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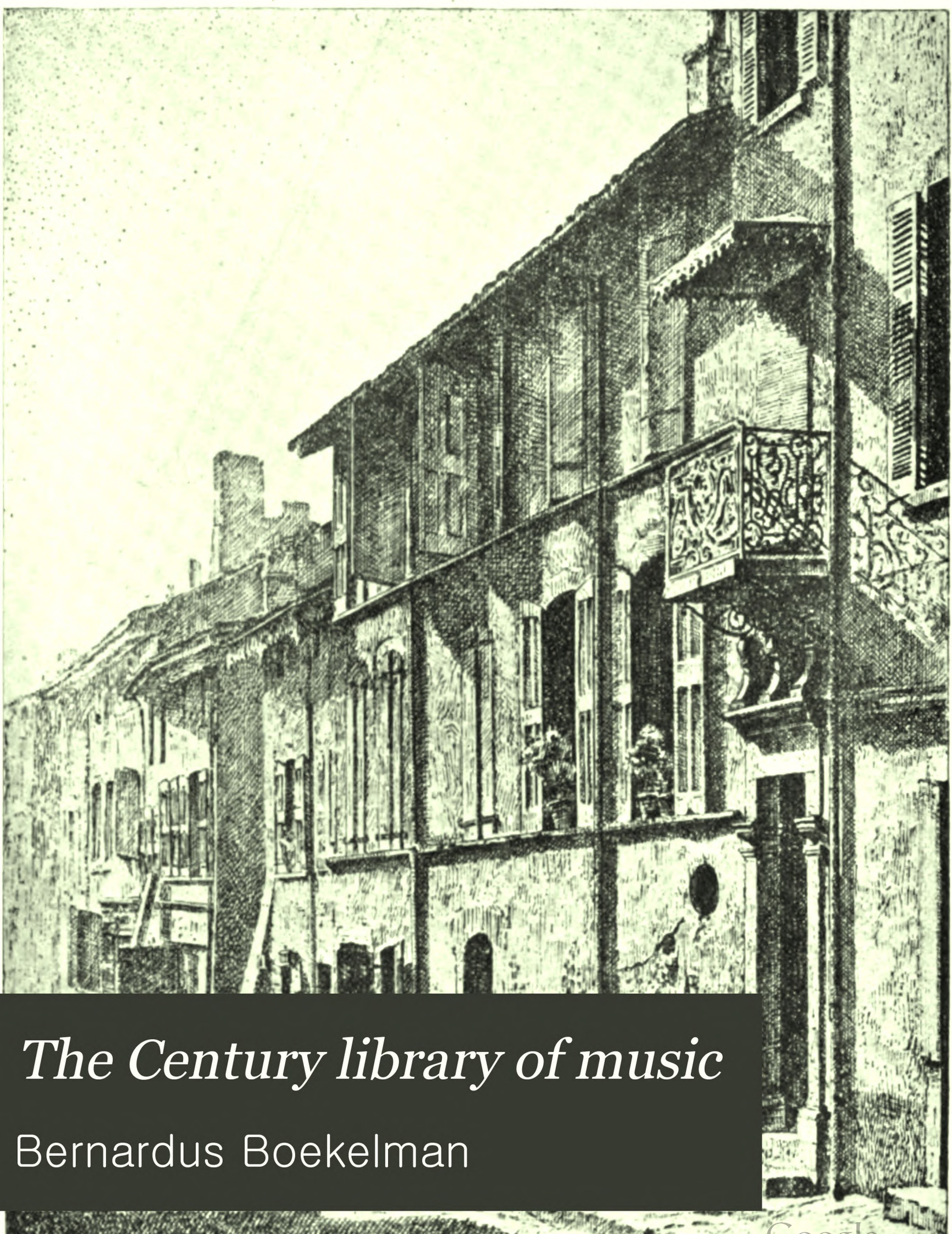

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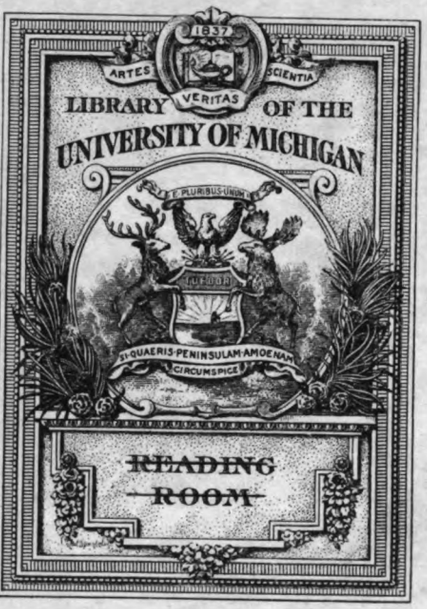

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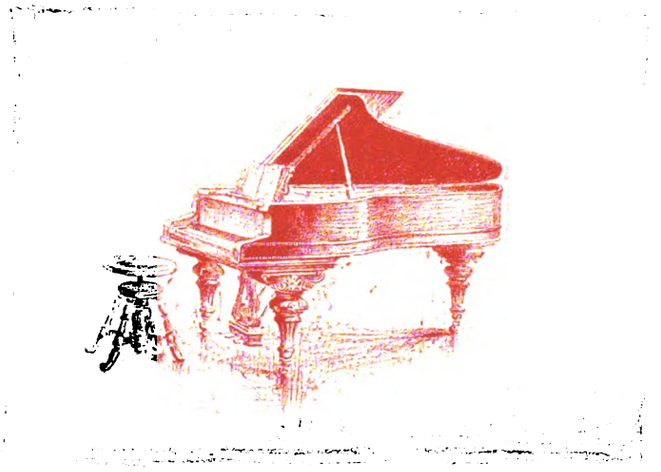

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HECTOR BERLIOZ

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

BY

ERNEST REYER

THE COMPOSER OF "SALAMMBÔ"

PROBABLY no musician has ever been more ridiculously criticized, more scoffed at, more insulted, than was Berlioz during the greater part of his career. And these outrages were heaped upon him by his own country! He was only too sensible of this fact. Luckily he possessed beak and claws, as certain feuilletons in the "Journal des Débats" attest.

After age, disease, and discouragement had rendered him less eager for the fray, he was allowed a little more peace; but when "Les Troyens" appeared, those of his maligners who still survived availed themselves of the occasion to renew the attack. Among these the critic of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," the unimpeachable Scudo, who died stark mad a short time afterward, was one of the first to make himself prominent by the violence of his attacks and the extravagance of his pen, which, by the way, did not fail to recoil somewhat upon him. The day after the first performance of the symphony of "Harold" Berlioz received an anonymous letter in which, after a tirade of coarse abuse, he was charged with being "too cowardly to blow out his brains." Scudo never ventured to go so far as that,—not that he was lacking in the will,—but one day he wrote this sentence, which is worthy of being recorded: "The Chinese, who amuse their leisure moments by the sound of the tom-tom; the savage, who is roused into fury by the rubbing together of two stones, make music of the kind composed by M. Hector Berlioz." The insult, with the signature of its author, should go down to posterity beside the name of the illustrious artist whom it wounded. It is worthy to be written under the

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list of his masterpieces on the pedestal of the statue erected to him by the tardy enthusiasm of his fellow-citizens.

The reaction preceding his apotheosis was not slow to appear. It began almost immediately after the death, in 1869, of the man who, perceiving as in a sudden flash of light the glory that awaited him, said with his last sigh: "On va donc jouer ma musique!" I was there, at his bedside, gazing upon that pale, noble head, with its magnificent crown of white hair, waiting in anxious affliction for the last breath to be exhaled from those thin and colorless lips. I watched over him all night. In the morning his faithful servant handed me the copy of his memoirs designed for me. I had occasion at a later period to reward this honest man, who, during the long sickness of Berlioz, had not left him for a single moment, lavishing on him the most devoted care. A short time before the death of his master, he had accompanied Berlioz to my house. Painfully did the poor musician mount up the four flights of stairs to come and sit at my table. After the meal I begged him to write his name on the score of "Benvenuto Cellini." He seized a pen, wrote with a trembling hand "A mon ami," and then, looking at me with a wistful glance, said: "I have forgotten your name." It was a cruel blow, which went to my very heart. I was to see him no more till I gazed on his face as he lay upon his death-bed, that master whom I had so much admired, and on whom I had bestowed an affection which he could never doubt from the very moment when I first had the happiness to make his acquaintance. M. Adolphe Jullien, to whom I related this sad incident, has recorded it in his beautiful book entitled "Hector Berlioz: his Life and Works," the most complete monument which has ever been reared to the memory of the immortal author of "Les Troyens" and "La Damnation de Faust."

I had not long been acquainted with Berlioz when his "L'Enfance du Christ" was performed for the first time, under his direction, in the Salle Herz, in the month of December, 1854. I was seated beside one of his intimate friends, Toussaint Benet, the father of the pianist Théodore Ritter, then almost a child. The emotion which I felt was such that at the end of the second part I burst into tears, and was on the point of fainting. My neighbor pressed my hands in his to restrain me from uttering a cry. From that time my admiration for Berlioz knew no bounds, and I began to study his works, with which I had had but slight acquaintance, never having had an opportunity to hear them. The Parisians were not at all pleased with them. The success of "L'Enfance du Christ" was, however, very great, and this piece opened to Berlioz the doors of the French Academy, of which he became a member two years afterward. Clapisson entered first. The very day of the election of the author of "La Promise," who was not yet the author of "La Fanchonnette," I was walking on the boulevard with the author of "L'Enfance du Christ" and certain earlier masterpieces. It was the moment when the balloting was

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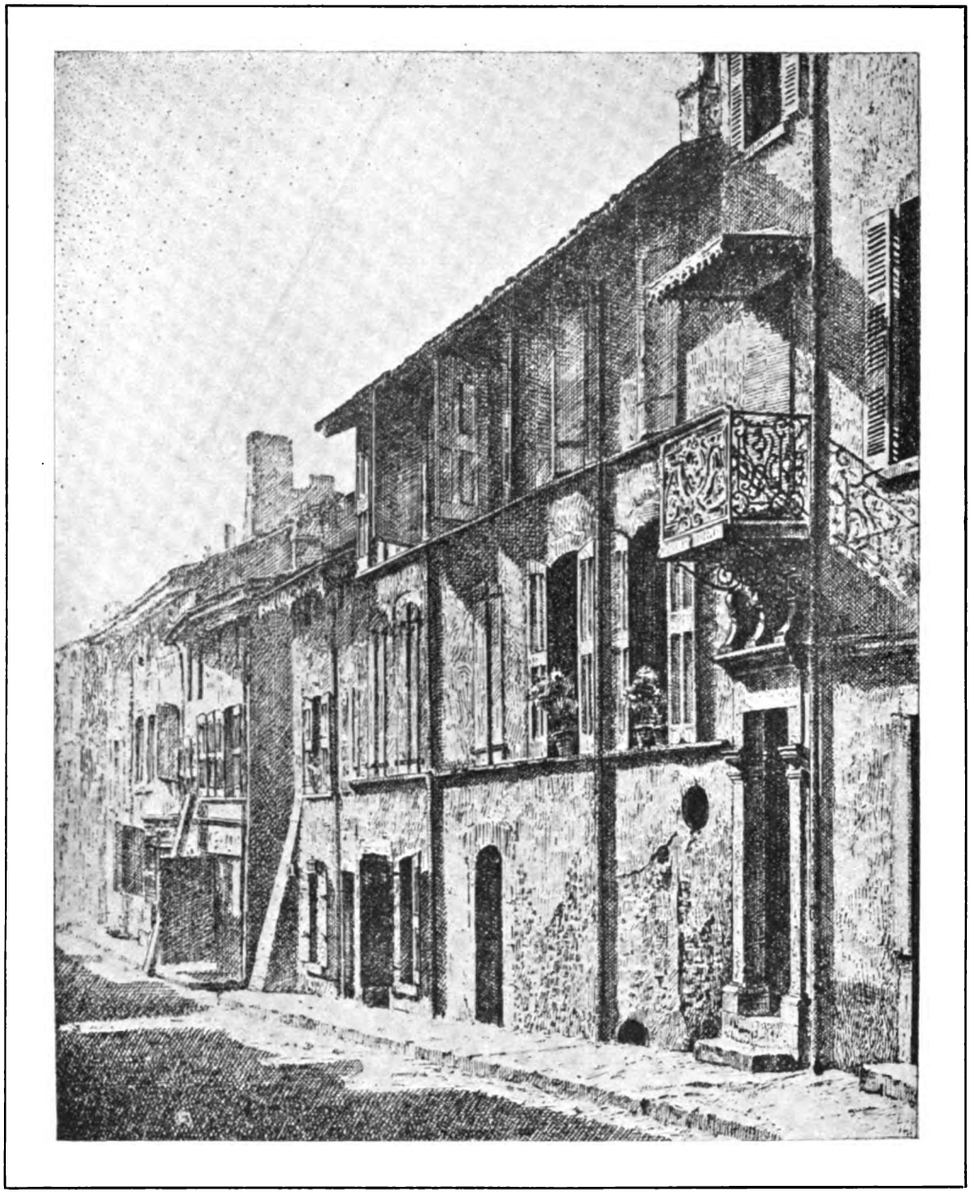
going on under the cupola of the Mazarin palace, and he was impatient to know the result. "But why?" I said to him. "At this very moment Clapisson is being elected." "You are a bird of ill omen," replied he, jump-



BIRTHPLACE OF BERLIOZ.

No. 83 rue Nationale, La Côte-Saint-André.

ing into a cab to go to the secretary of the Academy, hoping to get a little earlier account of—the triumph of his competitor. I was not mistaken.

Toussaint Benet, whose name I have mentioned above, was a jovial

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fellow from Marseilles, who, possessed of an ample fortune, had settled at Paris to educate his son in music. Berlioz had recognized in the young Théodore a remarkable precocity and exceptional talents, and had taken great interest in him. He gave him the scores of the masters to read, and pointed out their beauties. Berlioz and I often met at the rooms of Toussaint Benet. The child had grown up, and on his return from Germany, where he had been to take lessons from Liszt and the learned Professor Schnyder von Wartensee, he was already something more than a surprising virtuoso; he was even a finished musician. What delightful evenings I owe to him! After dinner young Ritter would sit down at the piano and play his favorite works, "Roméo et Juliette" and "La Damnation de Faust," in turn. This was long before the appearance of "Les Troyens." Berlioz, seated before the fire with his back toward us and his head bowed, would listen. From time to time a sigh would escape him: a sigh—perhaps a sob. One evening, I remember, after a sublime adagio of the "Scène d'amour," he suddenly rose, and, throwing himself into the arms of Théodore, exclaimed in an ecstasy, "Ah, that is finer than the orchestra!" No, it was not finer; but it gave the impression, produced the illusion, of orchestra, so exquisite were the nuances in the playing of this most skilful virtuoso, so various were the qualities of tone—now delicate and caressing, now bold and passionate—that he evoked from the instrument. Nobody has ever equaled Ritter in this peculiar talent of making a piano suggest an orchestra.

No stranger, no friend even,—if we except a young relative of the family—assisted at these reunions. Berlioz and I would withdraw together; he would accompany me to my house, I would see him to his, and we would walk the distance over two or three times, he smoking ever so many cigars, which he never finished, sitting down on deserted sidewalks, giving himself up to the exuberance of his spirits, and I laughing immoderately at his jokes and puns. Ah, how few have seen him thus! The moment came to separate. Usually I accompanied him to his door, covetous of the last word. I recall how, as we approached his house in the Rue Calais (to-day it bears a commemorative tablet, tardily set up), his enthusiasm vanished; his face, lighted up by the flickering gas-jet, settled into its habitual sad, careworn expression. He hesitated a moment as his hand touched the bell-pull, then murmured a cold, chilly adieu in a suppressed voice, as if I never were to see him again. He entered his house; and I—I went away with my heart torn, knowing well what a painful reaction would succeed the few hours of unbending delight and childish glee I had just witnessed.

Seven months after the death of his first wife Berlioz married again (in October, 1854). "This marriage," he wrote to his son, "took place quietly, without any parade, but also without any mystery. If you write me on this subject, do not mention anything that I cannot show my wife,

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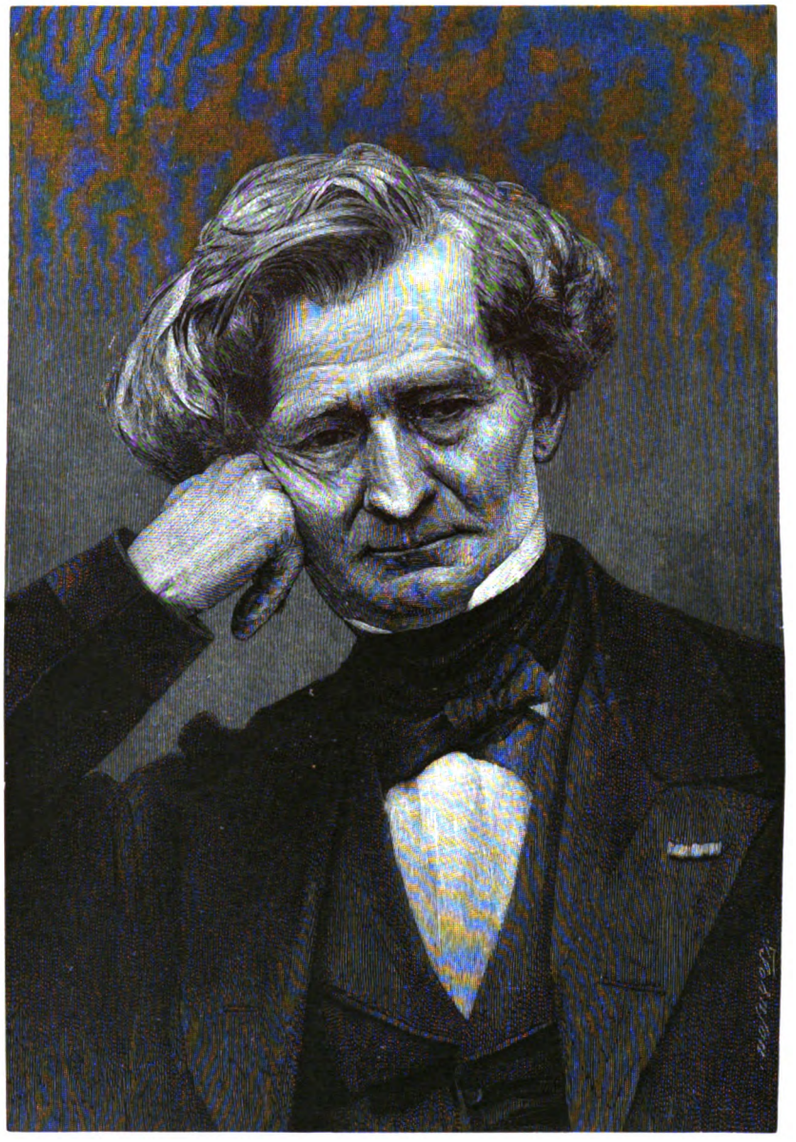

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

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because I am very anxious that no shadows should settle on my home." In a letter addressed to Adolphe Samuel some years after he says: "I am sick as usual; besides, my mind is restless and disturbed, . . . my life seeks consolation abroad; my home wearies me, irritates me, is an impossible home, quite the contrary of yours. There is not a day or an hour when I am not on the point of ending my life. I repeat, I am living in thought and in affection far away from my home; . . . but I can tell you no more." Had he not said enough in this to make himself understood? After the death of his second wife, June 14, 1862, Berlioz con-

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AUJOURD'HUI LUNDI 10 SEPTEMBRE 1838,

La PREMIÈRE Représentation de

BENVENUTO

CELLINI,

OPÉRA en DEUX actes.

CHANT: MM. DUPREZ, MASSOL, FERDINAND-PRÉVOT, DÉRIVIS, WARTEL, SERDA. Trévaux, Molinier: Mmes DORUS-GRAS, STOLTZ.

DANSE: MM. Quériau, Coralli, Adice, Adrien, Honoré, Desplaces: Mmes Guichard, Dumilâtre première, Dumilâtre deuxième, Caroline.

(Les Entrées de Faveur sont suspendues.)

S'adresser, pour la location, au Bureau de l'Académie Royale de Musique, rue Grange-Batelière, Hôtel Choiseul, tous les jours, de 11 à heures.

POSTER OF FIRST REPRESENTATION OF "BENVENUTO CELLINI."

From the archives of the Paris Opéra.

tinued to live with his mother-in-law, who cared for him with unfailing tenderness. This worthy woman was the widow of Major Martin, who had been in the Russian campaign with Napoleon. In company with her husband she had braved the cold, the snow, and all the other dangers of the journey with a babe in her arms. She was a courageous woman, who concealed great sensitiveness of feeling beneath a mask of impassibility. She idolized the genius of Berlioz, and every enemy of the great artist became her own. Her grateful son-in-law left her at his death the use of all he possessed, with the exception of some private bequests and his manuscripts, which went to the Conservatory. I see her still, trembling with emotion, but rigid as a specter, as she sat far back in her opera-box, the evening, a year after the death of the master, when we held the festival which was the first shining of the posthumous glory with which posterity should avenge him. Our finest artists sought the honor of appearing on that

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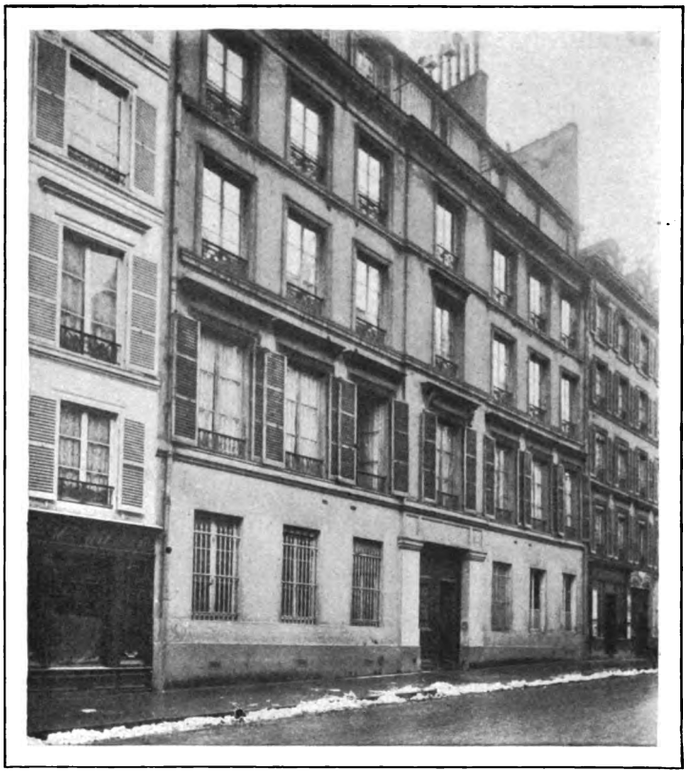
program, where the great names of Gluck, of Beethoven, and of Spontini were associated with that of Berlioz, the only contemporary musician who had nothing to fear from such dangerous companionship. Unhappily, the pecuniary result of this noble occasion came very far from answering the



HOME OF BERLIOZ FROM 1843 TO 1846.

No. 31 rue de Londres, Paris. It was during Berlioz's residence here that "La Damnation de Faust" was produced at the Opéra Comique, December 6, 1846.

expectations of the friends and disciples who organized it. Many years were still to elapse before these disciples should record in bronze his complete glorification and final apotheosis.

The unveiling of the Berlioz statue took place on the 17th of October, 1886. The sky was leaden, the weather cold and rainy, but the approaches to Montholon Square had been invaded from an early hour in the morning. When the veil fell which covered the statue, and the first tone of the triumphal symphony swelled out, what an immense acclamation and long cry of enthusiasm burst from among the multitude! This brilliant homage bestowed "on one of the most illustrious composers of any age, the most extraordinary one, perhaps, that ever existed," had long been in pre-

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PARIS, le 26 Juillet, 1846.

A SON EXCELLENCE, MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE DE LA GUERRE.

Monsieur le Ministre :

Le Comité de l'Association des Artistes Musiciens ne veut pas tarder à vous offrir le témoignage de sa reconnaissance pour la protection que vous avez bien voulu lui accorder à l'occasion du Festival de l'Hippodrôme. Il ne s'est pas trompé en s'adressant à vos hautes lumières, en pensant que votre appréciation parfaite des intérêts de l'art, dont la musique militaire forme une si grande partie, vous ferait écouter sa demande avec bienveillance. Vous lui avez donc permis de réaliser une solennité nationale encore sans exemple. Le Comité est heureux de penser, Monsieur le Ministre, que le résultat de ses efforts a pu vous satisfaire et que peut-être sa tentative a révélé aux musiciens de notre armée la conscience d'une supériorité qu'ils ignoraient jusqu'ici. Le Comité espère donc, Monsieur le Ministre, que vous continuerez votre appui à une institution qui tient également à honneur de protéger les intérêts de l'art et de venir en aide aux artistes malheureux.

Recevez, Monsieur le Ministre, l'assurance des sentiments de très haute consideration de vos très humbles serviteurs,

[TRANSLATION.]

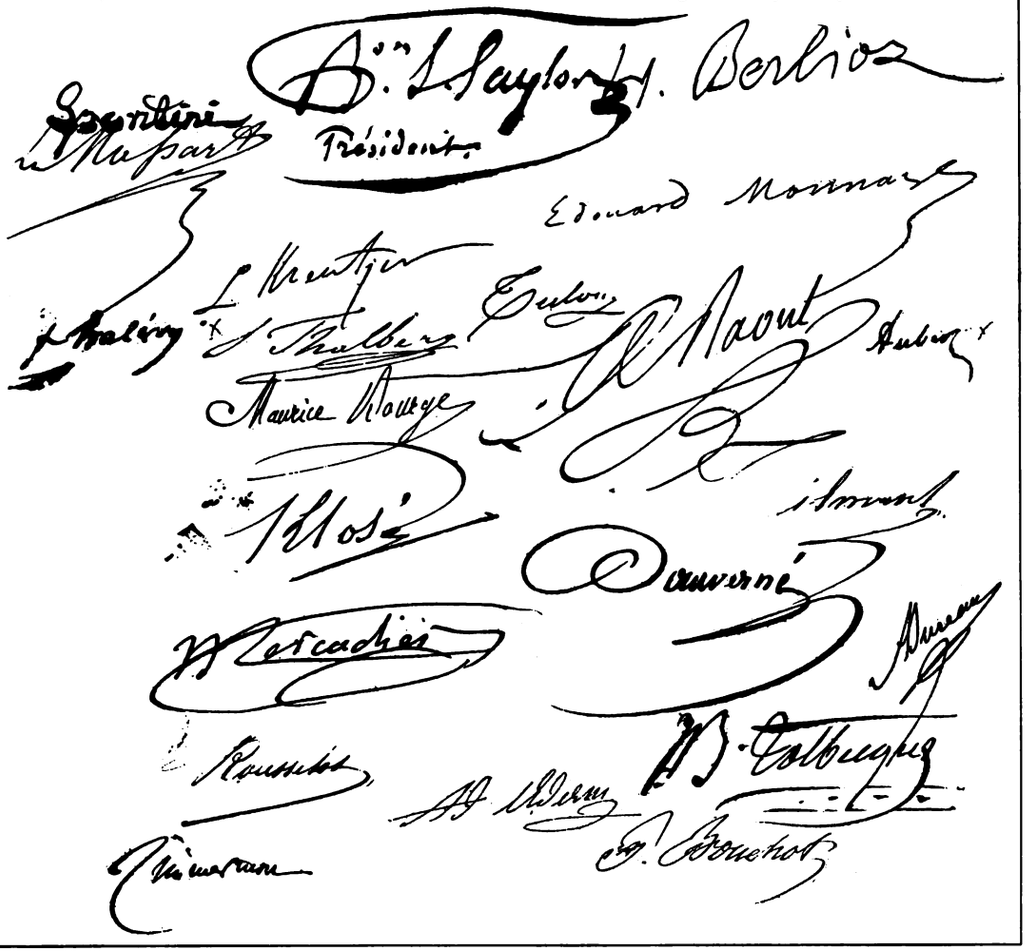
PARIS, July 26, 1846.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MINISTER OF WAR.

Your Excellency :

The Committee of the Association of Artist Musicians would not delay in offering to you the testimony of their gratitude for the protection willingly accorded them at the Festival of the Hippodrome. The Committee were not mistaken in appealing to your great enlightenment, or in thinking that your perfect appreciation of the interests of the Art, of which military music forms such a large part, would lead you to listen to their appeal with kindness. You have allowed them a national solemnity without precedent. They are happy in thinking, your Excellency, that the result of their efforts has satisfied you, and also that their exertions have perhaps revealed to the musicians of our army the consciousness of a superiority of which up to this time they were ignorant. The Committee hope, your Excellency, that you will continue your support to an Institution which has equally the honor of protecting the interests of Art and of coming to the aid of unfortunate artists.

Receive, your Excellency, the assurance of the most profound sentiments of gratitude of your very humble servants,



AUTOGRAPHS OF LEADING PARIS MUSICIANS OF 1846.

A letter from a Committee of the Association of Artist Musicians to the Minister of War.
With signatures of Berlioz, Halévy, Thalberg, Spontini, Auber, and others.

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paration by the directors of our three great musical societies, Messrs. Pasdeloup, Colonne, and Lamoureux. By initiating the public little by little into the beauties of the master's wonderful conceptions, they had conducted with ever-increasing success the work of reparation and of public recognition which had been started at the Opéra, and some years later was renewed at the Hippodrome.

One after another the detractors of Berlioz are disappearing. To-day only few remain. These timidly hazard a criticism or two in the following style: "Doubtless he is a great poet in music, but he imagines at times an ideal that neither his pen nor his genius is capable of realizing. . . . He does not always write with that firmness of hand which is the prime quality of a perfect musician. . . . His style exhibits defects resembling hesitation, and then there are awkward passages which often mar his work." Heaven pardon me! I think some, in memory of Cherubini, reproach him also with not knowing how to make a fugue—a man who has written fugues both vocal and instrumental, so perfect, so melodic, in his dramatic symphonies of "Roméo et Juliette," "La Damnation de Faust," in his sacred trilogy of "L'Enfance du Christ," in the "Messe des Morts," in almost every one of his great works!

Such was the opinion of that composer, always mediocre, and to-day discredited and forgotten, to whom I used to vaunt the beauties of Berlioz's symphonies. Refusing to admire or to comprehend them, he would close the discussion with this phrase, astounding in its folly and stupidity: "What would you have? Berlioz and I do not speak the same language!"

But do not all innovators, all artists of genius, bear the same reproach? Was not Titian charged with not always being correct in his sketches; Delacroix, with not knowing his business; Spontini, with knowing less than the poorest pupils in the Conservatory, who laughed at him? And did not Handel say of Gluck, the author of "Alceste" and of "Armide," "He is as much of a musician as my cook"?

Poor Berlioz! He heard things to make him wince after he wrote his "Troyens à Carthage." True, at this period of his life invective was not used against him with such violence as in the earlier contests, but the most unjust and bitter criticisms were not wanting. I have cited a few of the "amenities" that Scudo indulged in every time he had occasion to mention a composition of Berlioz. I add another emanating from a pen less authoritative than that of the critic of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," but a pen wielded by a man who commanded a much larger number of readers through his position on one of the most widely circulated journals of Paris.

Having characterized the score of "Les Troyens" as "a mountain of importance compared with the *chefs-d'œuvre* that shine in the heaven of music," he gave M. Carvalho a piece of good advice: "Why not replace

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H. Berlioz

Nuit d'ivresse et d'extase infinie!
(Les Troyens)

M. Fantin

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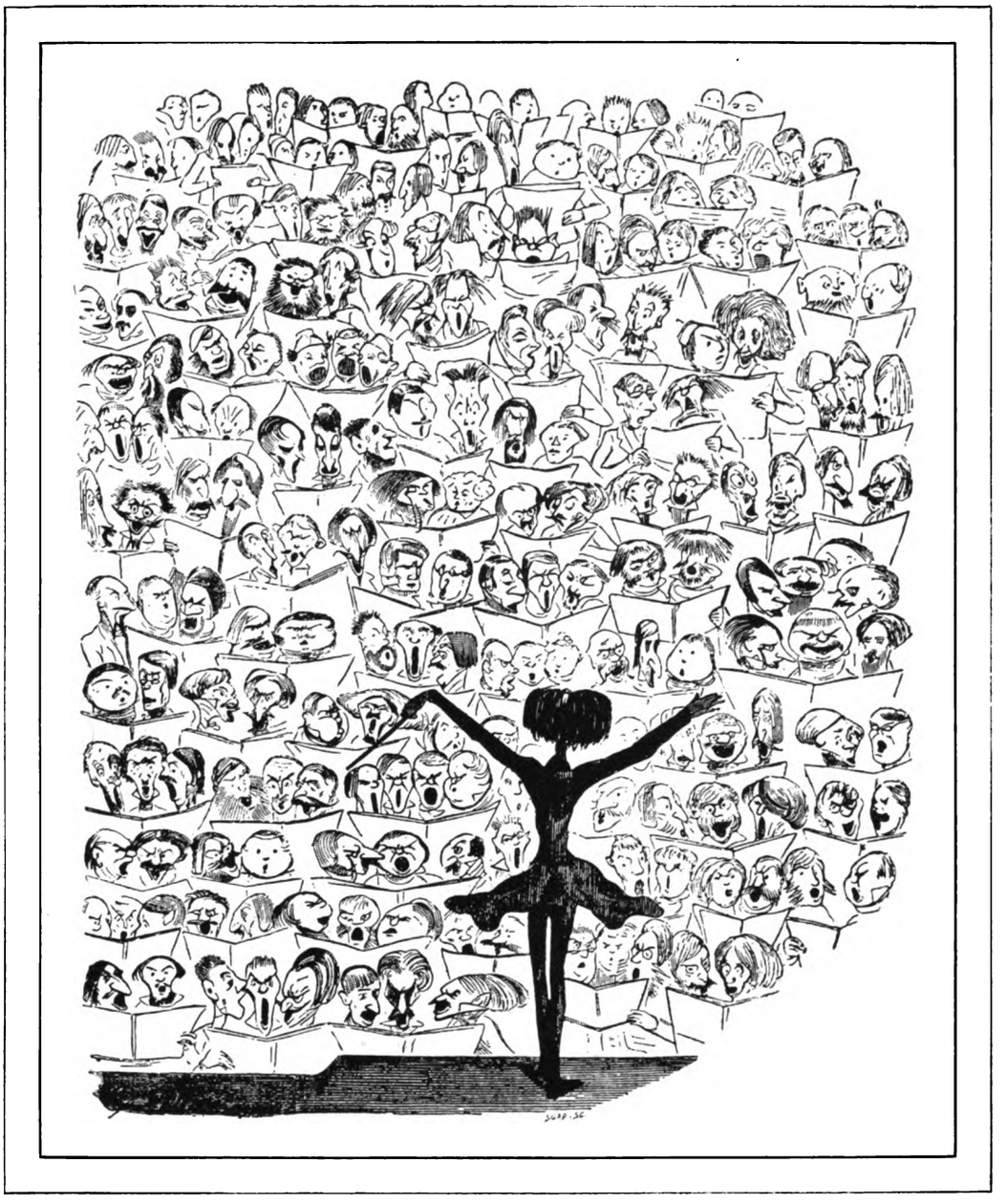

A CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC.

Caricature by Gustave Doré, published in "Le Journal pour rire," 1850.

the specters of *Priam*, *Chorèbe*, *Cassandra*, and *Hector*, too little known to the public, by four others which should address Berlioz in the following words? The first: 'I am Gluck; you admire me, you spoke of my "Alceste" in rare terms of eloquence, and to-day you dishonor my recitative, so strong in its sobriety, so grand in its simplicity.' The second: 'I am Spontini; you loved my "Vestale" more than Licinius did; you say

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you are my disciple, and you extinguish its burning rhythm with the stagnant waters of your sluggish melopœias. Lay aside those fillets which I have bequeathed to my fellow-countryman Rossini.' The third: 'I am Beethoven, author of so many immortal symphonies, rudely torn from those visions which attend the illustrious dead, as they lie on the couch of their glory, by your symphony "La Chasse Royale."' And the fourth: 'I am Carl Maria von Weber. After having learned instrumental coloring from my school, you rob me of my palette and my brushes to daub on images worthy of a village painter."'

Further on, speaking of "La Chasse Royale," the same critic, whose resources are inexhaustible, adds a few reflections to the monologue of Beethoven. "If the violent and horrible dissonances maintained through the strains of the orchestra are music; if that charivari which surpasses the pitiful and presumptuous failure of Jean Jacques at the Geneva[1] concert (!) be art, I am a barbarian. I am proud of it, I boast of it." There is some truth in this.

The first representation of "Les Troyens" took place at the Théâtre Lyrique, November 4, 1863. Berlioz, as he relates in his memoirs, had composed this work at the instance of the Princess of Sayn-Wittgenstein, to whom he dedicated it. The Princess lived at Weimar, where Liszt was director of the grand duke's chapel. She requested the grand duke to write to the Emperor Napoleon III. to request that rather unmusical sovereign to have "Les Troyens" brought out at the Opéra. The Opéra was directed at the time by Alphonse Royer, one of the authors of the libretto of "La Favorite," a charming man, possessed of exceedingly distinguished manners. Berlioz went to several receptions at the Tuileries, and came away as he had gone. But one evening the emperor, perceiving him, asked him about "Les Troyens," and expressed a desire to read the poem. Great was the joy of the composer, who thought the game was won. It was not long, however, before he was undeceived. The poem, sent back through the director of theaters by the emperor, who certainly had not read it, was thought to be "absurd and stupid," and of a length that far exceeded the ordinary dimensions of a great opera. A year afterward, Alphonse Royer told Berlioz, who could not believe his senses, that "Les Troyens" was going to be "studied," and that the minister of state, "desirous of giving him full satisfaction," commissioned him to report this happy news. Nothing more came of the matter. "Tannhäuser" was represented instead of "Les Troyens," and by an imperial order. The exasperation of Berlioz knew no bounds. Then it was that he accepted the proposition of M. Carvalho, who agreed to put on the stage the second part of the work, the "Les Troyens à Carthage," reserving the "La Prise de Troie" for a second trial, in case the first should succeed. After a series of

[1] "The Confessions" have taught those who have read them that that wretched "Geneva" concert took place at Lausanne!

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From a lithograph made in Vienna in 1845.

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twenty performances, sustained with difficulty, "Les Troyens" disappeared from the bulletin-board, and has never since graced it.

I was at Weimar a short time after the first representation. It was the birthday fête of the grand duchess. I was invited to court and presented to the grand duke, who immediately inquired about Berlioz, of whom he was personally very fond, and whose works he passionately admired. He told me that he had been delighted to hear of the success of "Les Troyens" at the Opéra. "But, sir," I rejoined rather hastily, "'Les Troyens' was not played at the Opéra, but at the Théâtre Lyrique." "Why, I wrote an autograph letter to the emperor, and I thought—" I might have finished his phrase. The emperor had undoubtedly received the letter, but had paid no attention whatever to it.

