

*Library of
The Harvard Musical
Association*



Bulletin No. 15

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FLORENCE C. ALLEN

To the Members of the Association:

Your attention is called to an article in this issue by Lucien Price.

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At the annual meeting of the Association in January the following officers were nominated and elected: President, G. Wallace Woodworth; Vice-President, Albert C. Titcomb; Secretary, Richard Wait; Treasurer, Waldo S. Kendall; Directors- at-large, Thomas Temple Pond, Robert H. Hopkins, John Codman.

Courtenay Guild, H. '86, a member of this Association since 1898 and the ninth President in its one hundred ten years of existence, died April 24, 1946.

Guild was active in a large number of varied interests: athletics, particularly rowing, theatricals, politics, various business enterprises including banking, printing, journalism, several literary and historical societies, music and especially choral organizations. In most of these activities he held for years high and responsible official positions. The astonishing fact is that he maintained active participation in nearly all of them even into his eighties. These interests are cited in detail in Bulletin No. 11 in a report I asked of him for inclusion in my sketch of the Presidents of the Association. With a nice sense of humor he closed his communication with the remark "I feel as if I were writing my own obituary."

Of all these interests the one he prized most, as he often said, was the Harvard Musical Association. He was President from 1921 to the day of his death, his term exceeding by five years each of the terms of Henry White Pickering and John Sullivan Dwight, the next longest in office. His annual election was a matter of pride and of gratification to him. He stood foremost in this group of efficient and devoted Presidents and his term of office was notably successful. Future generations of members will respect him for the generous legacy he willed to the Association. The present members, however, who knew him in varying degrees of familiarity will remember him for what is deeper and more significant than a material gift.

He possessed many fine qualities of character. Tact and human consideration in his contacts with others; good judgment; a gentleness of disposition not without firmness; an unflinching courtesy; and that

most valuable virtue of all—patience. Quite rightly he may be called a true gentleman, a term often so casually and indifferently used that its connotation is lost. When measured against Guild in its full significance he rose to full stature.

“puro e disposto a salire alle stelle.”

My reference to Guild is for the bulletin record and largely impersonal. It seemed to me fitting that some one who knew him through closer association might well speak. A more personal estimate, therefore, appears in the following tribute by Dr. Nathaniel K. Wood, who has known Guild intimately over a number of years.

Through the death of Courtenay Guild in April 1946, the H. M. A. lost one of its staunchest friends and one who had been its President for twenty-five years.

How well we recall his cordial greeting to each of us as he shook hands with us and handed us a program for the concert for the evening. We hear again his witty remarks as he introduced the artist or artists or presided over an annual dinner. His good humor and delightful hospitality was never failing and made each one of us look forward to spending an evening with him.

To him the Association was one of his greatest pleasures. There he formed strong friendships by our mutual fondness for good music; by the loyalty and hearty cooperation of all the members and by the complete freedom from jealousy and friction of all the members of the Governing Board.

His sound judgment, sterling integrity tempered as it was with great kindness and extreme generosity made his advice sought widely. Few people have been more unsparing of their time, energy, thought and money in the cause of education, religion, philanthropy and civic improvement than was he. His human interests were wide spread and none were too humble to enlist his sympathy where his advice or money could be helpful.

Those who worked with him realized how thoroly he cooperated with them, how ready he was to hear all sides of a question, and how scrupulously he refused to take any honor for himself which belonged to another.

A born entertainer with great histrionic ability, he was a delightful companion. His loyalty, kindness and thoughtfulness endeared him to all who were privileged to know him intimately as a highly valued friend. In the words of Shakespeare of whom Courtenay was so fond and whose plays he read so well

*“He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.”*

The following resolution, written by the Secretary, Richard Wait, was passed at a special meeting of the Association on May 17.

RESOLVED: That through the death of Courtenay Guild on April 24, 1946 The Harvard Musical Association lost the staunchest friend and most loyal supporter it has ever had. A member of the Association since 1898 and its president since 1921, Mr. Guild always found time in a very busy life to attend to its affairs, and was lavish in expending his abundant energy and mellow wisdom in its interests. His generosity was unflinching in time, counsel, and money. It must always be a source of pride to the Association that in his many connections and other affiliations Mr. Guild always singled out the Association for special consideration and care. We acknowledge a debt to his generosity which can never be fully repaid, and take comfort that the Association through its good fellowship which stemmed so largely from his geniality and through the music which he enjoyed in its house provided pleasure to a great gentleman.

