

MUSIC AND PLAYS

Rhineland Ravings

In the Key of B Minor

ONCE more the irrepressible German comes at the music problem. Now that war is seen to be no longer a monopoly of the Teuton tribes, the music-booster on the Rhine turn with bombastic sentimentality to art. Whatever happens to the beloved Vaterland itself, or to the armies, or the Kaiser, or the mercantile marine, or Germany's trade after the war, these apostles of music-culture dream that they can at least save German music as a great heritage for the race. Judging from the tone of F. A. Giessler's article in *Die Musik*, of Berlin, it would seem that he is sorry Wagner and Beethoven and Bach were ever permitted to become world figures in music. Mr. Giessler believes in nationalizing music up to the hilt, and he thus writes:

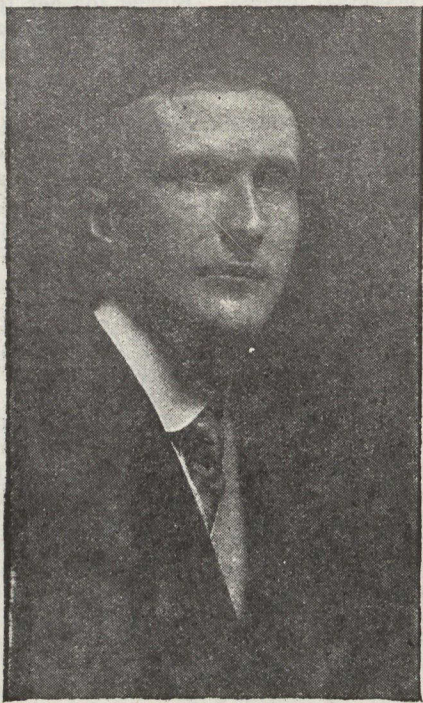
"Everywhere where we German 'barbarians' set our foot in the enemy's land, music, the sorceress among the sister arts, has followed our grey-clad soldiers. In the cathedrals of conquered France and Belgium solemn even-songs resound; in the Theatre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, grand concerts are given, and in hundreds of enemy towns and villages our own soldiers and the civil population listen fascinated to the music of our military bands. Thus it is shown conclusively that we cultivate the soul-stirring art not only at home in spite of the strain and stress of war, but even on the very battle-fields. And we have therefore the right to hope that the tempests of the war will, among others, cleanse also our musical life. And, Richard Wagner, so thoroughly hated by the French as the national composer par excellence of the German people, be our guide and model! German, consciously German, be our future music, in theory and practise!

"But those, no doubt, shoot beyond the target who wish to surround our art by a Chinese wall, keeping off foreign art altogether. Certainly, we Germans are so rich that we can rather do without the music of the French, English, and Russians than they without ours. We will, however, not be childish enough to impoverish ourselves wilfully.

"Let us be frank with ourselves. Until now foreign art did not so much profit us as use us, and we were its humble caterers and servants. Our best composers could tell us a story or two about this item. Foreigners were received with open arms by our publishers, theatres, and concert managements, while our own artists had to take a back seat. Grieg, Saint-Saens, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Debussy, and many others were spoiled by us even when their work was out of har-

mony with our national feelings.

"German composers, henceforth present yourselves before the world as German artists, be proud of this title, do not bow any more before the stranger; they ought to bow before you! And you, German lovers of music, do not have a fit of enthusiasm when a foreign star after singing in three or four foreign languages condescends to sing a Lied in German! Do not tolerate it any longer that our concert-managers lay before you a



Harvey O'Higgins, Canadian author, whose new play, *Lazarus*, was so favourably received in Chicago.

menu four-fifths composed of foreign dishes. From now on, foreign artists anxious to obtain our favours and hard-earned money will, first, have to prove that they understand and are in sympathy with our national sentiments, that they understand our language—if not, may they stay home! Must we not blush even today in thinking of the triumphal tour of an Yvette Guilbert in German lands!

