In the World of Music and Art

Modern Musical Opinions From France and England

Pamphlets by Jean Cocteau and Eugene Goossens; Valuable Suggestions for Music at Picture House

By Katharine Wright

From Paris comes a pamphlet "Le Coq et L'Arlequin," notes on music by Jean Cocteau, published by the Sirène Society, for which Picasse has supplied a portrait of the author and two decorative monograms. Cocteau, a modernist, devotes the first fifty-seven pages to sayings about music which largely embody his creed. The final pages are souvenirs and impressions of Stravinsky and the Russian Ballet. The musical opinions and definitions in the first part of the book are in turn banal, witty, thoughtful. Here are a few:

"To be audacious with tact consists in knowing to what lengths one may exceed the limit." This might be pondered to advantage by Mr. Prokofieff.

"When a work appears to be ahead of its time it merely means that the time is late for the work.

"Despise the man who wishes to be applauded and the man who wishes to be hissed.

"Satie said: 'I would like to write a play for dogs and I have my setting. The curtain rises on a bone.'

"One is sometimes forced to defend that which one disapproves. How would it be possible not to defend Strauss, for example, against those who attack him from pure Germanophobia or in favor of Puccini?

"The ear reproves but endures certain music; transported into the region of the nose, the sound would force us to flee.

"Nietzsche feared certain associations of names—Goethe and Schiller, for example; or still worse, Schiller and Goethe. What would he say to the spread of the cult 'Nietzsche and Wagner'?

"Debussy lost himself because from the German ambush he fell into the Russian trap. . . . When I say 'the Russian trap,' 'Russian influence' I do not mean that I despise Russian music. Russian music is admirable because it is Russian music. Franco-Russian music or Franco-German music is necessarily illegitimate, even when inspired by a Moussorgsky, a Stravinsky, a Wagner or a Schoenberg. I ask for French music from France.

"In the midst of the perturbation and exoticism of French taste the café-concert remains sufficiently intact in spite of the Anglo-American influence. A certain tradition is preserved, although it is a bad one. It is probably at this source that the young musician will once more find the thread lost in the Germano-Slavic labyrinth.

"To please or to be worthy—If an artist yields to the public's proposals of peace he is conquered.

"Reality is the only motive for an important work of art.

"'Pelleas' is music to be heard with one's head in his hands. All music that can be listened to in this way is suspicious music. Wagner's music belongs to this type.

"One cannot lose one's self in the mist of Debussy as one can in the fog of Wagner, but one may feel bad effects."

Eugene Goossens's 'Modern Tendencies'

Eugene Goossens, a modern of the moderns, whose "By the Tarn" and "Eternal Rhythm" will, according to report, be played by the Chicago Orchestra next season, has written a pamphlet, "Modern Tendencies in Music," pupblished in London by the Arts League of Service. Since this composer is as yet in the process of development, his opinions are valuable as an expression of ideas and strivings by one whose music is still in the period of "tending." If, however, he had been more communicative regarding his personal aims, instead of confining himself to his views about contemporaries, the little book would have gained in interest.

As it is, he deals with representative French, Russian, Italian and Spanish composers, with a parenthesis on German music, and then turns to a more intimate consideration of British contemporaries. It appears to be his purpose to point out common tendencies shown by the varied efforts of these men.

Like all modernists, the writer lays great stress on the value of individuality. "Music in England is not a matter of schools, but of individual achievement," he says. "More individualism, more heroes. See what a lot of them there are." The ideal aims for modern music he considers represented by Stravinsky, and shows an inclination to judge new works by their conformance to these aims. Yet it is scarcely possible to agree with intense individualism at the sacrifice of craftsmanship, and are there really as many heroes among present day composers as Mr. Goossens imagines? Furthermore, is not the twentieth century in its very zeal for the excessively personal responsible rather for a mountain of freakish experiments than for an imposing number of works destined to survive?

Music at the Movies

The last word on a vital subject is supplied by Edith Lang and George West in "Musical Accompaniment of Moving Pictures," published by the Boston Music Company.

