

CLUBS.

ANNIE L. MILLER, EDITOR.

Socios met with Mrs. D. A. Campbell on Tuesday afternoon. It was a fitting close to a stimulating year in this club of thoughtful, friendly, aspiring women. With the assistance of her musical friends Mrs. Campbell's paper was illustrated by the compositions of women for the piano, violin and voice. The illustrations were furnished by Mrs. Hadden-Alexander, Miss Bebe Wood, Miss Hollowbush and Mrs. Campbell herself in the following program:

1. Two ballet scenes:
 - (a) Pas des Amphores... } Chaminade
 - (b) Scarf Dance..... } Chaminade
- Phantoms..... Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
- "Toutes fragiles fleurs, sitot mortes que n'ees"..... Victor Hugo
- Mrs. Hadden-Alexander.
2. Violin solo..... Agnes Tschetschulin
- Miss Wood.
3. The Little Silver Ring... } Chaminade
- in the Garden..... } Chaminade
- Mrs. Campbell.
4. Pastorale..... Mrs. Clara Korn
- Air de Ballet, No. 1..... Chaminade
- Mrs. Alexander.
5. Without Thee..... Guy d'Hardelot
- Lullaby..... Henrietta Hollowbush
- Mrs. Campbell.

Miss Hollowbush's lullaby dedicated to Mrs. Campbell was charming and created a sensation.

Mrs. Campbell's very interesting paper on Women in Music follows:

Browning has said:
 "All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed
 of good, shall exist;
 Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor
 good nor power
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each sur-
 vives for the melodist,
 When eternity affirms the conception of an
 hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic
 for earth too hard;
 The passion that left the ground to lose
 itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and
 the bard;
 Enough that He heard it once, we shall
 hear it by and by."

Can we not fit each line to our theme of Woman in Music, a theme progressive in possibilities. For who that inclines to belittle woman's influence can but confess that, after sleep through winters of freezing contempt, distrust and criticism. She has awakened and marching forward shoulder to shoulder with her brother.

In the primitive musical scale of seven notes, the Chinese allowed woman a place in accordance with their notions of the relative value of the sexes, the half tones being representative of things imperfect, such as earth, moon and—woman; in contradistinction to heaven, sun and—man, which in whole tones represented the perfect and independent. Among the Egyptians the Lyre was intrusted to women; and the fame of the Sapphonian Israelite Miriam was, through her "Song of Victory" over the drowning of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea, deemed worthy of transmission through history.

David and Solomon instituted bands of women vocalists (probably composed of members of their harems and households) for execution of secular music, while participation by women in religious processions and public performances of Psalms is a matter of record, though the music of the temple was given over to men.

A pretty Homeric fable, giving deeper meaning to the myth of the sea sirens,

tells of Ulysses binding himself to the mast of his ship and stopping the ears of his companions with wax ere they ventured near the rocks on which the sirens sang their alluring songs. Of this tale the Teutonic "Lorelei" and the "Rhine Daughters" are a legitimate progeny.

Sappho is the reputed inventor of the barbiton, a stringed instrument, certainly unknown up to her time.

A tale is quaintly told of Queen Elizabeth, who was ambitious of excelling Mary Queen of Scots in playing the virginal, an instrument of which the spinet, clavichord, harpsichord and piano are an evolution. Lord Melville, a listener behind the tapestries of her chamber, heard the queen playing, as she attests, "excellently well," and upon detection, declares, "she seemed to strike me with her hand, alleging she was not accustomed to play before men, but when solitary, to shun melancholy, (like many of her sisters today), and inquired if my queen (Queen Mary) or she played the best; in which I found myself obliged to give her the praise." "Elizabeth's Virginal Book" is still extant.

Princess Maria Antonio of Saxony created no small stir as a vocalist and composer. Frederick the Great in 1763, on receiving the score of her two principal operas, of which she was also librettist, said: "I am obliged to confess, madame, that you have honored music, and that you are an example to other composers, who, to achieve a like success, must become poets as well." So, from mythical times to the Christian St. Cecilia, music had its feminine expression. And what is more likely than that many of these were elaborations of some strains by which the savage mother sought to encourage in her child emulation of her warrior husband; or an echo of that wild lament crooned by the cradle of the Northern infant, whose Viking father dived through fjord and fjord to sail into the unknown! What should last longer than this heart cry? What exert more influence than these, by their low power?

Thus, the language of Sappho, in lyric measure, spoke to the Greeks, Miriam, in sinuous rhythm, marked by timbrel and castinet to the Israelites; the Sirens, by all the allurements of beauty and magic, to Ulysses; Francesca Caccini, Barbara Strozzi, Maria Theresa to the Italians; Maria Paradisi, Julia Reichardt, Marian Martinez, Fanny Hezel and Clara Schumann to the Germans; Miss Abrams, Elizabeth Mounsey, Virginia Gabriel to the English, of the past; Mlle. Chaminade, Augusta Holmes, Maude Valeria White, Liza Lehman, Helen Wood, Margaret Laeg, Guy D'Hardelot, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and Eleanor Smith are speaking now, but, freed from hampering restraint, with richer vocabulary, greater strength, vitality, and magnetic individuality.

Various writers, past and present have striven to solve the problem,—giving the emotional, sensitive, delicate and religious nature of woman, and music the highest expression of all these,—why has she never produced a composition that, in common with masculine utterances, has outlived its little day? The illustrious names of those whose fame in the sister arts of literature, painting and sculpture have caused our hearts to beat in sympathy with their triumphs, seem to prove that the crea-

tive power has not been denied her.

