estense Giuseppe Riva*," published in the "*Atti e Memorie della R. Deputazione di Storia Patria per le provincie modenese e parmense*," Serie 3, Vol. 4, (Modena, 1886); to Signora Ida Luisi's authoritative essay: "*Un poeta-editore del Settecento*," published in "*Miscellanea di studi critici pubblicati in onore di Guido Mazzoni*," Vol. 2, (Firenze, 1907); and to Signor A. Salza's: "*Note biografiche e bibliografiche intorno a Paolo Rolli*," (Perugia, 1915).

AMONG the lesser luminaries who revolved around the sun of Handel during his dictatorship of English music in the first half of the eighteenth century, not the least brilliant was Paolo Rolli, who wrote many operatic librettos for Handel and other composers, and played a by no means unimportant part in the literary and musical life of England. Rolli was far above the level of the ordinary hack librettist of the day. He was a man of culture and education, and, though the force of necessity compelled him to prostitute his talent to operatic exigencies, in other spheres he won a considerable reputation. The poetical value of his librettos may not be very exalted, but his original



Paolo Antonio Rolli, 1687-1767

verse shows talent, and his Italian translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a valuable contribution to international literature.

Rolli was born in Rome in 1687, two years after Handel saw the light in Halle. In his early years he sat at the feet of the learned Gravina, who is famous as the master of a still more celebrated pupil, Metastasio. Gravina soon discovered his pupil's brilliant talent for improvisation, and introduced him to the literary circles of Rome, where accomplishments of that kind were just then eagerly appreciated. Gravina opened to Rolli the doors of the Arcadian Academy, which he entered under the pastoral name of *Eulibio Berentiatico*, and in great houses such as that of Cardinal Ottoboni he encountered some of the most famous figures in contemporary art and literature. Music reigned supreme in the Ottoboni palace. Corelli, Caldara and Alessandro Scarlatti were among the stars who irradiated the Cardinal's court.

"His Eminence," wrote Blainville, an experienced traveller and insatiable collector of gossip, "keeps in his pay the best musicians and performers in Rome, and amongst others the famous Arcangelo Corelli and young Paolucci, who is reckoned the finest voice in Europe, so that every Wednesday he has an excellent concert in his palace, and we assisted there this very day (May 14, 1707). We were there served with iced and other delicate liquors, and this is likewise the custom when the Cardinals or Roman princes visit each other. But the greatest inconvenience in all these concerts and visits is that one is pestered with swarms of trifling little *abbés*, who come thither on purpose to fill their bellies with these liquors, and to carry off the crystal bottles with the napkins into the bargain."

In such scenes as this, Rolli acquired a knowledge of life and manners that afterwards served him in good stead.

It was doubtless under Ottoboni's roof that he first met the man, who was afterwards to play so important a part in the drama of his life. Handel arrived in Rome in the spring of 1707, intent upon hearing the world-famous music associated with the Holy-Week services in the Sistine Chapel. His fame had preceded him, and the greatest houses in Rome opened their doors to the "famous Saxon," as the Italians always called him. In the Casa Ottoboni he was a welcome guest, and we hear of him playing duets there with a youthful *virtuoso*, whose performance on the *arciliuto* was rousing musical Rome to enthusiasm. Annibale Merlini, a correspondent of Prince Ferdinand dei Medici, mentions him in a letter to his patron:

He is a lad of twelve years, a Roman by birth, who, though of so tender an age, plays the *arciliuto* with such science and freedom that, if compositions he has never even seen are put before him, he rivals the most

experienced and celebrated professors, and wins great admiration and well-deserved applause. He appears at the concerts and leading academies of Rome, as, for instance, that of His Eminence Cardinal Ottoboni . . . and all this can be testified by the famous Saxon, who has heard him in the Casa Ottoboni, and in the Casa Colonna has played with him and plays there continually.

Another house where Rolli must almost certainly have encountered Handel was that of the Marquis Ruspoli. Handel was staying there in 1708, and his Italian oratorio, "La Resurrezione," is signed and dated, "11 Aprile, 1708, dal Marchese Ruspoli." That Rolli was well known to the family of Ruspoli we may assume from the fact that he edited a collection of verse by various Arcadian poets compiled in honor of a prince of that house in 1711. But the harmony of the happy Arcadians was rudely broken shortly after this, and, under the ægis of his master Gravina, Rolli seceded from the Academy in high dudgeon. In 1714 we find him at Naples writing a pastoral entertainment entitled, "Sacrificio a Venere," and describing himself not as an Arcadian, but as *Accademico Quirino*.

It was possibly the troubles with the Arcadian Academy that first turned Rolli's thoughts in the direction of emigration. He had doubtless met travelling Englishmen in Rome, and he may have heard rumours of golden harvests to be reaped on the banks of the Thames. Bolingbroke had been in Rome, intriguing for the return of the Stuarts, and distinguished *connoisseurs*, like Coke, of Norfolk, and Lord Burlington loved to linger over the art treasures of the Vatican. From them Rolli may well have received suggestions for a visit to England, which were pointed by the fact that he was, as he said many years later, in a letter to a friend, "tired of serving Cardinals." Italian literature was popular in England in the early days of the eighteenth century, and London's sudden craze for Italian opera seemed to open vistas of fame and fortune to ambitious sons of the South.

We do not know precisely when Rolli left Rome for England, nor with whom he travelled. The names of various patrons have been suggested, and most of his biographers seem to have made up their minds that Lord Pembroke was his travelling companion. On the other hand we have a definite statement on the subject from the Abate Giuseppe Riva, Ambassador of the Grand Duke of Modena at the English Court, who, in a letter to the famous Muratori, dated January 31, 1716, says:

The Abate Rolli has arrived here from Rome with the brother of Lord Stair, a fine poet and a wonderful improviser, whom I knew

well in Rome. We are delighted to meet each other once more over here.

Rolli had influential friends, and soon made his way to Court. He found a gracious patroness in Caroline, Princess of Wales, who appointed him professor of Italian to her young daughters at a salary of £100 a year, to which not very princely income he added materially by giving Italian lessons to various scions of the English aristocracy, and by literary work of different kinds. Rolli always enjoyed court favour. When Frederick (afterwards Prince of Wales) arrived in England in 1728, Rolli soon contrived to win his good graces, and in a letter to a friend written some years afterwards, he counts openly upon a golden future, when Prince Frederick should have succeeded to the crown. These bright hopes, it need hardly be said, were not destined to fulfilment, but Rolli never lost his hold upon the court, and the comfortable competence which he took home to Italy after thirty years' residence in England, was a tangible proof that he knew which side his bread was buttered.

In London Rolli found a pleasant little circle of compatriots. Riva, who has already been mentioned, was an accomplished courtier, and another who basked in royal favour was the Abate Conti, a friend of Newton and a member of the Royal Society. A few years after Rolli's arrival, the London circle of Italians was enriched by the accession of Antonio Cocchi, mathematician, physician, linguist and philosopher, whose diary, throwing very interesting light upon the London life of the period, is still preserved in the Medical Library of the Istituto di Studi Superiori at Florence. Besides these learned men there was a tribe of musicians, headed by Bononcini and Ariosti, who, with many lesser lights, assembled principally in the house of the Duchess of Shrewsbury, herself an Italian of romantic origin and history, who had been seen, loved and wedded by the Duke during a tour in Italy.

Cocchi's diary often throws an amusing light upon the habits of the little coterie. Money seems usually to have been scarce, and a great deal of borrowing and lending of small sums went on in that impecunious confraternity. However, even when funds were low, the light-hearted Italians seem to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and Cocchi's diary recounts their adventures—some of them none too respectable—with infinite gusto. Rolli was the poet of the circle, and many of his poems reflect the convivial life of London in the gayest fashion. His "Meriboniane" are joyous odes on the delights of Marylebone Gardens, where he seems to have spent some of his happiest hours.

During the first few years that he spent in England, Rolli devoted his leisure to literary tasks. He published a book of poems in 1717, edited various Italian classics and translated Lucretius. He appears also to have constituted himself the London agent of an Italian publisher, who made a good thing out of catering for the taste for Italian literature, which at that time, as I have already said, prevailed in England.

We get glimpses of court and musical life in a letter of Rolli's, dated from Thistleworth, 13th July, 1719:

La Denys, *alias* Sciarpina, has already sung twice before the Princess [Caroline, Princess of Wales]. La Parca assists her. The Man ["L'Uomo"] loves and dissimulates, but how long is this to last? La Zanzara Castratina has agreed with Castrucci and Pippo to appear before this excellent Princess twice a week. Sandoni plays the harpsichord, and is much approved. He also will be rewarded, and I am very glad that he had been introduced to Court. Attilio has returned to Town. A lawsuit has driven him from home.

I can throw no light upon the personalities of La Sciarpina, La Parca and La Zanzara Castratina. "L'Uomo" is a phrase that Rolli used later as a nickname for Handel, and it probably denotes him here, as Handel was always a favourite of Caroline's, and at this time was actually engaged as music teacher to her daughters. Sandoni was a popular teacher of singing, and later became *maestro al cembalo* at the opera under Handel. He subsequently married Cuzzoni, who is said to have poisoned him. Attilio was the celebrated composer Ariosti. We hear of him in London playing a solo on the *viola d'amore* between the acts of Handel's "Amadigi," on the 12th of July, 1716. "Pippo" was another composer, Filippo Mattei. Castrucci was a famous violinist, and the leader of Handel's opera orchestra. He is said to have been the "Enraged Musician" of Hogarth's well-known print.

Rolli's introduction to the English Theatre was effected under the most auspicious conditions. In the winter of 1718-19 a scheme had been set on foot for establishing a permanent Italian opera in London under the name of "The Royal Academy of Music." A President and a Committee of twenty Directors were appointed. Handel, Bononcini and Ariosti were to be the Composers in ordinary to the Academy, and Rolli was appointed poet at a salary of £200 a year. Early in 1719, Handel went abroad to collect his singers, and Rolli sat down and invoked the Muse. During the next twenty years he produced some dozen operatic dramas, and adapted many others for the English stage. These works have little poetical value—Rolli himself spoke of them as

“dramatic skeletons”—but they are no worse, if no better, than hundreds of others produced at the time by rival poets in similar circumstances. When we consider what were the conditions of operatic production in England in Rolli’s days, the hard and fast rules that governed its design, and the difficulties of suiting a restricted company, it cannot be wondered at that Rolli did not succeed in infusing much poetical distinction into his librettos. There is extant an interesting letter of Riva’s to Muratori, in which he gives us some idea of the operatic conditions in England in the year 1725. Muratori had recommended to Riva a young poet who was anxious to gain a footing in the operatic world. Riva’s rejoinder is as follows:

The operas which are given in England, however fine as music, and however well sung, are nevertheless ruined by their poetry. Our friend Rolli who, when the present Academy was formed, was commissioned to write the librettos, began by producing two very good ones, but he then quarrelled with the directors, and they then took into their employment a certain Haym, a Roman violoncellist, a man who was little short of an idiot as far as literature was concerned. Deserting the orchestra for the slopes of Parnassus, he has for the last three years employed himself in adapting a number of old librettos for the use of the composers who write operas for the English stage, making still worse what was bad before. Our friend, Bononcini, however, has been an exception. He has got his librettos from Rome, where they were written by certain pupils of Gravina. If your friend thinks of sending a specimen of his work here, I must warn him that in England people like very few recitatives, thirty airs and one duet at least distributed over the three acts. The subject must be simple, tender, heroic—Roman, Greek or possibly Persian, but never Gothic or Lombard. For this year, and for the next two, there must be two equal parts in the operas for Cuzzoni and Faustina. Senesino takes the principal male character and his part must be heroic. The other three male parts should be arranged proportionally song for song in all three acts. The duet should be at the end of the second act, and entrusted to the two women. If the subject demands three women, a third woman may be employed, as there is a third singer here to take the part. If the Duchess of Marlborough, who gives £500 a year to Bononcini, will allow him to give the Academy an opera, it will be “Andromaca,” which is almost a translation of Racine’s drama, omitting the death of Pyrrhus, cleverly turned into an opera libretto. From it your friend can get an idea of the sort of opera which is popular in England. Meanwhile, if he likes to send a libretto, I will see that it reaches the proper hands, and if it should happen to suit one of our composers, which I do not doubt, I will see that the payment is guaranteed. The packet should be sent to our Jew correspondents in Amsterdam, so that they can pack it in some bale of silk, and hand it over to me as I pass through, in case I should again have cause to revisit the *ultimi divisi* (i. e., the English).

On the receipt of this letter Muratori's Modenese friend not only despatched a libretto to Riva, but proposed to follow it in person. His plans, however, were frustrated by the following discouraging missive:

In spite of my desire to carry out your wishes, I fear I can be of no use in the matter of the opera which you propose to send me by the post, since our composers have chosen their librettos for the coming season and are already at work upon them. It will be difficult, too, to get anything accepted for another year, as the Academy has its own poet, and the operas that come from Italy cannot serve for this theatre. They have to be reformed, or I should rather say deformed, in order to bring them into the shape which the English public favours. Few verses of recitative and many airs are the fashion here, and this is the reason why none of the best operas of Sig. Apostolo has been performed here, and that the two finest of Metastasio, that is to say "Didone" and "Siroe," have suffered the same fate. Besides, as it is, we have more poets here than are wanted. Exclusive of the Academy's poet, there are Rolli and a certain Brillanti, of Pistoja, who is doing so well, that all the others are idle, so it would be throwing good money away for your friend to undertake a journey hither.

The Royal Academy of Music, now established at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, opened its doors on the 2nd April, 1720, with an opera entitled "Numitore," written by Rolli and composed by Giovanni Porta, which kept the house warm until the great novelty of the season, Handel's "Radamisto," was produced on the 27th of April. On the 30th of May, "Narciso" by Domenico Scarlatti, was produced, the original libretto having been adapted to suit English taste by Rolli, who dedicated his work to the Princess of Wales. These three operas seem to have held the boards, until the season closed on July 6th, with a performance of "Numitore." So far all had been peace. Bononcini had not arrived to threaten Handel's supremacy, and the great man ruled alone. But troubles were in store, not the least of which was the bursting of the South-Sea Bubble, which brought the King in a hurry back from Hanover, and threw all London into disorder and confusion. Everyone, from the highest to the lowest was affected by the "slump." Rolli wrote to Riva: "But, my dear Riva, what a ruin is this of the South-Sea! All the nobility is in the depths of anguish. One sees none but gloomy faces." And in a later letter he adds: "They ought to gibbet these South-Sea directors, who have ruined all my friends, and in consequence will, it seems, come near to ruining the Academy."

In spite of Rolli's sinister predictions, the Academy re-opened the doors of the Haymarket Theatre on the 19th of November,

1720, with Bononcini's "Astarto," adapted by Rolli, who, in dedicating the work to Lord Burlington, reminded him of the fact that he first heard the work at the Teatro Capranica, Rome, under the direction of Rolli himself. "Astarto" saw the first appearance in England of the famous male contralto, Senesino, whose marvellous voice and singing had a good deal to do with bringing about the craze for Italian opera which devastated London society for the next twenty years. Senesino was the favourite butt of the anti-Italian journalists and caricaturists. Many were the lampoons in which his effeminacy was pilloried; many the cartoons in which his spindle-shanked figure was held up to ridicule. Of his musicianship there could not be two opinions. His character was venomously attacked by his enemies, but Rolli, at any rate, had a good word to say for him. He wrote on the 23rd September, 1720:

Last Monday Senesino arrived, in company with Berselli and Salvai. I heard the news while dining at Richmond on Tuesday, and at once came up to Town with our dear Casimir.¹ I am delighted to find that the celebrated artist is a man of polished manners, well-read, extremely agreeable and imbued with the highest sentiments.

Rolli was now in the thick of the operatic conflict. There is a long letter at Modena sent by him to Riva in October, 1720, abominably written, grievously blotted, torn, defaced, and almost illegible, referring to the proposed production of an opera entitled "Amore e Maestà," which was supported by Durastanti and Senesino and opposed by Handel, of whom Rolli speaks in no measured terms, calling him "the Man" ["l'Uomo"], "the Savage" ["il Selvaggio"], and everything else in the way of insult he could lay his pen to. Heidegger, who was another of his *bêtes noires*, appears as "l'Eideggherone." Much of the letter defies transcription. Here is an extract from it:

Learn that la Margherita [Durastanti] in concert with our friend Senesino has proposed the opera, "Amore e Maestà," which cannot be given in the version used at Florence, because it contains such an immense amount of recitative, and so few ariettas that Senesino would only have four solos in the whole work. So I had orders to shorten it, and with the assistance of I added to it and changed it where necessary. The Alpine Faun ["l'Alpestre Fauno," i. e., Handel, possibly in allusion to his German origin], is all for the old system, which he is always advocating, because he says that the more one works at a

¹Casimiro Avelloni, the husband of the famous soprano, Durastanti.

thing, the more it remains the same as before. He proposes Polani¹ to adapt and direct the opera. Senesino is furious. . . .

"Amore e Maestà" was produced on the 1st of February, 1721, under the name of "Arsace." The music was by Orlandini. It won little success, and the town still talked of nothing but the rival charms of "Radamisto" and "Astarto." A new way of settling the point of precedence between Handel and Bononcini was exploited by the Academy in the production of "Muzio Scevola," an opera in three acts, of which the first was composed by Filippo Mattei; the second by Bononcini, and the third by Handel. Rolli, who supplied the libretto, must have had a difficult task to satisfy the requirements of the three composers. No one profited much by "Muzio Scevola," which fell very flat; indeed, at the first performance (15th April, 1721), the great excitement of the evening was not the decision of the respective merits of the three composers, but the news of the birth of the Duke of Cumberland, which was announced during the entr'acte. If "Muzio Scevola" left the supremacy of Handel still intact, and "Ciro, o l'Odio e l'Amore" (20th May, 1720) failed to establish Attilio Ariosti as a serious rival to his two greater brethren, "Crispo" (10th January, 1722), and "Griselda" (22nd February, 1722), both written by Rolli, made Bononcini the hero of the hour. Bononcini's graceful little melodies enchanted ears which were deaf to the nobler strains of Handel, and the celebrated Anastasia Robinson, who was not musician enough to do justice to Handel, won the hearts of all the amateurs by her delicious warbling of the still famous "Per la gloria." Handel was for the moment out-manceuvred, and his attempt to take a leaf out of his rival's book by imitating the almost ballad-like simplicity of Bononcini's songs won little success for "Floridante" (9th December, 1721). Bononcini was at the top of the tree, and the favourite topic of discussion at London tea-tables was no longer whether he or Handel were the greater, but, if we may judge from the chatter of two opera-goers in Steele's "Conscious Lovers," whether "Crispo" was to be preferred to "Griselda." But Bononcini's triumph was short-lived. He had trouble with the directors of the Academy, his haughty, obstinate temper serving him, as usual, but ill, and in October, 1722, Lady Bristol wrote to her husband: "Bononcini is dismissed the theatre for operas, which I believe you and some

¹ Girolamo Polani was a Venetian singer and composer, whose acquaintance Handel may have made, as he must almost certainly have heard his music, in Venice ten years before. Polani's arrival in England is mentioned by Rolli earlier in the same letter.

of your family will regret. The reason they give for it is his extravagant demands." He did not, however, leave London. The Duchess of Marlborough took pity on him, gave him a roof over his head and £500 a year, and allowed no music but his to be heard at her parties. Bononcini's quarrel with the Academy seems to have been patched up, as he certainly continued to write for them, his "Erminia," to a libretto by Rolli, being produced on 30th March, 1723, his "Farnace" 27th November, 1723, his "California" on 18th April, 1724, and his "Astianatte" 6th May, 1727. Long before this, however, Bononcini's vogue had deserted him. The fickle public tired of his pretty tunes, and the advent of the great Cuzzoni gave Handel an interpreter worthy of his genius, so that in the blaze of his triumph Bononcini's taper paled its ineffectual fires. In the success of these brilliant years Rolli had little share. For three years his name did not appear on the opera bills, and we do not meet it again until 1726, when he figures once more in his accustomed place as the author of Handel's "Scipione" (12th March, 1726).

Why Rolli was deposed from his place as poet to the Academy is not known, but a shrewd guess may be hazarded when the character of Handel is taken into consideration and the sentiments of Rolli with regard to his autocratic chief. The way in which Rolli speaks of Handel in his private correspondence shows pretty clearly the mingled fear, awe and detestation with which he regarded him, and if we remember the description of Handel and his methods of working supplied us by another of his librettists, Thomas Morell, we may gather that Rolli's occupation was very far from being a bed of roses, and may take for granted that a particularly stormy interview with the irate composer ended in Rolli's precipitate retreat from the opera-house and retirement to the idyllic seclusion of Richmond. In 1726, as we have said, the quarrel was patched up, and Rolli returned to his allegiance.

From this point to the collapse of the Academy in 1728, Rolli played a more active part, furnishing Handel with the librettos of "Alessandro" (30th April, 1726) and "Riccardo" (11th November, 1727). In "Alessandro" he and Handel had the difficult task of providing parts of equal importance for the rival prima-donnas, Faustina and Cuzzoni. The balance was cleverly held between the two jealous women. They sang song for song throughout the opera. Each of them sang a duet with Senesino, and they had one duet together which was so skilfully composed that neither of them could say which was singing the principal part. If Rolli's

verses were pedestrian, his "Alessandro" was at least a triumph of *savoir-faire*.

During the years of Rolli's enforced absence from the opera-house, his time was mainly devoted to literary work. We may pass lightly over his minor tasks, such as his editions of the Decameron and Berni's "Opere burlesche," to linger over a work which will perhaps immortalize his name, when the fame of his operas is sunk in the dust—his translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Rolli had been at work upon Milton for many years. In 1717 Riva announced to Muratori that Rolli was beginning upon his gigantic task, and by 1722 he could report material progress. By 1726 six cantos were completed, and Cocchi, of whose critical acumen Riva evidently thought highly, was loud in Rolli's praise. In the following year we hear that

Rolli with his intrepid Muse is hard at work at the translation of Milton. He is thinking of leaving a *lacuna* where the English poet speaks of indulgences and of the Trinity, lest the book should be prohibited in Italy. But he has not made up his mind on this point, and I really do not know how to advise him, since it seems impossible to be at the same time a good Catholic and a faithful translator.

In 1729 Rolli published in London the first six books of his translation of "Paradise Lost," and six years later the whole work appeared in a sumptuous folio edition with engraved portraits of Milton and his translator. Rolli won warm eulogies for his version of Milton, which was the first ever made into Italian verse. It is said by Italian critics to be singularly faithful, though lacking in elegance of style and poetical quality.

The Academy collapsed in June, 1728, and Rolli was once more out of employment. A new Academy was speedily formed under the auspices of Handel and Heidegger, but in this Rolli had neither part nor lot. He took refuge from poetry in criticism and some months before the new Academy had begun operations we find him sending a budget of operatic gossip to Senesino, whom Handel had refused to include in his company, and who was then in Italy. Writing in January, 1729, he says:

Heidegger came back and said he could find no singers in Italy. He declared he would not undertake anything without the two ladies (Faustina and Cuzzoni). He would not even consider any but these two, and he also proposed Farinelli. At last, hearing that your friends wished to get you back, he gave way and you came on to the *tapis* once more. He was thinking, of course, a good deal more of a big subscription than of anything else and rightly so, for the two parties (*i. e.*, Faustinians and Cuzzonites) and your friends in both would have filled up the

annual subscription at twenty pounds a head. This was the supposition on which my first letter to you, as you will remember, was founded. But Handel was not to be lulled to sleep by this sort of piping. He speedily exposed the malice of his rival (Heidegger), the useless folly of his ridiculous journey abroad, and his hopes of private profit. He said that what was wanted was variety. He was in favour of reviving the old system of constantly changing the singers, so as to have an opportunity of composing new songs for new artists. He found supporters for his new scheme in the Court, and soon won everyone to his view. He would not have Faustina. He saw through all your schemes. He wanted Farinelli and Cuzzoni, if she could be got away from Vienna, and in fact anyone who could be got. My Lord Bingley is at the head of the scheme; but then comes the question of the theatre, so Heidegger is called in, and they agree to give him £2,200 for providing theatre, scenery and dresses. Handel is to have £1,000 for composing music himself, or providing that of others. The subscription is to be fifteen guineas, and so far that seems to be enough. It is proposed to spend £4,000 on the singers in all, two at £100 a head, with a benefit and all the rest of it, and Handel is to start shortly for Italy, to choose the company.

On 2nd February, 1729, he writes again:

The new Handel-Heidegger scheme is finding its feet. There was a general meeting, with a lot of talking. Only a few people came, and of those only six or seven actually subscribed. Some others did not absolutely refuse, and others again insisted on knowing who the singers were to be, before they committed themselves. The royal wishes were explained, and it was decided that Handel should shortly start for Italy to look out for singers. The use of the dresses and scenery of the Academy for five years was unanimously granted to the two managers. Handel is now on the point of starting, and ten days ago Haym sent circular letters to Italy announcing the new undertaking and Handel's speedy arrival to all the artists concerned. Everybody is talking about Farinelli, all the more so because a short time ago letters came from Venice, in particular to the Ambassador Vignola saying that the theatre where Farinelli was singing was crowded, while that where you and Faustina were was almost empty. The Ambassador also made this statement with regard to the two *virtuose*, that if both Cuzzoni and Faustina returned he would contribute what he had promised; if Cuzzoni alone returned he would contribute the same, but if Faustina alone returned, he would contribute nothing. It is quite uncertain whether Cuzzoni returns or not. We get no letters from Vienna owing to delay in the post, but the last news spoke of presents and not of engagements, all the same as her great aim always is an engagement, they may succeed in getting her, as she has already made a success here, and is perhaps disposed to content herself with a moderate and permanent certainty rather than wait for a more profitable uncertainty.

The aim of the new scheme is to have everything new. Our dear little Handel ["il caro Handelino"] is determined to try experiments and to pay court to the right people. . . . I am still on bad terms with him, and shall remain so, and I refused to wish him a successful journey.

But a few days ago Goupy came to pay a visit to my brother, questioning him about Handel's jaunt abroad and the new scheme, so as to hear what we had to say, and our replies were all approving. He said further that Faustina had been the reason of the disagreement between me and my friend—to which the reply was indifference and resentment. He hated the lady, and said that everything was going to be new, saying also that our friend still hated Cuzzoni. Riva is furious because he sees that Bononcini had been turned out owing to his own arrogance as well as through the arrogance of the Chief Composer, on whom everything depends. . . .

The gossip in this letter is difficult to make out, and some parts of it, which I have omitted, are absolutely incomprehensible. Still, the sentiments of the Italian small fry in London are unmistakable. One and all groaned beneath Handel's yoke. He ruled his myrmidons with a rod of iron, and though they murmured they had to obey. On September 3rd Rolli was still grumbling:

You knew before that Attilio and Haym have joined forces. Now learn that the famous Rossi, Italian author and poet, is Handel's accredited bard. Nothing is yet known of Cuzzoni.

By the beginning of November the opening of the new Academy was imminent. The singers were already in London, rehearsals were in progress, and everyone was talking about the new season.

Do you really want me, writes Rolli (6th November, 1729), to give you musical news? If everyone were as well satisfied with the company as is the Royal Family, we should have to admit that there never had been such an opera since Adam and Eve sang Milton's hymn in the Garden of Eden. They say that little Strada has all the rapid execution of Faustina and all the sweetness of Cuzzoni, and so on about all the others! We shall see how it turns out. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, as the English proverb says. The truth is that Strada is simply a copy of Faustina with a better voice and better intonation, but without her charm and *brio*.

The new Academy began operations on the 2nd of December, 1729, with Handel's "Lotario." A few days later Rolli writes to Riva:

Ten days ago the opera began with "Lotario." I only went last Tuesday, to the third performance. Everyone thinks it a very bad opera. Bernacchi failed the first night, but at the second performance he changed his method and had a success. In person and voice he does not please like Senesino, but he has his great reputation to fall back upon. The libretto was sung last year by Faustina and Senesino at Venice under the name "Adelaide." Strada pleases mightily, and the Great Man says that she sings better than the two who have left us,

because one of them never really pleased him, and he would like to forget the other.

The truth is that she has a penetrating thread of a soprano voice which tickles the ears—but, oh! how far removed from Cuzzoni! Bononcini, who was with me at the opera, agrees entirely with me as to this. Fabri is a great success. He really sings very well. Would you have believed that here in England, a tenor could have such a triumph? Merighi is really a perfect actress, and this is the general opinion. There is a certain Bertolli, a Roman girl who plays men's parts. O! my dear Riva, if you could only see her perspiring under her helmet—I am sure you would fall in love with her in your most . . . Modenese fashion. ["Son certo che la desidererete Modenesissamente!" An untranslatable pun.] O! she is a pretty girl! There is also a bass from Hamburg [Riemschneider], whose voice is more of a natural contralto than a bass. He sings sweetly in his throat and nose, pronounces Italian *alla Cimbriaca*, acts like a sucking-pig, and looks like a *valet de chambre*. O! it is fine, you may trust me. They are preparing "Giulio Cesare," perhaps because the audiences are diminishing. I think the storm is about to break on the head of our proud Bear. Beans are not for all markets, especially beans so badly cooked as this first basketful. Heidegger has got great credit for his dresses and scenery, though the latter does not rise much above mediocrity. We shall see what we shall see!

The season wore to its close with only moderate success. On the 12th of June Rolli resumed his impressions of it with his usual acrimony:

I have nothing much to say about the Heidegger-Handel couple ["la coppia Eidegrendeliana"], and their miserable opera. They have just succeeded in dragging through the season, and deserved no better. The musicians will be paid, and that is all. No one can say whether we shall have any opera next season or not, or whether the company will be the same, but it is certain that things are going from bad to worse. Strada finds favour with the very few who want to forget Cuzzoni . . . A few days before he died M. Rizzi (?) sent to Goupy a caricature of Cuzzoni and Farinelli singing a duet. Goupy had added the figure of Heidegger seated in a chair with his face turned up, and this has been engraved to the honour and glory of the great army of tuneful *canaille*."

Goupy was an artist, who painted scenery for Handel, and evidently quarrelled with him. He painted the famous pastel caricature of Handel, now in my possession, entitled "The Charming Brute." His engraving of Cuzzoni, Farinelli and Heidegger, here referred to, has often been reproduced.

At the close of the season Handel, if he had not precisely to face defeat and disaster, could not conceal from himself that Bernacchi, his *primo uomo*, was a failure. There was no help for it, he must swallow his pride and have recourse to Senesino. Consequently, when the second season opened on the 3rd of November, 1730, the great *castrato* was once more singing under

Handel's banner. The next three years must be rapidly passed over. The story of Handel's struggles and defeats has often been told, his indomitable efforts to win success with his operas, and his gradual realisation of the fact that the road to fame and fortune led through oratorio.

In the spring of 1733 came the troubles occasioned by Handel's having raised his prices for a performance of "Deborah," which led to the secession of many of his most influential subscribers, and to the foundation of the rival institution, the "Opera of the Nobility." In April, 1733, there appeared in *The Craftsman* a letter signed P--LO R--LI, which purports to be an attack upon Handel, but is in reality a skilfully veiled assault upon Walpole. In all probability Rolli had nothing whatever to do with it. The squib is now generally attributed to Bolingbroke, who seems to have borrowed Rolli's name for the occasion. Apart from its political value, it has an interest for musical historians, since, though it is not what it professes to be, it must necessarily represent pretty accurately the state of feeling that prevailed against Handel at that time in the fashionable world; otherwise its point as a satire would be lost. It also shows us that Rolli was considered sufficiently notorious as an enemy of Handel for Bolingbroke (if he actually was the author) to use him as a stalking-horse in furthering his political campaign.

With the opening of the "Opera of the Nobility" on 29th December, 1733, Rolli reappears in the world of London music. Porpora's "Arianna in Nasso," with which the season began, was written by Rolli, and until the collapse of the venture in 1737, when the rival opera schemes, like the Kilkenny cats, abolished each other simultaneously, Rolli did a large amount of hack-work for his aristocratic patrons. It would be wearisome to the reader to detail the long list of now forgotten works in which Rolli had a share. Among his operas were "Fernando"; "Enea nel Lazio"; "Polifemo," a setting of the tale of Acis and Galatea, which had the advantage of being sung by Cuzzoni, Senesino and Farinelli; "Ifigenia in Aulide" and "Orfeo." He also wrote the oratorio "David e Bersabea," and the serenata "Festa d'Imeneo" for the wedding of the Prince of Wales. Most of these works were set to music by Porpora, the director of the "Opera of the Nobility," a composer of great ability, whose talents have never been properly appreciated by historians of the period. The great attraction of the "Opera of the Nobility" lay in the singing of Farinelli, which seems to have completely turned the heads of London opera-goers. "On aimait les autres," wrote the Abbé Prévost,

"pour celui-ci, on en est idolâtre; c'est une fureur." His singing entranced even a jealous rival like Senesino, who, when they first appeared together, burst into tears at the conclusion of Farinelli's first song, ran across the stage and threw himself into the singer's arms. What his audience thought of him may be summed up in the famous exclamation wrung from a too impressionable dame, and afterwards immortalized by Hogarth: "One God, one Farinelli." Rolli, in a letter of 9th November, 1734, gives a pleasant glimpse of the great singer:

I know you wanted me to send you some theatrical news, but though I had a finger in the pie last year, and perhaps shall have another this year also, I am so disgusted with the whole business, that I can hardly bear to speak of it, much less to write. However, I must tell you something about Farinelli, who really deserves it. I confess he has surprised me, and I feel that till now I understood only a fraction of what human song can be, whereas now I am glad to think that I have heard all that there is or can be. Apart from his singing, he is a man of most amiable and courteous manners, and I take the greatest pleasure in his friendship and company. He has given me a present, the poems of Metastasio, which I had long desired, and which will help me to pass many pleasant hours, turning my thoughts to the glory of my country and to the old master [Gravina] who taught the pair of us.

In a later letter (25th March, 1735) he pays a further tribute to Farinelli, adding epigrammatically: "He is in truth a devil of a singer [*"È veramente un Demonio"*].

In spite of Farinelli, the "Opera of the Nobility" was not destined to be long-lived. London could not afford to support two opera-houses, and after the first blaze of the Farinelli furore had died down, the audiences grew small by degrees, and beautifully less. Mrs. Delany, as a devoted Handelian, was naturally contemptuous of the rival establishment. Even for Farinelli she hardly had a good word. "With this band of singers and dull Italian operas, such as you almost fall asleep at, they presume to rival Handel!"

The doom of both houses, in fact, was long since sealed. Rolli's last contribution to the failing fortunes of his theatre was "Sabrina," an adaptation of Milton's "Comus," which was produced in May, 1737. Only three performances were given. On the 11th of June, Farinelli sang, as Colley Cibber affirmed, "to an audience of five and thirty pounds," and on the 14th the theatre was closed, owing to the "indisposition" of the great singer. Farinelli was not advertised to appear again, and the disastrous season closed in disgrace. "With so little *éclat*," says Burney,

"did this great singer quit the English stage, that the town seems rather to have left him, than he the town!"

After the collapse of the two operas, the indomitable Heidegger swept the relics of both companies into his net, and in the autumn of 1737 opened a despairing season at the Haymarket Theatre, for which Rolli wrote a "Partenio," with music by Veracini (14th March, 1738), and for a season organized later on by the composer Pescetti at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket his fertile muse produced three more operas. Towards the close of his operatic career Rolli was once more to collaborate with Handel, for whom he wrote "Deidamia," produced in 1741, with which Handel bade farewell for ever to the stage. The revival of opera under Lord Middlesex in the same year provided more work for Rolli, who, together with the Abate Vanneschi, was engaged as poet to the establishment.

Among Rolli's contributions to the Middlesex season was "Penelope," set to music by Galuppi, regarding which Handel, writing from Ireland to his friend Jennens, indulged in a little good-humoured "chaff": "The first opera I heard myself before I left London, and it made me very merry all along my journey, and of the second opera, called 'Penelope,' a certain nobleman writes very jocosely, 'Il faut que je dise avec Harlequin, Notre Pénélope n'est qu'une Sallope.'"

Whatever were the faults of the Middlesex management, they had plenty of money, and were not afraid of spending it. Horace Walpole, writing to his friend Mann, laments the extravagance of the directors:

I am quite uneasy about the Opera, for Mr. Conway is one of the directors, and I fear they will lose considerably, which he cannot afford. . . . I will give you some instances of their extravagance, not to mention the improbability of eight thoughtless young men of fashion understanding economy. It is usual to give the poet fifty guineas for composing the books. Vanneschi and Rolli are allowed three hundred. Three hundred more Vanneschi had for his journey to Italy, to pick up dancers and performers, which was always as well transacted by bankers there. He has additionally brought over an Italian tailor—because there are none here. They have already given this *Taylorini* four hundred pounds, and he has taken a house at thirty pounds a year.

With such princely paymasters it is not surprising to learn that Rolli ere long was able to think of returning home. He left London in October, 1744, and retired to Todi, attracted, as his eighteenth century biographer tells us, by the salubrious climate and picturesque situation of the little Umbrian city, and by

the fact that two of his sisters were nuns there. His leisure, as his correspondence shows, was devoted to literature. He died on the 20th of March, 1765, at the age of 78, tended by a devoted servant whom he had brought with him from England. To this servant, whose name I judge to have been Samuel Ready, he bequeathed his entire fortune, together with a collection of his private correspondence. This is now in the possession of Ready's descendants, who, under the Italianized name of Retti, still inhabit Todi. A passage in Rolli's will relating to Ready deserves transcription:

And I concede to my aforesaid servant, Samuel Retti, the right to be buried by my side with this inscription: *Si est tibi servus fidelis, sit tibi quasi anima tua, quasi fratrem sic eum tracta.* (If thou have a faithful servant, entreat him as a brother: for thou hast need of him, as of thine own soul.—Ecl. xxxiii, 31.)

Happy Rolli! After a stormy and chequered career he found peace at the last among the vine-clad hills of his native land, and the pillow of his tranquil death-bed was smoothed by the hand of a faithful friend.

THE BOOK-PLATES OF MUSICIANS AND MUSIC-LOVERS

By SHELDON CHENEY

IF one has a passion for music, it is likely to color every activity of one's life. Friendships naturally are formed with people of the same tastes, and business associations may be largely molded by the influences of one's leisure hour hobbies. And certainly the books of the music-lover's library will bulk large on the musicana side. When love of music thus so often determines the larger aspects of life, it should be no matter for wonder that such a personal little thing as the book-plate again and again reflects that love.

The book-plate, designed primarily as a label to indicate book ownership, was for centuries stiffly heraldic in character. Of recent years it has become, instead, a sort of pictorial coat-of-arms, a graphic index to the tastes of the owner. For the man whose hobbies are primarily bookish, it will probably be purely literary; for the nature lover it may be a landscape; for the boy or girl, a childish bit of sentiment; for the actor, a reminder of the stage; for the architect, a famous building, or a beautiful bit of architectural detail; and finally, for the musician or music-lover, it must, in all appropriateness, be suggestive of the art of music.

During the last quarter-century the book-plate, through its two-fold appeal, artistic and antiquarian, has become a thing much prized by art connoisseurs and antiquarians, as well as an object of interest to the general reading public. There are in America two active associations of collectors and designers of book-plates, and each of the important European countries has its "ex libris" society and its monthly or quarterly journal devoted to book-plate matters. The latest bibliography lists over six hundred books and pamphlets on the subject, to say nothing of a great number of magazine essays. And the interest, especially on the artistic side, seems to be still growing.

When a subject is so large, spanning, as this one does, all the centuries of art from Dürer to Abbey, and reflecting the



tastes of all the intervening generations of book-lovers, it is only natural that collectors should single out certain classes of plates for particular study. Thus one collector may gather only the book-plates of famous authors, another only angling plates, another only heraldic plates, another only garden plates, and so on. But of all the specialties so pursued there is none more fascinating than the book-plates of musicians and music-lovers. Indeed, so great is the interest that has been shown in this particular subdivision of the subject, that in Europe three books have been published specifically about musical book-plates.

The music-lover has utilized every conceivable method of bringing some suggestion of his art into book-plate design. The range extends from the most symbolic to the most realistic, from the most elaborate to the simplest, and from the oppressively serious to the annoyingly frivolous. Musical instruments decoratively treated, piping Pans and piping nymphs, bits of musical notation, portraits of famous musicians, choir boys, Cupids playing the violin, musical angels of enlightenment—these appear again and again in the collectors' albums. And of course that time worn symbol of the art, the lyre, is quite as common as the very modern lady languishing at the piano. How cleverly these stock subjects have been varied, and adapted to individual tastes and needs, the accompanying illustrations will show. They have been chosen from a collection of more than four thousand plates; and although reduced in size, they are representative of the best that has been used to label the personal libraries of music-lovers.

Of the purely symbolic and conventional type, one of the most interesting examples is the design used by Arthur Farwell, one of the best-known figures in the American world of music. Within a formal wreath the lyre properly takes the central place. Beside it are the conventional symbols of the art of the theatre, the masks of tragedy and comedy. Above is a ribbon bearing the name. The decorative heavy line used in the execution of this design is especially suited to the requirements of a book-plate. It is characteristic of all the work of the designer, Frank Chouteau Brown, a Boston architect who has made more book-plates for people of musical note than any four or five other American artists together.

A second plate whereon this designer has used the lyre to symbolize musical art is that made for Gertrude L. Hale. Here the human note is introduced in the girl's head, but the central and emphatic impression is that of the instrument. Again the handling of the lines is such that the whole makes a very decorative

label. The owner of the plate, as one might guess, is a musician—in this case a singer.

A plate similar in theme, but very different in handling, is that of Edna B. Stockhouse. Delicacy and grace, rather than solidity and directness, characterize this attractive little design. The child-figure, with vine-crowned head, is appealing in its youthfulness, and the old-fashioned lyre seems very much in the spirit of the whole design. William Edgar Fisher, one of the best known American book-plate artists, was the designer.

Of all the "Piping Pan" book-plates—and the motive is not at all uncommon—there is none more charming than the "A. A. B." design. The child Pan sits on the bank of a reed-grown stream, and pipes the notes from a sheet of music propped against a tree. From the branches above hangs a name-panel with the initials. The design was made by Frank T. Merrill, and is used in the Allen A. Brown collection of music, at the Boston Public Library.

For Harvey Worthington Loomis, long famous as a composer, F. C. Brown has made a design which shows nothing of the Piping Pan except a portion of his face. By way of contrast one may compare this with the Ernest R. Orchard design, by William Edgar Fisher. Here a nymph has taken the place of Pan, and one can see quite all there is of the graceful piper. Over at one side a Satyr—or perhaps it is Pan himself—takes delight in stopping up his ears. The musical idea is further emphasized by the two winged lyres, and by the piping grotesques at the tops of the columns.

The little Tanisse Barnes Tyler plate, a third design by William Edgar Fisher, is one of the most pleasing of all the posteresque book-plates by American designers. There is no depth of thought back of the design, and the whole affair is slight indeed if one sets up an intellectual criterion. But the artist has done a thing which seems to be the most difficult of all for the average American designer to achieve: he has taken a subject so obvious that it can carry little interest in itself, and he has made an attractive bit of decoration merely by a clever placing of the few simple elements in relation to each other. It is primarily an effective arrangement of black and white, and only secondarily a picture of a girl at a piano. To be sure, it is the latter point that makes the design eminently suitable for use in the library of a music-lover; but it is the decorative quality that lifts it above the average run of American book-plates of the musical or any other class.





It will be noted that this Barnes design bears the inscription "her music," instead of the usual "ex libris" or her "book." The size and shape further emphasize the fact that this is meant to be a marker not only for books, but for sheet music. It is small enough to be pasted on the cover margin. Thus it serves to record ownership of loose music by a decorative addition to the cover, instead of the usual disfiguring signature—just as the larger book-plate ornamentally labels the books in the library, and at the same time saves their title-pages from the defacement of a carelessly written inscription. The music-lover who is the prospective owner of a design will do well to consider thoroughly this matter of the size of the plate and its wording. Mr. Fisher alone among the prominent designers seems to have grasped the idea. Reference to the Orchard and Stockhouse plates, already described, will show that they, too, have been executed with sheet music in mind.

Another example of the purely decorative treatment of instrument and player is shown in the Iustus Haarmann plate. Here a mandolin player and his book of music, with the streamers and ornamental lettering, form a satisfying design. The workmanship is rough, when one looks closely, but the total impression is unusually effective. The artist is Willi Geiger, a German who has done some of the weirdest book-plates known to collectors, as well as a number of such delightful bits as this Haarmann design.

More conventional, and less successful perhaps, is the Rubie LaLande de Ferriere plate. The violin from which the curious tree grows, and the notes in the branches, leave no doubt that the owner's concern is primarily with music. Such heavy clean-cut line work is exceptionally well suited to book-plates. But the maker's sense of design is in no way comparable to that of Geiger and others of the artists so far mentioned.

An unusual variation of the instrument and player idea is embodied in the little Robert Gable plate. The design was made for a student of music, who "played the drum" in a high school orchestra. It shows an imp of Satan beating a gong—evidently the artist's idea of student music. The plate was designed and cut on wood by George Wolfe Plank, the most imaginative of all American book-plate designers.

The plate used by Frederick W. Bancroft leaves no doubt that the owner is a lover of both music and nature. The man lies full length in the grass, with book closed, and listens with evident pleasure to the singing birds in the branches above. And to

leave no doubt about the sentiment, both music and words are given: "Summer is a-coming in, Loudly sing cuck-oo." This use of a favorite strain of music in actual notation on the plate has occurred more than once on American designs, and is even commoner among those of European music-lovers.

The use of portraits of eminent musicians in book-plate design seems to be curiously restricted in this country, not one satisfying example appearing in a collection of more than four thousand prints. But in Europe, and especially in Germany, this is one of the favorite ways of indicating the owner's musical tastes. Indeed a whole book has been written about "Beethoven Ex Libris." Among the illustrations of this essay the only example in which a composer is shown is the August F. Ammann plate. Even here the Mozart bust in its shrine is not the main motive of the plate. The remarkably dressed woman playing the piano, and the Cupid with violin, both go to impress the beholder with the owner's musical propensities. The plate is typical of the delicacy and fantasy in the work of Franz von Bayros, the leader among Austrian book-plate designers.

In the Francis M. Williams design, by Ludwig S. Ipsen, the musical idea is doubly expressed. The central motive is the choir boy, in surplice and with hymn-book. The background shows an organ in an architectural setting. It is hardly necessary to add that the owner is by profession an organist.

Unique among the musical book-plates is that made by William Edgar Fisher for Florence O'Neill. The artist has taken his inspiration from that poem in which Poe describes the angel Israfel, mentioned in the Koran as having the sweetest voice of all God's creatures:

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
Whose heart-strings are a lute;
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

In embodying the spirit of music in the figure of Israfel, the designer has expressed something of that aspiring and uplifting quality of the art, which is as difficult to put in words as to portray in a drawing. Appropriately, the only detail outside the central panel is a lyre, with wreath intertwined, below the name.

Occasionally it happens that a well known musician adopts a book-plate without any reminder of the art, whereon the lyre



Robert B. Gable

and the girl-at-the-piano, and the other familiar motives, are forsaken for something quite alien to the musical world. Designs so chosen, without reference to the ruling passion of the owners' lives, may be of interest for various reasons; but usually they remind one of opportunities missed. Two of the plates shown herewith, both by F. C. Brown, were made for composers, and without any hint of musical tastes. The plate for H. F. Gilbert is merely a decorative arrangement of the name with an old-time mask. The plate of Homer A. Norris, equally well known as composer, organist, and writer about music, is more or less of a caricature. It shows a page bringing an overflowing armful of books, with the explanatory and unusual wording: "Returning books to Homer A. Norris."

When the book-plate is used only in music books the ownership inscription is sometimes changed from the usual "ex libris," to indicate the nature of the special collection. The deFerriere design is worded "ex libris musicis," which seems to be the commonest way of expressing "from the music books." "Ex musicis" is similarly used. But the "e cantibus" of the Haarmann plate expresses the same thing more pleasingly. One sometimes wonders, though, why so many people forsake plain English for the sake of a Latin phrase that has no advantage except that it "is the usual thing." After all, "Jane Smith—her music" expresses all that is necessary, simply and directly. An interesting variation is found in the plate of Carolyn Lewis, by Charles R. Capon, which is shown herewith. The inscription is in the form "her music-marker."

In European countries the book-plate has served as a place for many music-lovers to record their favorite mottoes. J. F. Verster, in his monograph on musical ex libris, quotes more than three hundred mottoes found on this class of plates. Of the designs shown here, only that of Francis M. Williams has a motto: "Pro aris et focus," or "For our altars and our firesides." This of course would be as appropriate on a non-musical plate. A more direct sentiment, from the plate of Samuel Reay, is "Laetitiae comes, dolori medicina, musica" (Music, the companion of joy, the cure for pain). A German design has this wording: "Ihr seid doch alle aus Musik geboren." A motto of broader import is quoted from Edward MacDowell on a recent design: "There is only one art—and that is the correlation of them all."

The musician must necessarily have many books, and it is probably true that he has a greater affection for them than people in other walks of life have for the libraries that accumulate

on their shelves with little or no purpose. By that token he should take special pride in labelling his volumes with a book-plate that will give them a distinctive personal touch, and at the same time secure them against loss at the hands of forgetful book borrowers. That some noted musicians, as well as many music-lovers, have adopted this delightful method of book identification, this essay has shown. That others would adopt it when they read of its peculiar virtues, was the firm conviction of the writer when he brought together the material for the essay. May you, reader, if you combine in one person the traits of the real music-lover and of the true book-lover, come to enjoy that peculiar sense of pride in possession which only the musical book-plate can afford.

HECTOR BERLIOZ AND RICHARD WAGNER

By JULIEN TIERSOT

I

HECTOR BERLIOZ, born in 1803 in a small town of southeastern France, within sight of the Alps, was a contemporary of the poets, artists and thinkers who devoted their genius to the triumph of the Romantic School—of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, Eugène Delacroix, Rude, Michelet, Edgar Quinet, etc.—and in the domain of music he occupies a place equivalent to that held by each of these great men in his specialty. Coming to Paris at the age of eighteen, with the intention of engaging in pursuits wholly different from those to which he finally dedicated himself, he first of all (as a student of music) came under the influence of the classic masters whose works were then in the musico-dramatic repertory,—chiefly Gluck, the last interpreter, and a powerful one, of the spirit of the *ancien régime*, and his successors, Méhul, Lesueur, Spontini, the representatives of the grand musical traditions of the French Revolution and the Empire. His most lasting impression from hearing them was the passionate emotion which breathes in their works, together with the character of grandeur wherewith they stamped their conceptions; as to their forms, whose excessive regularity and too bare simplicity comported but ill with the impetuosity of his genius, he imitated them very sparingly. But he soon found other models when he gained an intimacy with the works of two German masters, Weber and Beethoven, still living while he was yet a youth. From the former he borrowed the picturesque orchestral coloring, and lost no time in adding to the treasure committed into his keeping. The latter, besides an inimitable genius, revealed to him the forms of the symphony; Berlioz forthwith adopted them in preference to those of the opera, recognizing in them a more favorable medium for conveying the impulsion of his individual feeling, for giving full scope to his passions and his dreams, for representing in tones the images born of an imagination at times erratic, but always creative.

And his first attempt was a masterstroke. In the memorable year 1830, when Victor Hugo gave the first representation of *Hernani*, and a fresh popular revolution definitively abolished the old order, Berlioz wrote and procured the first audition of his *Symphonie fantastique*, a work of marked originality and novelty, in which the orchestra attains to a puissance of expression and a vividness of coloration previously unapproached. Continuing on his course, he composed several further orchestral works, some of which are veritable musical pictures, glowing with color, like the symphony *Harold en Italie*; others, like the *Requiem*, evoke the mysteries of the great beyond with an incomparable grandeur; while in a third symphony, *Roméo et Juliette*, in which he mingled voices with the instruments, he makes the orchestra speak with as much eloquence, and almost equal precision, as the Shakespearean word whose interpretation he had undertaken could command. He thus, at the very outset, reached the loftiest realization of the symphonic drama, whereof, in this work, he supplied the prototype. By such bold innovations he had not failed to bewilder the intellects of a public so ill-prepared to appreciate art of this nature. An opera, *Benvenuto Cellini*, vivid and colorful as his purely symphonic works, had come to grief, and this failure had caused its author great chagrin. However, he was surrounded by a chosen few who had penetrated his arcanum and foresaw the future of his efforts; and when *Roméo et Juliette* appeared (in 1839—he was then thirty-six years of age) he was held to be a genius whose very superiority rendered him inaccessible to the vulgar.

Richard Wagner, per contra, was ten years younger; and although a disparity of ten years seems to be effaced between men who have reached maturity or old age, it is very noticeable at their entrance into the public arena. He was born in 1813, in Leipzig, the town already known to fame as the dwelling-place of the great Bach. Having passed his childhood in an artistic environment, he early devoted himself to music and the theatre; took the first steps in his career as an orchestral conductor in various provincial towns of Germany and Russia, and tried his hand at composition—not without feeling his way and being subjected to very diverse influences, like that of Weber and the masters of German romanticism, or that of Italian opera à la Bellini, or from that of Adolphe Adam's comedy-opera up to French grand opera, of which latter the author of *La Vestale*, Spontini, had furnished him with superb examples. Being thus predisposed, he produced two highly dissimilar dramatic works—

Das Liebesverbot and *Rienzi*. But where was he to bring out works of such calibre? The small cities on which he exercised an influence as music-director were far from affording him sufficient resources. He did not hesitate. He betook himself to Paris. This was in the summer of 1839; Wagner had just reached the age of twenty-six.

He arrived in the French capital on September the 16th—and on the following 24th of November Berlioz gave the first hearing of his *Roméo et Juliette*. In the meantime the young German had been doing his utmost to establish connections in the great city. It was at Schlesinger's (the publisher), a German like himself, and to whom he had been introduced by another German, Meyerbeer, that he met Berlioz, then a contributor to the "Gazette Musicale." Wagner so quickly succeeded in attracting his attention and engaging his personal interest, that Berlioz included him among the number of those who enjoyed gratuitous admission to the first performance of his work. I have found proof of this in a list of invitations written by Berlioz's own hand, and deposited among his papers in the library of the Conservatory; in it the name of "R. Wagner" is entered for a seat.

So it happened that the future author of *Tristan und Isolde*, almost immediately after his arrival in Paris, was afforded an opportunity of hearing French music of a sort quite different from that for which he was prepared; his acquaintance with it having been confined to the *Postillon de Longjumeau* and the *Muette de Portici*. And, in his posthumous autobiography, he admits that the impression it made on him was both extremely vivid and unexpected:

It was unquestionably a totally new world for me. First of all, I was almost bewildered by the puissance of an orchestral virtuosity of which I had never dreamed before. The reckless boldness and severe precision with which the most daring combinations were attacked, made them fairly palpable. They took me by storm, and impetuously fanned the flame of my personal feeling for music and poetry. I was all ear for things of which I had never had the slightest notion, and which I sought to explain to myself.