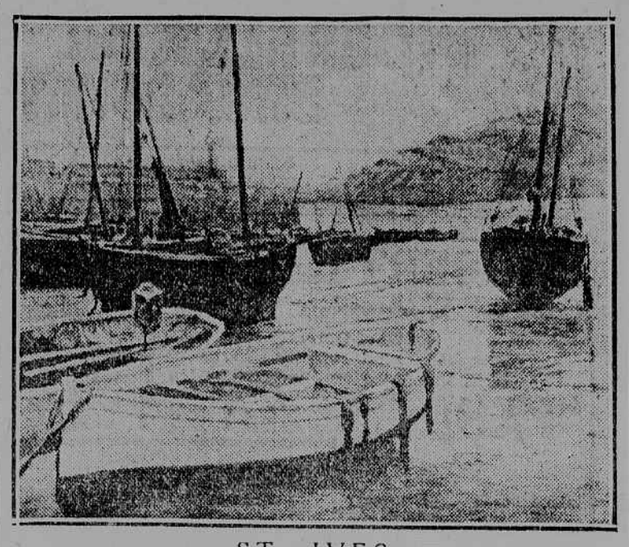
As a rule, the music provided by orchestras at the leading motion picture palaces in this city is adequate, if not excellent. As has been stated before on this page, in point of fitness, variety and careful choosing the palm belongs to the twin theaters, the Rialto and the Rivoli. At both houses not only is the music for the orchestral accompaniment selected with peculiar skill from apparently inexhaustible sources, ranging from the classics to a chanson by Reynaldo Hahn, but the officiating organists are possessed of tact, intelligence, imagination and facility.

Unfortunately this is seldom the case with the average pianist and organist heard in picture houses. And it is chiefly for these offenders that the Lang-West volume has been devised. Of course, a monumental knowledge of music cannot be expected individually from these sorely tried members of the musical community, but failing this there should be some rude notion of improvisation and an emotional alertness that should forbid the repetition of eight or ten pieces regardless of their kinship with the doings on the screen.

Some weeks ago an Oriental picture, "The Breath of the Gods," afforded a chance to at least one pianist of indulging in a mass of Oriental or pseudo-Oriental literature obtainable for this instrument. But no. Not one Oriental suggestion graced the musical accompaniment to a story of Japan, and a funeral procession in the streets of Yokohama marched to the strains of Beethoven's "Funeral March."

It is to be hoped that pianists and organists will avail themselves largely of the suggestions made by Miss Lang and Mr. West. Managers might include a copy with their contracts.

The chapter on "Mental Alertness" is particularly valuable. But no less so is the section on "Improvisation" or the pages on "Weekly New Pictures," "Peculiarities of Organ Technique," "The Identification of Tone Colors," "Special Effects and How to Produce Them."



ST. IVES

By William Chadwick, in the exhibition of paintings at Old Lyme, Conn.

English Critic Frees His Mind About "American Invasion"

Robin H. Legge, music critic of The London Daily Telegraph, recently expressed himself as follows about American artists who appeared during the London season:

For the last two months or so it has been my duty to write a great deal about the advent here of many American musicians, of an American orchestra and of one American conductor, though this latter might seem a little invidious in America, since, besides Mr. Walter Damrosch, there have been in London during the last few weeks Stokowsky, Sokoloff, Stock—and, no doubt, others who, by an ill-fate, are but names to me. I have heard the Damrosch orchestra and I have heard all the singers, etc., that have, as I say, invaded us. (By the way, I was told the other day that some objection had been raised to my use of the term "invasion" in this connection, but I am quite sure that common sense must show that the term was used merely to mean "visited." Anyhow, it is quite void of offense in its meaning in my mind.) But, to return. I heard all that I could hear of American musicians because I wanted seriously to know, if so be I could learn from what they achieved, what was their aim, and if that bore any particular relation to what we are aiming at. I do feel that I learned a good deal and I do hope that our American cousins also learned something from us.

After all, they speak our language and we speak theirs, and from it we freely take, without any acknowledgment, a fairly large amount of phrases that suit our purpose to a "t," the which we could not, or did not, discover for ourselves. But, seriously, the musical language is different. From conversations I have had with many American musicians recently it seems that America is not nearly so sure of its ground as we are in the matter of the Anglo-Saxon in music. Curiously enough, the whole of the American singers who have appeared in Queen's Hall (of all places for a recital!) in the last two months have shown us nothing of any value of American music. Further, Mr. Damrosch's orchestral programs were of quite a conventional order, and afforded us no new insight into American creative composition, whatever view they may have given us of the art of playing music that was quite familiar to us. Are there no "young American composers"? Surely here was an opportunity mislaid, if not actually lost, for, of course, there are.

