

## - M U S I C -

## THE TWO-VOICED MAN

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

**D**ID you ever hear what they call a vox humana stop in a fine organ? If so, you've noticed that it was so like the human voice, some voice, but not any voice—that if you didn't know it was an organ playing you would be sure somebody was singing a song without words. Now where did the organ-builder get his idea for this beautiful stop? Not from anybody's voice. Some voices you have heard would be better at stopping a clock than stopping an organ.

Opinions may differ; but the Music Editor thinks he has discovered the voice that the organ-man took for his vox humana stop. It was the voice of M. Graveure, the Belgian baritone, who sang in Massey Hall a few days ago. There were times during this man's programme when, by closing your eyes, you could swear it was a vox humana stop in an organ—but not the Massey Hall organ.

Graveure does this vox humana trick a little better than anybody we have heard. He does it with a sense of absolute tonal beauty. It doesn't much matter what word he may be singing, though, as a rule, he gets a better effect in some form of the vowel E. When Mons. Graveure sings that way he's doing just what the composer does when he doesn't use words, he is making absolute music. And because it's so confoundingly beautiful you don't stop to ask just what he is singing about, you are so bewitched by the quality of the tone.

That was one voice of this two-voiced man who sang so delightful a programme of songs—mostly modern, English, French and Italian—and that paralyzer of most baritones, the Prologue to Il Pagliacci. How about this latter? We don't know. Coming late,

we just missed it. But the other voice of Graveure we may guess was used to the limit in this Prologue, or he couldn't have sung it at all worthy of an artist of his rank.

The other voice was the ringing, trumpet baritone. Graveure has less of this than some baritones have, but he surely knows how to declaim, how to make his voice detonate. Now and again, in the upper register, he gets a shade off pitch, but never off the key. He has a smallish voice, but it feels big; a voice that carries perfectly in any kind of hall, because of perfect voice production—when he isn't that trifle off pitch.

And it's a voice of many colours, this two-voiced man's voice. He is a rare artist. Sometimes he startles you by just seeming to talk out loud—till you discover that he's singing.

The rest of his programme? Matters very little what it was; it was all so beautiful. He had with him a very expert and gracious little foreigner playing the violin, named Samuel Gardiner. Somebody advised him to take that name—we should guess. He doesn't play a bit like any Sam Gardiner we ever knew. He is a neat little artist, full of all sorts of genial tricks.

But the lady-soprano—oh, dear! She seemed to be dreaming that she was singing; when what she really had was a vocal nightmare. Now and then she woke up and did a mezzo voce very sweetly. Then she went off again.

As for Francis Moore, the accompanist, we only judge from the beauty of his accomplishments that it would have been much better and somewhat cheaper, if M. Graveure had left the nice little lady at home and asked Mr. Moore to play a couple of piano solos.

## INTELLECT NECESSARY TO CONTROL EMOTION

(Omitted from the Symposium last week: Do Musicians Need Ideas?)

**D**R. ALBERT HAM, organist of St. James Cathedral, Toronto, and conductor of the National Chorus, prefers to consider music as a parallel to the sister arts of painting and literature.

It would seem a simple matter, he remarks, to dispel such an erroneous illusion as that suggested by the ambitious art-critic, to whom you refer in your letter, as having stated that "artists did not need brains!" Does this gentleman really believe that great artists, such as Michelangelo or Raphael, Rubens or Meissonier, Corot or Landseer, Holman Hunt, in his "Light of the World," or Dore, in "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," "did not need brains" to conceive and execute their masterpieces? If so, the inevitable conclusion is that such a critic is not given the capacity or education to judge any work of Art correctly.

Far from being a mere matter of feeling or emotion, the education with which the musician should be equipped is at least as sane and logical as the education of those trained for other professions, and should ensure the ability to reason and perceive in a broad-minded manner any general range of subjects, however extensive, which may come under his notice.

Real music has its accidence, its syntax and its prosody, and there is nothing in the Art of Music contrary to the principles of truth and common sense. The study of the scientific side of music teaches exactitude and aims to strike the true balance between intellect and emotion.

True, in this, the most subjective of all arts, the emotional often smothers the intellectual, and with disastrous result, but the true education of the musician teaches control of the emotions by the intellect, and demonstrates, also, that intellect uninspired by emotion is worthless.

This training insists that, before the emotional is reached, there must be a necessary action of the intellect, and that intellectualists narrow the borders of Art, while emotionalists would destroy Art by casting aside all rules and regulations of Form or Design.

A well-schooled intelligence in the science of one Art is surely a recommendation and passport for the same in another sphere.

ALBERT HAM.

