

THE REALITY OF MUSIC

SOMETIMES when one's artistic ear is almost split in two by some harrowing sound from the street one is led to wonder why people in general do not invent mechanical attractors of attention which are pleasant to the ear. I have seen a man with a smile on his face stop at a street corner to greet a passing friend. I have seen that smile vanish to be superseded by a frown of impatience, then of annoyance, and finally of actual suffering as the insistent, too-soft of the popper's whistle struck shrilly upon his tender ear drums. Why couldn't the whistle be made with the same volume of sound minus the squeak and harsh shrill? It would attract just as much attention—may, more, and would be an infinite saving of nerves.

Then there is the streetcar which bumps and jolts over the crossings and over switches. The jouncing is bad enough but would be much less annoying were it not usually accompanied by a rattle and clatter of the "workings" and little groans and shrieks that seem to express the dissatisfaction even of the car. How much less annoying would it be if the wheels when they grate together would strike some musical strings that would sing with sweet resonance!

Stand on a street corner for an hour or so and listen to the various automobiles that pass by. All are equipped with some sort of horn of warning, and these horns are usually classed together when reference is made to them. Yet there is all the difference between them that exists between a nice, warm

There are other voices which are so pleasant to hear that one sometimes forgets to listen to the words, so lost is one in the music of the tones. And this can be cultivated more or less. They say that one way to cure the hiccoughs is to listen to them, curiously waiting for the next. After two or three attempts to hear them and find what they are made of and how they happen, they disappear under the embarrassing consciousness. Perhaps the same effect might be worked on the voice if the speaker would only listen to his own for a few moments.

CONCERT UNDER Difficulties in Bay City

An interesting letter from San Francisco to a local musician gives an account of a unique experience and shows how enterprises may surmount obstacles, as "Success" would say. This extract will be of interest.

"The dust is now something fierce," a trip down town being on a plane with a trip across the desert of Sahara, with apologies to the desert. And to crown it all, the power-house of the electric company burned down right before last, leaving the city in darkness and compelling the withdrawal of 140 streetcars from a system already deficient in cars, lack of power making it impossible to run them. You ought to have seen our Loring concert, which took place

interest to his news, as, for instance, in the following:

"Prime Minister Marquis Saionji, who was educated in Paris, and S. Makino, minister of education, who lived in Vienna for many years as the Japanese minister, have a great taste for the western music and are doing their best to propagate it in place of the native product."

THE CULTURE OF The Speaking Voice.

William Alden Paul of Boston in a recent interview with a Musical Courier representative gives some interesting views on the speaking voice and its cultivation. Mr. Paul had an excellent singing voice in his youth and utterly lost it by singing too much in public and straining his throat. He then turned his attention to organ music, and gradually evolved some principles as to the breath right to gain correct use of the voice. He has since then regained his voice in great part, but his most interesting remarks deal with the speaking voice which he says should be trained just as well as the singing voice. He pronounces women's voices easier to train than the average man's voice because they are more flexible and free from faults.

"Habit of speech," he said, "becomes fixed and people are speaking unaturally and nine times out of ten they do not know it. But in women these habits are less fixed, so they are more easily remedied. The wrong use of the voice misrepresents a man or a woman and continually affects the health sooner or later.

The speaking voice, he holds, betrays

NEW YORK'S SEASON NEAR END

New York, April 11.—New York is just the place for Wassy Safonoff and Wassy Safonoff is just the man for New York. We Americans dearly love a hero, and Mr. Safonoff is willing to be a hero, especially when part of his heroism consists in accepting a salary which makes him the highest paid orchestral conductor in the world. When he threw down his baton and went at his orchestra with his bare hands, we pressed him to our palpitating American heart and declared that he was the greatest conductor in the world. As a matter of fact it makes no difference whether he uses a baton or not; it is the results produced that count, and Mr. Safonoff could conduct his orchestra by waving a red flag, and still be great.