To judge by the programs offered to us, and the general arrangement of the "invasion," something was attempted to suit what, I imagine, was presumed to represent "our taste." At one concert several fascinating old Italian and modern French songs were quite exquisitely sung by an American singer, who presumably thought it "in accordance with our taste" to sing a fearsome ballad of a most ordinary kind by way of an encore. In all the vocal programs that I heard the same idea seemed to prevail, that it was the shop ballad that "had it." We have, of course, series each winter of ballad concerts, many of which are of heavenly beauty compared with what was offered at similar functions twenty years ago, and our ballad masters, or mongers, certainly know their business. But we do not interpolate these things into the midst of Duparc, Poldowski, Scarlatti and the like. Do the Americans in America so interpolate their own ballads into their more serious schemes? If not, why try the experiment over here? Then, we heard a delicious pure coloratura singer in Miss Garrison. But why was her program chosen to afford least opportunity for her to exhibit the great graces of the gods? In her case I had preferred infinitely to hear the "fireworks" so exquisitely done rather than all the artifice in Granados and Debussy, and so on, which are not in her particular line. The art of the ballad singer is great. So is the art of the coloratura singer. But East is East and West is West, so to speak. They are not the same thing, and this singer—and here I by no means confine the remark to the coloratura singer—and that are as wide apart as are the East and West.

One matter that particularly attracted me was the superior clearness of the diction of most of the singers. There is no doubt of it. As a fact, the point was emphasized in rather a curious fashion, for the programs issued were printed in, I think all cases, English only, no matter in what language the singer might be singing. In some songs, especially those of an unfamiliar nature, it was easier, for the reason suggested, to follow the drift of the song by listening attentively to the singer than to try to discover which particular song was being presented by a search of the program book. In a sense it was this clearness of diction that I found to be the most attractive feature of the playing of the Damrosch orchestra. It was clearness crystalline and in some respects reminded me of that of the famous Lamoureux orchestra in Paris. The uniformity of bowing, however, has no particular attraction for me, and I never liked Lamoureux's insistence on the use by the double-bass players of 'cello bows. Orchestral playing may be too smooth, its diction, as it were, clear to artificiality. I fear, to speak frankly (as I have been asked to speak by several American artists with whom I have discussed matters), that almost more stress is by them inclined to be laid upon the playing of the music than upon the true inwardness of the music itself.

This same quality of purity of diction was exemplified in the most exalted degree by Heifetz's violin playing, but why he left the very best he achieved to the very last, and that a Sunday concert, is difficult to understand. Undoubtedly from our standpoint he should have begun with an orchestral concert. But this apart, the extraordinary purity of his diction was of the loveliest nature, and was so pure as almost to suggest the artificiality referred to above. The diction was the diction of a Sarasate, but there was little, if any, of the Spaniard's warmth of style. I have laid great stress upon diction, because it was here, I think, that we could learn most from our American visitors. They, on the other hand, may easily have learned that a certain ruggedness in performance also has its merits and its decided attraction. If we have both learned our lessons—so much the better for all concerned. At least the American invasion gave us something to think about, and that in itself is a gain.

BOGEA OUMIROFF,

Barytone, who will sing here next month

Columbia Band Concerts Nearing End of Season

The eleventh week of Columbia University band concerts will begin tomorrow evening. The season of twelve weeks will end on September 3. Nearly a million people have heard the Goldman band, both at Columbia and in the city parks. A fall concert will be given at Carnegie Hall on the evening of October 10. The programs for this week are as follows:

MONDAY

March and chorus from "Judas Maccabæus" ..... Handel
Overture, "Orpheus" ..... Offenbach
Träumerei ..... Schumann
Excerpts from "The Huguenots" ..... Meyerbeer
Three Dances, "Henry VIII" ..... E. German
My Laddie ..... Thayer
My Love's a Muleteer ..... Di Nogero
Delibine March, Contralto
Flower maidens' scene from "Parsifal" ..... Wagner
Fantasie, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" ..... Lampe