## - B O O K S -

## The Seamy Side of Coal

KING COAL. By Upton Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

**U**PTON SINCLAIR is a great war-maker. He has a way of stirring up wrath with a dollar's worth of pulp and print that smears the efforts of any other three muck-rakers taken together into insignificance. He sees Capital as a slobbering behemoth champing its jaws and crunching the life out of labour. He digs into anything that looks like dirt and fingers about in the seamy side of things in his search for pearls of popularity. His "Jungle" book set a few thousand people racing for the vegetarian restaurants to get away from the smell of the thing. His knack of distilling evil odours into print is more than a gift. His descriptions are mottled with vivid splashes of realism—so, for all the matter of that, is a cutting block in a slaughter house.

And in King Coal he uses every blessed knick-knack in the whole bag of tricks. The dirt, the dust, the dread and dreariness of the coal-mining region is all there. A little love creeps in the record of relations between a man and a maid; but cupid all smudged up with coal dust is a sorry spectacle and one feels sorry for the little chap as he limps in and out from Chapter One to freedom at the Finis.

## Improbabilities

UNDER SEALED ORDERS. By H. A. Cody. McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart. \$1.35 net.

**T**HE title of Mr. Cody's latest book is quite misleading. One looks for a staunch ship steaming out through the danger zone with dead-lights on every port, an eager curiosity in the fore-peak and grim determination amidships, or wherever it is the gallant skipper skips in nowadays. If not a ship on a mysterious mission, then an intrepid, tight-lipped, lean-hipped and daring doer of doughty deeds going out into the night (a very wet and generally uncomfortable kind of a night) for a secret session supposed to rock or wreck two or three dynasties. Instead of that there is a tale of how some tumbling water was tunnelled into turbines to make an old man's vision come true and illuminate the shady lanes of a little village after night-fall. It is a hotch-potch of improbabilities served up without sense of continuity or respect for the credulity of the reader; not, however, minus some of H. A. Cody's undoubtedly wholesome humanism.

## Six Love Stories—and the War

BROMLEY NEIGHBOURHOOD. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50 net.

**W**HEN the reviewer comes across a novel and begins reading it at page 10, jumping thence to page 20, and suddenly finds that there is a certain subtle thread of intrinsic beauty to the plot and a certain wealth of wholesome colour to the handiwork, and has therefore to turn back to page 1 and read the story through, he is at once surprised, annoyed and pleased. It is thus with Bromley Neighbourhood. There is a character to Brom-

ley Neighbourhood that demands it be read through.

A pastoral story, rich in rustic atmosphere and all aglow with love. Alice Brown is seemingly aware that all the world loves a lover, and shrewdly suspects that all the world loves six lovers six times as well. Miss Brown knows also that all the world is getting more or less tired of the impossible love affairs conceived by certain prolific writers who, given two soulful eyes and a heaving bosom, can weave an utterly impossible texture of almost immoral silliness. A wholesome story that concerns the affection of a mother for her sons and for her cold, implacable husband; of two country youths for two country girls; that relates how the mature womanhood of one girl drank deeply of the cup of proffered affection and tasted of the bitter dregs; and how the girlish mind of the other saw nothing in the cup and spurned it and dreamed of a stranger who was to come and carry her away, over the hills to her heaven. As the story progresses through the sunny springtime of season and youth there is sounded a grim note but for which Bromley Neighbourhood might have been termed "a pretty story." And it must be read through to get it.

The great war plays a very important part in Miss Brown's narrative, and it is a privilege to review those heroic and awful events of 1914 and 1915 as they are reflected in the minds of the simple and good people of Bromley.

Churchill Illuminates  
Disintegration

THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT. By Winston Churchill. Macmillan. \$1.50.

**F**ROM riven rock, to slipping shales, shifting sands and driven dust, the work of disintegration goes on for some enormous purpose. The will behind—the dynamic in the thing—is big beyond the scope of our finite conception. It is only when the time element is quickened; the atoms in contact shaped to something sympathetic to ourselves that the plane on which the process is working is brought within the perspective of our perception. Even then, you and I and most of the rest of us need an interpreter to tell something of the meaning of it all. And Mr. Churchill seems to be winning the right to be regarded as just such an interpreter. In this last book of his he traces the trend of the process in modern industrial civilization. He begins with a human fragment, bewildered and helpless, torn from the parent rock, crushed, rolled smooth, and left stranded in a strange place. This fragment, Edward Bumpus, is gate-keeper at a cotton mill—"severed and rolled from the ancestral ledge, from the firm granite of seemingly stable and lasting things, into shifting shale, surrounded by fragments of cliffs from distant lands he had never seen," as Mr. Churchill says. His daughter, Janet, is Mr. Churchill's heroine.

The story tells of her shifting from place to place until she finds happiness at last in the Dwelling Place of Light.