The Association is now forming its own orchestra, as every member knows from the notice he has received. The idea and the preliminary organization is due to John Codman although the other person on the two member committee is T. A. Ivory, Jr. Curiously enough, while the Association formed a glee club at one time, at an uncertain early date and for a nebulous purpose, an orchestra had never been organized.

The personnel consists at present of 5 flutes, 2 oboes, 10 violins, 6 violas, 1 ‘cello, 1 double-bass, 3 piano players, 1 music turner. The conductor is Malcolm Holmes, Dean of the New England Conservatory of Music, a happy choice, for from every desideratum one can think of he is the right man

in the right place. At the first rehearsal was played Beethoven's *Prometheus*, ballet by Gluck, a concerto by C. P. F. Bach, and a Bach fugue. The performance was surprisingly good and a real "good time was had by all" including a very small but much impressed audience. Beer and light refreshment was the reward of the evening's effort.

As is evident, certain parts are pretty thin in number. What are particularly wanted are clarinets, bassoons, 'cellos, and brass, and a few more double-basses would help. Members who can play anything are welcome and they can be sure of a first rate time. Codman's telephone number is Laf. 2460.

Those who took part in this first rehearsal are as follows— non-members of the Association being indicated by an asterisk. Messrs. Parshley, Boyden, Barry, Atherton, Dwight, *Wade, Garniss, *Stark, Stevens, Racicot, A. H. Lythgoe, F. Collier, Leonard, *Richards, Ivory, Appleton, den Hartog, H. C. Lythgoe, Miller, Wales, Donlan, Mueller, Rigor da Eva, Muldoon, Pennypacker, Hall, *Troupin, *Head; *Victorino, *Kibler.

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Before taking up certain items omitted in the story of the Harvard Orchestra given in Bulletin No. 5 and noting certain musical events in Boston during those years, a glance is worth while at the musical background in Boston around the 1860's, a brief glance at that, a sketchy account, much omitted, much slighted in treatment. For the writer has no intention of penning the musical history of Boston, of assembling material scattered here and there in various books and other sources, of continuing the history where Dwight left it in his excellent contribution on the subject to Justin Winsor's *Memorial History of Boston*.

"In my early years in Boston, foreign artists, singers, and players came to the United States pretty much as they come now [1899], but relatively in smaller numbers. Boston was even then quite a Mecca for instrumentalists." So wrote Thomas Ryan in his *Recollections of an Old Musician*. His "early years" were the years of the famed Mendelssohn Quintette Club of which he was a member playing the viola and the clarinet, and the years of that Quintette were at the time of the founding and supervising for seventeen seasons of the Harvard Orchestra by this Association. Boston, before that event in 1865, had not suffered for lack of music. Foreign artists had long been coming and some had settled permanently; various instrumental organizations had been created and had expired; a few choral societies had existed; music had increased in the home where the flute was the popular instrument and the ladies tinkled on the piano waltzes or operatic airs or character pieces like "The Battle of Prague" (pub. c. 1810) and "The Storm" (1858).

There had been very fortunately in the town from over seas a number of visiting musical artists of ability. Among these foreigners who came to America and settled in Boston was Johann Christian Gottlieb Graupner (1767-1836). He has been called "The Father of American Orchestral Music." He kept a music store, published music, had pianofortes for sale and to let, and composed some music—all this at No. 6 Franklin Street. He was an accomplished musician and could play the piano, contrabass, and oboe.

In 1810 Graupner organized in Boston the first orchestra this country possessed. It was called the Philharmonic Society, the personnel numbering some twelve to fifteen professionals and amateurs, their programmes drawn from the simpler classical music. The last concert announcement appeared in the fall of 1824. Through this little orchestra and in other ways Graupner did much to broaden the musical taste of the Bostonian.

No less influential were the visits of vocal and instrumental artists, many of them of high repute in their day. Camille Urso the violinist, Adelaide Phillips with a remarkable contralto voice, the incomparable Christine Nilsson, Jenny Lind, Ole Bull, a virtuoso known in Europe as well as in America, Clara Kellogg, Mme. Parepa-Rosa—the list is long and impressive.

Early in the 19th century came Lowell Mason (1792-1872) whose active interest was in church music, composer of *Nearer my God to Thee*, *My Faith Looks up to Thee*, *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*, and other

hymns. His greatest contribution to local musical life was in introducing the teaching of music in the public schools, an innovation much opposed but not successfully. "Mason was among the first to preach the doctrine that every child has a right to receive elementary instruction in music at public expense. And he was the first man who gained them that right."