Afterwards he heard the *Symphonie fantastique* and the *Harold* symphony, listening to the former "with an emotion full of admiration," and conscientiously analyzing the latter. Still later, in July, 1840, when Berlioz had brought out a work of vast proportions, composed on the occasion of a popular festival, the *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* for the victims of the July revolution, Wagner paid homage to the grandeur of this creation;

he states that on hearing it "he was unable to resist a strange and profound feeling of respect for the individuality of this marvellous master," and that he then comprehended "the greatness and the energy of this incomparable artist-nature, unique in the world."

It is not as though he had surrendered himself completely to the spell, for, in conclusion, he sums up his impressions as follows:

After the hearing, however, I was haunted by the uneasiness one feels when confronted by some strange thing which will never become congenial; and this uneasiness compelled me to ask myself why Berlioz's music should waken my enthusiasm one day, and should repel me, or be positively tiresome, at another time. For years Berlioz presented a problem at once perplexing and irritating, which I did not succeed in solving until a long time afterward.—Nevertheless, (he concludes,) I still felt like a pupil in his presence.

Such is the sincere narration, written down for himself, wherein Wagner describes his first memories of Berlioz.

But, at the same time, he communicated his impressions on the subject to the public—to the German public. Let us compare them with those whose mark is recorded in the private diary from which, thirty years after his death, the secrets of his real thought were made known to us. What he wrote, as the correspondent of an art-review ("Europa") in Dresden, when the period of his sojourn in France was drawing to a close (May 5, 1841), follows:

The *Symphonie fantastique* is a strange, unheard-of thing. A teeming, towering imagination, an inspiration of epic energy, vomit as it were from a crater a turbid torrent of passions. Herein one can distinguish smoke-clouds of colossal proportions, lighted up solely by lightning-flashes, striped by fiery zones and fashioned into wavering phantoms. Everything is extravagant, audacious,—but extremely disagreeable.

As for *Roméo et Juliette*, this is the record of his impressions in the German periodical:

On hearing this symphony I experienced the most poignant regrets. In this composition, side by side with passages of incontestable genius, we find such a mass of transgressions against good taste and artistic economy, that I cannot help wishing that Berlioz, before the performance of his work, had submitted it to such a man as Cherubini.

The above verdict is notably severer than the one transmitted in the autobiography. It is true that Wagner unreservedly praises the *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale*, which he recognizes as possessing a "popular" character in the most ideal sense of

the term, and rather "national" than "popular," for (he adds) "from the *Postillon de Longjumeau* to this Symphony of July there is a long step to be taken." In these last words one may see the surprise of the German musician on discovering that a Frenchman could compose in any other style than that of *opéra comique*; indeed, in the very beginning of his article he set forth the following observations:

From remotest Germany the spirit of Beethoven has breathed upon him; and assuredly there have been hours when Berlioz wished that he was a German. In such hours it was, that his genius urged him to write in imitation of the great Master, to express the same things that he felt were expressed in his works. But no sooner had he grasped his pen, than the natural ebullition of his French blood regained the ascendancy.

We shall have to return to the ideas contained in this last quotation. For the present, let us be content to note the dissimilarity between Wagner's opinions as recorded in the sincerity of his personal recollections and as formulated in an article for publication, designed to influence the judgment of his compatriots. How different was the procedure of Schumann, who, in an article on this same *Symphonie fantastique* in which Wagner affected to discern nothing but dense clouds of smoke, heralded the advent of Berlioz as that of an original genius.

"Berlioz presented a problem at once perplexing and irritating," said Wagner. Very good. But why, then, at a time when he had not found the solution of this "problem," should he have given publicity only to those points which struck him as the most questionable, whereas, when left to solitary meditation, he could visualize their significance under a sensibly more favorable aspect?

As for Berlioz, he, for his part, was all courtesy and kindness for his young confrère. He doubtless kept him at a certain distance, and did not meet him on a familiar footing; there was no reason whatever for his doing so, and no other Frenchman would have acted differently. The only friends that Wagner had during this first sojourn in Paris were some Germans who had come, like himself, to seek their fortune, or who possibly had reasons for putting the frontier betwixt them and their own dear country, and were none too well off. "In Paris (so he writes again) you cannot find one artist who has time to make friends with another; each lives and moves for himself alone." In spite of this, Berlioz, whenever they happened to meet, did not fail to show him his good-will. As we have seen, he invited him to the first perform-

ance of his new work, *Roméo et Juliette*, and to other of his concerts; he himself attended the one at which was heard the sole work that Wagner succeeded in bringing out at Paris, an overture to *Christopher Columbus* whose reception was not favorable; and on this occasion accosted him with a few words of kindly encouragement. Finally, after Wagner had published a sketch entitled "A Visit to Beethoven" in the "Gazette Musicale," Berlioz complimented him upon it, not merely verbally, but by penning some sentences which—a rare favor!—were printed in his musical feuilleton in the "Journal des Débats." Thus it was that Wagner's name was first introduced to the French public, with praise, by the pen of Berlioz.

It should not be objected, that this was a trifling matter. It was all that Berlioz could do for a stranger artist just making his début (he himself then being only a "young master")—an artist wholly unknown and, to speak impartially, with nothing to give. For if Wagner came as early as 1839 with the—very German—notion of conquering France, every one will agree that he set about it the wrong way, being quite unprepared to insure his conquest. We must remember that the Wagner of 1839 was not the author of *Lohengrin*, *Die Meistersinger* and *Parsifal*; all that he brought us, his sole arms of offense, his sole munitions, consisted of the manuscripts of *Das Liebesverbot* and *Rienzi*, two operas written in German, neither of which was in any way representative of Wagnerian genius, and which he himself later disowned. His efforts to have them brought out in Paris led to nothing, which was undoubtedly fortunate, because the probable outcome of their performance would have been the failure of works so immature and lacking stylistic form. Under these circumstances he could blame only himself and his own imprudence that he vegetated in misery; he only needed to stay away! Besides, he took his revenge by sending the periodicals of his country ill-natured articles of whose tenor we already have some idea from the above quotations concerning Berlioz. When writing the story of his life he did not conceal the fact that, in taking it upon himself to communicate his impressions of Paris to German readers, he had been tempted by the thought that he could express "the contempt which the ways of this city inspired in him." And that, again, is "very German"; of this we have had far more recent proofs. In a word, if Wagner, in 1839, did not succeed in winning the place in Paris to which he aspired, he had only himself to thank. As for his French fellow-musicians, his elders, they all treated him quite as well as he could have expected; and

Berlioz, in particular, received him with a cordiality fully on a par with his deserts on this, their first meeting.

After a stay in France of two years and a half, Wagner returned to Germany in the spring of 1842. He took back with him a new work wherewith he had enriched his repertory, the first in which his individuality was manifested—*Der fliegende Holländer*, both poem and music having been written by him in the environs of Paris. Having brought about the performance of this work, and also of *Rienzi*, at Dresden, he settled in that city, where he was speedily engaged as Kapellmeister and Music Director at the Royal Theatre.

Berlioz, on his part, had realized the project, conceived long before, of going to Germany to give concerts in which he could make his music known to the compatriots of Beethoven. He reached Dresden towards the beginning of 1843, on the very day of the formal induction of the new Kapellmeister into his office.

Thus they met again a few months after their leave-taking in Paris.

Berlioz therefore had an opportunity to hear both these works of Wagner's, or at the very least *Der fliegende Holländer* and the second half of *Rienzi* (for this last-named opera is so long that it had become customary, from the outset, to give it on two evenings—a foretaste, as it were, of the *Nibelung's Ring* in four). He made a report on them, on his return, in an article for the "Journal des Débats" which was reprinted later in two of his books, and was highly favorable to the author of the works;—though not withholding certain criticisms justified by a style frequently too diffuse, or sometimes extravagant, in their music, faults quite natural in the first essays of a young composer. Berlioz lauded the effort which had culminated in the production of two works wherein both poem and music were the creation of the same author, saying:

It must be admitted that men are rarely found who are capable of twice accomplishing successfully this dual literary and musical task, and that M. Wagner has given a proof of capacity more than sufficient to attract our attention and interest.

Alluding to the fortunes of the artist, the article proceeded:

After having undergone, in France, a thousand privations and all the sufferings attendant on obscurity, Richard Wagner, on returning to Saxony, his native land, had the courage to undertake and the satisfaction of accomplishing the composition of the two operas through which his merit has been established. The king of Saxony (he continues) perfectly understood the situation; and on the day when, by giving his

first Kapellmeister an associate like Richard Wagner, he assured the existence of the latter, the friends of art should have said to His Majesty what Jean Bart responded to Louis XIV when the monarch told him that he had created him rear-admiral: "Sire, you have done well!"

It was by such generous praise that Berlioz, who had previously informed the readers of the leading French periodical at that time of Wagner's literary firstlings, was the first to announce to them his début as the author of musical dramas; it will be seen that he did so in terms far more amiable than Wagner employed in his critiques, sent from Paris to the German papers, of Berlioz's works.

As to their personal relations during this sojourn of the French master in Dresden, our sole source of knowledge is a few observations which he himself recorded. Wagner—who otherwise made daily notes of the most inconsiderable events of his life in the blankbook which afterwards did duty in the editing of "Mein Leben"—has nothing to say on this subject, and alludes to Berlioz's visit only in a brief observation occasioned by one of his "appreciations" of Frau Schroeder-Devrient. Berlioz, on the other hand, while remarking on the preoccupation of the young Kapellmeister and "the first flush of a very natural delight" which infected him on the day of his induction into office, writes: "He had to exercise his authority for the first time by assisting me in my rehearsals, which he did with zeal and most obligingly." Why must a certain letter (as yet unpublished) which Berlioz soon after wrote to another Dresden artist, Concertmeister Lipinski, whom he had occasion to praise ungrudgingly and unstintedly, give us the impression of a certain uneasiness with regard to the kind intentions which he predicates of his colleague? In this letter we read: "You will see, on reading my letter on Dresden, that I did not care to give room to the suspicion suggested by you with respect to Wagner." A suspicion? And of what? Could it be that Wagner, under the cloak of an amicable attitude, was attempting to place obstacles in the path of his French guest? Perish the thought! for Berlioz himself repudiates it. None the less, it clearly appears that at this first meeting of the two masters in Germany, perspicacious minds had recognized that they were rivals rather than friends.

Seven further years went by, during which they both wrote momentous works, and at the same time arrived at disastrous developments in their career. Berlioz composed the *Damnation de Faust*, whose failure caused his ruin. Seeking exile from France, he travelled to far countries, giving concerts in Russia, trying to

make a place for himself in England, and—rightly or wrongly—dreading the consequences which the Revolution of 1848 might bring in its train both for the arts and for his own person.—Wagner created *Tannhäuser*, whose success in Dresden was by no means uncontested (for the time had not yet come when the public was prepared to comprehend and appreciate this new art of Wagner, any more than that of Berlioz). He wrote *Lohengrin*, but could not bring it out. Then he took part in the revolt which, in Germany, followed the French revolution of 1848; he fled the country, was condemned *in contumaciam*, and lived in exile for twelve years or more.

His first idea was to take refuge in Paris and seek to win a position there in the musical world. To help him, he counted on Berlioz, the only French artist with whom, as it seemed, his genius predestined him to consort. But—from a practical standpoint—to what illusions did he yield himself! How was it possible for Berlioz to serve him in an attempt to facilitate an impossible task, seeing that he himself had failed and was beset by so many difficulties! In both cases, misconception of their art was greater than ever. Just then nothing could get a hearing in musical Paris but operas which followed an Italian formula already in its decadence, and comedy-operas growing more and more trivial in style. The composers who had succeeded in forcing their way to the front, to the exclusion of all others, were not merely Donizetti, Auber, Halévy, Adolphe Adam, but men of mediocrity even in their own line, like Carafa, Clapisson, and a score of others who (as the great Corneille put it) do not deserve the honor of being mentioned, but who were entrenched in all the places. Above all these throned Meyerbeer, creator of the awesome illusion that he alone represented “grand art.” Between him and Wagner misunderstandings had arisen almost immediately after their first interviews, and Berlioz conducted himself towards him with a courteous reserve whose appearance concealed a reality of sentiments in no way amicable on either side.

Wagner required considerable time to discover that there was no place for him in such an environment. Liszt, who had aided him to escape from Germany, and continually wrought in his behalf with the most generous zeal, gave him to understand that he would be doing Berlioz an injustice to demand of him what he could not do for himself. So Wagner withdrew to Switzerland, where he worked for several years in retirement.

We have just witnessed the entrance on the stage of a new personage who will hereafter play an important rôle between

Berlioz and Wagner. While the memorable events chronicled above were taking place in the lives of these two, great changes were likewise going on in Liszt's affairs. After a precocious youth, in the course of which he had achieved the most dazzling successes ever known to a virtuoso, his ambition sought another path to glory, and he retired to a small German town, Weimar, famed for many years by reason of the part it had played in the life of intellect, and which he now proposed to elevate into a centre of musical art.

Franz Liszt, born in 1811, and consequently two years older than Wagner and eight younger than Berlioz, had known the latter since 1830; he had attended the concert at which the *Symphonie fantastique* obtained its first hearing, and manifested an enthusiasm for the work which (as we may imagine) touched its author. From that day they were friends, and the bonds of their affection grew ever closer as time went on.

His sympathies for Wagner were not awakened so spontaneously; for some time, indeed, the two future friends regarded each other with a certain degree of suspicion. But on gaining a better acquaintance with the work of the artist, Liszt conceived a growing cordiality for the man. At the very time when he had brought out *Tannhäuser* in the Weimar theatre, and Wagner had come to see him and to assist at the production, they were informed of the consequences threatening the latter on account of his participation in the revolutionary movement in Dresden. Liszt assisted in his escape, and kept up a correspondence through which he gave him advice and aid.

Wagner took with him the score of *Lohengrin*, already finished but not published. He no longer cherished a hope of bringing out this German work in Germany, whence he was excluded, and so had perforce to resign himself to its non-existence for the world.

Liszt did not hesitate. Disregarding hostile opinion, he himself produced the work on the stage of his little court theatre, from which, after winning success, it found its way to all the important cities of the Germanic Confederation.

Following this first and fortunate attempt, he turned to Berlioz with a request for his *Benvenuto Cellini*, which had failed some twelve years earlier at the Opéra in Paris, and whose rehabilitation he contemplated. All was done according to his wish, and the theatre at Weimar could pride itself on having set a good example by bringing the works of Wagner and Berlioz before the German public.

Thus there was formed at Weimar a sort of art-association, a musical triple alliance combining the far-famed names of Berlioz, Wagner, and Liszt.

Berlioz manifested deep gratitude to his friend. He himself came on to assist at a "Berlioz Week" which Liszt had arranged in his honor, and experienced keen delight on recognizing the happy result of his efforts in favor of the new art.

As for Wagner, he could come neither to Weimar nor to any other place in Germany, and so was devoted to solitary seclusion abroad. But he wrote—he wrote a great deal; Liszt was among those to whom, in his letters, he confided his most intimate thoughts. He also indited books which constituted, so to speak, a profound self-examination. Therein the artist sought in his own past career, as well as in history and the contemporary status of the art, after the reasons for bringing about the revolution in the musical drama which he himself was to consummate.

He wrote; besides that, he talked; his words were occasionally carried far away, and it would seem that they testified to a scantier appreciation of Liszt's undertaking than one might have expected. Oh! Wagner doubtless found it quite right that *Lohengrin* should be represented at Weimar; but at the same time his behavior was more than cool with regard to the attempted resurrection of *Bentvenuto Cellini*. His remarks reverberated so loudly that Liszt felt himself obliged to respond thus:

Why bring out *Cellini* at Weimar? (he writes to Wagner on April the 7th, 1852). That is a question which I should not answer to everybody, but to which the practical reply will be such that we can be satisfied with it. Maybe you yourself have not as fully realized the practical side of the matter as you will later.

Truth to tell, these same explanations strike us as contracting the scope of an initiative which at first view seemed to spring from a loftily artistic purpose, and which he who grasped it now appears to debase to the level of the devices of a less disinterested diplomacy or political expediency. Even to this, be it noted, Wagner did not wish to grant houseroom. With eyes fixed on a different objective, he would have no one pay attention to anything else. This he flatly stated in his answer to Liszt: "It is absolutely impossible for me to believe in the consequences you associate with the representation of *Cellini*."

Liszt, however, sought to explain himself and defend his friend's work, "which ought not (he said) to be thrown aside because of all the nonsense set afloat concerning it." He added:

"*Cellini* is an altogether remarkable work; I feel sure that it would please you in many respects."

But Wagner was impervious to argument. Wholly absorbed in maturing his conception of the art-work of the future, he would have had the art of the past conform itself to his ideal in advance, and found fault with Berlioz for having followed a path other than the one which he himself had not yet opened. In so doing, his use of somewhat uncourteous terms was accompanied by a rather extensive lack of knowledge of the subject. He roughly condemned *Benvenuto* as an old work of some twelve years ago, which deserved nothing better than to be left to its unhappy fate. Incidentally he spoke of the "platitudes in the Faust symphony" (meaning the *Damnation de Faust*, which is not a symphony at all), deploring the "aberrations which, if Berlioz continued to pursue them, could not fail to render him totally ridiculous." Now, it is a well-authenticated fact that when Wagner wrote thus, HE DID NOT KNOW ONE NOTE of the *Damnation de Faust*, either from hearing or by reading; for the work was unpublished, and had been performed only in Paris, or (fragmentarily) in two or three German towns where Wagner had not been; as for *Benvenuto Cellini*, whose performances at the Opéra in Paris antedated his first visit to that city by more than a year, his ignorance was equally complete. Hence, it was solely on the opinions of others—taking his cue from what Liszt called "the nonsense set afloat"—or simply because swayed by a hostile prejudice precariously founded on his superficial acquaintance with earlier compositions, that Wagner thus condemned to silence and obscurity the works of his precursor, a masterful genius, whose stimulating influence he had felt in bygone years and whom he had sometimes praised in terms very different from those which he now employed.

The fact is, that just then his mind was absorbed in its conception of that new art—a conception which was later to culminate in the series of definitive works wherein the glory of Wagner is enshrined. In preparation for them he was occupied, in the solitude of his exile, with the composition of literary writings in which he examined, from an entirely novel point of view, the conditions essential to the existence of the art, considering its past as well as its future.

With regard to the art of the future, he took upon himself the task of its creation, and to him it seemed something quite different from art-creations of the past, which, from whatever side he viewed them, appeared to him as founded in error. In

his great theoretical work "Oper und Drama" he devotes the entire first part to the tracing of error in Gluck, in Mozart, in Weber, in Rossini, even in Beethoven; then he takes up Berlioz. The three pages which he devotes to him are so full of significance and so intimately connected with the subject of the present article, that we must repeat them word for word:

It was in Paris, where all tendencies in art are seized as in a maelstrom, that a Frenchman gifted with extraordinary musical intelligence forced the above-mentioned tendency to its extremest limit. Hector Berlioz is the immediate and most vigorous offshoot of Beethoven on the very side from which the latter turned away the moment he—as I indicated above—proceeded from the sketch to the actual painting. The bold, rough strokes of the pen with which Beethoven often vaguely outlines his experiments for the discovery of new means of expression in hot haste and without careful selection, fell as nearly the sole heritage of the great artist into the avid pupil's hands. Was it a foreboding of the fact that Beethoven's most finished picture, his last symphony, would also be the last word in this domain of art, that withheld Berlioz—who likewise had a mind to create grand works—by a sense of selfish calculation, from searching out the Master's real incentive behind these paintings—an incentive whose aim was assuredly anything rather than the satisfaction of fantastic wilfulness and whimsicality? It is certain that Berlioz's artistic inspiration was begotten by his fixed, fascinated gaze on the said strangely involved pen-strokes; he was seized with dismayful rapture on beholding these magical hieroglyphs, wherein the Master had left the traces of his own rapture and dismay, thereby giving to the world the secret which he never could divulge in music, yet for which he dreamed music to be the sole means of expression. While gazing thus, a dizziness came over him; the motley tangle of a chaotic witches' dance swam before his vision, whose natural clearness gave way to a vague multipolarity through which his dazzled eye appeared to view forms of vital hue and mould, while, in truth, his fancy was mocked by a tribe of bony phantoms. But this whole phantasmagoria was, in reality, only Berlioz's own fevered fancy; once the dream was over, he awoke like an unnerved victim of the opium habit to the chill of an empty reality, which he sought to revivify by an artificial auto-suggestion of his delirious dream; an attempt in which he succeeded only by dint of a painfully laborious elaboration and manipulation of his musical stock in trade.

In the attempt to bring to paper the weird creations of his heated imagination, and to set them before the skeptical and prosaical audiences of his Parisian environment both plainly and convincingly, Berlioz spurred his vast musical intelligence to efforts never dreamed of theretofore. What he had to say to his hearers was so fantastic, so unusual, so wholly unnatural, that he could not say it straightforwardly in plain, simple language; he required a monster apparatus of the most complicated machines, so that with the aid of a mechanism organized down to the least detail, and adjusted to meet every demand, he could set forth whatever a simple human throat could not possibly express—just

because of its unhuman quality. To-day we can account for the supernatural marvels by which the priesthood once deluded childlike men into the firm belief that some high god was revealing himself to them; it was mere machinery that wrought those miracles. In the same way the Supernatural, just because it is the Unnatural, is now served up before wonderstricken audiences merely by the magic of mechanism; and such magic is, in very truth, the orchestra of Berlioz. Every height and every depth in the capacity of this mechanism has been explored by Berlioz in developing a positively astounding proficiency; and if it is proper to consider the inventors of our present-day industrial apparatus as benefactors of the bondsmen of the modern state, we should extol Berlioz as the true redeemer of our absolute world of music; for he it is who made it possible for musicians to obtain the most extraordinary effects for the tawdriest and least artistic aspects of music-making by means of an unheard-of multiplicity of merely mechanical devices.

At the outset of his artistic career Berlioz himself was assuredly not tempted to seek fame as a mere mechanical inventor; he was moved by a true artistic impulse, and this impulse was of an ardent, consuming sort. The fact that, to satisfy this impulse, he should have been forced by the morbid, unhuman strain in the above-mentioned tendency to the point where the Artist was submerged by the Apparatus, where the superhuman, fantastic visionary was swallowed up in an all-devouring materialism—this it is that makes Berlioz serve not only as an awful example, but still more as a most lamentable phenomenon; for he is still consumed by genuine artistic longings, though buried beyond hope of escape beneath the mass of his machinery.

He is the tragic victim of a tendency whose triumphs have been exploited, from another side, with the most impudent insensibility and the most self-satisfied indifference imaginable. . . .

These few pages inspire us with very mingled emotions.

And first of all, we cannot escape a feeling of wellnigh painful surprise on realizing the kind of infuriation with which Wagner pounces on the works of an artist, where everything would seem to require him to make a less malevolent estimate.

According to him, all of Beethoven that Berlioz was capable of assimilating was a few "strokes of the pen" which were nothing but the leavings of his art! For the living creations of the symphonist he substituted phantoms of artificial mould! He invented a mechanism which was naught but a snare and a delusion! He lost himself in a barren materialism! And this is what Wagner has to say now—the same Wagner who, on hearing the first performance of *Roméo et Juliette*, felt himself enthralled from the very first; who somewhat later admits (as we shall see) that the love-song, the essential theme of that work, "overwhelmed him with a transport of delight," that "the scene is admirably thrilling in its principal motifs," and who (as we shall show further on)

paid yet further homage to the inspiration and emotional genius of Berlioz.

As for the orchestral apparatus, Wagner did not despise it when he himself employed it. For the moment it will serve our purpose to note that he recognized explicitly, through his own observation, that its invention was due primarily to Berlioz.

But he simply republishes dull-witted criticisms when he affects to see nothing in Berlioz but a composer of descriptive music having no other aim in art than the imitation of natural and external sounds: which he does not assert in so many words, but which is plainly implied in the totality of his explanations. Now, it is not accurate to say that the essential principle in Berlioz's art is the imitation of the sounds of nature. Although the French master has given proof of a rare superiority in the eliciting of sonorous images, that is not his sole merit; and even if, in certain pages of his works, he has vastly enriched a region in the domain of musical art wherein Beethoven before him, and Wagner himself after, made numerous incursions, it does not follow that the essential idea which possessed him was not the expression of the effects and emotions of the human spirit, the lofty aim of music. The reprobation directed at him by Wagner is, therefore, in this particular, wholly without justification.

Having said this, it should be acknowledged that Wagner's intent in penning these lines was not to make a personal attack on Berlioz or by reason of rivalry in point of production. "Oper und Drama," the work in which they are found, is one of those revolutionary essays in which the author manifests his resolution to destroy everything so that he may rebuild it afterwards. In it the greatest masters of the past share the fate of Berlioz, who might, at bottom, have felt flattered to be mentioned among such a glorious company! Shall it be taken as a proof of an evil disposition, if he did not feel so?—However this may be, these propositions are put forth in a book dealing with the highest—and frequently the most recondite—questions in esthetics. But mark well the injustice of men! While Wagner was occupied far more with what he proposed to realize through his art of the future than with what had already been accomplished by artists of the past and of his own time, his readers were chiefly interested in his direct personal imputations! He himself declared, in the preface to the second edition of his book, that for a time people had read only the first part (that in which he destroys), and that "the amusing observations found therein" were all on which their attention was fixed. Yes, undoubtedly—it is amusing to

see glory brought low! Any "scene of butchery" has power to attract the gaze of the galleries—and when merely the dead are slain again, only half the harm is done, for, after all, such sport hurts nobody. But it may have the disadvantage of annoying or irritating the living. That was something which Wagner lost sight of when writing such of his "amusing observations" as concerned Berlioz. For really, a friend who thus expresses himself about his friend may very easily be regarded as an enemy!

It may be imagined that Wagner, after these pronouncements which he had penned in solitude were sent abroad by his German publisher, may have experienced a momentary uneasiness when, upon reëntering the civilized world, he considered the prospect of being brought face to face with Berlioz.

It is known that he wrote to Liszt, at a time when he was thinking of making a pleasure trip to France, "The idea of going to Paris begins to be almost unpleasant to me. I am afraid of Berlioz. With my bad French, I should be lost." (Letter of Sept. 12, 1853.)

On his part, Berlioz wrote (end of July): "Like yourself, I am persuaded that Wagner and I can get along together if he will only smooth the way a bit. As for the 'few lines' (*quelques lignes*) of which you speak, I have never read them, I do not feel the slightest resentment with regard to them, and I myself have fired so many pistol-shots into the legs of the passers-by that I am not surprised when they happen to be returned."

After all, their meeting (at which Liszt made the third party) was pacific, in appearance at least. In October, 1853, Berlioz and Wagner met in Paris at the house where Liszt was bringing up his children, on a day which was doubtless that of the first interview between Richard and little Cosima. He was requested to communicate to the company some portion of the new works on which he was then engaged; he drew from his pocket the final act of the poem of *Götterdämmerung*, and Berlioz had to listen to its reading in German, "which he did (so writes Wagner) with gentlemanly amiability." He invited them to breakfast with him the day following.

Eighteen months later, in the spring of 1855, they met again in London, both having been engaged at the same time to conduct the orchestras of two rival societies; and their relations were then so good that one might have expected a sincere friendship to be cemented between them. They dined together, and passed several evenings at each other's lodgings or at the homes of mutual acquaintances, and Wagner thereupon indulged in his

customary exuberance; he states that Berlioz, "ordinarily somewhat reserved, thawed out visibly during these cordial meetings," and that he "appreciated his cheerful familiarity." They conversed on the most diverse subjects, recalled their artistic experiences, and related to each other details concerning the masters they had known. Naturally, Wagner could not avoid giving way to his penchant for the discussion of philosophical questions; gradually gaining confidence in his French, he finally undertook to reveal to Berlioz, with a vast display of dialectics, the secrets of artistic conception, which he explained as resulting from the intertwining and combination of psychic or other influences on the spiritual faculties; etc. Berlioz, on whom this philosophical jargon did not impose, smilingly replied with the simple remark, "We call that digesting"; and Wagner was astonished that he should "so swiftly comprehend his difficult explanations." Probably neither of them was aware that Berlioz had merely repeated an observation made by Descartes on one of the opening pages of his "Discours de la méthode," where he speaks of "those who best digest their ideas in order to render them clear and intelligible." Thus it was that German philosophy and French thought confronted each other on that night in London when two musicians were exchanging confidences!

Touching their interview, Berlioz testified to no smaller satisfaction. He wrote to Liszt:

Wagner is superb in his ardor, in his warmth of heart, and I admit that even his violent moods transport me.—There is something singularly attractive about him; and although we both have our asperities, these asperities at least fit into each other.

To another correspondent he confirms the same impressions, saying,

He is very engaging in his ideas and his conversation.—After the concert he renewed his pledges of friendship, he kissed me impetuously, saying that he had been sadly prejudiced against me; he wept, he stamped the floor—and scarcely had he made his departure when "The Musical World" published those passages from his book in which he hauls me over the coals in the most humorous and ingenious fashion.

This ending was to be foreseen! The passage in question are the extracts from "Oper und Drama" given above, at which Berlioz chose to laugh. "'Twas better thus than to complain," as our fabulist has it.

As for Wagner, he could not refrain from finishing his depiction of these same interviews by ascribing mean motives to his new-

found friend. After stating that their farewell meeting had been cooler than the one preceding, he asserted that Berlioz was "vexed" at the over-enthusiastic reception accorded him by the public at his last concert; a wholly gratuitous imputation, for if a certain restraint were manifested in the cordiality of this leave-taking, we have just seen that it arose from a reason quite other than that which Wagner insinuates.

At all events, Liszt, the recipient of confidences from both parties, was happy in the thought that he had not wasted his time in the rôle of a musical diplomat which he had been playing for several years.

This epoch did, in fact, mark a turning-point. Strongly opposed by the critics, and still uncomprehended by the majority of the public, the new school had begun to rivet the attention of an enthusiastic élite. It had received a label which at the outset had been applied in derision: it was dubbed the "music of the future"! But while the crowd was laughing, Liszt haughtily took up the gauntlet and declared that, in very truth, the art of which he had made Weimar the rallying-point was indeed the art of the future. Nor did he indulge in self-delusion; the twentieth century is at hand to prove his claim.

The Weimar group, therefore, had its banner, its device, and—in Liszt himself—its standard-bearer.

Who was to be the commander-in-chief?

Two names were on every one's lips—Berlioz and Wagner. Some even began to pronounce them in the inverted order—Wagner and Berlioz. For the age had arrived when priority of birth no longer counted for much; and Wagner, then but little beyond his fortieth birthday, seemed in the depth of his exile to have attained a grade of service which placed him on an equality with the elder musician.

Nevertheless, and from all sides, homage was still done the latter; and despite certain misgivings, it appeared for a time as though Berlioz had made up his mind to accept the post of honor toward which the force of circumstances was bearing him. He remained in constant and always affectionate relations with Liszt; he maintained a cordial correspondence with Peter Cornelius and Hans von Bülow, both adherents of the group. When submitting to the latter, in 1856, a proposition for the performance of certain works, he wrote: "The outcome of this would be very favorable and highly important *for the cause.*" From time to time he wrote to Wagner, garnishing his compliments with facetious familiarities and puns; he sent him the scores of his new

compositions, requesting that of *Tannhäuser* in exchange; as for Wagner, he wrote to Liszt asking for the loan of the scores of Berlioz's symphonies, which he desired to study with care: "I must say that I am strongly inclined to become well acquainted with them." Be it remarked, in passing, that this sentence contains the admission that he was not at all familiar with the works which he, none the less, had freely criticized.

This era of good-will was not destined to endure. In the first place, between Berlioz and Wagner there were deep-seated causes for misunderstanding, for reasons of art on which we shall not expatiate at present, intending to explain them further on; for the moment suffice it to say that, although we do not know as much concerning Berlioz's opinion about Wagner's music as of Wagner's on that of Berlioz, (Wagner's opinions having been expressed quite frequently both in private and in public,) we are, however, well aware that Berlioz's attitude was not much more sympathetic, and that he no further approved of Wagner's tendencies than Wagner admired his.

As regards personal causes, they are readily deduced when we consider that Berlioz and Wagner were just then in the position of two potentates at their accession, each of whom wished to extend his sway over the world. How could war fail to result from such rivalry? To prevent it, one or the other would have been obliged to make sweeping concessions and to accept second place. But who could require such a sacrifice from a man conscious of his power and his greatness? Neither Berlioz nor Wagner was disposed, in point of character, to consent to it, and we can hardly blame them.

Wagner, especially, was aggressive by nature, and never felt any scruples at establishing himself in the domain of others.

We know him thoroughly, now that he has told the tale of his own life.

Time was, when the author of *Parsifal* passed for a kind of saint; this was after his death, when, his magnificent efforts having brought about the organization of Bayreuth, there was a feeling that an immortal soul had left its tenement of clay and soared upward in the immaterial harmonies of that supreme masterwork. How could one whose incessant striving had attained such conclusion, be an ordinary man? The mere statement appeared superfluous, so far was he removed from the common standard!

However, he has been restored thereto—and by his own act. He has told us of his life, and thereby we have seen that

Wagner was not a saint, but a man;—a very great man, unquestionably, but now and then as great in the evil aspects of his human nature as in the supremacy of his genius.

As to that, even his contemporaries did not invariably deceive themselves. Let us read what was written by one of the most faithful adherents of "the cause," as they called it—Peter Cornelius:

His whole life is stamped with egoism; the rest of mankind was created solely for him, yet he has no place in his heart for them, he pays them no tribute of pure and sympathetic affection.

Cornelius takes note of his "power of absorption," of his "destructive influence" on any composer less fully equipped than himself. More than once Wagner invited him urgently to come and keep him company at the place he happened to be in; but does any one fancy that a proffer of friendly and disinterested hospitality was intended? Not in the least! "I can not be alone," thus he writes imperiously; "I have already had Bülow come; now I am still in need of you." But Cornelius was on his guard. "Wagner consumes me. . . . There is something stifling in his atmosphere; he scorches me and deprives me of air." All this was written in 1863 and 1864, in private records which were not published until long after the death of the writers.

These observations are entirely justified; they are susceptible of generalization, and might have been made by any of Wagner's friends. Most of these latter, in their admiration and devotion, immolated themselves; but Wagner's own avowals afford full and frank confirmation of the facts. To make him content he needs must be surrounded like a great lord by a tribe of vassals, each bringing whatever he could furnish to serve him. He appropriated the time of one, and the wife of another ("I had Bülow come," as we have already seen—Madame Bülow also!), the influence, or the talents, or the house, of others, not to mention their money. In a word, he considered that everything in the universe, or at the very least in the circle of his friends, belonged to him in fee simple and absolutely; they might have said as much, and some among them could not refrain from protesting:—the Wesendoncks, the Willes, the Bülows (as noted above!), and Röckel, and Fischer, and the Ritter family, and his publishers in Mayence and Leipzig, and his hosts and good friends in Vienna, Biberich, and elsewhere, and the excellent Liszt himself, and even the king of Bavaria!

Why should it not have been the same with regard to Berlioz?

The fact is, that Wagner, in his desire to conquer the world, had not waited until he was master in his own country before seeking to invade France; and in his imperturbable confidence in his mission he considered it to be a matter of course that Berlioz should aid him.

That was a singular view to take of the matter!

Accordingly, in a place where there was not room even for one, a position was claimed by another, and a stranger at that!

At this juncture the situation of Berlioz was a difficult one, and far less favorable than in 1839. Far from having made progress in the public estimation, the French artist had reaped, in his own land, nothing but mortifications for a number of years. The *Damnation de Faust*, destined to win universal applause in times to come, had fallen flat on its first production, and involved its author in ruin. Works of minor importance, like *l'Enfance du Christ*, had met with a better reception. But Berlioz cherished loftier aims. While Wagner, in the confinement of his Swiss exile, was patiently laying stone on stone for the imposing monument which was to arise in the tetralogy, *The Ring of the Nibelung*, Berlioz, wellnigh as solitary in the midst of Paris, labored on another epopee whose theme was drawn from the purest poetical sources of Latin tradition—*Les Troyens*. And even as Wagner, before he could see his work live, had to await the final conclusion of his striving in the erection of the theatre at Bayreuth, so Berlioz, though of lowlier ambition, was not to see his work produced under ordinary conditions; indeed, it was only long after his death that *Les Troyens*, divided into two parts and presented on two evenings, could finally be brought out in its integral form.

That some one else, an outsider, should arrive at this time to pose as a competitor, and attempt to take a place which the Frenchman vainly aspired to occupy in the future—that was the most inopportune move imaginable.

In fact, this fine friendship whose somewhat troublesome upbuilding in 1855 was detailed above, could not withstand the shock.

They met each other several times in the course of the following years; for Wagner, comparatively quiescent during the first years of his sojourn in Switzerland, was just then seized by a veritable mania for moving about. In 1858 we find him in Paris, whither he went (he says) on a pleasure trip, to rest himself after the composition of *Tristan und Isolde*, and to divert his mind from the strong passion which this work had inspired in him;—in reality, to look after his affairs and to prepare the way

for his art in France. Now, what does he find to say, in his memoirs, about his relations with Berlioz in that year? First: "I found him well disposed towards me, for I had informed him that I was in Paris only for the sake of diversion." As for himself: "Berlioz devoted an evening to a reading, for me alone, of the poem of *Les Troyens*, to my vast discomfort; the poem in itself, and the dry and theatrically affected declamation of the author, gave rise to a foreboding that the character of his music would be of a piece with them." Such was Wagner's sympathetic response to the grand Virgilian effort on which he found his friend engaged!

Thus, although apparently no difference had as yet arisen between them, it was thenceforward manifest that the alliance dreamed by Liszt was altogether too fragile. Berlioz, writing about the same time to his son, speaks of "that absurd school called, in Germany, the school of the future," adding, "they are determined to make me their leader and standard-bearer. I say nothing, I write nothing, I can only let them do as they please; people of sense can see how much truth there is in it." At Weimar he attended a representation of *Lohengrin*, and could not refrain from expressing himself with customary frankness concerning the faults he found in the work; whereby he greatly displeased the members of the group. To Princess Wittgenstein, the friend of Liszt, he wrote apropos of the style of dramatic music as he would write it: "Herein lies the crime of Wagner . . ." And in his *Mémoires*, which he finished during this period, he makes only this brief allusion: "This school is now an accomplished fact in Germany, and I loathe it."

Hence, the first untoward incident would hasten an explosion. It came to pass in 1860, when Wagner, prosecuting his slow and tenacious campaign of invasion, arrived in Paris to give concerts of his works, as Berlioz had done before. He, too, ruined himself; but he did not care for that—he was not the one who had to pay. Later he accused Meyerbeer of having provoked the hostile state of mind manifested against him on this occasion in the Parisian press, and made pointed mention of this detail:—that the author of *Les Huguenots* had recently offered Mme. Berlioz a bracelet. As for that, we can confidently assert that Wagner's suspicions were wrongly directed, and, if he found Berlioz and his wife unfavorably disposed towards him, that Meyerbeer had nothing whatever to do with it. Wagner relates that on his arrival he went to see Berlioz to enlist his aid in the arrangement of his concerts; that Berlioz himself had obligingly yielded to

his request at first, but that Mme. Berlioz, on entering the scene, loudly protested: "What! are you giving M. Wagner advice about his concerts?"—and that the husband's obliging mood was thus turned into the reverse. That may be so, without Meyerbeer's having had a hand in it. Besides, let us not believe too blindly everything that Wagner says. He writes, on the same page, that on his first interview with Berlioz the latter "was unable to dissemble a nervous affright which was displayed in a positively painful manner in his attitude and countenance." Berlioz explained that he was suffering from a painful neuralgia, requiring a treatment which he had just been undergoing; and this was only too true, for this malady cruelly tormented him until he died. But Wagner did not take this excuse seriously, preferring once again to ascribe evil intentions to his interlocutor. To reassure him, he assured him that he had come to Paris simply to introduce certain of his compositions to the Parisians and to hear them himself; but that he had "absolutely renounced" the help of French representations of *Tannhäuser*—which was a fib, not to say a falsehood.

We know, in fact, that *Tannhäuser* was produced at the Opéra the following year, after a series of court intrigues in which the Austrian ambassador's lady played the leading rôle over against Napoleon III. For the time being (in 1860) Wagner contented himself with giving a concert, whose program was thrice repeated, in which he brought out the symphonic numbers and choruses that could be most effectively detached from *Der fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin* and *Tristan und Isolde*.

Berlioz reviewed them in his feuilleton in the "Journal des Débats." He did so with impartiality, bestowing praise on certain pages of the works, alluding to the prelude to *Lohengrin* as a "masterpiece," regarding the theme of the wedding-march as "formidable, irresistible," extolling the brilliancy and superb pomp of the *Tannhäuser* march as well as "the power and grandeur" of the overture; but also making some reservations, occasionally severe, with respect to various peculiarities of style of which he did not approve, notably in referring to the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde*, a score so novel in form that it is not surprising that Berlioz, or any one else in France at that time, should fail to comprehend it on a first hearing.

He supplemented these comments by reflections of a general character, and by a statement of principles which was, in effect, a declaration of war. Berlioz, who at other times had discovered less animosity towards attempted innovations, now resolutely

took his stand as the champion of a classicism whose tradition, to be perpetuated, required (in his opinion) merely to be renovated through the accession of some new elements calculated to enrich and reinvigorate it; whereas "the school of the future" was (to his mind) a total subversion of the eternal conditions of the art; to the aforesaid school he attributed all sorts of designs, in some cases quite wrongly, and, after defining them in his own fashion, he solemnly declared:

If such be this religion, I am very far from professing it; I have never owned it, I do not own it, and I never shall own it.

I raise my hand, and swear: Non credo.

This was a formal disavowal, and the foundations of the Weimar School were shaken thereby. Thenceforward, in fact, there was no Weimar School, but each worked in his own way and on his own hook, whether in Germany or in France; Liszt himself soon deserted the town, and all the musical glory of the German school descended upon another city—Bayreuth.

As regards Berlioz, he had nearly reached the end of his career and of his life, and not until after his death did his country bestir itself to proffer him the rehabilitation which restored him to his true place in the domain of art.

In winding up our account of the personal relations of these two masters let us record the fact that, whereas the reiterated attacks of Wagner during twenty years and more had not succeeded in disturbing them, a single article by Berlioz sufficed to bring about the rupture. Wagner sought to answer Berlioz in the latter's own paper; he had slight difficulty in exposing his errors and showing how mistaken were the prevailing notions with regard to his (Wagner's) aims.

The art-work of the future, (he wrote, speaking of the book from whose title had been borrowed the very device of the School,) does not embody any of the absurdities foisted upon me, neither have I discussed the question of the grammar of music in any way whatever. My speculations have a somewhat loftier aim.

And this was the truth. But theories were then not under discussion; those of Wagner, set forth in a series of works not wholly easy of comprehension in their original language, were totally unknown to the Frenchmen of 1860, who, moreover, if they could have been acquainted with them, would not have approved of them. The only matter in question was the art-work, to which Berlioz, taken all in all, had always paid homage, despite certain reticences, during the very time when Wagner was speaking

of him with so great injustice; then there was the notion, still obscure, of the radical disparities between the classic Latin art to which Berlioz was proud to announce his adhesion, and the essentially Germanic art, destructive of the past, which was that of Wagner; finally, we have the melancholy spectacle of a quarrel between two men of genius, both innovators and in advance of their time, who had been thought to be two brothers, and who—the younger having come to dispute the elder's place in the sun, even in his own country—had become bitter enemies.

For the year was not yet ended when the order was given by the emperor of the French to bring out *Tannhäuser* on the stage of the Opéra at Paris, and to deny Wagner nothing to make him satisfied with the production.

As for *Les Troyens*, the French master's work remained in its portfolio, and could never be given at the Opéra, for which it had been written. Only a section of it, after waiting several years, was detached from the score to provide a spectacle on a lyric stage of second rank; and in Berlioz's death the sorrowful words which he wrote in his *Mémoires* were justified: "Oh, my noble Cassandra, my heroic virgin, resign myself I must—I shall never hear thee!"

It may be imagined that, confronted by such a piece of injustice, he could not contain his indignation. But it was impotent, and made no attempt to reach the world at large. As the music-critic of the "*Journal des Débats*," Berlioz protested solely by abstention, leaving to a colleague the care of writing a review of the representation of *Tannhäuser*. But in private correspondence he gave free rein to his anger. And when the production arranged by imperial incompetence had come to its scandalous conclusion, he clinched it with the bitter remark: "I am cruelly avenged!" A sorry revenge, that left thus beaten down and disarmed these two champions of the best of causes, who, instead of uniting their forces, had drawn apart, with the sole result of leaving the field free for a long time to come to their common foes!

For it was not until after many years that the rehabilitation of Berlioz began in France; and Wagner had fully as long to struggle before realizing the triumph of his art in his own land.

They were never to meet again. Berlioz ended his life without indicating by a single word in his writings that he was interested in any way whatsoever in the further career of his earlier comrade.

Wagner took the same course. When Berlioz died, he had no word of remembrance for him. He who, ever attentive to current events, had profited by the occasions afforded by the

decease of artists like Rossini, Spontini, Auber, and others less renowned, to devote long articles to them, contented himself with consigning the details of his varied intimacy with the French artist to his private diary, which was not to see the light until more than thirty years after his death.

This, by the by, was the way he treated all the leaders in thought with whom he came in conflict, for Berlioz was not the only one. It was precisely the same with Nietzsche, long the most intimate confidant of his highest conceptions, who broke away from him when he had appraised the man—even the artist—at his exact worth; from the day when their rupture was an accomplished fact, the philosopher's name was never again pronounced by the musician, nor would he have it mentioned in his presence.

Nevertheless, a few words escaping in the freedom of familiar intercourse attest that Wagner was sore at heart over these broken-off friendships. He once said, on meeting Nietzsche's sister: "Since your brother parted from me, I have been alone." And Kapellmeister Mottl, his faithful disciple, relates that one day when, possibly to flatter him, he amused himself by criticizing one of Berlioz's scores, Wagner fairly flew into a rage, shouting that the work of "a genius of that stature" ought to be treated with respect. It had been borne in upon him that there are certain heights whereon spirits of a loftier sort should meet; and he regretted that their mutual esteem had not been able to survive.

II

After this historical exposition of the conflict which resulted in their personal embroilment, we now have to elucidate the profound causes which rendered it equally impossible for Berlioz and Wagner to agree from the artistic point of view.

Even so, they had set out from the same point and, for a while, followed the same direction. Their lives, in both cases, were a striving against a musical conventionalism to whose destruction each devoted all his energies. But when it came to reconstruction, the monuments carved by their hands seemed to be of an absolutely different and, sometimes, contradictory nature.

However, let us seek their points of resemblance in the beginning. For their discovery, we must go back again to the outset of their careers.

As we have seen, Berlioz was, in point of age, ten years in advance of Wagner. And we know that he had employed them

well. The first pages of music which he wrote were a proof of his orchestral genius. The day he heard a Beethoven symphony, his course was set; then and there he declared his determination to continue the master's work by taking it up where the latter had laid it down. Pursuant to this purpose, he strove to enlarge the forms of the symphony, to augment its power of expression, and to enrich its tonal resources by enhancing the orchestral technique. Let us first of all consider this last part of his program.

Before he had created the *Symphonie fantastique*, even before he had heard a single German symphony, Berlioz had composed, following the forms of the French overture as written by Méhul, Cherubini, and others, *l'Ouverture des Francs-Juges*. In it, among motives in whose interweaving one may recognize the influence of a former period, he introduced a broad and sustained melody twice repeated by the powerful voices of all the trombones combined. This signified a veritable revolution from the very start—the creation of the modern orchestra. Up to that time, even in the mightiest of Beethoven's symphonies, the trombone, like the trumpet, had remained, with all its lustre, a simple harmonic instrument used, for the most part, to double the voices or to reinforce the chords; Berlioz transformed it into a bearer of melody whose power redoubles that of the entire orchestra. The *Symphonie fantastique*, the *Requiem*, the overture to *Bentenuto Cellini*, all in turn employ this novel resource. In *Roméo et Juliette* the unison trombones, repeating a melody previously sung by the oboe alone, lend to the love-lament a thrill of frenzy, while the violins and other shrill-toned instruments envelop this massive central chain with their brilliant and strongly marked figurations, this entire ensemble forming a web of which no earlier orchestra had known either the formula or the effect.

Wagner assisted at the initial production of *Roméo et Juliette*; he afterwards heard various other works by Berlioz. And when we hear the prelude to the third act of *Lohengrin*, the *Tannhäuser* overture, or the Ride of the Valkyries, down to the Summoning of the Knights in *Parsifal*, all uttered by the mighty voices of the trombones, we decide that the examples set by his predecessor were good lessons for him.

This direct influence did not, even at the time, escape the notice of perspicacious and well-informed minds. For instance, their mutual friend Franz Liszt, on sending Berlioz the score of the *Tannhäuser* overture and advising him to bring it out in France, added the significant words: "You will find something of your own in it." Indeed, Berlioz could scarcely help remarking

to himself that the landscape bore a familiar aspect, on reading the well-known passage beginning:

Violon
Trombone

The first system of the musical score shows the Violin and Trombone parts. The Violin part is in the upper staff, and the Trombone part is in the lower staff. Both parts are in a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/4 time signature. The Violin part begins with a series of eighth notes, while the Trombone part has a few notes and rests.

As a matter of fact, he himself some years earlier had written the *Serment de réconciliation*, the finale to the *Roméo et Juliette* symphony with which Wagner was among the first to become acquainted; and this piece was constructed with materials of which the following three measures embrace the essentials:

Violon
Trombone

The second system of the musical score shows the Violin and Trombone parts. The Violin part is in the upper staff, and the Trombone part is in the lower staff. Both parts are in a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/4 time signature. The Violin part begins with a series of eighth notes, while the Trombone part has a few notes and rests.

It will be admitted that the resemblance is striking; the figure in the violins, whose trenchant brilliancy dominates the graver sonority of the trombones, is nearly identical in the two numbers; and while the two melodies at the foundation of the musical structures exhibit greater divergences, they are none the less melodies of a common style, whose development proceeds in similar fashion enwreathed in the same counterpoint, and forming

an ensemble of such sort that the construction of the one is evidently modelled on that of the other.

But the orchestral inventions of Berlioz were not limited to the sole domain of powerful sonorities; our author made no less happy excursions into the tonal realm of the infinitely little. For example, and without further lingering over the matter, we shall call attention to the Scherzo in *Reine Mab* and the Dance of the Sylphs. But we should, preferably, lay the greater stress on certain pages of a contemplative or mystic character, such as—to mention only one—the Sanctus of the *Requiem*. Berlioz, in this Sanctus, was the first to employ those superacute harmonies which are so suited to the evocation of supernatural ideas and images, and which no one had conceived before. These harmonies have since found very frequent employment, and in very celebrated works: such are those which lend to *Lohengrin*—in the prelude, at the arrival of the mysterious hero, during the Recital of the Holy Grail—that superterrestrial color so warmly admired by Liszt on his first reading of the work.

Wagner was quite familiar with the Sanctus of the *Requiem*, for this number figured on the program of the concert given by Berlioz at Dresden, when his young colleague had just been appointed Kapellmeister; the latter had, indeed, conducted its rehearsal. And one can judge by the results that, although he criticized it, he was able to profit greatly by what this example taught him.

Wagner reproached Berlioz with being merely a musical mechanic, who had lost himself in the materialism of his combinations. But he himself had by no means disdained the apparatus—quite the contrary; and one might easily maintain that one of his chief merits was to make good usage of the invention which, verbally, he affected to condemn.

In point of fact, it was owing to his employment of this tonal material that Wagner was enabled to depict those splendid musical tableaux which are not the least among the things which contributed to his fame; like the prestidigital symphonic finale of *Götterdämmerung*, and that of *Die Walküre*, the Forest Murmurs, even the entr'acte in the Pilgrimage to Rome in *Tannhäuser*. But Berlioz himself had already painted pictures of the same genre and realized by the same means of his own creation: The Last Judgment in his *Requiem*, the *Course à l'abîme*, the *Marche au supplice*, down to the student-experiment of his descriptive symphony, the *Incendie de Sardanapale*—a mere attempt, but one in which we find the entire program, and

a beginning of the working-out, of the finale of *Götterdämmerung*.

Indubitably, Wagner perfected the apparatus by whose aid he was enabled to build up such tonal constructions; with an aptitude peculiar to the Germans he succeeded in elaborating it, and in so doing he outrivalled its very inventor. But when, instead of recognizing what he owed the latter, he took it upon himself to detract from his merit, as we have seen, we can rightly assert that he treated him with positive ingratitude.

Thus it was that Berlioz had "carried on" the symphony from the point where Beethoven left it, by enriching its material and enlarging its forms.

It was his further desire, as aforesaid, to enhance its power of expression. In this regard, he brought about a transformation of the symphony in which it became a veritable drama without words. No work, in this respect, possesses a higher significance than his *Roméo et Juliette*, a "dramatic symphony composed on the tragedy by Shakespeare," as he entitled it. The essential and fundamental ideas of the poem are represented musically by characteristic motives which transform and modify their features according to the progress of the action. The principle of the Leitmotiv (leading-motive), of which Wagner made so fruitful application in his dramas, is fully embodied in the symphony of Berlioz—and by this I do not mean *Roméo* only, for the *Symphonie fantastique*, with its "idée fixe," and *Harold*, in which the viola-part is a veritable singing character, had already furnished completely realized examples of the procedure. In *Roméo*, the love-theme, after having been stated for the first time, with fullest effusion, in the Prologue, is interwoven under most various aspects throughout the love-scene, the culminating point of the work; then, in the descriptive number "Romeo at the tomb of the Capulets," this melody which, in the foregoing passages, had worn a shape of plastic loveliness paired with an expression now contemplative and again ardently passionate, bursts forth anew at the moment of the awakening, breathless, hurried, in fearful suspense—all to be repeated later in the analogous figure with which the violins accompany the arrival of Tristan where Isolde awaits him, and their transports at the close of their night of love.

It is hardly surprising that the *Roméo* of Berlioz should remind us of the *Tristan* of Wagner; because, by the contour of its melody as well as by its oneness of intention, the principal love-theme of the latter work seems to have been patterned after

that of the prototype. It is worth while to demonstrate this affiliation by a comparison of the themes invented by the two musicians.

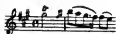
First let us take, in its complete form, the love-theme in Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*:



This melody is developed with sweeping breadth. Let us divide it into two portions, beginning with this one:



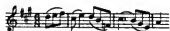
Now put this alongside of it:



In these few notes we recognize the essential motive which attains its development in "Isolde's Love-death," after having circulated with several repetitions and in different movements throughout the drama of *Tristan*. These two themes are so intimately related that the continuation of the Wagnerian motive, a pure and simple repetition of the figure last quoted, looks like a natural development of the Berlioz theme and its sequel. This we shall clearly perceive by letting the one follow the other; it will be seen that they blend as two parts of one whole—that, being two, they are but one.