CARICATURE BY CARJOT.

From "Le Boulevard," 1863.

When I came back to Paris I related to Berlioz my conversation with the grand duke. "How!" cried he, with astonishment. "You told him! You undeceived him! Ah, I never should have dared to do that." The error was easy of explanation: the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar had been informed that "Les Troyens" had just been played at Paris, and he had made no further inquiry. A little more, and he would have written a second letter to the emperor—to thank him!

Berlioz never heard "La Prise de Troie," except a single fragment,—the duo between *Chorèbe* and *Cassandra*,—sung by the barytone Lefort and Madame Pauline Viardot, at one of the concerts directed by the master at Baden in the merry season—that season in which "Tout Paris" came together in the coquettish little town of the grand duchy. This first part of "Les Troyens" is superior to the second in the judgment of many musicians. M. Pasdeloup first gave one act, then two; and lastly the whole work, on the same day on which it was given by M. Colonne at the Châtelet (December 7, 1879). The star of the founder of popular concerts[1] had begun to wane, and, besides, the execution was better, and much more careful, at the Châtelet than at the Cirque d'Hiver. M. Colonne, however, was able to give only four representations of the "La Prise de Troie," while the

[1] M. Pasdeloup.

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success of "La Damnation de Faust," after more than fifty performances, was far from being exhausted.

Madame Rose Caron was the young artist who sang at Pasdeloup's the little part of *Hecuba* in the fine *ottetto* of the second act. She hardly suspected at that time that she would become a few years later the great lyric tragédienne so applauded by Paris, for whom no rival need be sought, because there is none.

"Les Troyens" complete, but played in two successive evenings,[1] afterward obtained an immense success at Carlsruhe. The Capellmeister, Felix Mottl, a spirited Wagnerian, was the one who took the initiative in this grand manifestation. Unfortunately, it will doubtless produce a greater stir in Germany than with us in France.

It is ever to be regretted that the attempt of M. Lamoureux to produce "Lohengrin" at the Eden Théâtre failed on account of the threats and hisses of a troop of rattle-brained blackguards. The success of "Lohengrin" would have paved the way for that of "Les Troyens" and "Benvenuto Cellini;" and, sanctioned by the theater, as it already had been by the concert, the fame of Berlioz would have been much more complete and glorious. Berlioz and Wagner applauded in turn upon the same stage, and that a French one! Why not! The hostility existing between those two musical geniuses, the hatred with which the latter pursued the former, has but little interest at the present day except for biographers; the musical world cares little for it. Nobody denies to the one the priority of certain innovations, certain harmonic and instrumental combinations by which the other may have profited; but to try to make out the inventor of the modern lyric drama to be the humble imitator of his predecessor, who was above all a great innovator as a symphonist; to brand as plagiarisms a few involuntary reminiscences, a few chance coincidences, such as few composers, even those most original and most distinguished, have been able wholly to avoid, marks the difference between a rational and just opinion and an imbecility.

The first concert given by Richard Wagner at the Théâtre Italien, on the 25th of January, 1860, had just come to an end. Madame Berlioz, passing by, leaning on the arm of her husband, said to me in her sarcastic tone, "Oh, Reyer, what a triumph for Hector!" And why? Because a certain air of kinship seemed to be discoverable between this or that passage in the prelude to the third act of "Tristan and Isolde" and the figured theme of the "Convoi de Juliette"; between the figure played by the violins in the Pilgrim chorus in "Tannhäuser" and that which accompanies the oath of reconciliation between the Montagues and the Capulets over the inanimate bodies of Juliette and Roméo; because the ascending progression

[1] It must be conceded that Berlioz made a mistake in fixing four hours and twenty-six minutes as the time required for the representation of this work; and about three hours and three-quarters with the suppressions which he himself indicated in the complete score issued by the publishers, Choudens.

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in the admirable prelude of the third act in "Lohengrin" was drafted, it is said, on that which ends at the principal motif of the "Festival at Capulet's" in the symphony of "Roméo." And the flatterers, happy to be able to point out those supposed coincidences to Berlioz, who perhaps had already perceived them, did not fail to exaggerate them. No, no; Hector would not have triumphed for so small a thing. And when, the day after the third concert, given with the same program as the two preceding ones, there appeared in the feuilleton of the "Débats" that famous *credo* which marks with an ineffaceable line the break between Berlioz and Richard Wagner, the most fervent admirers of Berlioz, instead of reciting devoutly the "act of faith" which spite or anger had dictated, did much better by beginning to study the works of Wagner, and trying to penetrate their

H. BERLIOZ—FORMERLY.

By M. Marais, published in "Figaro," March 3, 1883.

undoubted beauties. There was certainly more profit for them in that course, and I affirm that some of them have not come out the worse for it.

During their stay in London, Berlioz and Richard Wagner maintained friendly relations. Later, a German newspaper is said to have published an article, written by no less a personage than Wagner himself, in which Berlioz was very roughly handled. Some one, doubtless a friend of one of the parties, translated it so that Berlioz could read it with more ease, and sent it to him. The latter, it may be conceived, exhibited no little irritation. The story is probable enough; I will not be responsible for its truth.

Berlioz had a son named Louis, of whom he was very fond. In 1867, having been recently appointed captain in the merchant service, the young man suddenly died at Havana, in his thirty-fourth year. Berlioz learned this sad news just as he was getting ready to pass an evening at the house of one of my friends, the Marquis Arconati-Visconti. Arconati had organized in honor of the master he admired—for he had not failed to be present at a single performance of "Les Troyens"—a private entertainment, to which several artists, and among others Théodore Ritter, had been invited. Berlioz did not come. Ritter repaired to his house, and found him in

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tears. The great composer outlived that son who was his only consolation and pride scarcely two years. Louis Berlioz, however, was not a musician, either by temperament or by instinct; and there is no doubt that on the rare occasions presented to him of hearing his father's music, his filial piety alone induced him to admire it.

Berlioz left me by his will a volume of "Paul and Virginia" with his name written in it, and with his autograph notes. One of these annotations (most of them are very curious) has been reproduced in the very remarkable and interesting work by M. Adolphe Jullien. Here it is: "To sum up, a book sublime, heartrending, delicious, but which would make a man an atheist if he were not one already." It is found quite at the end

H. BERLIOZ—TO-DAY.

By M. Marais, published in "Figaro," March 3, 1883.

of the romance, and is followed by certain chords which reproduce in the minor mode those which are found on the first page of the book. I have never believed in the atheism of the man who wrote the poem and the music of "L'Enfance du Christ," who sang such pure melodies to the Virgin Mary and to the angels guarding the sleep of the Child Jesus. A free-thinker—like his father, Dr. Berlioz—he was, perhaps; but nothing more. When the hearse which bore the remains of the master arrived before the Church of the Trinity, the horses reared and refused to advance. This was very much noticed and commented on at the time, with reference to the anti-religious sentiments of the illustrious dead. I imagine, however, that like accidents may have occurred more than once at the burial of very fervent Catholics.

A few days after the concert which I directed at the Opéra, March 22, 1870, Madame Damcke, the testamentary executrix of Berlioz, was kind enough to present me with an orchestra score of the "Messe des Morts," annotated and corrected by the author. I have also in my library a copy, given me by Berlioz himself, of the symphony "Roméo et Juliette," with his autograph corrections and some changes introduced into the instrumentation of the first *morceau* in fugue style, principally in the altos and

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violoncellos. This score bears the date of 1857, and the symphony is dated September, 1839. Eighteen years after its publication, Berlioz discovered faults in the engraving, and whole passages to modify.

The day after my election to the Institute, I saw coming to my house the faithful servant whom I mentioned at the beginning of this article, the same who had nursed Berlioz with such devotion during his long sickness, and whom for many years I had not seen. He brought me the Academician's coat and sword, which his master had intrusted to him to be delivered to me—when the moment should come. I had been elected the night before; he had lost no time. He related to me how during the war his house, situated in the outskirts of Paris, had been pillaged by the German soldiers. Nevertheless, he had succeeded in concealing these relics from the rapacity of Prussians and Bavarians. I preserve them with religious veneration; and, as I have no great love for uniform, make as little use of them as possible. I ought, perhaps, to have exhibited them to the inhabitants of La Côte-Saint-André when I went there last September [1893] to attend the inauguration of the Berlioz statue in the little town where he was born. This statue is a reproduction of the one in Montholon Square; it was unveiled with great pomp, the minister of public instruction and fine arts presiding at the ceremony, with all the authorities of the town and the department gathered on a vast platform, and a large number of Orpheonic societies drawn up around the pedestal. Medals with the bust of the master were sold in the street; flags waved at the windows of the houses; and upon the front of the one in which Berlioz was born you could read engraved upon a marble slab that inscription which ought to have been placed there twenty years before:

"TO HECTOR BERLIOZ,

FROM HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS, HAPPY IN HIS GLORY,
AND PROUD OF HIS GENIUS."

But for the commemorative slab no particular mark would point the attention of tourists to that house, so plain in its appearance and so simple in its architecture. It belongs to-day to a grocer.

I said that I have no great faith in the atheism of Berlioz; neither do I believe much in his Platonism. Nevertheless, he has devoted some twenty pages in his "Memoirs" to the story of his passion for Mme. F——, with letters to prove it, and some details which have always seemed to me rather puerile. Like Dante, he was ambitious of having a Beatrice —a very beautiful Beatrice apparently, but rather rustic, whom he knew very little, having seen her only three or four times at most, and those at long intervals. She was older than he, and was some seventy years of age when, having gone to visit her at Lyons, he came near fainting at her feet. It was at Meylan, a little village of the Dauphiné which overlooked

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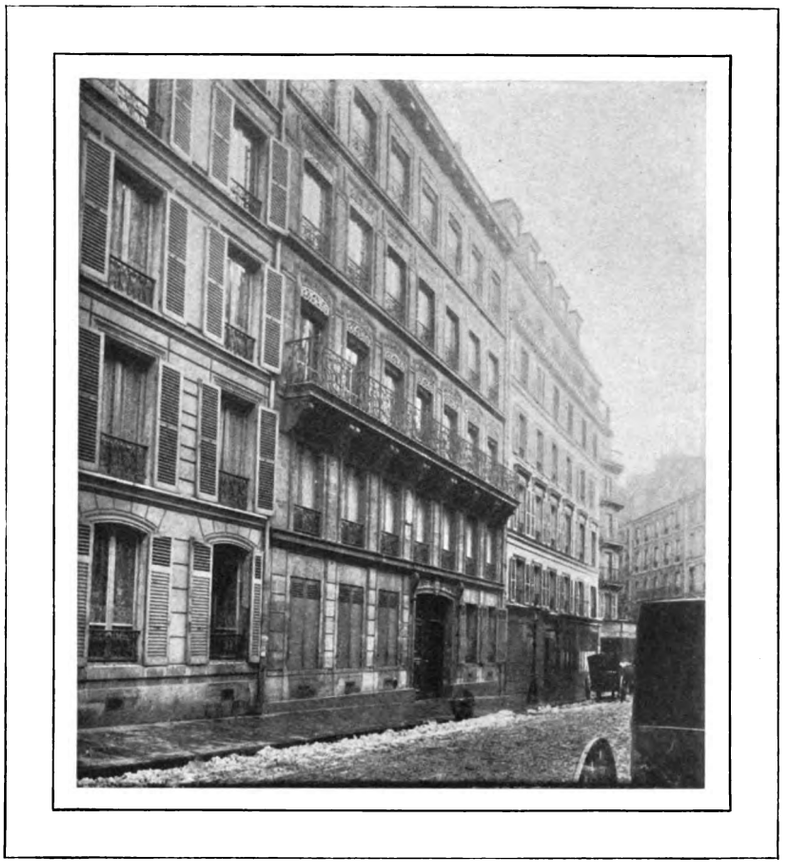
the valley of the Isère, that she appeared to him one fine day wearing little pink shoes. She was then eighteen; he was twelve. That vision was never erased from his memory. "No; time can have no effect,—new loves never erase the first one." Her name was Estelle, but to him she



HOUSE WHERE BERLIOZ DIED.

No. 4 rue de Calais, Paris. His rooms were on the upper floor. There is a plaque on the *façade* recording the fact.

was always the nymph, the hamadryad of St. Eynard, the *stella montis*. That name was the one he wrote in the last line of his "Memoirs"; it was perhaps that name, too, that he murmured when he heaved his last sigh.

NOTE.—M. Reyer's statement that Wagner would prepare the way for Berlioz in France, could Wagner be brought to hearing there, has received ample justification during the season of 1899-1900. Not only in France but in Italy Berlioz's "La Prise de Troie" has been received with enthusiasm. To the lover of Berlioz, to whom "Harold," "Roméo" and "L'Enfance du Christ" are dear, it is easy to believe that like Bach, whom he did not know, but whom he resembled in more points than one, his complete apotheosis will wait till music catches up with his gigantic stride. It is certain that Wagner is the one and sure preparation for the enjoyment of Berlioz, whose poetry, delicacy, vitality and keenness of feeling become evident after due acquaintance with the German master.—THE EDITORS.

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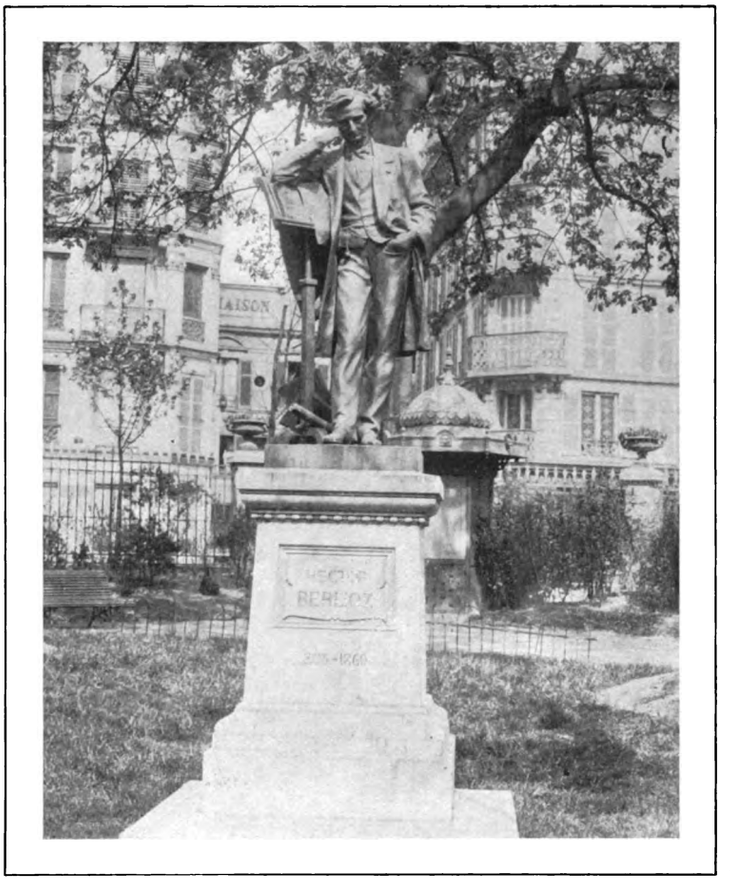

BERLIOZ STATUE IN PARIS.

THE POTENCY OF BERLIOZ IN MODERN MUSIC

BY

ERNEST NEWMAN

WHEN Berlioz reflected, as he must often have done in bitterness of spirit, that he suffered contemporary neglect precisely because he was too great, too new, for his own generation, he may have consoled himself with the thought that posterity would do him the justice denied him in his lifetime. There are few things in the history of art more pathetic than the falsification of these hopes of the weary and disappointed old musician. For if he had but a smart following among the men of his own day, it must in truth be said that it stands but very little better with the bulk of his work now at the end of the century.

To appreciate him properly, and at the same time to understand the comparative disregard of his music by the present generation, we have to consider both the peculiar bent of his mind and the historical position which he occupies. In the battle that was fought on behalf of Romanticism in the third and fourth decades of this century there was no more strenuous combatant than Berlioz, none who deserves more fully to be regarded as a pioneer of the new order of things es-

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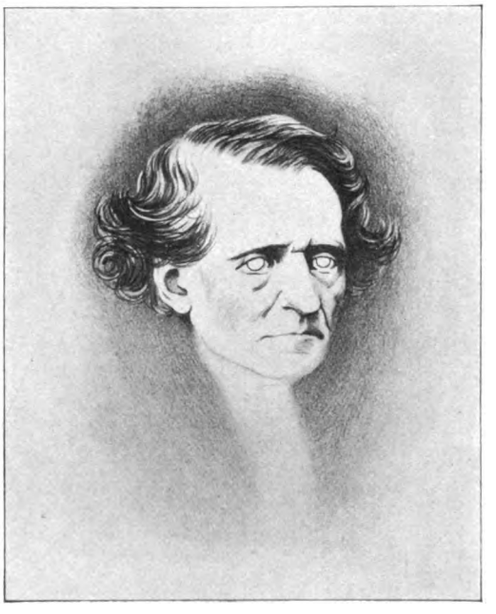
thetic; Théophile Gautier, Victor Hugo, and Eugène Delacroix are not more representative of militant Romanticism than he. When he first went to Paris in 1821, a fiery young warrior of eighteen, the new corrodents were everywhere at work in the old structure. The influence of David was declining in the studios; Gros had set the example of observing the form and color of life at first hand, and of representing stirring, living scenes with less and less of the old academic formalism; the young Géricault was making his superb studies of horses and of military types; and the vigorous Delacroix was flying in the face of all the pedantic professors of the pseudo-antique. The new generation of poets and prose-writers was not only making speech an ever closer garment of the idea, but expanding and vitalizing the idea by the intrusion into it of sensations and emotions unknown to the previous generations; they tasted life with all their senses, went out to meet new sensations, to be intoxicated with them, instead of attempting to sum up their ideas and feelings, their experience of life and the world, under a few decayed classic formulas. At the same time artists of all orders,—painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, novelists, critics,—were exchanging impressions with an intimacy and a vivacity till then unheard of.

But the struggle must have been harder for the musician than for any of his fellows. On all other lines the new men could find some links of connection and support in what had gone before them; but what was there in common between the young Berlioz and the French musicians either of his own or of the preceding century? In Germany, the Romantic movement in music was not at all a disruption with the older schools, but simply the natural and consistent development of them under the stimulus of new emotional needs. In France, the new musician had not only to make his bricks to his own pattern, but he had peculiar difficulty in finding his straw. So that here, at the very outset, the flamboyant young revolutionist stood at an immense disadvantage. And what was there, in himself or in his training, that would be likely to smooth his path for him, to clarify his ideas, to make easier the thorny path from conception to impression? Unfortunately, his musical education really began very late, and he was plunged into the atmosphere of the biggest German music of the time, his excitable brain seething with all kinds of half-inchoate emotions, before he had the proper artistic grip of his ideas, before he had learned to speak easily and fluently in the new language. With a passion for color and movement equal to that of Delacroix, he was dreaming of monstrous orchestral works at a time when he should have been patiently and modestly cultivating the garden of his imagination, uprooting the too many vicious weeds that were growing there. He knew very little of the piano, at the very time when to have worked out his tumultous ideas in terms of the piano would



A HEAD OF BERLIOZ.

Published at the time of the unveiling of the statue in 1893.

have been an invaluable education to him in musical logic. He knew, indeed, practically nothing of the piano works of Beethoven, although he knew the symphonies by heart; and Hiller tells us that his knowledge of music, apart from that of his idols, Beethoven, Gluck, Weber, and one or two others, was never very extensive; Bach was always an abomination to him.

On the musical side, then, his imagination was from his youth up over-stimulated by the colossal works he devoured so ravenously. On the intellectual side he received a full

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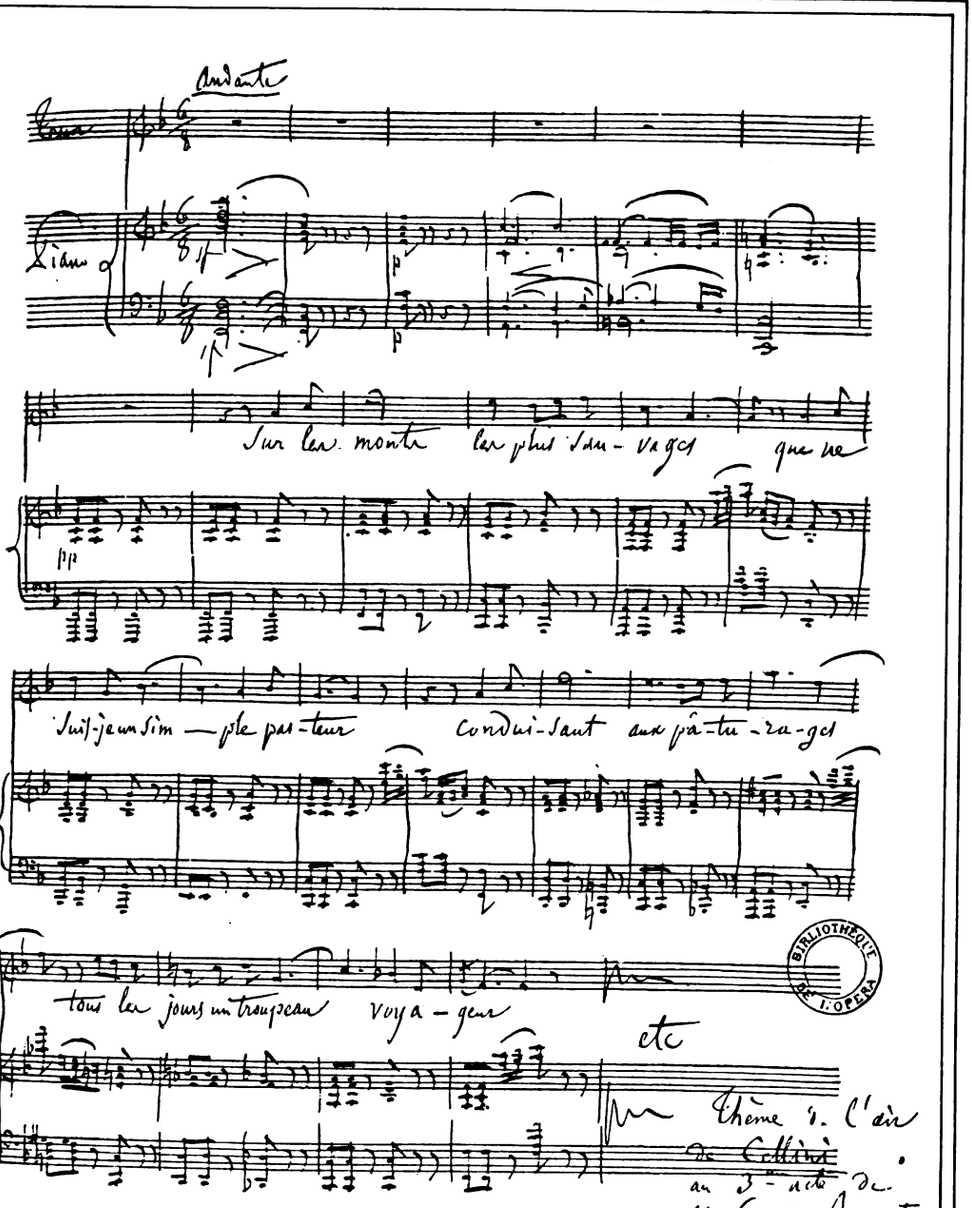

MUSICAL AUTOGRAPH OF BERLIOZ.

FROM "BENVENUTO CELLINI."
IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE PARIS OPERA.

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THE PAVAN.

FROM THE PAINTING BY GARIDA.

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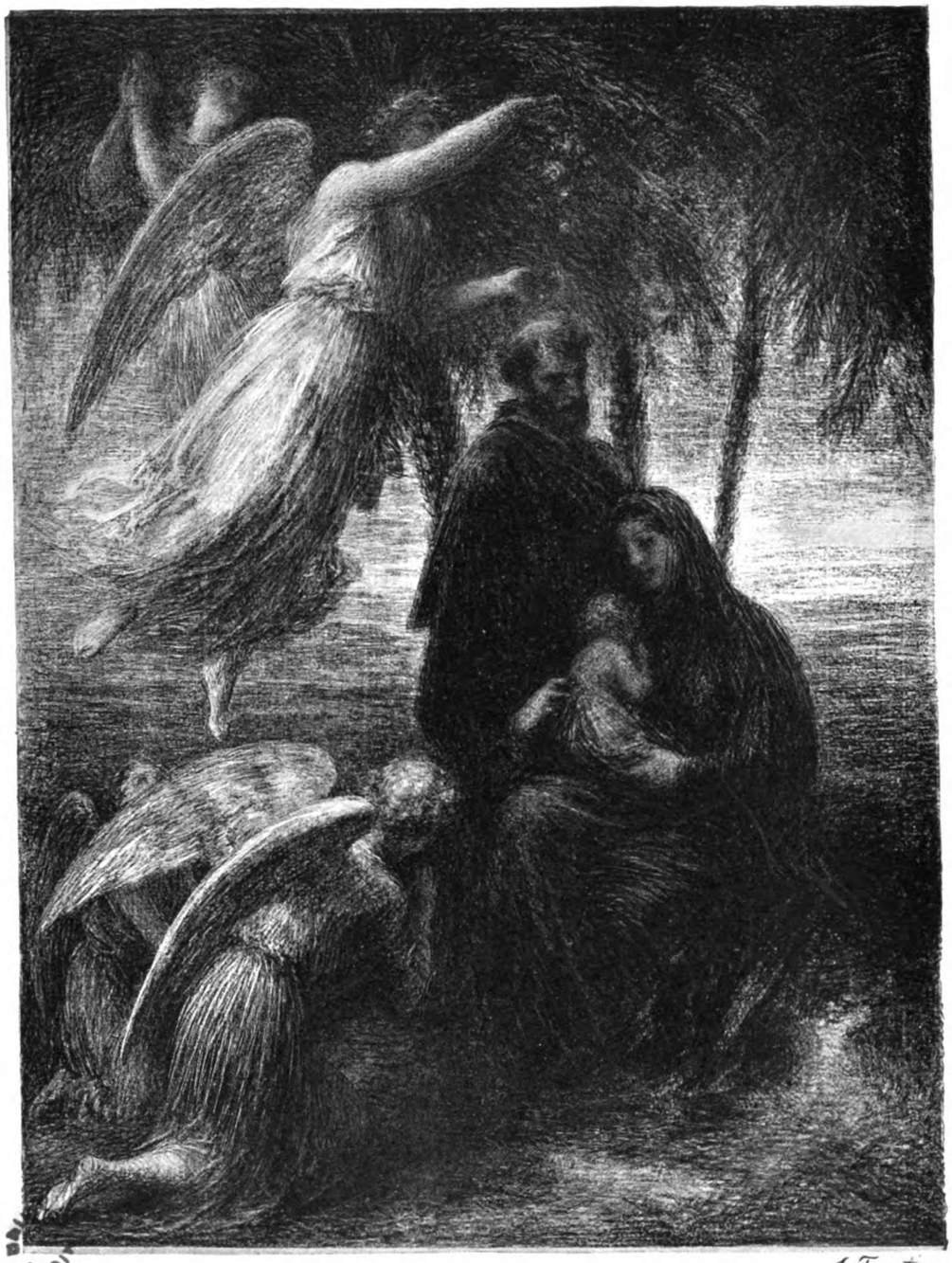

H. Berlioz

L'Enfance du Christ

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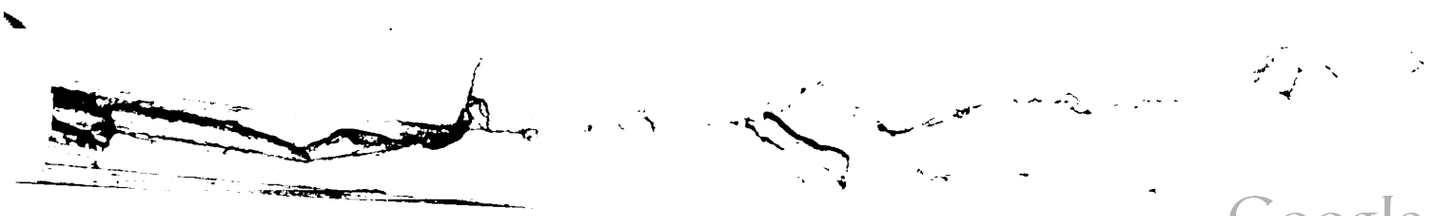

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measure of the influences that acted on all the other Romanticists. He was not well up in the classics, despite his frequent references to Virgil; his main reading lay among Shakspere, Cervantes, De Foe, Florian, Moore, Goethe, Fenimore Cooper, Scott, Byron, Hoffmann, and the French Romanticists of his own day. One very marked trait in him, — his passion for books of travel, — is correlative with all his other tendencies towards the grandiose and the inaccessible. His prose style, again, is remarkable for a curious inflation, a longing to express himself in the biggest adjectives, the biggest similes, of which the language is capable. Altogether, here was the mind of a man innately predisposed to exaggeration of idea and feeling and to dilatation of utterance, coming under the influence of all that was vivid, all that was strenuous, all that was highly colored in the life around him and in the literature of other epochs; and at the same time feeling himself to be different from all other musicians of the past or present.

The result might have been foreseen. Conceiving emotion so much more poignantly, so much more poetically, than the great German symphonists, he aimed at a symphonic form that should express actual life in all its color, all its movement. This ideal was, indeed, before his eyes in all his works, and it is the secret at once of his strength and of his weakness. I sometimes get the impression that his was not entirely a musical mind, — not a mind, that is, that thought surely and solely and inevitably in music. I have often, indeed, felt the value of Schumann's warning that one only gets the *sens intime* of many of Berlioz's melodies after one has sung them frequently; but even so I cannot help feeling at times that his brain has not quite worked up the emotion into music pure and simple. Add to this his unfortunate desire to be original at any cost, and you have the explanation of most that is uninspired and most that is repellent in his music.[1] Here, of course, as in his best moments also, he is the true child of epoch; he was only donning the familiar red waistcoat of the young Romanticists both when he hurled his absurd defiances at good taste and common sense, and when he made his orchestra vibrate with colors and passions hitherto unknown to music.

His claim to immortality, I think, finally rests on something else than his actual achievement as it appears to us to-day. One only perceives his real greatness when one looks at him sympathetically in relation to his epoch; when one considers what music was when he took it up and what it was when he laid it down. Consider that between 1827 and 1834 he had produced the overtures to "Waverley," to the "Francs-Juges" and "King Lear," the "Eight Scenes from Faust," the "Symphonie Fantastique," the "Lélio," and the "Harold," and that in the last-named year he was only thirty-one, and you will realize the enormous momentum of that fiery young imagination. In those seven years he had said many things that had never been spoken in music before; he, and he alone, had brought French music at one bound into line with all the new work that was being done in poetry, in prose and in art. To say that then, as again in the later years, he frequently failed to accomplish what he had aimed at, is simply to say that he suffered the inevitable fate of the pioneer. "I have taken up music where Beethoven left it," he said to Fetis in 1828, when he was in his twenty-fifth year. The modern world has come to recognize some justice in the claim. The great development of music in the nineteenth century has consisted in the vitalizing of the purely musical imagination by the touch of the more concrete sides of life. It was the good fortune of Berlioz that his impetuous, barrier-forcing intellect sought and found expression in an epoch when the correct line and the statuesque pose were being ousted in favor of vigor and variety of movement and truth and vivacity of color. The bloodless music current in the France of Berlioz's youth was the equivalent of the waxwork repose and finish of the pseudo-classical school in painting. To musicians and public alike, everything that spoke of actual breathing man was incomprehensible, unendurable; Beethoven, to the few who had

[1] He has spoiled, for example, the fine theme of the beloved woman, in the first movement of the "Symphonie Fantastique," by the stupid plunges in the strings in the accompaniment. Other men would have scored the melody broadly and simply; that was sufficient to prompt Berlioz to do something else, something he thought original.

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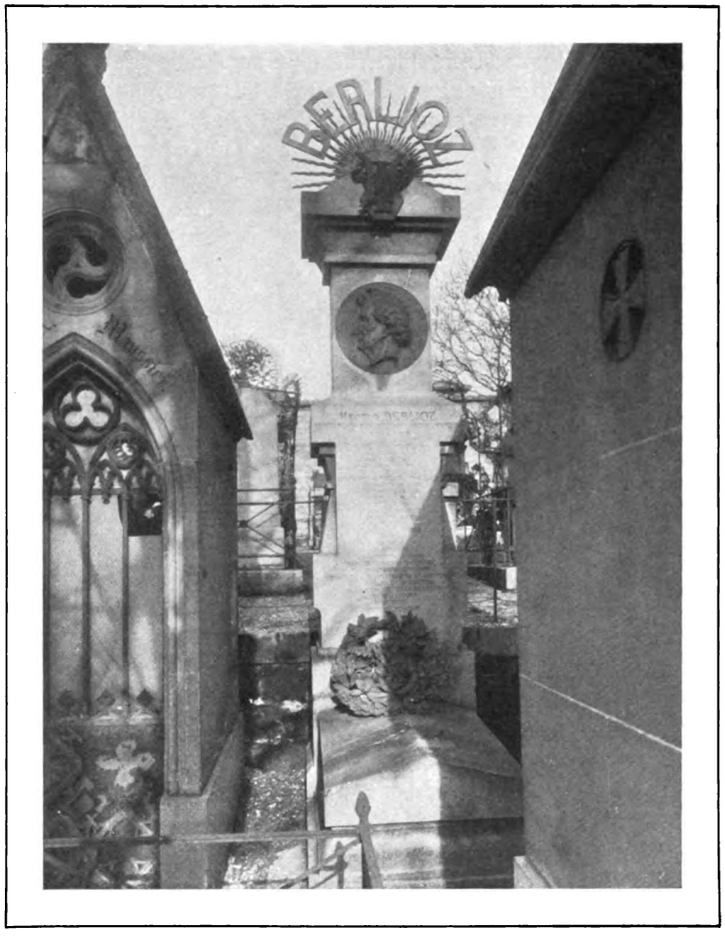
heard anything of him, was the great uncouth barbarian of music. It was the function of Berlioz to familiarize the modern world with the musical expression of fiercer, tenderer, more palpitating emotions than had ever been experienced in music before. It was his misfortune that partly from the disorderly violence of his epoch, partly from his own peculiar deficiencies, the actual work he did frequently failed to achieve complete, unquestionable beauty; and so it has come to pass that on many lines his work has been supplanted by the men who came after, who profited by the best of him and steered clear of his mistakes. But it is safe to say that had he not lived, had he not done for music what Delacroix did for painting, what Gautier and Hugo did for prose and poetry, our modern music would have found its development arrested along half a dozen paths. It is no small merit for a man to have injected new life into the veins of the opera, of the symphony, of the mass, of the song, of the oratorio, even if his actual work has been surpassed in each department by men who nevertheless took their lead from him.



GRAVE OF BERLIOZ

At Montmartre, Paris.

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THE METHODS OF THE MASTERS OF PIANO-TEACHING IN EUROPE

THE last twenty years have seen enormous changes in the theory and methods of piano-teaching in America. Forty years ago Americans went to Leipsic for their instruction; thirty years ago Lebert and Stark in Stuttgart, Liszt in Weimar, and Kullak in Berlin divided those pilgrims of music who were out of touch with Leipsic. During the last ten years, besides the great conservatories of Europe which have annually returned hundreds of teachers to this country, men like Leschetitzky, Oscar Raiff, Barth, Sgambati and Buonamici have brought new aspects of art and technic into the field of popular vision. During all this time American teachers have been teaching on lines more or less American because controlled by American patronage. In the last decade the question has arisen as to whether the musical pilgrimage to Europe, once so desirable, is still absolutely necessary; if so, at what point in the course of study? After what preparation? What, in short, is the situation of piano-teaching throughout Europe to-day as represented by the highest European authorities?

To settle this question, Mr. Bernard Boekelman undertook a journey in which he called personally on the representative teachers of Europe and discussed with them the vital questions of musical pedagogy. The results, which cover the entire ground of European teaching, are set forth in these volumes. Except when otherwise stated the opinions advanced by the various eminent authorities indicated have been contributed in a series of answers to the questions propounded in writing, and are signed by the writers. In exceptional cases representative pupils have given a résumé of the instruction personally received from the professors quoted. Where the variety of opinion warranted it the replies have been thrown into a symposium; in which case the points necessary to complete the discussion have been supplied by the associate editors. The great variety of theory and practice thus developed by men, all of whom have become distinguished in their profession, will, it is to be hoped, bring a degree of elasticity into the dogma of technic which America greatly needs.

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THE PROPER POSITION OF THE HAND FOR PLAYING THE PIANO

This question was discussed by M. E. M. Delaborde, professor at the Paris Conservatoire; M. Isidore Philipp, pupil of Geo. Matthias (who was a pupil of Kalkbrenner and of Chopin), first prize at the Conservatoire and author of several admirable works of technic; M. Raoul Pugno, well-known in America since his late tournée here; Antoine Marmontel (son of Anton François Marmontel), a very distinguished Parisian teacher; M. Henri Falcke; M. Georges Falkenberg (also a pupil of Matthias), author of various valuable works on technic, including an exhaustive work on the pedal; and Mlle. Frida Eissler, the Paris representative of Leschetitzky, all of Paris; Fraulein Dagmar Walle Hansen, also a pupil of Leschetitzky; Heinrich Schwartz, Royal Professor at the Royal Academy of Music of Munich; Prof. Dr. Ernest Jedlitzka of Berlin; Adolf Ruthardt, professor at the Conservatory at Leipsic; Herrmann Scholtz, Kammer Virtuoso to the Dresden Court; Hans Schmitt, Professor of Pedagogics at the Vienna Conservatory; Heinrich Germer, of Dresden, author of Germer's Technic. The teaching of the late Theodor Kullak, which covers so large a part of the best instruction in Germany, is derived from personal instruction received by Mr. Boekelman himself.

BOEKELMAN: *What, gentlemen, do you consider to be the natural position of the hand in piano playing?*

JEDLITZKA: The least forced.

FALCKE: There is only one natural position of the hand; the fingers should be curved and the arm perfectly supple—free from constriction.

PUGNO: I wish the hand to be held on a plane nearly level with the fore-arm.

FALKENBERG: I hold the fore-arm, wrist and hand in a straight line as far as the fingers.

PHILIPP: The position should be natural. In assuming it let the hand rest entirely on the thumb,—the fingers curved, not too much outward, nor inward. It is necessary from the beginning to play on the fleshy part of the finger.

BOEKELMAN: That was Theodor Kullak's plan. He went so far as to use the entire nail-joint as the point of attack, and bent this joint completely backward.

GERMER: The action of the nerves is greatest in the finger tip. It is by means of this point that the finger must accomplish its firm, nervous attack on the key.

DELABORDE: On account of the shortness of the thumb the hands should turn out a little (toward the ends of the keyboard).