James Cutler Dunn Parker (1826-1916), native of Boston and graduate of Harvard, was organist at Trinity Church for 27 years, organist for the Handel and Haydn Society, teacher of piano, organ, and harmony at the New England Conservatory and at Boston University. He wrote much music, most of it vocal and for chorus. His *Redemption Hymn*, his most important work, was performed in 1877 by the Handel and Haydn Society. One of the few organizations surviving during the war was his Amateur Singing Society.

Julius Eichberg (1824-1893) settled in Boston in 1859, became Supervisor of Music in the public schools, composed operettas and music for the violin. He is noted especially for establishing the Boston Conservatory of Music, which school was later absorbed by the New England Conservatory of Music. The present Boston Conservatory is a different and later organization.

Otto Dresel (1826-1890), coming to Boston in 1852, became the leading pianist in the city. He was an intimate friend of Dwight and in his travels abroad purchased, at Dwight's request, much music for the Harvard Orchestra. This he did with great skill, for he was a musician of wide knowledge in music if of a somewhat prejudiced taste. A severe and prejudiced critic, he voiced privately to Dwight much fault with the Harvard Orchestra.

A startling figure in musical life, a virtuoso on the violin, piccolo, althorn, French horn, cornet, and trombone, a prima donna Conductor, a bizarre personality, a second Barnum in his particular profession was Louis Antoine Jullien (1812-1860). He deserves a paragraph even if he played little part in the musical life of Boston. He did, however, bring his orchestra here a few times and Dwight capitulated to him at once. Distinctly a showman he nevertheless produced remarkable results with his orchestra. *The New York Courier and Enquirer* gave an amusing description of a performance by this orchestra.

Exactly in the middle of the vast orchestra was a crimson platform edged with gold, and upon this was a music stand, formed by a fantastic gilt figure supporting a desk, and behind the stand a carved arm chair decorated in white and gold and tapestried with crimson velvet, a sort of throne for the musical monarch. He steps forward, and we see those ambrosial whiskers and mustaches which Punch has immortalized; we gaze upon that immaculate waistcoat, that transcendent shirt front, and that unalterable cravat which will be read about hereafter; the monarch graciously and gracefully accepts the tumultuous homage of the assembled thousands, grasps his sceptre, and the violins wail forth the first broken phrase of the overture to *Der Freyschutz*. The overture is splendidly performed.... The discipline of his orchestra is marvelous. He obtains from fifty strings a pianissimo which is scarcely audible and he makes one hundred instruments stop in the midst of a fortissimo which seems to lift the roof, as if a hundred men dropped dead at the movement of his hand.

Jullien often produced vivid effects when the piece of music being performed permitted them. He could play and interpret the finest works of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn and he could reveal the beauty of their works as could few other conductors. He was also a showman and nothing pleased him more than, by some vivid means, playing unexpectedly on the emotions of the audience. Mr. John T. Howard has described an incident.

The climax of Jullien's American career came when he was playing at the Crystal Palace in New York. One night the program announced a piece called *Night*, or the *Firemen's Quadrille*... Before the *Firemen's Quadrille* commenced, the audience was warned that something unusual might happen. Jullien loved to spring a surprise, but a lot of fainting women might be too much of a good thing. Wiping his brow with his gorgeous handkerchief, he arose from his throne and faced his men. The piece started quietly, like a nocturne or a lullaby. A hush through the house made the suspense more thrilling. Then the music picked up a bit, the violins fluttered as they told of the

awesome mystery of darkness. You could almost see ghosts. Suddenly the clang of firebells was heard outside. Flames burst from the ceiling. Three companies of firemen rushed in, dragging their hose behind them. Real water poured from the nozzles, glass was broken. Some of the women fainted, and the ushers were rushing here and there yelling that it was all part of the show. And all the while the orchestra was playing at a tremendous fortissimo. When Jullien thought they had had enough he signalled for the firemen to go, and in a glorious blare of triumph the orchestra burst into the *Doxology*. Those of the audience who were conscious joined in the singing. Such was Monsieur Jullien.

Of instrumental music, particularly orchestral prior to 1865, there was considerable, although the orchestral organizations were all short lived and only one, finally depleted comically and pathetically, was struggling along in the early 60's.

The first orchestra from Europe to this country was the Steyermark Orchestra of about twenty men—and good players (1846). They played light dance music, overtures, potpourris, and executed these with a vigor and life new to the Boston ear. After playing for several weeks in the old Melodeon Hall to an audience that patronized them less and less, they went on tour. Two years later, in 1848, came the Lombardi Orchestra constructed from the remains of an Italian opera company disbanding in New York. August Fries was its leader and he is important because he was the founder of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. This Lombardi Orchestra soon met its fate in Boston and vanished. The next orchestra to visit Boston was the Saxonia. This failed to be a financial success and soon disbanded.