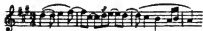


Now examine the second portion of the love-theme in *Roméo*. Here it is:



Now, in the second act of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, in the night scene wherein are so ingeniously combined a multiplicity of dramatic episodes, there is one motive which is introduced to bind them together, winding in and out to effect a

certain relaxation by its reflection of nocturnal mysteries. We have always greatly admired this musical phrase, with its intensity of poetic charm. Sung, by the violins, it unfolds itself in a leisurely development quite at variance with the habits of Wagnerian melody; it begins thus:



But this, too, is found in *Roméo et Juliette!* Allowing for some differences in notation more apparent than real, and which are merely tricks of interpretation, it is the second portion of the theme we gave in the preceding quotation!

So it would seem that Wagner did not waste that day—the 24th of November, 1839—when, soon after arriving in Paris, he heard for the first time the dramatic symphony of *Roméo et Juliette* by Berlioz! He could readily perceive the defects of the work, but he was equally ready to insulate and assimilate its vital substance. The defects were the target of his criticism, and to them he directed public attention with avidity; at the bottom of his heart, however, he may possibly have recognized his injustice, and we seem to perceive an involuntary note of repentance in the simple sentence with which he offers Berlioz the first copy of the engraved score of *Tristan*:

“Au cher et grand auteur de *Roméo et Juliette*, l’auteur reconnaissant de *Tristan et Ysolde*.” (To the revered and illustrious author of *Roméo et Juliette*, the grateful author of *Tristan und Isolde*.)

“Grateful”! Although it was not his customary attitude, Wagner might well have been so, for he owed much to the artist who first showed him the way and provided the models which he sometimes, as we have just seen for ourselves, followed very faithfully.

Thus Berlioz and Wagner, later the dearest enemies, began by going hand in hand along the same new path; the elder setting the younger an example which the latter did not at first refuse to follow. They both applied their genius to the enrichment of the orchestra, augmenting its power and brilliancy, making it the principal instrumentality of modern music; and this striving, realized so admirably by them both, constitutes an undeniable point of resemblance.

It is, perhaps, the only one subsisting between them from a musical point of view. In all other regions of the domain of art their mutual resemblance ceases.

With regard to style in writing, they were brought up in two different schools, and the impress of their origin was strong and lasting.

Berlioz is essentially a harmonist employing the system of accompanied melody, being thus a successor of the earlier French masters. Wagner is a polyphonist, continuing in his works the tradition of Bach.

His writing is horizontal. Berlioz, on the contrary, save in exceptional and premeditated cases, regularly proceeds by vertical chords. He likes to employ broad melodies, themes of extended development; these are his peculiar preoccupation, and we have already seen that he wrote, in allusion to Wagner: "I have never dreamt of composing music without melody. This school is now an accomplished fact in Germany, and I loathe it." To the statement that he had always sought "to fill his compositions with a flood of melody" he added: "However, these melodies were frequently so considerably prolonged, that nearsighted intellects could not distinguish their form clearly; or they were wedded to other secondary melodies which veiled their outline; or, finally, these melodies are so dissimilar to the little nonentities that are called melodies by the lower musical classes, that these latter cannot bring themselves to call them by the same name."

Wagner's designs in the matter of musical style were wholly different; this he himself denotes by a simple sentence in his reply to Berlioz's criticisms, in 1860:

I have not raised the question whether it is or is not allowable to introduce neologisms in respect of harmony or melody, neither have I discussed the question of the grammar of music in any way whatever. My speculations have a somewhat loftier aim.

Furthermore, as Berlioz, no less than Wagner, strove to enrich the forms which he had adopted and devoted himself to the search after novel effects, they necessarily met again at various times at some given point, but always in readiness to cut loose from it and fly off in opposite directions.

Each assumed the task of freeing himself from the bondage then imposed by a rigorous observance of the laws of tonality; but it was in the concatenation of melodic forms that Berlioz found the path of this new freedom, as whose guiding principle he assumed the expressive accent and the diversity of emotional effect contained in any given melody; whereas Wagner, proceeding by the method of symphonic development, sought to gain every possible advantage, to the extremest limit, from the system of the succession of chords.

They both made liberal use of chromatics, whose powers of expression have ever been recognized, and which Jean-Jacques Rousseau very neatly defined when he called them "admirable for the expression of pain and affliction; with their insistent ascending tones they harrow the soul." In Berlioz, this style operates through alteration of degrees in the melodic line only; it finds employment in the "themes" rather than in the "accompaniments," and is especially characteristic in melodies developed at length and without any harmonic additions; such as the motive of Romeo's Sadness, the subjects of the fugues in the Offertory of the *Requiem*, in the Funeral Procession of Juliette, and in the introduction to the second part of the *Damnation de Faust*. In Wagner, on the other hand, and more particularly in his later works, the use of chromatics is almost exclusively harmonic. One could hardly find a more characteristic example of his method than is afforded by an analysis of the opening chords in the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde*—chords formed of notes which are scale-degrees in which, of the four parts composing the complete harmony, two and often three parts are altered.

Advancing yet further, Wagner, in certain works (like *Siegfried*), makes an almost continual and extremely fruitful use of enharmonics. In this he resolutely draws apart from Berlioz, to whom it was not given to follow him on a path unknown and opposed to his own course. M. Saint-Saëns has made some observations, both interesting and sagacious, on this head; we cannot do better than insert them here:

Since J. S. Bach (so he writes) insured the triumph of enharmonics with his Well-tempered Clavichord, the forms of art have been reconstituted. But Berlioz, who was no pianist, was possessed of an instinctive aversion for enharmonics. Therein he is the antipodes of Richard Wagner, the incarnation of enharmonics, who has drawn from this principle its extreme consequences.

These remarks of M. Saint-Saëns are doubly valuable; first, in themselves and as coming from such a master; and also because he had the privilege of knowing Berlioz and Wagner and of assisting, so to speak, at the inception of their conflict. It cannot, therefore, be out of place to repeat them here; and we add the following:

Berlioz detested *Tristan und Isolde*. As I could speak with him without reserve, I made no bones of challenging his opinion and expressing the admiration with which the general conception and a large part of the work of the great Richard inspired me. Then it was that his profound antipathy to the enharmonic dissonances and modulations was brought home to me in full force. There are, to be sure, plenty

of harsh passages in his own works, but they result from a totally different system.

And more recently, apropos of Meyerbeer, M. Saint-Saëns thus sums up the discussion:

Enharmonics—dissonances resolving one into the other indefinitely—endless melody—all these familiar processes of the “music of the future,” were held in abhorrence by Berlioz. . . . He did not admit that the voice should be sacrificed, relegated to the rank of a simple unit in the orchestra. . . . What dissimilarities in the style of these two geniuses, even in their manner of treating the orchestra and the voices, their construction of the musical phrase, their conception of the lyric drama!

And the author of *Samson et Dalila* derides the attempts to fit “the heads of Wagner and Berlioz with the same cap; this forced promiscuity (so he concludes) will excite the wonder of future ages.”

Hence, from a purely musical point of view, there are wide divergences between Berlioz and Wagner. They are no less marked from the standpoint of the fundamental principle of the art.

This principle, as we have already affirmed, is the Beethoven symphony, established as the basis of their musical conception of the drama. But, while Berlioz strove to make a drama of the symphony, Wagner sought to make a symphony of the drama. The former wrote *Roméo et Juliette*, a “dramatic symphony”; the latter, *Tristan*, the *Ring*, *Parsifal*, “music-dramas.” And this divergence in orientation is so sharp, its results so antagonistic, that it suffices in itself to cause an irreconcilable opposition between the two. Berlioz writes:

Free and all-powerful music can disdain its puissant and frequently dangerous auxiliary, dramatic art; all-sufficient to itself, it gives proof positive of the immensity of its power and the beauty of its genius.

Elsewhere he says, aiming directly at his antagonist:

Music ought not to be the humiliated slave of the word. That is the crime of Wagner; he seeks to dethrone music, to reduce it to expressive accents, by exaggerating the method of Gluck (who himself, most happily, did not succeed in following his impious theory). I am for that music which you yourself call free. Ay, free and proud, and all-powerful and all-conquering!

As for Wagner, he sums up his conception in these imperious words: “There is but one thing that can save Berlioz—the drama!”

In reality, these explicit declarations are needless, for their works bear living witness to the diversity of their ideas. True it is, that Berlioz was most completely himself in the works which

he wrote wholly outside the influence of the theatre. And when he, in his turn, resolved on the production of his dramatic epopee, *Les Troyens*, he set about it quite differently from Wagner when composing the *Ring*. Without renouncing the employ of musical resources wherein he was a past-master, his guiding thought was the supremacy of the voices, of expressive declamation, of pure song.

With Wagner, on the contrary, at least in his last works, the vocal part is nothing more than a notation of the words, whose accents rise here and there to grand lyric outbursts, but in which no genuine musical interest resides; this latter lies entirely in the orchestra, in the expressive symphony, bearing a flood of speech abundant and pliant as an oration. For us their interest and beauty are matters of familiar comprehension, for we, of a later generation, have learned from childhood to understand and admire them. Let us, however, concede that those whose training was of earlier date were excusable for not forcibly transferring their attention, on the shortest notice, from the point to which it had always been persistently directed; and that, in order to appreciate the merits of so novel a form, its underlying principle had first to be recognized. This was difficult of accomplishment for those in France who, towards 1860, with all their atavistic and racial logic, had never dreamed that the theatre was invented to the end that actors charged with representing an action on the stage should confine their rôles to gestures and attitudes, while contenting themselves with uttering words generally drowned by the orchestra and ill understood by their auditors—the instruments meantime being entrusted with the mission of speaking for them. These are questions attaching to the first principles of the lyric drama, and it is allowable to carry out their application in a way other than that chosen by Wagner. Indeed, Berlioz found a different meaning in these same principles,—and *Les Troyens* is, for all that, a work lofty in conception and realizing the noblest ideal.

And so, in despite of first appearances, Berlioz and Wagner offer in their tendencies as well as in their works a wellnigh permanent contrast. And it is not merely in matters of art that each is set over against the other; they are antagonistic in every fibre of their being. Though very nearly of an age, the ten years intervening between them were sufficient to render them representatives of two different and hostile generations. Berlioz is the man of 1830, Wagner of 1848—two decisive epochs in the history of nations, and both accompanied by great conflicts and cruel devastation. Berlioz, a revolutionary by birth, desired that

order, based on the triumph of his cause, should be immediately reëstablished. Wagner goes much further; he felt no dread of the effects of sweeping changes, and would gladly have undermined the foundations of society. On the day of the most decisive act of his life, his ear caught the words of Bakunin, stirring him painfully and profoundly—far more so than he himself ever admitted. His dream of art is essentially the realization of ideas fathered by this contact. And let no one fancy that these general tendencies were without an effective influence on the artistic courses pursued by these two masters; on the contrary, their result was evident and immediate. Berlioz, for all his appetite for innovation, remains a traditionalist; he seeks to augment the stores accumulated by the past, but never dreams of destroying that past. Wagner goes a long way further; he endeavors to point out the errors in all works of human genius antedating his own; not one stone would he leave upon another in his attempt to create an entirely new world.

Following their prodigious effort, they both appeared to be vanquished, and for the time being they actually were so. Their cause did not win through until long after the action, when their environment had gained maturer vision. But in order to attain (at least in part) the aim of their dreams, a king's intervention was needed in Wagner's case; whereas the posthumous triumph of Berlioz, due altogether to the spontaneous, albeit tardy, admiration of the public in his native land, was essentially popular and national.

Finally, there subsists between Berlioz and Wagner one more—and very considerable—point of difference. This is, that the one is French, the other German.

During their lifetime, they themselves were not aware that this diversity of origin must, in itself alone, be the cause of so deep-seated an estrangement. But to-day this fact must be recognized: Berlioz and Wagner could not live in amity for the reason that they were born enemies.

Berlioz is a Frenchman. This he is, not simply as the scion of an ancient family in the Dauphiné, in the valley of the Rhone, in a region well towards southern France; his right to that title springs besides, and above all, from the nature of his genius.

Nota bene, even of this fact he himself was not fully aware. Because he, in his youth, had listened to the works of Weber and Beethoven with admiration, and his spirit had received their impress, it came about that he described himself as "I, a three-quarters German musician." This similitude did not escape the

notice of others, particularly of those interested in turning it to account. On his return from a concert-tour in Germany, and telling, in a private letter, of the success he had reaped, he added: "My sole misfortune is—that I am French; that worries them. The other day the ladies of the Sing-Academie said to me, with a kind of impatience: 'But why do you not speak German, Monsieur Berlioz? That ought to be your language. You are German.'"—So, as early as 1853, the ladies of Leipzig wanted to annex Berlioz! Before that time, immediately after their first meetings, Wagner had written: "From remotest Germany the spirit of Beethoven has breathed upon him, and assuredly there have been hours when Berlioz wished that he was a German."

Such impressions are purely superficial, and form an absolute contradiction of the reality.

No;—Berlioz must not be considered to be a German because he admired Beethoven and felt his influence, any more than because he adopted the form of the symphony. And first of all we should have to concede that Beethoven's genius is essentially German, which could be very stoutly contested, his genius possessing a character of universality which places it on a far higher plane than the German nature.

As for the symphony, that also is by no means the appanage and property of Germany. By origin it is Italian, and the French had been composing symphonies for many a year when Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven came to endow this form with their divine genius.

This delimiting of its domain for each nation—giving the opera to Italy, attributing the symphony to Germany, and leaving France nothing but comedy-opera—proceeds from a wrong notion. Musical France has works of higher import to her credit. She it was who, at the time of the Renaissance, furnished the first models—among them perfected ones—of that vocal polyphony by which the German eighteenth century so greatly profited. Should a Frenchman, then, be forbidden to revive a form favorable to the development of his genius because, before him, it had been turned to lofty use by Germans?

The truth is, that the genius of Berlioz was eminently French in cast—more "eminently French" than that of our concocters of opéras comiques, for he asserted the highest qualities of his race. Into a form which is not German, but universal, this man of the South breathed an inspiration at once abundant and wholly French. He was a man of that generation of 1830 whose artistic endeavor brought a realization of the loftiest aspirations

of the foregoing epoch—an historical epoch in whose course the French nation rallied to its mightiest and most lasting achievement.

We have already had occasion to recall that Nietzsche sought to oppose the Germanic conception of the Wagnerian drama by what he termed Mediterranean music. To exemplify the difference, he could find nothing better than the rather inadequate illustration of *Carmen*. He might have lent additional weight to his argument by referring to the works of Berlioz, which he may not have known. Yes, if Nietzsche had known *Les Troyens*, he would have chosen it for that monument of Mediterranean art wherewith he wished to confront the art of the North. And having, during our study of the general tendency of Berlioz, reached the conclusion that he was a man of tradition, we might have added, that he was a continuator of the Latin tradition. Just for that reason he could not help being hostile to the manifestations of a racial genius which was, from all eternity, the foe of Latin genius.

Returning to Wagner, there is no need of searching after special proofs to convince any one that he was German. It is unthinkable that the remotest doubt could arise concerning the national status of the man who, on the day of triumph when Bayreuth was inaugurated, could not restrain the heartfelt exclamation: "At last we have a German art!"—and who concluded *Die Meistersinger* with a manifesto whose spirit, quite out of keeping with the historical Hans Sachs, expressed the Wagner of 1862, this homage to said German art being accompanied by threats and hateful appeals against what he calls "falsche wälsche Majestät, . . . wälschen Dunst mit wälschem Tand."¹ . . . We should even find little difficulty in overpassing the limits prescribed by the purely artistic character of this study, and showing, by citation from his literary works, that Wagner was one of the most orthodox forerunners of that Pangermanism whose device is "Deutschland über alles."

¹Ed. The author adds the original German words to his French translation—"les frivolités wälsches, les niaiseries wälsches, la fausse majesté wälsche." As the reader will remember, Wagner's lines read (with translation by Dr. Baker appended):

Zerfällt erst deutsches Volk und Reich,
in falscher wälscher Majestät
kein Fürst bald mehr sein Volk versteht;
und wälschen Dunst mit wälschem Tand
sie pflanzen uns ins deutsche Land.

Once German folk and realm are cleft,
In his false Latin majesty
No prince his people's soul will know;
And Latin tricks and trumpery
In German soil they then will sow.

His nature is essentially that of an overlord, invader, conqueror. From the outset, as we have seen, he fell foul of Berlioz. The latter undoubtedly undertook what he himself called his German campaigns; but, conformably to true French tradition, he set out on these expeditions with no intent to dethrone any one, in a spirit of persuasion, with the single purpose of sowing the good word, of carrying onward the beneficent light; like the philosophers of the eighteenth century, such as Voltaire and Diderot, who, in answer to the call of monarchs beyond the boundaries of their country, journeyed to Russia, to Prussia, to Sweden, conveying thither the treasures of French civilization and French thought. But whenever Wagner came to France, he appeared as an invader with arms in hand, aiming to oust those whom he found in settled positions, and to impose his leadership; and, failing of success, he avenged himself during the war of 1870 by wantonly insulting the nation temporarily prostrated—the country, the city and the men who were guilty of resisting him.¹

Is it necessary to draw a conclusion from this lengthy comparison? No—surely not. Everybody will be entirely capable of drawing his own inferences therefrom; as for ourselves, it seems preferable, after having faithfully set forth the facts, to let them speak for themselves. At the very least, however, we may venture to deplore the circumstance that human works, which should be conceived in gladness and bring only gladness to the world, should bear within themselves the germ of war; and that the noblest manifestations of the mind, and—as it would seem—the most disinterested ones, are not permitted free development in peace. But what is gained by dwelling on these vain regrets? There is a grain of truth in the opinion of the German philosopher who asserted that music is the very essence of things; there subsists a close correlation between the life of nations and men, and that of the arts. Our comparative inquiry into the fortunes of the two greatest masters of music in France and Germany in the course of the nineteenth century has supplied fresh proofs of the truth of that assertion.

¹Mr. Tiersot alludes to Wagner's "Eine Kapitulation, Lustspiel in antiker Manier." This unfortunate, feeble and amateurish play, Wagner planned for music "à la Offenbach" whose genius he fully appreciated. Whether or no "Eine Kapitulation" meant to add insult to injury, is a matter of controversy. For Wagner's own denial read his prefatory note; and for a critical, impartial review, not colored with semi-political considerations of Wagner and his art, consult Mr. J. G. Prod'homme's essay "Richard Wagner et le public français," in "La revue de Hollande." 1915, vol. I, p. 405-444.—Ed.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)



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DE GUSTIBUS

By CARL ENGEL

Il s'agit de souffler de son souffle tant qu'on a le souffle.
—Vincent van Gogh.

A SCOTTISH friend of mine tells this story about his cook: One day, when she had cooked her master an especially good soup, he inquired appreciatively what ingredients she had used to make it so tasteful; and she replied laconically—"There is thote in t'ilt."

Thought, alas! is as helpful in preparing savory soups, as it is expedient in making a work of fine art. But the thought alone might not, indeed it could not, have produced in the cook's case such excellent results, had her imaginative resourcefulness not been subjected to a critical control, that is, had she not possessed a discriminating and sensitive palate, or the gift of taste.

Now, we shall not quarrel as to the merits of this or that soup. You may prefer your lentil soup cooked with a partridge, or with a piece of venison; you may prefer *Crème de crevettes roses à l'Infante* to *Bisque of Lobster Cardinal*; you may like your clam-chowder à la *Manhattan* rather than à la *Nouvelle Angleterre*. Perhaps you are willing to pass all of these by for the sake of a *Taoungakong*, *Canton style*; or you may not feel safe in venturing beyond a plain and unadulterated *Kraftbrühe*. No one disputes your right to your own personal taste in soups. *Cherchez l'estomac!* But you must agree that any or all of these appetizing concoctions might readily be spoiled, for all but exceptional tongues, by an

overdose of pepper or a dash of kerosene. Nor is the broth made better when you let it burn.

And you will ask: What of Vatel's, Vachette's and Brillat-Savarin's gastronomy in a magazine devoted to Palestrina, Orlando & Co?—We come to it presently. In Mendel's Musical Lexicon may be found a paragraph on *Geschmack* by "W. W." (Wilhelm Wundt) which contains the following: "Eine Speise, welche dem Geschmacksinn nichts bietet, wird als fade, reizlose verworfen; ebenso wird ein künstlerisches Gebilde, welches dem inneren Schönheitssinne keine Befriedigung gewährt, für wertlos erachtet."¹ Multitudinous and multifarious have been the attempts to define "sense of beauty" and "sense of taste." With what success? Let us hear Jean Marnold: "La question qui se pose, impérative et troublante, est de définir le 'Goût,' puis, et presque aussitôt, sa cause à la fois et son objet, à savoir ce qu'on nomme le 'Beau.' Il n'est guère de mots plus discutés et plus vagues, encore que chacun en use couramment, les accouple et parfois les oppose."² We shall not chase a phantom. Fortunately there is enough reality upon which to base a few observations that may not be impertinent.

Wundt's parallel holds good. The cook needed "thote" plus a palate. The musical composer, and to a not inconsiderable degree the musical critic, require thought plus an ear or two. You object to such trite remarks, and wearily exclaim: "Old story!" Pardon me:

'S ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie ewig neu—

and it seems timely to drag it once more from its dusty shelf, since Mr. Lawrence Gilman, in the January, 1917, issue of this publication, seriously propounded the astounding theory that we had no "touchstones," or standards, by which to test the metal of music!

Mr. Gilman admits that "The art of music. . . . stands apart from the other arts." And yet he shows annoyed surprise when a method which Matthew Arnold recommended, to detect poetic excellence, does not prove workable as applied to music. Small wonder. Music does stand apart; and necessarily the

¹A dish which offers nothing to the sense of taste, will be returned as flat and lacking flavor; for the same reason, a work of art which offers nothing to the inner sense of beauty will be considered worthless.

²The question which arises, imperatively and perturbingly, is to define "Taste," and then, or almost simultaneously, to define its cause as well as its object, to wit: what is called "Beauty." There are hardly two words more discussed, yet more vague, in spite of the fact that everyone uses them constantly, couples, or again contrasts them.

method by which to detect musical excellence is one peculiar to this art. Walter Pater has pointed the way to it. His words on the subject can not be quoted too often nor too extensively:

It is the mistake of much popular criticism to regard poetry, music and painting—all the various products of art—as but translations into different languages of one and the same fixed quantity of imaginative thought, supplemented by certain technical qualities of color, in painting—of sound, in music—of rhythmical words, in poetry. In this way the sensuous element in art, and with it almost everything in art that is essentially artistic, is made a matter of indifference; and a clear apprehension of the opposite principle—that the sensuous material of each art brings with it a special phase or quality of beauty, untranslatable into the forms of any other, an order of impressions distinct in kind—is the beginning of all true æsthetic criticism. For as art addresses not pure sense, still less the pure intellect, but the 'imaginative reason' through the senses, there are differences in kind of æsthetic beauty, corresponding to the differences in kind of the gifts of sense themselves. Each art, therefore, having its own peculiar and incommunicable sensuous charm, has its own special mode of reaching the imagination, its own special responsibilities to its material. One of the functions of æsthetic criticism is to define these limitations; to estimate the degree in which a given work of art fulfils its responsibilities to its special material; . . . to note in music the musical charm—that essential music, which presents no words, no matter of sentiment or thought, separable from the special form in which it is conveyed to us.

If the sensuous element constitutes and comprehends almost everything that is essentially artistic in art, and if each art has certain responsibilities to its special material, or sensuous element, subject to definite limitations, and if the greater or lesser fulfilment of these responsibilities is the measure of artistic excellence, it remains to be seen how this axiom may find application in the art of music.

The sensuous element of music is tone.

A musical composition is the more artistic, the more tone-combinations of a sensuously beautiful order it contains.

The limitations to which musical tone is subject are, on one side, its degeneration into brute noise and, on the other side, its treatment and appeal in a purely or primarily intellectual way.

The responsibilities which the artist has towards tone, as a sensuous medium of expressing emotional and imaginative contents, and of communicating to the listener a peculiar charm by his conception of its inherent beauty and organic perfection, is to guard tone from overstepping its boundaries, and to develop its sensuous, or most artistic qualities to the highest possible degree—to make it yield its ripest and most luscious fruit.

And by its fruit, ye shall know it.

To avoid misunderstanding, I want to give here, parenthetically, brief consideration to one important point, more typical of music than of the other arts. I mean the evolution of the very material, or sensuous element, of music. The rapid transformation of musical styles, or, more precisely, the progressively varying ideas which we have about concording and discording sounds, are not fundamentally due to a change in æsthetic criteria. Their cause is a physiological one, first brought into the light of scientific research by Helmholtz. The organ which transmits sound-waves to our brains, the mechanism of the ear, is evidently undergoing a process of development, as yet not fully understood. But what seems clearly demonstrated, or at least a plausible supposition, is the fact that owing to these changes the sensuous medium readjusts itself, of necessity and automatically, in order to continue its function of conveying to our aural nerves and brain cells that peculiar "musical charm," the essence of music. For this reason certain tone-combinations lose their sensuous potency, when our ears become over-familiar with them and dulled to their impress. Other tone-combinations take their place. Weber's "gruesome" diminished-seventh chord no longer fills us with terror. The augmented triads of the Valkyries' steeds have been ridden fast and furiously to their doom. The ninth chord dear to Claude Achille Debussy becomes a blunt weapon in hands of lesser skill than his. We are now witnessing the popularization of the whole-tone scale. It has found its way already into comic opera. It will in turn, and in a not far distant future, become commonplace, an instrument of torture. Music—that is, our realization of tonal possibilities—is in its infancy. Its stammering is divine. What will the full-grown speech be? Will our aural sense develop, until at last we hear the voices from Beyond and the much vaunted music of the Spheres? Until we reach that day, the stimulus which is required to make us feel the sensuous charm of music, will gradually and consistently take on different shades and degrees. We all know how surprised we are when we take up an old piece of music which we loved dearly once upon a time, and find that it appeals to us no longer.—The form or character of musical composition, however, has so far not been affected by equally radical changes. On the contrary, old *forms* still preserve their quaint and lovely grace. But it is useless to deny that most of us, to-day, find greater sensuous charm and more enjoyment in a Pavane by Maurice Ravel than in one by John Dowland (1562-1626).

And that is the salient thing—a work of art must give us enjoyment and satisfaction. Theodore Lipps, the eminent psychologist in Munich, formulated the idea in these words: “Das ästhetische Wertgefühl ist unmittelbares beglücktes Erleben meiner selbst in einem sinnlichen Gegenstand.”¹ Beaudelaire, after hearing Wagner’s music for the first time, referred to his experience as to one of the *grandes jouissances* of his life.

By that sensation shall ye know good music!

Going one step beyond the general axioms which we deduced from Pater’s doctrine, let us find a more specific test that might disclose the worth or defects of a musical composition, and thereby probe into the validity of Mr. Gilman’s claim. We shall be helped in our task by a sentence in one of Richard Middleton’s short stories, so remarkably fine that it would alone suffice to make his name live among men, after his premature and tragic death. He wrote of one performing the grateful labor of talking about himself: “My words were warmed into life by an eloquence that is not ordinarily mine, my adjectives were neither commonplace nor far-fetched, my adverbs fell into their sockets with a sob of joy.” What a *trouvaille!* I propose to paraphrase this sentence for our purpose in this way: “My melodies were warmed into life by a spontaneity that is not ordinarily mine, my harmonies were neither commonplace nor far-fetched, my modulations fell into their sockets with a sob of joy.” If you can say this much of your composition, and find others feeling likewise, methinks you have come very near writing a masterpiece. Inventive thought, governed by a critical ear, will work the wonder.

And thereby, also, shall ye know good music!

In art, not more than in soups, the question of taste, of personal preference, is bound up in that of idiosyncrasies and education. But we have agreed not to quarrel about the kind of soup we do or do not like. All we demand is that it really please someone, that “thote” and palate be jointly instrumental in its composition, that it should not be left too long upon the fire, and that it honestly represent whatever style of cooking it may pretend to be.

As far as music is concerned, that is the pith of Mr. O. G. Sonneck’s terse remark: “Let a quadruple fugue be a quadruple fugue; let program music be program music. But both must, above all else, be rich in musical invention!” They will be richest when the composer orders the weaving of his contrapuntal

¹The sense of aesthetic value is a direct, and pleasurable realization of the Ego, in a sensuous object.

web, the distribution of his chords, the combination of his tonal colors, and the pulsation of his rhythms, so that the total effect obtains the greatest possible amount of sensuous beauty. I, for one, have never been able to feel the slightest emotional enjoyment from listening to a fugue, as little as a conventionalized design or the busy convolutions on a wallpaper have ever thrilled me. I remember suffering under fugues, and having had to live with wallpapers, that were equally exasperating. Nor is there any difference between retracing, with our ear, the stenciled walks of *dux* and *comes*, and following, with hypnotized and helpless eye, the intertwining branches of an endless rose-chain on a stupid wall. As regards program music, there are also differences of opinion. Busoni, in speaking of the few and trivial effects of tone, that are unequivocally descriptive, says that we debase Tone to Noise when we begin to imitate sounds of nature—the rolling of thunder, the roar of forests, etc.—and that therein lies the complete stock in trade of program music. Goethe wrote in a letter to Zelter: “Töne durch Töne zu malen, zu donnern, zu schmettern, zu plätschern und zu patschen ist detestabel.”¹ We are significantly reminded of Pater’s “limitations.” The truth is that when we attempt to imitate the bleating of sheep with the aid of musical instruments, we may or may not succeed in pulling off a clever trick. But that is all. We certainly do not create sounds of sensuous beauty. With opera the state of affairs is no better. Wagner called the form of opera he found “ein unbeschreiblich konfuses Wechselbalg.”² He thought his *Musik-drama* would remedy the trouble. Others, after him, have thought they could improve it. The fact remains that what are, musically speaking, the three most sensuously beautiful operas—Mozart’s “Zauberflöte,” Wagner’s “Tristan” and Debussy’s “Pelléas”—are probably the three worst “changelings” in the whole of operatic literature. And yet we shall go on enjoying them, for the sake of lovely and entrancing sounds, together with “The Barber of Seville,” “Carmen,” and “Boris Godounoff.” They live, and will live, by force of the exquisite taste that watched over their shaping, by the gift of subtle ears that overheard the secrets of the Gods.

Chopin’s piano music shows him to have possessed an “inner hearing” more delicate than that of Beethoven; Wagner developed a finer ear than Berlioz had; Scriabin had a more sensitive aural perception than was given to Max Reger. In other words, taste and technical proficiency are not inevitably linked together, nor

¹To paint tones with tones, to thunder, to bray, to splash and to dash is detestable.

need creative effort of great magnitude always exert the sensuous charm that a smaller talent may command. Some people find more pleasure in reading Albert Samain's poems than those of Victor Hugo. There are composers who possess an amazing inventiveness, supreme technical skill, composers who are not necessarily always dull, and yet they never succeed in freeing their work entirely from platitudes. Take Richard Strauss, for instance; he does not seem able to outgrow the sentimental "Liedertafel" themes in thirds and sixths. Look at the one in "Electra" which is supposed to characterize the House of the Atrides. Is it not more suggestive of a *Geheimer Oberrechnungsaukalkulator's* family than of the royal blood of ancient Greece?

You may not be able to define "Taste" in the abstract, as Jean Marnold fears, but you certainly can tell where it acted as godfather to a child of human fancy. You can tell where an ear, more finely strung than another, attended the welding of lovely sounds into a work of art. You can certainly tell whether or not a piece of music lives up to the demands that Pater makes upon it. And most assuredly you can tell whether a musical composition has given you something like Beaudelaire's *grande jouissance*—that is, if you are fit to be heard in this matter.

Here it behoves us to delve into the question of "taste" in musical criticism. Mr. Gilman says: "I mean by taste instinctive perception of æsthetic excellence." Now, there is Henri Bergson, who writes: "Ce qu'il y a d'essentiel dans l'instinct ne saurait s'exprimer en termes intellectuels, ni par conséquent s'analyser."¹ Hence would we seem destined to be disappointed, should we try to define Mr. Gilman's "instinctive perception." Fortunately, and notwithstanding his scruples, the great French thinker himself ventures to give a definition, and boldly sets it down in four words: "*L'instinct est sympathie.*" Nothing could be shorter, more precise and, at the same time, more helpful in our investigation. According to Bergson's idea "instinctive perception" would require a certain "sympathy" with the object that is to be perceived. Instinctive perception of æsthetic excellence, then, would seem to require of the observer sympathy with the work of art under consideration. Sympathy with any given phase of art is largely a matter of temperament or native inclination. Its scope is widened by a broader vision of life itself. A moderate eclecticism may prove the wisest stand to take, "on this short day of frost and sun." The monomaniac, the man

¹The essential qualities of instinct can hardly be expressed in intelligent terms, nor consequently be subjected to analysis.

whose battle name is that of some composer with the syllable "-ite" affixed, is always with us. No matter how worthy the object of his "sympathy" itself, he is too apt to be a bore.

Now, the great confusion that confronts us in artistic evaluation, the contradictory judgments on a work of art,—which Mr. Gilman mistakes for proof conclusive, that there are no musical standards,—are due to the fact that "thote," ear, and sympathy are seldom found all three in blissful union. Most people, making such criticism, are not possessed with the requisite attributes that make their perception both instinctive and authentic. Nevertheless, they think to have a right of expressing their opinion, which, to return to our mutton-broth, is not content to proclaim a soup too salty or ill-prepared, but which decrees that you should like heavy *potages*, in preference to clear *consommés*. And they demand considerate attention for their word as gospel truth, because they believe themselves endowed with "taste." The *amateur* and would-be *connoisseur* was never branded more stingingly than by that master musician of the brush, that marvellous etcher of the pen, James McNeill Whistler, when he wrote:

"Taste" has long been confounded with capacity, and accepted as sufficient qualification for the utterance of judgment in music, poetry and painting. Art is joyously received as a matter of opinion, and that it should be based upon laws as rigid and defined as those of the known sciences, is a supposition no longer to be tolerated by modern cultivation. For whereas no polished member of society is at all affected at admitting himself neither engineer, mathematician, nor astronomer, and therefore remains willingly discreet and taciturn upon these subjects, still would he be highly offended were he supposed to have no voice in what is clearly to him a matter of 'taste'; and so he becomes of necessity the backer of the critic—the cause and result of his own ignorance and vanity!

If this applies to "patrons of the arts," to "polished members of society," it does, sadly enough, apply with equal force to many a so-called "professional critic." The lot of the music-reviewer is a hard one. He has earned Heaven, when he dies, but should be allowed to dwell in that part of the celestial realm where golden harps and the angelic choir are out of earshot. He has to write, often hurriedly, a penetrating estimation of an uninspired work and soporific performance. Let us not be unkind to the poor sinner. *Absolvo te a peccatis tuis*. But this leniency is out of place with the prophets and high priests that offer sacrifice to their various little tin-gods-on-wheels, and are not always careful where they pick their sacrificial victim. Too many critics are bent on making literature. They excel in lengthy diatribes, fill

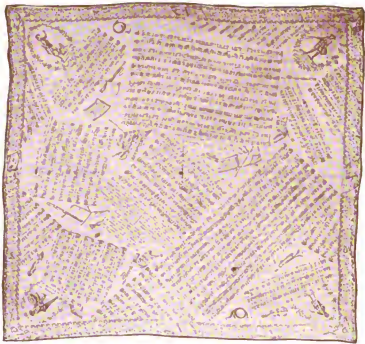
column after column with a sickening verbosity, without ever saying anything worth while or to the point. Their task is to impress the ignorant public. They accomplish it by being either frankly and frivolously entertaining, or sententiously obscure and impenetrable. The confusion that reigns in the minds of the uninitiated is rivaled by that displayed in the oracles of the wise ones. Nor is it to be wondered at. We need not be disturbed with Mr. Gilman, when he ponders over the wide difference of opinions on Wagner's "Parsifal" as expressed by Messrs. Runciman and Newman. The one sees in it nothing but "decrepit stuff," and the other calls it "wonderful and impressive." It all depends from what angle you look upon a thing. If you remember the music of "Die Meistersinger," "Siegfried," and "Tristan," while listening to "Parsifal," you may well be tempted to question whether the same vitality and exuberance of beauty that marks the first three, are as strongly potent in the last. If you are honest with yourself your answer can only be in the negative. Therefore, "decrepit stuff" may be a strong, but need not be a wrong qualification. On the other hand, if you are more easily impressed by the mystical, religious and metaphysical of the "Parsifal" poem and score, as such, and apart from what the same composer had previously produced, you may well, and justly, find it "wonderful and impressive." Take the two books of *Préludes* for the piano by Debussy; they contain things of a ravishingly sensuous charm—and, compared with these, there are others that are labored, dry, and on the verge of being classed among "decrepit stuff." Mrs. Malaprop was right: "Comparisons are odorous." Nor is it always the professional critic who finds the right scent. He is apt to be guided by textbook rules. Now, ugly consecutive fifths and octaves, in a four-part exercise of a pupil in harmony, are likely to sound badly to-day, and to continue doing so for all eternity. This does not prevent the *tasteful* use of such progressions, nor has it deterred Bach, Chopin, Grieg—not to speak of the younger schools—from using them with fine effect. But the conservative ear is blocked by prejudice. The opposite of the tardigrade, is the blindly progressive critic, who indiscriminately hails and praises everything new and revolutionary, for fear that it might ultimately prove a genuine advance in the art, and that his name should be missing in the roll-call of the vanguard. He aids and abets in making of the concert-hall a sideshow for freaks and mountebanks.

Philip Hale, that brilliant descendant of the great *chroniqueurs*, Sarcey, Scholl, and Clarétie, has a remarkable store of information

and often gleans interesting excerpts from all sorts of sources for the enlightenment and education of his readers. He culled from the London Times, not long ago, the following paragraph: "Taste may be bigoted, or indiscriminate, or catholic. Bigotry names the stage at which live ideas become dead labels. Music is full of such moments Lack of discrimination is a lack of humor True taste in music is neither parochial nor cosmopolitan, but catholic." And this catholicity will become a matter of course, a natural and comforting state of mind, if we let our taste in music be guided by "thote" and ear, both properly equipped and trained. Humbly and dispassionately, but always on our guard, we should cultivate sympathetic receptiveness, submitting our impressions to the test of Pater's "touchstones." The result may be that our temple will hold fewer idols, but those deities that remain enthroned will become holier to us, and more benign. Their message will mean more to us, and our faith in it will make us happier and better.

In short, there *are* touchstones by which to prove the carat-weight of music. To deny it is to fling open the portals to underbred composers and overbearing critics. They are in plenty, as it is, striving to enter by the half-open door.

J'ai soufflé—donc, Messieurs, c'est à vous de souffler.



A Late Eighteenth Century Music Handkerchief.

(Specially photographed for *The Musical Quarterly* from the example in the possession of Mr. W. J. Lawrence by A. Redding, Dublin.)

AN OLD ENGLISH MUSIC HANDKERCHIEF

By W. J. LAWRENCE

POSSIBLY there exists no neater epitome of the prime characteristics of popular English music in the third quarter of the eighteenth century than that which is presented by a capacious old stamped-cotton handkerchief which recently came into my possession, and of which a much reduced facsimile is now given. What with its snatches of well-remembered song and its character portraits of favourite singers one can well imagine the host of happy recollections of nights spent at the theatre this quaint souvenir must have conjured up on occasion for its original owner. Very reverent must have been the handling it received from its long line of possessors viewing its wonderful state of preservation. Its measurements (25x27 inches) bear eloquent testimony to the Gargantuan capacity of old-time coat-pockets. Of the man Crayford who inscribed his name in the corner as engraver nothing is known. Never dreaming that his work would be submitted to remote antiquarian scrutiny, he did not trouble to append a date; but, as it happens, the handkerchief fairly well dates itself. One has only to review the evidence it presents to arrive at the conclusion that it was issued in or about the year 1771.

Let us glance briefly at the theatrical productions whose well-sustained popularity it so strikingly commemorates. In opposite corners portraits are given from well-known prints of Mattocks as the Squire and Du Bellamy as Thomas in *Thomas and Sally, or the Sailor's Return*, but no music from the little piece is included among the songs. Tradition has it that Bickerstaffe and Arne's "musical entertainment", as the phrase went, was originally produced in Dublin, but, if so, no record of its initial performance has come down to us. Until such time as research can supply the missing details, its stage history must date from November 28, 1760, when it was first seen at Covent Garden. Mattocks then played the Squire and Beard (not Du Bellamy, who figured in a much later revival) was the Thomas. Simple as was the little piece, with its crude story of easily-thwarted seduction, it long enjoyed vogue in town and country. So true is it that alluring

melody has perennial capability of covering a multitude of theatrical blemishes.

Thomas Mattocks was of that useful type of player who could sing, the type which makes no pretensions to scientific knowledge but manages to hide its defects by certain manifestations of musical instinct and natural taste. That Mattocks' vocalism must have had glamorous appeal is undoubted, else Hugh Kelly would hardly dare have written of him in his *Thespis* as one

Whose tender strain, so delicately clear;
Steals, ever honied, on the heaviest ear;
With sweet-ton'd softness exquisitely warms,
Fires without force, and without vigour charms.

Mrs. Mattocks, it may be noted, was not only an excellent actress but came of that Hallam stock which figured so prominently as pioneers of the drama in America.

Time has not dealt gently with memories of Du Bellamy, that second-rate Welsh tenor to whose undoubted vogue our souvenir in divers ways abundantly testifies. Perhaps this was because he was *vox et præterea nihil* and not too much *vox* at that. Self-conscious to a fault his stage qualifications were of the slightest. He was very awkward in his deportment and had an ugly trick when singing of cocking up his thumbs. Apropos of the fact that he had originally been a shoemaker, Peake, in his *Memoirs of the Coleman Family*, relates the following anecdote:

In proof of 'what is bred in the bone,' it was told of Du Bellamy that, when he had quitted his original occupation for the stage, he one day gallanted some ladies to a shop in Cranbourn Alley, who went thither to purchase shoes. In his great zeal to see them well fitted, he found such technical fault with the articles offered to them for sale that the shopman could bear it no longer. "Come, come, master," said he to Du Bellamy, "this is telling the secrets of the trade, and that's not fair to one another."

After singing for a number of years at Covent Garden and the Haymarket, Du Bellamy repaired to Dublin, making his début at the Theatre Royal, Crow Street on November 5, 1777, as Lorenzo in *The Governess* (a pirated version of *The Duenna*), and remaining some time. His sister, who lives in theatrical annals as Mrs. Didier, had made her first appearance on the stage in the same city in November, 1764, when she came out at Smock Alley as Madge in Bickerstaffe's *Love in a Village*. After his Dublin sojourn Du Bellamy voyaged to New York, where he ended his days under another (perhaps his real) name.

Mention of Bickerstaffe's longevous rustic opera recalls to mind that its initial vogue at Covent Garden in 1762 and perennial popularity later are significantly indicated on our old-time music handkerchief. Not only are we given a portrait of Beard in his original character of Hawthorn—the character, by the way, in which, on May 23, 1767, he made his last appearance on the stage; but we have included a fragment of Hawthorn's song in the first act, "Let gay ones and great make the most of their fate." All things considered, there is no room for doubting that John Beard was the greatest English male dramatic vocalist of his time. Artist to the finger-tips, he was as much enjoyed as actor as he was as singer. It is needless to add that the man for whom Handel composed the bulk of the tenor parts in his great oratorios was on the crest of the wave so far as scientific knowledge was concerned. Before retiring in the prime of life with a comfortable fortune Beard had one other achievement to his credit. Member of a still discredited profession, he was the first actor to break down the barriers of caste. His high and amiable character, aided doubtless by his talents, won for him the hand of a peer's only daughter. But Death envied them their happiness and in a few years carried the lady off.

Among the musical extracts given on the handkerchief is Apollo's song from the opening act of *Midas*, "Lovely nymph assuage my anguish", as sung by Du Bellamy at Covent Garden in a recent revival of Kane O'Hara's lively and melodious burletta. In spite of the fact that like many of the comic operas of the time, it was a mere musical hotch-potch, this amusing parody of Italian-opera methods long retained its popularity, and although given finally in somewhat abbreviated form, held its place in the theatrical repertory well into the nineteenth century. Its later vogue is said to have established the convention of women appearing on the light operatic stage in male characters, an appeal to the baser instincts which ended in the creation of that artistic abomination, the Principal Boy. It is noteworthy that although first seen in England at Covent Garden on February 22, 1764, *Midas* had originally been produced in Dublin (where its witty author lived), at Crow Street, on January 22, 1762.

Prominent among the successful comic operas of the period for which original music had been provided is *The Padlock*. So seldom in theatrical annals has the composer of an opera sustained one of the characters in its original production, it seems quite in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that Charles Dibdin, of sea-song celebrity, should be commemorated in his dual capacity

in this our souvenir.¹ His portrait as Mungo in Bickerstaffe's piece and the fragment of Mungo's song in the first act, "Dear heart, what a terrible life am I led" draw attention to the fact that, although the negro had figured on the stage ever since those remote days when Cokain had written *The Obstinate Lady* and made Carionel disguise himself as a Spanish-talking black, Dibdin was the first player to win acceptance for the type. There can be little doubt that the novelty of the characterisation was not least among the factors which gained for *The Padlock* immediate popularity on its production at Drury Lane on October 3, 1768. The opera is otherwise commemorated in the souvenir by the music of Leonora's song in the first act, "Say little, foolish, fluttering thing", given with the vague heading, "Sung by Mrs. Arne."

It is curious that nobody in England should have been seized with the possibilities of Fielding's *Tom Jones* as a subject for stage treatment until France had pioneered the way. In 1766, or sixteen years after the famous novel had been translated into French, a *comédie lyrique* was founded upon it, the book by Poinciset and the music by Philidor. This inspired Joseph Reed with the idea of his comic opera of *Tom Jones*, which, with music partly original and partly compiled (none of it, however, taken from the French prototype) was brought out with fair success at Covent Garden on January 14, 1769. Mattocks was the Tom Jones, Shuter the Squire Western, Du Bellamy the younger Nightingale and Mrs. Pinto the Sophia. As one of the latest productions, the opera is well represented on the souvenir. The air so curiously headed "Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy at the Castle Society Haberdasher's Hall" is in reality young Nightingale's song, "Blest with thee my soul's dear treasure," as rendered to music from Bach in the second act. Fragments are also given of three other solos, Tom Jones's "Sound, sound aloud Britannia's name," Sophia's "Duty is nature's strongest law" and Squire Western's "How happy a father am I." Of these the music of the second was by Arnold and the third was sung to the air of "Sir Simon the King," already made familiar in *The Beggar's Opera*.

One recalls how, a little better than two years before the production of *Tom Jones*, the Sophia of the cast, then known as Charlotte Brent, had aroused the indignation of Dr. Arne, her

¹By a curious coincidence, I discovered some time after writing this article that Dibdin's great grandson and prospective biographer, Mr. Edward Rimbault Dibdin, curator of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, has another example of the handkerchief under discussion. Unfortunately, however, it is in somewhat tattered condition.

mentor, by becoming Thomas Pinto, the violinist's, second wife. All the recognised authorities blunder sadly over this lady's career in saying that she made her first appearance on the stage at Drury Lane in 1758. Three years previously, while still in her pupilage, Arne brought her to Dublin, where she made her *début* on November 29, 1755 in the title-character in *Eliza* and sang occasionally later in the season. For her benefit on April 30, 1756, she appeared for the first time as Polly in *The Beggar's Opera*, the role in which three years later she achieved so notable a success at Covent Garden. Whatever the reason, whether from timidity or inexperience, she made no sort of impression upon Irish music-lovers. Much was forgiven in the Dublin of old to the comely stage novice but Charlotte Brent had neither good looks nor figure. Perhaps we have a clue to her initial failure in the statement made in the MS. autobiography of Charles Dibdin the younger, an interesting budget of recollections which its present owner has permitted me to peruse. Dibdin maintains that she had "a very trifling voice," and that Arne wrote bravura songs for her, like "The Soldier Tired," to hide its deficiencies. Which recalls what Churchill wrote in *The Rosciad*:—

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
 Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
 Who, meanly pilf'ring here and there a bit,
 Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
 Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
 And chant the praises of an Italian tribe;
 Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
 And teach e'en Brent a method not to please.

Two of the items given on this wonderfully comprehensive handkerchief are seemingly taken from popular operas of the day, but all my efforts to run them to earth have unfortunately proved unavailing. One is a fragment beginning "On yonder plain's a flock of sheep," given as sung by Mrs. Arne, and the other a ditty called "Love in Disguise," which occupies a pride of place centrally and was evidently deemed of paramount importance since all its stanzas are reproduced. The vicious principle of the introduced song was then creeping into vogue in opera, and the latter, which begins with "At Totterdown Hill there dwelt an old pair," was probably of this order. It is described as "set by Mr. Battishill," and "sung by Mr. Du Bellamy at Covent Garden Theatre." Jonathan Battishill had been conductor of the Covent Garden orchestra from 1760 or thereabouts. A portrait of him

is given in Mr. Henry Saxe Wyndham's "Annals of Covent Garden Theatre."

Although the foregoing enumeration exhausts all the operatic possibilities of our souvenir it by no means says the last word regarding its contents. Popular domestic music is represented by four catches, "Wilt thou lend me thy mare to go a mile?" "'Twas you, sir; 'twas you, sir," "Here lyes, here lyes, the Lord have mercy upon her," and "Hark, the bonny Christ Church bells." Most likely all of these were veterans in service. Years before, the music of the last had been utilised in two ballad operas, *The Village Opera* (1729) and *The Chambermaid* (1730). Thus is it, in the words of the Eastern proverb, that "the Useful struggles vainly with Time, but the devourer of all things breaks his teeth upon the Agreeable."

A VIEW OF GIACOMO PUCCINI

By D. C. PARKER

WHAT manner of man is this whose operas are played upon the stages of all the opera-houses; whose choicest melodies, wrenched from their environment with a supreme disregard for the niceties of taste, are pressed into service to provide a harmonious background for the clatter of knives and forks in numberless restaurants and compelled to pay their tribute to modern conditions by being recorded on the gramophone; to whose airs foreign barons sip their after-dinner coffee in international hotels? From the North to the Riviera, from Russia to Buenos Ayres, Puccini is popular. It used to be said that the works of Verdi had at one time or another occupied the boards of every self-respecting opera-house in Europe and America. And it is hardly too much to claim that the same is true of the composer of "La Bohème." "Fortunate man!" we exclaim, thinking of the recognition which has come to him. But it must be remembered that the extent of Puccini's success is not without its drawback. Conventions die hard and there is a lingering romantic notion that the real poet is to be found only in the gutter, the real musician only in the attic. When, therefore, fate plays us a strange trick and we discover the former in easy circumstances and the latter with a good dinner to eat the serious person becomes suspicious. And so it happens that critical attention is turned in another direction. If rumor speak truly, there were days in Puccini's youth when a litre of chianti and an innocent omelette were considerations, but no one can deny that the compensation has been great.

Puccini was born in 1858. Though still living, Rossini had written his last work and on the shoulders of Verdi lay the musical reputation of Italy. That the man was worthy of the responsibility to which destiny called him will be acknowledged. The remarkable *Pari siamo* of "Rigoletto" prophesied the coming of a new era and there were better things to follow. Verdi alone had international fame and, as the years passed, it seemed as though Italy were to be represented only by lesser lights. These there have been in plenty, but two of them deserve something more than passing attention. The younger, Arrigo Boito (b. 1842) a gentle Paduan scholar, is a poet with his right hand and

a musician with his left. His main achievement was the writing of the two admirable libretti, "Otello" and "Falstaff," for Verdi. The elder, Amilcare Ponchielli, is the most important link between Verdi and the contemporary writers. Something ought to be said of this man to whom Puccini is indebted for instruction in the higher technique of composition. If the histories do not deal with him it is probably because he was somewhat overshadowed by the powerful personality of Verdi. Born in 1834, he early showed his musical bent. In his teens he studied with Mazzucato and worked to such good purpose that, at the age of twenty, he gained his diploma at the Milan Conservatoire. Not very prolific, he is remembered by two operas, "La Gioconda" and "I Promessi Sposi." If in the former, universally recognised to be his best work, there be no evidence of a very striking originality, there is distinct proof of the man's ability. A gift for attractive, though not profound, melody and a sense of dramatic effect are to be credited to him. That Puccini, through constant intercourse with a man who knew the tricks of the trade, profited handsomely hardly admits of doubt.

Before speaking of Puccini's operas a word of warning ought to be uttered. In forming an estimate of a dramatic composer it is always necessary to employ dramatic standards. No musician of serious purpose would attempt to deny the unique place among musical forms which the symphony holds. But much less than common justice has frequently been meted out to operatic writers simply because the judge has been oblivious of the facts that the aims of these men are not identical with the aims of the symphonists, that the methods are at variance, that dramatic and symphonic composition have difficulties peculiar to themselves. Turn to any half-dozen French or Italian scores, carrying in your mind the practices of the symphonists, and you will see this borne out. The question at issue is not whether the symphony or the opera is the finer medium, not whether the highest point touched by the musician is to be found in the one or in the other. What we have to remember is that certain things may be right in a symphony and wrong in an opera, and the converse is equally true. If the fact be forgotten we shall discover ourselves to be in a morass of confusion, a wilderness of contradictions. All this may be very obvious, but obvious things are sometimes overlooked and there is still a type of man who takes a score with him to a performance of "Carmen."

The early "Le Villi" and "Edgar" may be dismissed. So far as the world is concerned, Puccini's career began with "Manon

Lescaut." It is usual to contrast the Italian version with that of Massenet, but, in the end, the process yields little save a superfluous proof that an Italian is Italian and a Frenchman French. Here I shall rest content with remarking that Puccini's work contains some of the most vigorous and spontaneous melody which he has ever given us. Des Grieux's address to Manon in Act I is in the best Italian vein, the madrigal effective and the concerted items are shaped by a sure hand. The Puccini "manner," which has not escaped the attention of the small fry, is not absent. Indeed, considering the chronological position which the opera occupies, it is surprising that there is so much of the mature Puccini in it. On two occasions the melody reminds us of Massenet (the *Andante amoroso* in Act I and Lescaut's *Una casetta angusta* in Act II) and sometimes we seem to catch the echo of other voices, but the man walks the boards with surprising ease and has obviously a store of ideas from which to draw.