MARMONTEL: There are several points necessary for a good position of the hand. The body, the arm and wrist concur in producing it. The pupil should place himself in the middle of the keyboard; he should be seated so high that the arm extending itself above the keys shows an inclination from a point somewhat higher than the keyboard, the fore-arm slightly extended. The wrist should not break the right line of the arm either by elevation or depression. The hands should be a little inclined outward and should show a rounded form. The thumb agrees with this position by folding a little inward. When the first phalange raises itself to make the key speak, the other two phalanges should preserve the rounded form of the finger and attack the key with the fleshy extremity of the finger, not on the nail.

BOEKELMAN: So far all replies fit almost harmoniously; but this pointing of the fingers outward in the model position of the hand seems to be an inheritance from Chopin's technic; it is certainly not identical with German practice. The model position when I studied with Plaidy was middle finger in a straight line with the elbow; not only in stationary figures but also in scales the wrist-joints remained immovable. With Kullak, Liszt, and others of the progressive school, the mobility of the wrist became a recognized factor in execution. In the Stuttgart method

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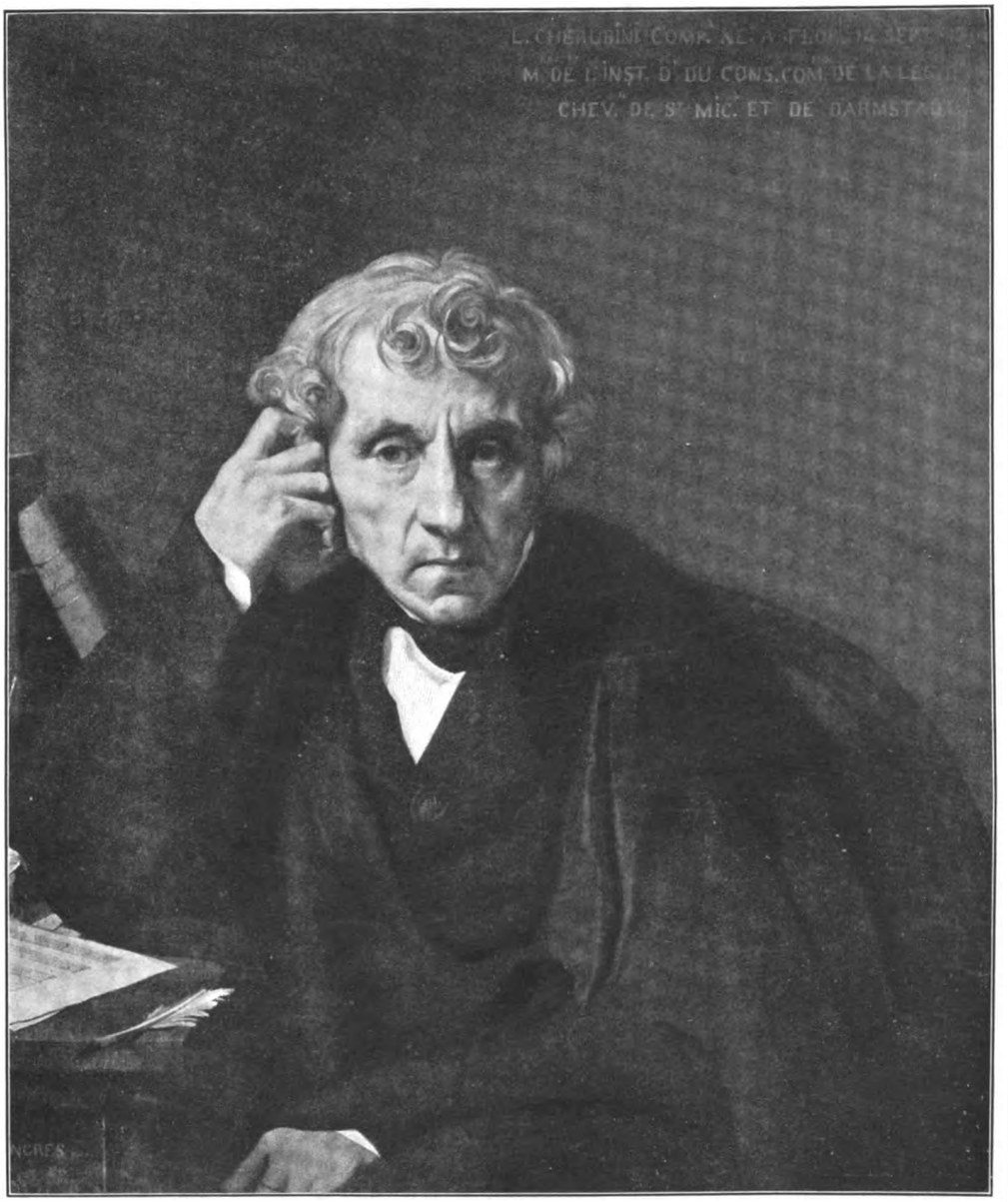

Le Directeur du Conservatoire de Musique
et de Déclamation,

L. Cherubini

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the hands were brought inward by the passage of the thumb and restored to position for the stroke of the index finger.

HANSEN: In my opinion the position of the hand in C major may be considered normal; thumb and little finger on the edge of their keys, the three other fingers posed in an even line in the middle of their keys; thumb, wrist and elbow in about a straight line; knuckles raised as if covering an apple.

SCHOLTZ: I consider that from the wrist to the end of the first finger-joint the hand should form a straight line; the wrist a little higher than the knuckle-joint. The latter must form a horizontal line. From the first finger-joint the finger sinks in such a way that the nail-joint stands almost vertically upon the key. Therefore the knuckle-joint is not bent.

GERMER: Let the seat be so far from the keyboard that the finger tips can comfortably reach its limits when the arms are stretched out. The proper height of the seat depends on the length of the upper arm. The arm should hang freely near the body, yet without touching its sides. If now the fingers be placed on the keyboard (but not pressing it) the finger tips should lie in a horizontal line with the point of the elbow. A higher seat will be required for a long upper arm than for a short one. The nail-joints stand perpendicularly on their keys.

HANS SCHMITT: Natural is that position of the hand which best corresponds to the horizontal construction of the keyboard. In order that a bold ride may be successful, horse and rider must form one body. One must therefore practise the flat position of the back of the hand till it becomes natural; but every movement, every quality of tone, every position of the keys — in short every inter-relation which occurs between hand and key mechanism requires, in an artistic rendering, its own position and play of joints according to circumstances. Just as rich as are an artist's resources of tone, so rich is their variety of execution. Uniformity of execution causes monotony of result. As one calls into the forest so answers the echo. Furthermore, the position of the fingers depends in the first place upon the grouping of keys that are to be played. There must always be a close connection between the fingers and keys. The hand and fingers must always be twisted and turned so that the fingers of themselves fall (perpendicularly) upon the keys.

BOEKELMAN: *In playing ought the knuckles to be above, below, or in a straight line with the upper finger joints?*

PHILIPP: In a straight line with the fingers. It is the only way to play naturally.

GERMER: The upper phalange joints by which the fingers are attached to the middle hand (metacarpus) should neither be pressed in nor protruded like a hump. They should lie invisible in the back of the hand which is held horizontally.

SCHWARTZ, MARMONTEL, RUTHARDT, JEDLITZKA, FALCKE: Yes; in a straight line.

FALKENBERG: No; above.

BOEKELMAN: The old Stuttgart school depressed the knuckle-joints below the level of the wrist, and raised the fingers which were much curved.

DELABORDE: The hand should be extended (laterally); the knuckles above the fingers, but very little.

PUGNO: I prefer the knuckles almost always in a straight line in playing single notes: but in sixths and octaves I prefer the hand somewhat below the keyboard; it gives relief to the wrist.

F. M. S.: The late Oscar Raiff in Berlin taught his pupils to play with the wrist below the level of the keyboard. He said it was unnecessary to force the fingers to rise in the knuckle joints, and that lowering the wrist brought about the desired height of itself. Paderewski often plays legato passages with a dropped wrist.

HANS SCHMITT: One must be guided by the tone volume, velocity, and the position of the keys.

EISSLER: The wrist is frequently raised or lowered for some specific purpose.

F. M. S.: The late S. B. Mills, who was a pupil of Plaidy, used to teach his pupils to hold their curved fingers raised in the air ready for a stroke. This was the Leipsic method. I understand that the best teachers of Leipsic make a point of it still.

GERMER: In the first moment of stroke the finger concerned springs upward swiftly as an arrow and in a curved form; the nail-joint strikes the key perpendicularly.

SCHMITT: The fingers which are not in use should not cling to the keys as if cramped;

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but should be suspended free in the air. I have a particular apparatus for teaching this attitude. The fingers should not hook in, neither should they bend back at the nail-joint, in rapid playing. Either of these positions involves a sensible loss of time.

F. M. S.: If the fingers are curved so as to fall in the same line on the keys, the ring finger will give a weak tone and the middle finger a tone of harsh quality. To produce an even tone the middle finger must be less and the ring finger more curved than the index.

BOEKELMAN: I observe in your examples, gentlemen, that several of the positions cited, like the typical position in Knorr's old method, bring the elbow close to the side in taking the normal position of the hand. The outward pointing of the fingers in the French school facilitates this; whereas, particularly when the back of the hand is kept horizontal so that the side of the hand nearest to little finger does not droop, the elbow in the modern German school is much freer.

GERMER: For the black keys the hand is raised as much as these keys are higher than the white.

DELABORDE: The black keys should be struck nearer the edge than the white because the lever is shorter.

RUTHARDT: The hand advances almost imperceptibly toward the black keys.

PUGNO: I hold that the hand in position is not subjected to changes from the irregularities of black and white keys; it can attack both while preserving its equality.

FALKENBERG: It is useful not to put aside the question of black and white keys but to practise finger exercises transposed with the same fingering into several keys, and sometimes to play all the notes of the exercise with the same finger.

BOEKELMAN: *What method do you prefer to study the proper position of the hand and fingers?*

EISSLER: Finger exercises done slowly.

DELABORDE: The Gradus of Clementi, all three books all one's life.

FALKENBERG: The method which my old teacher Matthias, pupil of Kalkbrenner, and later of Chopin, transmitted to me verbally.

RUTHARDT: Germer's Technics.

MARMONTEL: The elementary and progressive school of my father.

SCHWARTZ: Czerny and Clementi.

GERMER: My own (Op. 32).

SCHOLTZ: Hans von Bülow's.

SCHMITT: My brochure, "The Art of Touch;" gives the necessary information in full.

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MUSIC AND THE DANCE. BY CHAPLIN.

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FRANÇOISE PRÉVOST—A DANCER OF THE OPERA. (1681-1741.)

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN RAOUX.

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THE RELATION OF DANCING TO MUSIC

SOME ONE has stated that the history of painting will never be adequately written till that of embroidery has been discovered. In the same sense, the inner history of music will never be understood till that of the sister art of dancing has been incorporated with it.

Europe has passed from a condition of barbarism to that of civilization in the course of two thousand years. In the barbaric period and later, till the close of the Middle Ages, a thousand years — the very years when the evolution of modern melody was most active — there was no independent art of music just as there was no independent art of painting, as we understand the term. The needles of gentlewomen were carrying forward what was by and by to become the renaissance of art; and the measures which those very women loved to tread in feasting and in mourning were to take their place beside the milk-maid's lilt and the Celtish sun-dance among the formulæ of motion in accordance with which modern music was to be created. For in the dawn of its civilization Europe danced. It danced at weddings. It danced at funerals. It danced in churches and in churchyards. It danced on saints' days and Sundays, in the church-yard and every day on the village green. All the ceremonies of life and all its emotions were indicated by dancing. Life was young then and lusty. Vitality beat high in the pulse, and every emotion vented itself in rhythm. The transmutation from bodily energy into music of the rhythms of passion, the frenzies of hate and the chilly languors of despair, marks at once the refinement and the degeneration of the vital force of the race. The first step toward it was the dance, the second the dance-song.

Hence it follows that no work on music, which touches the musical life, can be illustrated without pictures of dancing. Modern instrumental music has been almost exclusively elaborated from these old melodic forms,— forms almost always developed under the influence of dancing. It is not so long ago that Goudimel set the psalms to music, and that it was the fashion in France to dance and sing them in church. Not in impiety, but in accordance with the spirit of the time — the time when the clergy were dancing-masters, and wrote the treatises on dancing which give the most trustworthy information on matters of etiquette and social ceremonial.

Sonata and suite, aria and song, round and fugue, to be adequately illustrated, call for pictures of the dance motions on which they are founded. Bach, Handel, Gluck, Beethoven, Grieg, and Tschaikowsky are equally debtors to the elder art.

The present work draws liberally on this source of illustration, which brings out the relation of dancing to the rhythmic side of music.

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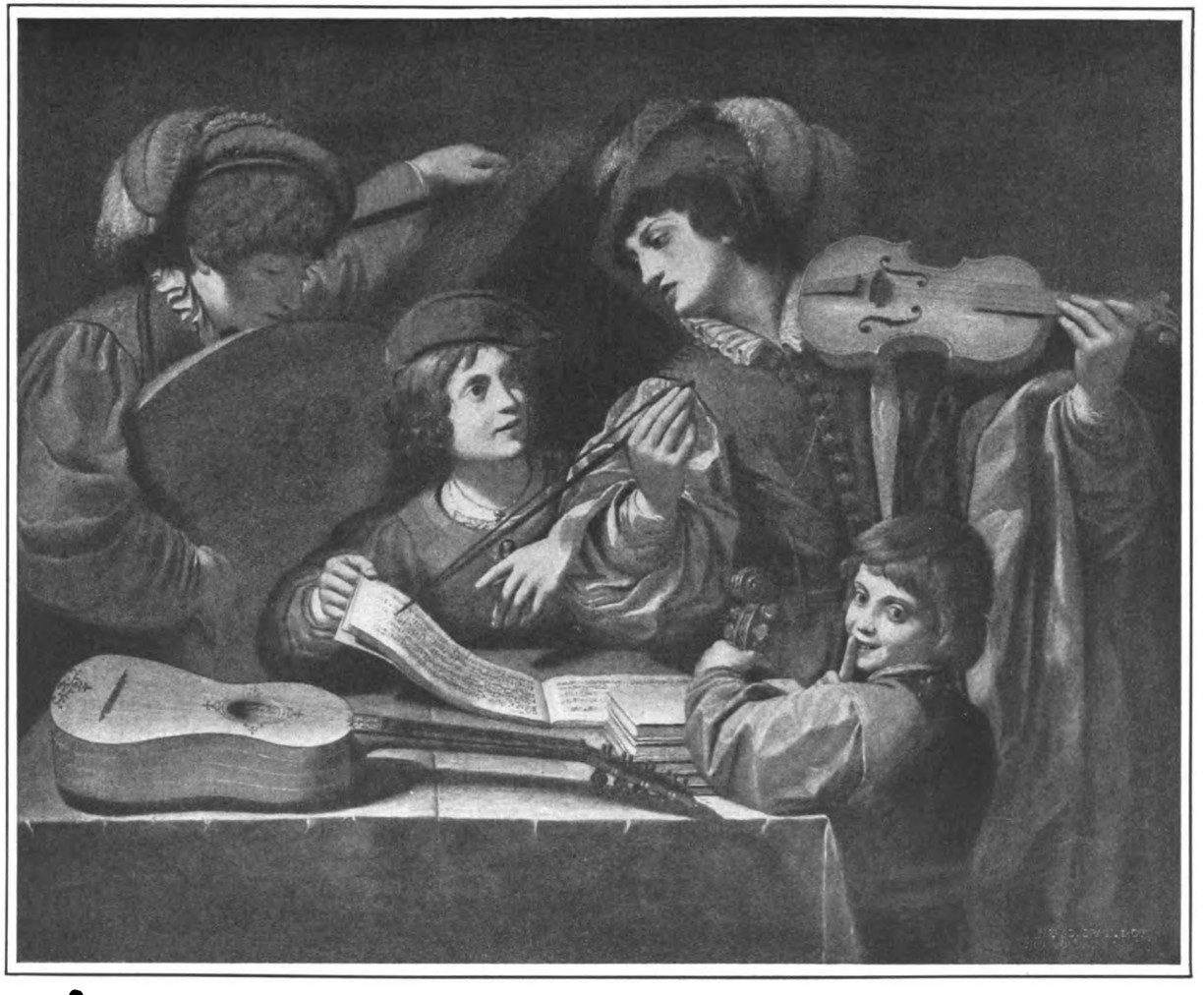

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THE CONCERT.

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ANDANTE, WITH VARIATIONS

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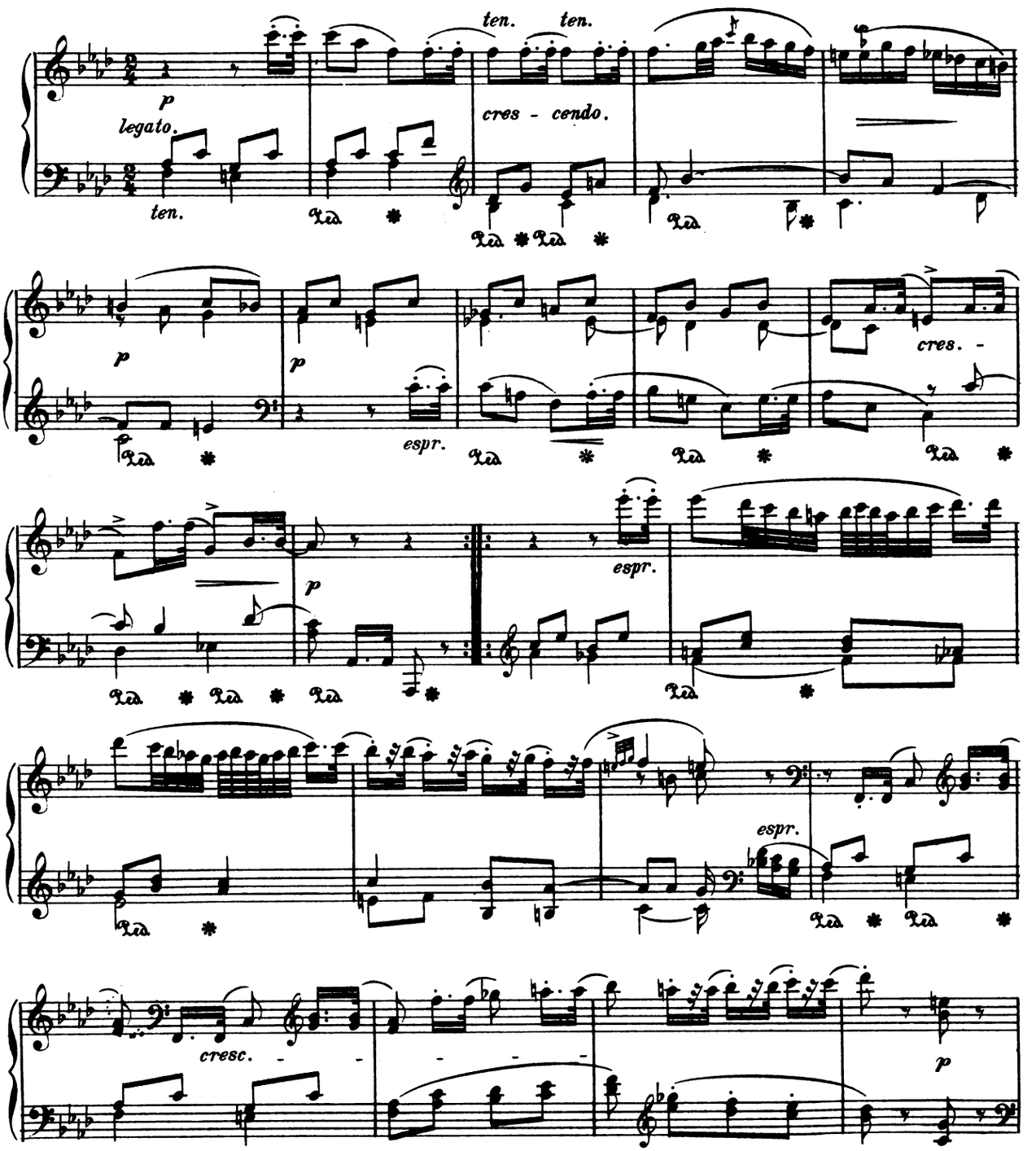

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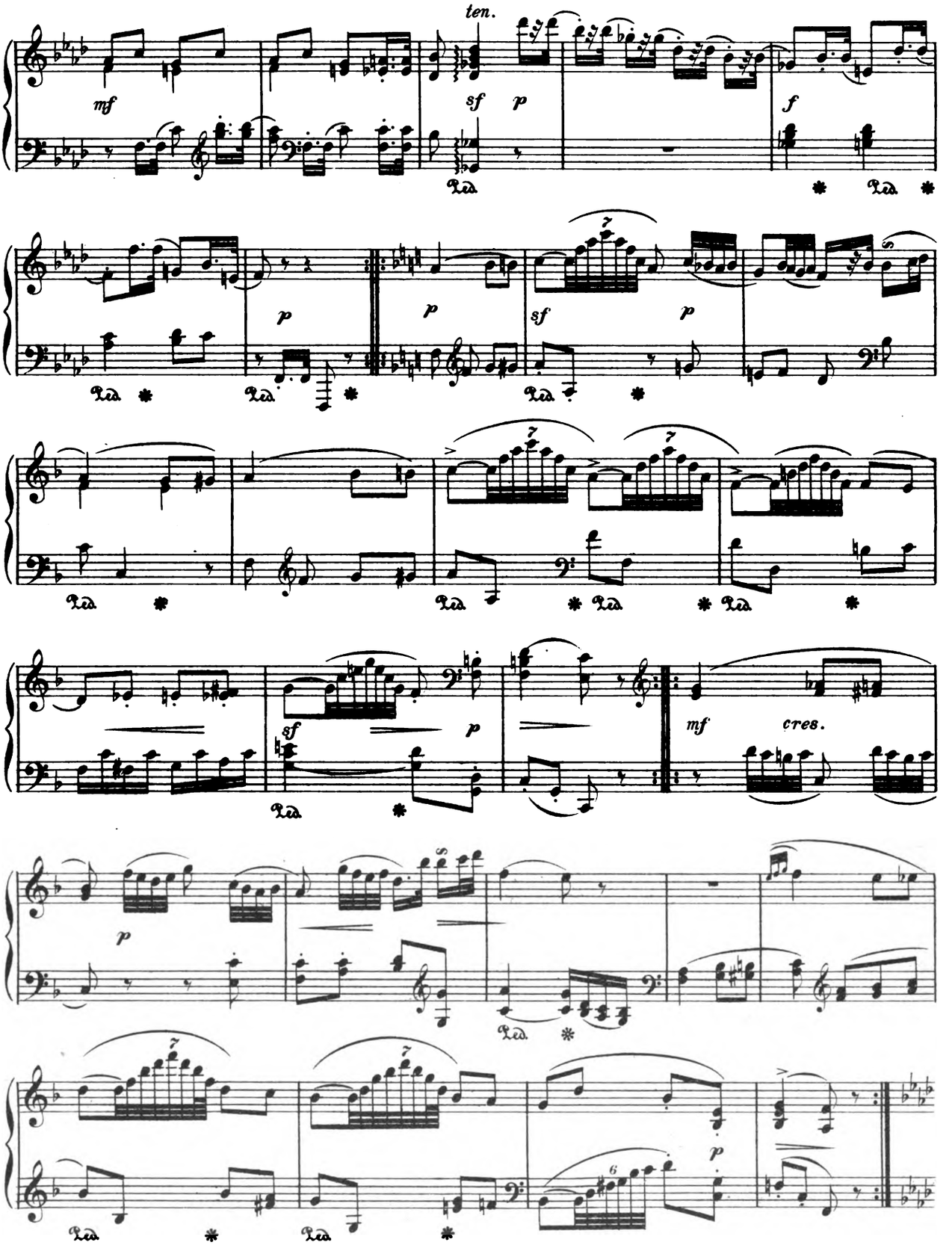

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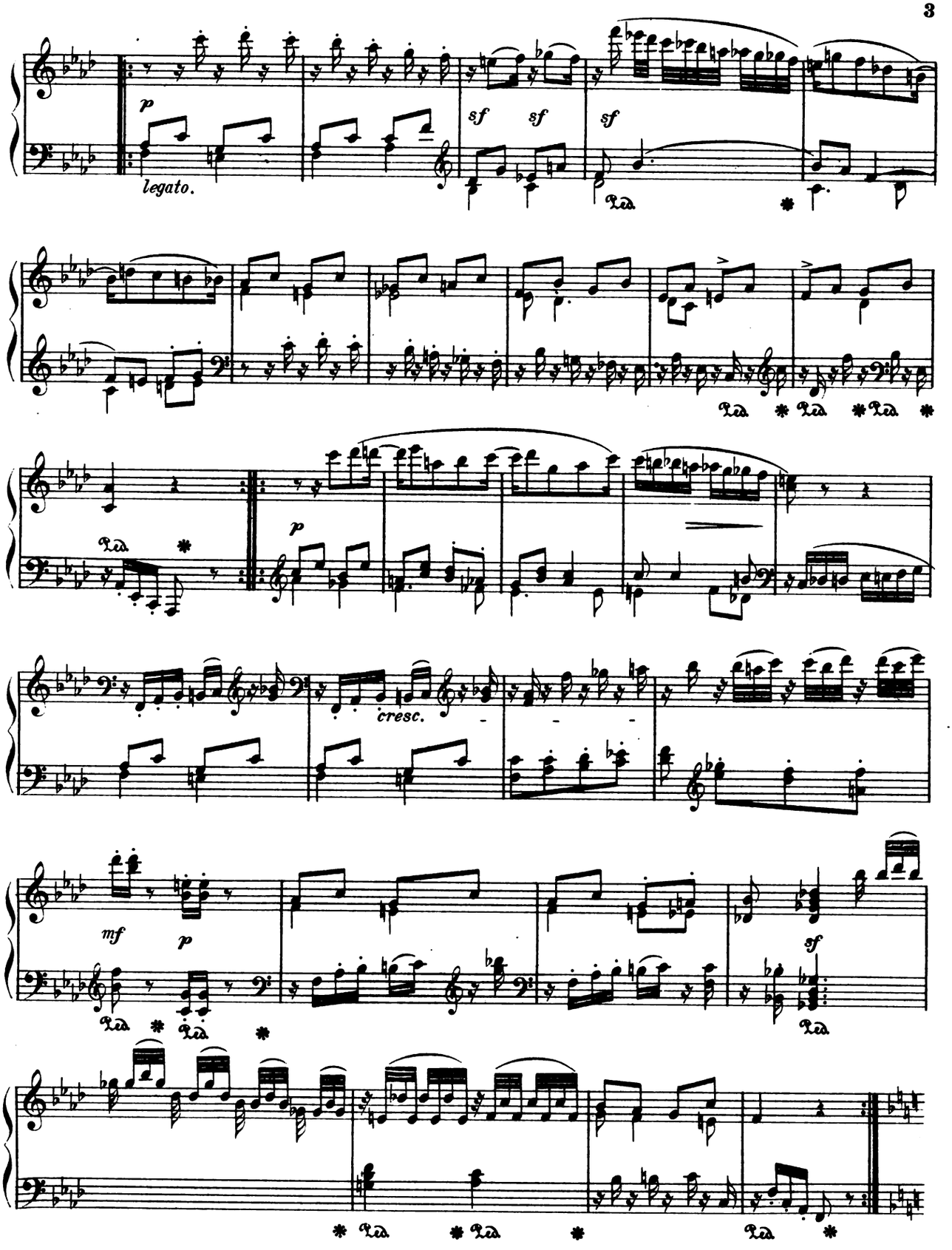

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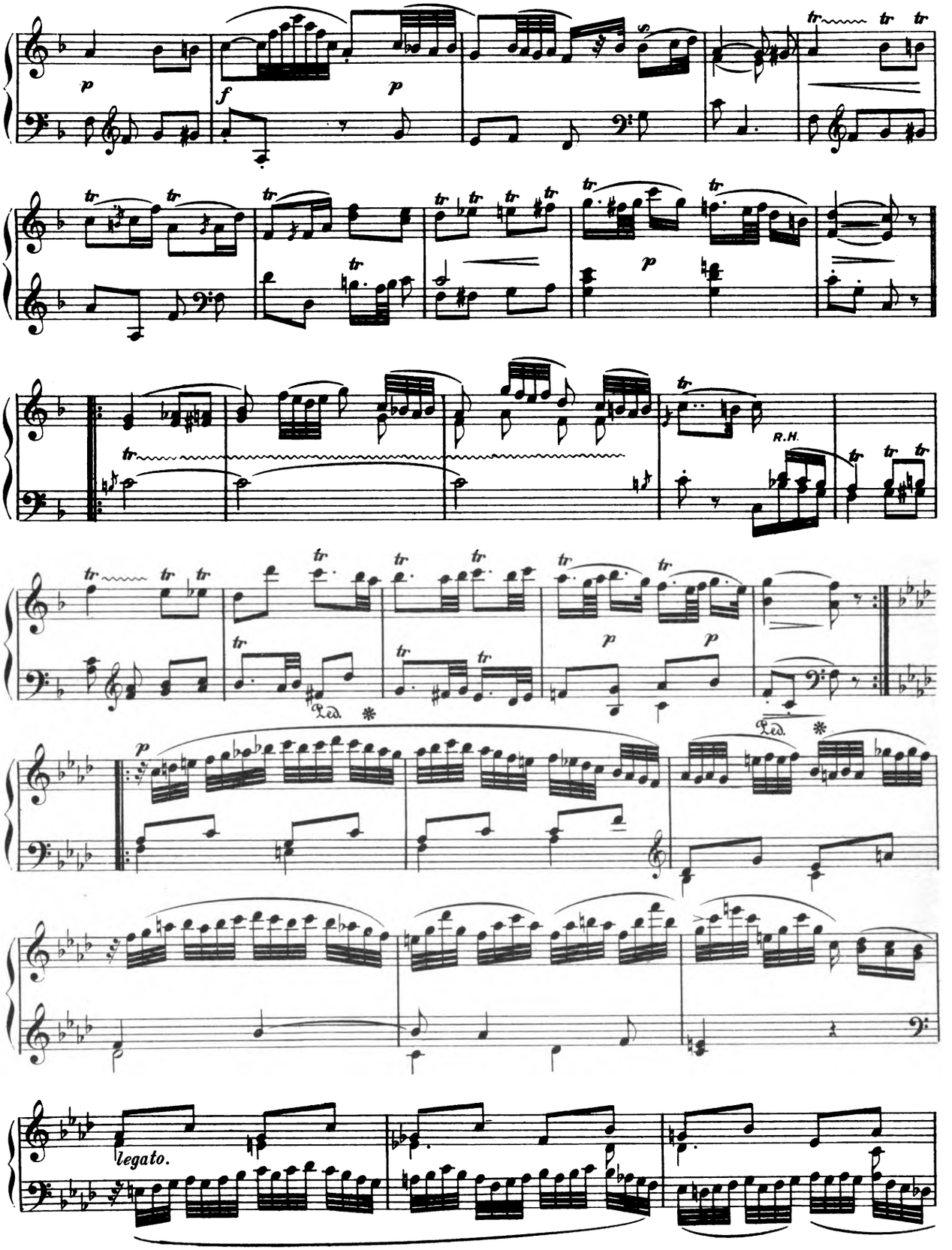

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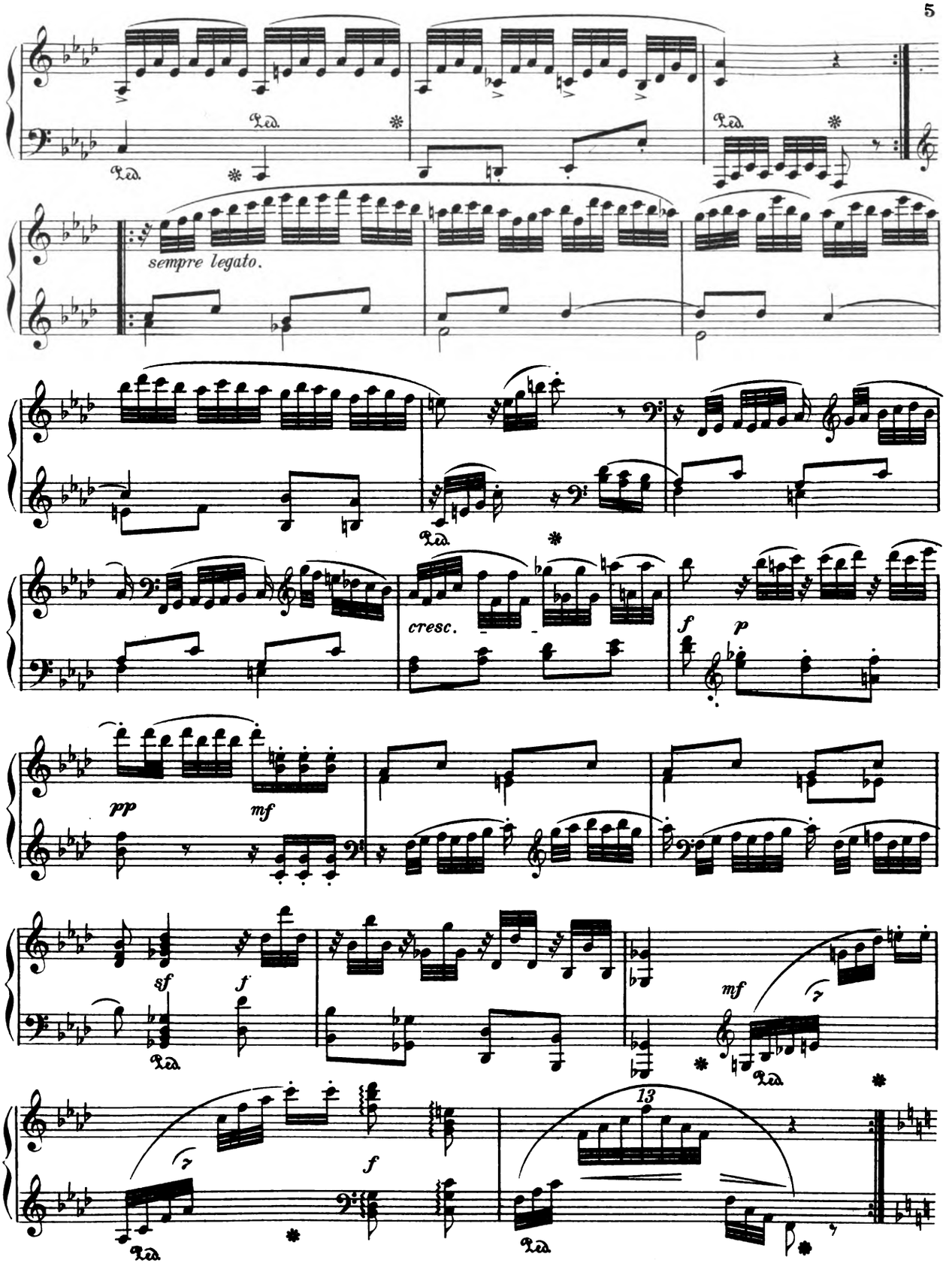

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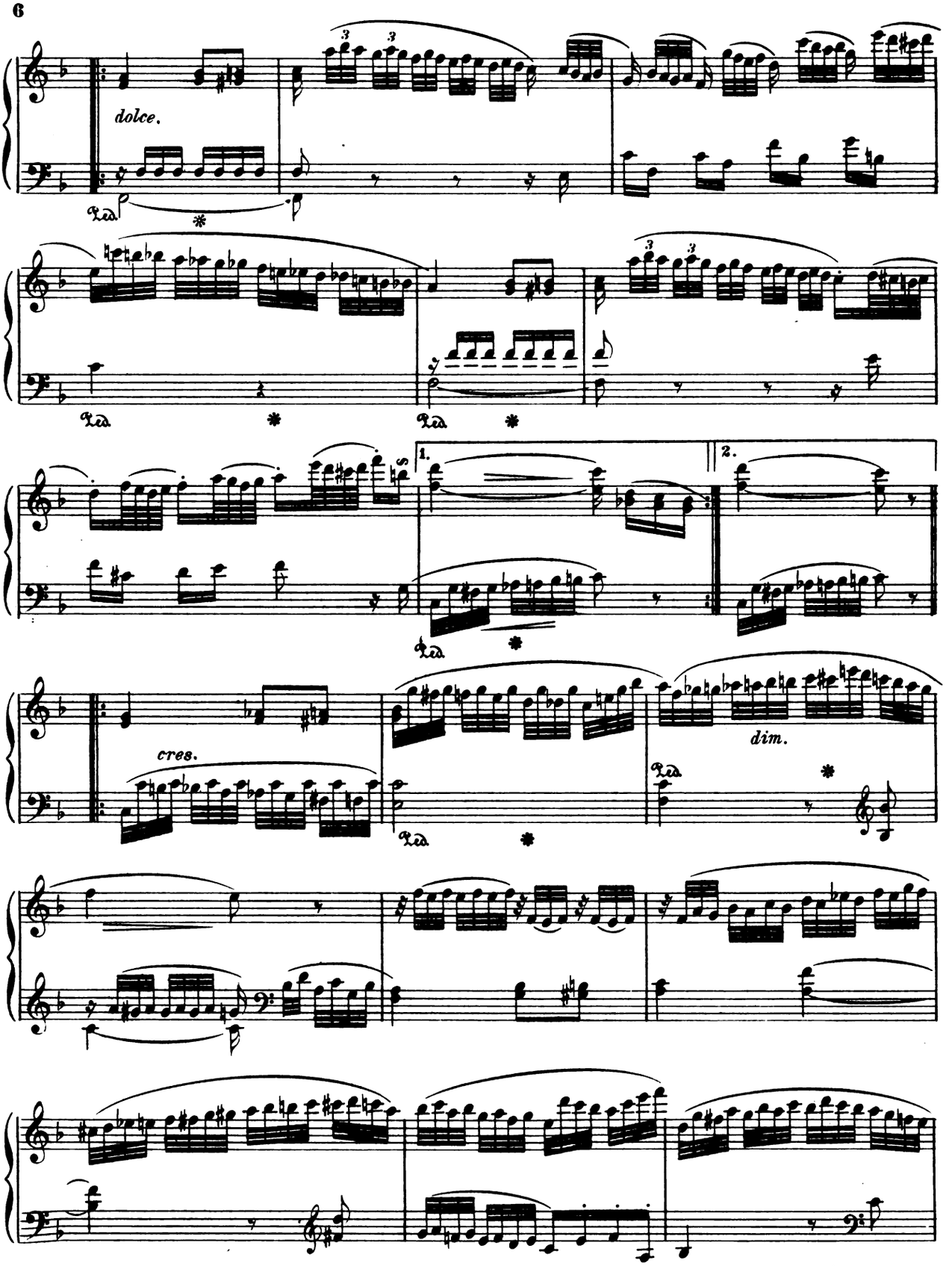