"Our composers will in the future do well to choose German subjects. German history and legend are an inexhaustible fountain for this purpose. Further, while before the war we were degenerate enough to smile at a union of ethics and esthetics, the seriousness of the world's present plight will,

let us hope, teach us a lesson on this score also.

"Our stupid operettas, with their sexual pepper and senseless libretti, in which we indulged all too much, will have to give way to a rejuvenation of the good old German Singspiel (musical comedy).

"But of what we must fight shy, more than of anything else, is the influence of the English and American melodies, which dominated up to the war not only our operettas, but also our Lieder, our dances, even our marches. These humdrum tunes, so thoroughly un-German, had become as fashionable with us as the English tailor-made suits and American neckties and shoes.

"Why should we not seriously think of a musical protective tariff and lay the foundation for a real musical education of our people? But let us not become pedants by trying to change the musical terminology. Schumann tried it, Brahms followed in his tracks. Let us stick to our familiar *andante*, *adagio*, *allegro*, etc.; these terms can simply not be replaced by absolutely identical German expressions. Neither will we replace the beautiful Italian language, so rich in its vocalization, in our singing-lessons. It is, however, reasonable to ask of our publishers not to indulge any longer in French title-pages in their compositions. German is good enough for us."

And Then Some.—"Father," said Professor Rococco Lititz's little boy, "you told me that you would always answer my questions."

"Yes, Denrod, what is it?" asked the professor, who believed that a child's natural curiosity should never be thwarted.

"What is the difference between a roost and a perch?" asked Denrod.

"A roost is a pole upon which chickens sit at night," replied the professor, "while a perch is what chickens perch on."

"And can chickens roost on a perch and perch on a roost?"

"Why ye-yes," said Professor Lititz, laying down his book on the supercalculus of transibernated atomites.

"But if chickens perched on a roost, that would make the roost a perch, wouldn't it, papa, dear? And if just after some chickens had perched on a roost and made it a roost, then the roost would be a perch and the perch would be a roost and some of the chickens would be roosters and the others would be perchers, and—"

"Denrod, go to bed. You don't feel well," commanded the father. And Denrod, being a dutiful child, obeyed.

It's Been Tried.—Prof. Frederick Lewis asserts that world peace can come only through international marriage. Greece affords us an example on a small scale of how it works out.

Spelling It.—Britain stands for the freedom of the seas; but Woody Wilson seems to spell it "seize."



Preserved Raspberries

will keep their natural color if you use

Lantic Sugar

the pure cane sugar which dissolves at once. Order by name in original packages.

2 and 5-lb cartons

10 and 20-lb bags

PRESERVING LABELS FREE

Send red ball trade-mark cut from a bag or carton to

Atlantic Sugar Refineries Ltd.
Power Bldg., Montreal 43

Langley
The Cleaner Limited.
Dyers & Cleaners
Works, Sumach St. Toronto

ALBERT DOWNING

First Tenor Adamac Quartette.
Soloist Bloor St. Pres. Church.
Mus. Dir. Dovercourt College of Music.
Phone College 3153, Jct. 274.

ATHERTON FURLONG

A Brilliant Season

Now Opening.

159 College St. Telephone College 1192

W. O. FORSYTH

Pianist and Teacher of the Higher Art of Piano Playing—Complete Training for Concert Room or Teaching.
Address: Care Nordheimers, Toronto.

DELBERT R. PIETTE

Specialist Teacher of Modern Pianoforte Playing.
Studio: 634 Bathurst Street.

RICHARD TATTERSALL

Organist, Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.
Studio: Canadian Academy of Music only.
Residence: 347 Brunswick Ave. Phone Coll. 2401

FRANK S. WELSMAN

Pianist.
Studio for Lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence: 30 Admiral Road.

HARVEY ROBB
PIANIST Toronto Conservatory of Music.

PAUL WELLS

Concert, Pianist and Teacher.
—Toronto Conservatory of Music—



Modern battalions carry furniture as well as guns. This lot has just arrived at Camp Borden for the 126th Battalion.