The chief fault of "La Bohème" is structural rather than musical. In place of a closely connected plot we have four tableaux and it says much for the composer that the work is so attractive. There is a profusion of sentiment and passion, an abundance of good vocal melody, a prattling orchestral commentary which maintains the interest and an utter absence of dullness. The opera marks a distinct advance on its predecessor. While Puccini treats the orchestra with the care which we have a right to expect from a modern writer, the style of the vocal utterances proclaims the nationality and musical ancestry of the man. Several times the mood is caught with a success which he has never excelled. To the tender charm of *Che gelida manina* he owes a host of fervent admirers, and such numbers as Musetta's waltz-song and the duet for Rudolph and Marcel in Act IV show that he is fond of spreading himself on a broad and generous theme. The Bohemian music is thoroughly good; fun and frolic laugh and sparkle through every bar of it and the very crispness of these pages emphasises the appeal of the romantic and amorous episodes. It may be submitted that the music is not all of the same value, that here and there Puccini is at something below his best, and this, I think, is true enough. While a more scrupulous method would undoubtedly have abandoned some of the material, there is a fruitful exhibition of the musician's aptitudes. Once, at least, he attains to real heights of effectiveness. Few moments in contemporary opera are so happy in conception and so telling in performance as the return of Mimi's theme in the last act, where the change in harmonic complexion presages the impending tragedy.

The Italian stage has given us melodramas in plenty. A long chronicle of crimes, splendid and sordid, has been sung in the South. It is, therefore, remarkable that in "La Tosca" Puccini sounded a fresh note. For, truth to tell, the fugitive from the castle of St. Angelo, the shooting party and the torture chamber belong to that world of disasters and catastrophies which is older than "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore." In my opinion this opera is the high-water mark of Puccini's achievements. We have Verdi's "recipe," rhythm, the human voice and brevity, stretched to its utmost limits. Few modern examples are so uniformly vocal and in fewer are the events compressed into so short a space of time. The man is here in his full stride. While nine persons are introduced only three are highly characterised, but in their cases the thing is well done. Scarpia is depicted in a short, incisive theme which often throws itself about the score with the sinister flexibility of a serpent. And we follow the fortunes of Cavaradossi and Tosca with the same interest as that with which we pursue the characters in a well-written tale of adventure. One blemish falls to be recorded, and where there is such a copious flow of melody the composer can afford to allow us the luxury of finding fault about a small point. The unaccompanied unison with which the duet of the last act finishes is not only trite from a thematic point of view, but is old-fashioned in an ineffective way.

Few of us, I imagine, would be disposed to grudge "Madame Butterfly" its day of success, for it is a *tour de force*. So many pens have described it, so many hands been employed in applauding that I shall only remark that Puccini here struck out upon a new line. The old world of romanticism and picturesque villainy is, for the moment, deserted. This world is neither old nor romantic and the villainy is far from picturesque. We breathe the air of these times and a modern battleship rides at anchor in the bay. Opera is a convention and a realisation of the fact should throw some light upon the suitability of subjects. It was not without reason that Wagner insisted upon the value of legendary plots, and I am sure that it is a reliable instinct which whispers to us that there is something wrong when Pinkerton offers Sharpless a whiskey and soda. The golden goblet of the Middle Age, the love philtre of Wagner, we can cheerfully accept. But a decanter and syphon break the spell and cause a heaviness of heart to true children of the opera-world. More might be said about this, but space must be left to note that Puccini attempts for the first time to disguise himself. That the introduction of

the Eastern element is only partially successful is not astonishing. It is impossible for an opera to be Japanese in more than parts, and the difference between the East and the West which is apparent in the score is accentuated by the native fervour with which the lyrical moments are attacked. In the duet for Pinkerton and Cio Cio San we penetrate the disguise and I refuse to believe that we are at Nagasaki, for the accent betrays the man and, unless I am mistaken, the speech is the speech to be heard in the villages of Sicily and the hills of Calabria. It ought to be added, however, that while the adoption of Japanese characteristics and the reversion to the Italian vocabulary must be remarked by the critic, the work plays well. Thackeray called "Vanity Fair" a novel without a hero and "Madame Butterfly" may fitly be termed an opera in the same melancholy condition. All the sympathy and most of the interest is concentrated on Cio Cio San and Suzuki, but the two portraits are skilfully drawn. The entrance of the former in Act I and the well-known duet in and finale of Act II are admirable and the attention is held until the last note. Altogether, "Madame Butterfly" is a most useful addition to the repertory.

Puccini is an Italian *pur sang* and the main reason for the failure of "The Girl of the Golden West" must be attributed to the disastrous policy of attempting to exploit a kind of modernism which assorts ill with the manner of his sincerity. The right mood had surely deserted him when he worked at this score. There is little or nothing of the natural flow which always marks him at his best. Distinction is lacking and the novel feature is the importation of a kind of music *à la mode* which sounds very often like inferior Debussyism; and, to put it plainly, the Italian cuts a sorry figure in Debussy's variegated pantaloons. The most merciful thing which the critic can say is that the sooner the opera is buried in oblivion the better.

So far as I am aware, no very precise calculation as to the status of Puccini has ever been made. It may be that some of the "potent, grave, and reverend signiors" who point the moral are not enamoured of that flippancy of mind which finds a certain satisfaction in what they are pleased to call "theatre-music"—an attitude which neglects the important historical truth that, in Italy, opera is a natural expression of national sentiment. Others, perhaps, take exception to some technical point or dismiss the subject with the suggestion that there is little to "crag" your mind on. More than once learning has gone far astray on this very matter. Mazzucato has well reminded

us that the Italian revelled not in science but in simplicity, in well-defined rhythms and unstrained harmonies. There is thus something whimsical in the complaint that Puccini makes no show of profundity—though, incidentally, it may be remarked that the “music of the period” in “Manon Lescaut” and “La Tosca” shows an aspect of the composer’s talent not to be caught elsewhere. A final touch of humor is lent to the situation by the fact that Puccini, by virtue of his inborn sense of what is and what is not effective on the stage, could teach men with ten times his store of knowledge a much needed lesson. It must be added that not a few ultra-aesthetic circles would be all the better for the good shaking up which the performance of a Puccini opera would give them. It is conceivable that a few make their protest on more legitimate grounds. One can concede that some of the finer shades of expression are beyond Puccini, and it is true that he does not always practice economy. Most of us, I fancy, could put our fingers upon some page where a theme is introduced only to be discarded before its possibilities are touched upon. Emerson somewhere speaks of the natural bias which a man ought to obey, and we must be prepared to encounter such things in any work which owes its existence to the impulsive enthusiasm of the South. Verdi, it is said, “felt much more than he learnt” and the criticism stands if applied to Puccini. His method is derived very largely from Bizet and the later Verdi, which is to say that in the essentials he is the antithesis of Wagner. Where Wagner is leisurely, he seeks concentration and, like most Latins, he has an instinctive dislike of arguments upon the stage. The *leit-motif* is used, but not extensively, and at the crucial moment he has the habit, common to most of his countrymen, of launching into an honest “tune.” With what unconcealed delight he pens *Vissi d’arte, E lucevan le stelle* and *Un bel di!* This music is the bitterest opponent of all that is mechanical and metallic. He cannot resist the trick of giving the vocal melody to the upper strings, a simple device which easily stirs the emotions. The voices dominate, but they do not tyrannise, and one notices with satisfaction the fullness and variety of his scoring. It remains to be said that Puccini’s modernism is innocuous—I am not speaking of the affected manner of “The Girl of the Golden West.” The consecutive fifths which open the second act of “La Bohème” and accompany the shepherd’s song in “La Tosca” need not cause the most ardent Mendelssonian any uneasiness; and in these times the final chord of “Madame Butterfly” is not a sensation. He writes with a gusto and zest, and with him there

is no equivalent of the problems which confront us when we approach Wagner, Bruneau, Scriabin and others. No propaganda, no philosophy, is forced down your throat. By his own confession he is determined not to trespass beyond the point at which he feels at home. To Benedetto Croce and his *confrères* are left the problems which agitate the *intelligentia*. In short, he provides a place of rest and refreshment in which, (if you accept his style,) you will find little at which to cavil. First and last he is a singer, which is another way of saying that he is an Italian. To reproach Puccini for being an Italian is to complain that the leopard has spots, and I am heartily sorry for the man who does not get a thrill when Puccini's operas are interpreted by the great singers to whom he owes so much.

I do not belong to that circle which sets little store upon the Italian point of view. In "the land of song" there is, doubtless, a vast amount of thoroughly bad music which, to make matters worse, is sometimes wretchedly performed, and we know that there was often an overwhelming enthusiasm for music which existed side by side with a disreputable taste, as in Naples. While recognising the value of the work of Sgambati, we may deplore that Cherubini has had no successor and that the sonata has fallen into comparative disrepute. Nevertheless, in its higher manifestations Italian music has definite claims upon our esteem. These lie in its ability to rescue us from the dire results of over-development. Remembering its qualities we hesitate to give the palm to barren intellectualism. The constantly increasing demand for technical excellence is an admirable thing, which may easily have the effect of hypnotising the musician into the belief that good music can be written if only the intellect be given free play. We have here to deal with valuations that affect our judgment of every writer. The extreme method is to crown the symphonists with laurels and consign the improvisors to the outer darkness. I am not at all sure that such summary proceedings meet the case when a man has a genuine initiative gift. Mere cleverness will not acquit a composer at the final tribunal. Let it be said quite frankly that there never was a time when the Italian standpoint was fraught with such significance. In the past the North learnt from the song of the South, but expressed itself most naturally by instrumental means. Since then many a contest has been waged between the music which is primarily instrumental and that which is primarily vocal. Within the last half-century Italy, perceiving the trend of thought in other countries, has discarded the foolish practices of the singing age; and

once more, at a time when Tom, Dick and Harry are buried under the burden of their own knowledge and can disport themselves in a score for a hundred and twenty instruments, she is in a position to remind us that intuition is still intuition, that a spontaneous impulse has a high artistic value. "Had Bellini taken lessons from a German schoolmaster he would probably have learnt to do better; but that he would have unlearnt his song into the bargain is much to be feared." Thus wrote Wagner. There are those of us who would not for worlds that the composer "unlearnt his song." And if, at times, the earnest student regret that Verdi is no longer writing, the feeling of despondency should be mitigated by the thought that the musical record of Italy easily bears comparison with that of any other country, that history furnishes countless proofs of the recuperative powers of the Italian people.

THE MUSICAL PUBLIC AND ITS OPINIONS

By REGINALD GATTY

THE PUBLIC AND THE COMPOSER.

WILL it be conceded that music, as indeed any art, is an appeal to the emotions through the intellect? The æsthetic significance of a work of art is popularly expressed by such epithets as 'sublime,' 'beautiful,' 'inspiring,' 'pathetic,' or their antitheses. The public, who use them, would be at a loss to define them with any certainty, although never questioning the reality of the mental impressions for which these epithets stand. On a closer examination it would seem that they fall into two classes expressing the general qualities of beauty or emotion. Many works, such as those voicing moods of tranquillity or sprightly charm, are what we should call 'beautiful,' but hardly 'emotional,' while, on the other hand, the "Sonata Appassionata" or the "Pathetic Symphony" are, as their names imply, works of distinctly emotional significance. It would, however, not be out of place to apply the terms 'sublime' or 'beautiful' to these last-named or other works of their class, and it may be doubted if any work can be 'emotional' without being also 'beautiful' or 'sublime.' Is then 'beauty' a universal quality of art and 'emotion' an occasional supplement?

In literature, if not in music, we find the special classes of satire, comedy and farce, which would seem to be neither emotional nor beautiful, but ministering rather to our malignant instincts. Now the psychologist pronounces the constituents of the mental makeup to be 'feelings' and 'thoughts,' and on this assumption the sense, or appreciation, of beauty, as distinct from the thought of it, must be a species of feeling. So, too, must be the sense of satire, comedy and farce. Further, it will be observed that music classed as emotional is only emotional in the sense of showing emotional stress and it is a fact of common knowledge that emotion is not always at high pressure. There can be a mean level of emotion, and it would therefore appear that this is what we mean when we speak of a mood, say, of tranquil beauty or sprightly charm. Moreover it will be evident that the qualities of comedy

and farce are of the same nature. While satire and invective will inflame the passions of the crowd, these others pleasantly ruffle the surface of our feelings till we laugh with delight, but make no pretension to stir the sleeping depths. Taking the word 'emotion,' then, in this wider sense, we see that the sublimity and beauty of music are really emotional, and that music is an appeal to the emotions.

Moreover this appeal is made through the intellect. We imply this fact when we speak of music as being easy or difficult to 'understand', and we expressly recognise it when we submit our children and music-students to a course of mental training on the subject, not only indirectly through the study of pieces on an instrument, but directly through the study of the construction of such pieces in theory-classes. We may start then with the definition that music is an appeal to the emotions through the intellect.

Emotions may be strong or weak, intellects may be keen or dull, and the musical public will fall into classes accordingly. The emotional susceptibility, whether great or small, of any individual would seem to be inborn and not amenable to artificial training. Everybody is emotional more or less, but it is convenient to apply the terms 'emotional' and 'non-emotional,' according as the susceptibility is above or below the mean. On the other hand the intellectual capacity of any individual is of a progressive nature, and the chief function of education is the development of the intellect, resulting as regards any special subject, in the two well-marked classes of the trained and the untrained. We thus get four classes of the musical public:—

- (a) trained emotional
- (b) " non-emotional
- (c) untrained emotional
- (d) " non-emotional.

Music appeals to the emotions through its sounds which are combined by the intellect with this end in view. The special combination of sounds in a piece of music gives us the 'form' of that piece. Musical form is thus primarily an intellectual product. It is, of course, only a means to an end, for the end is the emotional appeal, but inasmuch as the force of this appeal will depend entirely on the manner in which it is made, the form of a work is clearly of the utmost importance.

Music may be classed as good or bad according to the 'moral' effect of its emotional appeal. The test of good music may be said to be its sincerity and earnestness, for trivial and blatant

music is assuredly bad. On the other hand it may be so 'dry', that is, so wanting in any emotional significance whatever, that it is emotionally neither good nor bad. It is in fact not much more than mechanical juggling with sounds, and can hardly be dignified with the name of music at all. Music may also be classed as simple or complex according to the demands it makes on the intellect. Both simple and complex music may, of course, be emotionally either good or bad, and both may also be classed as either good or bad according to the technical success with which its emotional significance is conveyed by means of its form.

To compose or understand complex music is clearly the prerogative of the trained musician, that is, the musician whose intellect has been properly developed. Intellectual development, as I define it, consists in greater powers both of synthesis and analysis. Synthesis means breadth of survey, analysis apprehension of detail. As applied to music breadth of survey means a strengthened musical memory, so that the sense of proportion, as regards duration of sections, and the sense of contrast, as regards the use of key, mode, melody, harmony and rhythm in the sections, are active in dealing with a work of large dimensions. The musical form that is dependent on synthesis I will call 'synthetic form,' and its importance will be obvious when we consider how often the beauty of a piece has been marred by the insertion of injudicious passages or the omission of appropriate ones. The length of a piece is purely a question of synthetic form. One may say that the shortest piece may be too long and the longest piece may be too short, if the principles of synthetic form are ignored. Apprehension of detail means a sharpened faculty of observation, so that the sense of contrast as regards the time-value of notes and as regards the use of key, mode, melody, harmony and rhythm in any single section, are on the alert in dealing with that section. The musical form that is dependent on analysis I will term 'analytic form.' It need hardly be said that analytic form is no less important than the other, since the force of the emotional appeal of a single section depends entirely on the manner in which it is made, and the force of the emotional appeal of the whole work is aided or handicapped thereby.

Moreover to compose or understand simple music is really also the prerogative of the trained musician. On the face of it much training would not seem to be necessary to compose or understand a hymn-tune or a dance, and certainly no trained powers of synthesis are required, for the dimensions of simple music are so small that any ordinary untrained intelligence can

easily grasp them. If, however, there is no trained power of analysis, any monotony of note-duration value, of key, note, melody, harmony and rhythm will be but vaguely recognised by the ear, which will accordingly fail to perceive that the work is structurally bad. Further, since the synthetic form is so simple, the force of the emotional appeal is almost entirely dependent on the technical success of its analytic form, and if this is bad the emotional appeal, however good 'morally,' will be weak.

We can now get a clearer appreciation of the four types of the musical public. The trained emotional musician is the ideal type to which the best of us can but hope to approximate. The trained non-emotional musician is the pedant, the man of keen intellect but few sympathies, who is constitutionally insensible to beauty and emotional stress, and who is consequently satisfied with any work or art, provided its intellectual features, that is, its form, meet the requirements. It follows that he prefers complex to simple works, and is in fact generally rather contemptuous of the latter. The untrained emotional musician is either the uncritical enthusiast, who is intellectually unable to grasp the full emotional significance of a work, whether complex or simple, but whose sympathies respond at once to the isolated beauties of phrase, harmony or figure which it contains: or he is the average patron of popular music who is too careless and impatient to listen for the isolated beauties which he might understand of a complex work. The untrained non-emotional musician is merely the untrained pedant.

The influence of the pedant and the strain of pedantry inherent in each of us are responsible for much confusion as regards the estimate of any particular work, and even as regards the true end of music—the emotional appeal. Thus music, whether simple or complex, when written by the trained, non-emotional musician, the 'schoolman' or pedant, is of the 'dry' species already defined, which is emotionally neither good nor bad. If we are trained musicians, however, the sense of intellectual capacity frequently has the unfortunate effect of turning our heads so that when we hear a piece of complex dry music we wrongly attribute the pleasure we derive from our ability to understand it, to the emotional significance of the music itself. Again, Sir Hubert Parry, in his article on "Form" in *Grove's Dictionary of Music*, writes that in some works of painting (with which Programme Music is compared) a painter "trusts rather to the stirring nature of his subject than to its composition to engage and delight the beholders, while in a portrait or picture of less vivid interest the element of

composition, following generally and easily recognised principles, would be of vital importance." Now it will be seen that two alternative principles of art-criticism are here tacitly adopted: if the subject be stirring enough then its composition is of secondary importance, but if the subject is of 'less vivid interest' (or shall we say 'dull'?) then the composition is of vital importance. But the composition of a work of art (that is, its form) is only a means to an end: the end is the emotional appeal, the æsthetic impression made on the public by means of the subject, musical or otherwise, and if the subject be dull the work has failed in its purpose and the most finished composition will not save it. There is only one type of art-patron to whom it can appeal—the trained non-emotional type, represented by the pedant.

We may now notice that the difference between classical and popular music is partly a question of synthetic form. Classical music is complex and popular music is simple, so that the trained musician can follow both, but the untrained musician can only follow the latter. The difference, however, is also partly a question of analytic form, for the bulk of popular music is written by partially trained musicians with a faulty analytic sense, and it is therefore 'bad' in the sense of being amateurish or illiterate, quite apart from the quality of its emotional appeal, which may be good or bad. On the other hand the emotional appeal of popular (simple) music is not necessarily inferior to that of classical (complex) music, provided it is not marred by any defects of analytic form. Hence Brahms could say of Johann Strauss's waltz, "An der schönen blauen Donau," 'Would I had written it!'—always a disconcerting pronouncement to the pedant who can only value a work by the amount of synthetic skill that it shows.

The varying critical estimates of the musical public may now be contrasted as follows. A complex work of perfect construction may be voted dull for two reasons: either because it really is so, or because the hearer is untrained and has not the patience to listen for the isolated beauties of phrase or figure, which he is alone capable of appreciating. That is why the sonata form is considered dull by the average amateur. Include such a phrase, however, in the melody of popular song and it will be played by every barrel-organ and whistled by every butcher's boy in the town, as I noticed two or three years ago in connection with a striking phrase recalling the opening bar of the *Allegro* of Beethoven's Violin Sonata in F major, op. 24 (Frühlings-Sonate). Again, a simple work of perfect construction may be voted dull, either because it really is so, or because the hearer is a pedant who has

not got the musical feeling necessary to appreciate its emotional significance.

As regards works of faulty construction we find the following estimates. There are many great complex works which show defects in this respect, but the latter are not felt to be bad enough to outweigh the desire of musicians to study and hear the works. On the other hand, as already stated, the great bulk of popular music shows defects of analytic form, and it is rightly pronounced bad, but it is for this reason, and not because of its simplicity. Sometimes, indeed, such music is trivial or blatant in its emotional significance, and then it is bad in a double sense. Generally, however, a piece of popular music will be found to have at least one isolated phrase or turn of melody, whether original or imitative, of real emotional power. The crowd, who make it popular, rightly appreciate this feature, but their dull senses fail to realise the overflowing defects of analytic form which make the piece as a whole seem monotonous and poverty-stricken to the alert senses of the highly trained musician. Nevertheless, the judgment of the untrained public is not less sincere, or less sound, as far as it goes, than that of the trained expert, and it is only pedantry on the part of the latter to deny beauty to a phrase merely because it occurs in a faulty piece of simple music. As well might one dispute the sensuous beauty of musical sound itself. I remember a well-known British composer once decrying the lines "Oh, how joyful will that meeting be," etc., of the favourite revival hymn, although the same phrase forms one of the beauties of the no less favourite Brahms-Joachim Hungarian Dance in E minor. True, it is possible he would have denied any beauty to the dance. Again, I was recently involuntary auditor to some young fellows bawling out a commonplace sentimental tune in 3rds, with faulty intonation, no light and shade, and heavy slurs from one note to the next. While my own senses were dumbly protesting I overheard a young girl say to her companion, "Doesn't it sound lovely?" and I had to admit that the performance from her uncritical standpoint was a complete artistic success.

We must now notice how the co-existence of the four estimates of the four classes of art-public implies the existence of a collective estimate. This is essentially impersonal in nature, as it is derived from the estimate of them all, a consensus of opinion being obtained by the elimination of all partial conflicting estimates. Needless to say the number can be but small of works which survive the test of general scrutiny and receive unanimous approval. Discounting the passing influences of prejudice and fashion, which

no one can entirely escape, and which will operate day by day and year by year in each of us—most notably, perhaps, in the revulsions of feeling due to satiety—the various estimates will cancel and reinforce one another in the following manner. The pedant, trained or otherwise, equally pronounces for all works of satisfactory construction: the uncritical enthusiast for all works of emotional significance. Emotional works of unsatisfactory construction are rejected by the pedant and non-emotional works of satisfactory construction are rejected by the uncritical enthusiast. The two therefore only agree in accepting emotional works of satisfactory construction. These again are the only works accepted by the trained emotional musician, and so form a small collection of approved works selected from the whole artistic output of the time by the collective estimate of the musical public. Notice how this estimate remains strictly impersonal. Once we begin to refer it to the individuals who contribute towards it we are back again in the varying estimates of the four classes, and we find that it is only the estimate of the trained emotional musician which corresponds with the collective estimate of the musical public.

THE PUBLIC AND THE CLASSIC.

Alongside these new approved works we find the monuments of the art, known as 'classics', which have been handed down to us from the past, and which we will now more closely consider. These works equally receive the general approval of the art-public, which will evidently be derived from the estimates of the four component classes as before. The word 'classic' may be used in connection with any art, and we may here note that every art will have its four classes of art-public, and its collective estimates regarding the output in the same way that music has. Now the collective estimate of to-day will clearly be but a repetition of the collective estimate of yesterday. Indeed it is only owing to the favourable collective estimate of one generation that the classics are submitted to the next generation for renewed consideration. Clearly, too, these corroborative estimates may be traced back to the time when the first collective estimate was reached, and this was the moment when, after the works first became generally accessible, the four sections of the art-public became sufficiently acquainted with them to form their estimates. The first collective estimate of the classic therefore differs in no wise from the first favourable collective estimate of any new work, and the latter

will consequently in the course of time also become a 'classic', and as such, form part of the heritage of masterpieces bequeathed by the past.

Despite passing aberrations of opinion, due to prejudice and fashion, we may take it as certain that the collective estimate of the classics is a final one. It is absurd to suppose that the position of Homer, for instance, after the lapse of over two thousand years, is otherwise than secure. But we have seen that to-day's estimate of Homer is but a corroboration of the first collective estimate ever made on him. The collective estimate of a new work will therefore be equally final. That is to say, under ordinary circumstances, we may suppose that the four classes of the art-public will become sufficiently familiar with sufficient works of any productive artist during the first few years after their becoming accessible for the final verdict to be definitely established in the world. It is not the less final because it is only the first general estimate to come into existence, nor because the halo of classicism may not yet have been conferred, nor because it is only to be seen through a confusion of conflicting partial estimates. Hence, except for the disturbing influences of prejudice and fashion, which, it must be admitted, have in some cases operated with tragic cruelty, the final estimate as to the significance of any creative artist is already in being during his lifetime.

We see from this that it is a mistake to suppose that a great lapse of time is necessary for the true appreciation of the classic. Nevertheless it is held, both that he is sometimes only first appreciated by a later generation than his own, and that the appreciation of a productive artist must be sustained for a considerable time before he can be accepted as a classic. Thus, to take the first case, the Germans claim the credit of first recognising Shakespeare, despite the testimony of Dryden and such eighteenth-century writers as Pope and Johnson. But Shakespeare was notoriously popular during his lifetime, as witness the unauthorised publications of the quarto editions. The four sections of the art-public had therefore every opportunity of forming their contributory estimates towards a collective estimate of his merits. That the subsequent estimates of Dryden and others were partial, is true, but they receive undue prominence owing to the fame of their writers and to the fact that they are in print. We know nothing of the unprinted estimates of those times, and are we to suppose that Shakespeare was studied by so few members of the art-public that only these partial estimates were in being during that period? We may rather believe that the latter were merely

contributory to an actual collective estimate and that the hundreds of readers of the Rowe, Pope, Johnson etc. editions of Shakespeare, to say nothing of playgoers, supplied the missing estimates of the printed critics for the formation of a favourable collective estimate. The case of Bach would seem more to the point but for the fact that the nineteenth-century extension of his publicity is not the same thing as the first creation of a collective estimate: it merely connotes derivation of that estimate from a wider geographical area. We may be sure the collective estimate of Bach has subsisted unbroken in Leipsic from his generation to our own. Even if he had, for some reason, been for a period totally neglected and forgotten, one could not speak of the first creation of a collective estimate on his revival. It could not be more than the renewal of that estimate after an interregnum.

We come to the second belief, that the appreciation of a productive artist must be sustained for a considerable time before he can be accepted as a classic, and this independently of the exceptional cases duly noted, that may arise from the chances of prejudice and fashion. Speaking of literature, and, *mutatis mutandis*, the same reasoning will apply to music, or any productive art, Dr. Samuel Johnson, in the preface to his edition of Shakespeare's plays gives (London edition of 1768 p. vi *seq.*) the rationale of this belief as follows:

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised it might be with certainty be determined that it was round or square, but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of *Homer* we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

And of Shakespeare he says (p. viii):

He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit.

First, however, let us note, that the distinction which Johnson draws between works resulting from 'demonstration' and works 'tentative and experimental' is that between the products of 'exact science' and of 'art,' as we should term it. A large field of science is however, 'inexact,' and yet serves as a sound basis for practise. Thus, although physiology is inexact, the practise of medicine is substantially derived from it. "The Origin of Species" is a work of inexact science, and yet the doctrine of evolution may be said to stand or fall by it. We may still hope, therefore, to establish a sound theory of musical opinion, such as I have attempted to do in the preceding pages, and not depend on empirical observations as Johnson would have us do, in confining us to the test of 'length of duration' and 'continuance of esteem.'

Now in deriving the estimates of the musical public from general principles it was simpler to ignore the mental process involved in forming them. We see, however, that Johnson considers the 'reverence due to writings that have long subsisted,' or works that survive the test of 'length of duration' and 'continuance of esteem,' that is to say, to the classics, to be the result of the frequent examination and comparison of such works together. In other words, the reason why the appreciation of a productive artist must be sustained for a considerable time before he can be accepted as a classic is because during that period his works must undergo the test of frequent examination and comparison with acknowledged classics. We must therefore inquire how the process of examination and comparison is involved in the formation of the estimates of an art-public.

Now the process of forming an estimate is undoubtedly compounded of this act, and clearly the test may be as regards the emotional appeal or as regards the form. Let us see how it is applied, and first as regards the emotional appeal. It is a fact of psychology that consciousness of a sensation, or feeling, can only be the result of comparison. A brain that received only one

uniform sensation would not be conscious of it. Thus our consciousness of any colour is due to the fact that there are other colours or shades of the same colour with which it can be compared, and similarly as regards our consciousness of any sound. In the same way the seven diatonic notes of a key have each a special emotional significance in that key. This significance is, however, only realised by regarding any such note as belonging to that key. The note E, for example, has by itself no emotional key significance. Regard it, however, as the mediant of a key, or 'me,' and it immediately assumes the emotional significance of 'tranquillity.' Regard it as the dominant, or 'soh,' and we are conscious that it has a 'trumpet-like,' 'bold' significance, and similarly if it is regarded as any other note of that key. Now in considering a note as belonging to a key we are mentally bringing it into relation with the other notes of the key, that is, we are mentally comparing its sound to the sounds of the other notes. Thus the mediant 'me' has a 'calm' effect in comparison with the effect of the tonic, 'doh,' or the dominant, 'soh,' and so on. Now we must carefully note that the emotional significance of any sound of a key in relation to another is the subjective aspect of a relationship of definite physical vibrations, and as such is ultimate and *unchangeable*. As easily may we suppose that our subjective sensations of 'red,' 'blue,' or any other color, are liable to change. We must, of course, discount the temporary impression superinduced by satiety or the force of association. Thus sounds, sights, smells, etc., experienced by the individual on some great or affecting occasion, may assume for him a special significance that takes long to wear off, but this significance is not recognised by humanity in general. The emotional relation of 'me' to 'doh' therefore does not alter because we subsequently find that the emotional relation of 'fah' to 'doh' is a different one. The distinctive qualities of sounds cannot be accurately defined in words, but they are indisputable, and their general key-characteristics have been named as follows:

Tonic: 'doh': firm: restful: satisfying: conclusive.

Supertonic: 'ray': (low) prayerful.
(high) rousing: stirring: exciting.

Mediant: 'me': calm: tranquil: placid.

Subdominant: 'fah': desolate: awe-inspiring: grave: serious: dull:
flat: unfinished.

Dominant: 'doh': bright: bold: martial: trumpet-like.

Submediant: 'lah': sad: mournful: melancholy: plaintive:
touching: sorrowful: pensive.

Leading-note: 'te': (low) expectant.
(high) piercing: urgent: expectant: 'tone
sensible.'

I have given the complete list because here we have the basis of the whole emotional, or æsthetic, significance of music. Any piece of music is made up of the sounds of a key, or keys, and the total complex, emotional, or æsthetic, significance of the whole piece is consequently compounded of the emotional, or æsthetic, values of the contributory co-operating sounds as tabulated above. It will further be clear that, as the significance of the constituent notes is immutable, so, too, is the significance of the compound production. The "Dead March" in "Saul" is solemn and sad, both in intention and effect: this is, and always will be the collective estimate of musicians. Whoever, then, finds it merely 'tedious,' or 'dull,' or 'ineffective' is either influenced by the prejudice of satiety, etc., or else stands condemned, *ipso facto*, as a non-emotional musician.

The emotional significance of a work will, therefore, remain the same, to whatever other piece it may subsequently be compared. If, for instance, it be valued at *a*, this value is not affected because a generation later some other work is produced, the emotional significance of which is found by comparison to be *b* or *c*. Comparison, therefore, serves to give us the *relative* emotional values of works, but cannot affect their absolute values, which remain unchanged. The question then arises, will the collective estimate accept a work the value of which is *a*, but discard it when subsequently a work with the value of *b* is produced? The answer must be 'no'; for a work is only accepted because it answers to a particular mood and that mood is still there to be satisfied, even when other moods have been appealed to in later works. This statement is important enough to need a paragraph of justification.

Just as the emotional susceptibility, whether great or small, of any individual would seem to be inborn and not amenable to artificial training, so the emotions of humanity would appear to be just the same to-day as they have ever been. The growth of civilisation is merely a process of intellectual development, so that the emotions are checked and diverted from their primitive outlets by hitherto unexperienced inhibitions, and, owing to the altered, more refined, circumstances of daily life, are no longer roused in the same ways. An emotion is, however, not necessarily less

strong because its outlet is not the violent action of the barbarian: it is either dissipated or held in restraint: and if a modern woman cannot stay in the theatre to witness the murder of Desdemona, as has occurred to my knowledge, her antipathy is at least as great as the fierce joy with which presumably a Shakespearean audience hailed the catastrophe. All literature and painting is based on the assumption that the emotions remain essentially unchanged. Johnson says of Shakespeare (*ib.* p. xii.):

His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that *Rome*, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him.

In the opening chapter of 'Waverley' Sir Walter Scott writes that the force of his narrative depends

upon the characters and passions of the actors;—those passions common to men in all stages of society, and which have alike agitated the human heart, whether it throbbcd under the steel corset of the fifteenth century, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth, or the blue frock and white dimity waistcoat of the present day.

He continues still more explicitly:

Upon these passions it is no doubt true that the state of manners and laws casts a necessary colouring; but the bearings, to use the language of heraldry, remain the same, though the tincture may be not only different but opposed in strong contradistinction. The wrath of our ancestors, for example, was coloured *gules*; it broke forth in acts of open and sanguinary violence against the objects of its fury. Our malignant feelings, which must seek gratification through more indirect channels and undermine the obstacles which they cannot openly bear down, may be rather said to be tintured *sable*. But the deep ruling impulse is the same in both cases; and the proud peer, who can now only ruin his neighbour according to law, by protracted suits, is the genuine descendant of the baron, who wrapped the castle of his competitor in flames, and knocked him on the head as he endeavoured to escape from the conflagration. It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter, or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public.

James Anthony Froude writes in "Oceana", Chapter XIV:

A library is always part of the stock of a modern ocean steamer. There are religious books . . . there are books of travels . . . The great proportion are novels . . . After all I had to fall back on my own supply, Homer and Horace, Pindar and Sophocles. These are the immortal lights in the intellectual sky, and shine on uneffected by the wrecks of empires or the changes of creeds. In them you find human nature, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. These great ones are beyond the

power of Fate, and no intellectual revolution can shake them from their thrones. I have sometimes thought that the human race has passed its spiritual zenith, and will never more bring forth kings such as they.

Let us apply this to music. It is certainly true that the development of music has brought with it the discovery and use of new combinations and progressions, etc., which give works an emotional significance not obtained before, and on first hearing them in new pieces we are liable to be carried away for a time, especially as the older pieces lack the whet of novelty. Thus after hearing the brilliant orchestration of Berlioz for the first time small wonder if even a Beethoven symphony sounds 'old-fashioned' and dull to the student. Nevertheless such an impression can be but temporary, for the real emotional significance of Beethoven is not affected one iota by whatever Berlioz or any other later composer may do. Comparison, it must be repeated, will give us the *relative* emotional values of works but cannot affect their absolute values which remain unchanged. If this were otherwise, indeed, there would be no permanent basis for æsthetic criticism whatever, whereas, as a matter of fact, the thousand-year-old plainsongs of the Early Church are as beautiful to-day as they ever were, and so, too, the masses of Palestrina, and the fugues of Bach. A striking corollary of this position is that the primary materials of music are still as vital to the art as the latest additions. The "Dead March" in "Saul" and the "Freude" theme of the Choral Symphony are pure diatonic melodies, as simple as any plainsong, while Wagner attained some of his sublimest effects, as in the Valhalla theme, by the use of common chords and their inversions.

If the test of comparison is as regards the form and we condemn works with faults of construction partly for this reason we are merely applying the footrule of the pedant, since the form is only the means to the end. Now there is a particular danger in this in dealing with historical works. The development of an art is at bottom the development of its form, whether analytic as in the discovery of new combinations and progressions, or synthetic, as in a clearer and wider sense of construction. Seeing that the emotions have remained unchanged the classic works of early periods may therefore be expected to show defects as regards the form, but not as regards the emotional appeal, and these defects will clearly be a proportionate obstacle to the force of the appeal. They do not, however, arise from negligence or illiteracy, like the defects of bad popular music, but are incidental to a striving after a more intellectual medium of expression. Fundamentally,

therefore, the form will be sound and the emotional appeal will on the whole be adequately conveyed. It will, however, be relatively simple; hence, when compared with the more complex, less imperfect form of a later work the pedant will be apt to reject it as inadequate. Once again we see that the only true test is not one of comparison but is solely that of the absolute emotional appeal.

No doubt productive artists of early periods may subsequently suffer from partial eclipse on this account, as we see the quartets and symphonies of Haydn neglected for those of Beethoven, but Haydn is not therefore less of a classic than Beethoven. In the same way the emotional significance of another early classic, Henry Purcell, is recognised, despite the hindrance of a still more primitive form. With the multiplication of cheap editions, of musical societies, orchestras, and music-followers, such partial neglect will gradually dwindle away, but in the early days of less organized civilization it was very marked, even as regards acknowledged masters. Thus on hearing of a projected French translation of Chaucer, Dryden wrote in the preface to his "Fables" (1700) ". . . it makes one think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great Wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, 'tis extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with superstition." No doubt in many cases such neglect has been unwittingly taken for a final verdict and it is one of the many duties of the present and immediate future to go through the storehouses of art and rescue such works as may rest in unmerited oblivion.

We see then that Johnson is in error in ascribing the 'reverence' due to the classics as the result of frequent examination and comparison, and in supposing that the reason why the appreciation of a productive artist must be sustained for a considerable time before he can be accepted as a classic is because they must undergo this test. Why then, as a matter of fact, is the rank of classic never conferred on the living, but only after a lapse of time on the dead?

It will be noticed that Johnson speaks of the 'reverence' as due to the classics. In the same place (p. vii) he says of Shakespeare that he "may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration." To confer on a man the rank of the classic is thus more than a purely critical act, for 'reverence' and 'veneration' are emotional

processes. Again, recognition of the classic is more than the favourable verdict of any one art-section of the public: it proceeds from the whole world and we see that the 'reverence' and 'veneration' paid to the classic is the tribute of humanity in general to one of its greatest men. Thus the reputation of Shakespeare is not merely maintained by the literary and theatrical publics, but by laymen, who bring no technical knowledge to bear on the question. It is based, indeed, not only on a critical estimate, but also on a dogma of æsthetic faith, so that to criticise a classic will not infrequently raise the charge of artistic blasphemy. Now two things are required to meet this idea of classicism. The first is universal publicity, so that not only the art-section (and this is not of one town, but the world) contributes its favourable estimate, but also the general public adds its share of uncritical homage. The second is the sense of dignity and remoteness, which is the prerequisite for the emotion of reverence and veneration. This only the past can give after all waves of controversy and personal feeling have completely subsided. To fulfill both these requirements time is required, and Johnson's estimate of a hundred years may be taken as sufficient for the purpose.

We have already analysed the collective estimate of the art-public. It here remains to notice that when the three partial classes acknowledge the classicism of an artist they are unconsciously reinforcing their partial estimates by the dogma of æsthetic faith. The impersonal nature of a collective estimate has also been duly emphasised. It need only be added that in the case of the classics it is also subscribed to by the layman, who contributes no critical opinion at all but merely an accepted dogma. It is therefore an error to suppose that a classic is better judged because he is a classic. Individual opinion is no less varied to-day than it has ever been, and this is particularly in evidence when we come to define the merits of some particular masterpiece, or to pronounce on the authenticity of a doubtful one.

Elsewhere Johnson points out (p. viii) that "approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice and fashion," and we have already taken into account the temporary warpings of a collective estimate from this cause. In the same passage he denies that the collective estimate can ever be more than relatively final, because "human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible." This, however, is to deprive the word 'certainty' of its meaning as generally understood, and to question the assumptions on

which all our reasonings and actions in life are based. A collective estimate may therefore be taken as absolutely final.

Next, Johnson considers (p. viii) that the "peculiarities of excellence" by which "Shakespeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen" to be that he is "the poet of nature" and "holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life." "Nothing" he says, "can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature." But if this were entirely true a verbatim report of a murder case would be equal to the tragedies of "Othello" and "Macbeth." All the same, the end of art being the emotional appeal, the strength of that appeal will clearly be hindered by anything that is untrue to life. If a character falls out of his rôle he seems unnatural: the spectator is no longer moved; he speculates. We find a parallel case in much meretricious music. A hymn-tune cheek by jowl with a waltz may be such an unnatural change of emotion that we can only wonder instead of yielding to it. We feel that it is untrue to our emotional life. This is where Meyerbeer went astray. Or again, the emotional significance of sounds may be so strangely mixed that the resultant emotional significance of the whole piece has no counterpart in our emotional nature. Much modern music errs in this respect.

Lastly Johnson says of Shakespeare (p. ix) that "his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and tenour of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in *Hierocles*, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen." The reader will observe that this is a recognition of the perfection of Shakespeare's synthetic form, to which the merits of his analytic form can only be contributory.

Is the final estimate of an artist the same as his reputation? This depends on what we mean by the word. Reputations admittedly rise and fall and these fluctuations are undoubtedly largely due to the influence of fashion. This is particularly the case with paintings, for we cannot suppose that the æsthetic value of a picture can vary with the vagaries of the auction-room. On the other hand there is a reputation due to the written estimate of the press. The press-critic is really spokesman for one or other class of the art-public and the collective estimate is therefore derivable from the written estimates of critics, provided, of course, they are sufficiently representative of the four classes. These estimates have, however, this special significance that they

bring far wider publicity than mere word of mouth, and so contribute towards that ultimate world-wide publicity, which, in an appropriate case, crystallises into the recognition of a classic. Besides this there is also a reputation due to an unwritten estimate, which, if sufficiently representative, will be equally final with the representative written estimate, and will, of course, harmonise with it, the only difference being that it is more limited in the extent of its publicity. This unwritten estimate will also be found in the case of works that have, for some reason, escaped the notice of the professional critic. Its operation is especially noticeable in connection with the stage. Prominent actors have, of course, the reputation of written estimates, but how did they ever get the chance of attaining such reputation? Long before this period, at the beginning of their careers, they attracted the attention of stage-managers, producers and fellow-actors by their intelligence shown in 'walking-on' as 'extra' people. This led to their understudying small parts, and this in its turn to their playing small parts and understudying big ones. Thus they gradually won for themselves a genuine reputation based on unwritten estimates, so that they were picked out, as the occasion arose to play leading rôles.

If further proof be needed that the final estimate is in being as soon as a representative art-public has the means of judging, we have interesting corroborative testimony in the case of reproductive artists in general, who, if they cannot establish their reputations during their professional careers cannot hope to do so at all. The final estimate which acclaims the greatness of a singer, pianist, conductor or actor is necessarily that of a limited art-public, for the art-public of the whole world cannot, in the nature of things, hope to share in forming it, let alone any member of that public in future generations after the artist is dead. Are we then to believe that if this could be done the estimate might be reversed? The only answer can be that though the estimate be of a limited art-public, nevertheless, apart from the accidents inseparable from the nature of human life, it is sufficiently representative and as truly a final collective estimate of artistic achievement as that which, century after century, acclaims the ancient classic monuments of creative art. The progress to classicism may therefore be summed up as follows. Probably during an artist's lifetime the final verdict is already in being, although derived from only a more or less limited section of the art-public, and after a hundred years it has become not only the final verdict of the whole art-public but also a dogma of aesthetic faith.

THE PUBLIC AND THE PERFORMER.

In dealing with the musical public and its opinions we have hitherto confined ourselves to estimates regarding composers, that is, 'creative' or 'productive' artists and their works. It now remains to extend the survey by considering the special features that apply to 'exponent' or 'reproductive' artists and their performances.

The primary object of reproduction is to voice the emotional appeal of a work, and this will depend on the two factors known as 'execution' and 'interpretation.' 'Execution,' or 'executive technique' means physical control over the organ concerned, whether voice, hands, or lips, and 'interpretation', or 'interpretative power' means the æsthetic application of this technique in performance. The end of 'execution' is twofold: firstly, to secure the maximum beauty of sound produced, secondly, to secure the maximum ease in such production. The end of 'interpretation' is adequately to voice the emotional appeal of the work. The study of 'execution' is consequently primarily a physical question, whereas the study of 'interpretation' is a question of gaining intellectual insight into the form. In the case of conducting the executive technique as a purely physical operation is of course nil. The two faculties are entirely distinct. A reproductive artist may be a good executant and bad interpreter, or vice versa, and in practise only the very few are equally supreme in both directions.

Now we have seen that intellectual development is needed to appreciate the full emotional significance of a work, and it will similarly be necessary to appreciate the intellectual insight which we term interpretation. It is, however, also necessary to appreciate execution. The particular form of development required in the latter case is not synthetic but analytic: it consists of a keen apprehension of detail, resulting from sharpened powers of observation, so that the quality of sound produced and the smoothness of production, as the result of physical control, delight the ear in proportion to their excellence. The greatest executants consequently set up an ideal standard of tone-quality and ease with which the execution of other artists may be compared. The exercise of such comparison also serves to train the analytic power of the observer's ear. The best discipline in this respect, however, is undoubtedly the practical exercise of each and every reproductive art, at least in the rudiments, for it will be found that reproductive students need as much training on these points as on the purely physical side. Untrained pianists have a 'hard touch,'

that is, they produce a hard tone, and untrained violinists produce a scratchy tone. In the same way the voices of untrained singers, as of untrained reciters and actors, are 'throaty' and thin. In all these cases, too, the sounds are not rounded off, resulting in what singers call 'slurring,' and they fluctuate spasmodically in volume. The quality and amount of organ-tone are out of the player's control, except for special effects, but in return the mechanical equality of sonority and volume give this instrument its peculiar characteristic, and it is of salient importance that the sounds should be carefully rounded off. The result is that untrained organists play with a muddled tone because the accurate precision of key-depression and elevation necessary for good sound-production is not duly appreciated. Similarly the orchestra of an untrained conductor plays with a hard, scratchy, muddled, thin or blaring tone, as the case may be, and the balance of tone is ill-defined. Moreover in each case the performer is generally unconscious of his defects until he has learnt how to hear them.

As regards the execution of reproductive art we find sixteen theoretical classes of the musical public. In the first place there are those who delight in the mere beauty of sound or otherwise. These may be termed sound-emotionalists or sound non-emotionalists. These again may be divided into those whose analytic sense is developed as regards execution, or otherwise, and who may be called executive-observant or executive-nonobservant. These four classes may again be divided into those who delight in the ease of sound-production or otherwise, who may be termed virtuoso-enthusiasts or virtuoso-nonenthusiasts, and these may further be executive-observant or otherwise, giving a total of sixteen classes.

When we come to consider the classes of the musical public as regards the interpretation of reproductive art, we find that there will be four. A work of art being an appeal to the emotions through the intellect it results as we have seen in four classes of the musical public. Interpretation being intellectual insight into the emotional appeal of the work performed, or, otherwise expresses an appeal to the emotions of the hearer through the intellect, it is a counterpart to the nature of the art-work itself, and as such will result in four parallel classes of the musical public. It happens, indeed, that there is no field for the powers of the non-emotional trained or untrained musician (the pedant). Reproductive art is not stationary, but progressive, and the intellectual insight, or interpretative powers, of the performer can only be measured by the greater or less success of the emotional appeal. It cannot be

put down on paper and analysed with a measuring tape and so it is lost on the pedant. We see then that altogether there are sixty-four theoretical classes of the musical public as regards reproductive art.

It would manifestly serve no purpose to attempt to consider them in detail, but the following general observations may be made with regard to a large mixed audience hearing some great reproductive artist. He can clearly only be appreciated as an interpreter by the trained emotional musician. On the other hand as an executant he will delight two types of auditor: the sound-emotionalist, who melts at the sensuous beauty of the musical tone, and the virtuoso-enthusiast, who thrills at the easy control of *bravura* passages. The two sides of reproduction, interpretation and execution, are supplementary, not mutually exclusive, but at the same time it generally happens that those who appreciate one side are apt to underestimate the other. Perfection of execution is of course a fundamental requirement of reproductive art, since execution is the means of communication between artist and auditor, and consequently a certain minimum of tone beauty and ease is necessary for the trained emotional musician, otherwise the want detracts too much from the force of the emotional appeal. On the other hand the actual operation of delicate muscular adjustments so easily stimulates our visual and auditory nerves that some of us are readily filled with admiration and wonder to the detriment of the emotional appeal, and the actual operation of a beautiful vibrating tone may equally have the same effect.

It will be clear that in the same way as with productive art, so with reproductive art the co-existence of the numerous classes of the art-public implies the existence of a collective impersonal estimate. That this estimate, although of a limited public, is nevertheless sufficiently representative of the different classes to be a final one will be equally clear. If it be not so, indeed, then, as already pointed out, the reputations of the great reproductive artists of the past must be considered as open to perpetual doubt, a position that lacks all support from biographers in general.

In conclusion we must briefly consider the question of the personality of the artist as affecting the æsthetic impression on the hearer. It is sometimes described, perhaps not without warrant, as 'magnetic influence,' and we even hear of a great performer 'hypnotising his audience,' when the implication would seem to be more than the facts justify. If such be indeed the case, the method is grossly illegitimate and the results worthless.

The whole subject of mental interference, however, is still very obscure, and due regard must be had for the influence of self-delusion and exaggeration. On a sober estimate we can perhaps allow that a self-assured demeanour and the visible signs of intense concentration on the part of the performer will predispose an audience in his favour by subconsciously inducing a mood of trustful submission to his authority, but nevertheless not to the extent of paralysing their critical, that is, their receptive faculties.

NOTES ON GLUCK'S ARMIDE

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

RICHARD WAGNER, like many another great man, took what he wanted where he found it. Everyone has heard the story of his remark to his father-in-law when that august musician first listened to *Die Walküre*: "You will recognize this theme, Papa Liszt?" The *motiv* in question occurs when Sieglinde sings: *Kehrte der Vater nun heim*. Liszt had used the tune at the beginning of his *Faust* symphony. Not long ago, in playing over Schumann's *Kinderscenen*, I discovered Brunnhilde's magic slumber music, exactly as it appears in the music drama, in the piece pertinently called *Kind im Einschlummern*. When Weber's *Euryanthe* was revived recently at the Metropolitan Opera House it had the appearance of an old friend, although comparatively few in the first night audience had heard the opera before. One recognized tunes, characters, and scenes, because Wagner had found them all good enough to use in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. But, at least, you will object, he invented the music drama. That, I am inclined to believe, is just what he did not do, as anyone may see for himself who will take the trouble to glance over the scores of the Chevalier Gluck and to read the preface to *Alceste*.

Gluck's reform of the opera was gradual; *Orphée* (in its French version), *Alceste*, and *Iphigénie en Aulide*, all of which antedate *Armide*, are replete with indications of what was to come; but *Armide*, it seems to me, is, in intention at least, almost the music drama, as we use the term to-day. The very nature of the characters and scenes confirms my amiable suspicion regarding Wagner.

What is the character of *Armide* herself but that of a wilful Kundry? Her father, Hidraot, is certainly the counterpart of Klingsor. Renaud, too, who will have none of her, we seem to have seen since as Parsifal. Ubalde and the Danish Cavalier will be familiar figures to anyone who has attended a performance of *Lohengrin*. The scene of the Naiad certainly suggests the scene between Siegfried and the Rhine maidens in the third act of *Die Götterdämmerung* and the scene at the end of the work, in which *Armide* sets fire to her palace and flies away on a hippogriff, may have been in Wagner's mind when he penned the conclusion

to the last *Ring* drama in which Brünnhilde on her horse mounts the funeral pyre of the hero while the Gibichs' palace is destroyed by flames. To cap the climax, the overture begins with exactly the same theme, note for note, as that which opens the prelude of *Die Meistersinger*. But subtler evidence than this of Wagner's debt to Gluck is to be found in the conclusion of the final act, in which one theme, in recitative form, is dramatically extolled by voice and orchestra in a manner which foreshadows exactly the later love death of Isolde and Brünnhilde's self immolation. That Wagner was familiar with the Gluck scores is not in doubt. He made a concert ending for one of the *Iphigénie* overtures (because he was displeased with the one which Mozart had already made, as he signified with reasons in an article published in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, July 1, 1854), and somewhere in his writings he gives Gluck the credit for the invention of the *leit-motiv*. "With what poignant simplicity, with what truth has Gluck characterized by music the two elements of the conflict," he writes, concerning the overture to *Iphigénie en Aulide*. "In the beginning one recognizes in the marvelous vigor of the principal theme, with its weight of brass, a compact mass concentrated on a unique interest; then, in the theme which follows, the opposed and individual interest of the victim moves us to tenderness." (Indeed, in the article in the *Neue Zeitschrift* he indicates four themes in this overture, each of which he calls by a name.)

But it is for more essential reasons that one names Gluck the father of the music drama as we understand it to-day. In *Armide* he does away with recitative accompanied by the clavichord. The music of this work forms a continuous whole, made up, to be sure, of distinguishable pieces and melodies, separated by recitatives; but these recitatives, always accompanied by the orchestra, are the dramatic backbone of the drama. Nor is there repetition of words, a favorite device of opera composers of the period (and of periods to follow), who often repeated a phrase several times in order to effectively melodise over it. "I have tried," says Gluck himself, "to be more of a painter and poet in *Armide* than musician." More of a painter and poet than musician! Might not Wagner have said this? He was painter and poet and musician. Wagner, as a matter of fact, wrote to von Bülow: "One thing is certain: I am not a musician."

The preface to *Alceste* contains so adequate a statement of Gluck's intentions that I cannot do better than transcribe that admirable document here (the translation is that which appears in Grove's Dictionary):

When I undertook to set the opera of *Alceste* to music, I resolved to avoid all those abuses which had crept into Italian opera through the mistaken vanity of singers and the unwise compliance of composers, and which had rendered it wearisome and ridiculous, instead of being, as it once was, the grandest and most imposing stage of modern times. I endeavored to reduce music to its proper function, that of seconding poetry by enforcing the expression of the sentiment, and the interest of the situations, without interrupting the action, or weakening it by superfluous ornament. My idea was that the relation of music to poetry was much the same as that of harmonious coloring and well-disposed light and shade to an accurate drawing, which animates the figures without altering their outlines. I have therefore been very careful not to interrupt a singer in the heat of a dialogue in order to introduce a tedious ritornelle, nor to stop him in the middle of a piece either for the purpose of displaying the flexibility of his voice on some favorable vowel, or that the orchestra might give him time to take breath before a long-sustained note.

Furthermore, I have not thought it right to hurry through the second part of a song, if the words happened to be the most important of the whole, in order to repeat the first part regularly four times over; or to finish the air where the sense does not end in order to allow the singer to exhibit his power of varying the passage at pleasure. In fact my object was to put an end to abuses against which good taste and good sense have long protested in vain.

My idea was that the overture ought to indicate the subject and prepare the spectators for the character of the piece they are about to see; that the instruments ought to be introduced in proportion to the degree of interest and passion in the words; and that it was necessary above all to avoid making too great a disparity between the recitative and the air of a dialogue, so as not to break the sense of a period or awkwardly interrupt the movement and animation of a scene. I also thought that my chief endeavor should be to attain a grand simplicity and consequently I have avoided making a parade of difficulties at the expense of clearness; I have set no value on novelty as such, unless it was naturally suggested by the situation and suited to the expression; in short there was no rule which I did not consider myself bound to sacrifice for the sake of effect.