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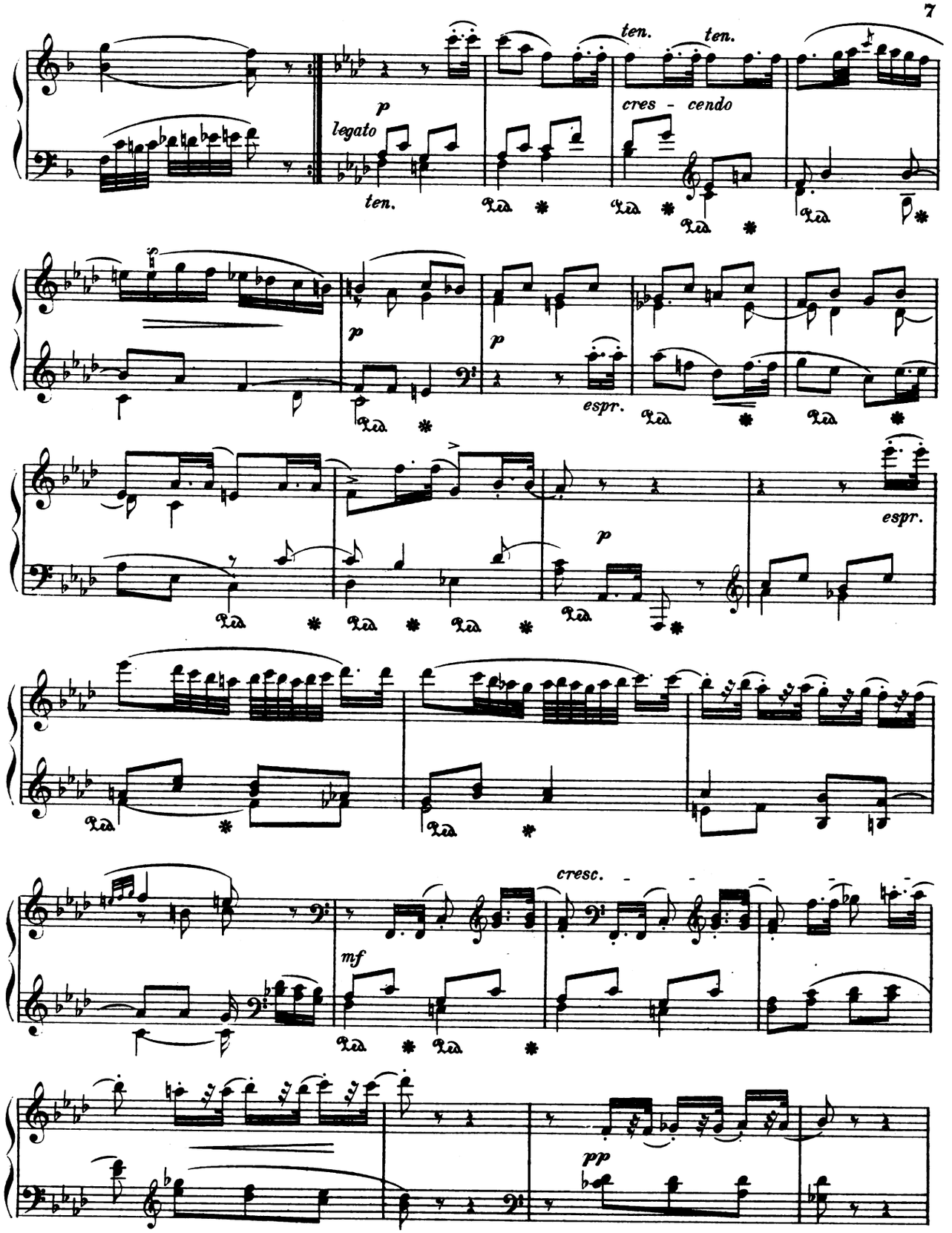

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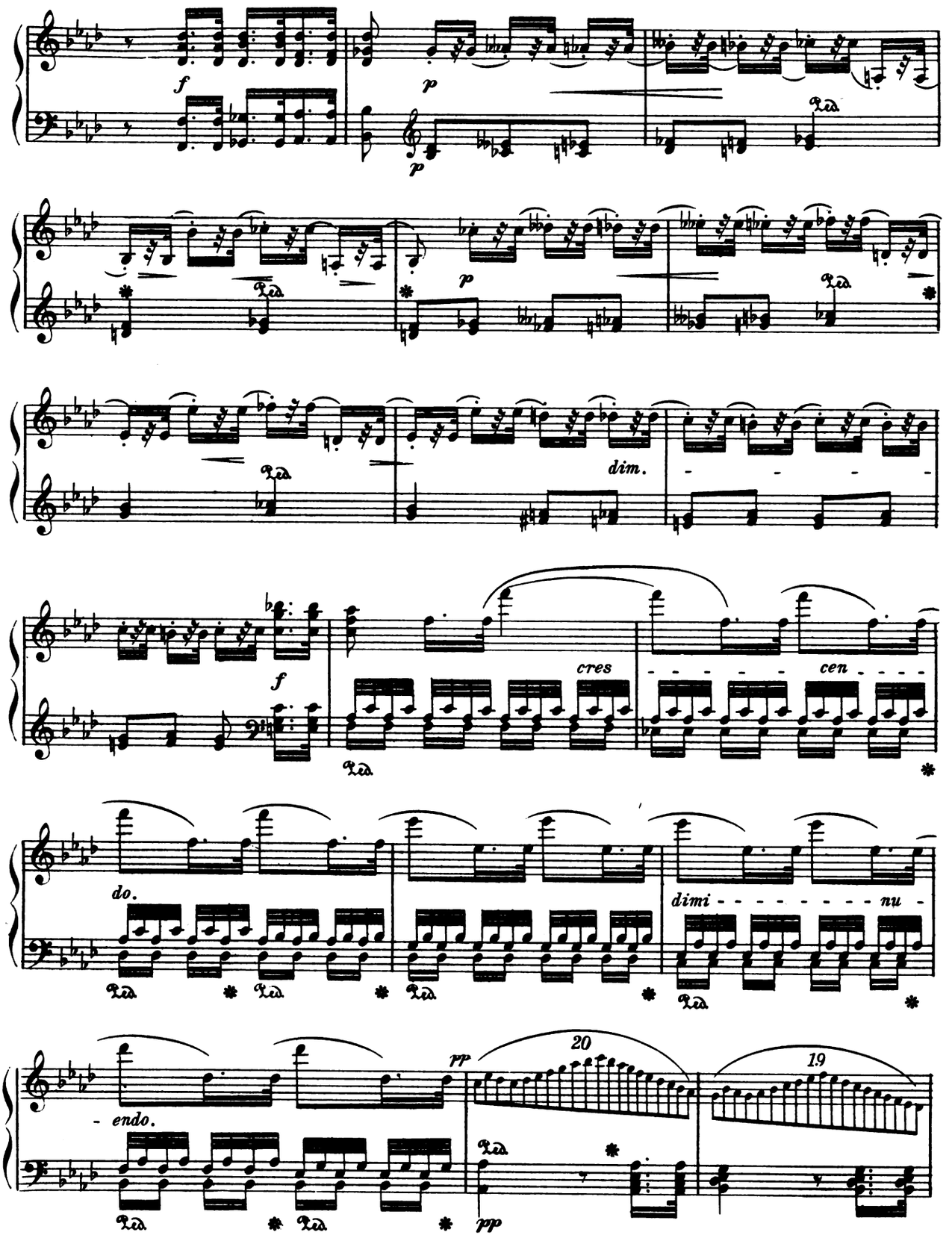

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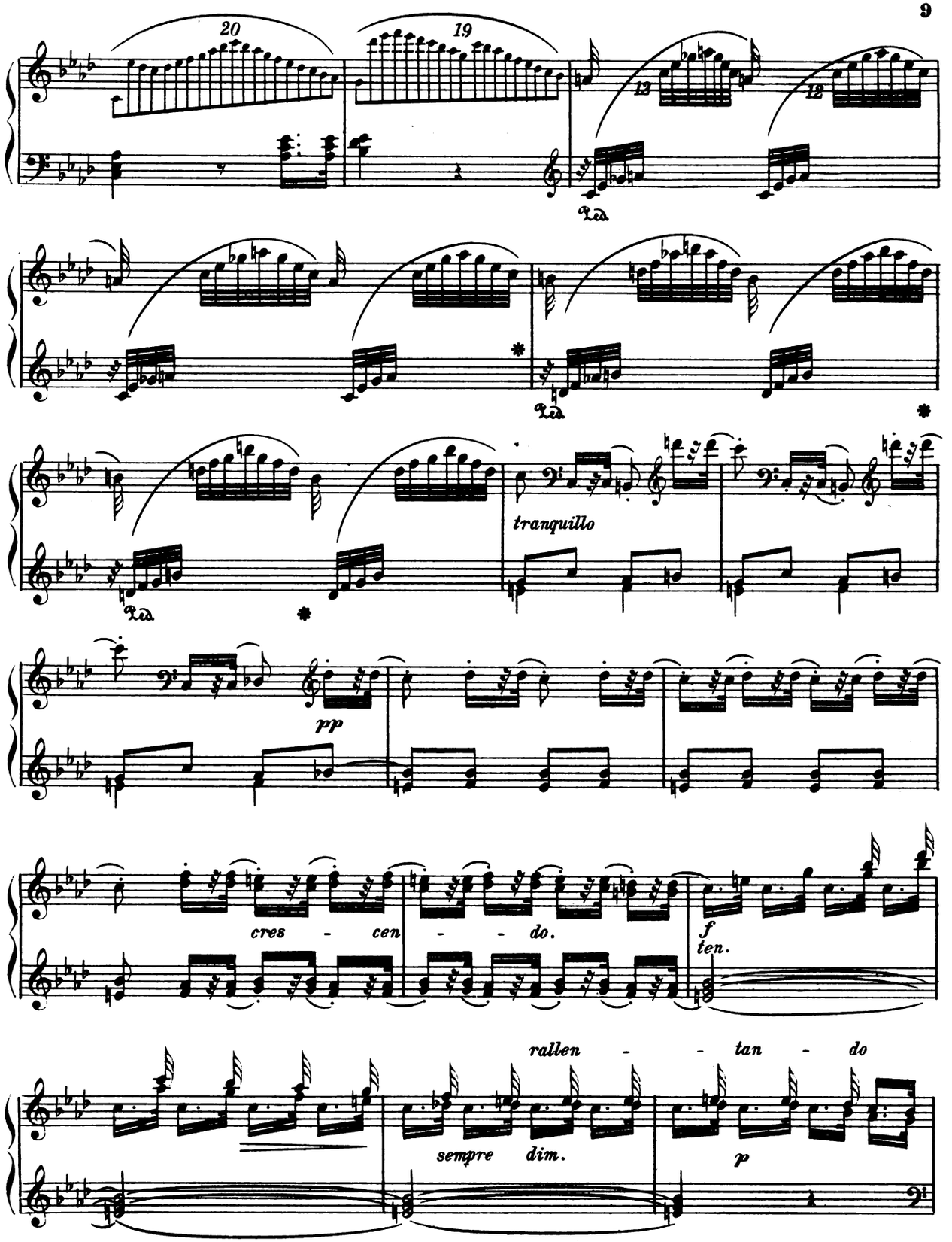

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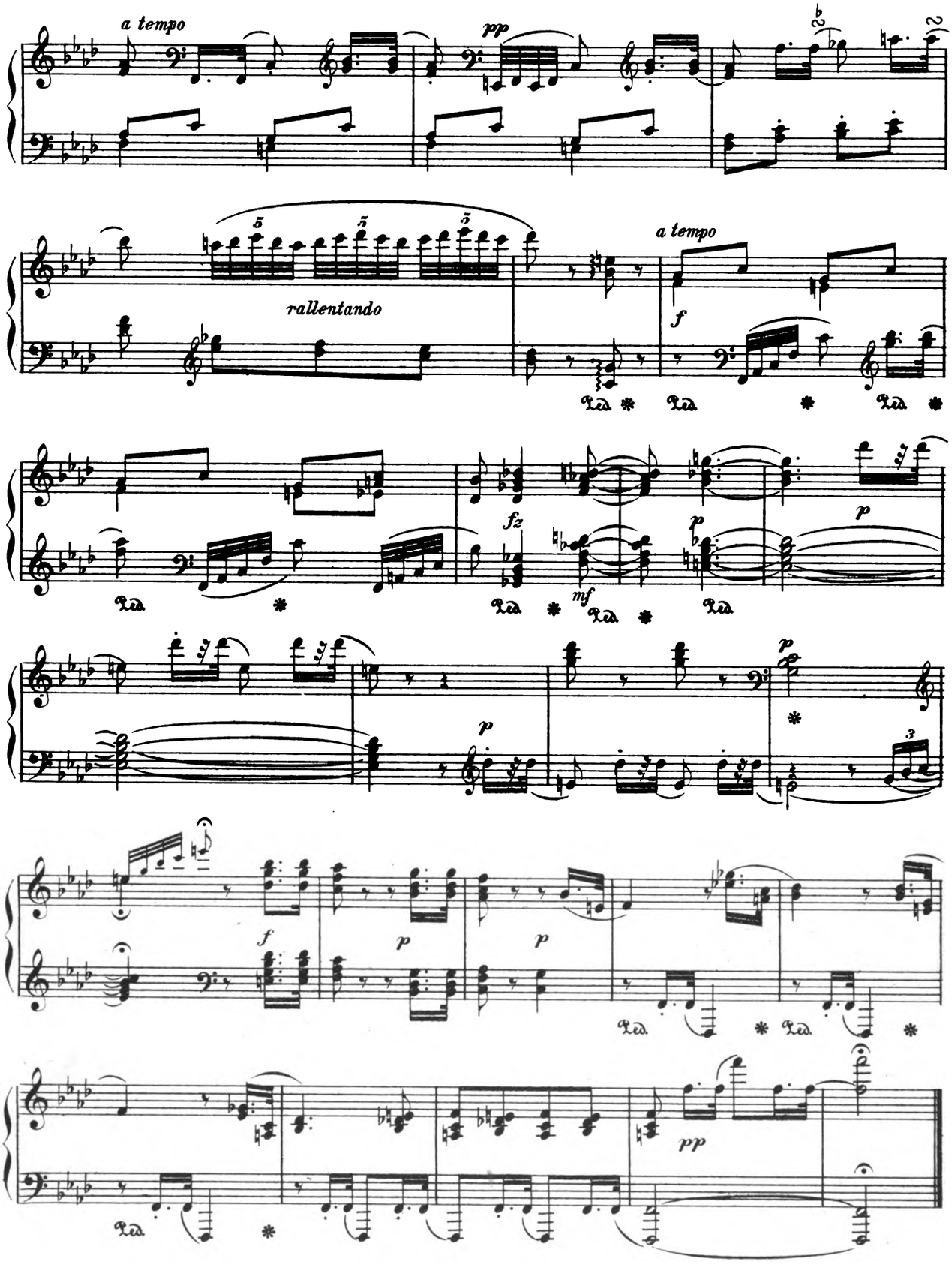

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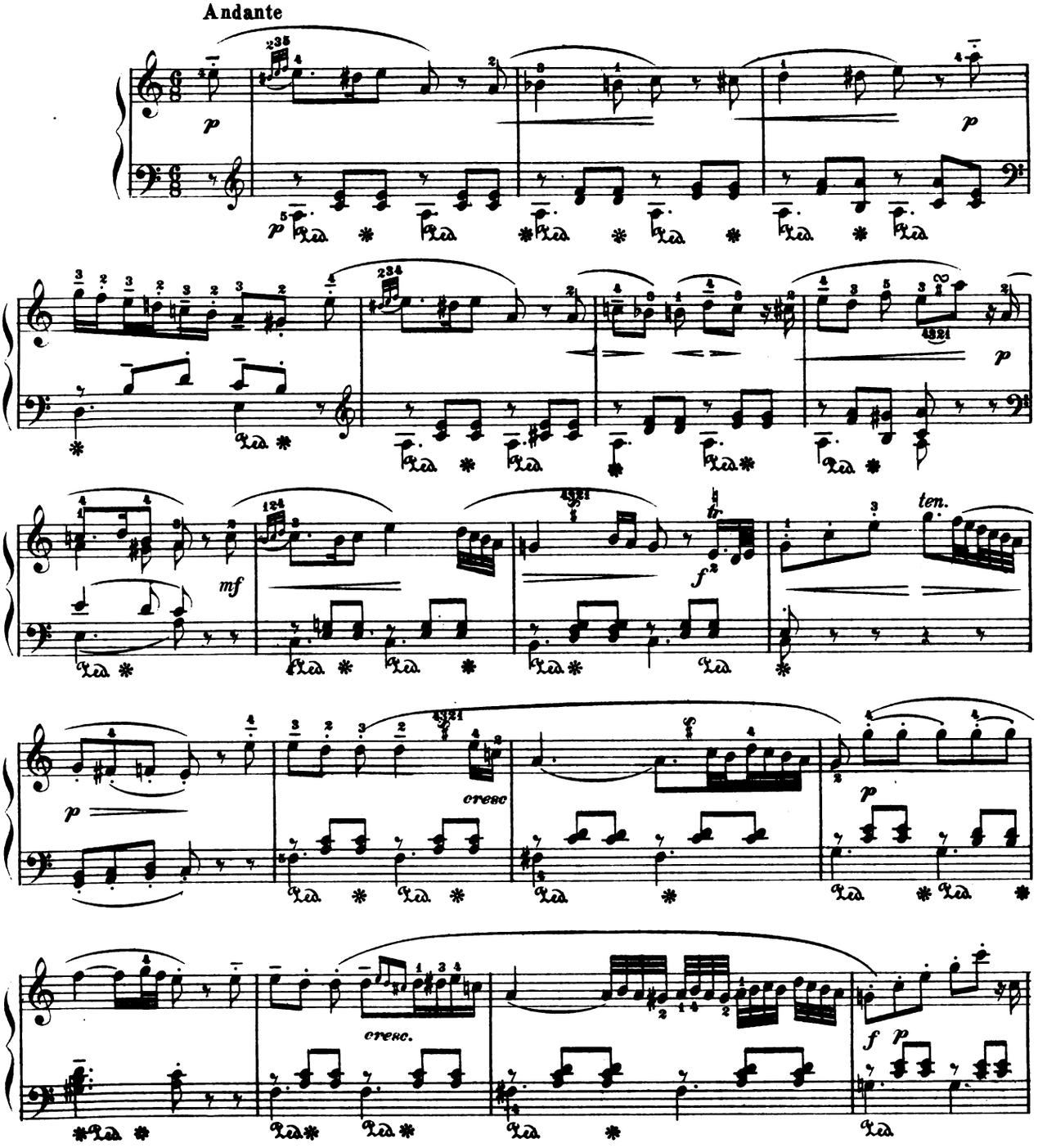

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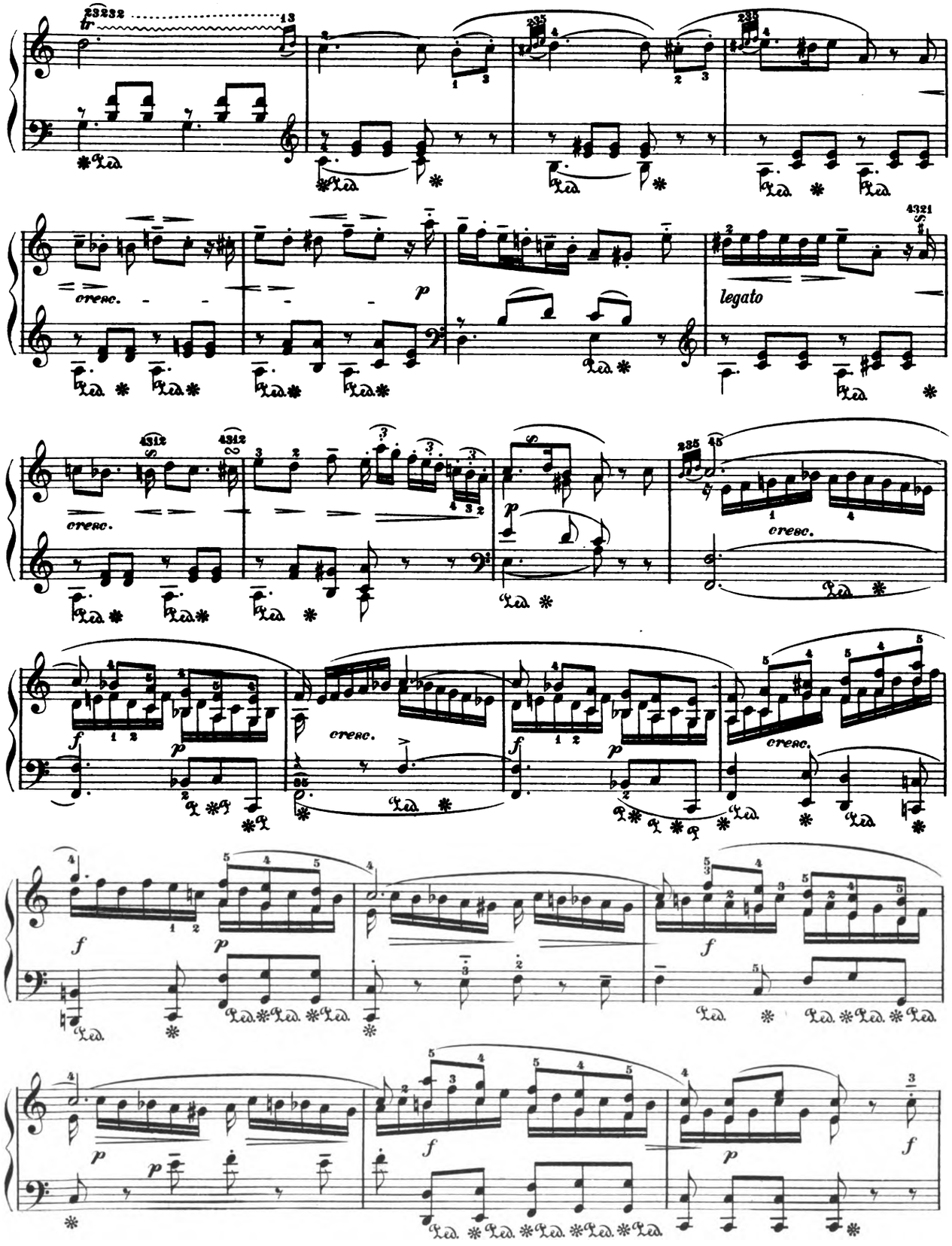

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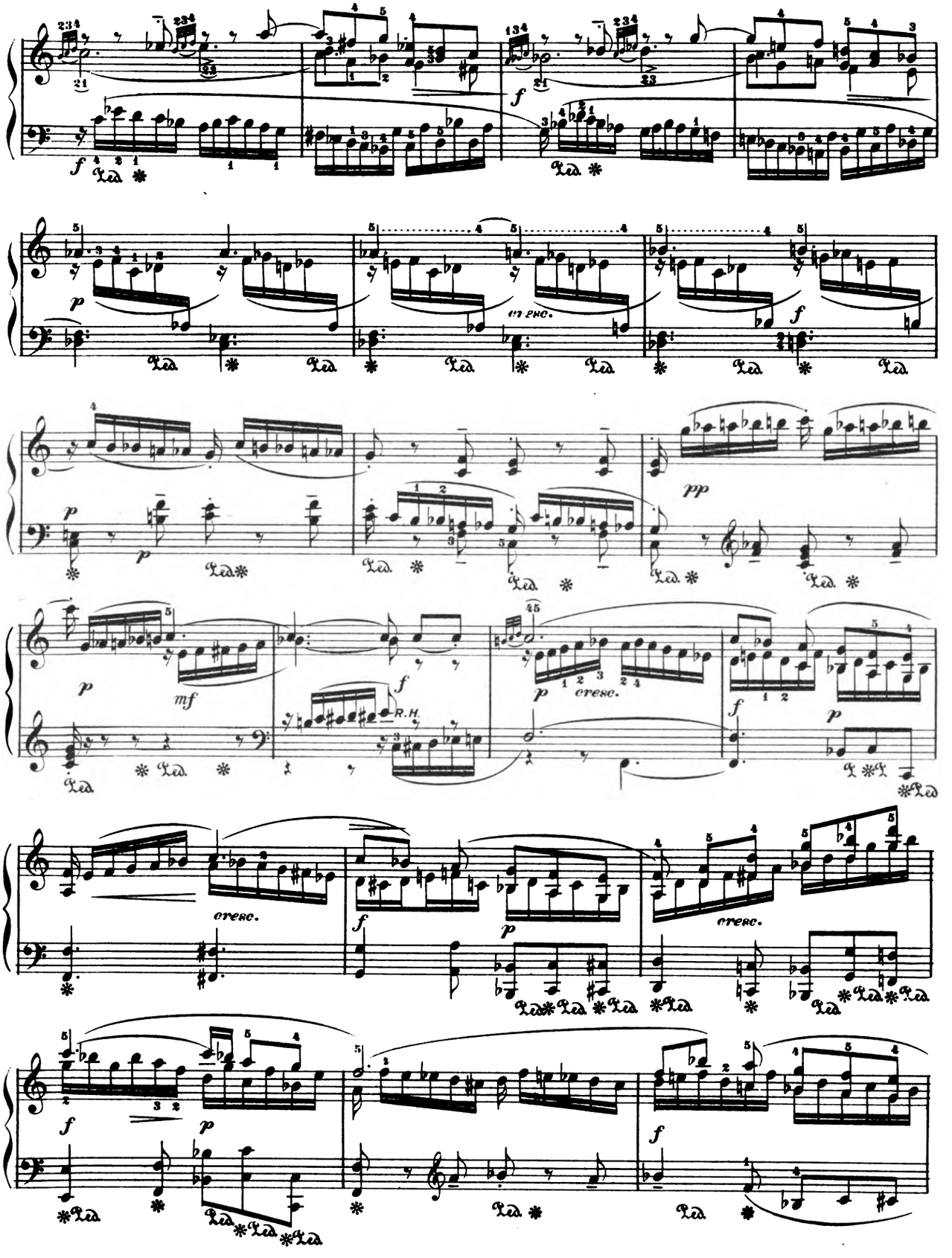

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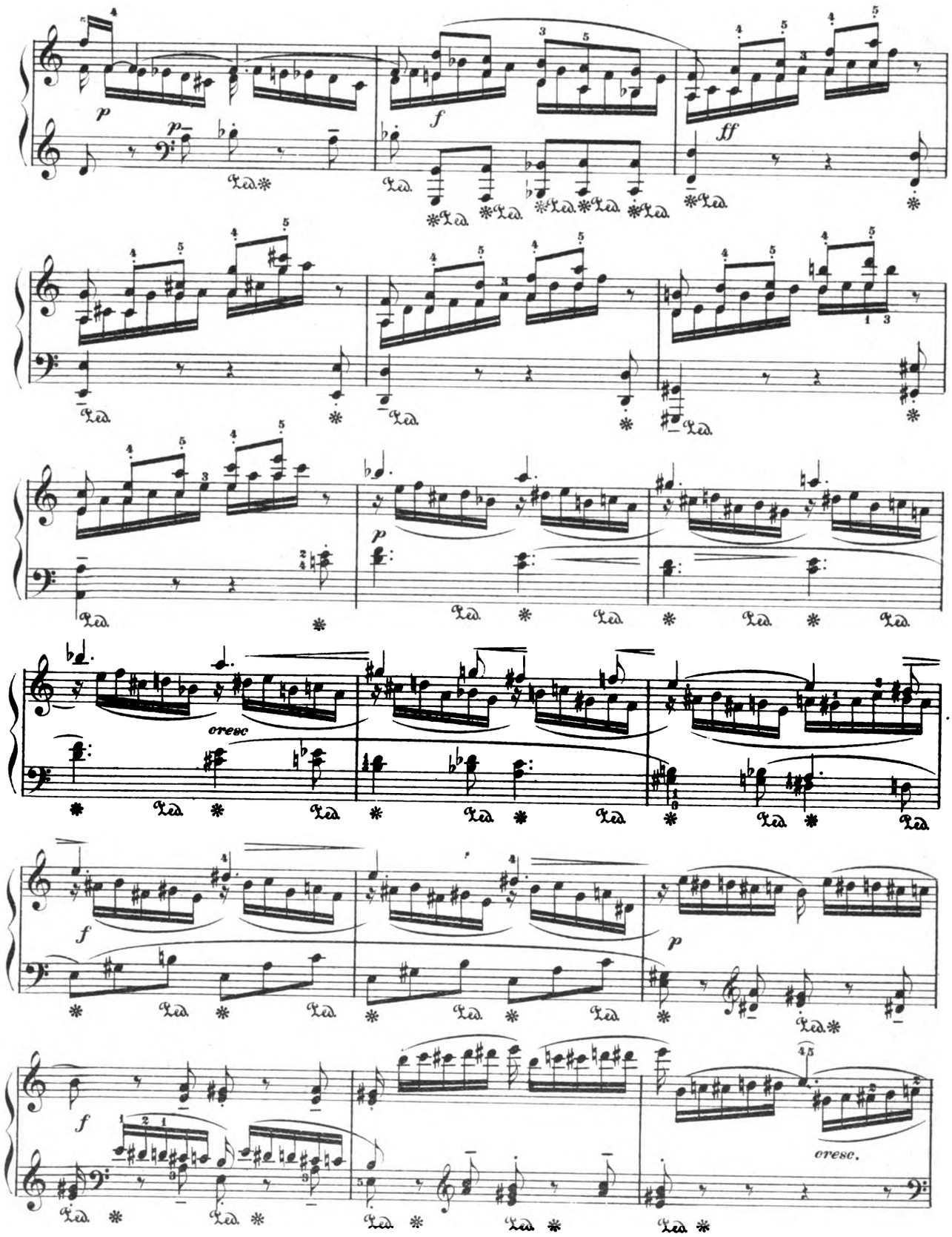

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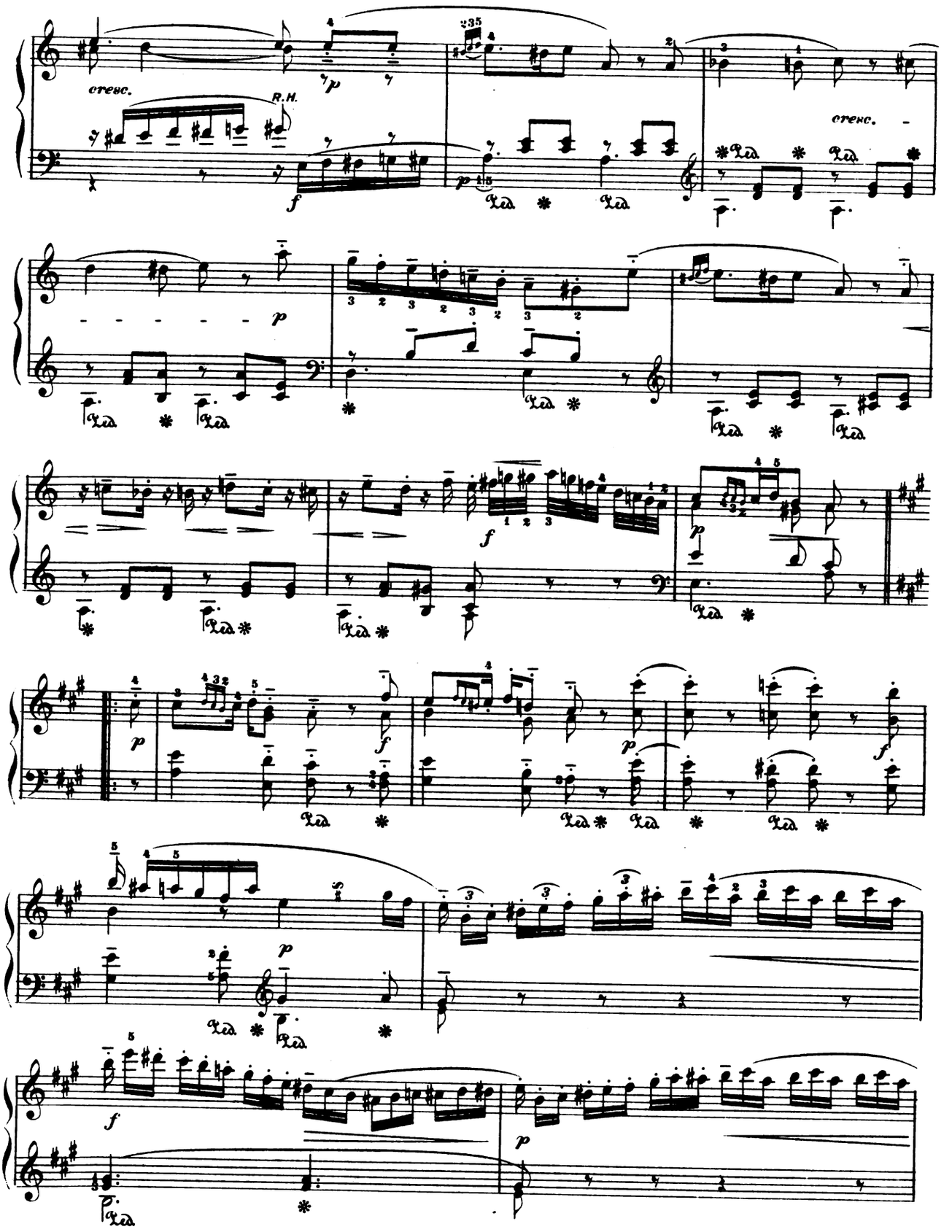

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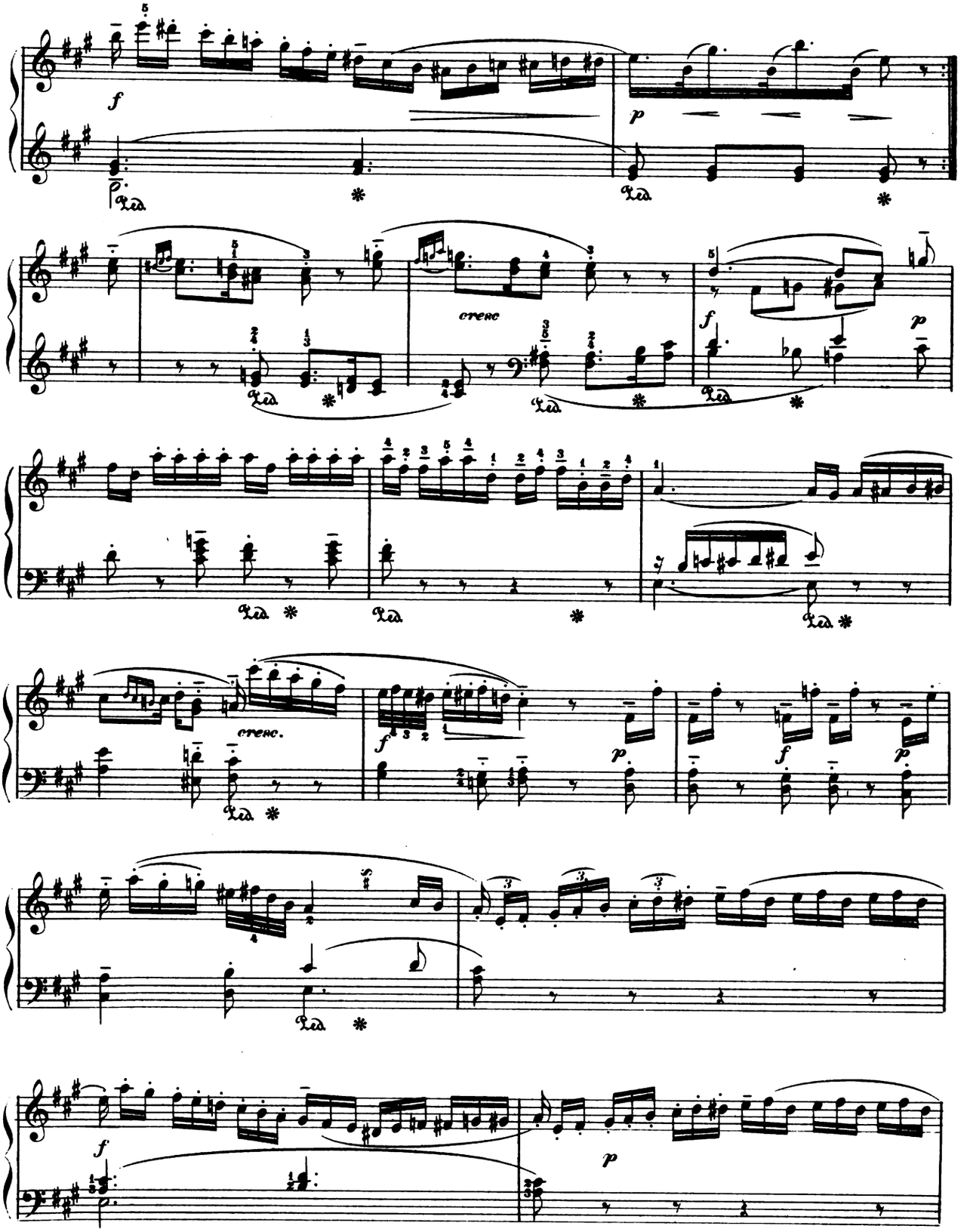

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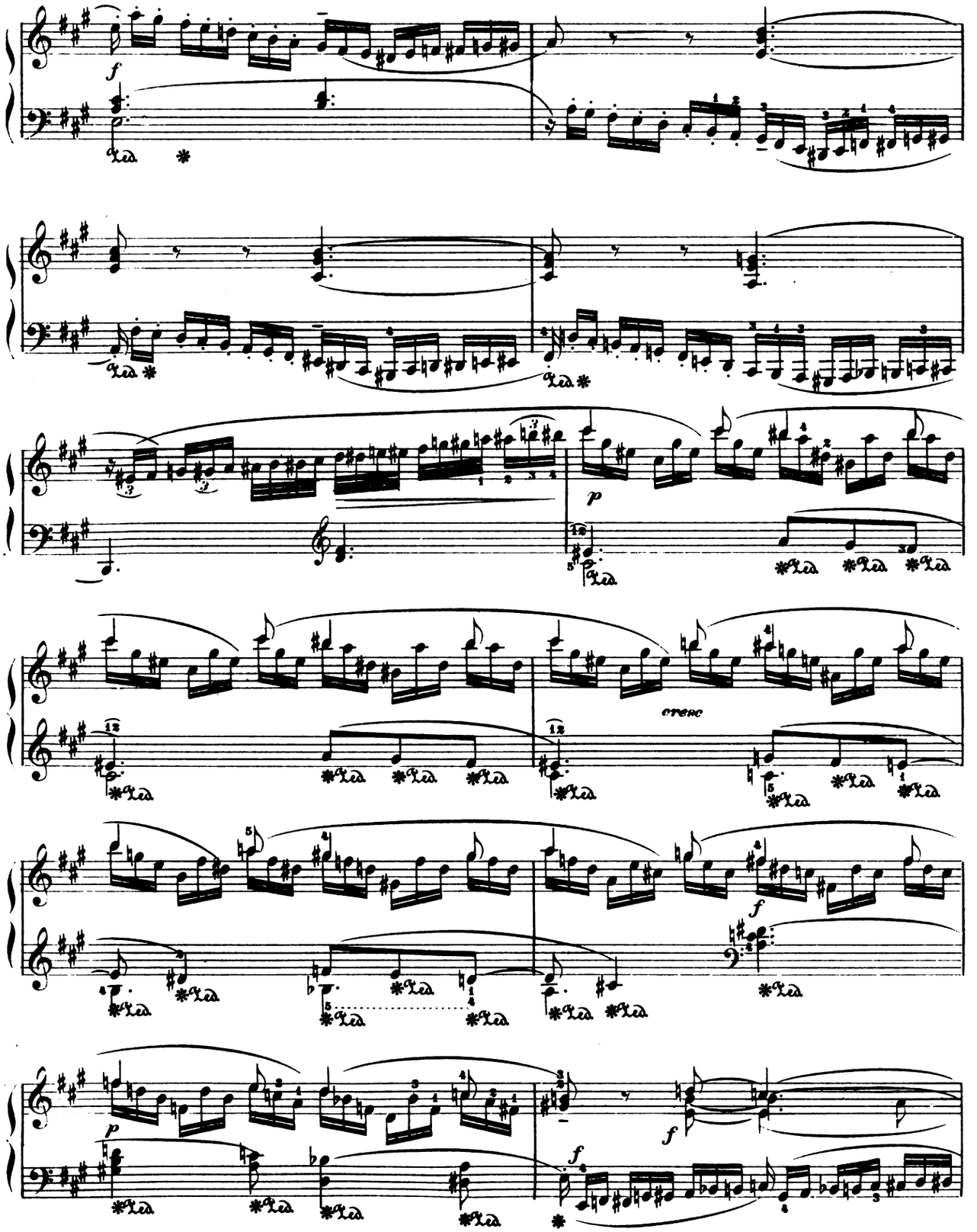

