

IN RELATED KEYS

HERBERT BATES

The Universalist concert was of rather light music. There were a few notable exceptions. The Schubert Romanza had great pathetic strength. Its pleading subject moved one strongly, rising and falling with passionate pulsings. It had something of the Chopin spirit, something of the complaint of the G minor nocturne. The Scherzo was willfully brilliant, with a queer subject in long skips, varied with very delicate passages. The Beethoven Allegro kept one busy; it was full of odd turns, now here, now there, impulsive, pretty, keeping one always in wonder as to what it would do next. Beethoven, at his lighter moods, has a good deal of the child or the playful kitten. He lets himself go, regardless of decorum or precedent, in a wild game of "follow your leader." And the listener likes the chase.

The Mozart Quoniam from the Mass in G ended the concert. It has a strongly rhythmic subject as was given with energy. It has none of the mysterious ecstasies of religion, it is good hearty praise. Indeed it has not the gravity that we of today are inclined to attach to church music. (Gospel hymns are not church music, they belong in revival halls). It carries us back almost to the glad old days when strong men were not ashamed to dance joyously before the Lord, and to invite the little hills to do the same.

The rest of the quartet numbers were the well known Dudelsack, the Angel's Lullaby, a little insipid, though with a pretty morendo effect at the end, and a Fauconier meditation, delicately tuneful, with a pretty "Amec" effect in the last notes.

The soloist was Miss Davis. She played Vieuxtemps Reverie. She did very strong work in the more rapid passages, but the quieter passages seemed beyond her. She must get better tone, must get rid of that woody, fibrous sound. Violin music demands more than technique, more, even, than technique and feeling. It demands tone, ability to make the instrument ring. Miss Davis should, for a time, give her whole attention to this. Without it, she may get applause in Lincoln, but cannot become a very strong player.

Mr. Tucker and Mrs. Cheney sang an aria from Verdi's "I Masnadieri." Mr. Tucker should leave Lincoln for a while, he shows bad symptoms of the prevalent tremolo. He should also try to get rid of a certain "fuzzy" quality that injures his tone. Mrs. Cheney's work seemed perfunctory and unsympathetic, her voice, in some parts, rings rather harsh. The duet had one great merit, it was sung in tune and that is, when one thinks of some things one hears, no small merit.

At the concert of the Philharmonic orchestra, to be given on the 25th, Mr. Hagenow will give a number of very strong compositions. Among them will be Dvorak's Slavonic dances, Mozart's well known overture to Don Giovanni, Meyerbeers brilliant Coronation march, and the Lohengrin Bridal chorus. Additional number's will be vocal solos by Mrs. Lippincott and Mr. Seemark, songs by the vocal quartet, a piano solo by Mrs. Herzog, whose work is beginning to become known among us, and Lapinski's celebrated Concerto Militaire, played by Mr. Charles Hagenow. Everything points to a very strong concert. It is only by joining in the building up of local music that we can make Lincoln a musical centre. It is to be hoped that the public will show that it is going to be possible to support classical music here. Success should be made a matter

local pride.

It is always pleasant to hear Sullivan's comic music. He reminds me of a naughty choir boy — Mr. Seemark may have met such—out on a picnic. He uses all his church "properties"—even the intoning—to the most irreverent purpose. And his real fun when he lets it out, is riotously yet innocently happy. His music may be thin. It has always, however, dash and swing, and keeps reasserting itself in one's memory on all sorts of irrelevant occasions. It is easy music to sing,—for it is hard music to spoil.

The Damrosch opera is being enthusiastically received in the east. Damrosch's new opera, the "Scarlet Letter," seems to be not entirely a success—if critics tell the truth. I hear, by the way, that Mr. Damrosch has fallen foul of the Boston Journal and refused it advertising,—all because he didn't like what its critic,—Mr. Philip Hall, said of him. But the Journal went right on.

Marsick, the violinist, is in this country. At present, however, he is disabled by the bite of a "venomous insect," and cannot play at all.

Great preparations are being made for the Cincinnati May festival. Kofsky, Davies and other well known artists will sing. Thomas' orchestra is to furnish accompaniment. If only our May festival would revive!

At the Universalist concert, a baby in white talked a good deal. But its mother was very patient. A pale young woman with bleached hair sat on the gallery rail and ate red candy. These were the most picturesque exhibitions of taste.

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