Gluck had indeed determined to unite the arts of speech, painting, and music in the same work long before Wagner attempted to do so. He even went further (following, it is true, a custom of the period) and made the art of the dance an essential part of his scheme. Any adequate production of *Armide* or *Iphigénie en Aulide* cannot be made without taking this fact into account. The ballet requires as much attention as the orchestra or the singers. The ballet, in fact, in these music dramas and in *Orphée* is an essential part of the action. It may be said that the inadequate dancing in the production of *Armide* at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York militated against the permanent

success of the work there, in spite of Mme. Fremstad's remarkable performance of the title part and Mr. Caruso's lovely singing (the best he has done here) of the music of Renaud.

Armide served to open the New York opera season of 1910-11. The exact date of the performance (the first in America) was November 14, 1910. This reads like a simple enough statement unless one remembers that *Armide* was produced at the Académie Royale de Musique in Paris on September 23, 1777. In other words this opera, which by many is considered the masterpiece of its composer, had to wait for over a century and a quarter for a hearing on these shores. The year 1777 was history-making for the United States, but Marie Antoinette, shortly after the production of *Armide*, wrote a friend that no one in Paris was thinking any more about America. Everybody was discussing Gluck's new opera. Why was the New York production so belated? There were many reasons: the Gluck renaissance in Europe is of comparatively recent date. *Armide* has been performed recently in London; Paris has seen many revivals of it; several German cities and Brussels have produced it. A decade ago both Oscar Hammerstein and Heinrich Conried promised *Armide* to New York, but the promise was not kept. The Metropolitan production was made after Mr. Conried's death, by Giulio Gatti-Casazza and Arturo Toscanini.

H. T. Parker, in an article which appeared in the *Boston Transcript* in 1906, outlines a few of the reasons why an impresario might not face a production of *Armide* with equanimity:

There are thirteen important parts in *Armide* in the shortened version used in the recent European revivals. Except *Armide* herself not one is a star part; yet every one, if the opera is to keep its charm, must be sung with qualities of voice, artistry, imagination, and restraint that are rare among our generation of singers, major or minor. In Gluck's day two tenors in a single opera was a trifling demand for a composer to make. Outside Wagner it alarms the modern manager when both these tenors have considerable parts. Again *Armide* requires eight different settings—an Oriental palace, enchanted glades and gardens, the mouth of Hades, and sombre and fantastic nowheres. A flowery couch that bears *Armide* and her knight through the air and the enchantress's chariot, likewise for aerial journeys, are incidental pieces of machinery. Above all, in five of the eight scenes, a ballet appears, not for ornamental dances, or showy spectacle, but for intimate and delicate illustration of the situation and the music.

When the work was to be presented in Paris Gluck wrote his friend Du Roulet that he would let the Opéra have it only on

certain conditions, of which the principal ones were that he should have at least two months for preparatory study; that he could do what he pleased at rehearsals, and that there should be no understudies; the parts should be sung by the first artists.

"Unless these conditions are acceded to," he wrote, "I shall keep *Armide* for my pleasure," and he terminated the letter with: "I have written music which will never grow old."

The Académie Royale very sensibly let the composer have his way about rehearsals and singers and the work was produced there. It was revived in 1805, in 1811, and again in 1825. Later performances have been rare until within the last few years. F. A. Gevaert, the Director of the Conservatory of Brussels, who died in 1908, has been largely responsible for the renewed interest in this great composer. In his preface to *Armide* he relates an interesting incident in connection with the projected attempt to perform the Opera in Paris in 1870. It seems that in 1858, when Meyerbeer was throned without a rival at the Paris Opéra, an event occurred which caused a sensation in the musical world—the publication in the *Revue Contemporaine* of a study of Gluck's *Armide* signed by the name of one of the highest personages in France. It again became the fashion to praise the work of Gluck. The act of *Hate* from *Armide* was played and sung at one of the concerts of the Société des Concerts, and the piece itself was inscribed in the list of lyric dramas to be performed at the Opéra. However, as often happens in such matters, the director did not keep his promise in spite of the example of the enormous success of the revival of *Orphée* at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1859 when Mme. Pauline Viardot-Garcia sang the title part.

Finally Emile Perrin, who became director of the Opéra in 1862, took the matter to heart. In 1866 he asked Gevaert to become general director of music in the theatre. Knowing Gevaert to be a fervent admirer of Gluck, for he had studied the five French works of the composer since his youth, Perrin often asked him to play the score of *Armide* on the piano. In 1868 Perrin decided to prepare the work for production during the winter of 1870-71. He went to the most extraordinary pains about the scenery, costumes, and machinery, and he sent to St. Petersburg for a ballet master. He entrusted the principal rôles to the first artists of the Opéra whose *répertoire* at this period embraced works by Halévy, Meyerbeer, and Rossini. He allotted *Armide* to Mme. Sasse; *Hate* to Mme. Gueymard; Renaud to Villaret; and *Hidraot* to Devoyod. The fourth act, however, in which none of the principal characters of the piece appears, he

did not cast at once. He recognized this act as the most dangerous point in his enterprise.

To present to the public toward the end of the evening an entire act sung by secondary artists is to run a chance of failure, he said. On the other hand to cut three-quarters of the act, as one has done at many of the revivals of *Armide* is to discredit in advance the work which one has pretended to honor. Well, I will have this act, which is a veritable musical intermezzo, sung by the stars of the troupe, by the artists who actually have the highest standing with the public. Faure will sing Ubalde, Miss Nilsson will sing Lucinde (both of whom were at that moment having the greatest success in *Hamlet*), Mme. Carvalho (who created the part of Marguerite in *Faust*) will take the part of Mélisse, and Colin (a young tenor who had just sung the part of Raoul in *Les Huguenots* with success) will play the part of the Danish Knight. As this act may be detached from the rest of the piece we will rehearse it separately.

This splendid idea of Perrin's, however, was never to be carried out. Ten days before the date set for the opening performance war was declared between France and Germany and *Armide* was sent to the storehouse. It was not until 1905 (thirty-five years later!) that the music drama finally appeared on the *affiches* of the Opéra when Mme. Bréval enacted the title part; Mr. Delmas sang Hidraot; Mr. Affre, Renaud; Mlle. Alice Verlet, a Naiad; Mlle. Féart, Hate; Mr. Gilly, Ubalde (the part which he sang in New York); and Mr. Scaramberg the Danish Knight. Since then *Armide* has never been long absent from the *répertoire* of the Opéra. I have heard Mme. Litvinne there in the title part, and Mmes. Borgo and Chenal have also appeared in it.

Quinault wrote the tragedy of *Armide* after an episode to be found in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. Quinault's book was originally set by Lulli and first represented in Paris in 1686. It was revived in 1703, 1713, 1724, 1746, 1761, and 1764. Gluck's first work for the Paris Opéra was *Iphigénie en Aulide*. Later he arranged *Alceste* and *Orphée* for presentation at that theatre and wrote some smaller pieces for performance at Versailles to please Marie Antoinette. In composing *Armide* Gluck followed the original book with slight alterations, in spite of the fact that, as Gevaert says, the poetic form of the text, excellent for the recitative in vogue in Lulli's time, lends itself as little as possible to purely musical voice writing, on account of the mélange of different meters and the irregular return of the rhyme. Gluck might easily have altered the verses and omitted some of the prolixities of the plot, as had been done when Lulli's opera was revived, but he did not seem to wish to do so, counting on the re-

sources of his art to sustain the attention of the auditor in the moments when the action slackened, or indeed, ceased altogether. The lack of symmetry in the verses of Quinault the composer found altogether to his liking and proposed to draw from it some entirely new effects. In consequence he resolved to put the poem of 1686 from the first to the last verse, with the exception of the prologue, to music. The only modification that he permitted himself was an original termination to the terrible scene of the third act, which ends, in Quinault's play, with Hate returning to her cavern, after having abandoned *Armide* to her fate; Gluck added four lines:

O ciel! quelle horrible menace!
 Je frémis, tout mon sang se glace.
 Amour! Puissant Amour! viens calmer mon effroi!
 Et prends pitié d'un coeur qui s'abandonne à toi!

In order to appreciate the superiority of Gluck's work to Lulli's it is only necessary to compare the two settings of *Armide*'s arioso, "*Enfin, il est en ma puissance.*" Twenty years before Gluck composed *Armide* J.-J. Rousseau wrote an article about the ridiculous weakness of Lulli's setting of these words and the unsuitability of the musical treatment.

The story of the play, simply told, follows: After a short prelude the curtain rises upon *Armide* enthroned on the terrace of a palace with the white round domes of Damascus stretching away under the dense blue of the oriental sky. Renaud, the unconquered, haunts the princess. In vain her waiting maids soothe and flatter her; in vain the king, her father bids her to wedlock; in vain the people rejoice in a new victory for her soldiers. On its heels treads defeat: the dying soldier tells it; Renaud has wrought it; and *Armide* rises to vengeance.

Renaud wanders in a desert solitude, which is transformed by *Armide* into an enchanted glade. Naiads caress him to sleep on a flowery couch. With drawn dagger *Armide* hesitates. Love kindles as she looks and she invokes the spirits of the air to bear her and Renaud away on the breezes.

Before the gates of Hades *Armide* struggles between love and implacable bitterness. Out of the depths rises Hate to exorcise love, but also to warn *Armide* that Renaud shall yet escape, whereat, since *Armide* is woman as well as enchantress, love is awakened again.

Two knights come to the walls of the magic garden in quest of Renaud. Neither awesome beasts nor shadowy phantoms have

power to frighten them when they lift the golden sceptre and raise the diamond shield. In the garden is Renaud, enchained in its pleasures, subdued by Armide. For a moment she leaves him and that moment the knights stand beside him. In the shield, as in a mirror, Renaud sees himself again as a warrior. Armide returns and, in despair, entreats, and curses by turn. The knights drag Renaud away while Armide consigns the garden to flames and escapes in a magic chariot through the air.

All the later works of Gluck were enriched by many numbers which had done service in operas he had written in earlier days, which were quickly forgotten then, and have been entirely forgotten to-day, except by the compilers of musical biographies and the makers of thematic catalogues. Wotquenne, in his thematic catalogue of the works of Gluck, indicates what melodies in *Armide* are second-hand, so to speak. The overture, it seems, was originally employed for *Telemacco* (1765) and was again used before *Le feste d'Apollo* (1769). The Dance of the Furies and the Sicilienne had previously done duty in the ballet *Don Juan*. The other numbers which had been used before were very much modified in their new positions. It may be noted that the entire scene of Hate is little more than a mosaic of various themes from earlier operas of Gluck. Armide's appeal to Love at the close of the third act is accompanied by a rhythm is the second violins which closely resembles a passage in *Paride ed Elena*. Julien Tiersot has an interesting theory to account for these self-borrowings:

Certain scenes in *Armide* belonged to the order of ideas which in other times had already interested Gluck. In his youth he had depicted musically many scenes of invocation and evocation. Certain figures, certain rhythms, certain sonorities, had imposed themselves upon him in this connection and he had already made use of them in many of his operas. He found himself thus on familiar ground when he had to put to music the duet by which Armide and Hidraot evoke the spirits, and all the scene with Hate.

I can never glance into the score of this remarkable work, or hear it performed, however indifferently, without feeling a very sincere emotion. The melodies of Gluck's immediate successors charm one; Mozart more than charms, for he succeeded in painting the characteristics of his personages in tone, but even in Mozart's most dramatic score there lies no such clear indication of the way of the modern music drama as may be found in *Armide* on almost every page. I do not dwell on the overture, for that to me is but a futile preparation for the drama which is to

follow, and for which it was not written. But from the rise of the first curtain I can only follow the progress of the work with increasing admiration. The pride and despair expressed in *Armide's* opening scene are vastly more successful than the overture in evoking the proper atmosphere, but it is with the entrance and sudden death of Aronte, after his short announcement, that the real drama begins, and it is with *Armide's* exclamation, "O ciel! c'est Renaud!" that music drama becomes an established fact and not a theory. The finale of the first act is a whirlwind and should be treated as such in performance. The second act is one of violent contrasts: pastoral scenes alternate with stormy invocations. So, by means of his magical background, Gluck emphasizes the contrasts in his heroine's nature, in which love of Renaud is struggling with her hatred of him as the enemy of her country. Love conquers and in *Armide's* appeal to the spirits of the air to bear her and her lover away one may find as noble a piece of music, as beautiful an idea completely realized, as Wagner's conception of Wotan's appeal to Loge at the close of *Die Walküre*. The third act begins with the most famous air of the piece, *Ah! si la liberté*—*Armide's* soliloquy before her appeal to Hate to rescue her from the bonds of love. The ensuing scenes are replete with dramatic expressiveness and I do not know of a moment more moving, in its effective and beautiful simplicity, in the whole range of music drama (nor am I forgetting the poignancy of several episodes in the lyric dramas of Moussorgsky, arrived at, by the way, by similar means) than the appeal to Love with which the act closes. The fourth act is an interlude, filled with charming music, to be sure. And in the fifth act, in the duet between *Armide* and Renaud, and more especially in the dramatic recitative with which the work ends, may be found the seed from which grew the great trees of the nineteenth century.

JENNY LIND'S SINGING METHOD

MANY have been the opinions, guesses and controversies over the singing method of the world famous Jenny Lind. Some have thought that she got most of her training in Sweden, others that Garcia did everything for her. Four years ago a letter from Jenny Lind to one of her musical friends in Stockholm was discovered and for the first time published in Swedish. This letter is believed to be the only authentic statement of Jenny Lind as regards the development of her own voice as well as her ideas of training in general. Much of it will be found of value to singing teachers of to-day. The letter is dated June 2nd, 1868, when she was forty-eight years old and had become a national favorite in England.—*Transl.*

Oak Lea, Victoria Road. London.

June 2nd. 1868.

Dear Professor Bystrom.

Better late than never, says our old Swedish proverb. I hope it may serve me this time, for your letter should have been answered long ago. I was too busy when it arrived and perhaps I also was a little alarmed at the thought of putting my ideas before your committee as you wished to do.

It has always been difficult for me to present in words what has been so individual with me, for I have always been guided by a God-given instinct for what is right in Art and on that I have always acted. Such persons are seldom able to explain or offer arguments over what to them is so simple and natural.

Still, my experience is so rich, my mentality so much clearer than ever before, that I will gladly tell what I know on the understanding that this letter remains with you and only extracts be used for others. That is, use what you consider practical and useful in the training of your pupils. Such use would naturally give me the greatest pleasure.

Now I am going, as far as I am able, to answer each point separately. Our dear, dear Fatherland is specially rich in raw material, in that you are perfectly right—our Scandinavian voices have a charm which no other voices in the whole world have. The poetry of our country, the wonderful light summer nights with the midnight sun, Spring awakening as if by magic, our mountains, our lakes, the excellent and deep sensibility given our people—all this is to be found in our Scandinavian voices. They carry, so to speak, the scent of the pines. . . . So our Lord has done his part towards us Swedes—as He has for all others—but our excitability and slowness, these two unhappy contrasts, prevent the development of our unusual natural gifts. The vocal instruction is everywhere miserable. I have taught myself to sing, Garcia could only teach me a few things. He did not understand my individuality. But that really did not matter. What I most wanted to know was two or three

things and with those he did help me. The rest I knew myself and the birds and our Lord as the maestro did the rest.

I fancy the old Italian method is the only right and most natural one. The Italian people is born with singing throats, hut the real Art is not to be found there now.

I have heard nothing of the *Real*.—Mad. Persiani and Lahlache they were from the real time and this Rossini also thought. Singing nowadays is terrible shrieking without soul and with a pretentious manner. That is what one often hears.

Do you know Garcia's singing method? It is very good. He has advanced much these last twenty years and has been somewhat cured of his dangerous fault of letting his pupils sing on *too long a breath* until he ruined their voices. Still, his school is the only one I can recommend and contains most things I can subscribe to.

The forming of the tone is the first thing naturally. It must be formed on all vowels so that the rich and different tonal color in the words may receive the right shading. In the same way as the vowels, the consonants must be produced. All this with a quiet mouth;—lips still, and only a small opening between the teeth. The lower jaw must drop, of course.

It is really to *speak* singing. Only so do the words come out right and when the words are properly pronounced the whole singing is wonderfully facilitated.

The registers are different with nearly every individual so they must be taught individually, i. e., first the chest tones with the naturally closed larynx; then comes the hindng together of chest and middle voice when the larynx is opened, till in the middle of the third register, when it is completely so. Before the beginning of the highest register, the larynx closes itself again in soprano—just as it does in chest notes. The great difference is this that in the higher tones the uvula is entirely drawn up against the soft palate so that the upper part of the head forms the higher notes. It is presumably on this account that the name, head voice, originated.

Timbre and tone color are words which always seem to me unnecessary and lacking in clearness. I do not understand them, for through the careful and detailed placing of all vowels as well as the conscientious study of the consonants in harmony with the vowels, must all possible tone-color be produced, and I need only choose according to need.

Timbre again, belongs according to my idea to the *expression of the soul*. My timbre must obey my feelings. Therefore a correct declamation and careful phrasing in all its fine and endless shadings together with a right development of the *inner being* must absolutely help me over the technique to the real subject (emotion) which the vowels stand for. If I sing of joy, sorrow, hope, love, my Saviour, folk-songs, moonlight, sunshine, etc., I feel naturally quite differently, and my voice takes on my soul's timbre without that I need in the least care with what tone color I sing.

Every thing was prepared when I deeply and quietly studied the meaning of the words and when I drew a thread, so to speak, through the whole poem. The beginning and end belonged thus together and the shadings were links on a chain which I will liken to a snake hitting its own tail.

To be able to sing, the whole personality must be developed. So is it with everything in life if we would reach any sort of *beginning of perfection*. We must look widely around us; no one-sided development. Any one who wishes to master vocal art, must study many other things. Singing is a peculiar

gift more difficult to develop than is believed. The vocal teacher's profession is difficult and important. *Difficult*,—because each voice must be treated individually and the whole character be "spread out" or "drawn out." No stupid person can learn to sing with expression.

His profession is *important* because a wrong method ruins the health. For the whole body sings, even the legs. . . . I myself could hardly drag myself to my carriage after my Operas.

So does the soul react on the body. . . .

I write such rhapsodies that perhaps you do not understand half of what I want to say, but I am sure that your deeply musical sense and great intelligence will be able to put this together. I speak of my own experience naturally. The power of dramatic declamation was with me such a free gift given with such liberality, that the spiritual only needed the opportunity, life (*Leben*) to come into expression.

As concerns my voice, the difficulties with my throat were so great, the hindrances were so tremendous, necessitating such constant energy and patience (two virtues which for me were, alas, almost impossible) that only my burning love for Art in its spiritual sense could enable me to go through the dreadful slavery. My breathing was naturally very short, not a sign of *coloratur* and an impossible attack. I never heard such an attack in anybody else. For twenty-five years have I steadily worked on the chromatic scale and only five or six years ago did it come perfectly—when I no longer needed it. . . . But study is always wholesome.

The breathing is the foundation of all singing. On that almost entirely depends the character and firmness of the tone. The art to breathe well consists in a saving of the outgoing breath. The breath must be taken quickly and steadily kept in the lungs, only very slowly letting it go with the song.

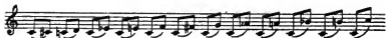
This can be practised without singing so as not to tire the pupil, and, most important, never sing with the last breath. That is extremely weakening, and never allow any so-called "sohning" to accompany the diaphragmatic action.

It does not matter if one breathes often when singing as long as the phrasing is not interfered with.

It is therefore imperative to breathe anywhere and at any time so that it is not perceived. In passionate things, one must naturally breathe oftener because the emotions affect the breath and make it shorter. Also in singing *forte* the breath is a good deal wasted. The exercises are therefore to be done with regard to the breathing as in this:



so that the lungs may get time not only to give out,—but to take in sufficiently deeply for the new phrase.

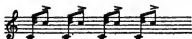


This is a good exercise to learn the portamento.

The Binding is next in importance after the breathing. Naturally this exercise ought to be done slowly, "dragging" upward with time for the breathing between each figure of two notes. In an exactly opposite way, the trill is "bound" downward and is quite a peculiar study. I taught myself the trill. In the trill, the uppermost note is the principal thing because there is the same difficulty as when one tries to jump up from below. The lowest note of the trill goes of itself when it has been practised in connection with the higher note. The trill must not be sung; it must be done with a *stroke*, must be done in this manner:



i. e., this interval of a whole or a half tone (the half is more difficult than the whole) is the *last* exercise for the trill. The real trill exercise ought to begin with the octave and so forth till one arrives at the half note interval.



The under note should only hang "in the air," so to speak; both notes in the trill must be "led," but the lower one lets go and the upper one holds fast. Finally it becomes one stroke and this stroke must then be repeated. This exercise one can begin with at once, for there is nothing so helpful for coloratur and portamento as this trill exercise when done properly. But it is not easy to describe with pen and ink. Sing an octave and bind upward, only letting the notes "hang together" (*not cease*) when going down,—is as near as I can put it.

These are about the elements of Singing as I understand them.

My husband may possibly himself give you this letter. With my most heartfelt wishes for the success of the new Conservatorium and with every good wish,

Very sincerely yours

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

(Translated by V. M. Holmstrom)

THE INFLUENCE OF COMEDY UPON OPERATIC FORM

By JOHN C. GRIGGS

IT is perhaps anomalous that of all musical forms, opera has been the one most difficult to bring to satisfactory realization. Whether tested by theory or popular approval, no one kind of opera has as yet vindicated itself as an art form of a very high degree of perfection. With all its lure to the composer and attractiveness to the public, it has never reached the fulfilment of the symphony, or the static classical development of the Elizabethan or the Greek drama, the Bach fugue or the Gothic cathedral. The majesty and finality of utterance and the dramatic cogency of Gluck's *Orpheus*, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Beethoven's *Fidelio* or Wagner's *Parsifal* may well claim for them something of classic quality, but in spite of such rich and free growth through many schools of composition, the opera does not as yet furnish, as did the *Laocoön* to Lessing, a final and perfect standard of criticism.

That this *dramma per musica* has been so much more difficult of realization than its first Florentine sponsors thought, is the more strange in view of the simplicity of its fundamental element, the song. Music shows such affinity with speech in both lyric and dramatic expression that its most natural and complete development would seem probable through some musico-dramatic form. Such, however, has not been the fact. Absolute music, with more artificiality in its beginnings, has often reached coherence and cogency, while dramatic song, free from artifice at the start, has been burdened with artificiality and inconsistency in its constant urge toward larger dramatic form and expressiveness.

Mere complexity of resource is an obvious and partial explanation of this condition. In the high degree of organization necessary to any art, the reconciling and co-ordinating of diverse materials can be managed only by an artist whose grasp is secure upon them all. In just this wide mastery which shall bring every lovely detail into balanced subordination to the whole the opera writer has failed. Not only has the literary component in this dramatic form usually been beyond the reach and control

of the composer, but within the musical material the seduction of one or another beauty has been the quicksand to catch the feet of all, even, indeed, of the great Wagner himself who thought that he alone trod the firm highway of this complex artistry. At every turn unified operatic power has been endangered by the charm of such lesser interests as beautiful melody, beautiful rendition, brilliant passage writing, and spectacular display, and in these post-Wagnerian days, by over-emphasis of symphonic orchestral material.

The first century and a half of opera was marked in its native Italy by an intensive cultivation within narrow limits of the solo *aria*, and in France, by amalgamation with the dramatic dance. Soon after its rather awkward start as a merely recitative form, opera received the important addition of the *aria*, which presently became its dominant feature. A rigid formalism crystallized in the early eighteenth century as the direct product of the two elaborate arts of *aria* writing and *aria* singing. This fixed musical form, although often overloaded with useless and tawdry experimentation, soon reached a high state of perfection and occasionally even of dramatic power. Indeed the freedom and facility of its musicianship made the *aria* a most important influence upon the development of other musical structures both instrumental and vocal. Thematic material of sonata and symphony, of Handel chorus and indeed of all eighteenth-century music derives much from the fluent invention and careful workmanship of Scarlatti and the whole choir of Italian *aria* writers. The art of melody finds in this source its richest inheritance for all time. But this faithful and progressive workmanship had been unfortunate in its immediate effect upon the music drama. The *aria*, beautiful as it was, had become an end in itself hedged about by certain sharp set rules of writing and rendition, and the opera had become little more than a prescribed number and sequence of such *arias* interspersed with bits of formal recitative. Being performed by vocalists of supreme technical ability who vied with each other in brilliancy of execution, the dramatic pretence of the play had almost disappeared. As a sporting event, or competitive exhibit of human skill, and as a presentation of sheer musical beauty the opera was a great popular success, but as a dramatic form it had fallen of its own weight.

Of the virtuosity of singing much the same may be said. Through very extravagance it also had developed excellent and elaborate resources. Vocalism still looks back to those old *aria* days of *il bel canto*, as the fountain head of much that is loveliest

and most valued in its special art. It was, however, in the main, a vocalism of the lyricist rather than that of the dramatist.

As a dramatic form, then, the eighteenth-century *opera seria* had failed, but in its failure had successfully evolved two most important elements, melodic writing and vocal rendition. Remoteness of theme from the common interests and experiences of life had also aggravated the tendency to formalism and dramatic insincerity. The stories of Eurydice, Ariadne and the like had been written again and again and reduced to such a slender and meaningless thread that Greek mythology would have had to rub its stony eyes to recognize itself as portrayed by the Italian librettists. These collaborators, far from being considered dramatists, were expected to fashion verses suited to the *aria di bravura*, the *aria di portamento*, etc., with vowel sounds convenient to the long vocal roulades and other embellishments of which they so largely consisted.

As has often happened in other arts comedy appeared at this point to relieve the tensity and unreality of the situation. The *opera buffa*, or Italian musical comedy, developing somewhat suddenly, reached its greatest significance as a strictly separate form in Pergolesi's *La serva padrona* in 1733, about a century after the opera was well launched as a popular institution. Appearing first as a little spoken comedy given in the long waits between the acts of the *opera seria*, it was soon set to music imitating in part the serious traditions but permeated in the main by a new and unconventional spirit and freedom of form. Its subjects ranged from buffoonery to the most refined humor and satire. From Pergolesi on the two forms of opera, the *seria* and the *buffa*, interacted beneficially upon each other until in Mozart's tragedy of *Don Giovanni* and his comedy *Figaro* we see almost complete identity of form. Comedy with Mozart has seized upon every resource of the serious drama, and tragedy has been quick to appropriate every new device which the *opera buffa* has introduced. For it is to be noted that the innovations and improvements came almost invariably from the comedy side. They were in part as follows:

Subjects chosen from every-day life. *La Serva Padrona*, for instance, tells of the infelicities of the domestic help problem; and so since then such tragedies as *The Prophet*, *Tosca*, and *Madame Butterfly* have been in vogue, coming much nearer to the facts of common life than the remoteness of *Theseus* and *Artaxerxes*. There is much, however, to be said in favor of the old mythological or heroic subject as operatic theme when used for the portrayal

of idealized human experience. Dramatic power in opera must attach itself to persons rather than events, to things felt rather than to things seen. The historical and the spectacular music drama with all their attractions fail psychologically, and are not a dramatic improvement on the mythological, for it is human life and experience which we must see and feel. It was the perfunctoriness of the old librettos which destroyed their value, and not necessarily their subjects. Gluck's later return to the Orpheus story showed its superb possibilities as a drama of life.

Duets and other concerted numbers were another happy discovery unknown to the old *seria* form. Verdi's *Lucia* sextette² is but an evolution from the duet between master and maid in *La Serva Padrona*. Along this same line of concerted singing Logroscino devised the *finale*, in which an act is brought to climactic conclusion by the co-operation of all the characters. This *finale*, now so familiar, was later introduced into the serious opera and there powerfully developed by Piccinni.

Opera buffa used the bass and baritone voices on terms of equality with tenors and sopranos, a practice unknown before, and then began that long line of *basso buffo* parts as Leporello and Figaro, on down even to Beckmesser in *Die Meistersinger*. More important, however, is the sequence of major rôles for low voice. The availability of this resource made possible Don Giovanni himself, Sarastro, than which rôle Mozart never wrote anything more majestic, Hans Heiling, Ernani, Gurnemanz, Amfortas and numberless others.

But aside from these obvious details of construction, *opera buffa* did much more by its general deftness of touch, its readiness of effect, and its omission of whatever formality could be discarded without loss. Nor is this surprising. Comedy is the universal leveler of life, the gracious light resting strained vision, the solvent breaking the tension of overwrought effort. Precisely the same streams of influence can be pointed out in the spoken drama. In the topsy-turvy world of absurdity which we call comedy, things in some magical way fall into their proper perspective. We see straighter, proportion is restored and truth revealed. The climax of pure Italian *opera buffa* was reached in Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* and Rossini's *Barber of Seville*.

A most interesting obverse glimpse is Handel's use of the cut and dried *recitative-aria* form without modification, for comic expression. In his *serenata* of *Acis and Galatea* he makes the giant Polyphemus warble his love for the nymph. It is a little hard to think of Handel as a humorist. It was possibly a little

hard for him himself. In the first place there is much more variety of characterization in the Handel *arias* than our modern unfamiliarity with his idiom allows us to see. They all smack of oratorio to the modern taste and so this Polyphemus love song "O ruddier than the cherry" sounds, at first hearing, practically like any other rolling, billowy, Handelian *aria*. We fail to catch all its little delicious permeating humors. Comedy in this instance has not changed the form but triumphs within its rigid set pattern. Here are a long formal *recitative* as introduction, a full-fledged florid *aria* with long *da capo* repeat, and here also even the traditional mythological subject. The only concession to comedy's tradition is the bass voice. But how elastic all this apparatus becomes to the purpose. The winsome spirit of play has touched the form without modifying the externals. The familiar cadences of recitative take on a new charm in the words "I rage, I melt, I burn. The feeble god has stabbed me to the heart" and when at its close Polyphemus' clumsiness essays the words: "In soft enchanting accents let me breathe sweet Galatea's beauty and my love" the effect is more amusing than if lighter methods had been followed. Then this great cavorting giant launches his formidable serenade, with heavy misplaced accent, and bellows forth his love for the "nymph more bright than moonshine night, like kidlings blithe and merry," with a winsomeness as dainty as the grin of a gargoyle. A little later Mozart, equally great in mastery of form and Handel's superior in characterization, accomplishes precisely the same thing in Figaro's formal bantering *aria* "Non più andrai," but more often as in Leporello's enumeration of Don Giovanni's fair conquests, he modifies the *aria* giving it freedom in form as well as in expressiveness.

While Italian opera has become in a sense cosmopolitan, holding the stage and dominating tradition in every land, Germany, France and England have each made important contribution to musical comedy. In North Germany the *Singspiel* appeared as a play sometimes serious, but more often comic, whose musical basis was mainly either actual folk-songs or little compositions in the folk-song manner. Long narrations not unlike British ballads rehearsed in a dozen or more verses such woes as the kidnapping of an innocent maiden knitting at the wayside. One verse lures her by a trumped-up story of distress. Another transports her to the wicked nobleman's castle. Another frankly presses his amorous attentions. A verse or two vigorously scorns him. She is locked in a lofty room. In the dead of night, at about the eleventh verse, she throws a feather bed out of the

window and, projecting herself with great accuracy upon it, escapes to the twelfth reiteration of the tune and gets back home in time to sing this song. Here was a familiar style perennially popular and not without considerable dramatic possibility, which has proved itself available even down to our present light comedies in which the so-called "lyrics" are its direct successor. George Cohan in his *Hello Broadway* with cheerful cynicism tells how the whole thing is done, and right there on the stage produces such a tepid lyric, "By the Erie Canal," whose sole merit is its avowed banality in both text and tune. Yet as he says, when you sing the thing through your nose, it goes. Now this direct cut away from tradition and right across the footlights at the people, was recognized as a valuable bit of operatic material by Mozart as in his Bird-catcher's song in the German *Magic Flute*, and in the equally effective comedy features of his Italian operas. But more significant is the appearance of this simple verse form in some of the most serious and pathetic moments of Gluck's *Orpheus*. Kurvenal's song in the symphonic *Tristan* even suggests this form, while the French school from Lulli to Gounod has similarly interspersed these *couplets* with the larger *aria* forms.

The German *Singspiel* differed then from the *opera buffa* in being neither an imitation of nor a studied contrast to some larger and more aristocratic form. It was a popular musical play of independent origin with familiar subject and a familiar kind of music. The Salzburger Mozart with his Italian training, German environment, and facile genius was the one master who could combine the two national traditions in such a work as the *Magic Flute*, and cross-fertilize the elegance of *il bel canto* with the grace of native comedy in a *Figaro*. It may be said further that the eclecticism of Mozart made possible *Der Freischütz* of von Weber, in which German characteristics are more prominent, and that these two, with the symphonic impulse of Beethoven, opened the way for the ultra German Richard Wagner.

The *Opéra Comique* of France means more than mere musical comedy. First, it may be an opera with some spoken dialogue and usually a happy ending, but not necessarily containing any real comedy. This in contrast to *grand opera* in which all dialogue is sung. Second, it means any production identified with a certain theater in Paris, The *Opéra Comique*. Bizet's *Carmen* is for this reason called *opéra comique*, though essentially a tragedy relieved by lightness of touch and by some scenes of comedy.

Musical comedy has really found its greatest development and variety with the French. Its earliest appearance is as an

outgrowth of the Trouvère music of the thirteenth century when Adam de la Hale wrote the charming little *Play of Robin and Marion*.

The highly finished development in the eighteenth century differed as much from Italian and German forms as they differed from each other. Reaching a culmination at the hands of Monsigny, Grétry and Martini in the years immediately preceding the French Revolution, it clearly reflects the spirit and elegance of that heartless and superficial time. An amusement for the pampered few, it sings not of peasants and shepherdesses but of beaux and princesses masquerading as such,—not of the real beauties of nature but of the charms of formal gardens. Grotto, fountain and palace are as artificial as the make-believe rusticity of the characters. Here was no popular well-spring of music, nor healthy boisterous comedy but a highly finished superficial art whose beauties were grace of expression, elegance of manner, without sincerity of sentiment.

"L'art surpasse ici la nature

Vous enchantez mes yeux, sans affecter mon coeur."

But as we have seen valuable musical assets developed out of the exaggeration of the Italian *aria*, so this unreal period of French *opéra comique* was the melting-pot in which was fused and fashioned the lovely expressional technique of the modern French opera. It would seem that almost any form of human virtuosity needed to be worked to its limit up some blind alley of mistaken purpose before reaching a perfection serviceable to art's highest needs.

La sera Padrona had been brought over from Italy and performed in Paris in 1752, where it precipitated great bitterness between rival parties, a war less of musicians than of pamphleteers and clagues whose two factions were known as the king's party and the queen's party. Out of this very quarrel and its renewal a few years later in the famous operatic war between the Gluckists and the Piccinnists, developed, however, a theoretical discussion of comparative merits which proved of much benefit to subsequent French writing through adoption of various features of this school of Italian comedy.

The nineteenth-century French comic opera of the school of Boieldieu and Auber had a fluency and grace which was also a considerable factor in modern melodic development. Edmund Gurney in his critical work *The Power of Sound* cites the melodies of Auber as among the most striking and sincere achievements

in all musical literature. Auber also excelled in fidelity of characterization.

The English people have occupied a peculiar position in relation to music. Their patronage of opera, symphony, and other forms has always been generous. It was that patronage which welcomed Handel and made possible the long and productive final period of his career, when his attention and powers were turned to oratorio. It was on the invitation of the English that Haydn produced his *Seasons* and Mendelssohn his *Elijah*. With such continuous interest in music it is unquestionably true that the English have, nevertheless, originated little either of musical form or substance. Their opera has been borrowed, excepting one extremely characteristic form, the comic ballad opera. As with any national musical comedy this had its rise in the uniting of simple music with the spoken drama. The first and best known work of this kind was the *Beggar's Opera* whose dialogue is spoken and whose music is but the stringing together of well known airs and popular songs of the day. The English have always had a fondness for such tunes, keeping them in the popular memory from generation to generation, with more persistence perhaps than any other people. So when this form appeared there was a great fund of such songs ranging from the Shakespearean *Green sleeves* down through the years to the then contemporary *Sally in our Alley*. It is amazing to note the number of such tunes in the *Beggar's Opera*, no less than sixty-nine. A soliloquy of MacHeath in jail contains eight of them. They follow each other in no order of sequence and with entire musical irrelevancy, and have not even the poor excuse of the Italian *pasticcio*, a loose composite form then current and made by throwing together the most favored *arias* from various operas. The medley of our college glee clubs and dance orchestras is the only thing like it which we now have. But our medley has but comparatively little material upon which it may draw, and is soon over, while the ballad opera found in the wealth of commonly known ballads the music to furnish forth a long evening's play. It met with a surprising and lasting popularity. The text of the *Beggar's Opera*, a rather coarse and pointed satire upon current events and personages, was written by John Gay, the contemporary of Swift and "a safe companion and an early friend" of Pope. Its musical patchwork was pieced and its overture written by Dr. Pepusch. It was brought out in 1728 and held the stage with frequent repetition until late in the nineteenth century. This great and continued popularity is the only fact of significance

in this connection, for it cannot be said that the ballad opera form had influence upon other writing either in England or elsewhere. The tradition was kept alive for a time by Storace, Horn and Shield, who wrote more and more of original music for their plays as the stock of old music ran low. English critics are fond of tracing the sequence of this school to the one really successful English opera, *The Bohemian Girl*. But the connection is very slight at most, as the composer Michael Balfe, an Irishman, based his work upon enthusiastic admiration and study of French *opéra comique*. Making an allowance for the remoteness of its theme from current events one can not but be surprised, in reading Gay's libretto now, that the *Beggar's Opera* was received with such favor. That a story reeking with all the most unsavory qualities of crime, deceit, and impurity could be accepted even under the disguise of fun condemns the spirit of its age rather than commends the play itself. We look through it in vain for the equivalent of Italian mimicry, of the Singspiel's unstudied, frank humor or of French wit. Sordid to a degree, it is hard to realize that it was ever considered bright or even funny. Its only saving grace is the sweet direct simplicity of some of the old tunes and Gay's one clever verse:

"How happy could I be with either
Were t'other fair charmer away."

In these later days the gulf between *The Merry Widow* and grand opera is still wide and of course must properly remain so, but no discovery or device in the one is long unappropriated by the other. Humperdinck's *Haensel und Gretel* profited largely by study of the Wagnerian method, and Wagner himself in his one noble comedy *Die Meistersinger* shows a promptness, definiteness and facility in command of dramatic material which continued in his later works and which we sometimes wish might have been present in equal degree elsewhere.

Richard Strauss manifests the true spirit of comedy in his elaborate *Rosenkavalier* but just as Mozart's tragedies and comedies were almost completely identical in material and method of procedure, so we find Strauss drawing on all the new resources of his complicated technique in about the same proportion in *Rosenkavalier* as in the tragic *Electra*.

New opera comes in upon us these days from many sources. Russia, Spain, the new Italy, and the mystic lands of Maeterlinck's fancies all have given us recent works of great significance and beauty. Each has made closer approach in some particular to

the great unattained goal of dramatic unity and power through the medium of music. Whether opera will ere long vindicate itself in full attainment, and will so throw off the reproach of inconsistency which has dogged its steps through the centuries cannot be prophesied, but comedy has brought the goal nearer. In his ascending years, the aged Verdi turned from former ideals, and with wonderful vigor wrote his *Falstaff*. Is it not significant that this work which crowned at once his long life and the long life of Italian opera was a comedy?

Comedy has then through various times and places gone hand in hand with opera, clarifying, balancing, and restraining the latter to its great betterment. Lightness of touch, easy and graceful movement, verisimilitude and naturalness as well as enlarged musical resource, have come over from musical comedy and promoted opera's progress toward that difficult achievement, dramatic sincerity.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS AND PECULIARITIES OF MENDELSSOHN'S ORGAN SONATAS

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD

SPEAKING of the organ parts which Mendelssohn wrote to certain of his oratorios and other choral works, the late Sir John Stainer once remarked, "I find them quite a study as works of art." Were Sir John with us to-day he would doubtless be quite prepared to make the same admission with reference to Mendelssohn's six Organ Sonatas,—works which, according to the late organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, Dr. A. L. Peace, "marked an epoch in the history of organ music," and "laid the foundation of the modern school of organ playing." Concerning the history and analysis of works so highly esteemed a great deal has, of course, been written. The present paper, however, is intended to be devoted less to these points than to a "study" of some of the principal and most prominent characteristics and peculiarities of the music itself. In other words, our researches are introspective rather than retrospective. We inquire into the mystery rather than into the history of these epoch-making works which have not only stood the test of more than half a century's criticism and performance but were, at the time of their production, and with the exception of the organ works of J. S. Bach, the most original compositions then written for the king of instruments,—the first-fruits of the rich harvest of modern organ music.

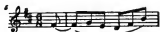
With the exception of the 3rd Sonata, which was written in August, 1844, all the six Organ Sonatas were composed during the months of December, 1844, and January, 1845. As might reasonably be expected from works produced in such rapid succession, there are certain general characteristics which run, like a thread, through the whole series. Foremost amongst these peculiarities is the fact that not a single movement of these sonatas is in orthodox form. The term Sonata is, therefore, somewhat of a misnomer. As is now well known, Mendelssohn was originally commissioned by Messrs. Coventry and Hollier, of London, England, to write three Voluntaries. Not being quite clear as to what might be meant by this term, Mendelssohn finally decided to call the works Sonatas, but this was not until

after some idea had been entertained of calling the compositions a School of Organ Playing. It has been suggested that, perhaps, Mendelssohn avoided the modern binary form in order that his works might more closely resemble the English Voluntaries of such writers as Samuel Wesley and William Russell, and thus appeal the more readily to the ears of the English organists for whose use they were primarily commissioned. But, inasmuch as Mendelssohn, in a letter to Mr. Coventry, written from Frankfort on the 29th of August, 1844, says, "I do not know what it (the word Voluntary) means precisely," the above mentioned suggestion can scarcely be said to meet the case. Besides, the English voluntaries were not founded upon, and did not as a rule include hymn-tunes, especially the German Choral, which latter Mendelssohn introduced in three of his six sonatas. It may be that he considered "first movement" form unsuited to the king of instruments. Of greater probability is the suggestion that Mendelssohn intended his Sonatas for church use,—hence the introduction of Chorals,—and that for that purpose he considered modern sonata form too lengthy. But our own idea is that the forms embodied in Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas were those he considered best suited to the genius of the instrument, or, perhaps, to the comparatively limited capabilities of the instruments of his day. To us it has always seemed that the *Andante con moto* and the Finale of the 5th Sonata most closely resemble sonata form,—the first of these movements having a phrase (which does duty for a second subject) announced in the key of the dominant and recapitulated in that of the tonic; while the Finale contains more thematic development than almost any other movement in these works, and has much in common with rondo-sonata form. It is, however, a remarkable fact that, with the exception of the *Andante* above named, all the slow movements in these sonatas are in simple binary form, the form Mendelssohn seemed to prefer for the majority of his more animated movements. A near approach to simple rondo form is to be found in the third movement of the 2nd Sonata,—the first movement of the 4th Sonata tending more towards ternary form. The Air with Variations is only employed in the 6th Sonata. One thing Mendelssohn certainly secured by the forms he used, and that one thing was brevity,—a brevity which must have afforded a strong contrast to the long-winded platitudes of men like Rinck, Neukomm, and other contemporary writers for the organ.

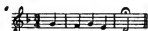
In commencing most of his Sonatas, Mendelssohn exhibits a fondness for a dignified introduction in slow *tempo* and full



Similarly, in the concluding *Andante* of the 6th Sonata, we commence with

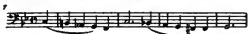


a modified transposition into the tonic of the melody of the concluding measures of the preceding Fuga which read:—

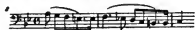


From this it would appear that Mendelssohn was quite capable of preserving the true sonata spirit even when departing from the letter, and was at all times able to give examples of that likeness with a difference which is the hall mark of classical development and congruity.

Another interesting example of these thematic coincidences is to be found in measures 9-13 of the first movement of the 3rd Sonata. Here, in the pedals, we have the figures



which are decided anticipations of the second figure of the subject of the *fugato* of the last movement, *e. g.*,



We are not aware that either of these coincidences has ever been pointed out before.

Quite as remarkable as Mendelssohn's avoidance of modern sonata form in his Organ Sonatas is the fact that such material as may be termed the second subjects of his movements is announced after the close of the first part of the movement, and is, very often, in the tonic key. To this generalization the *Andante con moto* from the 5th Sonata is an exception, its 2nd subject, in measures 16 to 20, being announced in the key of the dominant. But the second subject of the last movement of the 1st Sonata is a striking confirmation of our former statement, *e. g.*,



Another instance is the second subject of the *Allegro maestoso* of the 5th Sonata, *e. g.*,



Each of these subjects is in the key of its tonic, and is preceded by a full close marking the end of the first part of the movement. The same applies to the second subjects of the first movements of the 1st and 4th Sonatas, with the exception that neither of the latter are in the tonic key. The second subject of the first movement of the 1st Sonata is the Choral, in the relative major key. This is preceded by a full close in C minor marking the end of the first part of the movement. The second subject of the first movement of the 4th Sonata commences in the relative minor, and is preceded by a full close in Bb, the tonic key.

Like a true disciple and ardent admirer of Bach, Mendelssohn exhibits in these Sonatas a great fondness and ability for the combination of subjects already heard separately. A striking instance of this treatment is to be found in the third part of the first movement of the 4th Sonata. Here the arpeggio figure of the first subject (*a*) is combined with the march-like rhythm of the second subject (*b*) with the most happy effect and in the most felicitous manner, *e. g.*,



Another example, of shorter duration, but of equally charming effect, is to be found in the final section of the first movement of the 1st Sonata. Here the first (fugal) subject (*a*) is combined with the second subject,—the Choral,—in a masterly manner, *e. g.*,



These examples are, however, entirely eclipsed by the combination to be found in the second part of the double fugue over a Choral

in the 3rd Sonata. Here the two fugue subjects, each of which has been expounded and developed separately, are combined thus:



The whole of this example is inverted in the 15th a few bars later; and, finally, appears over a tonic pedal formed by a prolongation of the last note of the Choral.

These evidences of Mendelssohn's scholarship,—which was none the less ripe because never obtrusive,—lead us to remark upon his evident fondness for "close" imitation. From many examples we select a few. Of these the 1st Sonata furnishes us with three, the first of which is to be found in the final section of the first movement, two measures before the combination shown in Ex. 12:—



Here the imitation is at the octave below, and upon the initial notes of the first subject. The *Recitativo* furnishes some interesting examples of close imitation, culminating, in the penultimate sentence, in a canon 2 in 1 at the octave below. Our third example is drawn from the final section of the Finale, *e. g.*,



Here the imitation is freer in character and is at various intervals. Our last example of this treatment comes from the *Andante* concluding the 3rd Sonata. It is of somewhat different character, *e. g.*,



Here, although the imitation is very fragmentary, there can be no doubt as to the beauty of the effect.

In a previous paragraph we drew attention to Mendelssohn's combination of subjects, and especially of the fugue subjects of the double fugue in the 3rd Sonata. It is interesting to note that when combining fugal and Choral subjects,—as in the 1st Sonata, or when writing a double fugue over a Choral,—as in the 3rd Sonata, the two subjects are never combined in their entirety. In Ex. 12 it will be noticed that the combination of subjects does not extend beyond the initial notes of the Choral. Concerning the corresponding case in the 3rd Sonata, Professor Prout remarks:—"This fugue is a very fine specimen of its class, and it is no disparagement to Mendelssohn's genius that he has here preferred the freer style. It would have been very difficult (perhaps impossible for anyone except Bach, to whom nothing seems to have been impossible) to combine the Choral with either of the themes he had selected for his fugue. He, therefore, wisely chose rather to write an effective composition than to attempt elaborate and difficult combinations, which, had he succeeded in effecting them, would probably have smelt strongly of the lamp. An over-display of technical cleverness is very likely to be dry."

While discussing the characteristics of Mendelssohn's fugal methods, as exemplified in his Organ Sonatas, we ought not to lose sight of the fact that all his fugal movements are, really, *fugati*, and not strict fugues. Of these movements the clearest and most vocal is the *Fuga* of the 6th Sonata. As a rule Mendelssohn's fugal writing was not conspicuous for its clearness. Says Professor Prout,—“Mendelssohn was in many respects so consummate a master of composition, that it is surprising to find the part-writing in his instrumental fugues very loose,—we were almost going to say slipshod. Some of the fugues in the organ sonatas and in the pianoforte works defy all attempts to put them into score; the parts cross in the most perplexing way, or appear and disappear suddenly in the middle of a phrase.” Here are two typical examples, the first from the *Fuga* of the 2nd Sonata,



the second from the *Finale* of the 4th Sonata:—



In both these cases it is the alto part which loses itself by being merged into the treble. For this procedure there seems no adequate reason. It was by no means characteristic of the composer of whom Mr. H. F. Chorley once said, "With him there was no slovenliness, no taking for granted, no gross and blurred manuscript, no hurried pages, and no flagrant platitudes thrust in to do emergency work." Yet there is no denying that, in the matter of clearness, Mendelssohn's fugal writing leaves, in places, much to be desired.

One striking peculiarity of Mendelssohn's fugal writing still remains to be noticed. This is his fondness for the introduction of counterpoint of the 3rd species after the enunciatory section, or towards the close of the fugue. Outside the Organ Sonatas an appropriate example of this treatment would be found in the Overture to *St. Paul*, or in the Pianoforte Fugue in E minor, Op. 35, No. 1. In the pages of the Organ Sonatas this mannerism is most strikingly exhibited in the fugal movements of the 2nd and 3rd Sonatas. In the first of these instances the quickened action commences after the enunciatory section; in the second case it occurs throughout the working of the second subject of the double fugue. These examples are too lengthy to permit of, and too well-known to require quotation.

Writing to the composer on the 22nd of October, 1845, Schumann said concerning these Sonatas, "No one else writes such fine harmonies." We regret the more, in view of this quotation, that our space will not permit us to say much about the harmonic peculiarities of these works. But there are a few points of interest we must not ignore. The first of these is Mendelssohn's apparent fondness for terminating movements with an unadorned presentation of a phrase in full harmony of five or more parts,

e. g., the closing bars of the first movement of the 1st Sonata, and those of the *Andante Recit.* of the same work; the last phrase of the 5th Sonata; and the employment, in full harmony, of the last two phrases of the Choral prior to the entry of the *Fuga* in the 6th Sonata.

The mention of closing harmonies reminds us of Mendelssohn's frequent employment of chromatic harmony in approaching his cadences. Thus, at the close of the first movement of the 1st Sonata, we have a modulation into G \flat , the return to F minor being affected by means of a dominant 7th in G \flat quitted as an augmented 6th in F minor. The cadence measures leading from the *Andante* to the *Finale* in the same Sonata show the effective employment of chromatic chords in C minor and F minor. In the 2nd Sonata the close of the *Grave* movement exhibits skilful use of the tonic 9th and of the dominant 11th with major 9th in C minor; the augmented 6th is introduced into the final phrase of the *Adagio*; while the penultimate chord in the cadence of the *Allegro maestoso* is a dominant minor 9th over a tonic pedal. The penultimate chord of the 3rd Sonata is a supertonic 9th (B sharp-C natural) over a tonic pedal. The close of the *Allegretto* of the 4th Sonata shows an inverted tonic pedal and a plagal cadence with a subdominant *minor* chord. The cadence of the *Andante con moto* of the 5th Sonata is a charming example of the "pathetic" cadence; while the *Finale* affords a good example of a dominant 11th with a minor 9th resolved upon a supertonic 7th. Both the Chorals in Sonatas 5 and 6 close with chromatic harmonies under an inverted tonic pedal. The original autograph of the Organ Sonatas differs considerably from the published version in respect of the concluding measures of the first movement of the 1st Sonata and the Choral of the 5th Sonata. But in both cases the chromatic harmony in approaching the cadence is most conspicuous. Nor was Mendelssohn's partiality for chromatic harmony exhibited only at the cadence. There is abundant employment of it in the first and third movements of the 1st Sonata, in the *Grave* of the 2nd Sonata, in the *fugati* of the 3rd Sonata, in the second subject of the *Andante* and in the development portion of the *Finale* of the 5th Sonata, as well as in many other places too numerous to mention.

Another harmonic characteristic of these Sonatas was the placing of an unresolved discord at the end of a phrase. We quote three examples from the first movement of the 1st Sonata, leaving our readers to discover the location of the quotations for themselves:—



Exs. 19 & 20, it will be observed, show the dominant 7th at the end of a phrase. In the connection these chords are immediately resolved in a *lower* octave, this method of resolution being another harmonic peculiarity to be found in the pages of these Sonatas. The last quotation is a striking example of the employment of the augmented (German) 6th at the end of a phrase. Another remarkable case is that of the *Recitativo* movement of the 1st Sonata. Here, every *fortissimo* utterance of Clav. I., except the first two and the last, ends upon a discord. This discord is never resolved upon the same clavier. Sometimes its resolution is deferred for some measures after its percussion. The fragment of the dominant 7th in F, sustained over the long pedal sequence just before the *Coda* to the *Finale* of the 1st Sonata, is, really, another example of a discord at the end of a phrase. The 5th measure of the *Allegro* from the 2nd Sonata shows similar treatment, and resolution in the octave below. There are also other examples of this procedure in the same movement. In the 3rd Sonata we meet with it again at the close of the double fugue, where the phrases for full organ (giving out in full harmony, over a rapid pedal passage of broken 3rds, the initial notes of the first fugue subject) end with a chord of the dominant 7th. A good example from the 4th Sonata can be found in the *Andante* where, just before the recapitulation of the first subject, a phrase for Clav. I. ends upon a supertonic 7th in B♭. Towards the close of the development portion of the *Finale* of the 5th Sonata we have the first inversion of the supertonic minor 9th in D ending a phrase, and continued in arpeggio figures for four measures before resolving into the tonic chord. Lastly we would refer our readers to the end of the fourth variation of the 6th Sonata. Here not only is the Variation proper concluded with an unresolved harmony expressed in arpeggio, but when the first and last lines of the Choral are introduced to form a *Coda*, the first line instead of terminating with a tonic chord ends on the tonic 7th in D minor, which, in the next phrase, is quitted as a dominant 7th in G minor.

The general purity of Mendelssohn's part-writing is well seen in these works, spite of the doubtful examples we quoted from two of his fugal movements. As a matter of fact there are only three instances, in the whole of the six Sonatas, of Mendelssohn doubling the pedal bass by the manuals in the unison or in the octave above. Strange to say, the first of these instances is to be found in the very opening measure of the 1st Sonata. Here the manuals double the pedals in the octave above. The second instance is found at the commencement of the second subject of the first movement of the 4th Sonata. Here the doubling is at the unison. The last instance is in the 4th Variation of the 6th Sonata, at the point where,—with the Choral and the arpeggio accompaniment both in the manuals,—the pedal reinforces the penultimate and final basses of each cadence. In two of these eight cadences the manual and pedal basses are identical.