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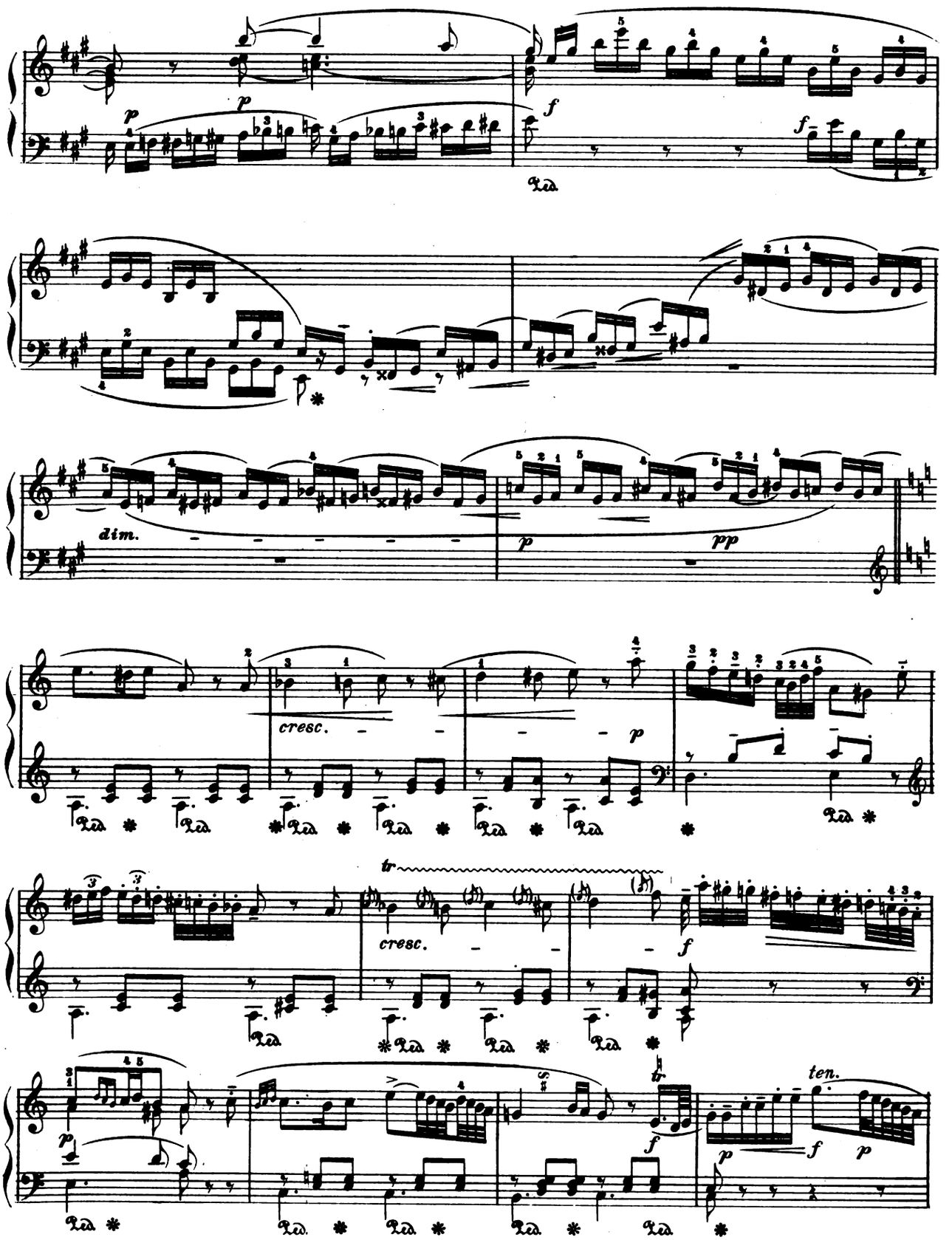

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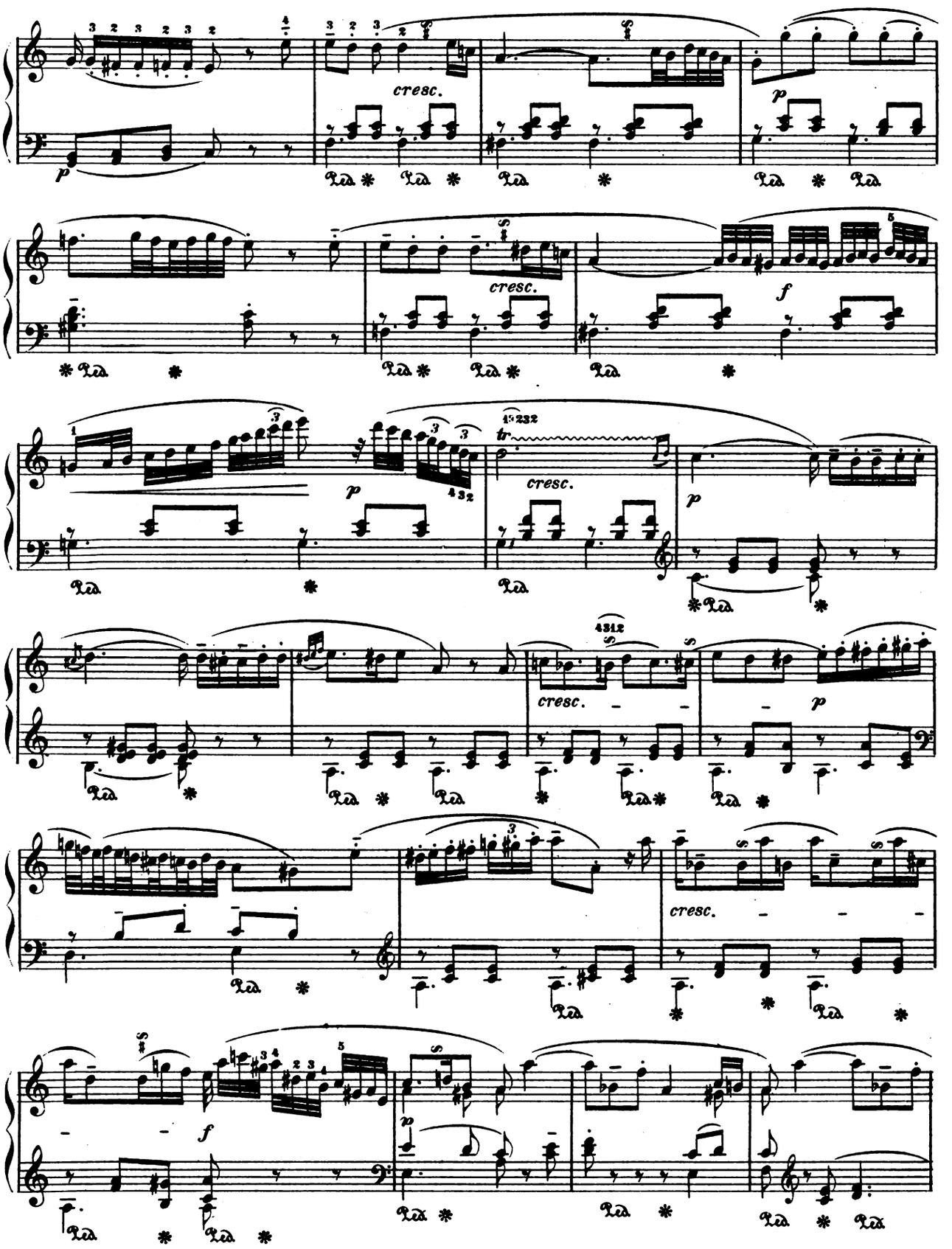

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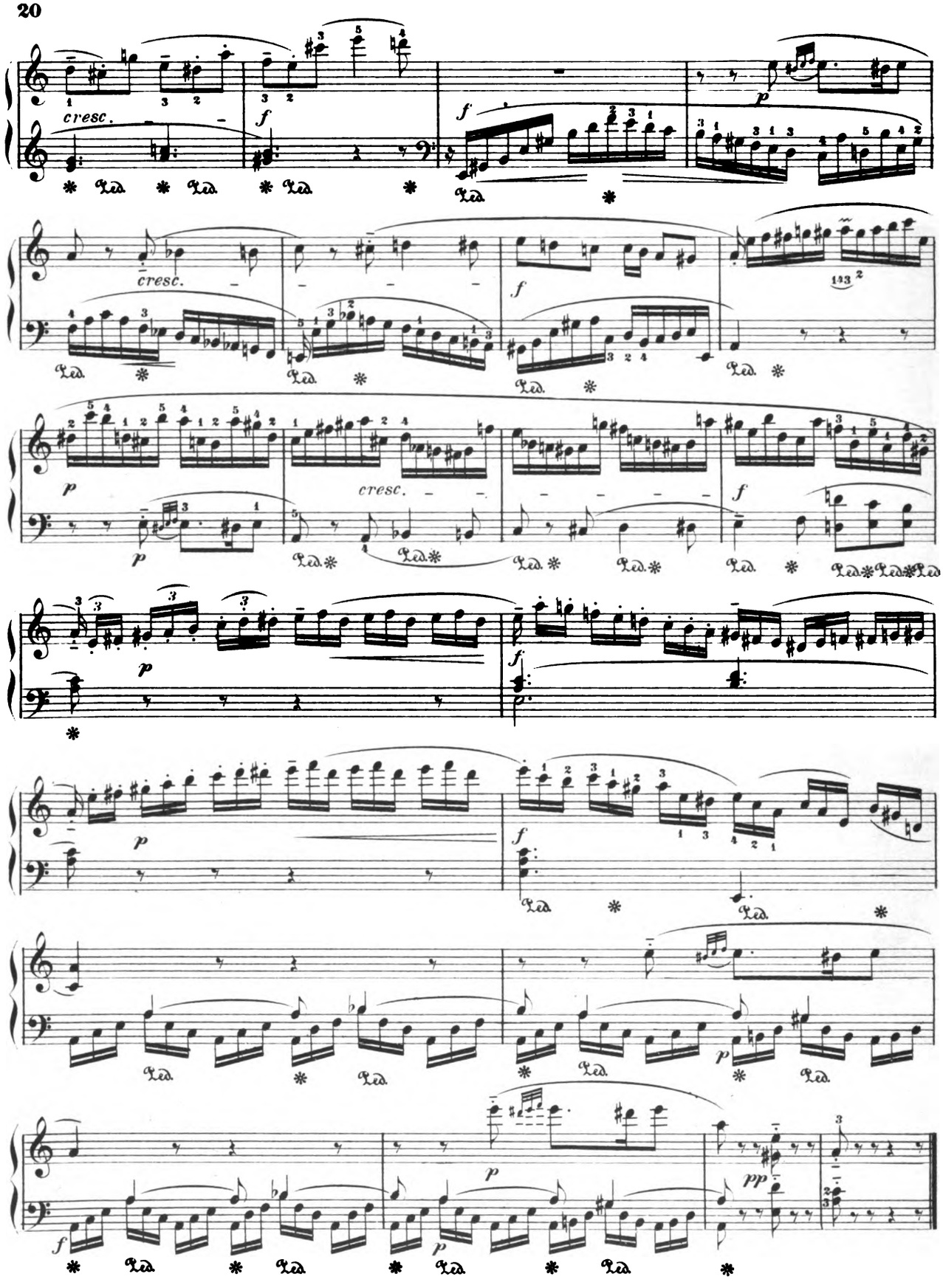

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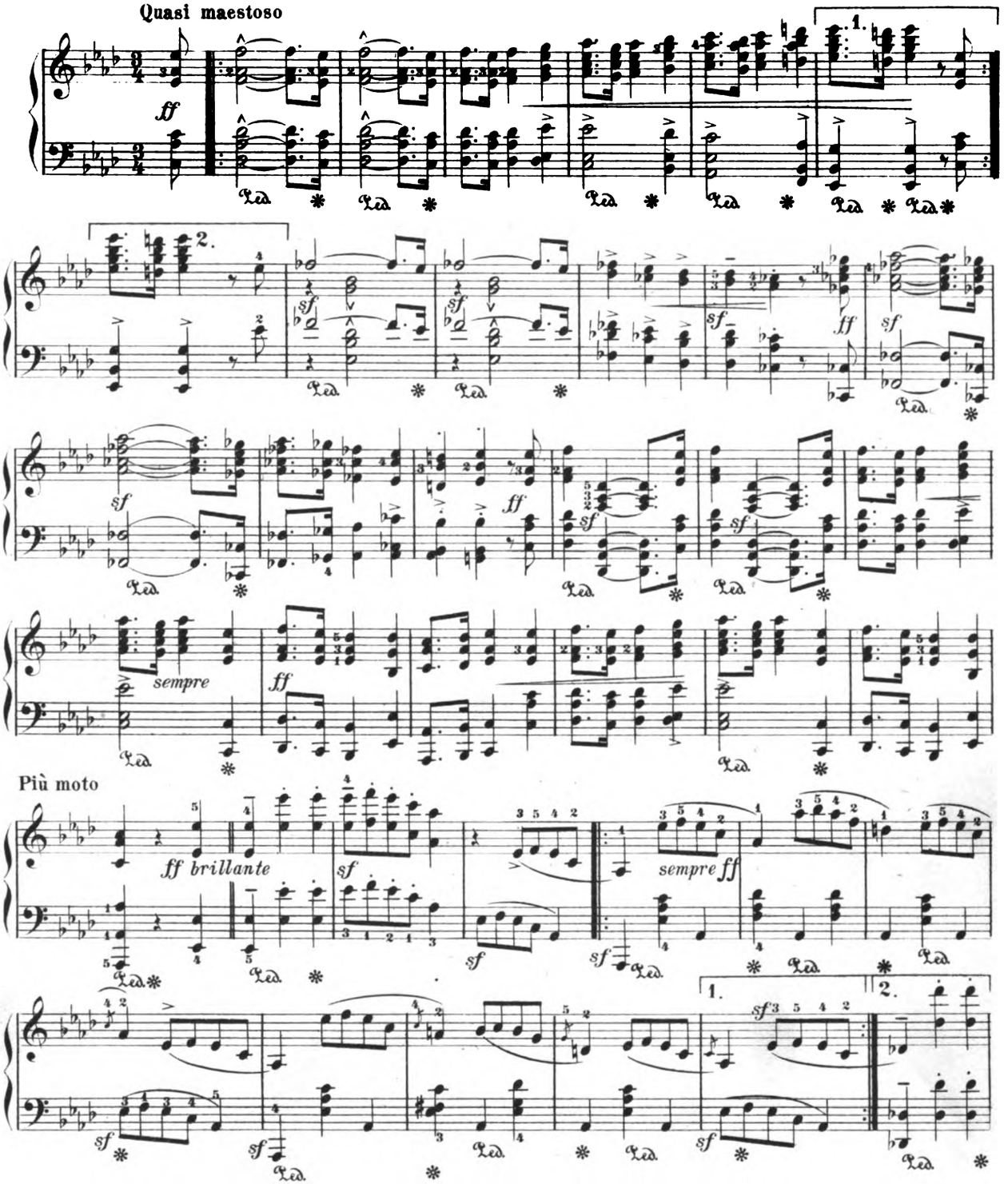
CARNAVAL

SCÈNES MIGNONNES SUR QUATRE NOTES

PRÉAMBULE

SCHUMANN, Op. 9



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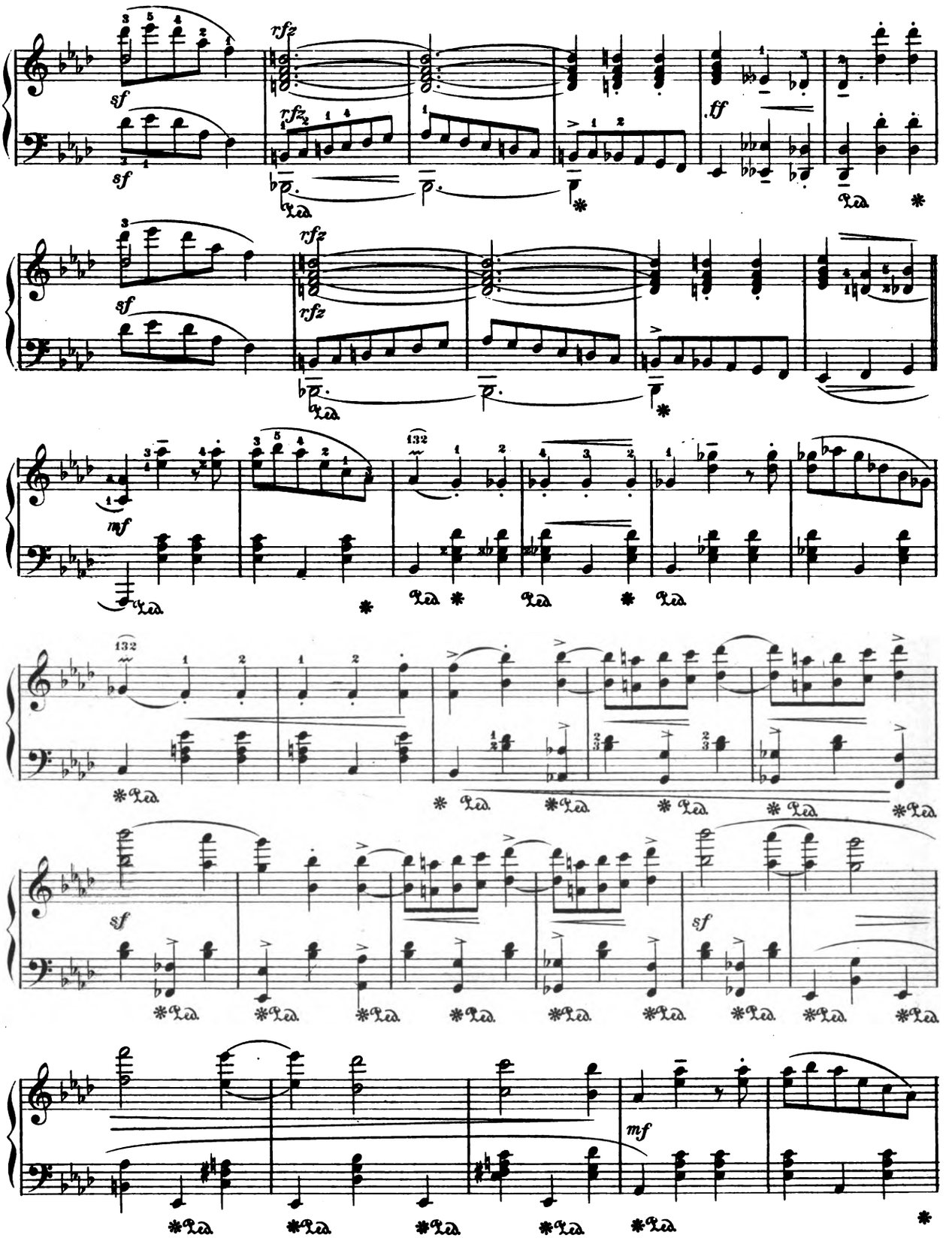

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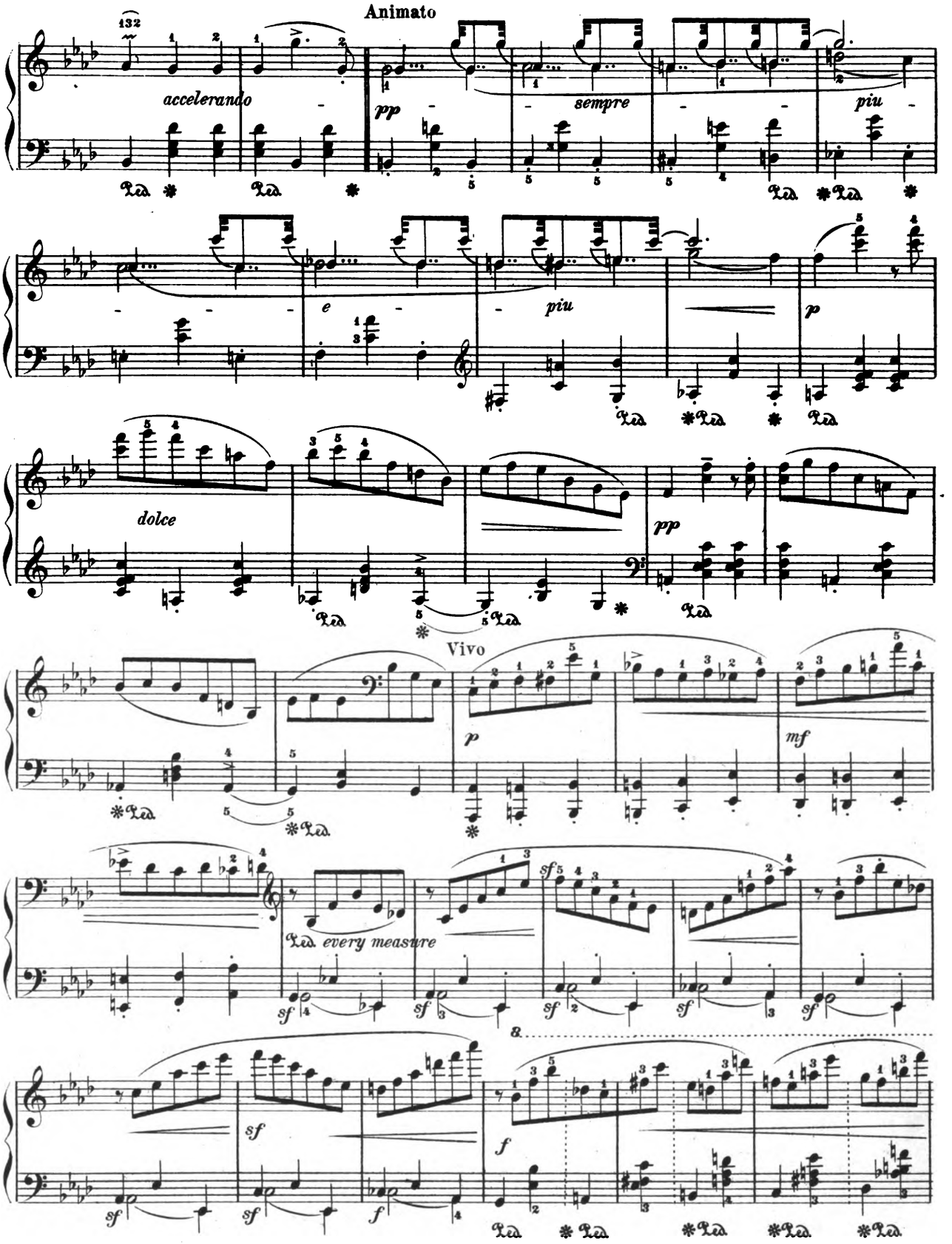

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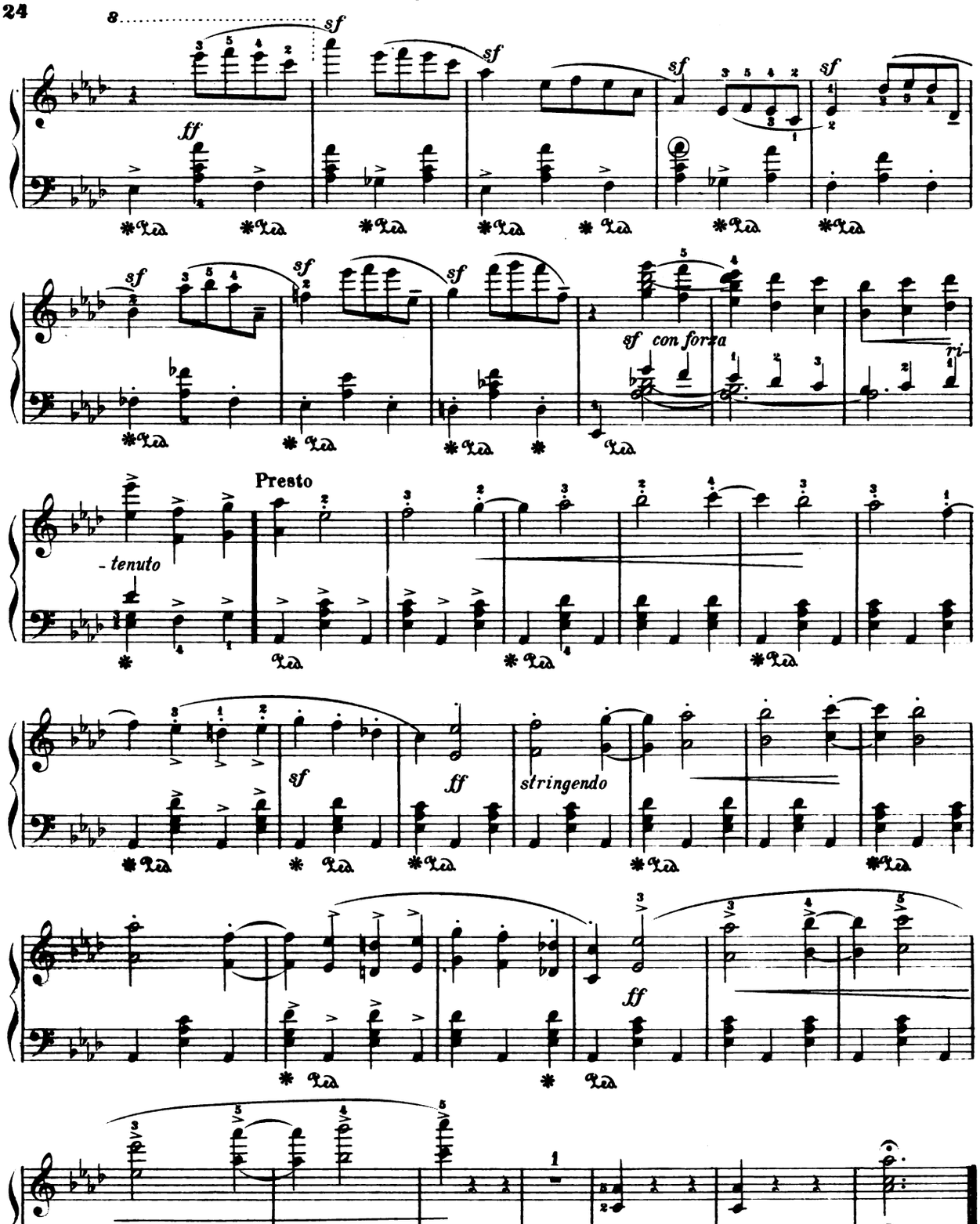

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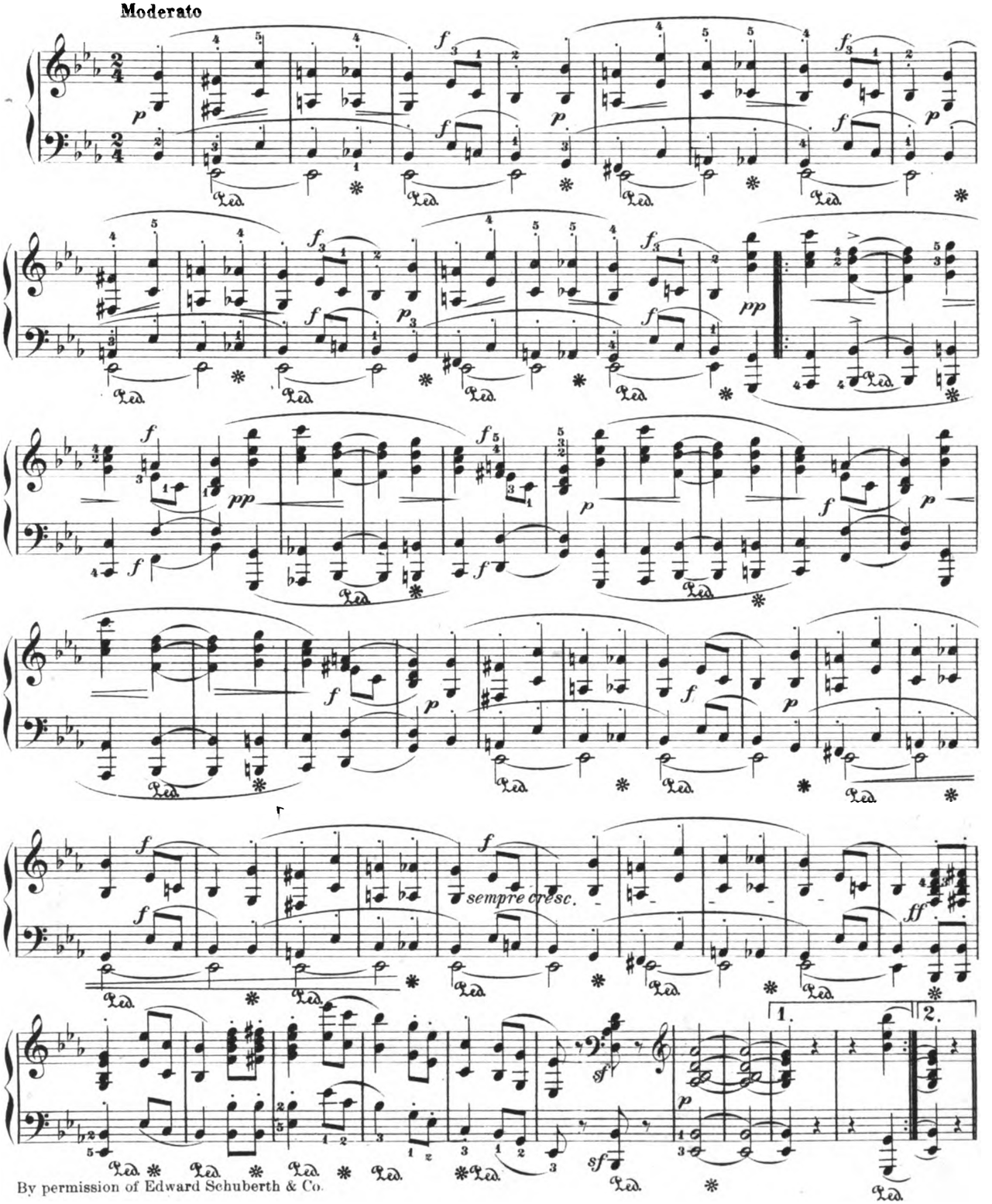

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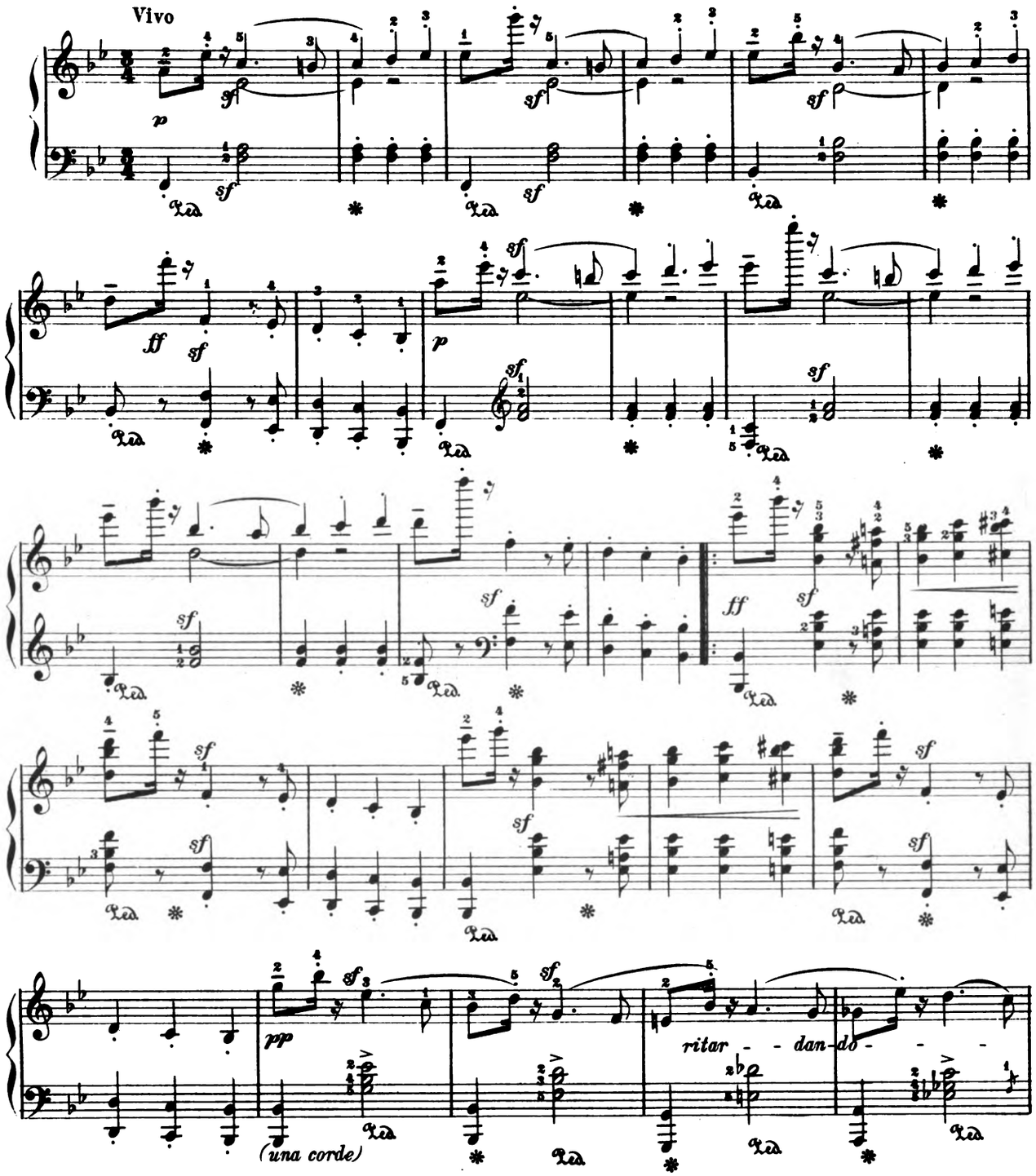

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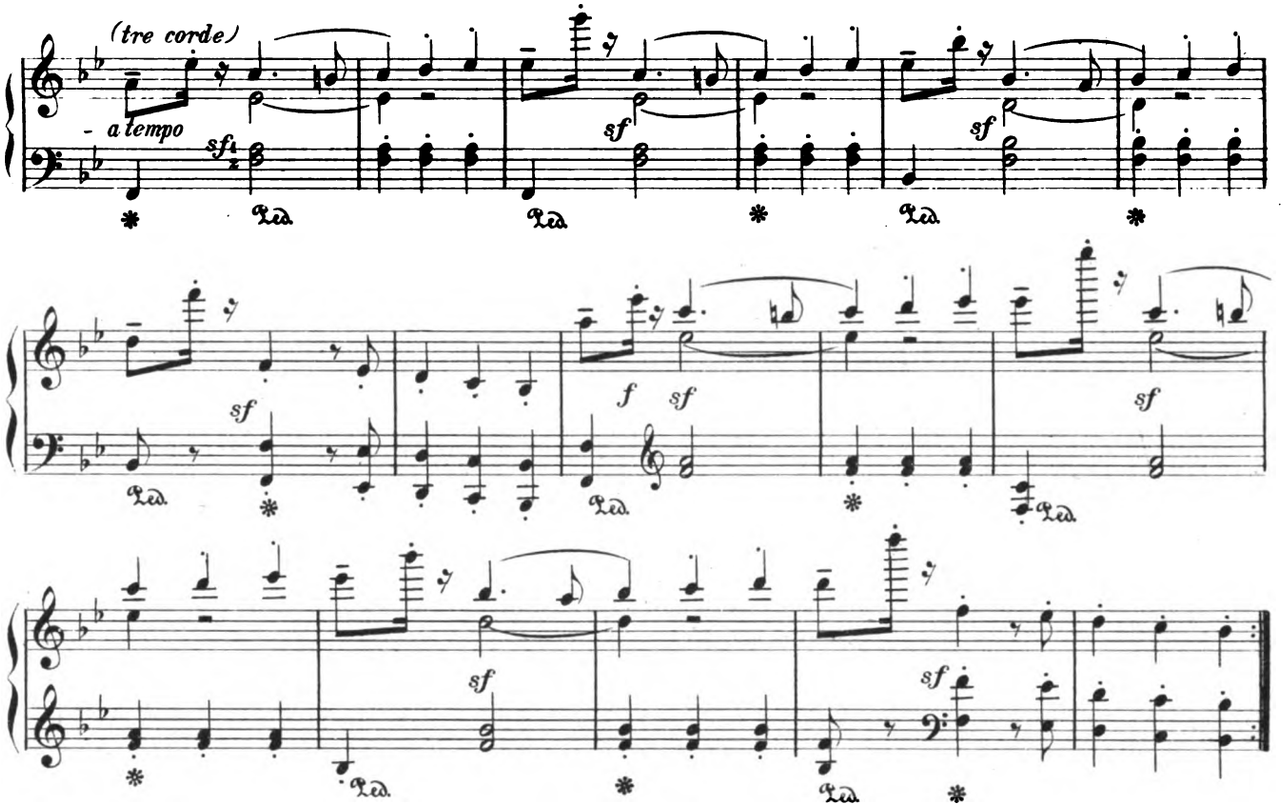