The Boston Academy of Music (1833-1847) was organized for educational purposes. It accomplished its purpose with remarkable success. It founded a large music school, instituted normal classes, established courses of lectures on music and trained children in singing. Children were taught free of charge, and in the first year there were 1500 pupils. Lowell Mason taught 400 of them.

An important act of this Academy was its founding, in 1840, an orchestra of some thirty to forty performers. This orchestra lasted only seven years but in its short life it introduced Boston to the classical composers, especially Beethoven through his symphonies. His Fifth Symphony was performed by this orchestra for the first time in Boston.

In 1852, five years after the demise of the Academy of Music Orchestra, was incorporated The Musical Fund Society. It was the first orchestra in Boston composed exclusively of professionals. All the others had a goodly mixture of amateurs. Its chief object was to improve its members in the art of music. It began with a great fanfare, everyone rushed to the concerts, but in a few years it met the fate of similar homemade orchestras and faded away.

The Mozart Club, along 1860, lived a short but by no means second rate life. The personnel was composed entirely of amateurs, the concerts were semi-private, no tickets were sold and attendance was by invitation. Carl Zerrahn was the conductor.

Zerrahn was also the conductor of the Orchestral Union, of forty musicians, giving concerts in the new Music Hall on Wednesday afternoons. The programmes of mixed music offered at each concert a variety of compositions: an overture, a waltz, sometimes a symphony, selections from the operas, and the like popular music. Like all the other short-lived orchestras, its demise after ten years of indifferent life was due in part to lack of support. But not entirely that, for the war had taken musicians along with others, and the last concerts of the Union were both comic and pathetic because of inadequate personnel on any one part. From the conductorship of the Union Zerrahn stepped to the podium of the Harvard Orchestra.

Two orchestras in this particular period of time stood head and shoulders above all others in regard to personnel, to high class programmes, and to excellence of performance. They were the Germania Orchestra and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Both were visiting orchestras and both had a strong influence on Boston's musical life exceeded only, perhaps and at a later date, by Thomas and his orchestra.

This Germania Musical Society, an orchestra of 25 players (1848-1854), was composed of excellent artists, many of whom were Germans forced to flee their homes by the German uprisings of 1848. Carl Zerrahn, incidentally, was flutist. The orchestra gave concerts in several cities during its six years of life—New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and elsewhere—but its biggest success was in Boston. It performed classic music of an ambitious nature, some of it never before heard in the United States. For instance, theirs was the first performance of the overture to *Tannhäuser*, the first of Schubert's C-major Symphony, the first—with the Handel and Haydn Society—of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The subscription lists were twenty feet long for a series of 24 Saturday evenings and 24 public rehearsals Wednesday afternoons. When the orchestra disbanded its members settled in various cities, including Boston.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club (1849-95) achieved a high reputation, travelled all over the States, and even visited Australia. For several years they gave in Boston eight subscription concerts, playing the compositions of Brahms, Bruch, Goldmark, Rubinstein and others. They were the most high-class group of instrumentalists visiting Boston—a favorite city because it gave steady support—and their programmes were also high-class. Pianists of distinction played with them: Otto Dresel, Ernst Perabo, J. C. D. Parker, B. J. Lang, Hugo Leonard. Singers of note assisted them: Adelaide Phillips, Annie Louise Cary, Christine Nillson. This Quintette soon became famous.

Not to be forgotten were the regular weekly recitals on the great organ in Music Hall. Both in obtaining the organ from Germany and in the construction of the Music Hall be it remembered that the Association took a leading and indeed necessary part. (See Bulletin No. 6). Well known organists performed: B. J. Lang, Dr. S. P. Tuckerman, John K. Paine, W. Eugene Thayer, George E. Whiting. Unlike the various orchestras with their uncertain lives the organ was a permanent institution. There was no personnel to dwindle in numbers, organists were easily obtained, the attendance was steadily in good number. In fact, in the last few years before 1865 the organ was the only dependable musical instrument for public entertainment, and repeated announcements of its concerts became monotonous. Mr. Dwight speaks hopelessly of only the organ—"tousjours the organ."