We should like to have said something about Mendelssohn's treatment of sequences and pedal points, but can only refer our readers to one or two especially interesting examples. Perhaps the finest sequence is to be found in the development portion of the *Finale* of the 5th Sonata. The most interesting pedal point is, we think, that to be found at the end of the *Adagio* of the 1st Sonata. What variety of treatment Mendelssohn could bestow upon an inverted pedal point may be inferred by comparing that to be found at the end of the *Grave* of the 2nd Sonata with that at the end of the *Allegretto* of the 4th Sonata.







In common with other writers of premier rank, Mendelssohn's melodic treatment—as exemplified in these Sonatas—was largely founded upon scale and arpeggio figures, or a combination of both. A remarkable case is that of the *Finale* of the 1st Sonata,—a movement which Dr. A. L. Peace declares to be "one of the finest organ pieces ever written," and "absolutely *sui generis*." Here both the first and second subjects are, for the most part, of an arpeggio character. For a combination of arpeggio and scale what can be finer than the first subject of the first movement of the 4th Sonata? Or even the first subject of the *Finale* of the 5th Sonata?

We have already alluded to Mendelssohn's resolution of discord in the octave below. We now notice his fondness for the repetition of a melodic phrase at the octave above or below its original pitch. The latter part of the *Adagio* of the 1st Sonata contains two beautiful examples of this treatment. In the first case the melody is repeated in the tenor in the 8ve below, and in the second case at the 11th below. The opening phrases of the second

movement of the 4th Sonata show similar treatment, the melody of the first phrase forming in the 8ve below the tenor of the second phrase. The 4th Variation of the 6th Sonata is but an extended example of the same procedure,—the Choral, after a hearing in the pedals, being placed in the treble, three octaves higher. The various entries at different pitches of the second subject of the 5th Sonata (*Finale*) are of a more imitative character.

The employment of the subject by inverse movement was always a strong plank in the platform of Mendelssohnian fugue. A remarkable example of this treatment is the Pianoforte Fugue in B minor, Op. 35, No. 3. But in the Organ Sonatas instances of inverse movement are found in every *fugato* except that of the 2nd Sonata. In the first movement of the 1st Sonata we have,—as in the pianoforte fugue above referred to,—separate expositions of the fugal subject,—one in direct, the other in inverse movement,—the both being ultimately combined, at any rate as far as their initial notes are concerned. The *fugato* at the close of the 4th Sonata terminates with the subject announced by inverse movement in the pedal; while in the final section of the *Fuga* of the 6th Sonata we have in the words of Dr. C. Pearce, “a few obvious stretto points of imitation with the theme combined against itself *per moto contrario*.”

There can be no doubt that in his Organ Sonatas Mendelssohn has shown the wonderful possibilities of the organ in the direction of rhythm. Take for instance the finely contrasted rhythms of the subjects of the first movement of the 4th Sonata, as shown in Ex. 11, or the subjects of the *Finale* of the 1st Sonata.

To figures having  or its equivalent as a final rhythm, Mendelssohn seems to have been particularly partial. Thus we have  greatly in evidence in the *Allegro vivace* of the 2nd Sonata;  is the rhythm of the first figure of the first fugue subject in Sonata 3;  is the rhythm of the second subject of the first movement of the 4th Sonata; while the final *fugato* of the same work rejoices abundantly in . All these are but different expressions of the same idea,—derivatives from the same rhythmical root. The point is, we think, quite worthy of serious attention. Another characteristic rhythm with Mendelssohn was . This is exemplified in the *Grave* of

the 2nd Sonata and in the pedal part of the 1st Variation of the 6th Sonata.

In respect of phrasing, these Sonatas are remarkable as being the first of their kind to be written with a fully phrased pedal part. This may have been one of the many things which suggested to Mendelssohn the idea of calling these works a School of Organ Playing. For in works of educational import, phrasing,—correct and complete,—is a most essential feature. A detailed analysis of Mendelssohn's system of phrasing would be impossible here. Suffice it to say that, spite of some curious slips (*e. g.*, the *Allegretto* of the 4th Sonata), he generally adhered to the classical system of phrasing; in which it was understood that a slur over more than two notes, or over two notes of considerable length, merely indicated *legato*, the final note not being shortened unless an accented note or a note immediately following an accented beat. The intelligent application of this rule would be of great service to many amateur organists essaying the performance of these works.

In matters of manual technique Mendelssohn made several important advances in these Sonatas. Undoubtedly the greatest of these is to be found in the last movement of the 1st Sonata, but the 4th Variation of the 6th Sonata makes a good second. The difference of the treatment of the arpeggio in these two movements should be carefully noticed. In the first instance several notes of the lower octave are sustained after striking; in the second instance, as in the first of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, they are entirely free. The melody accompanied by a counterpoint of the 3rd species and a detached bass, as in the *Allegretto* of the 4th Sonata, or in the 1st Variation of the 6th Sonata,—especially the former,—is a style of organ writing which has had hosts of imitators, the tribute originality has to pay to popularity.

Another prominent feature in Mendelssohn's method of manual treatment was his fondness for responsive phrases assigned to different manuals. Of this procedure the *Adagio* and *Recit.* from the 1st Sonata, the *Adagio* of the 2nd Sonata, the *Con moto* of the 3rd Sonata and its recapitulation, and the second movement of the 4th Sonata are instances, or contain instances, which will at once occur to our organ-playing readers. It must not be forgotten that in the original autograph Mendelssohn introduced nearly forty changes between Clav. I and Clav. II in the *Finale* of the 5th Sonata. But these were all abandoned in the final copy. Mere change for the sake of change was never a feature of Mendelssohn's procedure.

In the pedal technique of Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas the most noticeable points are the employment for a whole movement of the *staccato* pedal, *e. g.*, the *Andante con moto* of the 5th Sonata; and the combined *staccato* and *legato*, *e. g.*, the 2nd Variation of the 6th Sonata. Another prominent feature is Mendelssohn's great fondness for pedal scale passages. The first 14 measures of the *Finale* of the 1st Sonata form, in reality, a scale passage of an octave, the first seven measures being written an octave too high on account of the limited compass of the pedal clavier. In measure 27 of the same movement there commences a corresponding descending scale, the pedal compass again causing a "break" in the middle of the passage. Other interesting examples are to be found in the second movement of the 2nd Sonata; in the pedal solo of the 3rd Sonata,—the only one of its kind in these works,—in which we have a descending scale of two octaves; and, lastly, the magnificent scale passage at the commencement of the *Finale* of the 4th Sonata, concerning which Dr. Gauntlett once wrote, "Dwell on the heart-quivering march up the pedal and then 'give thanks' and those 'for ever'." This "heart-quivering march" occurs no less than three times in a Prelude of just over 20 measures. We could say much more on these and kindred points, but space will only allow us to remark that while in matters of pedal technique Mendelssohn shewed more indebtedness to Bach than in matters of manual technique, no example of an extended arpeggio, no double pedal, and no pedal shake are to be found in these Sonatas. Were these features omitted out of consideration for the limited pedal technique of the English organists of Mendelssohn's time,—the men for whose use these works were primarily intended? Or was it that Mendelssohn deemed these features of pedal technique foreign to his methods of organ playing or of little artistic value?

We cannot say, and are not careful to enquire. Of greater importance than these conjectures is the fact that in these works we have the composer's idea of original organ music or,—as the *Musical World* of July 24, 1845, stated in its first announcement of the publication of these works,—"specimens of what the composer himself considers his own peculiar style of performance on the organ." That this style must have been, and still is, "worthy of all acceptance" is proved by the influence it has exerted over so many modern composers of organ music, and by the fact that after more than half a century's keen criticism and constant performance the position and popularity of these works is assured wherever there are sound musicians and efficient organists to

give them a hearing or a rendition. Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas have had many imitators. It is doubtful whether, in their own particular style, they have ever been equalled. In that style it is certain that they have never been surpassed.

FOLK-MUSIC IN ART-MUSIC—A DISCUSSION AND A THEORY

By HENRY F. GILBERT

I.

FOR the last fifty or sixty years the practice of using folk-tunes as thematic bases upon which to erect, or from which to develop, pretentious art-compositions, has become so general and such a well recognized method of procedure that a discussion of it in all its aspects is peculiarly pertinent at this time.

It is in fact no new thing. Folk-tunes have been made use of in one way or another in art-music for several hundred years. But they have not always been used with the same end in view. Sometimes they have been introduced into a composition as a purely suggestive extraneous element; a passing reference, as it were, to a well-known idea, and had little to do with the purely musical organism of the composition. In this category belong the reference to the "Marseillaise" in Schumann's "Faschingsschwank," or the quotation of "O du lieber Augustin" in Reznicek's "Schlemiel,"—mere dashes of local color. Such use of a folk-tune does not concern itself with the tune as music *per se*, but merely uses it as a reminder of a well-known idea or emotion. It goes without saying that it most fittingly occurs in music of a romantic or programmatic character.

But by far the most important method of using folk-tunes as the bases of art-music, (with which this study concerns itself almost entirely) is that in which a composer, taking a certain folk-tune, considers it as a musical kernel from which ultimately to develop a beautiful and significant art-work. If his work is well done, not only does he develop the musical kernel in accordance with all the resources of musical art, but the completed composition presents in an intensified, enlarged and extended manner the *spirit* of the original folk-tune.

There are many cases, however, in which composers have taken folk-tunes as the musical strands from which to weave a composition, but their interest in the mechanical and purely musical side of their task has so absorbed their attention and captured their interest that they have blindly ignored the emotional

or spiritual character of the folk-tune, with the result that, although an intellectually interesting work has been produced—possibly even one of great musical value—it might just as well not have been used, so far as the folk-tune gave it any particular character.

In one way which must be mentioned here, folk-music has a decided and recognizable effect upon art-music. This consists not in using a genuine folk-tune as theme but in composing an imitation folk-tune and using that. This composed imitation folk-tune has the character and spirit of a genuine folk-tune and frequently is built from melodic and rhythmic particles which occur in real folk-tunes. Such themes, therefore, are really inspired and suggested by folk-music and frequently deceive students themselves into the belief that they are genuine folk-tunes. Though they are not, I regard compositions built from such themes to be largely dependent on folk-music, inasmuch as most of them faithfully reproduce the folk-spirit. This is not a method of procedure to be sneezed at by any means, but should excite our admiration, for when it is well done the true folk-spirit has been apprehended by genius, and has been transmuted, with the addition of its own rich individuality, into the domain of high art. The compositions of Carl Maria von Weber are full of such marvellous transmutations and in our day the compositions of Jean Sibelius afford fine examples of this method of procedure.

There are, of course, many objectors, critics, and persons who run down the practice of using folk-tunes as themes in art-music. These persons, for the most part, contend that this is not composition at all; that it is the mere arrangement or harmonization of a melody already composed. Some contend that the folk-tune is used much as a crutch is used; arguing that if a composer were able to stand and walk upon his own melodic feet he would have no need of a "crutch." Nearly all consider that the use of a folk-tune as thematic basis for a composition displays inability in a composer to invent his own melodies and regard it as a sort of "makeshift" or "cutting 'cross lots" in art. But these critics fail to take into consideration the fact that practically all the great composers have at one time or other used folk-tunes as the bases of art-composition. Some have made sparing use of them; as Beethoven, who chose frequently to compose themes of a folk-like character rather than to use actual folk-songs. Others like Grieg and Tchaikovsky have made a very liberal use of actual folk-songs as thematic material, and certainly no one can accuse these composers of lack of inventive ability.

Taken as a whole, however, there is a grain of truth in these objections. They are not without *some* justification. It can safely be assumed that it requires a higher degree of genius to compose a finely expressive and powerful melody than to develop an art-work from an already existent tune. But fine melodies are rare even among those whom we call the "great" composers. Compare, for instance, the large number of composers each of whom has had an influence of undoubted importance upon the development of the art, with the small number of composers whom we instinctively think of as founts of melody. Again: compare the large number of works produced by any given "great composer" with the relatively small number of his compositions which contain really great melodies. The production of a really great melody will thus be seen to be a double rarity. Not only is it rare that a composer appears who is capable of producing a great melody, but it is also somewhat rare that even *he* does so. One's thoughts immediately revert to Schubert at this point, who produced such a large number of truly beautiful melodies. His case at first sight would almost seem to contradict this assertion. But in this connection we should not fail to remember and to take into account the fact that he produced some twelve hundred compositions.

Now if great melodies are somewhat rare even with "great composers" it is undoubtedly true that they are still rarer with mediocre composers. Hence, the fact that a minor composer prides himself upon having built his composition upon original themes (which ten to one have *no* character) rather than upon folk-themes (which ten to one have *some* character) far from being a recommendation of the worth of the composition;—this fact arouses in me just the emotions contrary to admiration or approbation. I am at once suspicious of the musical value of the product. And I must say that in the vast majority of instances, the practical (and frequently painful) test of an actual audition has proved these suspicions to have been but too well founded.

There are many composers in the world at present who occupy an enviable niche in the contemporary hall of fame and who are accorded a degree of respect and admiration far in excess of their true deserts. Their compositions are built upon themes of their own invention, and of this fact they are very proud. They are prone to exaggerate its importance unduly, and to cast aspersions of incompetence or unoriginality on those composers who use folk-themes. They argue that it is better to

produce a composition built from one's own themes, no matter how mediocre, or lacking in character these may be, than to base a composition on a folk-theme regardless of the distinguished musical value and the individual character which such a course of procedure may give to the resultant composition. It would seem, therefore, that these minor composers are actuated by a desire to exploit their own mediocre personalities rather than to produce something which shall be first and foremost of high art-value or great musical beauty. This is human nature, but that does not excuse it, and the musical public, of which I am a member, will eventually sweep all such work into the dust-bin. For the thing which we must and will have is beautiful music. It concerns us not whether the themes are the actual invention of the composer or derived from folk-music; we are interested only to that degree in which the music itself is beautiful or significant to us.

Now, in my opinion, the great majority of so-called art-music cannot for a moment be compared to the great body of folk-music either for its sincerity of expression, beauty, or significance. Whenever I read through a book of folk-songs after having for a long time lived exclusively on art-music, I immediately feel a great sense of power, sweetness and beauty stealing over my spirit. The great majority of art-compositions seem so artificial, so stilted and even trivial in comparison: they seem to be concerning themselves with something quite beside the main issue, while the folk-songs, on the other hand, illumine and express to me the very soul of humanity as with a flash of light. I do not mean to say that a simple folk-song is necessarily a greater work of art than a symphony, but I do say that the spirit which is shadowed forth by the collected folk-songs of a race is far more sincere, deep, and elemental than that which is expressed by the larger part of so-called Art-music. The collective folk-songs of the world's Peoples, I consider to be the musical Bible of mankind. It is only when the spirit of the folk is apprehended, added to, expressed and expanded by the magic power of genius that we get a piece of art-music of real worth and significance. When this happens, humanity receives as a gift melodies which transcend in beauty the existing folk-melodies. But how rarely does this happen!

Criticisms impatient of those who use folk-melody as a basis for art work come mostly from composers of the second rank. These composers have striven hard to create something entirely from themselves, and having been disappointed at the insignificance of

the result, naturally exhibit a certain petulance toward the practice of basing an art-work upon a folk-melodic germ, and regard the creative artist who does this as one who is trying to obtain credit under false pretences. Generally speaking, however, these criticisms, and objections, as they do not proceed from any very profound or thoughtful sources, but are of a rather carping nature, may be considered to be somewhat negligible.

The object of the creative artist should be to produce beautiful and significant works of art rather than to exploit a mediocre or insignificant personality. Of course, if the composer has a mind touched with greatness his works will give the impression of greatness whether they are based upon folk-themes, or themes of his own invention. But for the mediocre composer to urge the superiority of his work because it is built upon themes of his own invention, over much greater work which has folk-music for a thematic basis, seems to me scarcely to deserve serious consideration.

In our examination of the practice of composers to use folk-tunes as themes in art-compositions it is but natural to compare it with a similar practice in the sister art of literature. This is the quite general use of folk-material, traditions, or folk-tales as bases for literary art works. Many a novel, or shorter work of fiction, is based upon a folk-tale, or devoted to detailing the exploits of a popular legendary hero. Such are the novels of Walter Scott and the Wonder Stories of Hans Christian Andersen. Many a poem is but an artistic presentation of some folk-theme or tradition. Homer, Aeschylus, Virgil, Milton, Byron; is there a great poet who has not based great poems upon popular traditions? And the plots of many dramas, are they not, even as Goethe's "Faust" and many of Shakespeare's plays, based upon either legendary or historic happenings? In fact, as it is quite a recognized function of literature to embalm popular tradition, legendary happenings, and heroic exploits in beautiful and artistic literary forms, the question naturally arises: why is it not equally legitimate to base a work of musical art upon a popular or traditional melody?—a folk-song, a tune which in its rhythm and melodic flow truly expresses the musical ideal and distinctive character of a Folk.

In the art of painting the artist does one of two things. He either takes the subject of his picture directly from nature (which in musical composition would be equivalent to the use of a folk-tune, verbatim, as theme) or he composes it, creating his picture from remembered or modified fragments of nature

(which is equivalent to the composition of an original theme which nevertheless reflects the Folk-spirit). And it would be difficult to say which is the finer method. In many of Corot's pictures we must greatly admire and we are thrilled by the mystic and fanciful quality of the composition. In others again it is as if we not only felt the presence, but saw the very movement of Nature herself. In which of these styles is Corot the finer artist?

The theme of a musical composition may be compared to the subject of an essay or a poem. It is the thing talked about; that which is treated of; or, if a folk-theme, the point of departure for the artist's individual inspiration. This subject may be of an insignificant character and yet it may be talked of so wonderfully; it may be presented from so many new viewpoints; it may give rise to so many delicately related conceptions, that the result may charm us with the magic charm of true art. Or the subject may be great in itself, but, from being treated by an inferior artist, it may lose much of its legitimate significance and the result may give the impression of a very broken-winged affair. Or, it may be a great subject, treated by a great artist in a great manner. This last is the great desideratum, and the result of such happy occurrence is a great piece of art; a masterpiece. Whether the subject be of literal folk-derivation, or be original with the creative artist is really a minor consideration; the vital point is that the masterpiece will be in its spiritual essence related to the folk-songs of the race which gave birth to the master. As we listen, the considerations discussed here will fade into insignificance. We shall recognize in the master work the complete flowering, the art-expression of that spirit of which the folk-songs tell: for the significant masterwork is the apotheosis of the Folk-spirit. We shall be conscious of the interpretation and glorification of that deep spirit, and be swept by the onrush of an all-compelling emotion.

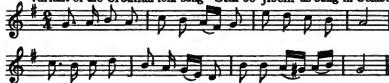
II.

A brief survey of the field of modern musical art will show what folk-tunes have been used as themes by various masters: how they have used them, and to what extent. It will also help to determine the proportion of value which the folk-element has in the work of the individual artist. To facilitate this analysis, I recapitulate the three methods of using folk-tunes mentioned above: 1. verbatim, as a musical germ from which to develop a composition; 2. verbatim, but having no particular relation to the musical structure; 3. as suggestion—toward the composition

of folk-tune like themes expressive of the folk-spirit. This third method is perhaps the most legitimate of all, as it preserves and builds upon the folk-spirit without necessitating a slavish adherence to the letter. It leaves the creative artist free as regards his individuality, but preserves—what is to him of infinite value—his relation to the spirit of his Folk.

Joseph Haydn was the first important composer of modern times to make use in his compositions of the songs and dances of the people with a true regard for, and an understanding of, their spiritual significance. Haydn was himself essentially one of the people. Coming not from the cultured class, but being of lowly origin, he grew up in a small Austrian town and unconsciously absorbed the folk-music with which he was surrounded. And we find that many of these folk-melodies subsequently appear in his symphonies and other compositions. He made use of them in all three of the different manners specified above.

Variant of the Croatian folk-song "Stal se jšem" as sung in Čembo



Haydn's "Austrian Hymn"



W. H. Hadow in "A Croatian Composer: Joseph Haydn" (which is largely a translation of a pamphlet by Dr. Kuhač) has made an exhaustive and very suggestive study of the influence of the Croatian folk-songs in Haydn's compositions. He says:

Haydn's music is saturated with Croatian melody . . . Some of his tunes are folk-songs in their simplest form, some are folk-songs altered and improved, the vast majority are original, but display the same general characteristics . . . The common employment of folk-songs dates from the Symphony in D major (1762) to the Salomon Symphonies of 1795; they

find their way into everything—hymns, quartets, divertimenti; not, of course, because Haydn had any need to take them, but because he loved them too well to leave them out.

This last sentence touches upon a belief dear to my heart. Not unless the soul of the creative artist understands and loves the spirit of the people, can he be truly great.

The short composition known as the Austrian Hymn affords a fine example of Haydn's methods. The first fourteen notes of the hymn are taken verbatim from a Croatian folk-song. Then follows an elaboration, an extension, of the fundamental folk-thought. The noble elements in the original tune are seized upon and wonderfully set forth by the genius of Haydn, while the trivial elements are left to sink of their own weight into oblivion. In fact this composition, short as it is, sets forth the relation of the great creative artist to the Folk very clearly. The Folk contribute the inspiration, the artist, the genius; and the result lights, cheers and elevates the heart of the million.

The case of Haydn is certainly curious and unique when we consider that by his methods with relation to folk-melody and the spirit of the Folk he anticipated the procedure of the national schools by some 75 or 100 years.

After Haydn came Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, no one of whom habitually made use of folk-melody as thematic material, as did Haydn, yet the compositions of all these composers evince a marked progress in folk-spirit expression. Many of their melodies are so rich in human feeling and are so nearly in the folk-idiom that they have been taken to the heart of the people as their own and in our day have practically become folk-songs. Beethoven certainly did not make use of German folk-songs as thematic material, but on the other hand he is regarded as the great one who flung wide the doors, giving expression to fundamental human emotion, and making of music an art for the people rather than an art of the schools.

In Weber the spirit of the people again found pure and spontaneous expression. Not that he actually used folk-melodies, but he expressed the naïve aspect of the folk-spirit with so much unaffected charm that much of his music seems to come directly from the people's own heart. Think of the lovely "volkstümliche" melodies in "Der Freischütz," in "Euryanthe," and many another of Weber's compositions. Weber's son in the biography of his father says: "Weber did not *compose* 'Der Freischütz'; he allowed it to grow out of the rich soil of his brave German heart, and to expand leaf by leaf, blossom by blossom, trained, tendered

and fostered by the hand of his talent." Beethoven may be said to express the mighty and heroic aspects of the great Folk-spirit; Weber, its tender and charming qualities. After Beethoven and Weber never again was it possible for music to be written which completely ignored the "People." They had at length unlocked the treasure-house—the great spirit of the Folk—and thrown the key away.

Instances among the German composers of the verbatim use of a folk-tune as thematic material are indeed somewhat rare; especially when considered in relation to the great extent of German art-music produced during the nineteenth century. Of course there are numerous well-known instances such as the use of the "Grossvaterlied" by Bach, Spohr, and Schumann; the latter's overture on the "Rheinweinlied," Brahms' "Akademische Festoverture," etc., but they are sporadic rather than usual. The art-music of Germany as a whole does not present the spectacle of a developed art woven from the actual melodic strands of folk-music (as is the case in many other countries) but on the other hand no thoughtful person can fail to perceive the immense influence which the folk-music has had upon it during its last hundred years of development. It has been the spirit of the Folk rather than the letter of the folk-music which has had a happy strengthening and broadening effect upon the art-music of Germany.

The first distinctly national poet-in-music of the 19th century, who made both literal and germinative use of the folk-music of his country, was Frédéric Chopin. He himself tells us how early and how powerfully he was affected by the songs and folk-dances of his native Poland. He soon realized that he was born to be the musical voice of his native land. The national melodies, rhythms, and stately dance forms of Poland find a natural and spontaneous expression in his marvellous compositions. The heart of this great artist may be truly said to be an Aeolian harp breathed upon by the soul of a People.

Mr. Hadow tells us that as a boy Chopin was fond of "collecting and studying the folk-songs which he heard at harvest field or market or village festival; they supplied him with his first models, and in some cases with his first themes as well." After some interesting comment upon the fact as stated above he calls attention to the simple, direct, and folk-like quality of most of Chopin's themes, thus showing that even when Chopin was not indebted to the letter of folk-music he caught and expressed its spirit.

Franz Liszt, in his *Life of Chopin*, (which is a rhapsody on the genius of Chopin rather than a biography) says concerning the Polish folk-melodies and their influence upon Chopin's art:

Such inspirations were used by Chopin in the most happy manner, and greatly enriched with the treasures of his handling and style. Cutting these diamonds so as to present a thousand facets, he brought all their latent fire to light, and re-uniting even their glittering dust, he mounted them in gorgeous caskets. Indeed, what settings could he have chosen better adapted to enhance the value of his early recollections, or which would have given him more efficient aid in creating poems, in arranging scenes, in depicting episodes, in producing romances? Such associations and national memories are indebted to him for a reign far more extensive than the land which gave them birth. Placing them among those idealized types which art has touched and consecrated with her resplendent lustre, he has gifted them with immortality.

It was largely Chopin's example which turned the conscious attention of the composers of the latter half of the 19th century to the serious study and contemplation of the folk-music of their native countries. The result was the discovery on all sides of the rich mines of inspiration in the folk-melodies of the different peoples, and the consequent rise and rapid development of the various national schools.

The story of Grieg, who after his schooling in Germany turned his back upon the academies and set his face to the north with the determination in his heart that the folk-spirit of his Norwegian people should receive adequate artistic expression—all this is well known; it has been told many times. And it is also easily seen how wonderfully the inspiration of the folk-spirit has rewarded the devotion of the artist. Grieg has used Norwegian melodies (*verbatim*) as themes in the second *Humoreske*, Op. 6; in the first number of "*Aus dem Volksleben*," Op. 19; in the *Ballade*, Op. 24; in the *Improvisata*, Op. 29, in all four of the *Norwegian Dances*, Op. 35, and in other compositions. But more important than an exact list of the compositions in which Grieg has used folk-themes, and more illuminating to our present inquiry is a comparison of Grieg's original melodies *in toto* with the great mass of recorded Norwegian folk-music. It is impossible not to perceive the strong family resemblance. We immediately feel that Grieg's work as it stands could not possibly have come into existence without the background of Norwegian folk-music. The very turn and idiom of his melodic utterance is dictated by these peasant tunes. Grieg, as artist, is indeed a

true son of his mother, i. e., the piercingly sweet, wild and wintry folk-spirit of Norway.

In the other countries the national awakening in music has been of a similar nature, but has attained to much broader proportions. The rise of the modern Russian school, for instance, is one of the most brilliant examples. The folk-spirit in Russia was practically discovered in music by Glinka. He it was who (probably) first introduced melodies of the people into art-music in his opera "Life to the Czar" (1836). And after him came a brilliant list of names—Dargomizsky, Moussourgsky, Borodine, Balakirev, Tchaikovski, Rimsky-Korsakov, and others, all national composers: all devoted to the expression of the Slavic folk-spirit in music.

It is a significant fact that Tchaikovski, the greatest of the modern Russian composers, has used Russian folk-tunes verbatim, to a large extent, and even when he has not done so, has usually been influenced in the originating of his themes by certain melodic and rhythmic hints which the folk-songs have given him. For instance, Kashkin remarks of the Second Symphony, "It may be called the 'Little Russian' symphony because its chief themes are little Russian folk-songs." In the introduction of this symphony the well-known song "Down by Mother Volga" is used as thematic material, and the finale is largely developed from the folk-song "The Crane." Tchaikovski's Opus 1, in fact, (a Russian Scherzo) was built upon a Little Russian folk-song. We are all familiar with the touching and eloquent Andante in the string quartet, Op. 11. This was developed from a folk-song which Tchaikovski himself collected at Kamenka in the summer of 1869. In the pianoforte concerto in B \flat minor, Op. 23, the principal subject of the first movement is also based upon folk-material collected at Kamenka. According to Modeste Tchaikovski it is based on a phrase sung by the "blind beggars." Then there is the fourth symphony, the finale of which has for second theme a most characteristic folk-tune; and the andante of which is said to be based on a Volga boatman's song. Finally I must mention the Marche Slav, as the first theme is a splendid example of the development by a great artist, from a folk-song germ, a theme of true power and significance. The original tune is a Serbian melody and is to be found in "Songs of the Southern Slavs" by Fr. von Kuhač. While it contains the melodic elements from which Tchaikovski constructed his theme, it is interesting to note how the great artist has amplified and extended the melodic particles and finally produced a noble melody without

losing touch with the folk-spirit which inspired it. The original tune, and the first section of the theme of the *Marche Slav*, are here given.

Serbian folk-tune

From Tchaikovski's "Marche Slav"

Brodine's works are simply saturated with the folk-melody spirit. In "Prince Igor," in the symphonies, and in the "Stepenskizze" we find folk-tunes used in all three manners, and the folk-spirit expressed unerringly. According to a certain French admirer his spontaneous nationalism "exuded from every pore."

Moussorgsky—brought up in the country—derived his first musical impressions from the folk-songs of the peasants, which so deeply entered his youthful soul as to influence the whole of his subsequent musical life. M. Montagu-Nathan in his *History of Russian music* says:

Moussorgsky's devotion to the people is clearly exemplified in his two operas, in which, as has often been remarked, the people are the protagonists as far as the actual dramatic content is concerned, and their importance is musically signified by the abundant employment of folk-song and folk-lore.

So dependent, in fact, did Moussorgsky become on folk-melody and folk-rhythm for his thematic bases that Calvocoressi feels it necessary to justify the practice by saying in effect: this is not to be considered "a defect"—but the "choice of a folk-theme peculiarly adapted to that which he would express is in itself equal to creation."

Then there is Rimsky-Korsakov, perhaps the greatest nationalist that Russia has known. He firmly upheld the proposition of Glinka "that the nation must be considered as 'creator'

and the composer rather as 'arranger' of the popular contribution.' Folk-themes are to be found in his "Fantasie, Op. 6," in "La Pskovitainc," "Antar," "Sinfonietta, Op. 31," "La Grande Paque Russe" and in many others of his compositions. Practically all of his work is simply instinct with the spirit of raciality.

Stravinsky—Russia's last word—is a fine example of the third manner of using the folk-song in musical composition, i. e., not of letting the actual notes appear, but permitting the spirit to be apparent. Such works as "The Firebird" simply breathe the spirit and fantasy of the Russian Folk. In "Petrouchka" also, the vigorous use of primitive rhythms and the charming and folk-like quality of some of the melodies leave no doubt as to the source of his inspiration. I do not know whether these tunes are folk-melodies or not, they sound as if they were; and surely some of these dance pieces in "Petrouchka" express the merry and light-hearted aspect of the folk-spirit most convincingly and artistically.

Turning now to Bohemia, another Slavic country of world-musical importance, we find an equally clear case of the direct development of a strong and virile musical art from the songs of the people. Bohemia is the country of Smetana and Dvořák, certainly world figures in music. Both are distinctively national composers and the record is clear that the minds of both were fed and nourished from the deep springs of native folk-music. Em. Chwala in his "Ein Vierteljahrhundert Böhmischer Musik" has eloquently, and with much sympathy, described the process by which the modern school of Bohemian Art-Music has been developed from the racy spirit of the Bohemian folk-music.

Smetana said: "Bohemia should cut her corner-stone from her own quarries, and build her art on the peasant tunes," and certainly his works are living witnesses that he conscientiously practiced what he preached. He both used the unadulterated peasant tunes, and original tunes composed in the same style, as themes. In his first opera "Die Brandenburger in Böhmen" a liberal use is made of the actual native folk-tunes, and it owed its great success largely to this fact. In his opera "Das Geheimniss" occur many instances of the third manner in which folk-music may affect art-music without the verbatim quotation of the actual folk-song. The melodies in this work are to such a large degree of folk-line quality that there can exist no doubt in the mind of the hearer as to the source of the composer's inspiration.

One of Smetana's early desires was to idealize the Polka (a dance of Bohemian origin) and to do for it artistically what Chopin had done for the Mazurka. He made many experiments toward this end, the best of which is undoubtedly the "polka" movement in "Aus meinem Leben." In "Tabor," in "Aus Böhmens Flur und Hain" (the finale of which is described by Wellek as "an apotheosis of Bohemian folk-song) and in many others of his purely instrumental works the same blood flows, the same heart beats, as in the songs of the Bohemian people. In fact Smetana was distinctively national almost to the point of self-limitation.

Dvořák, to my mind a greater composer, was a pupil of Smetana, and an inheritor of his ideals. Possessed of a genius by turns rugged, fiery, and delicate, he is a well-nigh perfect example of a national composer. Who does not know and value the "Slavonic Dances," the "Rhapsodies," the "Symphonies," the detached concert pieces, largely founded on, or developed from, folk-rhythms, folk-dances, folk-melodic particles and filled with the characteristics of the Bohemian folk-spirit. In particular the "Hussitska" overture must be mentioned. This is founded on a genuine folk-song—a battle song of the Hussite wars—and from this germ Dvořák has created a masterpiece. In an attempt at a just appreciation of Smetana and Dvořák Mr. Hadow pertinently remarks: "Smetana came first into the field; it was his work to gather the stones and to lay the foundation. Dvořák followed him, and began, with the same materials, to raise a superstructure."

It is not a very long journey from Bohemia to Hungary, and when one thinks of the latter country one's thoughts immediately turn to Franz Liszt and his Hungarian Rhapsodies. In spite of Liszt's cosmopolitan life, in spite of his de-Hungarianization of himself in favor of the German, the Magyar nobility, the Gipsy wildness were still in him calling for expression, and must out in spite of himself. Witness his essay of 350 pages or more on "The Gipsies and their music in Hungary." Witness his 15 Hungarian Rhapsodies. Liszt well knew the potency and value of folk-music, of folk-rhythms, songs, dances, melodies. He uses folk-material in "Tasso," in "Mazeppa," in "The Battle of the Huns," in the "Hungarian Coronation Mass," even in the oratorio of "St. Elizabeth;" but it is in the Hungarian Rhapsodies (built upon genuine Hungarian-Gipsy dance tunes) that the folk-soul receives its most complete, irresistible and convincing expression. And let it be said in passing that the "Rhapsodies" bid fair to be the compositions upon which Liszt's fame as a composer may

ultimately rest. At any rate there is no doubt that they will live longer than many of Liszt's far more pretentious and ambitious works, and this I believe will be so on account of the ever youthful and vigorous folk-spirit with which they are filled.

In the 18th century, in Spain, there lived a thinker, by name Antonio Eximeneo. He was a philosophical and revolutionary writer on music. Not only did he urge certain reforms of opera, certain theories of Music Drama which were later realized by Gluck and Wagner, but he declared that "every country should base its music on the melodies of the people." Eximeneo died in 1798 and it was not until the latter part of the 19th century (nearly a hundred years later) that the Spanish composers began to take his words seriously and to aim definitely at the creation of a truly national school.

Felipe Pedrell is the "grand old man" of this movement. Not only has he written a pamphlet outlining his ideals ("Por Nuestra Musica") but he has given abundant expression to his principles in numerous musical works. Chief among these is the trilogy "Los Pirineos," based upon the poem by Victor Balaguer. It is partly a historical, partly a mystical celebration of the glories of ancient Spain; an invocation to the slumbering spirit of *Patria*. Pedrell derives his fundamental musical inspiration for this work from two distinct sources. The first is the austere and elevated character of the liturgical chants of the old school of Spanish church composers. This side of his work may be termed musical archæology. For instance, the motive of the "power of Rome" in "Los Pirineos" is built upon a harmonic progression much in use among the contemporaries of Thomas Luis de Victoria. The other source is the popular song, the song of the people, the folk-song. Now in Spain there are two principal species of folk-song. The Catalanian, and the Mauresque. Pedrell has used both of these species in the music of "Los Pirineos" and has used them both with a due appreciation of their historical significance. In "Por Nuestra Musica" he says in effect:

Before the composer of to-day lie a wealth of forms which the admirable development of the musical art, during the last centuries, has furnished to him. It is now for him to make himself master of the folk-melodies as themes to assimilate them, to amplify them magnificently. The national lyrical drama shall then ultimately be an apotheosis of folk-melody.

With Pedrell should be mentioned Millet, Olmeda (equally renowned as folk-lorist and composer) and Albeniz, the only one of this school who has been thus far honored with a world-wide

celebrity. The compositions of Albeniz are to the musical folklore of Spain as fruit to flower. They are the artistic fulfillment of the very spirit of these folk-melodies.

In Italy the distinction between folk-music and art-music is by no means so apparent as it is in other countries. The graceful character of the people's melody is imitated by the composers of opera, and the operatic melodies in turn become the songs of the people.

The music of France, however, offers a curious blending of styles, inasmuch as two separate and distinct kinds have developed within the last hundred years. The French are pre-eminently a theatrical people. Their natural avenue of expression is the drama, the opera, the pantomime, the musical comedy, etc. For the first seventy-five years of the nineteenth century this music of the theatre faithfully expressed the French folk-spirit, even to the point sometimes of introducing an actual folk-song note for note, as in Bizet's "L'Arlesienne." But in the last thirty years or so, there has arisen a new school of French composers—individual-erotic-eccentric-somewhat artificial—and having little to do with, or concern for, the folk-spirit. But inasmuch as these modern French composers have ignored the sustaining inspiration of the folk-spirit, inasmuch as they have in the pursuit of their fascinating individualities, somewhat lost sight of their fundamental relation to the race, do I believe that a large proportion of their music is destined to but a short life. M. Vincent d'Indy, indeed, the most thoughtful of the modern group, realizes the danger of artificiality and himself declares that he listens ardently to the "cry of the earth," as he eloquently calls it. Such a work as his Symphony on a mountain air, which consists of various treatments of a most beautiful folk-song, attests to the sincerity of his protestations. But M. d'Indy, in his "Cours de Composition musicale" states his belief that folk-songs are derived from liturgical chants, in support of which he declares that during the middle ages the music of the church was the only music which the "people" heard and that it was most natural that they should strive to imitate it and to adapt it to their own purposes. He, in fact, makes the statement: "The 'People' are in no sense creator; they are on the contrary a marvellous adapter." This utterance contrasts strangely with the dictum of Glinka, already quoted, to the effect that "the nation must be considered as 'creator' and the composer rather as 'arranger.'" Personally I believe that Glinka in his utterance has struck more nearly to the heart of truth than has M. d'Indy.

Taking a bird's-eye view of the art of music as it has developed and blossomed forth within the last two centuries, it seems to have gradually awakened from a long, scholastic and somewhat artificial sleep. Composers seem to sing more from their hearts—to express more fundamental human emotions. Hence their music seems to have a broader and more powerful appeal than of yore. This I believe to be due to the gradual introduction and expression of the ever vital folk-spirit. Thus saith the seer, Richard Wagner: "The folk-element has forever been the fructifying source of all Art—as long as (free from all intellectualism) it can raise itself in spontaneous ascending growth to the height of an Art-work."

III.

To express his emotion by means of "song" or vocal utterance of some kind is a most primitive trait of the human being. Almost without exception the testimony of discoverers and explorers establishes the fact that there is no race of savages, however primitive, which does not possess some rudimentary form of musical expression. Now it is a universally accepted theory that the study of primitive man as he exists in various parts of the earth at present will afford us a more or less truthful picture of the actual condition and status of development of our own remote ancestors. The primitive cries of joy, wails of sorrow, or shouts of triumph which have been heard, noted, or told about by the early explorers should therefore possess a unique interest for us as being the very ancestors of our own folk-songs. (Darwin, indeed, tells of one of the man-like apes—the gibbon—which possesses a musical voice an octave in compass and which may fairly be said to sing).

In consideration of the foregoing we are safe in concluding that at no period of his development has man been altogether songless. His primitive vocal utterances have undoubtedly expressed or reflected his fundamental emotions, have been of a piece with his rough life and have been limited in their musical structure by the co-existent development of his intellect. And they have undoubtedly been expressive of "group" emotions or emotions shared by a large number of persons rather than the emotional expressions of single individuals. The individual as creative artist had not yet arisen. The first song-germs—archæologically considered—were therefore, in effect, real folk-songs—songs of the folk—and inasmuch as they arose among a particular tribe or race-group, were they expressive of the emotional

characteristics and general quality of intellectual development of that particular group.

Externally these primitive songs probably bore very little resemblance to what we at the present day term folk-songs. As the race has progressed by very gradual steps from the condition of absolute barbarism, its style of musical expression has naturally changed in conformity with its advancement. But the principle of "group" musical expression—the folk-song principle—is as old as the hills and has been operative, I believe, just as long as there have been human beings. To put the matter in a nutshell: humanity has always had folk-song, or something equivalent to it; the songs of the different groups of humanity have faithfully reflected the differences in character of these different groups.

I also believe that when through accident or otherwise a song originating with one group was appropriated by another group, this very song, by a process of unconscious adaptation, came in time to reflect the character of the group which had adopted it. A striking instance of the occurrence of this thing in modern times is the treatment given to the Hungarian melodies by the Gipsies. The Gipsies have practically adopted the Hungarian melodies as their own, but with what a wealth of ornament, with what langorous and Oriental grace have they clothed them!

The primitive musical utterances of a primitive people began to assume by very slow degrees more and more definite and organic forms, more power of expression, more subtle distinctions of musical character from the musical utterances of other primitive peoples. At length that which was worthy to be called "song" was born. In the evolutionary process this effect of "song" was naturally arrived at by the continuous interaction of the superior musical individual and the conservative spirit of the tribe. This superior musical individual was the germinal prototype of the musical genius—the composer—and the "song" was folk-song.

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The "genius" is born of the people. The people in turn are led by the "genius." These two are mutually dependent. The one is body, the other brain. The brain directs the body, but in turn is dependent on the body for its very life. In plain language, the people must have leaders. Individuals who see ahead and by the flashing of their intelligence light up the path of progress for the mass. This kind of individual is a seer or "genius"

and is a specialized organ of the "people," even as the eye is a specialized organ of the body. It follows that as the "people" cannot get along without the "genius," so the "genius" cannot get along without the "people." That is to say, the people cannot progress or go forward without a captain, but this captain in his turn must speak a language not too difficult for the people to understand. He must not only tell of the new things which he sees, but must so tell it that the people may get the message. Otherwise he is not a success as a captain.

On the most obvious plane these leaders are discoverers, explorers, or generals; those who discover new lands, as Columbus; those who explore virgin territory, as La Salle; or those who by force of conquest acquire new domains, as Washington. Or these leaders may be captains of industry, industrial or railroad organizers, financiers, or any one in our every-day life who has brought forward a new and valuable idea making for the betterment of our lives. Closely related to these are the inventors, those who by their inventions contribute to the comfort, the economy and the efficiency of our lives. Lastly there are those discoverers, inventors, revealers of unknown beauties of thought, of idea, of sound, color, and form: the authors, poets, sculptors, painters, and composers. These are the highest incarnation of the principle of "genius" and their greatest works are indeed as beacon lights to humanity. Their true type is "Prometheus," who stole fire from the gods and brought it to men. These ideal heaven-stormers do indeed bring sparks of the divine fire in answer to the needs of humanity, and, alas but too frequently, like Prometheus, call down upon them the wrath of the gods for so doing.

So we see that the individual, even though he be that individual who leads the people, is himself sprung from the people, and if his works are to contain the quality of greatness, or enduring significance, he must not separate himself entirely from the people. The individual even tho' he be a genius has his roots, both physical and spiritual, in the soil of the Folk. He is like a tree which springs from the soil of the earth, which spreads its branches and leaves in ever new and individual forms; yet draws its elements of strength, its possibilities of life, from the earth from which it springs. So with the creative artist. His work may be ever so individual, original and interesting, but unless it also has in it some of the spirit of the folk from which he himself came, it is insignificant and destined to a short and shadowy existence. For a creative artist to separate himself entirely from the spirit of the Folk, to produce works having absolutely no folk-elements

in them, would be like chopping a tree down, severing its connection with the earth, and then expect it to go on living. In a word, no artist can attain to greatness who loses all connection with his people. It is the spirit of the "People" that furnishes him with the very fundamentals of his greatness.



The art of music is a child of the Church. For the first thousand years of its history the Church drew to itself and employed in its service practically all of the greatest intellects and talents in Western Europe. So great and all-powerful was the influence of the Church that secular thought and expression were practically non-existent. The arts, particularly architecture, painting and music, were the most powerful organs of Religion. Architecture found its flowering in the cathedral; Painting, in religious pictures, and Biblical scenes, while the Art of Music was naturally devoted to the service of its mother. Its very forms and methods of expression were prescribed by sacred ritual and as an art it had no recorded existence apart from the Church.

Where all this time was the spirit of the Folk? It was doubtless alive, but disregarded. For the generations of creative artists brought up and trained in the service of a remote and magic mysticism had not as yet dreamed of the larger and more fundamental service that awaited them: the service of the Folk-spirit. It was thus the spirit of the Church and not that of the People which found expression in early art-music.

Although the Church itself was largely a creation of the folk-spirit, it had gradually through a thousand years withdrawn itself farther and farther from that spirit; it had detached itself by imperceptible degrees from the life of the Folk, until it finally stood by itself upon an almost inaccessible height of awe-inspiring mysticism and authority. All in regard to the church was considered *sacred*. All that expressed the folk-spirit was considered *profane*.

At length, however, there arose great protests on the part of the Folk-spirit. Struggles to be free of the mystic dominion of the church. That culminating in the 15th century was definitely artistic (the Renaissance); that occurring in the 16th century was definitely moral (the Reformation). Both of these movements had a great subsequent effect upon the secularization, the liberation, of the arts, and particularly Music. The subsequent centuries down to the present show a gradual loss of the *sacred*

character of music and a gradual increase of its humanly expressive character. For some time after the Renaissance music continued to reflect medieval *sacred* influences. Secular music did not get a fair start as an art *different from that of the Church* until after the definite rise of purely instrumental art-music about the close of the 16th century.

Many instances could be cited in which old church composers have used folk-melodies in their compositions. But their manner of using them has been with no regard for their essential "folk"-quality. They have been used rather as a "cantus firmus" around which to build a structure of counterpoint in the old church style. The inherent quality of the theme has in most instances been entirely ignored by them, the rhythm frequently altered; and the melody thereby drawn all out of its original form; and well-nigh indistinguishable by the listener, unless pointed out to him by a scholar in music.

In the fifteenth century indeed we find that many Masses were composed by Dufay, Josquin and others with certain alleged folk-melodies as a basis. The most celebrated melodies of this nature which were so used were "L'Homme armé," "Se la face ay pale," "Adieu mes amours," "Des rouges nez" and others. These melodies are hardly to be classed as true folk-melodies, inasmuch as they more strongly reflect the influence of the church modes, than express the spirit of the folk. It is interesting to note, however, that this budding tendency in the art of music to identify itself more nearly with the spirit of the Folk was at that time regarded simply as profanation. However, the introduction of these melodies did not seriously affect the liturgical character of the music, as in most instances it would certainly take the alleged acumen of the traditional Philadelphia attorney to discover that they were there at all.

Even as early as the thirteenth century it was somewhat the custom among composers to introduce folk-melodies into their compositions in contrapuntal combination with church hymns or Gregorian Chants. In the Codex of Montpellier (circa 1250) there is an example of this by an anonymous composer, the folk-song "He mi enfant" being made use of in the above-mentioned manner. It is almost needless to say, however, that the resulting composition has most successfully neutralized the folk-quality of the original folk-song.

About this time (1250), however, there occurred what has since become one of the "historical mysteries" of music. This was the composition of "Sumer is icumen in," a three part canon,

by the English monk John of Fornsete. The melody of this little piece is quite charming, full of folk-character and simple human feeling. Even at this distance of time, it sounds pleasant to us, and is as it were a breath of the folk-spirit which never really dies. But this is almost a solitary instance. The compositions of Adam de la Hale, the most distinguished contemporary of John of Fornsete, are to my mind somewhat intellectually ugly in comparison.

But the introduction of the folk-element into art music, the folk-melodies and peoples dance rhythms, with a true appreciation of their racy and suggestive character, did not take place until the 16th and 17th centuries. Even then these folk-strains were introduced by composers more as interesting exotics, as curiosities, rather than with a desire to develop them for their own sake. They were introduced as bits of color, as bases of contrast, as piquant elements of variety. Their spiritual and suggestive aspect as a basis of inspiration was completely overlooked. It was really not until the 19th century that the People came into their own as regards the art of music.

It was a long and gradual journey from the remote heights of religious mysticism to the spirit of the Folk. But our day sees it accomplished. The art of music becoming through the centuries even more humanly expressive, has finally lost its recondite and artificial character and has received in its stead the inspiration of the Folk-spirit. So to-day we see national schools on every hand. There is German music, French music, Russian music, Italian music, etc., each having its distinctive race character, and being a triumphant expression of a certain Folk-spirit.

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We have now examined somewhat the natural history of folk-song; have in fancy been present at its birth; have realized its true relation to the Folk. We have also seen the necessary relation existing between a great man and his People. How the "genius" must lead the people and yet draw his inspiration from them. We have briefly traced the gradual emancipation of the art of music from the service of the Church to the service of the various Folk-spirits. Finally I would speak of America and of what we may expect when it comes to pass that we have a musical art of our own which shall express us in distinction to any other people.

The immediate future of American music and native culture generally certainly looks pretty dark. The majority of the

various peoples who have in part migrated from Europe have for the moment largely forgotten their culture, their poetry, their art, and their popular ideals generally. All this they have left behind and in coming to a place where there exists no native cultural life; in which the very idea of culture (at least among the people) is a laughing stock, they have soon degenerated, have been swept along by the irresistible power of their new surroundings and have enthusiastically embraced the life and pleasures of the new land. This much vaunted American liberty is very largely mere license, and the life of the people one of conceited and sophisticated ignorance. Their pleasures and occupations (when not making money) are of the most unrefined sort; a perfect merry-go-round of vulgarity.

But I am convinced that this condition will not always endure. It is highly improbable that all the immigrants coming to our shores shall forget forever all of their folk-poetry, their traditional virtues, their naïve and expressive folk-songs. Indeed, the better class of these transplanted peoples have brought much of their refinement and traditional folk-culture with them, as witness the German choral societies with every now and then a great "Saengerfest." These fragments of different folk-consciousnesses, with their different folk-poetic and folk-musical contributions, will eventually coalesce and form a folk-consciousness in this country; from which soil, and nourished by these elements, the real American music shall eventually arise. But this is no imminent thing. I am looking now far into the future—say one or two hundred years.

There is much music being written to-day in America. But by far the larger part of it is imitative. And it is imitative of the developed musical art of Europe. The "Musics" of the different races in Europe have, especially in the 19th century, been developed, fed, and invigorated by the Folk-spirits of those races. Even with the great background of these Folk-spirits certain schools of art-music have become needlessly artificial, lifeless, and suffused with an aggressive and impudent intellectualism. This is bad enough, but when now in America our composers imitate those already moribund compositions it is still worse. It is like an imitation of an imitation twice removed from the source of life.

This condition arises, I conceive, from the fact that we have not as yet a fundamental, strong, and definite folk-spirit here in America. What folk-spirit there is, is at present nearly all commercial and I regret to say jingoistic. A far different spirit from that on which the National schools of Europe are founded. But until we do have a fundamental folk-consciousness of a

quasi aesthetic character in America, our composers will naturally turn to Europe for models, and inasmuch as they do this will their work be non-significant in the founding of an American school of music.

It seems not only just but extremely probable that the future edifice of American art-music will rest upon the substratum of European folk-music. Not that it will be developed from any particular racial style, but like our population will draw elements of strength and vitality from many sources. The melodies, the themes, the magnificent curves of musical beauty which shall yet appear in American music when it comes to pass that our music really expresses the spirit of America;—these melodies will, I believe, contain many an echo of the folk-music of the different European races. The rugged character of the northern strains; the graceful beauty of southern songs; the piquancy and delicacy of French folk-music; weird and seductive Russian dances; the comfortable and home-loving songs of the Germans; all these and more shall form the compost from which broad, sweeping and torrential American melodies shall be composed.

And this thing will naturally happen; for art, and culture generally, is a growth, a mysterious becoming, something which eventually arises one knows not how, and whose sources are of a secret, hidden and mystic nature.

The Art of a race arises and speaks of that particular race consciousness quite independently of the will to make it do so. We cannot compose a piece of German music by consciously making use of German folk-songs, or a piece of Spanish music by consciously using Spanish folk-tunes. But inasmuch as the individual composer is guided and ruled by the spirit which made the folk-songs does he compose Spanish or German music. Therefore we should not hope to create American music by consciously using as thematic material the folk-songs of the different races, but I claim that echoes, and reflections of the racial spirits shadowed forth by all the various folk-songs will be present in the future American music when it actually comes to be written.

The folk-songs of a race, often born in sorrow, and cherished with love through hundreds of years, become at length an integral part of the race consciousness and are well-nigh inseparable from it. America is not merely an association of persons, but also a mixture of race consciousnesses. These latter are, however, ever tending toward an amalgam, a union, which shall ultimately be dominated, it is true, by American ideals, but which shall yet retain in its complete flowering, elements of strength, beauty and

culture derived from each of the race consciousnesses which have entered into its formation. The future complete America will, I believe, have seized from each of the older races its particular and essential contribution of character to the commonwealth of the world, and the combination resulting therefrom will form the rich soil from which new and glorious art shall spring.

Now in the realm of the tone-art what music is it that most faithfully and sincerely reflects the spirit of a people? Surely the Folk-songs of that people. Also their Art-music, inasmuch as it is in accord with, and an extension of, the spirit of their Folk-songs. If this is accepted as true, then it seems perfectly obvious that our coming American music will—perhaps not be built upon—but will contain and reflect elements derived from all the folk-songs of the various races—fused together by the new and all-powerful element denominated American spirit: a mood of fundamental optimism and heroic valor; a will of accomplishment, laughing at death. For America is surely the largest adventure of Humanity in recent times. Humanity, Antæus-like, has here again touched the mother-earth of primal conditions, from which she is ultimately destined to arise filled with new strength and virility.