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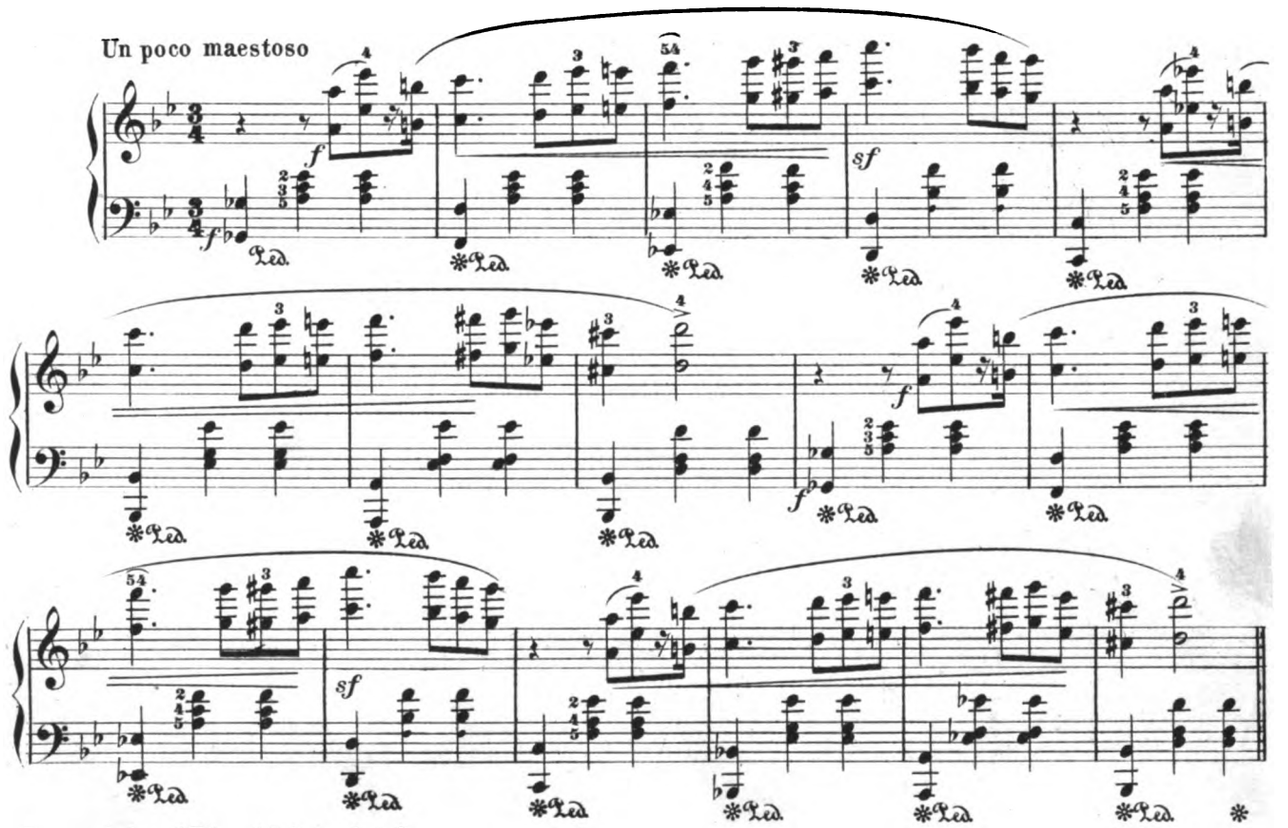

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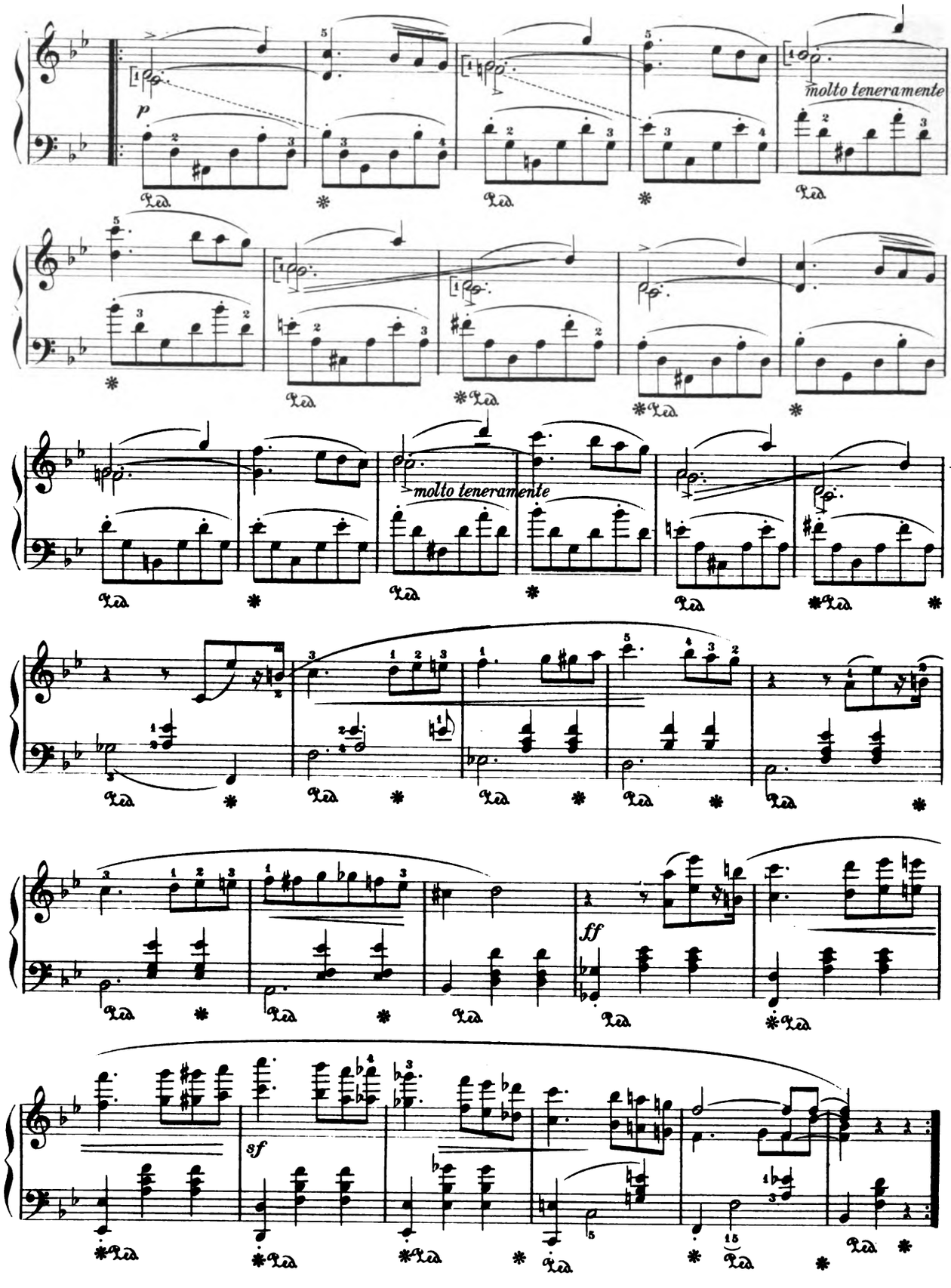

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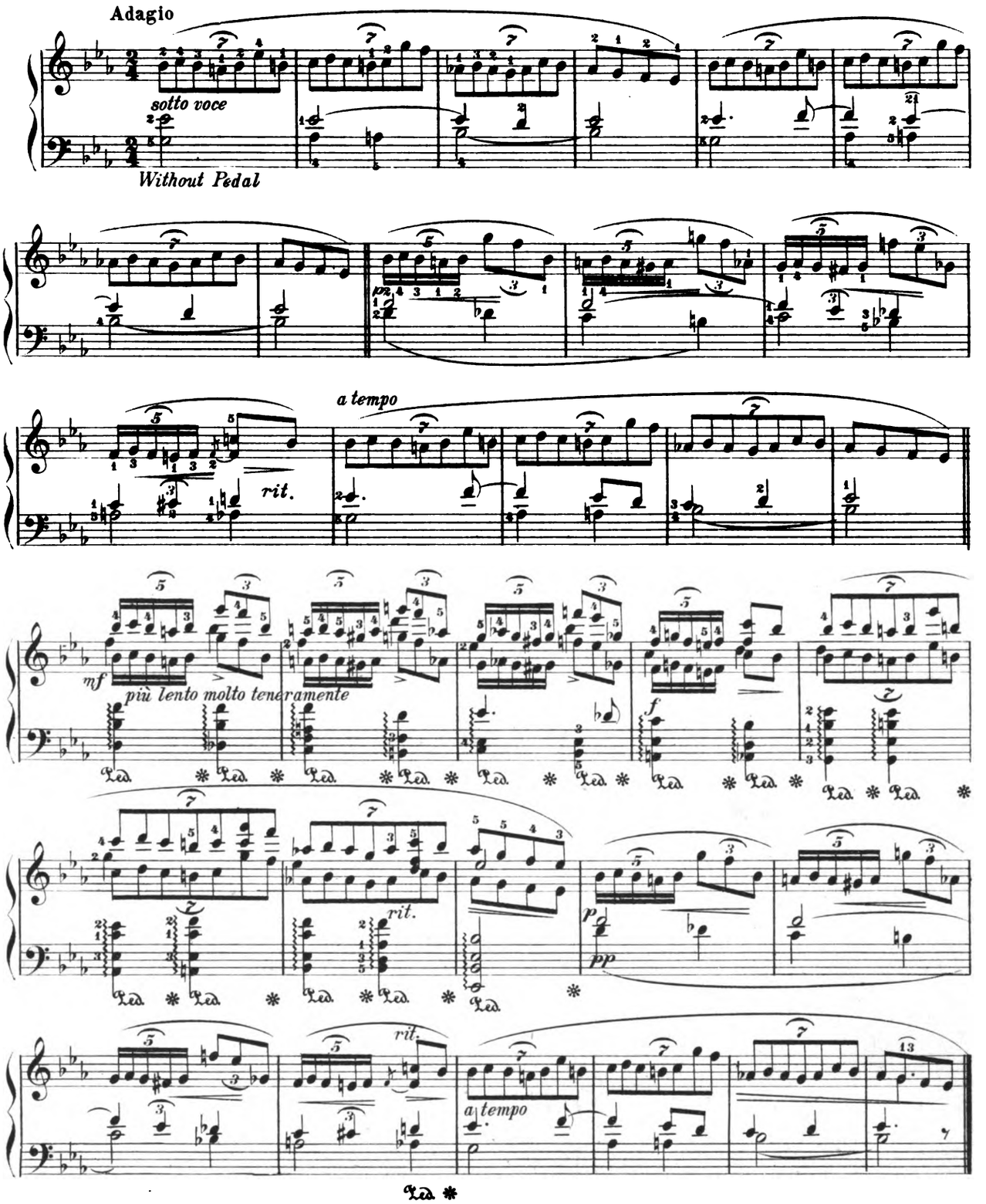

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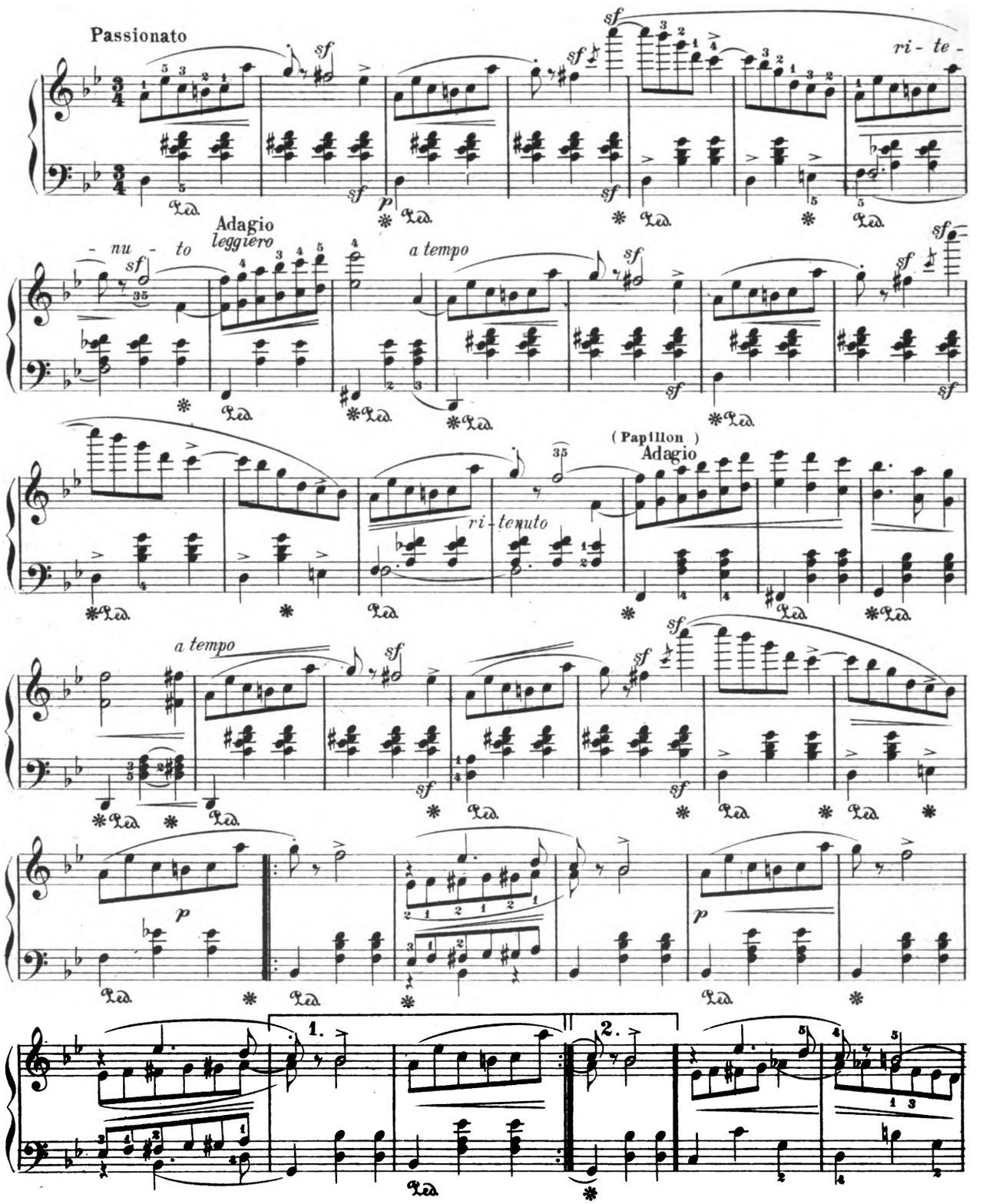

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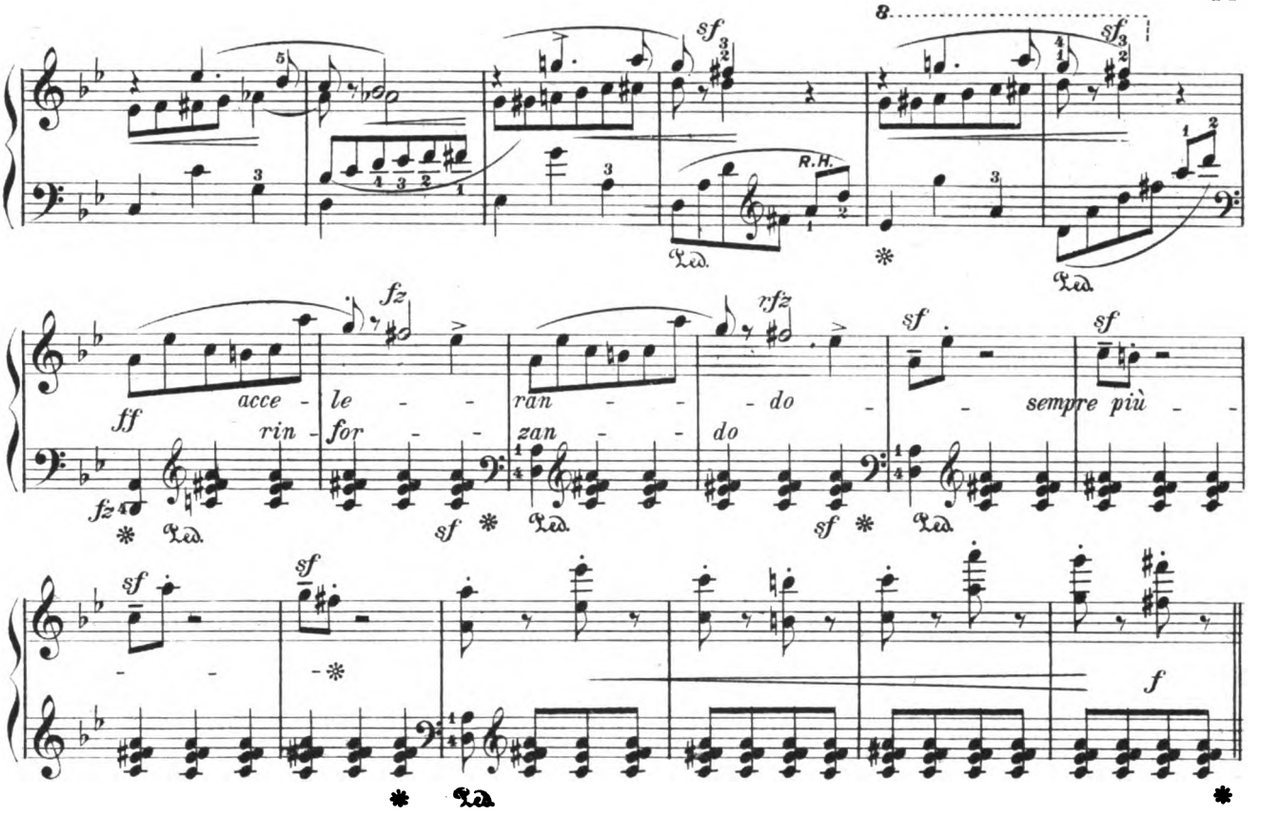

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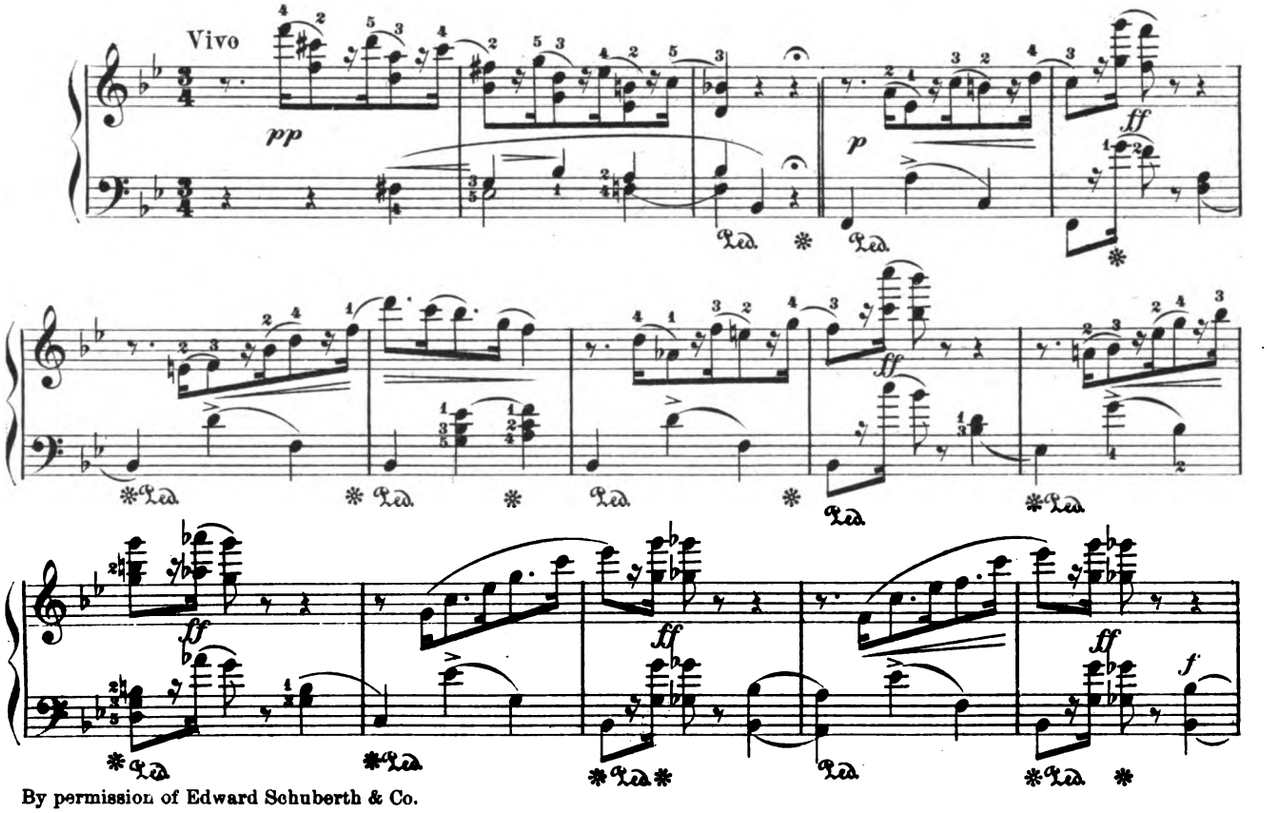

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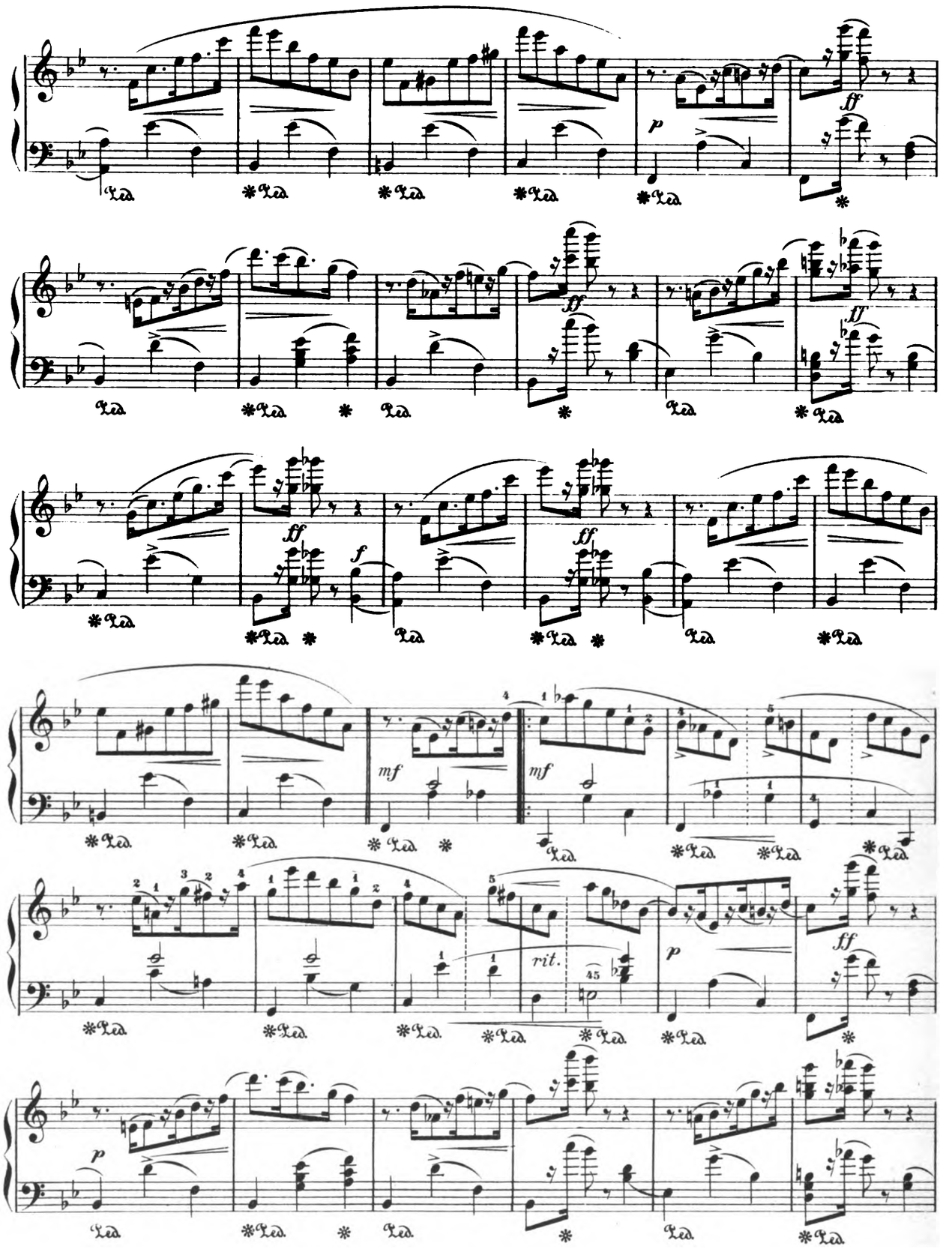

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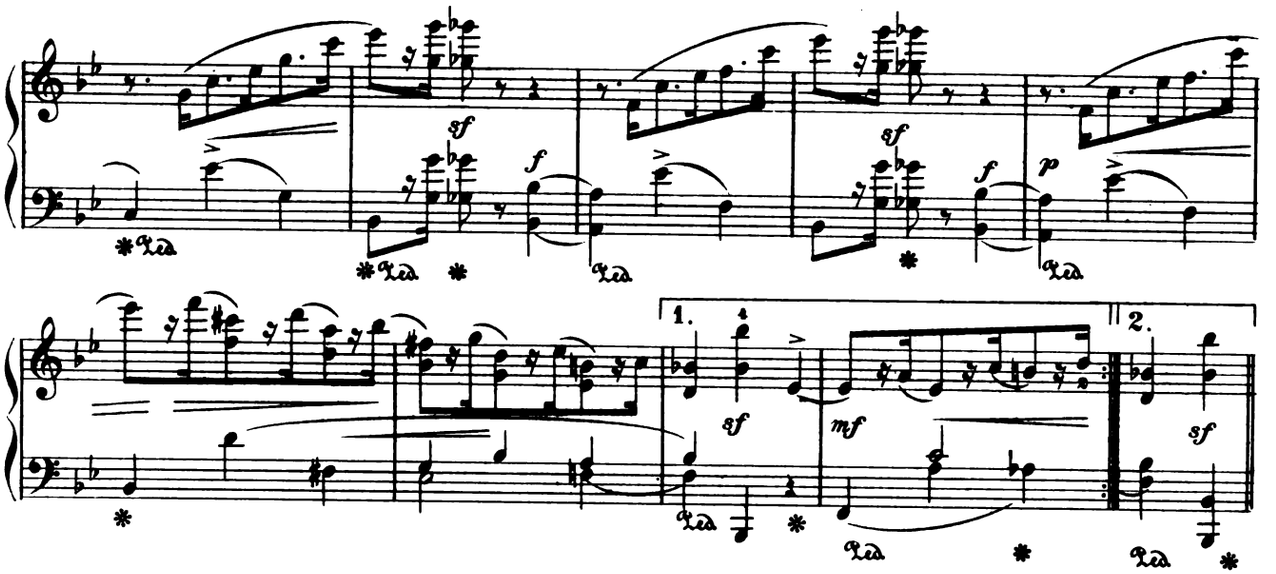
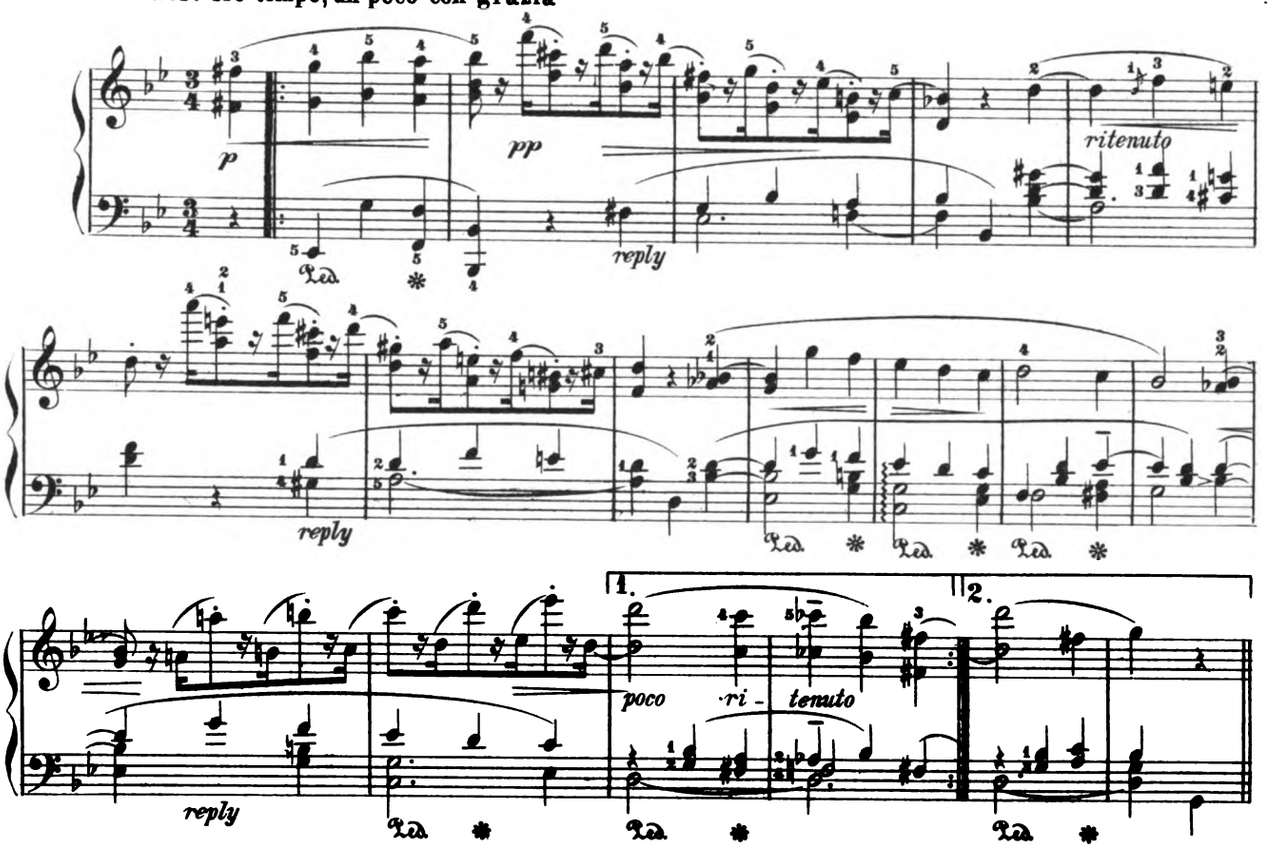


RÉPLIQUE

L'istesso tempo, un poco con grazia



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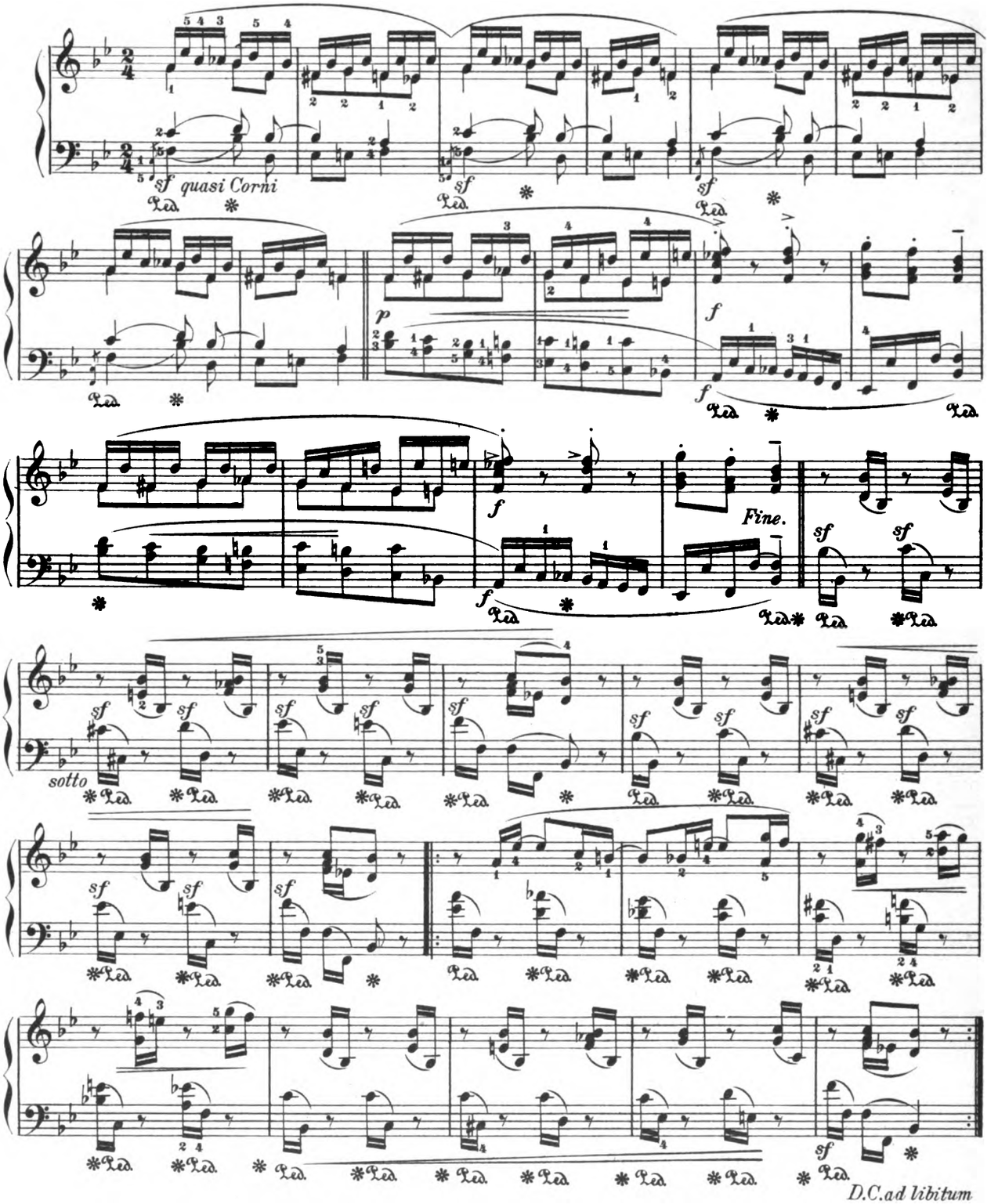
PAPILLONS

Prestissimo



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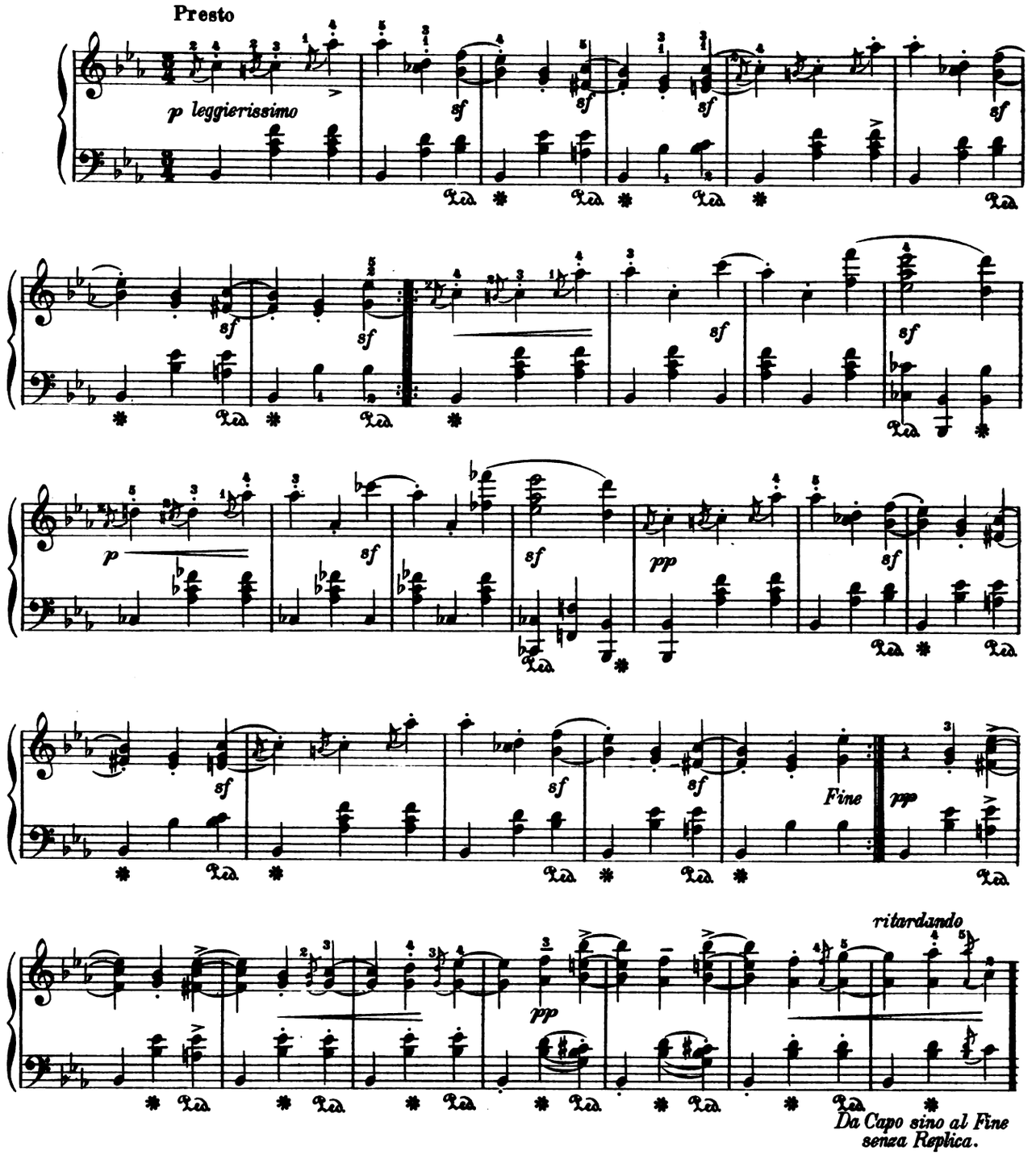
A. S. C. H.-S. C. H. A.