Last Saturday he ended his first season as permanent conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra with a "request" program, and Lhevinna, his former principal conductor, was the soloist. The performance should have been a labor of love for both the "stars," as the program contained numbers which have brought recognition to them in the past. The Tchaikovsky symphonic Pathétique was the work which Safonoff conducted here two years ago, with such sensational effect that it was largely on that account he was offered his present position with the Philharmonic. Lhevinna, as soloist played the Rubenstein piano concerto in E flat which won him a few years ago a conservatory prize over 30 competitors. The composition is a brilliant, showy piece of music, his difficulty, demanding not only extraordinary technique, but great bravura. Lhevinna played it with that ease which comes only with complete mastery. It is only when difficulties are lessened that he displays his play with that confidence and "ashes it off," so to speak. Speaking of "wizards of the keyboard," this young Russian does a few little stunts with the black and white keys, that always entice him to be mentioned among the present. On this particular occasion he used a piano with an especially hard, brilliant, glassy tone, which displayed to the best advantage the agility of his fingers and the dexterity of his wrist, but left much to be desired in the smoother, more melodious passages. One longed for the mellow, cantabile of Gabriellini.

The greatest contrast between two men could not be imagined than that between Dr. Karl Muck, the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and Mr. Safonoff, conductor of the Philharmonic. This difference is displayed in the program of their respective farewell performances. Dr. Muck presented a program, classical and utterly impersonal—Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, conducted in a manner scholarly and impersonal, while Mr. Safonoff's program on his last appearance this year was composed of the two works with which he has created his biggest sensations in New York—Tchaikovsky's Pathétique and the Symphony, and the Tannhauser overture. Not that one can accuse Safonoff of posing. It is only that the Philharmonic audiences go to hear Safonoff, while the Boston Symphony audiences

go to hear the work of this or that composer.

In the Tannhauser overture, Safonoff brings out the horn part in the closing passage in a manner which Richard Wagner himself perhaps never conceived when he wrote it. The effect, in a piece so familiar as this overture, which every concert-goer must know by heart, is indescribable, but after you have heard it it seems to be the one thing needed, and you wonder that no body ever discovered it before. The overture which closed the concert was worked up to one of the most wonderful climaxes I have ever heard and brought the immense audience cheering to its feet. Again and again Safonoff bowed his thanks; he shook the hand of his first violin and indicated that some of the credit must go to his splendid orchestra; at his signal the orchestra rose and blushed as one man; the orchestra played him a fanfare, when it was his turn to blush with modest pride; he was presented with a laurel wreath almost as late as the more boys, deeper than ever—and still the assembled multitude applauded. It was the enthusiasm produced by one of the greatest personalities in modern music.

The Tchaikovsky Symphony was played with irresistible eloquence. Tchaikovsky was not the first man or the last to write morbid music, but no one has written it with such frankness, as he is the ever-remembered temperance force in this music that gives it its impressiveness and artistic dignity.

Stories of opera change, just as styles of clothes and books and girls. At the time Massenet wrote "La Navarraise," in which Mme. Calve appeared this week at the Manhattan, the blood-and-thunder, "young Italian" school was in vogue, so the obliging Mr. Massenet wrote in the blood-and-thunder-young Italian style. In spite of the introduction of such musical effects as cannonshots the score is not particularly pleasing, and it is not hard to understand why the opera has not been as popular as its esteemed contemporaries, "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria." Mme. Calve in the title role sang with real dramatic power and more regard for tempo and pitch than she has displayed in other operas. After all, one cannot blame her for becoming tired of "Carmen," and she frankly admits that she is tired of it, and this may account for some of the liberties she takes with the written score. Were it a less sacred subject than grand opera, one might say that she "gagged" the part of Carmen. In "La Navarraise," however, she made up for a multitude of vocal and dramatic sins, and proved that she is capable of great things, if she will.

Faderewski's delayed return with the Boston orchestra will be one of the principal events of the musical season of 1907-8. The Polish pianist will arrive in New York at the end of October and play a first recital in Carnegie hall on Saturday afternoon, November 2. His list of 100 concerts will extend to the Pacific coast, while to the Boston orchestra he will bring the completed score of his new symphony for a first performance to take place in Boston.

HAROLD VINCENT MILLIGAN.



Mrs. J. Ernest Laidlaw.

woolly dog at your bedside and a howling, howling wolf in the wilderness. I have heard some that sound like a whole forest of lumber falling down with a mighty crash, and some that sound like the wail of a dying soul, or the shriek of one that has already landed in purgatory. There are others that have a low, musical sound that strikes the ear as it were cushioned. And I have never noticed that the machine bearing this signal of good taste, good ear and philanthropic senses has failed to get the people out of its way in the street as well as the other nerve-racking, ear-splitting, hair-pulling equipped machines.