ON FRIENDSHIP

By KATHARINE SCHERMERHORN OLIVER

Measured against the frailties and exposures of humanity, what a friend a piano is after all! Taken in its own right it claims attention—always ready to fit in to your mood without intruding more of its own personality than time and usage have made obvious, always calm, strong, and helpful. In return for a thousand voicings of your despair, helplessness, solemnity, humor, joy, it asks nothing. The self-effacement of my piano makes me long to push it out in the air, to give it a view of the blowaway tree that it just misses,—to perform any of the hundred attentions that you would give to a friend that couldn't move about. I could dust indefinitely that my piano should have a shining morning face. And I count the man inhuman and no musician who will pile his bound Beethoven sonatas, hymnals and opera scores upon his aching piano's back. There is the slightest excuse if he pleads warmth, but he must have heard of velvet. And surely he should consider sound waves. But perhaps he has no right to have a piano. So many people haven't, and so many people own them. They are (Heaven help that piano's pride!) for the children to practice on; or, and I can scarcely bring myself to write it, they are for "looks." Now the soul of a piano with its depths and shadows and subtleties is no light thing to trifle with. It can be approached gently and treated intelligently, and presently with shy eyes but abounding enthusiasm it will spring to you to be your willing friend on all except perhaps rainy days. It has the reviled and coveted and misquoted artistic temperament. As a salient characteristic of the latter, the weather affects its soul along with its body. A cold will cause the loss of all its sunny serenity of mind. But each piano is different—it is ignorant to generalize.

I remember when our first Steinway grand came. The family, losing individual acumen when together, thought and talked in chorus. With the expressman—the servant of the new visitor—still there, with traveling togs and gear about its heels, they pushed and prodded me to "try it." And I would not. I am pleased to this day when I recall the fact that I did not touch the keys at all, but slipped away behind taller figures. A second later I heard a Chopin waltz crashing out, and fled farther away in distress, feeling for the piano. Late that night when the family were interested in other things I made my way to the high bench and clambered up; and there in the calm of order and

decency I played "Der Dichter Spricht" of the Kinderscenen. And I felt rewarded. Those liquid pure tones assured me that I had done well, and that when I asked I should have balm for the soul and peace to the mind. When I leave my piano in these later days I play "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," but when I return to it Schumann's perfect notes assure me of usefulness in life and joy in living it.

Not every piano will so respond. There is the old square piano in the country where we sometimes go to see our great grand-mother's home. It is a very dear friend, but old and tired and can not help grumbling a little. You have to treat it very gently and quickly. It likes best the Grieg "Spring Song" and "Anitra's Tanz" or something tinkling and imitative like the de Sévèrac "Dancing Doll on the Music Box." You must amuse it, and so it can only receive a short visit each day; for one can not be always amusing. It is too bad that it is getting childish, but the pride that came into being with the consciousness of development in usefulness and subtlety over its ancestors is not lost. I don't mean to say that those who had gone before were not honored. You can not see an ancient spinet or clavichord to-day, weak, tinkling, discouraged as they are at often being locked up in cases devoid from companionship and expression, without knowing that some of their pride is still there and fed by the honor given them by every piano created since. They scorn indeed these "nouveau riche" clavichords, gold and white affairs with mottos like "La Douceur fait plus que la Violence," that Chickering assures you are exact imitations. Imitations indeed—that is the word that hurts. The real clavichords remember their old days under sunny Italian skies before Cristofori ever lived, when black-eyed musicians, and ladies in satins and pearls, rippled arias across their ivory keys. Or they think perhaps of some French court where they stood in state, rich in gold and gay pictures on their backs, of ladies reclining beneath feathery trees, while in golden candlelight Couperin, or better still Rameau, ran his supple fingers across their keys in a dozen variations on a given theme.

But all of us do not appreciate family trees. I've met many a piano—complaining, loud, truly almost vulgar—that I will wager never guessed at a French court or a piano before itself for that matter. Such a piano has no right indeed to the family name, suggested, they say, since the liquid ripples that came from the first of the line reminded Cristofori or some other old Italian of that tinkling stream between Menagio and Porlezza

that is called the Piano. And since the little stream only told half of the story, the name became Pianoforte. No, the bourgeoisie, the middle-class pianos can better boast their Christian appellations. One can grant them a quota of legitimate pride when they are put next to the masses, the unthinking, the pianolas. Only their scorn had best lie unexpressed—that lion of the populace, the Welte-Mignon is a radical of no meagre pretensions.

But it is a detached, abstracted radical—and such a one can never win the heart of the people. If you have seen Harold Bauer walk up to his piano and lay his hands on it, you will know how he loves it. And Paderewski, too, in a more domineering way. He will not tolerate a draft or a speck of dust on his. And Percy Grainger just enfolds his piano with a halo of sunshine. Most of these artists always take their own pianos about with them. I have often wanted to be great, that I might take mine on a trip and give it the honor that it deserves. As it is, I can only keep it well dusted and surrounded with glowing pictures and flowers. Perhaps love for it, perhaps jealousy, perhaps just interest in making friends makes me long to know every piano that I see. If you do not play you will never know the agony of sitting in a room where people are saying stupid things while you are longing to know the piano. If they would leave, if you could outstay them, if you could get up and play—but you do not want to play for them. If they ask you it is a slight relief, unless you do not feel like playing, which they can not understand; or unless they say: "I hope you will excuse the piano, it is rather out of tune, or very old." Very old, you can bear best—some old people are very fascinating—but out of tune, out of its mind! oh! heavens, would they take you to an asylum to meet some friends? Do they think you have no feelings of pity and personal pride? Ah, but you are glad to come home to your own piano. No matter how many small sisters have been "doing Czerny" and small brothers stumbling at one finger bugle-calls, it will answer to your need. It will melt into some intimate Brahms intermezzo or Scriabine nocturne. It will give you the brilliance of Chopin, the honesty of Bach, or the glorious strength of César Franck. If we know our pianos and love them, and feel with them—what divine melodies shall we not find for ourselves and others? The joy of ensemble that leaps higher and higher with each piano, violin, and 'cello that joins the group, is here in small measure. We are not alone in an empty room or in a crowded auditorium if we know our piano. We have a friend indeed.

MUSIC IN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

By EDWARD J. DENT

Mathematics, rightly viewed, possesses not only truth, but supreme beauty—a beauty cold and austere, like that of sculpture, without appeal to any part of our weaker nature, without the gorgeous trappings of paintings or music, yet sublimely pure, and capable of a stern perfection such as only the greatest art can show. The true spirit of delight, the exaltation, the sense of being more than man, which is the touchstone of the highest excellence, is to be found in mathematics as surely as in poetry.

Bertrand Russell, "The Study of Mathematics"
(*Philosophical Essays*, London, 1910).

" . . . Questa scienza—che tale è l'Arte del Componimento Musicale, come figlia di Matematica."

Alessandro Scarlatti, Letter to Ferdinando de' Medici, 1 May, 1706.

AMONG the many English institutions which it is almost impossible to explain satisfactorily to the orderly foreign mind, our system of degrees in music granted by the universities is one of the most mystifying. A great deal of very valuable research in the theory and history of music is done at German universities, but the dissertations in which it is embodied are rewarded with the doctorate in philosophy, not in music as a separate faculty. On the other hand the technical training in such studies as harmony, counterpoint, orchestration and composition, which are required for English musical degrees, are regarded by the Germans as belonging to the educational system of the Conservatoire rather than to that of the University. A closer investigation is apt to lead the foreign observer to the conclusion that a musical degree is no very strong evidence of genuine musical accomplishment, that the really notable musicians in this country, if he can bring himself to admit that there are any at all, tend to repudiate any connexion with the universities, and that many of those who do hold university degrees have never set foot in their universities except for the few hours involved in sitting for an examination and going through the brief ceremonial of receiving the degree. Indeed it once happened that a foreign musician totally unknown to me, even by name, once applied to me, through another foreign musician with whom I had only the most superficial acquaintance, to ask me to obtain for him the degree of Doctor in Music of the University of Cambridge, it being stated that the title of Doctor would be of material advantage to him in his career as a *Kapellmeister*, and that as

long as he was a Doctor of some sort it did not matter what was his university or his faculty. Being too busy in his profession to attempt obtaining a *Dr. Phil.* in Germany or Austria-Hungary, he thought that Cambridge would be delighted to welcome him on the strength of an oratorio of which he kindly sent me a copy. I replied in the only possible way by sending him a copy of the university regulations, since when I have heard no more of him. I will not venture to express an opinion as to the judgment which our examiners might have formed on his oratorio.

The fact is that as with many other English institutions, above all such as are connected with the two older universities, the present conditions are the result of long-standing traditions gradually and irregularly adapted to serve modern needs; and as in many other cases, the practical reality is not to be judged by the apparent system. Degrees in music were conferred at Oxford and Cambridge as far back as the fifteenth century, and for a long time the doctor's degree was simply a license to teach, in theory if not in actual law, so that there was no reason why the universities should concern themselves with music except as examining bodies. Hence the apparent want of system—the non-residence of the candidates, the non-residence of the professors, and until comparatively recent times the perfunctoriness of the examination. When Sterndale Bennett was appointed Professor at Cambridge in 1856, the reputation of university degrees in music was at a very low ebb, and he at once made it his constant effort to raise the standard required, not only in musical knowledge, but in general literary education as well.

Alongside of this there is another aspect of university music which it is important not to forget. The peculiar social conditions of Oxford and Cambridge have always fostered the practice of amateur music and the formation of groups of music-lovers whose appreciation of the art has been at times considerably above the general level of culture. Thus in the early part of the seventeenth century Oxford was a musical centre of notable importance. The letters of the poet Gray give us some idea of music in Cambridge during the eighteenth century, and another indication of the interest taken in music at both universities may be gathered from the number of Oxford and Cambridge names which almost invariably figure in the lists of subscribers to the musical publications of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The great expansion of the universities which took place during the course of the nineteenth century was naturally not without its influence on musical life, and when Sterndale Bennett took up

his duties at Cambridge he found that Walmisley had laid the foundations of a musical enthusiasm which his own devoted solicitude did much to develop.

Sterndale Bennett himself had not been a member of the university, though Cambridge was his home until he began to make music his means of livelihood. His musical education had been strictly professional; nevertheless we must bear in mind that the atmosphere of Leipzig, at the time when he was living there, must have been decidedly literary in character with such men as Mendelssohn and Schumann at the head of musical activities. He was therefore peculiarly well suited to undertake the direction of music in Cambridge, in default of any resident musician of equal eminence. At Oxford the Professor was the Rev. Sir Frederick Ouseley, elected in 1855, a musician who is not likely to be remembered by his compositions, but who was a man of learning and wide cultivation and, like Sterndale Bennett, did much good work towards the raising of standards. Both were definitely conservative in artistic matters, both were men who insisted on an accurate ideal of scholarship, academic in the best sense. That they should have been regarded by a later generation as academic in the worst sense is only the natural result of a certain inevitable tendency towards conservatism which is characteristic of such places, a tendency which makes for preserving antiquated forms without always realizing the history of their developments, an understanding of which would in most cases allow them to be developed further without any appreciable breach of traditions.

That musical *renaissance* in England, as Mr. Fuller Maitland has called it, with which we principally associate the names of Parry and Stanford, was essentially an Oxford and Cambridge movement, and like the Leipzig movement of Mendelssohn's and Schumann's time, essentially a young men's movement. I do not propose to enter here into its connexion with the great musical movements of the Continent and the gradual recognition in this country of Schumann, Brahms and Wagner; nor is this the place to discuss the technical methods or the æsthetic values of the compositions with which the leaders of the movement made their names. The characteristic ideals of that *renaissance*, so far as the universities were concerned, were the recognition by academic authority of music as equal in rank with other university studies, and in justification of this, the duty of musicians to adopt a more literary and cultivated attitude towards their art; it was, in a nutshell, an attempt to join up into one united energy the

forces supplied by the resident amateurs of the universities on the one hand and the non-resident professionals on the other.

In November, 1892, a report was issued by the Board of Musical Studies at Cambridge recommending various changes in the regulations for musical degrees, the most important of which was the proposal that candidates for the Bachelor's degree should be obliged to fulfil the same conditions of residence (nine terms) as are required for Bachelors of Arts. This reform was due to the initiative of Professor Stanford, as he himself stated at the discussion in the Senate House on May 23 of the following year. Among the signatories to the recommendations were Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. W. S. Rockstro, in addition to resident members of the Board eminent in other branches of learning as well as music. The only dissentient was Dr. Garrett, at that time organist of St. John's College and University Lecturer in Harmony and Counterpoint. His objections, as recorded in the *Cambridge University Reporter*, were concerned in the main with the proposed changes in the Doctorate. He had no objection to the obligation of residence on principle, but pointed out that the University up to 1877 had never provided the smallest encouragement in the way of offering teaching to candidates for the Mus. B. degree. The University was not in a financial position to provide a staff of musical teachers, and "it was therefore impossible for the University to alter its attitude with reference to instruction in Music. Moreover the fact that the Professor of Music was now non-resident must be a disadvantage. All that he had meant to express at the previous discussion was that if it had been possible to establish a musical school at the University and give the best possible musical teaching, the whole question would have taken a different aspect."

Outside the University there was much more bitter opposition. The old-fashioned type of English professional musician, who had begun his musical career as a choirboy, becoming assistant to the local organist when his voice broke and picking up from him such instruction as he may have been competent to give in harmony and counterpoint, earning his living at the earliest possible opportunity by becoming an organist himself, was extremely indignant at an innovation which required him to give up three years of his professional life to reside at the University. He had been allowed since the fifteenth century to take his degree without residence, and could see no adequate reason for altering a custom of such respectable antiquity. Nevertheless the new regulations were adopted by the University in 1893, and in spite

of those who prophesied that no candidates would ever present themselves at Cambridge after they came into force, the school of music made such satisfactory progress that suggestions for analogous reforms were brought forward at Oxford five years later.

The prime mover in this case was Mr. W. H. Hadow. His scheme went even further than that of Professor Stanford, and it was proposed that no one should be allowed to be a candidate for the Mus. B. degree until he had already taken the degree of B. A. Professional opposition was naturally all the more violent, and Mr. Hadow's adversaries even resorted to the device of circulating a set of scurrilous doggerel verses entitled "Worcester Sauce" (Mr. Hadow was a Fellow of Worcester College), a copy of which was sent to me anonymously in November, 1898. This puerile squib, to which the author modestly refrained from putting his name, referred to an agitation organized by Sir Frederick Bridge and Professor Ebenezer Prout. Their contention was that the new regulations would "exclude the very class by whom the degree was most wanted, the great body of professional musicians... not so much on account of the want of means... but (because) they had not got the time to give two or three years to college when they ought to be earning their living and beginning to work at their profession" (Professor Prout's speech, quoted in *The Musical Times*, November, 1898). The agitators succeeded in getting the proposals thrown out, and it was not until quite recently that even a modified scheme of reform, due mainly to Dr. H. P. Allen, organist of New College, formerly organist of Christ's College, Cambridge, was carried through at Oxford.

Argument must indeed have been impossible when, to judge from the most temperate of the anti-reform utterances, the opponents of the new regulations appeared to be absolutely incapable of conceiving that a man could derive any benefit whatever from a university education, musical or otherwise. The one really sound argument on their side was that of Dr. Garrett, that the University offered no adequate musical teaching. But as Professor Stanford very properly pointed out, this deficiency was not irremediable, and it can now be said without the slightest hesitation that candidates for musical degrees, both at Oxford and at Cambridge, will find no better teaching anywhere, in the subjects required of them, than is provided in their respective universities.

It is not the intention of this paper to enter into a detailed discussion of their examinations or of their courses of study: I am not sufficiently familiar with the conditions at Oxford, and

it would not be becoming for me to offer criticism on those at Cambridge. My object is rather to indicate in outline the position which the Universities have taken in the musical life of the country and to consider generally the directions which musical studies at a University should take, and the objects at which we should aim in organizing them.

The function of a musical conservatoire, generally speaking, is to train performers, with a view to their earning a living by playing an instrument or by singing. Many of these students will no doubt become teachers, but their first aim is to obtain an efficient mastery of mechanical technique. Theoretical studies are of course not neglected, but they are generally subsidiary and do not as a rule proceed beyond a more or less elementary stage, except in the case of those who are definitely studying composition.

In a university music is studied for its own sake and not primarily as a means of earning a livelihood. The conservatoire trains the fingers, the university trains the intellect. A conservatoire is doing its duty, adequately at least, if it turns out a regular supply of efficient orchestral players and average music teachers; with the mere musical workman a university does not concern itself. We may say that the function of a university, in music as in other studies, is to produce leaders of thought—not necessarily Darwins and Ruskins, any more than Beethovens and Turners, but men who, whatever their sphere of life, will feel themselves possessed of a peculiar intellectual ideal which it is their mission to communicate to those around them. Those who make a serious study of music at a university will eventually become teachers and writers, directors of musical studies in schools, directors of church music, conductors perhaps, lecturers or writers of books on musical subjects. A certain number will possibly devote themselves to special research or even to the highest branches of composition. There will also be a large class of men who without being technically students of music are interested in the art, or who may during the course of their university life be led to become interested in it. To this last group as well as to the others the university has very important duties, for even those who do not penetrate very deeply into the technicalities of music may yet be permeated with the true academic spirit.

The requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music set out in their regulations by the various universities of the United Kingdom, in so far as they have issued them, appear to aim at much the same standard of knowledge—elementary acoustics,

harmony and counterpoint up to five parts, double counterpoint, canon and fugue in varying degrees of difficulty, together with a general knowledge of orchestration, the history of music and the standard classics, besides composition. The recently founded university of Birmingham requires harmony and counterpoint up to eight parts, and appears to lay more stress than the others upon performance on an instrument as well as on composition. The regulations regarding composition are so diverse that it would be quite impossible to form any idea of the standard required without having made a close study of examination papers and the answers given to them. Even in any single university the standard is bound to vary, within certain limits, according to the individual outlook of the examiners.

It would be absurd to expect of any university, or indeed of any conservatoire, that it should turn out a regular supply of first class composers. What is beginning to be felt as a real disaster to English music—and no doubt the case is the same in other countries—is the fact that certain institutions do tend to encourage their pupils to regard composition as the means of achieving popular success, if not actually a livelihood. This is natural enough, since the newspaper celebrity of a number of young composers tends to enhance the reputation of the institution and of the teacher whose training they have enjoyed, besides giving a certain amount of flatulent satisfaction to those who are perpetually crying out for an exclusively national school of composition.

Here it is that the young musician gains from the atmosphere of a university what might otherwise be sadly deficient in his temperament. Not only from his professional teachers, but still more from his contemporaries, and perhaps also from such teachers of non-musical subjects as he may frequent, he can learn the practice of self-criticism. He can learn to distinguish "journalism" from "literature" in his own art as well as in others; he can study composition, not in the belief that he is going to become a second Wagner, but as a training in language, just as he may learn to write English essays without ever aspiring to be a second Gibbon. It is from daily contact with men who are working at classics, pure mathematics, philosophy and other such subjects, that he may gradually acquire the faculty of viewing music from an intellectual standpoint, of thinking and reasoning in terms of music itself. A mental attitude of this kind towards music is seldom achieved in conservatoires, except perhaps in the most advanced classes and under the intimate influence of some particularly

gifted teacher; it is nevertheless a thing which, as experience has shown, can be brought home to men of average intelligence, not necessarily professional students of music, provided that it be presented to them in the right way.

It is very noticeable that the younger generation of university-trained composers such as Ralph Vaughan Williams and Nicholas Gatty (Cambridge), Balfour Gardiner and the late George Kaye Butterworth (Oxford), have all won respect by virtue of their profound sincerity and their rigorous refusal to be seduced into facile brilliance or superficial emotionalism. In passing it may be noted that many of these are ardent enthusiasts for the folk-song movement—notably George Butterworth, whose premature death is the most grievous blow that English music has suffered through the war. It is well to remember that the folk-song movement, which has had such a far-reaching and inspiring influence on music in this country during the last few years, is very largely indebted for its inception to Oxford and Cambridge. It has very justly been associated in the main with Mr. Cecil Sharp, to whose energy much of its later development is due; but the ground had been prepared many years earlier by the devoted labours of Professor Stanford, Dr. Charles Wood, Dr. Arthur Somervell, Mr. Fuller Maitland and Mr. W. H. Hadow. Ireland, as has so often been the case in the history of British art and literature, took the lead; and it may be doubted whether we should ever have had so notable a development of English folk-song as a foundation for a new artistic language if Stanford's settings of Irish melodies, his *Irish Rhapsodies* and his Irish opera *Shamus O'Brien* had not first shown the way.

That natural facility of production which is characteristic of adolescence can be observed in music no less than in letters. It is notorious that many boys on leaving school can write admirable Greek and Latin verse with the greatest fluency, although they may never make really learned scholars, and have not the application or the interest to acquire real classical erudition. Similarly there are a great many who write English verse, sometimes of rare promise, and it is noteworthy that the composition of English verse is now much encouraged in schools. There is the same tendency among young musicians to pour out compositions in quantity. We shall do well to face the fact that this facility in composition is not necessarily a sign of genius, but at the same time it is most undesirable that it should be repressed. The art of music has always been surrounded with a great deal too much mystery, and those sharp winds of philosophy and

criticism which are always blowing in Oxford and Cambridge can do much to clear the musical atmosphere of mephitic nebulosities. The young musician ought to be given every possible encouragement to write, and every possible opportunity of hearing his own work performed, not necessarily in public. It is important that the young composer should learn to be himself his own severest critic, learn to think clearly in music and express himself clearly, rather than to place any reliance on the judgment either of mixed audiences or of casual journalists. For to think clearly and to express oneself clearly are the only things that a composition-teacher can possibly teach. Inspiration is not communicable, and to teach the manufacture of effects is merely pernicious and immoral. The young composer may one day have to realize the bitter truth that he is no second Beethoven; but if he has had a sound training in composition, he can say to himself "Du bist am Ende was du bist" and know that he is at least a better musician, to whatever branch of the art he may devote himself, for his studies in self-expression. He should at least have acquired something of that precious quality which we call *scholarship*, and which may perhaps be defined as the application of the æsthetic sense to erudition.

It is notoriously difficult, as a rule, to induce pupils, especially those in whom the artistic temperament is pronounced, to take an interest in that very necessary branch of study, strict counterpoint. The fault lies, as often as not, with the teacher, and still more with the innumerable text-books of the subject whose authors have copied their rules and examples from their predecessors without ever pausing to ask themselves what æsthetic principles lay at the base of them or turning to the living works of the sixteenth century for their illustration. The function of strict counterpoint, as I need hardly point out, is, among other things, to train the mind in pure musical thought, in the sense of style, in the elimination of what is accessory and superfluous. Hence a man who has at school been taught to write Latin or Greek prose and verse will at once appreciate the practice of strict counterpoint as a study in style, and the same is probably the case with a man who has been trained to any form of pure scientific work, mathematical, philosophical or historical. From my own experience I can say unhesitatingly that by far the most intelligent and imaginative musical students whom I have known at Cambridge were men who had had the conventional classical training of the great English Public Schools. Not every student of music can be expected to have had these advantages; but in

the society of a university he will at least have the chance of becoming intimate with men trained to methods of accuracy and precision, who can thus communicate to him something of their intellectual outlook.

The chief ground of complaint against the universities as centres of musical training is that the student has only the scantiest opportunities of hearing concerts and operas. This is inevitable, as far as modern operas and modern orchestral music are concerned. Dr. Hadow was perhaps trying to make a virtue of necessity when he wrote in the second edition of *Grove's Dictionary* "The musical policy of Oxford is and ought to be mainly conservative." Indeed his next sentences are practically a confession of this—"But while Oxford lays its principal stress on the great classics, it is fully alive to modern tendencies and keenly interested in the ideal which they pursue." There is in fact no difficulty, even in Cambridge, where economic conditions are extremely unfavourable, in hearing a certain amount of modern pianoforte and chamber music, in spite of the prejudices of some elderly subscribers to concerts, and it may be justly maintained that chamber music is the best form in which to present modern tendencies to a keenly intelligent and critical audience of young musicians.

Moreover the universities often offer musical opportunities which are not to be found elsewhere. A musician of liberal education ought to be acquainted not only with the obvious classics, but also with a wide range of music of the past. The really narrow-minded type of musician is the one which considers that music came to an end with the death of Brahms and did not begin before John Sebastian Bach. A knowledge of earlier composers is not to be derived merely from a course of lectures on the history of music. What is important is not the accumulation of biographical facts but an intimate and practical understanding of the music itself. An understanding of this kind is only to be acquired by organizing, or at least taking part in, an actual performance; and for performances of this kind Oxford and Cambridge, at any rate before the war, offered frequent opportunities. At both places there were choral and orchestral societies, supported mainly by members of the university and of the women's colleges, giving performances of classical and modern music, chamber concerts both professional and amateur, and separate college musical societies which often brought forward works of unusual interest. To give a few examples I may recall hearing at Oxford various works of Heinrich Schütz, the

Amfiparnaso of Orazio Vecchi, and Bach cantatas innumerable; at Cambridge the *Stabat Mater* of Josquin des Prés, Bach's *Trauer-Ode*, the *Masque of Cupid and Death* (Matthew Lock and Christopher Gibbons), Purcell's *Tempest* music, Mozart's concerto for three pianofortes, Bach's concerto for four, with the Vivaldi concerto for four violins from which it is derived, Tallis' motet for forty voices and other items which I do not ever remember seeing advertized for performance in London. There were, besides, opportunities for the practice of madrigals and motets, performances by dramatic societies ranging from Aeschylus to Yeats, of which incidental music was an essential feature, and even operatic productions. Oxford set the example with *Fidelio* and *Der Freischütz*, Cambridge followed with *The Magic Flute*, at that time (1911) almost an unknown work in England, and was actually rehearsing *The Fairy Queen* of Purcell at the moment when war was declared.

In many of these cases undergraduates were not only performers but themselves responsible for the entire organization. Experience of this kind is a very valuable training. The young musician is called upon, it may be, to provide contemporary music for an Elizabethan play. He has to collaborate with the actors in considering the play and planning what amount and what kind of music is required, what material is available in the way of players and singers; then he must go to such sources as are accessible to him in libraries and elsewhere, saturate himself with the music of the period and select what he finds suitable. He will probably have to transcribe old manuscripts, decipher lute-tablatures, make a score from early printed part-books, edit and occasionally re-score the music for the band at his disposal, write out the parts, put in the necessary marks of phrasing and expression, rehearse his players and teach them to interpret properly a style of music which though not in itself difficult is completely strange to most of them. Then comes the further labour of rehearsing with the actors, arranging, planning, re-arranging so as to make the music fit in precisely with the action—a task needing not merely musical skill and judgment but often much tact and patience as well. Finally there is the superintendence of the complete performance with its inevitable demand for a cool head and a clear beat. Much the same happens when it is a case of preparing a recital of sacred music, such as often used to take place in some smaller college chapel on a Sunday evening, giving opportunity for studying a Bach cantata, a motet of Byrd, an anthem with strings by Purcell, or a concerto of

Corelli. There are many musicians who are quite willing to make use of what the publishing trade may have thrown at their heads; but at the universities we want to arouse that spirit of imaginative curiosity and persevering determination which will lead a man to find something unknown, write out the parts, rehearse it and awaken it to audible life. A man who has had a training of this kind will be able to achieve results of notable value when he takes up later on the duties of conductor of a choral society or director of music in a public school.

But the work of a university is not confined to the teaching of undergraduates. There are many branches of advanced research in musical science which can hardly be carried on at all except by men who have had a university training, and which ought naturally to be carried on with the assistance and within the precincts of the university itself. There are a number of workers in England now whose researches have brought them recognition on the Continent and in America, and I have often heard it remarked in Germany that scientific investigation of this kind was England's most valuable contribution to music at the present day. Those researchers are in almost all cases men who have graduated at Oxford or Cambridge; I need only mention such names as Mr. G. E. P. Arkwright (history), the Rev. H. M. Bannister (palæography), the Rev. E. H. Fellowes (English madrigals), Dr. W. H. Hadow, Sir C. H. H. Parry, Professor Donald Tovey, Dr. Ernest Walker (history and æsthetics) and the late Professor H. E. Wooldridge (mediæval music) from Oxford, and Mr. C. F. Abdy-Williams (Greek music), the Rev. Dr. W. H. Frere (plainsong), the Rev. F. W. Galpin (instruments), Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland (clavier music), Dr. C. S. Myers (psychology and primitive music), Mr. W. Barclay Squire (bibliography), Mr. Sedley Taylor (acoustics) and Mr. H. J. W. Tillyard (Byzantine music) from Cambridge,¹ besides Dr. R. R. Terry, the learned director of the music at Westminster Catholic Cathedral, who belongs to both universities.

In music, as in other branches of learning, there remains much research to be done on those frontiers where two or more subjects meet and interact. It is at a university, above all, that there should be the best opportunities for the investigation of music in its relation to anthropology and ethnology, to physical science and philosophy, to language and the history of drama. Some studies, such as musical history, often involve a wide range of travel in search of original documents; but the student

¹The editor adds the name of Mr. Edward J. Dent without his consent.

who has been through a normal university course in music will have thereby laid a sound foundation of knowledge and of the methods and principles of research which will render his *Wanderjahre* much more profitable of results.

So far I have considered university music only from the point of view of those who make music their primary study. But the musical duties of a university are not by any means limited to the work of graduate researchers and candidates for musical degrees. A university should be generally a centre of musical thought and musical activity in which not only can the music of the classical period be habitually studied, but the music of the remoter past and especially that of the immediate present may find intelligent and sympathetic appreciation. To this end popular lectures with musical illustrations may be of a certain value; but the best results are those which are obtained in a less formal way. University clubs and societies for the practice of music have been proved to have a very wide-reaching influence for good, and practical experience has shown in Oxford and Cambridge that the frequent performance of seventeenth and eighteenth century music is of the greatest value in opening the ears of people who previously may have even believed themselves to be "quite unmusical." Many of the people who crowd London concert-rooms to hear orchestral works by modern composers derive from them nothing more than a physiological stimulus, and are indifferent to the works of older musicians, because the physiological stimulus which they afford is comparatively insignificant. But a man who is accustomed by general academic training to use his brains on all that his experience meets with will easily be led to enjoy Byrd or Dowland or Purcell, whereas he naturally finds Wagner or Tschaikevsky beyond his intellectual grasp, and refuses, from a feeling of mental self-respect, merely to "wallow" in their fullness of sound. I remember with amusement and pleasure two clever friends who said to me once almost in one breath, "Of course I'm hopelessly unmusical—the only sort of music I like is the things they play at the Marlowe Society," *i. e.*, Elizabethan or Jacobean incidental music to plays. Such people moreover will soon be able to progress by easy stages first to the appreciation of Haydn and Mozart and eventually to a real understanding of contemporary music.

A few words may be added on the subject of Church Music, although that question is too large to be treated in detail, besides involving matters of too controversial a character to be conveniently discussed here. The music heard in our churches is

only too often beneath contempt, and affords a painful contrast to the literary beauty of the words which it accompanies and the architectural beauty of the place in which it is performed. Surely it ought to be recognized that a sense of special vocation is as necessary to the church musician as it is to the minister of religion, and that the direction of church music involves as solemn a moral responsibility as the preaching of theological doctrine. If it is still held that a university is the place in which men are to be trained for the priesthood, the same view should be taken with regard to the ministry of music. Not only should there be special courses of study for church musicians, but the university should be in a position to offer both to musicians and theological students places of worship in which the loftiest possible standard of ecclesiastical music is set. There are certainly a few college chapels at Oxford and Cambridge in which the ecclesiastical and musical authorities have agreed to take an equally austere view of their responsibilities. But it is not in every college that M. Saint-Saëns' charming recollections of Cambridge chapel services represent the exact and literal truth, though his words are worth quoting:—

Chaque collège est pourvu d'une chapelle—s'il est permis de donner ce nom à ce qui pourrait ailleurs passer pour une cathédrale—et là, chaque jour, les élèves assistent à l'office et chantent, revêtus d'un surplis. Ce n'est pas un des côtés les moins curieux de ces Universités que leur caractère religieux, dont nos étudiants s'accommoderaient malaisément. Mais cette religion anglaise est si peu gênante! Les offices, très courts, consistent surtout à entendre de bonne musique fort bien chantée, les Anglais étant d'admirables choristes. J'ai entendu là des chœurs de Barnby, d'un beau sentiment, écrits d'une plume impeccable qui n'est sans parenté avec celle de Gounod, un psaume de Mendelssohn. L'église anglicane est un lieu sérieux, artistique, nullement redoutable comme notre Église catholique, ou la Présence réelle, la Confession, mettent la terreur des inquiétants mystères. Entre le salon anglais, où la correction absolue s'impose, et le temple, la transition est à peine sensible. . .

If M. Saint-Saëns had stayed longer in Cambridge, he might have discovered that there are plenty of English undergraduates who "s'accommodent malaisément" to the discipline of compulsory attendance at chapel, in spite of the charms even of Barnby's impeccable pen! And as long as attendance at chapel is a matter of discipline and not of devotion, it will be difficult, if not impossible, for music to be ordered there in an artistic spirit, since those in authority naturally find themselves obliged to make some

concessions to the less educated taste of their unwilling worshippers.

The musical ability of a nation is not to be judged by the number of great composers that it has produced in the past, nor yet by the number of eminent musicians it may be able to show at the present day, but by the general standard of musical appreciation shown throughout the country. In England great progress has been made recently in elementary education, progress due very largely to the Tonic Sol-Fa movement. The number of persons who can sing fairly well at sight is much larger than it was fifty years ago; but are they singing good music and *only* good music? Good or bad, there is an enormous demand for music of some kind; people of every station in life, consciously or unconsciously, feel it to be a vital necessity of their existence. It is for the Universities to take the lead in setting the highest possible standards for the nation's music and in sending out year by year an ever-increasing number of men who will devote themselves to the dissemination of those ideals wherever their destiny may lead them.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF BEETHOVEN

By J. G. PROD'HOMME

THE present war—like all other wars, no doubt—is fertile in unexpected reflexes from the most widely separated fields; and not the least among the surprises of which it is so prodigal is the discovery of a letter written by Beethoven toward the end of his life, whose hitherto unpublished text *The Musical Quarterly* is now enabled to lay before its readers.

One might have supposed that all Beethoven's papers, musical and otherwise, his scores, musical sketches, correspondence, conversation-books, were known to the world since the publication of his complete works with their supplements, and the spoliation of his literary remains. But the pages of this letter, for many years in the safekeeping of a collector in Lyons, who had adopted as his device the "*scripta manent*" of the Latins, shows that choice documents may still be brought to light; circumstances quite foreign to their object attract them from their hiding-places to assume their legitimate position in public collections.

In the month of April, 1916, the courteous custodian of the archives of the Museum and the Library of the Opéra in Paris honored me by asking my opinion concerning the authenticity of a manuscript offered him as written by Beethoven himself, with a view to its purchase. As a matter of fact, this manuscript had impressed him at first glance as possessing all the characteristics of Beethoven's chirography; according to all appearances, it is an autograph, and an important autograph, of the Master's, for this document comprises no fewer than six quarto pages. We compared it with facsimiles of authentic autographs, which fully sustained our initial assumptions; an analysis of the subject-matter confirmed them at every point. But the letter is undated, and neither the point of departure nor the addressee is given. After deciphering the text—a sufficiently difficult operation when Beethoven is concerned—it became possible to establish the essential meaning of the epistle, which we present below, face to face with its translation, to the readers of *The Quarterly*,¹

¹ M. Banès, to whom we beg herewith to express our gratitude, was so kind as to authorize this double publication.

followed by certain commentaries wherein we have attempted an interpretation of its content.

(Translation)

Erstaunlich werther!

(p. 1 r^o.) Hier den Brief an den Vice dir. reizer, —ich hitte mit aller Schonung u. Zurückhaltung wegen K. mit ihm zu sprechen, ich thue das meinige nach meiner Einsicht u. Art u. hin überzeugt, dass endlich ein gewünschtes Resultat erreicht werden wird, wir haben noch keine Proben, dass *irrende* durch neue (I r^o.) jrrthümer u. irrige Behandlung zurechtgewiesen würden—erkundigen sie sich doch noch gefälligst bey R., oh es ihm nicht beschwerlich fällt sich mit mir schriftl. zu besprechen, weil ich alsdann einmal selbst zu ihm komen würde—Haszlinger wusste schon gestern von der entsprung. Haushält. meine Schuld ist es nicht, übrigens ist so was nicht ohne Beyspiel, sonst würde nicht die polizeil. Verordnung existiren, d. h. sogleich allda (p. 2 r^o.) anzugeben, um d. h. an Ort u. Stelle wieder zu schaffen, freylich hin ich es ja, denn [den?] es trifft denn kein Pflægmaticus hin ich ja, u. bey *Kriminal* werden ja erst die Ursachen Untersucht, die hey dem Menschen manches veranlassen können, nun Gott sey dank, so weit ist's noch nicht, aber sagt ihr, ich handle zu feurig, freylich, ich warte nicht am Strome, bis jemand ertrunken ist, nun mit der Haushält. gih't wieder ein wiener-gespazz, mit der [?] Pr. [?] v. Vivenot wird's wohl eben so seyn, denn herzlosz sey'd ihr alle, für Kastelli ist dieser Zufall gut in seine Bären (p. 2 r^o.)—Wenn sie bey der Verein's Kanzley vorbegehen, ersuche ich demüthichst um 2 Billete für Sonntag, ich bin zwar keine von den *Sonnen* des Verein's, aber ich befruchte doch den Musikal. Boden So, dass manche mir dafür Dank wissen—nun leht wohl, ich hoffe Veritas non odium parit—jukt's euch so kratzt

Astoundingly esteemed [Friend]!

Here is the letter to Vice-director Reizer, —please speak with him with all forbearance and discretion about K., I shall do my part according to my judgment and in my way, and am convinced that a desirable result will finally be reached. We have no rehearsals yet, whereby the *erring* might be instructed through new errors and erroneous treatment—do me the kindness to inquire of R. whether he does not find it difficult to communicate with me in writing, for then I would come to him sometime myself—Haszlinger had already heard about the runaway housek(eeper) yesterday; it is not my fault, besides, such things have happened before, otherwise the police-regulation would not be in existence, that is, to lodge information there immediately, so as to bring the housekeeper [?] hack again. To be sure, it is I whom it hits, for I am no phlegmaticus, and in the *criminal* [court] they will begin by examining into the reasons which might move a person to certain actions. Well, God be praised, we haven't got to that yet; hut do you say I act too hastily?—true enough, I don't wait by the river till some one is drowned. Now, as for the housek(eeper), that's another Vienna joke; with Pr. v. Vivenot it's probably just the same, for you all are heartless; for Castelli, this incident is good into his bears [*untranslatable*]. —When you pass the Society's office, I beg most humbly for two tickets for Sunday, true, I am not one of the Society's suns, hut after all I fructify the musical soil so, that many are grateful to me for it. Now farewell, I hope that veritas non odium parit. If you itch, scratch yourselves. I beg you to let me at least know the result

euch—das Resultat von ihrer Unterredung bitte ich sie mir wenigstens bald mitzuthellen, da mir gemäsz dem Briefe an R., wie sie sehen werden, es zu wissen nöthig, bis ich einen [?] Menschen allhier mit Diogenes Laterne gefunden habe, bitte ich sie doch einiges mitleiden gegen mich zu äuszern—
wie der
ihrer ihrige
Beethoven

(p. 3 r^o.) Nachschrift

Von K. alles zu verschweig. ist unmöglich, wenn B. [?] nur nichts schon vom *Billard* spielen weiss.—Suchen zu erfahren—fein—ob er wirkl. 5 stund. Kollegien hat—wegen Schlemmer die höchste verschwiegenheit dem Hr. v. R. zu empheln, ich habe *meine gute Ursache*—sie werden an den Hr. Vice direk. einen wirklichen Vice finden,—er soll ihnen nur angeben, warum man sich wegen einem ort für Karl durchaus bey einem Professor wenden soll? Die Messe laszen sie durchaus nicht in seinen Händen, dem Masziven [?] Vice—welche plage für mich, o Gott nur weit von hier weg!—dulden—ihr fort (p. 3 r^o.)—Der weite weg in die Alleegasse von mir aus u. für jeden andern ist zu bemerken —

Vale et Fave

Sie können auch das Mädchen mitnehmen um die Messe zu tragen ad libitum—ich werde morgen früh darum Schicken ad libitum—

Lesen sie den Brief
an R.

(p. 3 r^o. in margin) 3 Monathe von November bis Ende Jenner sind voraus bezahlt ich will aber auch gern diese verlieren.—

Text and translation once established, let us submit the observations which they have suggested to us.

The exclamatory address, "Erstaunlich Werther!" quite in Beethoven's style, should be collated with the beginnings of various letters dated in or near the year 1825, and addressed to Karl Holz, one of Beethoven's familiars during this final period.

of your interview soon, for according to the letter to R., as you will see, it is necessary for me to know it, until I have found somebody here with Diogenes' lantern, I pray you to show a little sympathy for me—

as
yours
ever
Beethoven.

Postscript

It is impossible to keep everything quiet about K.—if only H. [?] [or S.] [or B.?] does not yet know anything about the *billiard*-playing.—Try to find out—fine—whether he really takes 5 hour. lectures—Concerning Schlemmer Herr v. R. should be cautioned to say nothing whatever. I have a *good reason*—In the Vice-Director you will find a real Vice,—let him tell you, anyhow, why one must positively address oneself to a Professor concerning a place for Karl? By no means leave the Mass in his hands, that massive Vice—what a worry for me, O God, only far away from here!—to suffer—for ever and ever—The long way to the Alleegasse from my house and for everybody else should be noted—

Vale et Fave

You might take the girl along to carry the Mass, ad libitum—I shall send for it to-morrow morning ad libitum—

Read the letter
to R.

(Marginal note) Three months, from November to the end of January, are paid in advance; but I am quite willing to lose these, too.

For example, at the beginning of August, 1825, when writing to Holz (an inexhaustible source of witticisms for him), Beethoven thus apostrophizes him: "Werther? Holz!" the interrogation-point indicating doubt whether he should write Werther (masculine form) or Werthes (neuter) to agree with the word Holz (wood), which is neuter in German.

On the 24th of the same month, another letter (which we shall quote further on apropos of Castelli) also starts with an exclamation: "Bestes [neuter, this time] Mahoganyholz!" (Best Mahogany-Wood!) About this same time, and also in the year following, but now employing terms similar to that in the present autograph, he writes, "Werther Freund! Bester!" or "Ganz erstaunlich ungeschwefelter Bester!" The conjecture thus appears quite plausible, that our letter was addressed to Holz circa 1825, a date which the following remarks will only serve to confirm.

Beethoven sends his correspondent a letter for a certain Mr. Reiszzer, "Vice-director," whom he frequently miscalled "Reiszig," as the passage crossed out in the second line shows. The said Reiszzer was, in fact, the vice-director of the Polytechnic Institute attended by Karl van Beethoven, the nephew whose guardian the composer had been since his brother's death, and whose bringing up occasioned him such grave concern until the end of his life. The "Description of Vienna" (*Beschreibung Wiens*) published by the Viennese historian Pezzl in 1824, devotes a few lines to Reiszzer and the establishment over which he presided: "The *Realschule* is managed by a Vice-Director, at present Herr Franz de Paula Reiszzer (also favorably known as an author), aided by three extraordinary teachers of the Latin, Bohemian and English languages. [Page 297.] It was after failure to pass examinations that Karl had been sent to this Institute in order to prepare himself for a mercantile career. According to Schindler, he entered in the autumn of 1825—rightly rectified by Thayer¹ to "the spring of 1825."

Vice-director Reiszzer was a great admirer of Beethoven, and the latter did not neglect either to write him, or to pay him frequent visits, with regard to his "dear rascal." A letter dated "Baden, June 9, 1825," and addressed to Karl, commences thus: "I have written Mr. v. Reiszig . . ." Karl boarded in close proximity to the Institute with a certain Schlemmer (who should not be confounded with an earlier copyist of Beethoven's, who had

¹See Thayer-Riemann, "Beethovens Leben," vol. v, p. 214.

died in 1823), living in the Alleegasse No. 72, near the Karlskirche.¹ While Beethoven was in Baden, a summer-resort of which he was especially fond, Karl used to visit him during vacation-time and on holidays. This Schlemmer will reappear in the Post-script of our autograph.

In this opening paragraph, Beethoven evidently alludes to some prank of his nephew's, whom he endeavored, by every expedient, to keep in the path of virtue.

The second paragraph refers to one of those domestic embarrassments to which Beethoven was subject; Haslinger, the well-known publisher, was informed concerning this story of the housekeeper whom (probably) the Master's irascible humor—"I am nothing less than phlegmatic," he himself avows—had caused to flee without giving notice. But Beethoven does not mind being the victim of Viennese gossip, as was the fate of a certain lady, de Vivenot. Here there is an allusion, which we fail to understand, to some happenings in Vienna. Who was this lady, "Pr. v. Vivenot"? This French name occurs only once in Thayer's work (vol. v., p. 418) as the appellation of a physician mentioned in a conversation-book of near the end of 1826, who came to care for Beethoven in place of Dr. Wawruch. Dr. de Vivenot, born Dec. 25, 1764, ennobled ("Elder von Vivenot") in 1831, father and grandfather of Viennese physicians, had taken the degree of doctor in 1787; he had studied under the celebrated Van Swieten (the physician of Maria Theresa, and the father of the musical amateur who was the friend and protector of Beethoven and Haydn). In 1831 de Vivenot founded and carried on, at his own expense, a cholera hospital; he died two years later. Beethoven's abbreviation "Pr." probably stands for "Professorin." His remark refers to the wife of "Professor von Vivenot."

As for Castelli—or Kastelli, as Beethoven spells it—he is far better known. Ignaz Friedrich Castelli, who was born and died in Vienna, was one of the most prolific authors for the Austrian stage in the nineteenth century. The librettist of Weigl's *Schweizerfamilie*, and arranger of the book of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, he wrote and adapted for the Vienna theatres (more particularly after French authors) a considerable number of dramatic works. Can the "Bears" of Castelli, to which Beethoven alludes, have been some publication edited by himself, or a *pièce à succès*, a

¹ The Alleegasse runs past the Karlskirche, situated in the southern part of Vienna in the district (ward) of Wieden, near the left bank of the river Wien. Not far from this church there now stands the "k. und k. Technische Hochschule," which, we believe, succeeded the Polytechnic in the last century.

Die Natur der Dinge -- sind die Natur der Dinge

mit demselben Geist die Natur der Dinge

hervorgehen und die Natur der Dinge

ist. Inwiefern wir sagen, dass die Natur der Dinge

ist, ist die Natur der Dinge

Die Natur der Dinge

1411 P.

sort of local "review"? This is another question to which we can find no answer. Furthermore, we know that Castelli, who was "Hoftheaterdichter" (court-theatre poet) from 1811, edited the "Allgemeiner musikalischer Anzeiger" from 1819 to 1840, and was himself a good violinist. Beethoven's above-mentioned letter to Holz, dated Baden, Aug. 24, 1825, should be compared with ours; it begins as follows:

Bestes Mahagonyholz!

Federn sind uns nicht bekannt,
nehmt vorlieb.—Lachen erregte mir
Ihr Brief, ja ja Castelli musz dran.
Das Ding wird gedruckt und gestochen
zum Besten aller armen Teufel von
Musikalienhändler . . . "

Best Mahogany-Wood! Pens are
unknown to us, be content.—Your
letter made me laugh, yes yes, Ca-
stelli must do his part. The thing
shall be printed and engraved for
the benefit of all poor devils of music-
sellers. . .

Nohl, who reproduced it in his "Neue Briefe Beethovens," compares the above lines with a passage from Castelli's Memoirs (iii, 117):

The great Beethoven, every time that he saw me, would always ask: "What's the latest news in the line of monumental stupidities?"—Then I would repeat the latest *bons mots* and anecdotes, and he always laughed the more heartily, the scurrvier the tale. Whenever he wanted to perpetrate some tomfoolery, I had to help; and to prove it I refer you to a letter from Beethoven to his friend Holz, which has already been printed in the newspapers, and in which he tells him he intended to play a fine trick on the music-publisher Steiner, saying verbatim: "Castelli must be in on that!" (dabei musz Castelli herhalten!).

Who was this Vereius—for this word, twice repeated, cannot be read "Verein's," as we thought at first sight—of whom Beethoven requests two tickets for a Sunday performance?¹ Probably a director or secretary of the theatre, of whom "Beethovens Leben" makes no mention. Indeed, Beethoven adds with fine pride, and underscores with an energetic dash of the pen: "True, I am not one of Vereius suns, but after all I fructify the musical soil"

The letter closes with a reminder of the theme of the first paragraph, in which Beethoven begs his correspondent to communicate with R. (that is to say, Reiszser) concerning Karl.

When the letter is finished, at the very bottom of the fourth page, where the lines run closer and closer as the margin decreases, down to the signature, according to a procedure habitual with Beethoven, the latter, before posting it, felt a need (yet

¹ I agree with Dr. Baker that the words are indeed "Verein's Kansley."—Beethoven obviously meaning the office of a society whose musical soil he had fructified. Vereius as a proper name is most improbable.—Ed.

another habit of his, to which few exceptions are found) of summing it up, almost beginning it over again, in a postscript. At first of one page, finishing with a marginal note, this postscript is augmented by a second page, nervously scrawled with a bad pen that sputters on the paper.

In this postscript mention is first made of Karl and a certain B. [?] whom we have not been able to identify. As to Karl's billiard-playing, that is a matter only too familiar to us through various anecdotes, besides this fragment (*inter alia*) of a conversation between Beethoven and Karl Holz, jotted down in a conversation-book of the beginning of September, 1825:

I went to see Karl Sunday to give him the ticket (says Holz); it was evening, and I learned from the servant that he had gone out that morning, and had not come home once for meals. . . . I have tried taking him along with me to the beer-saloon, to see if he would drink much, but it seems to me that this is not the case. Now, I am going to invite him sometime to play billiards; then I shall see whether he is much out of practice. (Thayer, vol. v, page 518.)

Beethoven then inquires of his correspondent—and the notion strikes him as excellent, "fine"—to find out whether his nephew really takes five hours of lectures (*Kollegien*)—daily, probably. And here, too, we must compare the conversation-books with the present text. In the summer of 1825 (July or August) Beethoven, conversing with his nephew Karl, told him that he ought particularly to apply himself to penmanship, keeping accounts, and commercial work. "Besides (Karl adds), I must hear all the lectures." (Thayer, v, p. 519.) Somewhat later (in November) he says: "The lectures begin to-morrow"; then (still in November, shortly after the concert given on the 6th, in which the *Quartet in A minor*—Op. 132—was performed for the first time) he adds: "To-morrow I have two lectures; they commence at 3 o'clock." And on still another day he mentions that he has *Kollegien* from 9 to 12 and from 3 to 5, etc. (Thayer, v, p. 521.)

At about the same period Karl speaks one day of the wife of the aforesaid Schlemmer with whom he boards. He says that she had expressed a favorable opinion of the housekeeper, probably the very same mentioned by Beethoven in the body of his epistle, the flight of whom had so enraged him. (Thayer, v, p. 521.) Schlemmer, on his part (*ibid.*, p. 522), praises the punctuality of his boarder, who "goes out regularly every morning and comes home every evening." These words, and the two lines in the margin of the first page of the postscript, complete each other,

and incline us to date this manuscript in November or, at the earliest, in the second half of October, 1825. Beethoven had, in fact, paid Karl's board at Schlemmer's for three months in advance, beginning precisely with November, and therefore not earlier than towards the end of October; but he undoubtedly distrusts Schlemmer, judging that his nephew is not kept within proper bounds there, for which reason he tries to find a boarding-place for the latter (saying nothing to Schlemmer, of course) "with a professor" possibly, even if he should lose the advance-payment for three months. However, Karl still remained with Schlemmer during the following year, until the attempt at suicide which filled the measure of Beethoven's "paternal" agonies and surely hastened his own end.

On the other hand, we know that Beethoven, on his return from Baden (Oct. 14, 1825), had taken up his abode in the house where he was to die:—the Schwarzspanierhaus (House of the Black Spaniards), formerly a monastery, in the Alsergrund "quarter," the present Ninth District or Ward of Vienna; while Schlemmer lived in the Allee-gasse No. 12, quite near the Karlskirche, in the present District of Wieden, a fact which explains the first almost illegible lines on the sixth, and last, page of this long letter: "Der weite Weg in die Allee-gasse . . . ist zu bemerken." Does this mean that the distance separating Schlemmer's domicile from the Schwarzspanierhaus had to be taken into consideration on account of Karl? This is probably the correct interpretation of these hardly legible lines; though their elliptic form renders the sense obscure.

Reiszer's Polytechnic Institute appears to have occupied the site of the present k. k. Technische Hochschule, in the near neighborhood of the Karlskirche, the k. k. Taubstummeninstitut (founded in 1779), and the Theresianum (the old Château de Favorite); to-day all these edifices still face the Allee-gasse. The present Fourth District of Vienna, called the Wieden District, was at that time outside the walls of the old town, already overflowing its ancient ramparts, which were demolished in 1859 to make way for the Ring. Now, Beethoven lived at the opposite extremity of the city, likewise beyond the walls, in the vicinity of the Josephinum, an academy of medicine and surgery founded in 1784 by Joseph II. "Der weite Weg" (mentioned in our letter) from Wieden to Alsergrund, and forming the passage between these two eccentric districts, represents a distance of some two and one-half kilometers, or a trifle less than two English miles, when one follows the Kärntnerstrasse, the Herrengasse, and (to

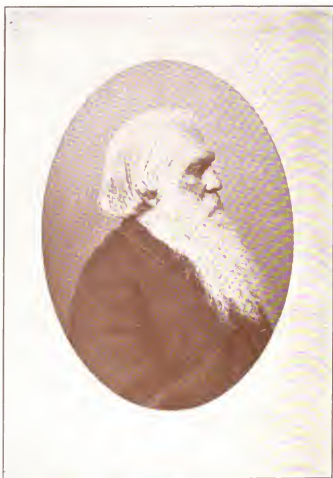
leave the old town again at the north) the Schottengasse, into which the Schwarzspaniergasse runs.

It is only in the concluding lines of the Nachschrift that we meet with an allusion to a musical work—a Mass—by Beethoven. This Mass, we opine, can not be the genial *Missa solemnis*, a contemporary of the Ninth Symphony, but most probably the Mass in C, Op. 86, composed in 1807, performed at the palace of Prince Esterházy in 1810, and sung at this very Karlskirche on the 18th of September, 1825. Smart, of London, who was then on a visit to Vienna, attended this latter performance. It is not unlikely that the score, or even the entire decidedly voluminous material, of this work had remained for several days in the custody of vice-director Reiszler, after the production. Beethoven requests his correspondent, whom we suppose to have been Karl Holz, to bring it back to him, engaging the assistance *ad libitum* of a servant-girl.

This letter of nearly one hundred lines reflects all the thoughts engrossing Beethoven's attention at the time when we venture to fix its inception—the end of the year 1825—a time when, as we are aware, the composer was absorbed, to the hurt of music, in his "paternal" cares. His sorrows, alas, were not yet ended, although his end was drawing near. And although Holz writes, about the 1st of January, 1826; "I have already spoken with Reiszler; he says that Karl conducts himself as one has a right to expect of a sensible man" (Thayer, v, p. 522), Karl, some weeks thereafter, was to attempt suicide in the environs of Vienna, adding a mortal pang to the agony which his unhappy "father" was already suffering.