Lettres Dansantes



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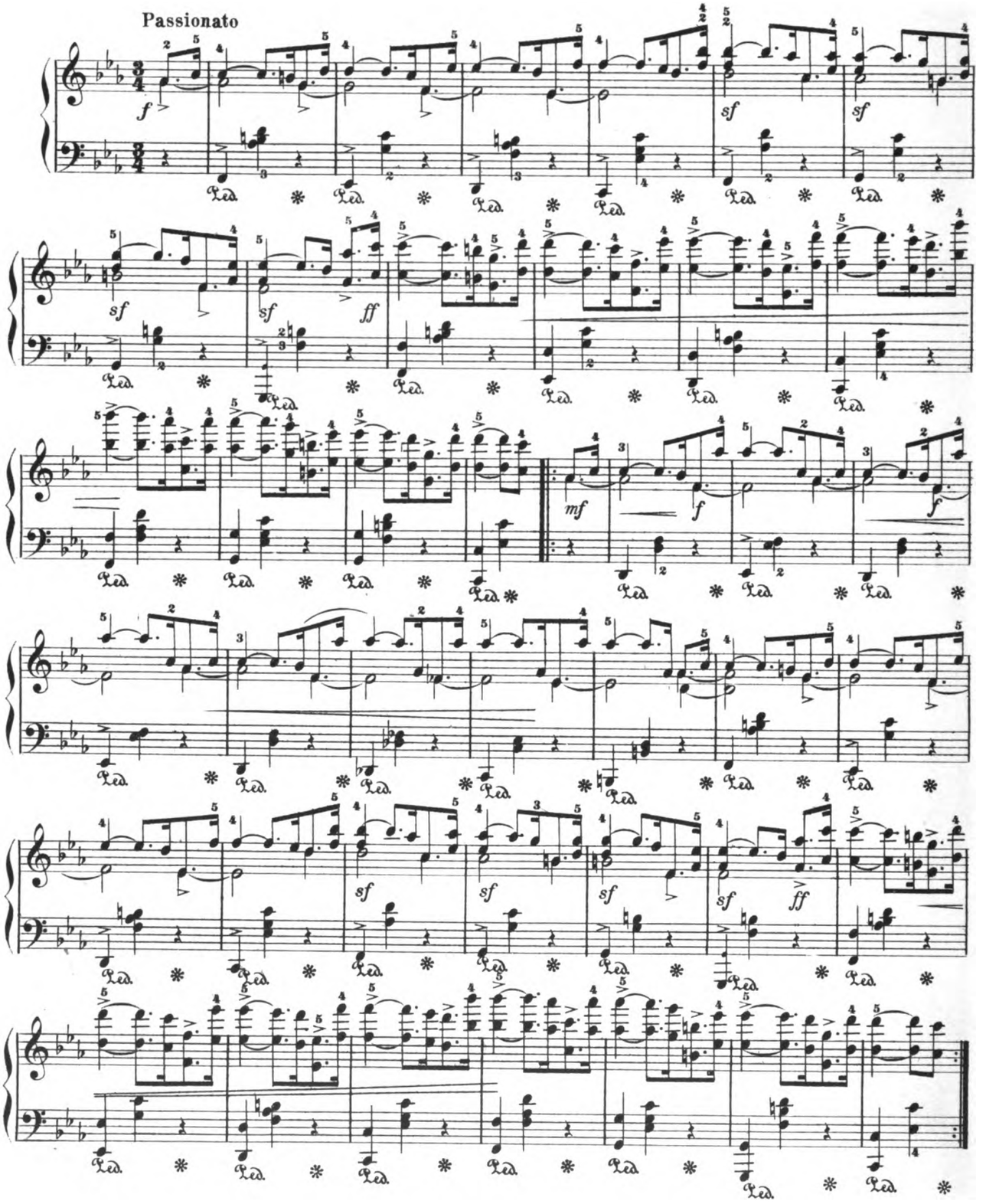

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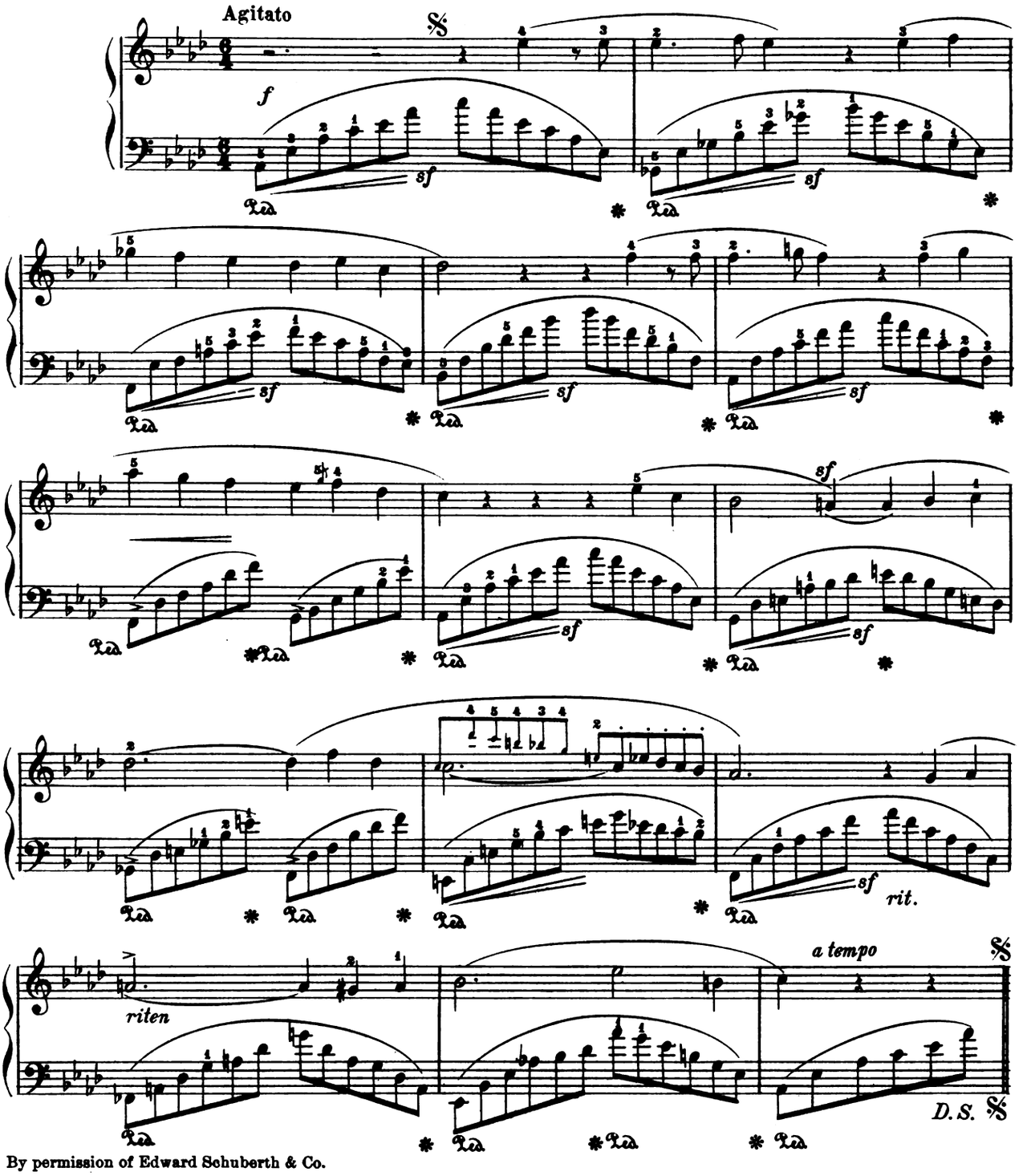

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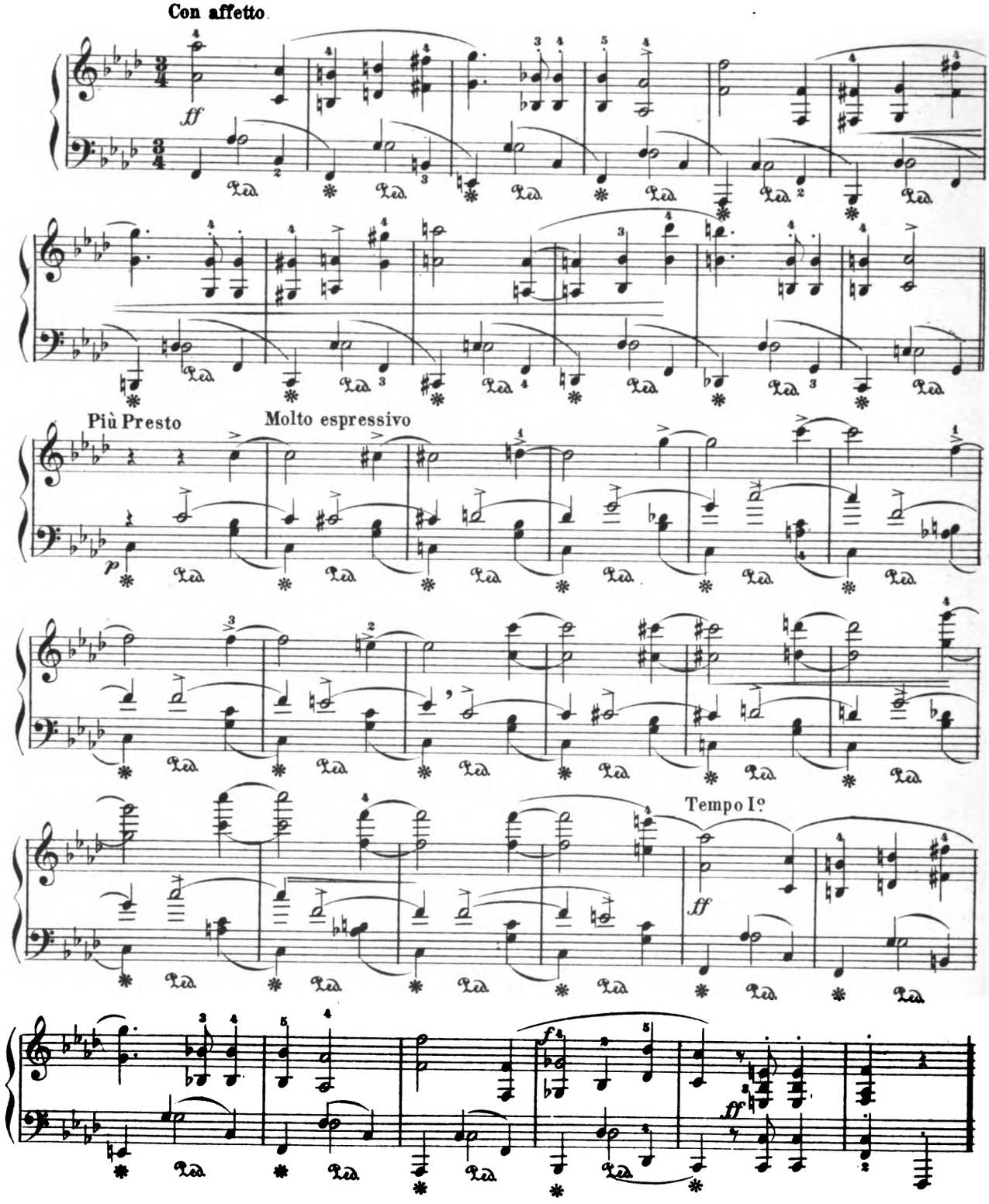

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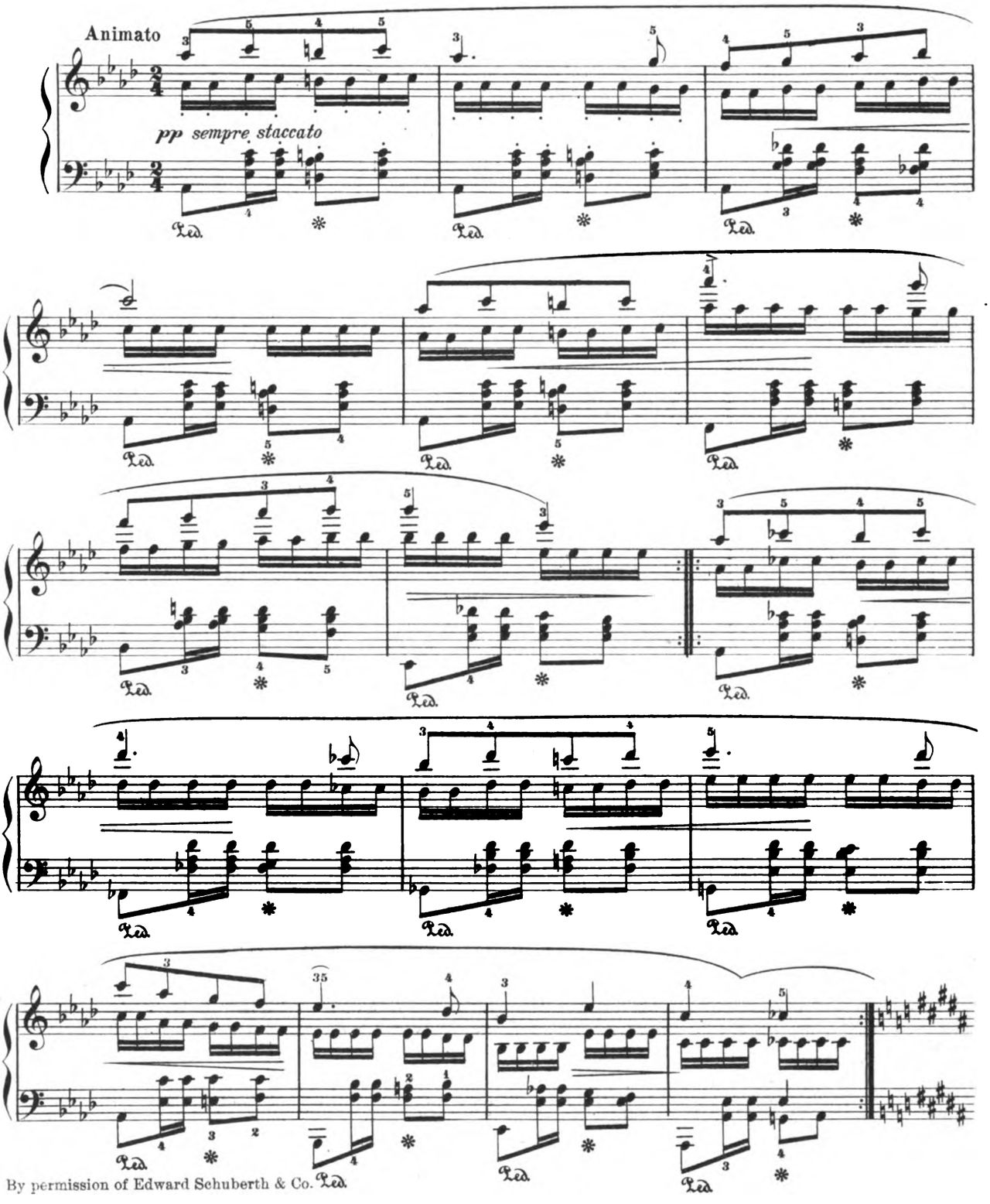

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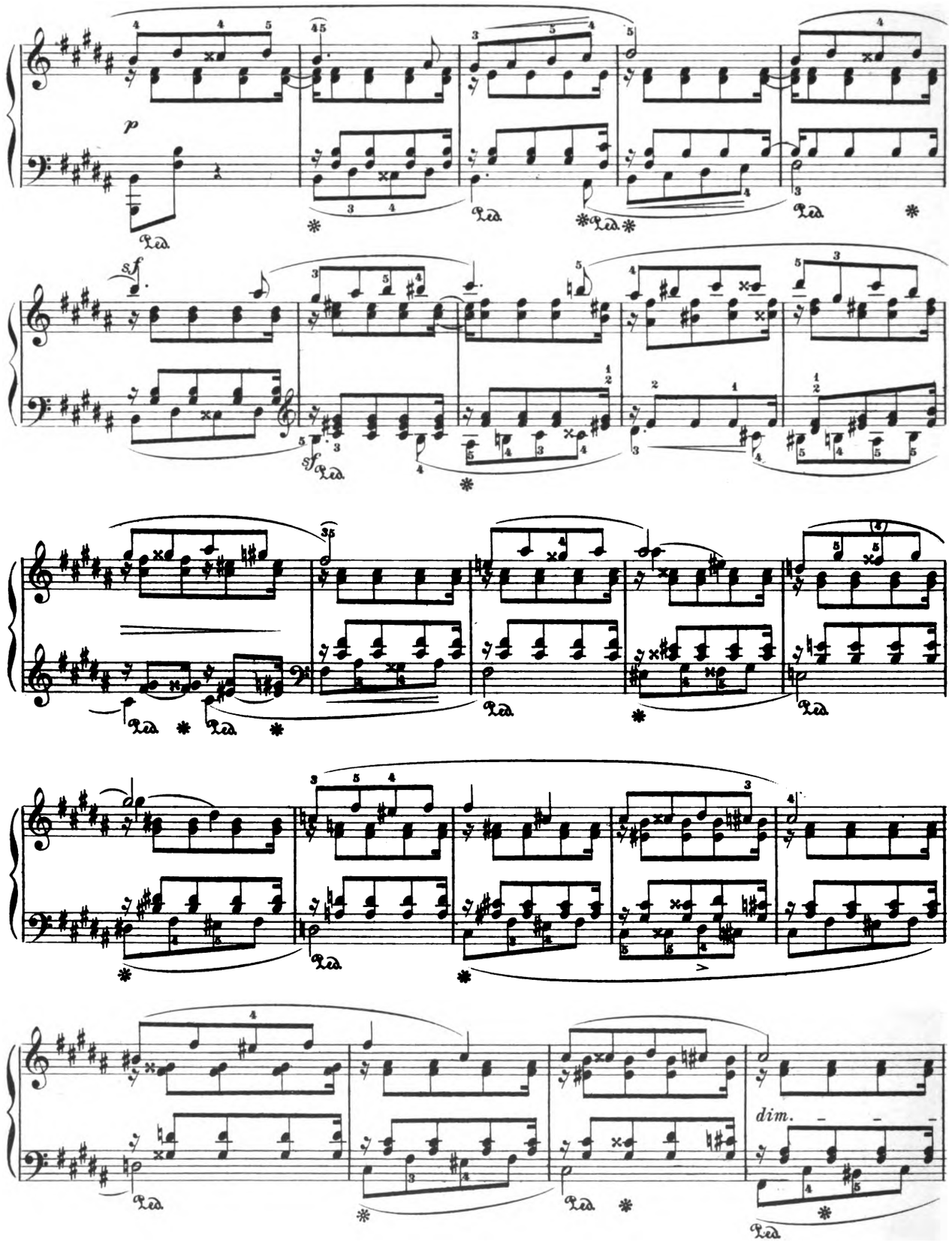

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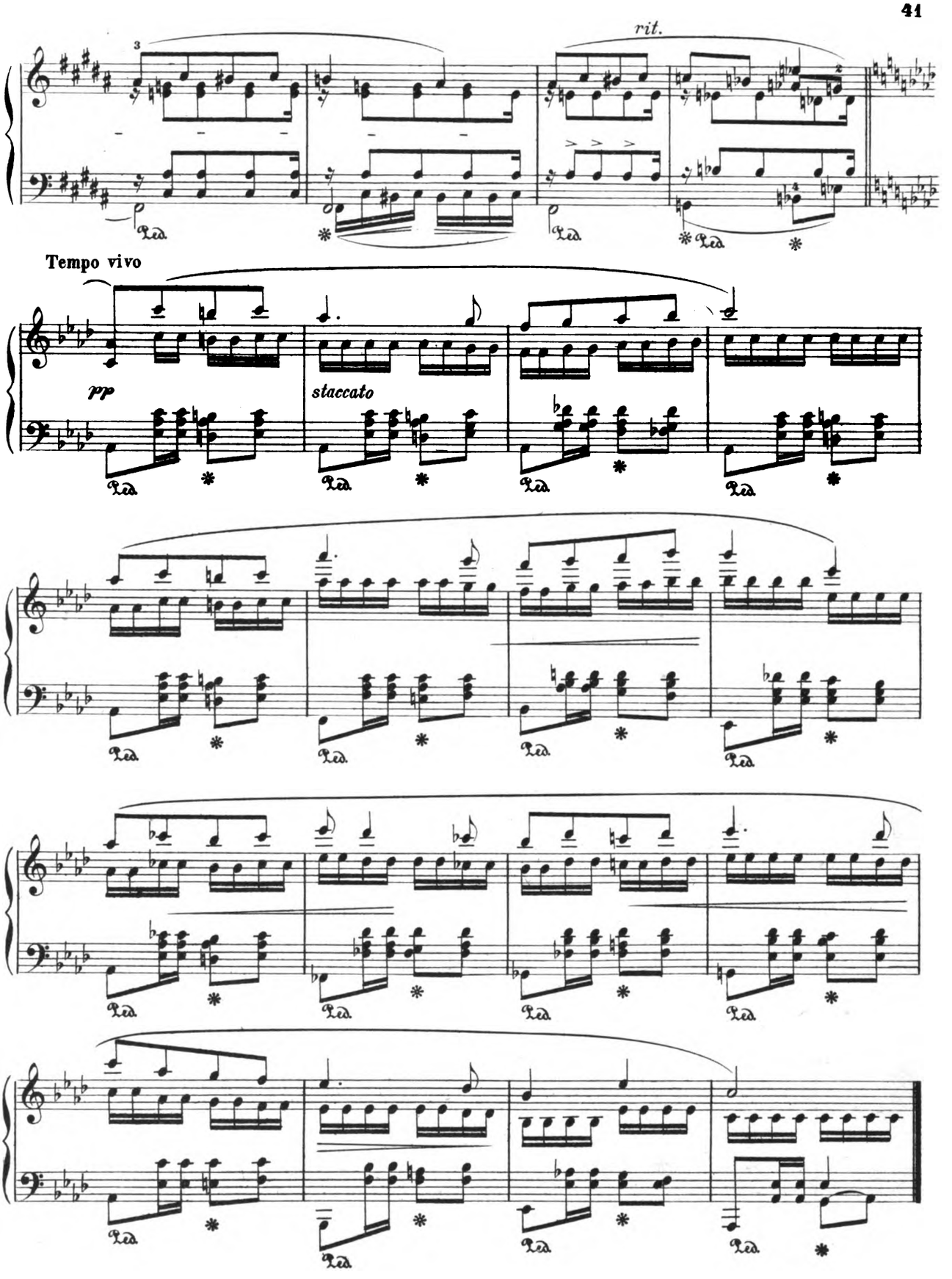

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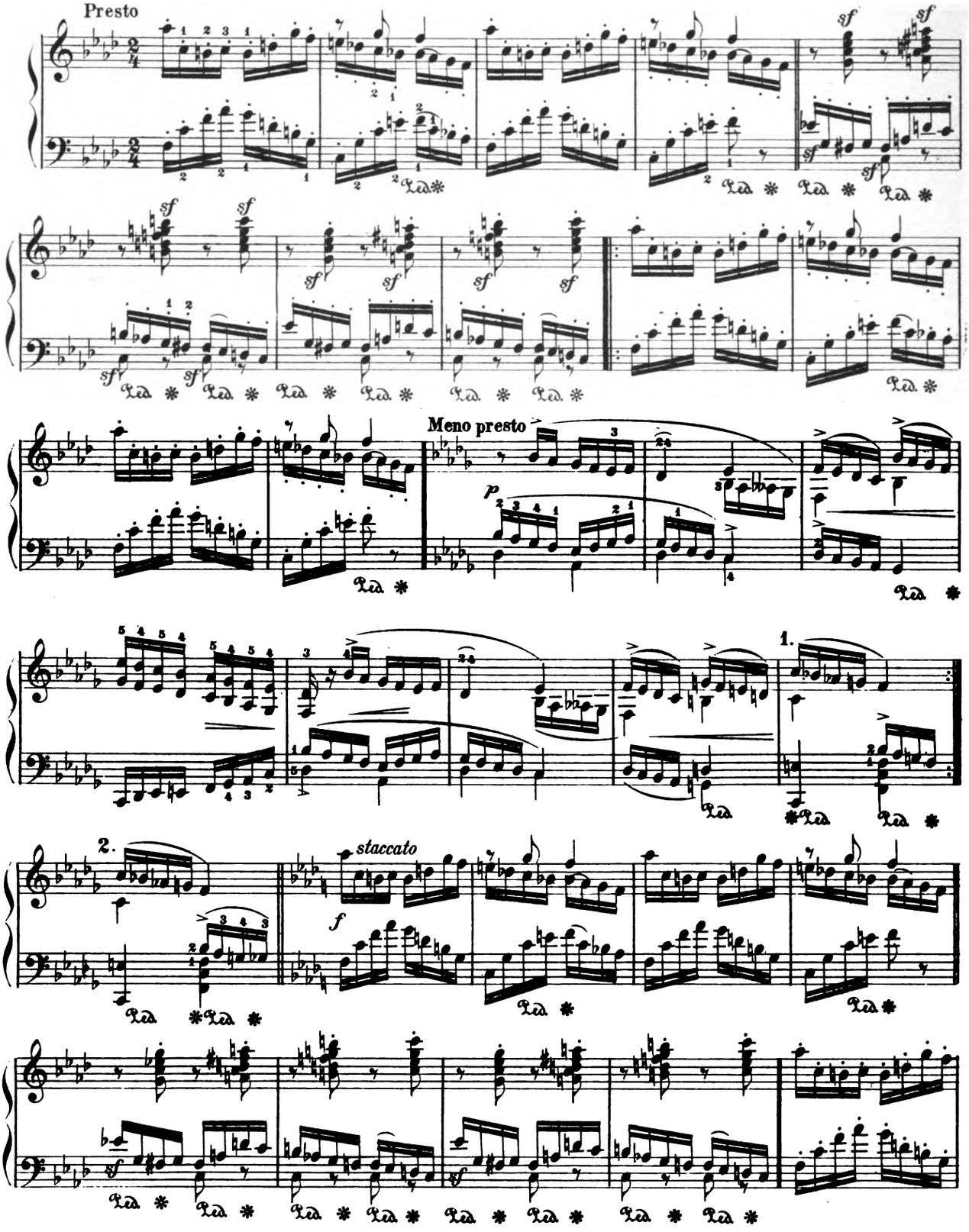

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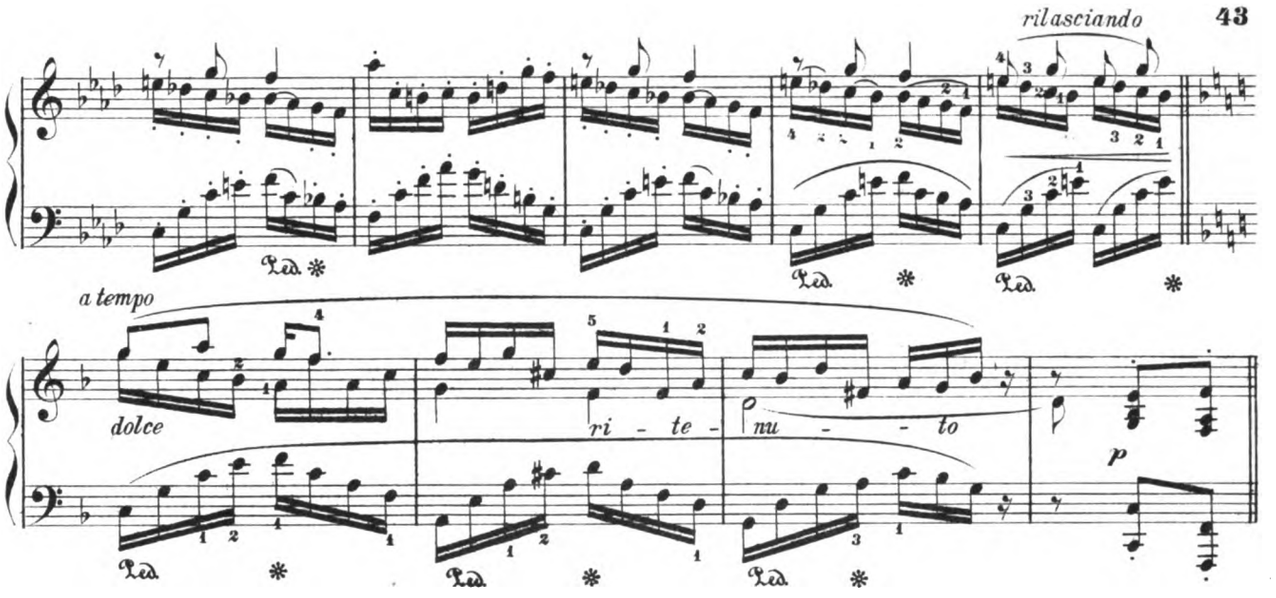
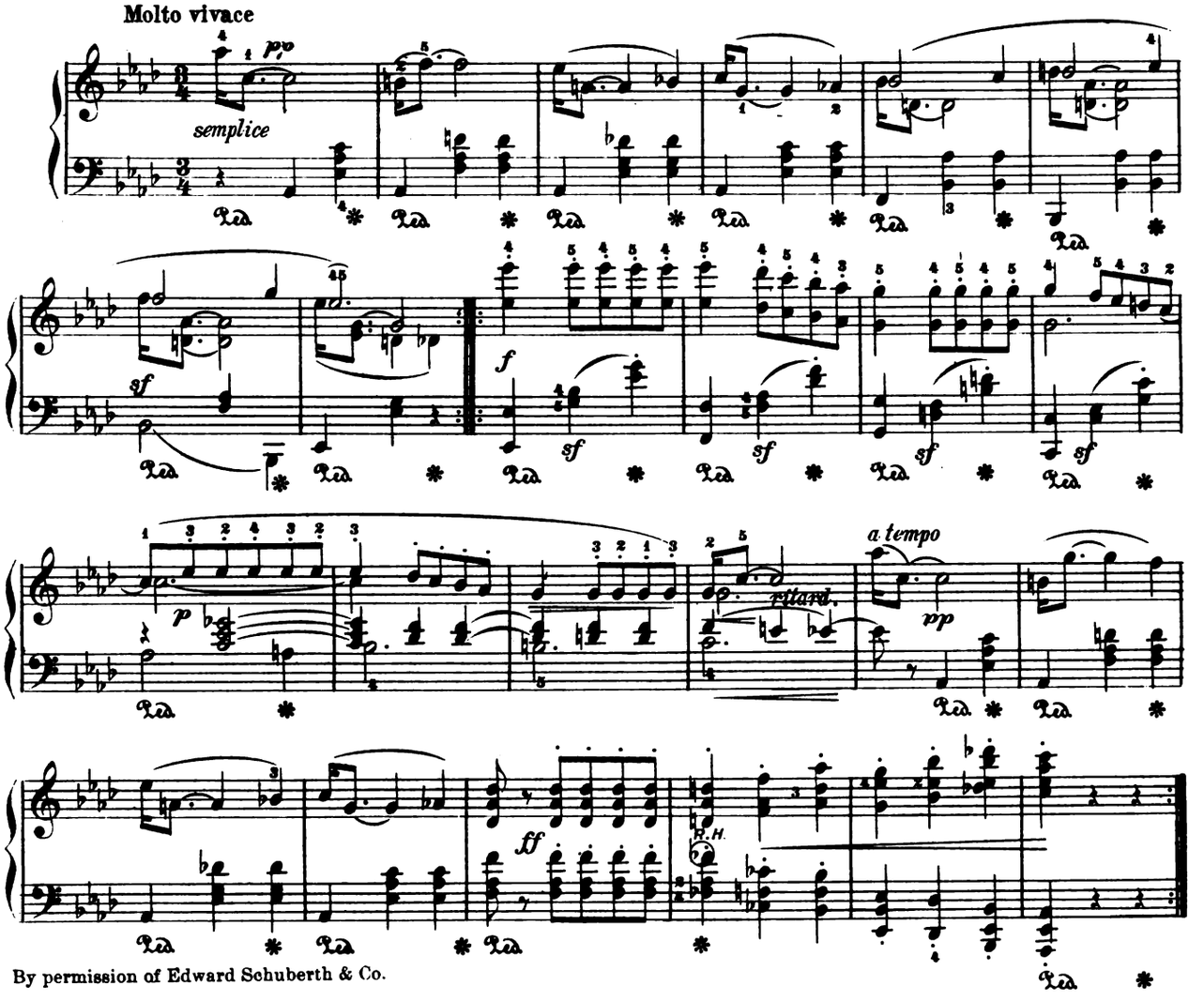


VALSE ALLEMANDE



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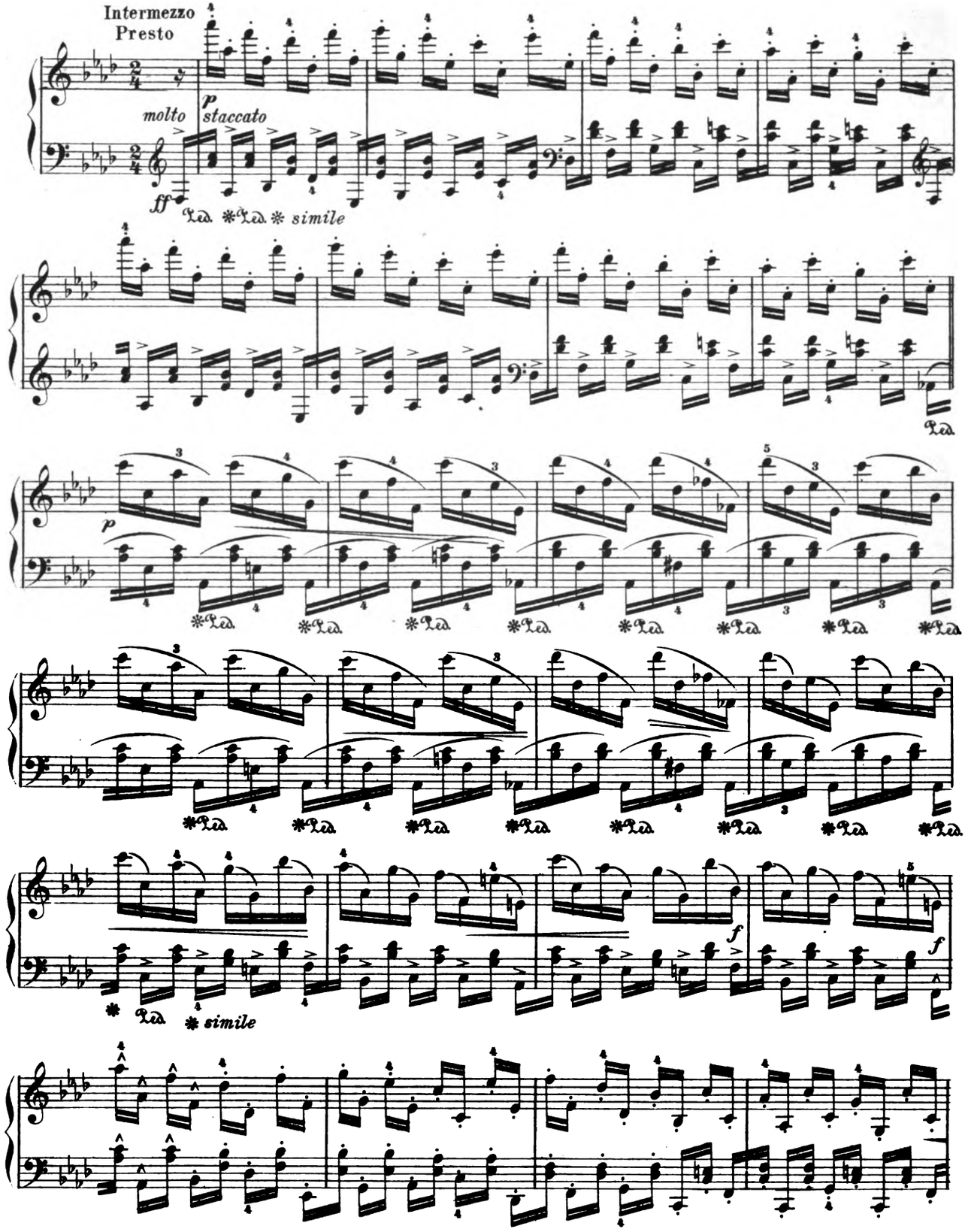

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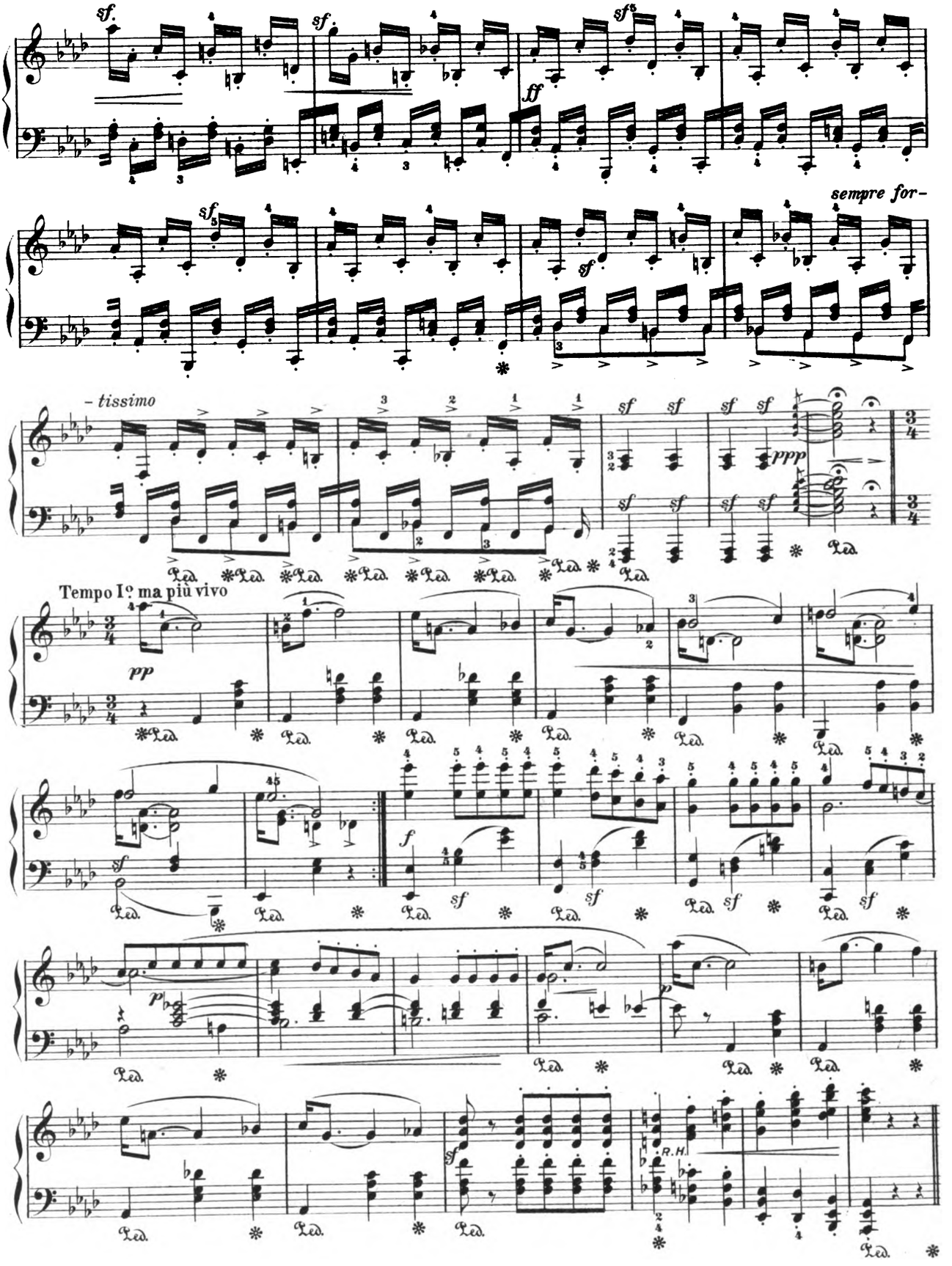