In the field of choral presentations the Italian opera stood foremost. Many companies had visited Boston and sung before large audiences. The opera was popular. The first company was Marti's group of Italian singers from Havana (1847), giving for two seasons Italian opera. In 1857 Max Maretzek and his troupe made the first of several visits to Boston. In 1863 Grau was producing Italian opera. In 1864 Grover gave to Boston much German opera. Various other opera companies visited the town. Maretzek had the strongest opera company of all during these years and "his expenses are enormous in proportion—from \$1200 to \$1600 a night. The salaries of all his leading artists are payable in gold every fortnight, no matter what its premium in the market. To Mme. Medori he pays \$2500 a month [sec], to Miss Kellogg \$1600, to Mdlle. Sulzer \$1000, to Signor Mazzolini \$2000, to Signor Bellini \$1000," and so on. There is some contrast in the salaries of opera singers in the 60's and those eighty years later or even forty years later.

Of important local choral organizations along 1865 there were two: the Handel and Haydn Society and Mr. J. C. D. Parker's Amateur Singing Society. There were a few private societies and a few small semi-public societies as short-lived, however, as were the various orchestras. Such a one, for instance, was the Apollo Society, presenting programmes of vocal music in the years 1824, 25, 26. But it was the Handel and Haydn, founded in 1815, (the Stoughton Musical Society was some years older, founded in November, 1787) with its regular performances of heavy if well received oratorios, and Mr. Parker's excellent vocal group, with their equally excellent renderings of light but high class choruses, that survived the war and were going strong in the momentous year 1865. There were then practically no other musical organizations.

By 1862 Orpheus in Boston was slumbering. Mr. Ryan wrote a long letter to *Dwight's Journal of Music* complaining of the growing dearth of music and the apathy of audiences. Interest in music was

dwindling. Mr. Dwight uttered a similar complaint. "Concerts," he wrote, "were few and far from classical; programmes very miscellaneous and of slight material...There were no orchestral concerts . . . the same of chamber music, violin quartets, etc." There were several reasons for the situation. The war was one; a scarcity of good musicians another; the absence of visiting artists and the silence of many home artists; a growing indifference on the part of the public. Mr. Apthorp, reviewing at a much later date this period of musical matters, gives a correct and dismal picture of the state of orchestral music.

...the war had well nigh killed music in Boston. The earnest but more and more futile efforts of Mr. Zerrahn and the Orchestral Union to keep music alive Those were troublous times a second bassoon was an unheard of luxury the Seventh Symphony in the Music Hall was given with three first and two second violins At last things came to such a pass that it was evident that Mr. Zerrahn and the Union could bear their burden no longer and, unless some stronger power stepped in, orchestral music in Boston would die outright of sheer inanition."

The "stronger power" was at hand and ready to step in. It was the Harvard Musical Association.

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Those members who attended the annual dinner of the Association in January will remember the interesting and scholarly address of Lucien Price. A year or two ago he delivered a discourse before the Harvard Glee Club. This address was received with enthusiasm and occasioned much discussion and thought. Mr. Price has permitted selections from that address to be included in this bulletin. His willing consent is much appreciated.

. . . We live in an exploding universe. This is the point to which I speak. We live in a period when the educated classes, and a good many more important people than the educated classes only—let me call them the thinking classes—are outgrowing their traditional religion. We have had no choice. The roof of inherited belief has been burnt over our heads. Each new technology profoundly alters, if it do not destroy, the society built on the old technology. The bronze sword destroyed the society based on bronze; steel supplanted iron; gunpowder is assigned as one of the forces which destroyed the feudal system. And so we come to the 19th century and the most revolutionary discovery of all. What was discovered in the 19th century was a *method of discovery*. Since then we have lived in an exploding universe.

Our apparatus of daily living has changed faster in the past hundred years—one could even say the past fifty—than it had changed in the previous three thousand. And not our physical existence alone. There is not an intellectual edifice but has been jostled in this earthquake: politics, economics, science, theology, art, ethics . . . including morals, not in the narrow and often contemptible 19th century bourgeois definition of morals, but the whole immense and majestic range of that problem: what in man constitutes virtue, *ápetní*, excellence, nobility?

Certitude has vanished. In 1880 the Newtonian physics were still unquestioned. Sir Isaac Newton's *Principia*, published in 1687, had, so far as anyone then knew, established mathematically the laws which underlay the workings of the universe—earth, sky, and all that therein is. There remained, it is true, a few obscure spots, but these were thought to be relatively minor points which a few years' investigation would suffice to clarify. That investigation went forward. By 1900 the Newtonian physics had blown up. They were, and are, still useful as a way of looking at things, but can no longer be considered absolutely true—only a convenient half-truth. Yet the Newtonian physics dealt with that which is generally supposed to be the most real thing in existence, matter, the physical universe. . .