Nevertheless, music was not absent from the Master's life during these tragic years, the years of the last Quartets, several of which were dedicated to Prince Galitzin, and one of them (Op. 131) to Field-Marshal Baron von Stutterheim, after the latter had received into his regiment Reiszler's former pupil, who, renouncing his mercantile aspirations, had decided to take service in the Austrian army.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)



E. Bieber
K. HOF-PHOTOGRAPH



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Alexander Wheelock Thayer, January, 1888

(By courtesy of Mr. Krebbiel.)

ALEXANDER THAYER AND HIS LIFE OF BEETHOVEN

By HENRY EDWARD KREHBIEL

SOMEWHAT more than a year ago the Editor of THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY reminded me that the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Wheelock Thayer would fall in the month of October of this year and asked me to write a memorial of Beethoven's great biographer for this journal. Mr. Sonneck knew that I had prepared the English edition (*i. e.*, edition in the English language) of "Thayer's life of Beethoven" and graciously intimated that that circumstance pointed to the propriety of his choice of me as Thayer's memorialist. I accepted the commission with gratitude, and am now seeking to fill it; but not with the glad enthusiasm which would have inspired me had not the world-war brought with it the most grievous disappointment of my life. For three years the manuscript of the English edition of the biography which had occupied my attention for ten summers, has been locked up in the vaults of a publishing house waiting for a time more propitious than the present for its publication. Thayer's work is at once the greatest and in its history the most extraordinary of all books dealing with the lives of musical composers; a work which, although the creation of a layman and amateur, is a prouder monument to musical America than the sum total of the achievements of the country's creative and recreative artists. When American readers shall be privileged to peruse in their own tongue the history which has brought them so much honor and put to shame the Beethoven biographers of Europe can not be predicted. Mayhap

When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Scarcely before. But who shall say when that will be? However, as if prompted by a premonition, two months before completing the final revision of the manuscript I had obtained permission of the publishers to print the concluding chapters of the third volume, embodying my account of the last sickness and death of Beethoven in *The New York Tribune*; and for that publication I wrote a prefatory chapter which, in a revised form, was

to serve as an Introduction to the Biography. That chapter I have now turned into the memorial to Thayer which Mr. Sonneck solicited at my hands.

* *

If for no other reasons than because of the long time and monumental patience expended upon the preparation, the vicissitudes through which it has passed, and the varied and arduous labors bestowed upon it by the author and his editors, the history of Alexander Wheelock Thayer's "Life of Beethoven" deserves to be told to the world. Thayer's work it is, and his monument, though others have labored long and painstakingly upon it. There has been no considerable time since the middle of the last century when it has not occupied the minds of the author and those who have been associated with him in its creation. Between the conception of its plan and its execution there lies a period of more than two generations. Four men have labored zealously and affectionately upon its pages and the fruits of more than four-score of men, stimulated to investigation by the first revelations made by the author, have been conserved by the ultimate form of the biography. It was seventeen years after Mr. Thayer entered upon what proved to be his life-task before he gave the first volume to the world and then in a foreign tongue; it was thirteen more before the third volume came from the press. This volume, moreover, left the work unfinished and thirty-two years more had to elapse before it was completed. When this was done the patient and self-sacrificing investigator was dead. He did not live to finish it himself, nor to see it finished by his faithful collaborator of many years, Dr. Deiters; neither did he live to look upon a single printed page in the language in which he had written that portion of the work which was published in his lifetime. It was left for another hand to prepare the English edition of an American writer's history of Germany's greatest tone-poet.

Under these circumstances there can be no vainglory in asserting that the appearance of the English edition of Thayer's "Life of Beethoven" will deserve to be set down as a significant occurrence in musical history. In it is told for the first time in the language of the great biographer the true story of the man Beethoven—his history stripped of the silly sentimental romance with which early writers and their later imitators and copyists invested it so thickly that the real humanity, the humanliness

of the composer, has never been presented to the world. In this biography there appears the veritable Beethoven set down in his true environment of men and things—the man as he actually was, the man as he himself, like Cromwell, asked to be shown for the information of posterity. It is doubtful if any other great man's history has been so encrusted with fiction as Beethoven's. Except Thayer's no biography of him has been written which presents him in his true light. The majority of the books written in late years, even that of Romaine Rolland, repeat many of the errors and falsehoods made current in the first books which were published about him. A great many of these errors and falsehoods are in the account of the composer's last sickness and death and were either inventions or exaggerations designed by their utterers to add pathos to a narrative which in unadorned truth is a hundredfold more pathetic than any tale of fiction could possibly be. Other errors have concealed the truth in the story of Beethoven's guardianship of his nephew, his relations with his brothers, the origin and nature of his fatal illness, his dealings with his publishers and patrons, the generous attempt of the Philharmonic Society of London to extend help to him when upon his death-bed.

In many details the story of Beethoven's life as told in this biography will be new to English and American readers; in a few cases the details will be new to the world, for the English edition of Thayer's Biography is not a translation of the German work, but a presentation of the original manuscript so far as the discoveries made after the writing did not mar its integrity, supplemented by the knowledge acquired since the publication of the first edition and placed at the service of the English editor by the German revisers of the second edition. The editor of the English edition was not only in communication with Mr. Thayer during the last ten years of his life, but was also associated to some extent with his continuator and translator, Dr. Deiters. Not only the fruits of the labors of the German editors, but the original manuscript of Thayer and the mass of material which he accumulated came into my hands and they form the foundation on which the English Thayer's Beethoven rests. The work is a vastly different one from that which Thayer dreamed of when he first conceived the idea of bringing order and consistency into the fragmentary and highly colored accounts of the composer's life upon which he fed his mind and fancy when a student at college; but it is, even in that part of the story which he did not write, true to the conception of what Beethoven's biography

should be. Knowledge of the composer's life has increased since the time when Thayer set out upon his task. The first publication of some of the results of his investigations in his "Chronologisches Verzeichniss" in 1865 and the first volume of the biography which appeared a year later, stirred the critical historians into activity throughout Europe. For them he had opened up a hundred avenues of research, pointed out a hundred subjects for special study. At once collectors of autographs brought forth their treasures, old men opened up the books of their memories, librarians gave eager searchers access to their shelves, churches produced their archives, and the hieroglyphic sketches which had been scattered all over Europe were deciphered by scholars and yielded up chronological information of inestimable value. To all these activities Thayer had pointed the way, and thus a great mass of facts was added to the already great mass which Thayer had accumulated. Nor did Thayer's labors in the field end with the first publication of his volumes. So long as he lived he gathered, ordered and sifted the new material which came under his observation and prepared it for incorporation into later editions and later volumes. After he was dead his editors continued the work.

* * *

Alexander Wheelock Thayer was born in South Natick, Mass., on October 23d, 1817, and received a liberal education at Harvard College, whence he was graduated in 1843. He probably felt that he was cut out for a literary career, for his first work after graduation was done in the library of his Alma Mater. There interest in the life of Beethoven took hold of him. With the plan in his mind of writing an account of that life on the basis of Schindler's biography as paraphrased by Moscheles, and bringing its statements and those contained in the "Biographische Notizen" of Wegeler and Ries and a few English accounts into harmony, he went to Europe in 1849 and spent two years in making researches in Bonn, Berlin, Prague and Vienna. He then returned to America and in 1852 became attached to the editorial staff of *The New York Tribune*. It was in a double sense an attachment, for though illness compelled him to sever his connection with the newspaper and abandon journalism within two years, he never gave up his interest in it. He read it up to the day of his death and his acquaintance with the member of *The Tribune's* staff who was destined to have a part in the completion

of his life-work began when, a little more than a generation after he had gone to Europe for the second time, he opened a correspondence with me on a topic suggested by one of my critical comments. In 1854 he returned to Europe still fired with a determination to rid the life-history of Beethoven of the defects which marred it as it was told in the current histories. Schindler had sold the *memorabilia* which he had received from Beethoven and Beethoven's friend Stephen von Breuning to the Prussian government, and the precious documents were safely housed, though little consulted, in the Royal Library at Berlin. It was probably in studying them that Thayer realized fully that it was necessary to do more than rectify and harmonize the current accounts of Beethoven's life if it were correctly to be told. He had already unearthed much precious ore at Bonn, but he lacked the money which alone would enable him to do the long and large work which now loomed before him. In 1856 he again came back to America and sought employment, finding it, this time, in South Orange, N. J., where Lowell Mason employed him to catalogue his musical library. Meanwhile Dr. Mason had become interested in his great project and Mrs. Mehetabel Adams, of Cambridge, Mass., also. Together they provided the funds which enabled him to go to Europe for the third time. There he remained till he died. At first he devoted his time to research travels, visiting Berlin, Bonn, Cologne, Düsseldorf (where he found material of great value in the archives of the old Electoral Courts of Bonn and Cologne), Frankfort, Paris, Linz, Graz, Salzburg, London and Vienna. To support himself he took a small post in the Legation of the United States in the Austrian capital, but exchanged this, after a space, for the U. S. Consulship at Trieste, to which office he was appointed by President Lincoln on the recommendation of Senator Sumner. In Trieste he remained till his death, although out of office after October 1st, 1882. To Sir George Grove he wrote under date June 1st, 1895: "I was compelled to resign my office because of utter inability longer to continue Beethoven work and official labor together." From Trieste, when his official duties permitted, he went out on occasional exploring tours, but there he weighed and collated his accumulations of evidence and wrote his volumes.

In his travels Thayer visited every person of importance then living who had been in any way associated with Beethoven or had personal recollection of him, among them Schindler, the composer's factotum and biographer; Anselm Hüttenbrenner, in whose arms he died; Caroline van Beethoven, widow of Nephew

Karl; Charles Neate and Cipriani Potter, the English musicians who had been his pupils; Sir George Smart, who had visited him to learn the proper interpretation of the Ninth Symphony; Moscheles, who had been his professional associate in Vienna; Otto Jahn, who had undertaken a like task with Thayer's, but abandoned it and turned over his gathered material to him; Mähler, an artist, who had painted the composer's portrait; Gerhard von Breuning, son of Beethoven's most intimate friend, who, as a lad of fourteen, had been a cheery companion of the great man when he lay upon his fatal bed of sickness. With all these men and many others, Thayer talked, carefully recording their testimony in his note-books and piling up information with which to test the correctness of traditions and printed accounts, and to amplify the veracious story of Beethoven's life. His industry, zeal, keen power of analysis, candor and fairmindedness won the confidence and help of all with whom he came in contact except the literary charlatans whose romances he was bent on destroying in the interest of the verities of history. The Royal Library at Berlin sent the books in which many of Beethoven's visitors had written down their part of the conversations with him which the composer could not hear, to the investigator at Trieste, so that he might transcribe and study them at leisure. These precious transcriptions, through the kindness of Mrs. Jabez Fox, Mr. Thayer's niece and heir, came in turn into my possession, together with a transcription made by Dr. Deiters, and were of great use in the preparation of the English edition of Thayer's work.

In 1856 Thayer was ready with the manuscript for Volume I of the biography, which contained a sketch of the Courts of the Electors at Cologne and Bonn for two centuries, told of the music cultivated at them, and recorded the ancestry of the composer so far as it had been discovered. It also carried the history of Beethoven down to the year 1796. In Bonn, Thayer had made the acquaintance of Dr. Hermann Deiters, Court Councillor and enthusiastic musical *litterateur*, and to him he confided the task of editing and revising his manuscript and translating it into German. The reason which Thayer gave for not at once publishing his work in English was that he was unable to oversee the printing in his native land, where, moreover, it was not the custom to publish such works serially. He urged upon his collaborator that he practise literalness of translation in respect of his utterances, but gave him full liberty to proceed according to his judgment in the presentation of documentary evidence. All of the material in the volume except the drafts

from Wegeler, Ries and Schindler, with which he was frequently in conflict, was original discovery, the result of the labors begun in Bonn in 1849. His principles he set forth in these words:

I fight for no theories, and cherish no prejudices; my sole point of view is the truth. . . . I have resisted the temptation to discuss the character of his (Beethoven's) works and to make such a discussion the foundation of historical speculation, preferring to leave such matters to those who have a greater predilection for them. It appears to me that Beethoven the *composer* is amply known through his works, and in this assumption the long and wearisome labors of so many years were devoted to Beethoven the *man*.

The plan to publish his work in German enabled Thayer to turn over all his documentary to Deiters in its original shape—a circumstance which saved him great labor, but left it for his American editor and continuator. The German volume appeared in 1866; its stimulative effect upon musical Europe has already been referred to. Volume II came from the press in 1872, Volume III in 1879, both translated and annotated by Deiters. They brought the life of Beethoven down to the end of the year 1816, leaving a little more than a decade still unconsidered.

The health of Thayer had never been robust and the long and unintermittent application to the work of gathering and weighing evidence had greatly taxed his brain. He became subject to severe headaches, and after the appearance of the third volume he found it impossible to apply himself for even a short time to work upon the biography. In July, 1890, he wrote a letter to Sir George Grove, which the latter forwarded to me. In it he told in words of pathetic gratitude of the unexpected honors showered upon him at Bonn when, on the invitation of the Beethovenhaus Verein he attended the exhibition and festival given in Beethoven's birthplace a short time before. Then he added:

Of course the great question was on the lips of all—When will the fourth volume appear? I could only say: When the condition of my head allows it. No one could see or have from my general appearance the least suspicion that I was not in mental equal to my physical vigor. In fact the extreme excitement of these three weeks took off, for the time, twenty years of my age and made me young again; but afterwards, in Hamburg, and in Berlin the reaction came. Spite of the delightful musical parties at Joachim's, Hausmann's, Mendelssohn's . . . my head broke down more and more and since my return hither, (Trieste) July 3d, has as yet shown small signs of recuperation. The extreme importance of working out my fourth volume is more than ever impressed upon my mind and weighs upon me like an incubus. But as yet it is utterly impossible for me to really work. Of course

I only live for that great purpose and do not despair. My general health is such that I think the brain must in time recover something of its vigor and power of labor. What astonishes me and almost creates envy is to see this wonderful power of labor as exemplified by you and my neighbor, Burton. But from boyhood I have had head troubles, and what I went through with for thirty years in supporting myself and working on Beethoven is not to be described, and excites my wonder that I did not succumb. Well, I will not despair.

The truth is that Thayer's mind, active enough in some things, refused to occupy itself with the Beethoven material. It needed distraction and to give it that he turned to literary work of another character. He wrote a book against the notion that Lord Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's works and sent the manuscript to me in the hope that I might find a publisher for it (a vain hope, for popular interest in the Baconian theory had long before died out); another book on the Hebrews in Egypt and their exodus, which Mr. E. S. Wilcox, a friend of many years and public librarian at Peoria, published at his own expense. He also wrote essays and children's tales. Such writing he could do and also attend to his consular duties; but an hour or two of thought devoted to Beethoven, as he wrote me, always brought on a racking headache and unfitted him for labor of any kind.

Meanwhile year after year passed by and the final volume of the biography was no nearer completion than in 1880. In fact, beyond the selection and ordination of its material, it was scarcely begun. When after his death all of Thayer's posthumous papers were examined by me, in order that I might select those necessary for the work of completion which was to be undertaken by Dr. Deiters, I found not more than half a dozen pages of the first chapter of the fourth volume written out in fair hand by the author; all the rest was mere memoranda, chronologically arranged and references to documentary material. Thayer's friends and the lovers of Beethoven the world over grew seriously concerned at the prospect that the final volume would never be written. Sharing in this concern, I developed a plan which I fancied would enable Thayer to complete the biography notwithstanding the disabilities under which he was laboring. I asked the co-operation of Novello, Ewer & Co. of London, and got from them a promise to send a capable person to Trieste to act as a kind of literary secretary to the author. I thought that having all the material on hand chronologically arranged he might spend a portion of each day in talking it over with this secretary, but

without troubling his brain with care about the style of its literary presentation. The secretary was then to give the material a proper setting and submit it to Thayer for leisurely revision. Very hopefully, and with deep gratitude to my friends the English publishers, I submitted my plan to Thayer; but he would have none of it. Though unable to work upon the biography an hour continuously, as he had informed me, he yet clung to the notion that some day his brain would recover its energy and he would not only finish the work on its original lines, but also rewrite the whole for English and American readers. From one of his letters placed at my disposal by Sir George Grove it appears that subsequently (in 1892) there was some correspondence between him and an English publisher touching an English edition. The letter was written to Sir George on June 1st, 1895, and in it he said:

I then hoped to be able to revise and prepare it (the Beethoven MS.) for publication myself, and was able to begin the labor and arrange with a typewriter woman to make the clean copy. How sadly I failed I wrote you. Since that time the subject has not been renewed between us. I am now compelled to relinquish all hope of ever being able to do the work. There are two great difficulties to be overcome: the one is that all letters and citations are still in the original German as they were sent to Dr. Deiters; the other, there is much to be condensed, as I always intended it should be, for this reason: From the very first chapter to the end of Volume third I am continually in conflict with all previous writers and was compelled, therefore, to show in my text that I was right by so using my materials that the reader should be taken along step by step and compelled to see the truth for himself. Had all my arguments been given in notes nine readers out of ten would hardly have read them, and I should have been involved in numberless and endless controversies. Now the case is changed. A. W. T.'s novelties are now, with few if any exceptions, accepted as facts and can, in the English edition, be used as such. Besides this, there is much new matter to be inserted and some corrections to be made from the appendices of the three German volumes. The prospect now is that I may be able to do some of this work, or at all events, go through my MS. page by page, and do much to facilitate its preparation for publication in English. I have no expectation of ever receiving any pecuniary recompense for my forty years of labor, for my many years of poverty arising from the costs of my extensive researches, for my—but enough of this also.

In explanation of the final sentence in this letter it may be added that Thayer told me that he had never received a penny from his publisher for the three German volumes; nothing more, in fact, than a few books which he had ordered and for which the publisher made no charge.

Thus matters rested when Thayer died on July 15th, 1897. The thought that the fruits of his long labors and great sacrifices

should be lost to the world even in part was intolerable. Dr. Deiters, with undiminished zeal and enthusiasm, announced his willingness to revise the three published volumes for a second edition and write the concluding volume. Meanwhile all of Thayer's papers had been sent to Mrs. Fox. There was a large mass of material and it became necessary to sift it in order that all that was needful for the work of revision and completion might be placed in the hands of Dr. Deiters. This work was done at Mrs. Fox's request by me. I also, at the solicitation of Mrs. Fox and Charles Scribner's Sons (who had secured the publishing rights) undertook the task of preparing the English edition. Dr. Deiters accomplished the work of revising Volume I, which was published by Weber, the original publisher of the German volumes, in 1891. He then decided that before taking up the revision of Volumes II and III he would bring the biography to a conclusion. He wrote, not the one volume which Thayer had hoped would suffice him, but two volumes, the mass of material bearing on the last decade of Beethoven's life having grown so large that it could not conveniently be comprehended in a single tome, especially as Dr. Deiters had determined to incorporate critical discussions of the composer's principal works in the new edition. The advance sheets of Volume IV were in Dr. Deiters's hands when, full of years and honors, he died on May 1st, 1907. Breitkopf & Härtel had meanwhile purchased the German copyright from Weber and they chose Dr. Hugo Riemann to complete the work of revision. Under Dr. Riemann's supervision Vols. IV and V were brought out in 1907-08 and Vols. II and III in 1910-11.

Not until this had been accomplished could the American collaborator go systematically to work on his difficult and voluminous task, for he had determined to use as much as possible of Thayer's original manuscript and adhere to Thayer's original purpose as expressed in the preface to the first German volume. I also thought it wise to condense the biography so as to bring it within three volumes of about 500 pages each and to enhance its readableness in various ways. To this latter end I abolished the many appendices which swell the German volumes and put their significant portions into the body of the narrative; I omitted many of the hundreds of footnotes, especially the references to the works of earlier biographers, believing that the special student would easily find the sources if he wished to do so and that the general reader would not care to verify the statements of one who has been accepted as the court of last resort in all matters of mere

fact pertaining to Beethoven, the man; I also omitted many letters and presented the substance of others in my own words, for the reason that the composer's correspondence has been printed in full more than once; of the letters and other documents of which literal use was made I wrote translations not only for the sake of greater accuracy, but to avoid conflict with the copyright privileges of English publishers. Being as free as the German editors in respect of the portions of the biography which did not come directly from the pen of Thayer, I chose my own method of presenting the story of the last decade of Beethoven's life, keeping in view the greater clearness and rapidity of narrative which, I believed, would result from a different grouping of material than that followed by the German editors in their adherence to the strictly chronological method established by Thayer.

It ought to be added that a large number of variations from the text of the German edition are explained in the body of the English edition or in footnotes. In cases where the German editors were found to be in disagreement with the original English manuscript in matters of opinion merely, I have chosen to let Mr. Thayer's arguments stand, though, as a rule, noting the adverse opinion of the German editor also. A prominent instance of this kind is presented by the mysterious love-letter found secreted in Beethoven's desk after his death. Though a considerable body of literature has grown up around the "Immortal Beloved" since Thayer advanced the hypothesis (he never called it anything more) that the lady was the Countess Therese Brunswick, the questions touching her identity and the dates of the letter are still as much an open one as they were when Thayer in his characteristically thorough manner subjected them to examination. I therefore permitted Thayer not only to present his case in his own words, but helped him by bringing his scattered pleadings and briefs into sequence. I also outlined in part the discussion which followed the promulgation of Thayer's theory and advanced a few fugitive reflections of my own. The related incident of Beethoven's vain matrimonial project was put into a light unseen by Thayer by new evidence which came to the surface while Dr. Riemann was engaged in his revisory work. It became necessary, therefore, that the date of that incident be changed from 1807, where Thayer put it, to 1810—an important change by which Beethoven's relations to Therese Malfatti were made to take on a more serious posture than Thayer was willing to accord them. I have also set forth the story of Beethoven's

relations with his English friends, his publishers and the London Philharmonic Society more fully than the German version presents them, and have told the painful and wretched history of Beethoven's guardianship, in consonance with the facts, notwithstanding that the truth deals harshly with the image created by sentimental biographers and rhapsodists. To do this I conceived it my duty—no more to the world than to the memory of the great man who, when he told Holz that he should be his biographer, adjured him to tell the truth in words which sound like a paraphrase of Othello's parting injunction:

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate
Nor set down aught in malice.

DEMOCRACY AND MUSIC

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

LOVERS and critics of modern music who are at the same time interested students of the social changes which have preceded and accompanied its growth must often ask themselves whether there is any deep connection of cause and effect between the two sets of phenomena, or whether they merely happened to take place at the same time. Have the important social transformations of the nineteenth century reached so far in their influence as to the music of our time? Has sociology any light to throw upon musical art? The question raises a problem as difficult as it is fascinating; and the suggestions which follow are to be taken as guesses and hints, intended to provoke fertile thought, rather than as constituting in any sense a finished theory.

I.

The change in the nature of the musical public that has taken place during the nineteenth century has been gradual but far-reaching. The essence of it is expressed by saying that at the end of the eighteenth century music was in the hands of the nobility and gentry, and that at the beginning of the twentieth it is in those of all the people. Under feudal conditions it was organized by the patronage system according to the tastes of the aristocratic few. The thirty most fruitful years of Haydn's life were spent in the employ of Prince Esterhazy; Mozart, a skilled pianist as well as composer, was fortunately less dependent on his patron, but his life was probably shortened by the hardships he had to face after he had broken with him; Beethoven, staunch democrat though he was, realized what he owed his four patrons, Archduke Rudolph and Princes Lobkowitz, Kinsky, and Lichnowsky, and wrote, after the deaths of some of them had reduced the value of his annuity: "In order to gain time for a great composition, I must always previously scrawl away a good deal for the sake of money . . . If my salary were not so far reduced as not to be a salary at all, I should write nothing but symphonies . . . and church music, or at most quartets." No doubt the patronage system had its faults and abuses, which have been quite adequately discussed by critics; the fact remains that under it was done the

supreme creative work of the golden age of music. Greater than any of its material advantages was the spiritual homogeneity of the group who practised it. By excluding the lower classes, however unjustly, they achieved, though artificially, a unity of feeling that could not then have been achieved otherwise; and as art is in essence an emotional reaction this unity of feeling provided a soil in which its seeds could grow.

But with the French revolution and the passing of feudalism this old order perished. The proclamation of liberty, equality, and fraternity, paving the way for individualistic competition, introduced the epoch of industrialism and capitalism, in which art, like everything else, was taken out of the hands of a privileged class, and made theoretically accessible to all. As the appreciation of art requires, however, mental and emotional experience, discipline, and refining, a process which takes time, what actually happened was that those gradually emerging from poverty through industrialism—the workers themselves and their children and grandchildren—availed themselves much more slowly and timidly of these spiritual privileges than of the material ones. There remained over from the feudal world a nucleus of cultivated people, sufficiently homogeneous in feeling to retain a standard of taste, sufficiently numerous to exert an influence on production: these were the guardians of the better traditions. They were gradually but steadily interpenetrated and overrun by the emergents, at first in a minority but rapidly becoming the majority, and remaining, of course, unavoidably far more backward in artistic feeling than in economic independence and social ambition. Thus was introduced a formidable cleavage in the musical public, the majority breaking off sharply by their child-like crudity from the more disciplined minority.

The situation was further complicated by the presence of a third class, the idle rich, becoming more numerous under capitalism. It may be doubted whether their attitude towards art was qualitatively different in any important respect from that of the frivolous nobility under feudalism. Both groups regarded music either with complete indifference or else as an amusement, a plaything, a fad; both exercised an influence which through its essential artificiality was potentially perhaps even more baleful than that of the honest crudity of what we have called the emergent class, though actually less disastrous because they were a small minority instead of the majority. But the contribution of this group to the confusion and disorganization characteristic of art under democracy was greater than that of the feudal nobles, because their relation

to society as a whole counted more. When they were placed by the emergence of the democratic majority in a vigorous opposition of attitude to the bulk of the people their influence no longer remained largely negative, but made positively for cleavage and disunion. Thus the unity of social emotion on which art so largely depends for a healthy universality was still further disrupted.

We find, then, under democracy, not a fairly homogeneous musical public with emotionally a single point of view, such as existed under feudalism, but a division into a well-meaning but crude majority and two minorities, one cultivated, the other frivolous: all three, but especially the two extremes, held apart by profound differences of feeling. Despite the inevitability and the desirability of democratization as the only path away from slavery, such a disorganization, even if temporary, must evidently, while it lasts, work serious injuries to art. It is worth while to try, taking frankly at first the attitude of the devil's advocate, to trace a few of the more striking of these injuries as they show themselves in contemporary music.

II.

Of the "emergents" who constitute the most novel element in the contemporary situation, the well-meaning but crude listeners who form a numerically overwhelming majority of our concert-goers, the effect may be described, in most general terms, as being to put a premium on all that is easily grasped, obvious, primitive, at the expense of the subtler, more highly organized effects of art—on sensation as against thought, on facile sentiment as against deep feeling, on extrinsic association as against intrinsic beauty. Mentally, emotionally, and aesthetically children, they naturally demand the child-like, if not the childish.

There seems to be something far deeper than accident in the coincidence of the rise about 1830, that is, about a generation after the French Revolution, under Berlioz and Liszt, of that program music which is generally acknowledged to be peculiarly characteristic of our period, with the invasion of concert-halls by masses of these child-like listeners, as eager for the stories that music might be made to suggest as they were unprepared to appreciate its more intrinsic beauties. They were drawn by the "program" before they grew up to the "music." Lacking the concentration needed to hold all but the simplest melodies together in their minds, pathetically incapable of the far greater range and precision of attention required to hear synthetically a complex work like an overture or a symphony, they were puzzled

or bored by Beethoven, and in their helplessness to follow a musical thread could only grope in the dark until they found a dramatic one. Such a clue in the labyrinth was the "program." They hailed it with the delight of the comparatively unmusical person in opera, who considers it the highest type of music because it supplies him with the largest apparatus of non-musical commentaries (scenery, gestures, words) on the music he cannot understand. Program music, a sort of idealized opera with scenery and actors left to the imagination, fulfilled the same indispensable service for the novice in the concert-room.

The immense popularity of the program idea, from that day to this, is evidence of its complete fitness to the needs of its audience. It says to them, in effect: "You have little 'ear' for music, and take no more joy in the highly organized melodies of a Beethoven symphony or a Bach fugue, with their infinite subtlety of tonal rhythmic relationships, than in the most trivial tunes. Never mind: I will give you two or three short motives, clearly labelled, that you cannot help recognizing. This one will mean 'love,' that 'jealousy,' that 'death,' and so on . . . You are not fascinated by, because you are unable to follow, the creative imagination by which such masters as these build whole worlds of musical beauty out of a few simple themes—an imagination as truly creative as that which carried Newton from the falling apple to the law of gravitation, or directed the infinite patient delving in detail of a Pasteur or a Darwin. Never mind. Remember the story, and you will know that during the love scene the composer must be developing the 'love' motive . . . You are even more indifferent to the broader balance of part with part, the symmetry and coöperation of all in the whole, harder to grasp just as the concinnity of a Greek temple as a whole is harder to feel than the charm of a bit of sculpture here or the texture of the marble there. Never mind. I will give you a structure in sections, like a sky-scraper. Section will follow section as event follows event in the plot . . . In short, the story shall be 'All you know, and all you need to know.' It shall be a straw that will keep you from drowning as the inundation of the music passes over you, and that will save you the trouble of learning to swim."

Of course, this does not mean that music of a high order cannot be associated with a program, or that the two cannot be not only coexistent but fruitfully coöperative. They are so in many a representative modern work—in Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," for instance, or d'Indy's "Istar," or Dukas's "L'Apprenti Sorcier," or Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead."

What is meant is that the program idea derives both its popularity and its peculiar menace in large measure from the stress it places on the appeal to something outside music—to association, that is—at the expense of the appeal to music itself, and thus from the official sanction it seems to give to what is essentially an unmusical conception of music. The program school of composers is the first school that has not merely tolerated but encouraged, elaborated, and rationalized the conviction of the unmusical that music is to be valued chiefly not for itself, but for something else. How dangerous such a compromise with the majority may be, both to public taste and to the composer, is startlingly, not to say tragically, illustrated by the steady tendency of the greatest master of the school, Richard Strauss, to become more and more trivially “realistic” with each new work, and by the complaisance of the public in paying him vast sums of money for thus progressively corrupting it. In every one of his symphonic poems, from the exuberant “Don Juan” (1888) to the surprisingly banal “Alpensymphonie” (1915), glorious pages of music have alternated with silly tricks of imitation, as for instance the splendid development of the husband theme in the “Symphonia Domestica” with the bawling of the baby; but in the latest we have the maximum of imitation and the minimum of music. Apart from their gorgeous orchestral dress its themes are with few exceptions commonplace, dull, and pretentious. Except in one or two passages they are not imaginatively or significantly developed. On the other hand there is no end of “tone-painting,” much of it a revamping of the distant-hunting-horns, rustling-leaves, and warbling-bird-calls which have been time-worn theatrical properties of music ever since Raff’s “Im Walde” and Wagner’s “Waldweben;” some of it more original, like the pictures of sunrise and sunset with which the work begins and ends. In these associatively vivid but musically amorphous passages melody, harmony, rhythm, key disappear in a strange opaque cloud of tone, realistically representing night—the kind of night to which the German wit compared Hegel’s Absolute—“in which all cows are black.” The same childish realism which made Wagner show us his dragon on the stage instead of in our own imaginations introduces a wind-machine in the storm and sheep bells in the mountain pasture. In all this we see an artist who was once capable of writing the introduction and coda of “Death and Transfiguration” taking his art into the nursery to play games with.

But the effect of music on child-like audiences, indisposed to active mental effort and all for taking music passively like a kind

of tonal Turkish bath, reaches its logical extreme not in the program music of which Strauss is the most famous exponent, but in that superficially different but fundamentally related movement known as impressionism, which is led by the other most discussed composer of our day, Debussy. Strikingly contrasted as are these two leaders of contemporary music in temperament, in artistic aims, in technical methods, their æsthetic theories are at one in the slight demands they make on the attention of an inevitably inattentive public. Both encourage the listener to look away from the music itself to something that it suggests to him. But impressionism goes further than programmism. May not those people, it says, who find organic melody, development, and form fatiguing, and to whom you give a program to help them out—may they not find the program fatiguing, too? May not its being prescribed offend their sense of "freedom"? Why exact of them the effort to follow even the story? Better to give them simply a title, as vague and elusive as possible, and foster the mood of day-dreaming thus suggested by avoiding all definite melodic, rhythmic, or harmonic features in the music, while enhancing its purely sensuous charm to the utmost degree possible. Such, carried out with extraordinary talent, is the artistic creed of Debussy. Just as programmism appeals from music to association, impressionism appeals to sentiment, to fancy, and to the phantasmagoric reveries upon which they are ever so ready to embark.

It is noteworthy, moreover, that both programmism and impressionism, however systematically they may minimize their demands on the intelligence of their audience, do not abate, but rather tend constantly to increase, their ministrations to its sense. Indeed, they systematically maximize their sensuous appeal; and though their characteristic methods of making this appeal differ as widely as their general attitudes, that of programmism being extensive and that of impressionism intensive, the insistence of both on sensuous rather than on intellectual or emotional values is surely one of the most indicative, and it may be added one of the most disquieting, symptoms of the condition of modern music.

The method of the program school in general, and of Strauss in particular, is extensive in that it aims at boundless piling up of means, a formidable accumulation of sonorities for the besieging of the ear. Its motto is that attributed to the German by the witty Frenchman: "Plenty of it." Berlioz, the pioneer of the movement, with his "mammoth orchestras," and his prescription, in his requiem, of four separate brass bands, one at

each corner of the church, and eight pairs of kettle-drums in addition to bass drum, gong, and cymbals; Mahler, commencing a symphony with a solo melody for eight horns; Strauss, with his twelve horns behind the scenes in the "Alpensymphonie," to say nothing of wind-machine, thunder-machine, sheep bells, and a whole regiment of more usual instruments:—all these disciples of the extensive or quantitative method aim to dazzle, stun, bewilder, and overwhelm. They can be recognized by their abuse of the brass and percussion groups, their child-like faith that if a noise is only loud enough it becomes noble. They have a tendency, too, to mass whole groups of instruments on a single "part," as Tschai-kowsky, for instance, so often does with his strings, whatever the sacrifice of interesting detail, for the sake of brilliance and *éclat*. To some extent, of course, all this is justified, even necessitated, by the vast size of modern concert-halls; but a candid observer can hardly deny that it is systematically overdone in the interests of sensationalism. The same tendency is observable also in other than orchestral music. The piano, treated with such admirable restraint by Chopin and by Debussy, has been forced by Liszt and his followers toward jangling, crashing sonorities that can penetrate the most callous sensorium. The equipment of organs with "solo stops" and other devices for the tickling of idle ears has turned the king of instruments too often into a holiday harlequin. Even the string quartet, last rallying-ground of music against the ubiquitous onslaught of sensationalism, begins in many modern scores, with their constant double stops and tremolos, and their "effects" of mutes, pizzicato, "ponticello," "col legno," and the rest, to sound like a rather poor, thin orchestra, striving for a variety and fulness of color beyond its capacity.

The fallacy of the extensive method is that it is trying to satisfy a craving essentially insatiable. Such an appetite for mere quantity of sound grows by what it feeds on; luxury breeds ennui; and, as every sensualist knows to his sorrow, there never can be "plenty of it." A sense of this futility inherent in the extensive method as it has been practised in modern Germany and elsewhere has led another school, chiefly modern French, to try for similar results by a different method, which may be called the intensive. Such a composer as Debussy, who may here be taken as typical, aims, to be sure, primarily at sensuous rather than at mental or spiritual values, but achieves them by qualitative refinement and contrast rather than by quantitative accumulation, and avoids exaggeration in favor of a delicate, almost finical, understatement and suggestiveness. While sonority is as much his god as

Strauss's, he is the connoisseur of subtle, elusive sonorities, each to be sipped like a wine of rarest bouquet, rather than an enthusiast of the full-bodied brew. The subtlety of the methods often leads his admirers to claim a superior "spirituality" in the aims, but this is a mistake. His school is more spiritual than Strauss's only as a *gourmet* is more spiritual than a glutton. Both schools prefer sensation to thought and emotion, association to intrinsic beauty, color to line. The difference is that "*Pelléas et Mélisande*" is the violet or ultra-violet end of the spectrum of which "*Salome*" is the red.

A curious by-product of the cult of the elusive sonority is the exaggerated, the almost morbid, interest that has emanated from modern France in novelty of harmonic idiom. One would suppose, to read many contemporary critics, that the sole criterion of a good composer depended on his use of some recondite scheme of harmony, whether based on the whole-tone scale, on the mediæval modes, on new applications of chromaticism, on the "harmonic polyphony" of Casella and others, or on the arbitrary asperities of the Italian noise-makers and Mr. Leo Ornstein. If you wish to be considered an "ultra-modernist" you may do quite as you please, both as regards commission and omission, in rhythm, melody, polyphony, form, provided only you are harmonically eccentric. This insistence on harmony, on the momentary tone-combination, suggests a predominant concern with the sensuous side of music which is highly significant as a symptom. It is a stressing of that which the senses alone can perceive from moment to moment, without any aid from memory, imagination, comparison, and other mental acts required for the perception of rhythm and melody. In short, it is an evidence of the same materialistic tendency to rely on the physical rather than the mental appeal, on the investiture of the idea rather than on the idea itself, which we noted in the extensive method. Whatever their differences, both methods are thus at one in the tendency to use materials as makeshifts for thought. Mahler failing to get with eight horns the effect that Schubert got with two—plus a great melodic idea—at the opening of his C Major Symphony, Debussy confectioning a banal bit of tune in muted string or pastoral flute sonorities with piquant harmonies—both are appealing, with varying success, from our minds and hearts to our auditory nerves. The increasing measure of success attending such appeals shows vividly the numerical advantage that the hungry or curious auditory nerves have, in the modern democratic audience, over the enlightened minds and hearts.

III.

And indeed, how should we expect it to be otherwise? Enlightened minds and hearts, we must remember, are the finest and rarest fruit of civilization, to be cultivated only under conditions of decent leisure, fair physical and mental health, and free association with "the best that has been done and thought in the world." When they are so rare even in the class that has all these advantages, how shall we expect them to be common among those living either in an industrial servitude that for monotony of toil is almost worse than chattel slavery, or by clerical and other secondary work that through the modern specialization and subdivision of labor condemns each individual to a more or less mechanical repetition of a few small acts through the larger part of his working hours, a routine the relation of which to human life as a whole he often does not see? Writers on sociology are beginning to realize¹ that such conditions of work inevitably produce a morbid psychological condition in the worker, dulling his mind by the meaningless drudgery and depressing his body and nerves by fatigue-poisons, so that even in his few hours of leisure his perfectly natural seeking for pleasure does not take entirely normal paths. Too exhausted to respond to delicate shades and subtle relationships, whether in sensuous or mental objects, his jaded nerves cry out for violent stimuli, for contrasts, for something to goad and whip them into new activity. This craving for violent stimuli is the essential feature of the fatigue-psychology. Now, is it not highly suggestive that the age of industrialism is also the age of a hundred goads for tired nerves—of the newspaper headline, the dime-novel and "penny-thriller," the lurid moving-picture drama, rag-time and the "revue?" And is it not possible that the sensationalism of so much modern music is only another evidence, on a somewhat higher plane, of the working of this same psychology of fatigue?

Again, these overworn nerves of ours have within a comparatively short period had brought to bear upon them, through the progress of modern invention with its cheap printing, quick transportation, and long distance communication, a thousand distractions. No longer insulated from the outlying world, so to speak, by time and space, as were our more simply-living ancestors, we read, hear, and see as much in a day as they did in a week. The inevitable result has been a diffusion of attention fatal to

¹ See, for example, "The Great Society", by Graham Wallas, and "Work and Wealth", by J. A. Hobson.

concentrated thought except for the most resolute, breeding in the average man mental indigestion and habits of disorder and impatience, and gradually evolving the characteristic modern type—quick, sharp, and shallow. Outward distraction has thus added its influence to inner weariness to urge our art away from quiet thought towards ever noisier solicitation. For thought always depends on simplification, on inhibition: in order to think we must neglect, as we see strikingly in the case of the absent-minded, the given-by-sense in order to attend to the given-by-memory-and-imagination; and over-stimulation of sense is therefore just as hostile to thought as the depression of the higher mental faculties through fatigue. Thus it is highly characteristic of our prevailing attitude that we strive, not for elimination, but for accumulation, distraction, dissipation. The formula is always mental apathy, physical and nervous excitement. Not having the joy of the mastery which comes only through thought, because we lack both concentration and favorable opportunity to discipline ourselves, we seek the stimulus of constant change. We digest nothing, taste everything; "eclecticism" is our euphemism for spreading our attention very wide and very thin; and the nightmare that you soon uncover under all our art is not that our minds may become bewildered (for that they are already), but that our senses may become jaded—which of course they do.

Still another line of influence that may be traced from general modern conditions to the peculiar qualities of modern art concerns especially the third of the classes described above, the capitalist class. Here again we find a morbid condition, a distortion of wholesome human contacts; but here instead of the impediment of meaningless drudgery, it is the incubus of a fruitless, selfish idleness. Cut off from the normal outlet of energy in useful work, the luxurious classes become pampered and bored, and develop through very vacuity a perverted taste for the unusual, the queer, the generally upside down and backside, too. Every season sees a new crop of the "isms" thus produced, the ephemera of the world of art, which live a day and die as soon as they lose their one interest, novelty. Of all manifestations of so-called "art" they are the most sterile, the most completely devoid of vital relation to any real impulse. They might be ignored did they not complicate still further an already complicated situation, and were they not an additional, though a largely negative, illustration of the close causative relation between general social conditions and artistic expression that our discussion is making more and more evident. Fortunately they produce little enduring effect

beyond their own narrow circles; for as they spring not from any vital interest, but only from an unguided curiosity and desire for excitement, they take mutually opposing forms and largely cancel each other. Thus, for instance, fads for very old or for very new music, directed as they are toward the mere age or the mere newness, and having no concern with the quality of the music itself, leave the actual public taste just where it would have been had they never arisen. Nevertheless, the diversion of so much energy, which might under better conditions find an outlet in fruitful activity, to a sterile posture-making, is uneconomical and to be regretted.

So far, we have been looking chiefly, from the point of view of the devil's advocate, at the injurious influences on contemporary music that can be traced with some degree of plausibility to the capitalistic and industrial social system of the nineteenth century. Noting the sensational bent, whether extensively or intensively expressing itself, of the chief contemporary schools, we have asked ourselves whether it could be attributed in some measure to the kind of demand made by an audience dulled by overwork at monotonous tasks and depressed by fatigue-poisons. Remarking the multiplicity of fads and "isms" by which our art is confused, we have asked how far these might be attributed to the cravings of a group whose normal appetites have been perverted by luxury and self-centred isolation. All of these evils, we have insisted, are aggravated in their effects by the distractions under which we live. It is now time, however, taking a more positive view and attempting a more constructive theory, to ask how these evils may be combatted, what more hopeful elements already exist in the situation, and what others may be expected to develop in the future.

IV.

First of all, it may be suggested that, so far as these evils are fairly attributable to the social conditions of the nineteenth century, they may fairly be expected to be mitigated somewhat by those changes which already seem probable in those of the twentieth. The capitalistic era seems likely to be followed by an era of coöperation or communism; and in countless ways such a change must eventually be deeply revivifying to all forms of art. Of course, it is only too easy to indulge in baseless dreams of the results upon art of a millennium brought about in this way, only too easy to forget that we are only at the threshold of such new systems of

organization, and that they may go the wrong way instead of the right. All we can safely say is that if they do go the right way they will rescue art, among many other human interests, from the condition to which much of it has been prostituted under capitalism.

Let us suppose, for instance, that something like what Mr. H. G. Wells calls the Great State,¹ eventually results from the troublous reconstructions through which we are living. The Great State is only one of three possibilities he sees in the further adjustment of the leisure class and the labor class of our present order. The first possibility (and a disagreeably vivid one it must seem to all thoughtful Americans) is that "the leisure class may degenerate into a waster class," and the labor class "may degenerate into a sweated, overworked, violently resentful and destructive rebel class," and that a social *debâcle* may result. The second possibility is that the leisure class "may become a Governing Class (with waster elements) in an unprogressive Bureaucratic Servile State," in which the other class appears as a "controlled, regimented, and disciplined Labour Class." The third possibility is that the leisure class "may become the whole community of the Great State, working under various motives and inducements, but not constantly, nor permanently, nor unwillingly," while the labor class is "rendered needless by a general labour conscription, together with a scientific organization of production, and so re-absorbed by re-endowment into the Leisure Class of the Great State."

The first two of these possible conditions would be fatal to art, one through anarchy and loss of standards, the other through conventionalization. The third would bring about a renaissance, after a troubled period of conflicting standards and of readjustments such as we find ourselves in to-day. The main elements in such a progress would be, first, the gradual refining, deepening, and vitalizing of the taste of the general public under the influence of increasing leisure, health, self-respect, and education; second, the cutting off of extravagance, luxury, and faddism in the wealthier classes by a wholesome pressure of enforced economy; third, increasing solidarity of feeling in the whole social fabric through such a mutual *rapprochement*, giving the indispensable emotional basis for vital art.

There are already some encouraging evidences of such developments. Much preparatory work towards the formation of better

¹"Social Forces in England and America," by H. G. Wells, New York and London, 1914.

standards of public taste has been unobtrusively done, at least in our larger cities, by free lectures and cheap recitals and concerts. Two disadvantages, however, have often attended such work, reducing its benefits. One has come from the common fallacy that what is done for the many must be done so as to please the many—a view often supposed to be “democratic.” Emerson was more truly democratic when he told us to “cease this idle prating about the masses,” and set about extracting individuals from the masses; for real democracy never forgets that the majority are always inferior, and its aim must be to give the superior minority a chance to make their influence felt. In other words, to level down to the people is to vulgarize rather than to popularize. Theodore Thomas set a model for the conductor of popular concerts in the best sense, for all time, when he replied to one of his orchestra players who said that people did not like Wagner: “Then we must play him until they do.”

The second disadvantage is even harder to avoid, even for administrators of the highest standards, because it seems to be almost intrinsic in this kind of work. It comes from the passive nature of the people's participation. Giving even the best concerts seems often too much like handing the people music at the end of a stick—“Take it or leave it;” naturally, having so little choice in its selection, they often leave it; and even when they try their best to take it, they cannot get so much out of it as if they were actively helping to produce it. This is the reason that more active forms of music-making, even if crude, like the music school settlement work and the community choruses that have been making such strides in recent years, seem so full of promise. The singing in the public schools, too, would have done far more than it has, had not the standards been debased, as Mr. T. W. Surette has ably shown,¹ to the childish tastes, not of the children themselves, who could appreciate better things, but of their dull and routine-enslaved elders. Yet here again we must beware of a too easy optimism. There is no magic about the community chorus that can suddenly change bad taste to good. Too often we seem here, as in all other activities for popularizing music, to oscillate helplessly between two evils. On the one hand is the crudity of actual taste: the majority prefer rag-time and the musical comedies to folk-songs or the simple classics. On the other hand is the apathy that comes of prescription from outsiders: muical activity that is not spontaneous is sterile. Progress

¹ In an article on Public-School Music, *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1916.

seems to come painfully and uncertainly from a constant zigzagging between these two evils, getting gradually away from them as the taste of the minority exercises its persuasiveness.

As for the wealthier classes, it must be confessed that there are so far few evidences of any permanent displacement of luxury and artificiality by saner and simpler tastes. Yet there are even here one or two hopeful signs, of which the most conspicuous is the recent enthusiasm for folk-songs. This is rather too good to be altogether true. It is hard to believe in the complete sincerity of those who go into the same rhapsodies over a perfectly simple and rather crude peasant song that a year or two ago they reserved for the exquisite day-dreams of Debussy or the exotic inconsequentialities of Cyril Scott. Moreover, the appreciation of folk-song, though a normal and indeed indispensable stage in musical education, is only the very first phase of initiation to the deeper and subtler beauties of musical art, and not a stage to be dwelt in with complacency. Yet so far as it goes, and in the measure of its sincerity, the interest in folk-song is of good augury. It means concern with melody, always and everywhere the soul of music, rather than with externalities like orchestral color, or harmonic "effects," or quasi-poetic associations and programs. It means sympathy with simple and broadly human, universal emotions, such as inspire the greatest as well as such primitive music. It may mean the beginning of a real and eventually a developed taste for good music. And it is a good foundation for such a *rapprochement* of all classes of music-lovers as may come, we may hope, with the coming of the Great State.

If our cursory examination of the general tendencies of our day reveals no striking preponderance of good over bad, shows us no movement of any majority that we can acclaim without qualification, we may now remind ourselves for our comfort that this has always been the case in all times, and that there is indeed a curious illusion, resolvable only by close scrutiny, that makes our own time seem worse to us, in comparison with others, than it really is. We have to remember that the baser elements of our own time make a much greater impression on us, in relation to the finer ones, than those of the past. A living fool can make as much noise as a wise man (if not far more); a dead one is silent forever. The gold of Beethoven's day, of which he was himself the purest nugget, comes down to us bright and untarnished, so that we forget all the dross that has been thrown on the scrap-heap of time. Our own gold is almost hidden from us by the glitter of the tinsel.

The world of music, says Sir Charles Stanford¹, is not substantially different from what it has been. It has always exalted those of its contemporary composers who dealt in frills and furbelows above those who considered the body more important than its clothes. Only a few wise heads knew of the existence of Bach. Rossini was rated by the mass of the public far higher than Weber, Spohr than Beethoven, Meyerbeer than Wagner. Simrock said that he made Böhm pay for Brahms.

It is always necessary to wait for the winnowing process of time before we can see the true proportions of an age. Hence we can never see our own age in its true proportions, and since the second- and third-rate elements in it are ever more acclaimed by the majority than the first-rate, we always see it worse than it is. We live, so to speak, in the glare of noon-day, and cannot see the true coloring of our world, which will appear only at evening. Hence in every age the tragi-comedy is repeated of acclaiming the mediocre and the meretricious, and ignoring worth. The Gounods always patronize the Francks. The answer of philosophy is Emerson's:

Ideas impregnable; numbers are nothing. Who knows what was the population of Jerusalem? 'Tis of no importance whatever. We know that the Saint and a handful of people held their great thoughts to the death; and the mob resisted and killed him; and, at the hour, fancied they were up and he was down; when, at that very moment, the fact was the reverse. The principles triumphed and had begun to penetrate the world. And 'tis never of any account how many or how rich people resist a thought.

Our final question, then, resolves itself to this: Are there in the music of our day, known or unknown to the majority, any such vital "thoughts," based on principles that a discerning criticism may see even now to have "triumphed and begun to penetrate the world?" Is there music being written to-day which is modern, not through its pampering to jaded sense or dulled intelligence, but through its intuition and expression of the deeper emotional experience and spiritual aspiration of our time? Is there music, in short, not only seductive to the ear but beautiful to the mind? To answer such a question intelligently we shall have to take account of certain truths which the foregoing discussion has tended to establish, and which may now be made explicit. Thought, emotion, all that we call the spiritual side of music, expresses itself not through sonorous or harmonic effects, primarily sensuous in appeal, but through melody and rhythm and their interplay and elaboration in so-called thematic development.

¹Pages from an Unwritten Diary, C. V. Stanford.

In truly great music we remember, not such and such a bit of tone-color, not this or that sonority, but the soaring or tender curve of the themes, their logical yet ever new unfolding, their embodiment, in the whole composition, of richest variety with completest final unity. The man in the street is absolutely right in feeling that music succeeds or fails by its tunes; his limitation arises in his conception of "tune."

Again, since the creation and manipulation of great "tunes" or themes, unlike the hitting off of sonorous effects or the discovery of *rococo* harmonies, comes never by luck, but only through a discipline based on the assimilation of all that is best in music, we always find that all really fine music is firmly founded upon tradition, and reaches its roots into the past, while blossoming, so to speak, into the future. The artist, despite the popular supposition to the contrary, depends on his forerunners quite as closely as the scientist. You can no more write a solid sonata without knowing Beethoven than you can work efficiently in biology in ignorance of Darwin. Yet on the other hand this assimilation of the past has to produce, not an academic and sterile complacency with what is, but an equipped and curious advance upon what is to be: the artist, like the scientist, brings all his learning to the test in acts of creative imagination, leaps in the dark. Thus artistic advance may be figured as like the shooting of frost crystals on a window pane; never is there a crystal that is not firmly attached by traceable lines to the main body; yet no one can prophesy whither each fine filament may strike out in its individual adventure. The great artist is bound to the past by love and docility. to the future by a faith that overleaps convention.

Looked at in the light of these considerations, contemporary music presents a scheme of light and shade somewhat different from that ordinarily accepted. If some high lights are overshadowed, others seem to shine brighter. There is plenty of hopeful promise for the future. Leaving aside the sounder elements in Strauss and Debussy, in whom there is so much of the richness of decay, we shall find the chief centres of truly creative activity perhaps in three composers who in their differing ways and degrees carry on the great tradition: Rachmaninoff in Russia, Elgar in England, and d'Indy in France. Each of these men reaches back roots to the primal sources of musical life—Bach and Beethoven: Rachmaninoff through Tschaikowsky, the eclectic Elgar through Mendelssohn, Brahms, Wagner and others, and d'Indy through Wagner and Franck. Each, as we see in such modern classics as "Toteninsel," the A flat Symphony, and "Istar," can create, in

settings of modern opulence of color, nobly beautiful forms, melodies that live and soar in a spiritual heaven. All, too, though in varying degrees, move on as a creator should toward the unknown. Here the Frenchman has perhaps, with his characteristic lucidity and logic, something the advantage of the more sensuous Slav and the more convention-beset Anglo-Saxon. Rachmaninoff, for all his warmth, does not always escape the vulgarity of Tschai-kowsky, and Elgar cannot always forget the formulæ of oratorio. But in d'Indy, with his untrammelled experimental attitude toward all modern possibilities, we have an influence destined steadily to grow and already clearly suggesting a new epoch combining the best of the old ways with new ones at which we can for the present only guess.

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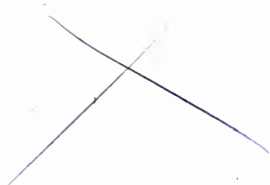
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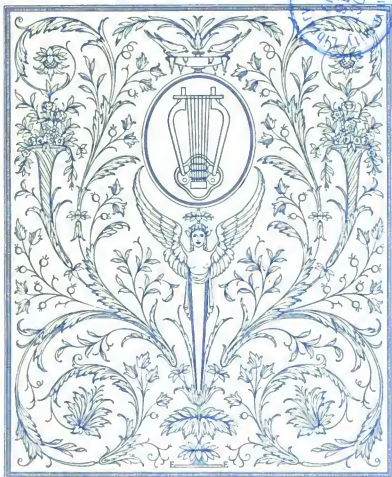
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