

and carried away by the pentecostal character of the occasion, he plunged sforzando right into the discussion of German music.

"Art is bigger than war," he said. "It will be in the world when war is unknown. Gentlemen, these are little words, but they have a tremendous meaning."

Which he soon found out they had; for as soon as the novelty of the situation ceased to overawe the assembly racial antagonisms popped up on all sides. It was discovered that the musical elect were much divided in opinion as to the wisdom of any good Canadian playing, singing or otherwise performing any German music made since the days of Beethoven.

"We are cosmopolitan, not Canadian," shouted one from the gallery.

"I believe in nationalizing our music," bawled one from the pit.

"That requires definition," said the chairman.

AND they went at it like a harmony book. Music is one of those peculiar things that key everything up. Even patriotism set to music is like a fire fed with kerosene. All the delegates were sincere and undoubtedly honest. For the first time in the history of Canada music-makers were in a position to say just what they thought, which many of them had not practised much of late.

"Let us call a spade a spade," suggested a delegate. "For ten years I've been professing to admire the way some of you gentlemen play and sing, and as soon as I got behind your backs—"

"Never!" interrupted a caucus, good humoredly. "Impossible!"

"If our critics are honest, why shouldn't we be?" he wanted to know.

"Any photograph of an honest critic should be made into movie picture and sent on tour," interjected one who had evidently had his hide nailed to the fence by some scaring scribe. "Critics aren't crooked. They're just friendly to some people—that's all."

Question ruled out of order.

"Gentlemen, the point at issue is, shall we nationalize our music by keeping German music out?"

This precipitated a lively argument. Once more in the fight over nationalism in music the German motif was lost.

"Music is as universal as poverty and marriage," declared a radical. "Any musician that bars out good modern German stuff bites off his nose to spite his face."

"Wagner was a Prussianized German," thundered a conservative. "Strauss is a Potsdamer. I rule out Brahms and include only Beethoven and Bach. Wagner's music dramas did as much to bring on the war as the philosophy of Nietzsche."

It was surprising how much some of these musicians had read outside of music.

"Why didn't you find that out when you were a crank in Leipsic twenty years ago?" pertinently inquired one from the gallery, where a number of the knockers seemed to have gathered. "I was there when you were. We both went dippy over the German stuff and you know it."

"Personalities barred," shouted the chairman. "If anybody is going to testify as to what he knows about how some of us cut up didos in Leipsic and Berlin, we may as well invite the editor of *Jac's Canuck* up here and be done with it."

THE point seemed to be well established, presently, that no nation can get along without the music of the others. But the convention made it unanimous to put Strauss on the black list. "Because he's a Kaiserite," bawled a malcontent. "How about Schoenberg?" asked a composer with bountiful hair.

"Not fit to black Strauss's boots as a composer," said somebody. "But he isn't a German. If he was decent I'd move to admit Schoenberg."

"Mr. Chairman," sang out a sturdy delegate from the balcony. "I suggest that we are on the verge of a lot of plain hypocrisy. I don't believe there are twenty delegates to this convention who have ever heard a bar of Schoenberg, and not more than a couple of hundred

who have ever mentioned his name."

Loud and cacophonous laughter.

"Question," ordered the chairman. "How can we nationalize Canadian music?"

"Put it in the hands of the Canadian-born," replied a musical Tory from Toronto.

"All those present born in Canada rise."

Less than half the crowd rose.

"British born," added the chair.

At least twenty per cent. came to their feet. It was quite evident that a large percentage were born in continental Europe.

It was not decided to leave national music in the hands of the Canadian born, because Canada needs to import music or starve.

"We can make our own pianos and organs," said a delegate. "But we can't produce all our own pedagogy or all our own performers, and if we had to depend on Candian-born for our composition—"

"Absolutely ridiculous," called a C.b. "The only sensible Canadian music I know of are the French chansons and the Indian melodies."

Here began another uproar, a number violently protesting that the chansons are not Canadian, but pure French, and that the Indian melodies are international. But it was finally agreed that any great music produced in Canada, such as music drama or opera, must make some use of both these kinds of raw material. Whether such music should be made by Canadian-born or otherwise was sensibly decided in favour of regarding such music as Canadian if it were written by a native of Timbuctoo.

It is not necessary to follow in detail the deliberations of the entire week, which became a carnival of free speech and enlightening ideas. As the convention was held before September 16, we are not at liberty to state that Apollo was not sometimes honoured by libations to Bacchus. But as the end of the week began to get nearer it was discovered that back in the hills about three miles from Tomtomtown there was already in progress another convention at which there was a good deal of music. Research on the part of a Toronto Scotchman who

had made a hobby of Indian tunes revealed the fact that a tribe of Indians had congregated in the hinterland hills and were holding some kind of huge dance punctuated by tomtoms, and one tune that for six days and nights was droned and dingdonged and thumped without words and without interruption.

The chairman moved that the convention adjourn to the camp. Carried. There was a grand rush to the dance. The chairman was seized of a grand idea. The idea spread like a prairie fire. At the evening session it was announced that the conference would come to a close with a feature that none of the delegates had dreamed of when they came.

"WE shall have a short music drama composed on the spot by a committee of musicians whom you will please name," said the chairman. "The piece with appropriate words made by some of our more literary delegates must be fully scored by Saturday noon, ready for one rehearsal in the afternoon and performance at night."

From that time on there were no more arguments. When the scores were ready a complete symphony orchestra and a large impromptu men's chorus were got together. Signor Apolloni consented to act as coach in matters of interpretation. Dr. Krigbaum took care of the orchestra. When the sectional rehearsals were done, the ensemble was put in charge of a well-known Canadian-born conductor. As no critics were present, it is impossible to give any adequate idea of the sensation created by the evening performance. But we are assured by Signor Apolloni, who, from the gallery conducted the entire piece on his own account, sub rosa without score, that in the overpowering ensemble of voices and instruments and music so barbarously and prodigiously fresh from the heart of nature he had heard nothing to equal it in all opera.



Signor Apolloni in the gallery confessed that he had heard nothing like it in all opera.