Information is meagre concerning the works of those whose fame as composers reached a certain degree of excellence in their day; the names of those mentioned heretofore being the best known. It is said Fanny Mendelssohn wrote graceful music but was ashamed to publish it under her own name and it was absorbed by her brother. While we of the present decade are proud of Mlle. Chaminade, Augusta Holmes, Mrs. Beach and many others, how can we know that the divine spark may survive the tornado of criticism, the drenching flood of prejudice and conservatism?

In an article written for a musical convention, Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler says: "Women lack the power of extending their observations over a large range of facts before forming general conclusions; they lack concentration. They lack the power of self-observation of their own thoughts; also the power of self-criticism, and objective judgment of the productions of their own minds."

Music is the most abstract of arts, and on the other hand the most bound by mathematical rules. For all other arts we have a basis or background of reality, but music, as Schopenhauer phrases it, differs from other arts in being a presentative, not a representative art.

Then women chafe under technical rules. Balsac says "most women proceed like the flea, by leaps and jumps;" and Bishop Whately's contempt of woman's logic is evinced by his assertion, "Women never reason, or, if they do, they either draw correct inferences from wrong premises, or wrong inferences from correct premises; and they always poke the fire from the top." Quoting opinions, however, imposes upon us no necessity of agreement.

Prejudice has, nevertheless, done much to smother many a sensitive talent; criticism coming even from those who, admitting the existence of a talent, object to its exercise as unwomanly. Rubenstein once said to Frau Moszkowski: "Your sister (Mlle. Chaminade) has great talent, but she shouldn't compose music. It isn't right!" More kindly, yet not less humiliating, was Schumann's remark to a celebrated pianist of his time, who had dared publish a sonata: "Fear not, gentle artist soul, for thee shall the critic's rod become a lily stem."

Fortunately this, with many other prejudices, is fast modifying. Women should, however, buckle on her defensive armor against another as fatal a foe—the praise that comes solely because she is a woman; praise as humiliating to her pride as it is demoralizing to her work.

Four women composers have appeared in the 17th century, twenty-seven in the 17th, and seventeen in the 19th. I speak of the great composers.

The first production of Mlle. Holmes' opera, "La Montagne Noir," was under the most auspicious circumstances, and though the new president, Faure, and his wife had chosen this occasion for their debut before the Parisian public, the French critics found her work "lacking in relief and personal character," that "her ambition had o'erleaped itself," that "the task she undertook was beyond her powers," that all of its best numbers were "plagiarized from Donizetti, Massenet, Gounod and Wagner," that, in short, there was nothing good that was not plagiarized, and nothing original that was not bad! Thus one of the most ambitious conceptions of a woman of today was rudely, perhaps unjustly, slaughtered at its birth, and we are left with the less pretentious, though exquisite songs, piano and violin sonatas, some orchestral work, etc., as the highest successful feminine attainment.

George P. Upton, in *Woman in Music*, says: "Conceding that music is the highest expression of the emotions and

that woman is emotional by nature, is it not one solution of the problem that woman does not musically reproduce them because she herself is emotional by temperament and nature and cannot project herself outwardly, any more than she can give outward expression to other mysterious and deeply hidden traits of her nature. Man controls his emotions and can give an outward expression to them; in woman they are the dominating element, and so long as they are dominant she absorbs music." Let us hope through the composite of the old and new woman may be evolved the modern woman, with more strength, less sentimentality, more practicality, though not less ideality; losing that amount of emotional preponderance that makes her recipient rather than productive.

Woman often resigns her art after marriage, pleading more engrossing duties; but, truth to tell, it has never been a serious study with her until now.

It is only during the past thirty years that the study of music has been pursued by women earnestly, and her environment has made an corresponding education difficult if not impossible. Since music as an art was born, all great composers have gone through the drudgery of counterpoint, harmony and all the technic of composition. The future musician was taught to play several instruments. He was environed by music as soon as his predilection became assured. As choir-boy or in an orchestra, he learned to observe the effects of organ and chorus, and the capability of the instruments.

Music was largely a material, mathematical science, which woman's education did not fit her for. Her nature's roots were rather in the emotional and ideal than in the philosophic or scientific.

It required nine centuries after the Monks intoned and appropriated music for those learned gentlemen to discover that two notes could be sounded simultaneously. Not a rapid development, surely! Before another such interval of time, woman, with her present tendency to thoroughness, will have removed the reproach against her creative ability.

From the 18th century to the present time, beginning with Malibran and Tietjens, there have been these feminine interpreters: Mrs. Billington (English, 1790-1819), who possessed a flute-like voice of remarkable power and compass, was said to have won Hadyn's enthusiastic admiration. While watching the great Sir Joshua Reynolds painting her portrait Hadyn said: "Great mistake! you have painted her listening to the angels; it should be vice versa!"

Of "Grisi," Prima Donna Assoluta nearly thirty years at the Paris opera, some one has said: "No vocalization was too trivial for her careful study, no part beneath her creative instinct. Her profession to her was a holy duty." Grisi married the great tenor Mario, and it is said when the emperor jestingly called her children "Griettes," she replied: "Ah! No, sire; pardon me, they are Marionettes."

Sontag (1805-1852, German) sang at the first appearance of Beethoven's 9th Symphony. Sontag and Malibran were warm friends, despite public efforts to create rivalry between them.

The history of "Lublache" is embodied in the sentence, "a great heart in a great body, a great soul in a great voice."

Jenny Lind (1820-1889) adorned the stage and left a legacy of purity of conduct and high aims realized. Her memory remains unsullied by an unworthy deed, untainted by the breath of envy.

Catherine Hayes (English, 1825-1861) was worshipped in Ireland for her wonderful gift, and also for her beautiful character as a woman. She was essentially a ballad singer.

Such are a few of the names of the last generation who have reached the