One might get in a word here about the steam whistles that adorn the various milk, some in high screaming pitch that shrilly demand to be heard, and others in low, musical tones that command attention by their dignity. And there are bells that cry out with a hard metallic sound for auditors and others that give out a soft, mellow tone. And the difference is noted in clocks; some tick loudly and insistently like a cocking hen, and others tick just as respectfully in a comfortable, easy way. There is the same difference in the striking of the clock; and in alarm clocks the difference makes itself felt, though perhaps one should not have a musical alarm, for it is too easy to sleep past it. There are clanging doorbells and ringing doorbells.

One might go so far as to suggest even the preference for horns that cackle in a lazy, easy manner to those that make their wants or their accomplishments felt in an excited, high-strung cackle; or children that cry in low, modulated tones to those that scream "it to wake the dead." But perhaps there is a little more use in turning attention to the quality of the speaking voice. The American nation in general is spoken of by foreigners as having a nervous temperament of a people always on the rush for wealth, social position or some other desired Mecca. You have heard the voice that comes right out through the walls of a house, penetrates clear across the street and through the walls of the house opposite, and sometimes travels on a way down the street by the mere force of its setting pulse. That is not a pleasant voice to listen to, though it may denote all kinds of insistency and autocracy.

Miss Helen Lytle.

that night in a barn-like hall built since the fire, called the Christian Science hall, at Scott and Sacramento streets. "We reached the hall to find it in darkness, saw a few flickering gaslights down in the auditorium that fore-sight had provided when building, but no lights anywhere near the musicians. The power-house was then burning, so we knew it was all off so far as getting electric lights.

"The audience had filled the hall, and as the news went around there was all kinds of speculation as to what the club would do. Lights were essential, as we had a full orchestra to provide for. But we got there with bells. We sent to the California street cable-house and borrowed two powerful headlights, placing one at each end of the stage, one on the organ and the other on the piano, set a row of bottles along the front of the stage with a candle in each, and each man, or rather every other man, held a candle while his neighbor held the music, and the concert went with a snap that astonished us. When we filled on with the candles we got a reception that showed the audience was with us. Quite was the only public entertainment in San Francisco that night, which is distinction enough for one season."

NEWS ITEMS of the Musical World

hereditary tendencies and stamps a person as "cultured" or the opposite much more quickly than one realizes. The voice is the mark and every school and college should make the training of it a matter of coercion.

"Madam Butterfly" is just reaching Brooklyn, New York, opening its week of performances tomorrow night. Managerial by the way, is said to be deeply interested in the reception his "Iris" will receive in English after the unparalleled success of "Butterfly." It is an opera somewhat on the same order, and it is said the second act will have to be modulated, because an American audience would be shocked at what is shown in the original Italian version.

This, too, from a peaceable New York paper: "A self-styled Music Lover appeals to us as follows: 'Perhaps you might be able to inform me how it is that the now world-famous impresario Hammerstein does not attempt to bring back to this country the greatest of all the tenors and living artists M. Jean de Reszke.' Mr. Hammerstein is running an opera house, not a curio hall. Otherwise he might attempt to bring back Patti or exhibit the bones of Jenny Lind."

The Los Angeles Times has the following of two well-known Portlanders: "Miss Lois Stearns and Miss Wynne Colman of Portland are at the Alexandria. These ladies are the impresarios of the whole northwestern circuit and are known throughout the United States, not only for their unique choice of work, but for their business ability. They are conferring locally with L. E. Swamy relative to a combination of coast forces for next season's work."

"Music is dead," says Dr. Emil Reich, and concerts are the funerals—Musical Courier. Then is the singer or player the minister expounding the rites of the "dead departed" or the hired mourner spontaneously and soulfully venting his grief?

Mrs. Rose Bloch-Bauer's illness is a matter of general regret, and her voice and presence are greatly missed in musical circles. It will be some time before she can resume her musical work, and now her nervous condition prevents her from seeing any of her friends. It is a most unfortunate fate that causes an

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