WEDNESDAY

March, "Triumph and Glory" (new) ..... Koemmenich
March, "Fifth Avenue" (new) ..... Mana-Zucca
Overture, "Fra Diavolo" ..... Auber
Intermezzo, "Pas des Fleurs" ..... Delibes
"Parting," from Lenore Symphony ..... Raff
Kommenoi Ostrow ..... Rubinstein
Cornet solo, "A Soldier's Dream" ..... Rogers
Ernest S. Williams
Albumblatt ..... Wagner
Waltz, "Beautiful Spring" ..... Lincke

FRIDAY

March, "Entry of the Gladiators" ..... Fucik
Overture, "Oberon" ..... Weber
Love death, from "Tristan and Isolde" ..... Wagner
Excerpts from "Maritana" ..... Wallace
March, "The Walkover" ..... Lake
Mazurka Norveglenne ..... Ganne
Cornet solo, "The Volunteer" ..... Rogers
Ernest S. Williams
Song Without Words ..... Tschaikowsky
The Songs of 1861 ..... Laurendeau

National Symphony Announces Plans For Next Season

Ten o'clock on the morning of September 1 will start the new season of the National Symphony Orchestra. From that hour, set for the first rehearsal and the first meeting of Artur Bodanzky with the reconstituted organization over which he will preside, until the night of May 3, 1921, the date of the last concert of the season, there will be no cessation of the activities of the orchestra.

The first concert will be given on October 8, so that more than five weeks will be devoted to preliminary rehearsals. Already the hundred men assembled from various cities are well acquainted, most of them having played together during the eight weeks of concerts in the Lewisohn Stadium of the College of the City of New York, which came to an end on last Friday. Mr. Bodanzky will return from his summer home on the night before the first rehearsal.

Since the close of the last season a large quantity of music has arrived from Vienna and Paris for use by the orchestra, almost the first shipments since the war started. In addition to this a shipment of violins has been received and other instruments have been added to the equipment of the orchestra.

Sixty concerts in Carnegie Hall, thirty afternoons and thirty evenings, compose the regular symphony series. In addition to these there will be ten Sunday night concerts in Carnegie Hall and five in the Hippodrome. The programs for these will be of a more popular nature than those arranged for the regular concerts.

The orchestra also will play four times in Newark as part of the world famous artists' series, twice under Mr. Bodanzky and twice under Willem Mengelberg as guest conductor, and an equal number of times in Yonkers as part of the Yonkers artists' series. Mr. Bodanzky and Mr. Mengelberg also will divide these performances.

As now constituted the orchestra has Scipione Guidi as concert manager, and Adolph Bak as second concert master, and the following as first instrument players of the various choirs: Second violins, Alexis Kundisch; violas, Hans Werner; 'cello, Cornelius Van Vliet; basses, Anselm Fortier; flutes, Daniel Maquarre; oboes, Attillio Marchetti; clarinets, Albert Chiafarelli; bassoons, Benjamin Kohon; trumpets, Vincent Buono; horns, Domenico Caputo; trombones, J. Falconi; tuba, Emil Weber; harps, Theodore Cella; tympani, Richard Becher; battery, Jacob Wolf.

The list of soloists announced includes: Fritz Kreisler, Jan Kubelik, Francis Macmillen, Albert Spalding, Alexander Schmuller, Efrem Zimbalist and Arrigo Serato, violinists; Pablo Casals, 'cellist; Louis Bailly, violinist; Serge Rachmaninoff, Guiomar Novaes.

Random Art Notes At Home and Abroad

Nineteenth Annual Exhibition at Old Lyme, Conn.; Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens; Summer Show at Mystic

OLD LYME, Conn., Aug. 20.—Thoroughly representative of the latest modes of nearly a score of National Academicians, associates and their friends, the fifty or more paintings included in the nineteenth annual exhibitions of the artists of Old Lyme, now being held in the Phœbe Griffen Noyes Library, present many claims for attention. The names of all the contributors to this show appear regularly in the catalogues of the National Academy exhibitions, and the canvases on view here forecast to a considerable extent the character of work these painters will send to the metropolitan exhibitions of the coming season.

There is an atmosphere of buoyancy surrounding the colony this year which is reflected in the show—a note of triumph—for after twenty years of the vicissitudes common to a community of painters the artists of Old Lyme are assured that the colony is firmly established and have completed plans for the building of a permanent gallery, which is to be finished in time for the exhibition next year.