Politics, too, has blown up. This was to be expected since political government is a manifestation of the material world. By "politics" understand "property," for government is the expressed pleasure of a ruling class. In fact, property and theology may almost be said to have been blown up in the same year, 1859, when Darwin published his *Origin of Species* and Karl Marx his *Critique of Political Economy*. The invention of machinery, dating roughly from the late 18th century and continuing in a steadily accelerating crescendo ever since, has made inevitable the collectivization of our society—if our society do not first eviscerate itself by turning these scientific techniques to lethal weapons for mutual extermination. The airplane is symbol. At the turn of the 19th century into the 20th, man for the first time built himself a practicable pair of wings and learned to fly.

Our economic system, then, has blown up. Let me mention one simple illustration. There was a politico-economic concept which was bound to appear as the 19th century went on, and did in fact appear in the year 1870 during the Paris Commune after the defeat of France by the Prussians, though for its full blooming it had to wait another forty-seven years, until the Russian Revolution of 1917. I do not mean the March revolution of that year, a Parliamentary regime,—something quite respectable, of the sort which might have happened at Philadelphia in 1776, on the 18th century political model. No. I mean the November revolution of that same year, 1917, which sent a chill of fear up the spines of every middle class on earth; November, 1917, when Lenin said, “*Now, comrades, we have a revolution!*”

The English, American, and French political systems, being predominantly agrarian in their origins, were based on territorial representation. Machinery, by collectivizing industry, shifted the industrial workers’ grubstake from the land to the machine. That concept which I said was bound to appear as the Machine Age went on, was a shift from territorial representation as your sole form of voting, to occupational representation. . .

How the art-forms have exploded I need hardly remind you. Verse which affects a cult of unintelligibility; painting so bizarre and eccentric as to suggest the psychopathic; architecture harsh and bleak in its new vestments of ferro-concrete; sculpture that is arthritic if not dropsical,— though drama seems relatively immune from the extremities of this nervous disorder; because, I suppose, if you bore your audience they walk out. In music, written since 1926, much of that which I have heard I do not understand. The deficiency may be entirely in myself, and yet most of us know beauty when we hear it, for, to paraphrase Euripides, “Beauty is that which when heard is loved.” In contemporary writing, you know that much of it is plumb illiterate. Illiterate, I mean, in the sense of the higher uses of language. Some of this I attribute to the neglect of Greek and Latin. Ignorant of the ancient languages, writers cannot know their own. They are as painters who never learned to draw; as sculptors who never studied anatomy. . .

Of the sea we expect instability; but when the ground trembles under our feet our sensation of dismay is that the very earth has failed us. Among all these earthquakes of our time, the most shattering is the earthquake in religion. The first to feel it are those whom I call the thinking classes. In periods of rapid change they are the first to outgrow their traditional beliefs. This has happened more than once in recorded history, but the classic instance is 5th century Athens. One can watch the process from Aeschylus to Plato, from the victories over Persia to the collapse of the Athenian Empire after the Peloponnesian War. It was at first a period of rapid social development and ever widening diffusion of knowledge. Myth and folklore are subjected to critical scrutiny; the validity of religious beliefs and the authenticity of their moral mandates are exposed to the challenge of philosophy and science. This procession of beacon fires kindled from mountain peak to mountain peak of the Athenian dramatists, historians, philosophers, and pioneers of science illumines the Great Age. Aeschylus is passionately concerned with religion, now a rebel against religious authority, as in *Prometheus Bound*, again on the side of divine justice, as in the *Oresteia*; Sophocles is more at ease in Zion, though still deeply concerned; Euripides, anxious and unhappy over the clash between the old religion and the new epoch, makes the Athenians so uncomfortable about it so often that they finally drive him out of their city into Macedon to write the *Bacchae* and to die. Even Aristophanes, prince of comic dramatists though he is, returns again and again to this collision between advanced ideas and inherited beliefs, until we come to Thucydides and Plato, who knew quite well that they lived in a disintegrating social system and asked themselves what they could salvage from its best thinking which would be of worth to posterity. Our present civilization, at its worthiest, is based largely on what they, their colleagues, and their successors contrived to save. I know of no age in which this recurrent crisis, when a thinking class is forced to move beyond its traditional religion, was faced as honestly or met with a wisdom equally fraught with value to the future of mankind.

