

IN RELATED KEYS

HERBERT BATES

The program at the Universalist church was made up of quiet music. The opening reverie was delicate. The Mendelssohn Andante and Canzonetta were restful, so, too, was the Largo from Bach's concerto. Even the music of rejoicing, the Haydn Allegro and the chorus from the "Redemption," were content in their force. There was no hint of the stormy unrest, the passionate impulses that strengthen and perturb much of the new music.

The concerto for two violins was strongly played. I found it difficult to get very definite impressions of it. It is music that, under the most favorable conditions, needs at least a second hearing. Mrs. Lippincott sang Mascheroni's "For All Eternity," the song that she sang at the charity concert. Her voice at its best rang full and rich. There were however, passages of uncertainty. Mrs. Lippincott does not seem at ease in pianissimo. Her voice falters. It is in the stronger passages that she is at her best. There her work is dramatic and effective.

The delicate An. Camin, and Oster Abend suffered. They could not contend with the offertory and the added distraction of conversation and of a baby. Such a baby! It screamed and gurgled. But its papa did not carry it out. Of course he could not enjoy the music; but he was resolved to stay and take care that no one else should enjoy it! So he stood to his guns. He jingled a big bunch of keys now and then, in the softest passages of music, dropping them to the floor. And still the child squealed on. And the music for the greater part of a large audience was spoiled, all because of one man. And probably, with that yelling in his ear, he heard not a note of the music.

I see that Mrs. Jones was annoyed at the Chase and Wheeler contest, where she played a number from Chopin, by the talking of a student. The mockery of things! A "student" talk in the playing of Chopin! Truly some terms are strangely used among us. I am told—but this must be wrong—that in some student gatherings it is the custom to talk during music. If this can happen in the "stronghold of culture," then verily the Philistines are upon us!

Yes, there really are people in Lincoln, people who do not know enough to keep still during music. Now, during real music it is never right to utter a word. It is never right even to whisper. Music demands silence. The least sound is a theft. A big hat may hide the stage from one person. A whisper will hide the real significance of the music from perhaps a dozen. Yes, my dear friend, you are a thief, stealing from music lovers an hour of long-anticipated delight.

And your excuse! You "just happened to remember the name of that girl," or you wanted to call attention to that funny hat!" What if you did? Is that any reason to disturb a number of people. Just learn to possess your soul in silence. It will be good practice. If you really can't keep your ideas to yourself, write them on your program and pass it to your neighbor. But try—try just for the experiment—to keep your mouth shut. It is ill-bred to talk. True, some people in New York talk, but who are they? The new rich set, the people whom "Life" so effectively ridicules. Do Lincoln people want to imitate these? If they do, if their aim is moneyed vulgarity, ill-bred opulence,—if they want to show this—by all means let them talk at concerts. That is the way to show it.

I remember seeing at one concert, not

over a year ago, a somewhat well-known vocal soloist of this city. She sat in a prominent place, in a very prominent dress, and she giggled and talked, turned her back to the music and gesticulated with both hands till the eyes of many people were fixed on her. She was acting neither like a lady nor like a musician. I knew at once that she could not love music, that she could not sing well. And when, later, I heard her sing, my opinion was confirmed.

I should like to see a resolute musician, with a sense of what is due to his art, a musician who would do in Lincoln what musicians have done in New York and Chicago, a musician who would, at the first intrusion of conversation stop short and rebuke the insolence of the audience. One or two here have done this. One did it this year, and was said in the morning paper to have "lost his temper." So far as I could learn, he didn't lose it. He would have been justified if he had. But he simply stopped, and the reporter who had been telling his friend a funny story, felt deeply injured at being interrupted by his silence. I hope he will not be discouraged, but will go on insisting on the observance of artistic decencies.

Mr. Derrick Vaughan Lehmer of the university has, I hear, written words and music of a university song. The music is said to be particularly good, spirited and artistic. It is to be performed, I understand, at the Charter Day exercises, and is to be printed in the Nebraska Literary magazine.

The Musical Courier tells of a new mandolin player, Venero D'Annunzio. It seems that he can make the mandolin speak music, real music, with the thrill of the violin, without the disagreeable picking sounds of the penna. Would that he might impart his secret to some other players.

The chief excitements in the musical circles of the east seem to be the comparison of Melba and Calve, and the adoration of Paderewski. The great orchestras are all doing good work, the Boston symphony being apparently in the lead. The new conductor Pauer, seems however, to fail to please some. He lacks the genius and fire of Nikisch.

In the Nineteenth Century for December, Mr. Statham has in interesting article, "A Critical Estimate of Mendelssohn." It is very judicial and temperate, an article that every admirer and antagonist of Mendelssohn's music should be sure to read.

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