Since the colony is so largely made up of painters who work out of doors, it is natural that landscapes, marines and other subjects of out in the open should predominate numerically, yet the show is not without sufficient variety, and it is the uniform excellence of all the work shown which is its most striking feature. While no one canvas indicates a radical departure of manner on the part of the painter some, however, point to a more mature development in endeavors already well established, as Guy Wiggins, for instance, in his "The Quiet Valley." He has again essayed a vast aspect of hills in winter, with perhaps a fuller appreciation of values than heretofore. Through a patterned screen of naked saplings in the foreground, a broad sweep of undulating, snow-clad hills rolls into a very distant horizon. The cool grays of the overcast sky, the anew covered ground and the patches of woodland have been skillfully managed to awaken a lively interest in a somber scene.

A Winter Landscape

Everett L. Warner's "The Mill Stream" is also a winter picture, a seriously studied foreground and middle distance subject, with purple shadows and golden lights which give a rich, warm glow to it. The mill to the left catches the slanting rays of an afternoon sun, while below it the stream courses between ice-covered banks that lie in the shadow of an old dam. The management of the turbulent water under such light conditions was a rigid test of the painter's skill.

Another of the particularly well painted canvases of this exhibition is "Nearing Sunset, Noank, Conn." by Frank A. Bicknell. An exceedingly simple composition it is, with only a bit of grassy shore and a clump or two of trees for foreground, an expanse of quiet sea and a greater one of sky, in which clouds are banked up and rendered softly pink and pearly by the rays of the setting sun. The strongly reflected light on the clouds along the horizon casts a path of light across the still and slightly iridescent sea. Charming it is in color, and its solid quality of craftsmanship lends an added appeal.

"Spring Song" is the title of one of the larger canvases by Clark G. Voorhees. Somewhat decorative in treatment, it is altogether fascinating in its delicate arrangement of color. After a foreground of tender green meadows comes a middle distance, where trees are banked thickly, with only the diaphanous garment of their brown and red unopened buds on them. A vernal haze is in the sky Mr. Voorhees has put over it all, and the title succeeds to a rare degree in suggesting the mood depicted.

Percival Rosseau's Hunting Dogs

Among the comparatively new members of the colony is Percival Rosseau, whose remarkable paintings of hunting dogs have for years been seen in the Paris Salon and other exhibitions in Europe. Mr. Rosseau shows "October on a Grassy Hill," a painting typical of his best work. This artist paints dogs with the ardor of an enthusiast, the skill of a specialist, and the entourage, though properly subordinated, he renders with a clever technique of the late nineteenth century French influence.

Frank V. Du Mond has on view "Robin Hood," another of his romantic figure compositions done in an illustrative vein. In a bit of clearing in Sherwood Forest Maid Marion, Friar Tuck, Little John and other characters of the legend are grouped about the adventurous archer. There is dramatic interest in the arrangement of the carefully drawn and well painted figures. The handling of the wood interior is of equal excellence, though in another way, and again affirms the painter's versatility.

The "Portrait of Bessie Potter Vonnoh," by Robert Vonnoh, invites special attention among the canvases with other than out-of-doors subjects.

Ivan Olinsky's "Tosca" is a characteristic example of the work of this prominent painter. The heroine of the familiar romance is here a pretty, pensive faced girl in a red gown; an exquisite shade of red that materially enhances the cooler lights and shadows of the flesh.

"Fantasy of the Reef" is the title of a fanciful, decorative canvas by Harry L. Hoffman, in which the translucent green water, the brillantly colored fish and all the strangely shaped growth of the water gardens of Bermuda's coral reefs are employed as a setting for a motif dominated by a Titian-haired mermaid.

The animal painters of the colony are well represented. William H. Howe has two pictures on view, Carlton Wiggins three, H. R. Poore two and Matilda Brown one, all of which can properly be classed with the best work done by these artists.

Working in the colony this summer is Mrs. da Loria Norman, who has been commissioned under the Spencer bequest to make for the New York Public Library an illuminated copy on vellum of the "Songs of Solomon." Some recently completed pages of this work comprise one of the unique features of the exhibition.

The upper floor of the library is devoted to sketches in color by the painters of Old Lyme. These transcriptions direct from nature are of greater interest, perhaps, than the larger paintings shown on the floor below. Nearly all the artists of the colony are represented by from six to a dozen sketches, and in evidence of appreciation not confined to members of the profession is the fact that "sold" cards appear on a large number of the panels. In one instance six sketches, the artist's entire contribution, have been purchased since the exhibition opened.