Christianity arose among Galilean peasants who were never responsible for maintaining a social system. Its precepts are personal. It arose amongst a people devoid of the plastic arts. These were, in fact, forbidden by their traditional religion. It arose amongst a people devoid of science. That, too, would have been forbidden had they known what it was. It arose amongst a pastoral people with next to no technology, yet its mandates have lingered on into an age dominated by the impact of novel scientific techniques. This conflict, this dichotomy in our spiritual life, is felt by multitudes who do not know what it means and many of whom are scandalized or terrified when its meaning is pointed out to them. I cite you the experience of ancient Hellas because the Greeks are the only people in the western world who ever created from the ground up a culture on the grand scale, who ever faced with candor the problems incurred in so doing, and bequeathed to us a heritage of thought and experience which may see us through our own ordeal.

In a destructible world, where is something indestructible? Our sense of beauty has not been repealed by the Machine Age. One form of beauty is music. The paradox here is violent. What could be more fragile than music? No

sooner does it sound than it is gone; no sooner is it than it is not. What is indestructible here? No one even knows what music is. It has never been seen by human eye any more than an electron has been seen. Perhaps both are of the same stuff and perhaps their texture is the ultimate stuff of being—a mere rate of vibration. . .

Music is a form of religious meditation. It clears the mind, cleanses the heart, stills the chatterbox of trivial ideas, and fortifies the will. These men of genius who compose the masterworks of musical literature are able to carry us on voyages of discovery over vast interior seas to the empurpled shores of strange continents which we never could have found for ourselves and which perhaps they could never find for us a second time,

*But we have felt the good ship riding free
And watched the dawn on purple islands break.*

You must know from your own experience of music how it fructifies one's creative impulses. It kindles in us something akin to that which is first kindled in its composer and performers. Everything is in it from tears to laughter, from flesh to spirit, from revelry to worship. You are men; I will say it. Everything is in music from the sexual orgasm to the noblest aspirations of mankind, and every note in that infinite scale can be harmonious, beautiful and ennobling.

These are the inner sonorities. You know that in listening to music, as you hear the same work repeatedly until it is so familiar that you know what is coming from measure to measure and from note to note, the themes or tunes are the first elements which your memory retains. After that, the harmonization, the instrumental color, the inner voices. As these repeated hearings go on, first the themes are relegated to the unconscious part of one's attention: you know those anyhow, your ear hears them without trying, and it is more interesting to listen to the harmonic structure into which these themes have been wrought by an *artifex maximus*—like looking at the setting instead of at the gem which shines with such lustre that eyes take that in without effort. Finally, when both the themes and structure are so firmly grasped as no longer to need conscious attention, the ear turns to the inner sonorities of the music. These are the distinctive quality, the unique and peculiar texture of tone which can now at last speak to the imagination directly. They are perhaps what in its final essence the music is, that which the composer felt most deeply when creating it, perhaps so deeply that he was not aware of feeling it at all. These inner sonorities could have been apprehended only by his inner ear, the ear of his imagination. The excitation of imaginary images which they arouse in the listener is utterly unpredictable, is seldom if ever the same for any two persons among thousands, and even for the individual may vary from one performance to another, though they may also be sufficiently vivid the first time to become fixed with each repetition. Again, these imaginary images may seem, or be, totally irrelevant to the music. The composer has no power to govern their effects; he looses these sounds and they produce whatsoever effects they may on the listener according to his capacities. These inner sonorities convey the deepest part of his consciousness to the deepest part of ours; they are abstract, amoral, and, like other elemental forces of nature, quite indifferent to our formal categories.

And yet they are related to the conduct of life—are themselves the conduct of life. A man's thoughts and acts are his thematic material (tunes) and harmonization; his development from childhood to maturity as a human being is the *durchführung*, the working-out of his themes in sonata form, the same tunes often recurring, deepened and enriched; but the abstruse inner sonorities of him are the sum of what he has experienced, endured, conquered, lost, survived, outgrown, matured into. . . Actually that part of him which most weighs, most prevails, most goes forth into other lives, is this unconscious cumulative self of him—all that he has fought through, most of it so long ago that he has forgotten. It is this which makes him what he is: he is unaware of it: those who feel it and respond do not know what this substance is, but they do know that something is there. These are his inner sonorities, the ultimate music of his being, the full flower of his life as an art-form, and, like the inner sonorities of great music, they have passed out of their creator's custody and beyond his control. They move freely among other human beings to produce in them, not predictable results, but whatsoever responses those human beings are attuned to resonate. Tolstoy found in Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata* a novel of homicidal sexuality: others find in it only the noblest aspirations of their own souls. In these higher voltages of the spirit one is creating at levels both above and below the consciously worded thought or the consciously planned act. The totality of him goes forth and exerts itself on the totality of other personalities. They will respond at that level to which they are attuned. Perhaps this is what we mean when we say that we are not influenced by what a man says, or even by what he does, but by what he is. What he is is this totality of his being, expressed like music through his inner sonorities.