LEO REMY HAMMOND.

Apropos of the unveiling of Saint-Gaudens's statue of Lincoln at Westminster Abbey on July 28 a friend of the sculptor wrote to the editor of The London Times as follows:

"Sir: It seemed strange to me, as we stood in the rain to-day under the walls of Westminster Abbey, and saw the statue of Abraham Lincoln unveiled, to remember the days of Augustus Saint-Gaudens when this masterpiece of sculpture was taking shape in his mind. He little thought that he was then engaged upon a work which should not only be rated among the great artistic triumphs of his time, but one which should eventually stand in London as a symbol of American friendship for Great Britain.

"Stanford White, the architect, was an intimate friend of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, and they jointly carried to completion many notable monumental works of great beauty and distinction, the Lincoln monument in Lincoln Park, Chicago, being, without doubt, the most important.

"It was one day in the early autumn of 1883 that I was surprised to receive a telegram from White, dated somewhere on the Pacific Coast, asking me to meet him at Helena, Mont., 1,200 miles west of St. Paul, where I was then living. Reaching Helena a day in advance of the date proposed, I awaited White's arrival. The train was hours late, but when it finally came in, at 2 o'clock in the morning, he was instantly on the station platform with his hearty greeting and merry laugh of welcome, his tall form and quick, lithe movement making him a noticeable figure even among these tall Western plainsmen who formed the crowd at the railway station platform. As we entered the sleeping car I heard a voice say, 'Is he there?' 'Yes,' said White; 'and we are going on through without stopping.' 'Who is it?' I asked, not recognizing the voice, and not seeing the face in the dimly lighted car. 'It's Saint-Gaudens; he is going on East with us,' answered White. 'Let's turn in, and we will breakfast together in the morning.' It was a long way from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi Valley, and for three days we were constantly together.

"I had known Saint-Gaudens for several years; in fact, had worked upon the drawings for the pedestals of several of his statues, and I knew what a charming companion he could be. Vast forest fires in the mountains filled the air with smoke, and for hundreds of miles of the journey it was only occasionally that we could see more than a few hundred yards from the train. Saint-Gaudens was disappointed that we could not see the mountains by which we were passing, nor get a real view of that curious region known as the Bad Lands of North Dakota, and sometimes he seemed more than usually absorbed in deep thought, gazing intently out toward the veiled country. When a band of several hundred Sioux Indians in full savage regalia came aboard the train somewhere in the Yellowstone Valley, on their way to their agency station at Fort Keogh, Saint-Gaudens was soon found keenly studying them. Their superb physical appearance, hardy, strong faces and barbaric costumes excited his intense interest as long as they remained on the train; but when they were gone he again became deeply absorbed in thought, as though mentally recording the impressions he had received.

"I urged him to break his journey eastward by a few days' stop in St. Paul, but he declined, and then he told me in strict confidence that he was hurrying on to Chicago to close a contract with the committee there for a statue of Lincoln which should, he hoped, be the greatest work that had come from him. He said that he was absolutely absorbed in the thought of it, that he could think of nothing else, and that his journey from New York across the continent and back had given him a volume of impressions. He had never before realized the vastness and extent of the country, he had never before seen the Western men among whom Lincoln had passed his youth and early manhood, and he was looking forward to the work with a sense of great responsibility.

"In the circumstances I did not press the invitation, and he hurried on to Chicago. Years afterward, when we were in Paris together, he recalled the journey and how his hopes had been centered on the work, first, as a great artistic opportunity, but also how he had thought that the liberality of the committee was such that all financial problems would be behind him; but alas! whatever the artistic success, the work had left him poorer in purse than when he undertook it.

"Saint-Gaudens was never satisfied with his own work. His passion for perfection drove him relentlessly to infinite pains and almost endless study, not only of the superficial features of his subject, but yet more deeply into the study of the character, the life, the emotions and the very soul of the man whose features he so marvelously

Continued on next page

OCTOBER ON GRASSY HILL

By Percival Rosseau, in the exhibition of paintings at Old Lyme, Conn.

THE MILL STREAM

By William Chadwick, in the exhibition of paintings at Old Lyme, Conn.

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