We live in a destructible world, yet somehow we must go on building. An ancient myth says that Amphion had a golden lyre given him by Hermes to whose strains the stones of Thebes rose one above another until the city walls were built. Not only must the city walls of world security, if possible, be built; some edifice of the spirit must be built

also and built by us to house the soul of man in an epoch to come. That will be the labor of many brains and many hands, yet the spirit of man is not many but one, and its inner sonorities are a golden lyre which can cause the very stones to stir at the touch of Amphion, son of Zeus. For we are sons of Zeus in that we are all created to be creators.

* * * *

The trouble with Arthur Foote's autobiography is that it is too short! It is an interesting narrative of the life and of the experiences, here and abroad, of one of this country's foremost musicians and composers, written in a delightful and informal style, with anecdotes and incidents of his contacts with many of his profession and with comments on matters musical. His daughter, Mrs. Katharine Foote Raffy, kindly presented a copy to the Library. Included in the volume are two tributes to Foote, one an address by Moses Smith the music critic, the other an article in *Modern Music* by Frederick Jacobi.

Foote, (H. 1874), was a member of this Association for the whole of his adult life—from 1875 to his death in 1937. He served on various committees, particularly notably on the Concert Committee during the years of the Harvard Orchestra. For many years he was a useful and suggestive member of the Library Committee. He contributed an article of reminiscences which appeared in Bulletin No. 4. Although many of our younger members did not know him personally and perhaps are not familiar with his compositions, others who remember him may be interested in a few extracts from his autobiography.

1873 is the date of my first hearing of one of the great players, Rubinstein. I was too green really to appreciate him as I should today; but even then it was a tremendous experience. I remember just how he played certain phrases (e.g. in the Chopin Fantaisie in F minor), and the loveliness and variety of his tone. At that time we believed that "touch" was a gift of the Gods, the secret of which could not be learned by common folk. Now the matter has been analyzed and standardized. We know that certain procedures produce certain results. The piano teaching of those days seems, looking back, to have been mainly unintelligent. . . .

At one of the London concerts to which the Kneisels went, the Tschaikowsky "Pathetic" was played. Now this had been given several times in the year or so previous to 1896 with enormous success and splendidly by Paur who, though not a conductor of much refinement (I should hate to hear him try Debussy), did do remarkable things with works of a grandiose sort and of an emotional nature. He was, however, not much respected by his orchestra and underestimated by it. . . . the work was one with which Richter evidently had little sympathy, and at the end Kneisel and the others had to remark, "Well, old man Paur is better than we thought he was." It's odd what poor results a first rate conductor sometimes gets with a work for which he does not care. This Symphony, for example, with Gericke and Monteux, two splendid and above all conscientious conductors, I remember as incredibly dull, while Muck's performance of the Schumann Symphony in B-flat stands out in my memory as one of the poorest things conceivable.

The truth is that one's standards of excellence change with the years, for better or worse; with many, especially with those who dislike the mechanical, routine side of their profession, ideals and ambitions suffer, and perceptions become blunted. One with whom this is not the case is lucky . . . what would Dresel, for example, or Gericke think of the music produced today? It is not easy to keep an open mind for changes and new developments, especially when these fly in the face of all that one has cared for. But we should pray not to become so hardened in tradition as not to be honest toward what may seem to be new and perhaps not of value.

It must be confessed, however, that since 1910 a severe strain has been put upon one's willingness to be hospitable to new ideas. There has been, beyond doubt, a sweeping away of a lot of rubbish, such as the uncompromising doctrines as to consecutive fifths, cross-relations, etc.; our feeling about form has become more elastic; knowledge of the orchestra is infinitely greater, and so on. . . . Up to (say) 1900, however, while in theory there were many senseless rules (as absurd as those depicted in the second act of "Die Meistersinger"), it was still true that in practice these were gradually being discarded (almost unconsciously) by composers, the basic principles, however, remain unchanged. One of those principles, e.g. that music should not be written in two or more keys simultaneously, seems to me, as a matter of simple common sense, to be so obvious as not to call for discussion. Yet polytonality (so-called) is quite the fashion today. Is it that hearing is not so sensitive as formerly? Is our feeling for logic lost?

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