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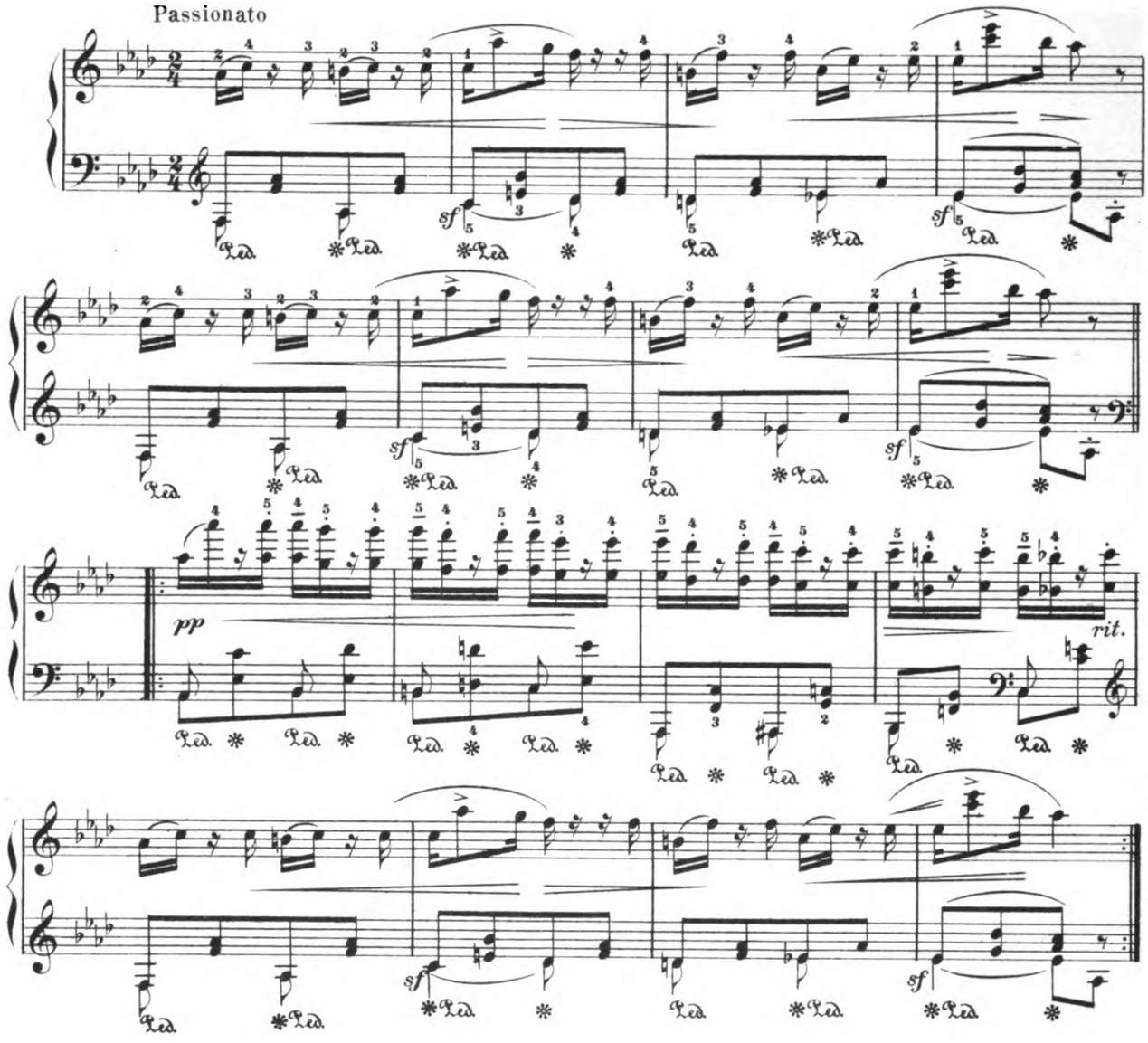

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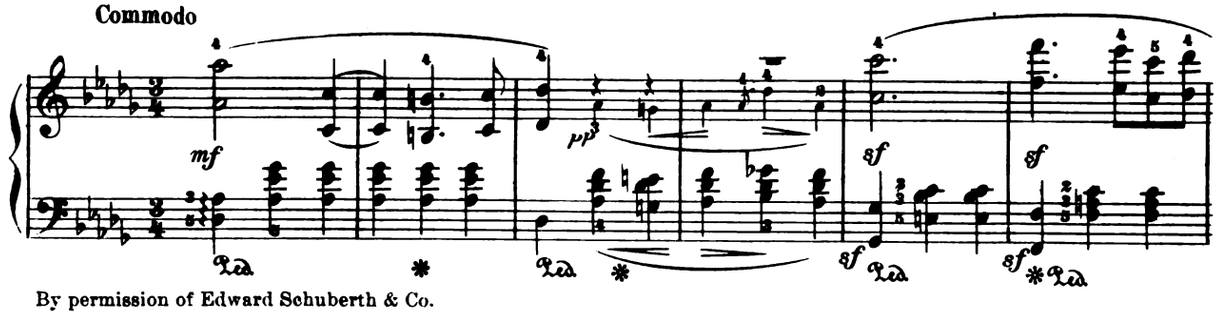
PROMENADE



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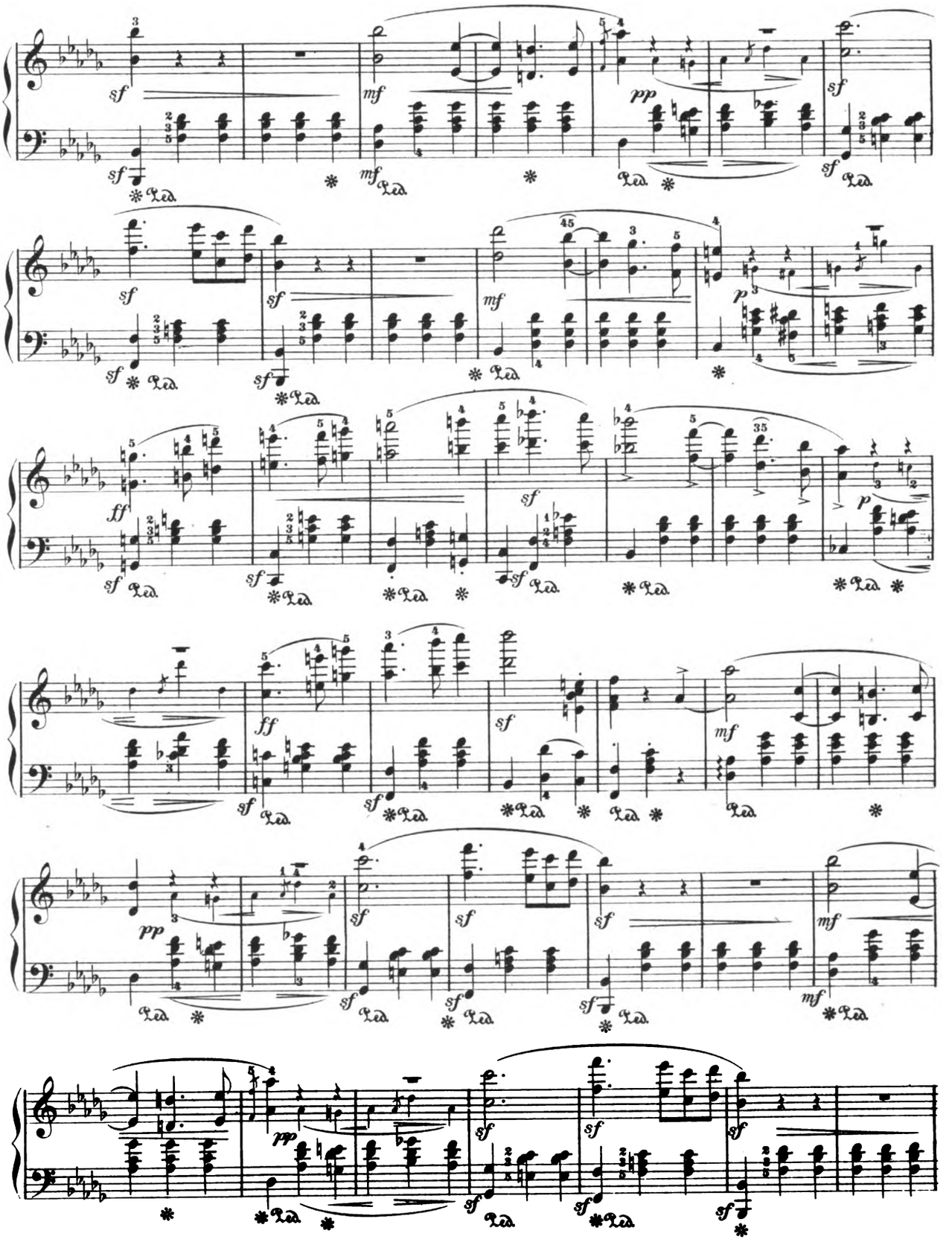

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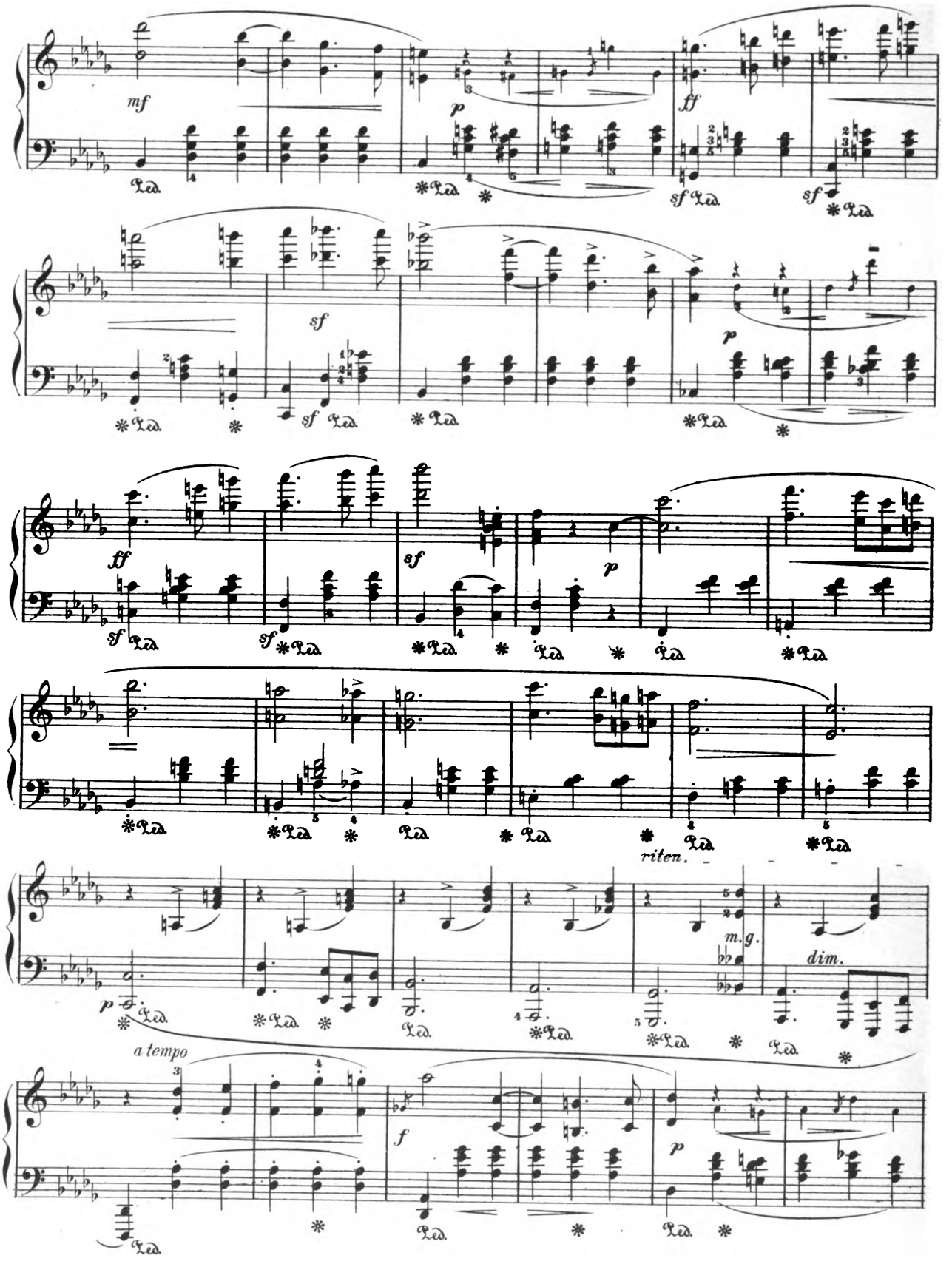

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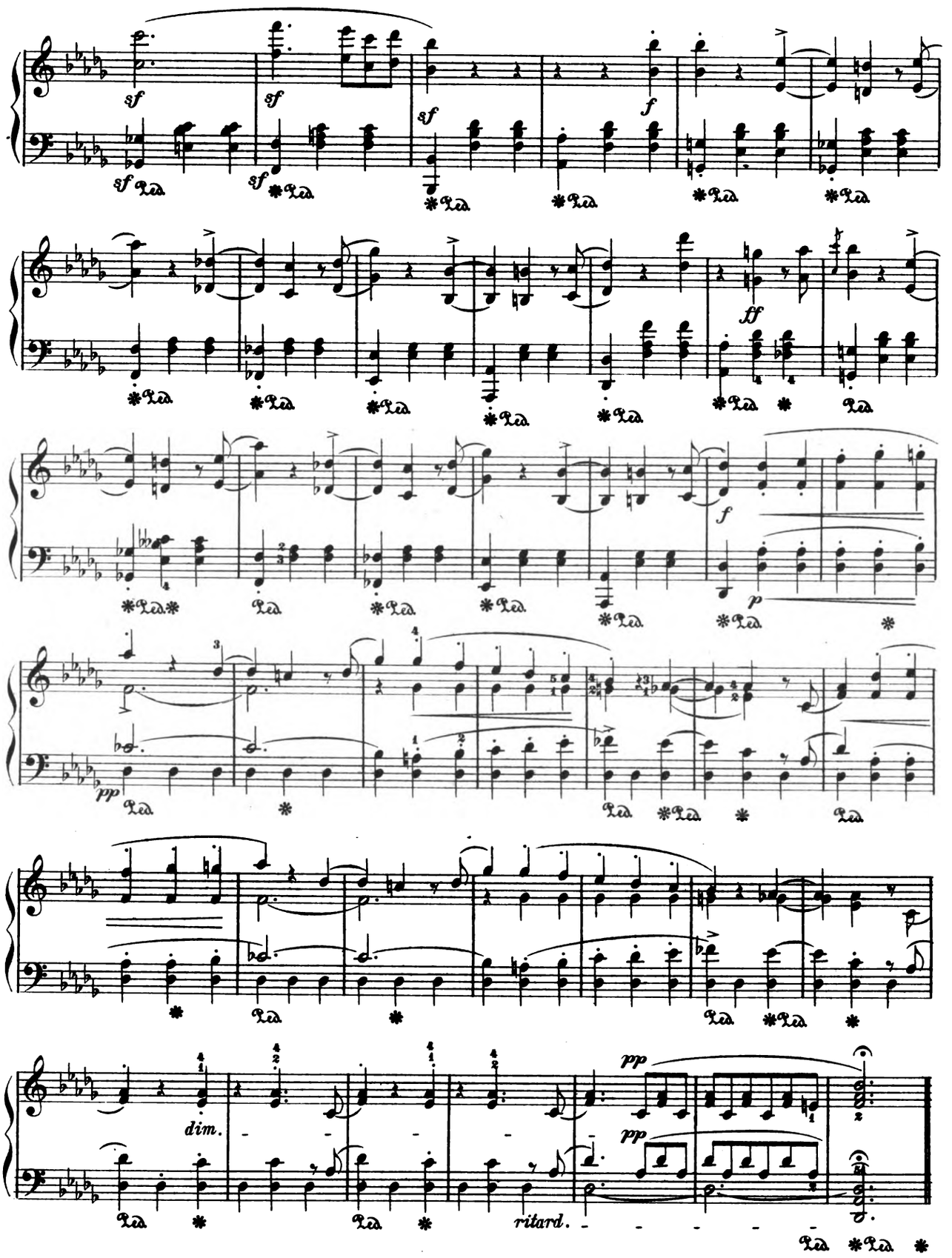

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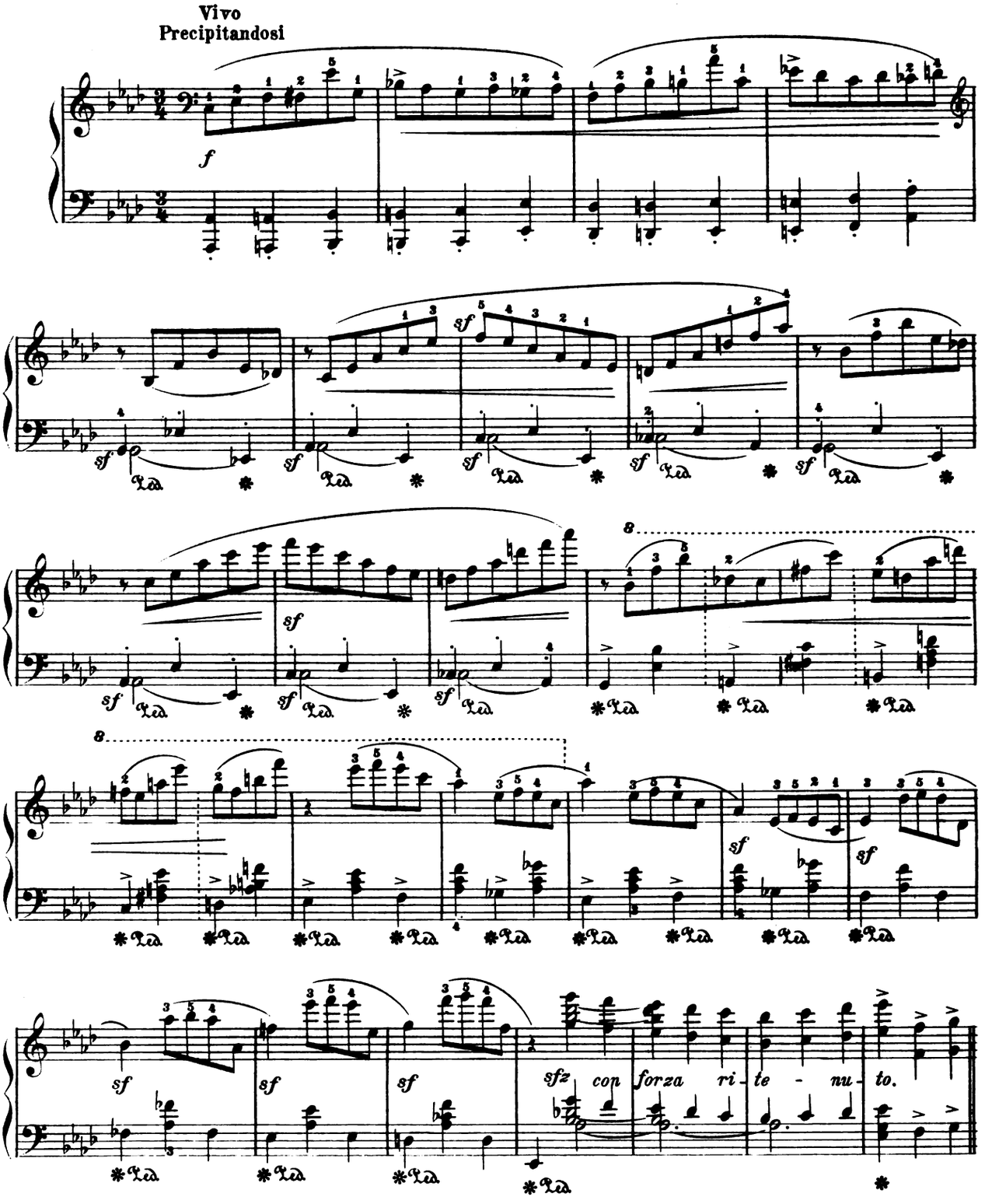

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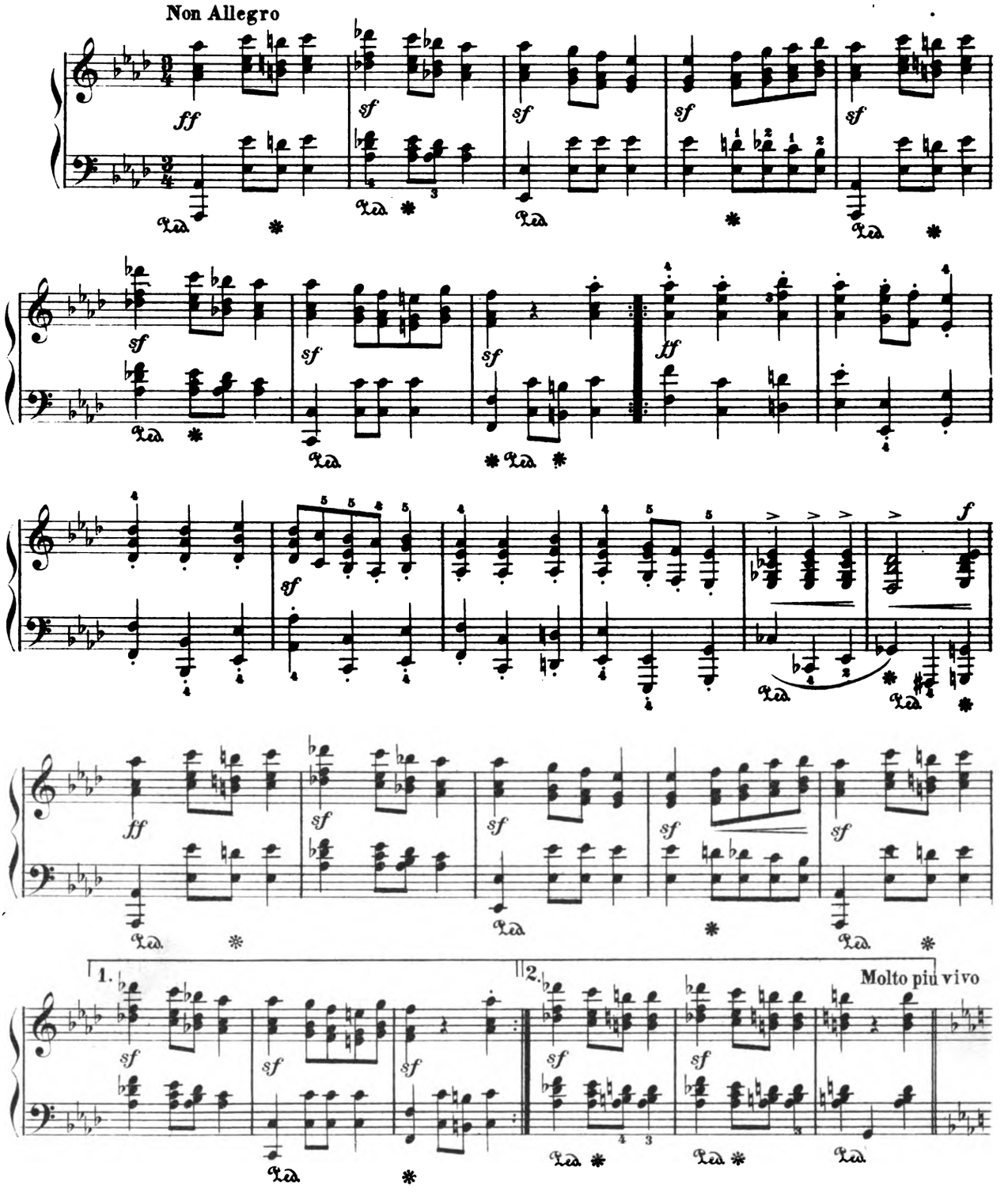
MARCHE DES DAVIDSBÜNDLER CONTRE LES PHILISTINS



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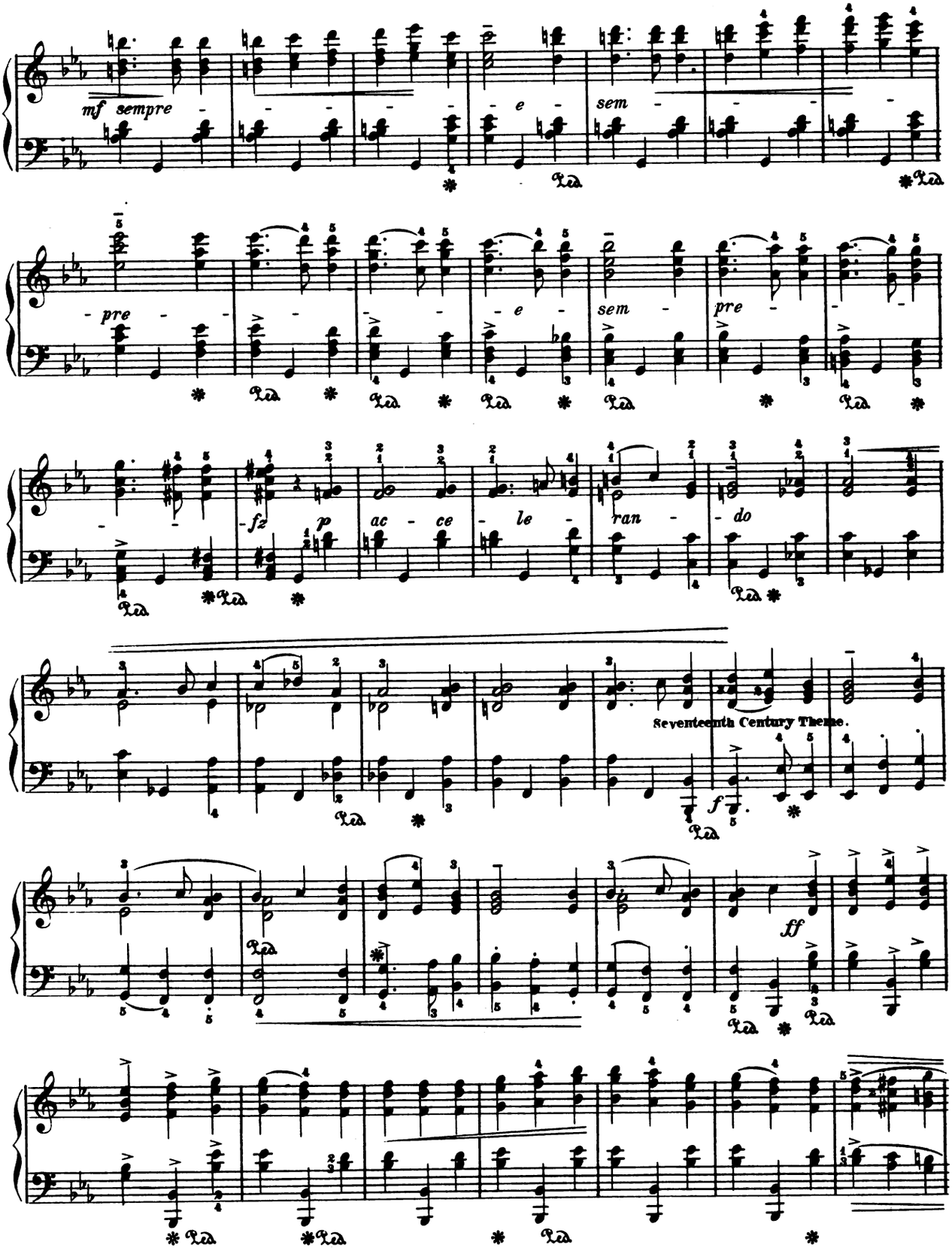

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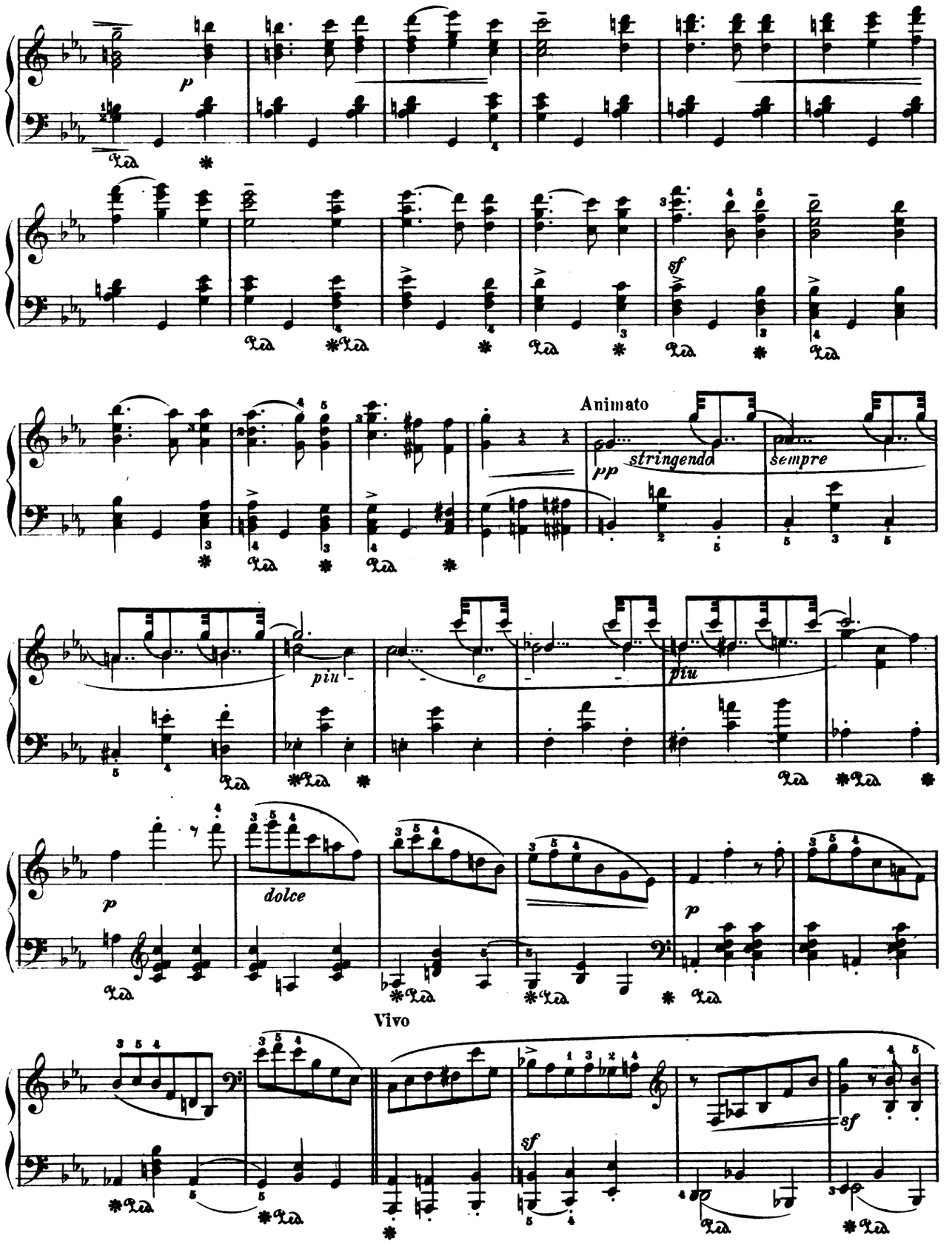

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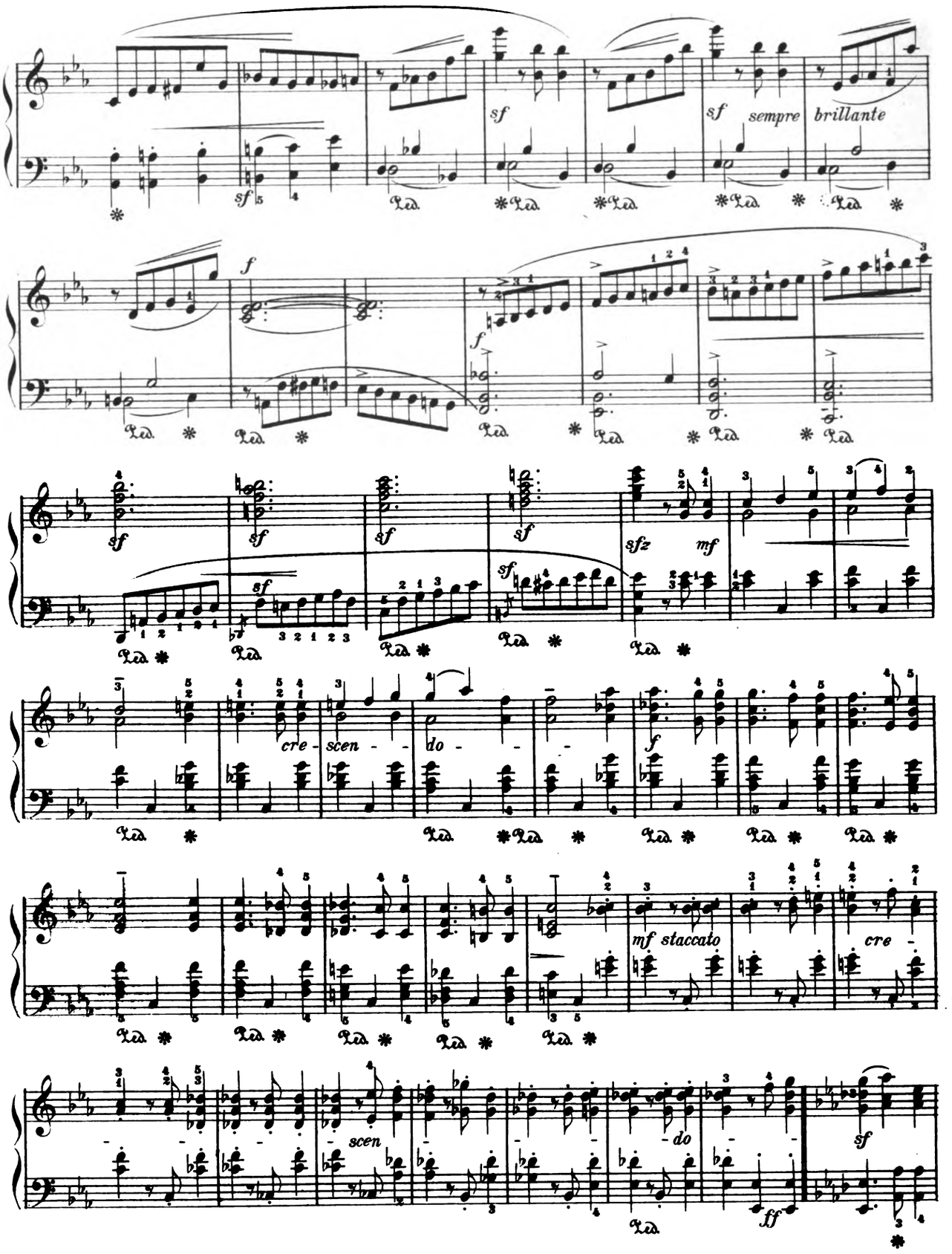

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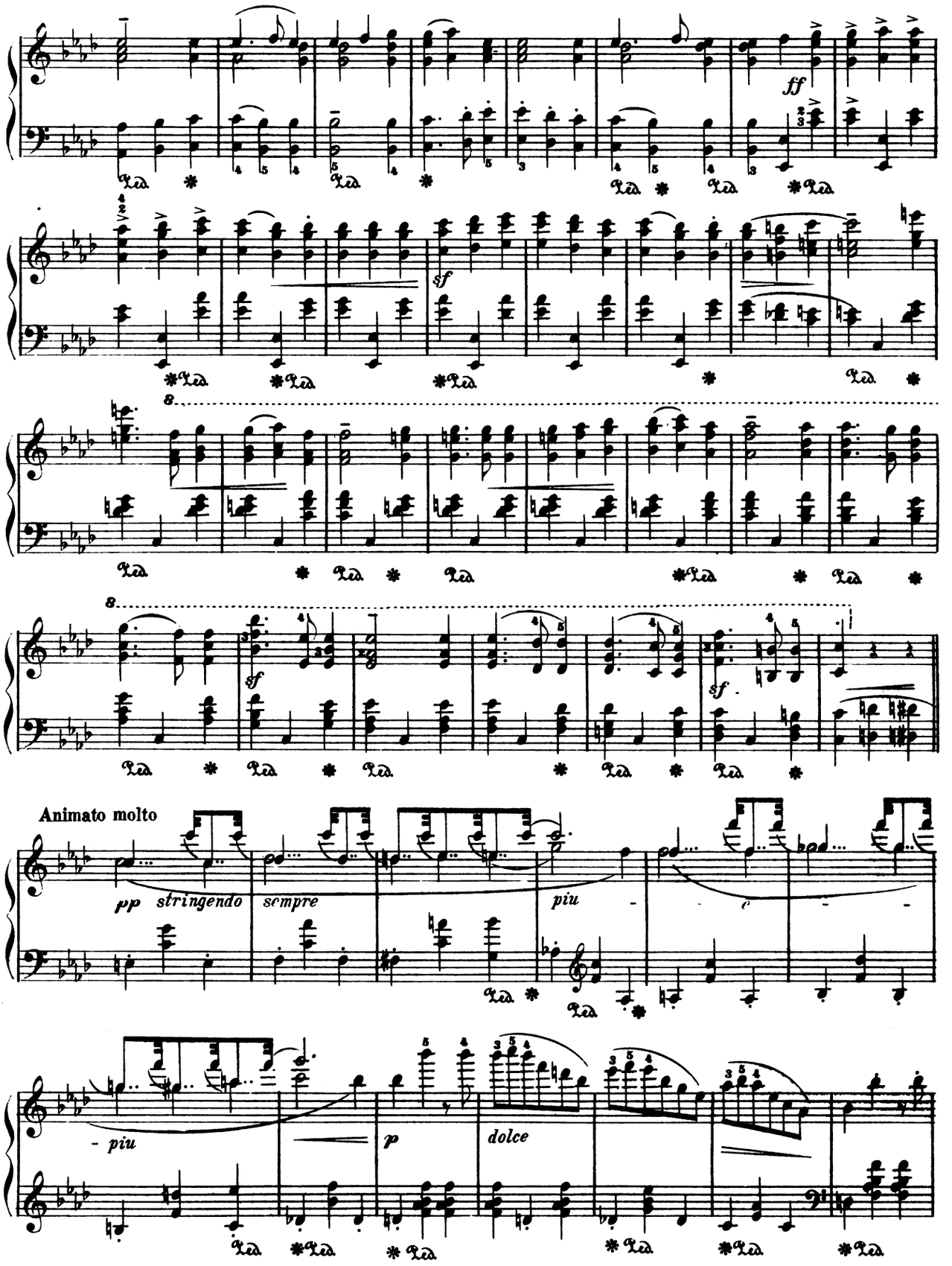

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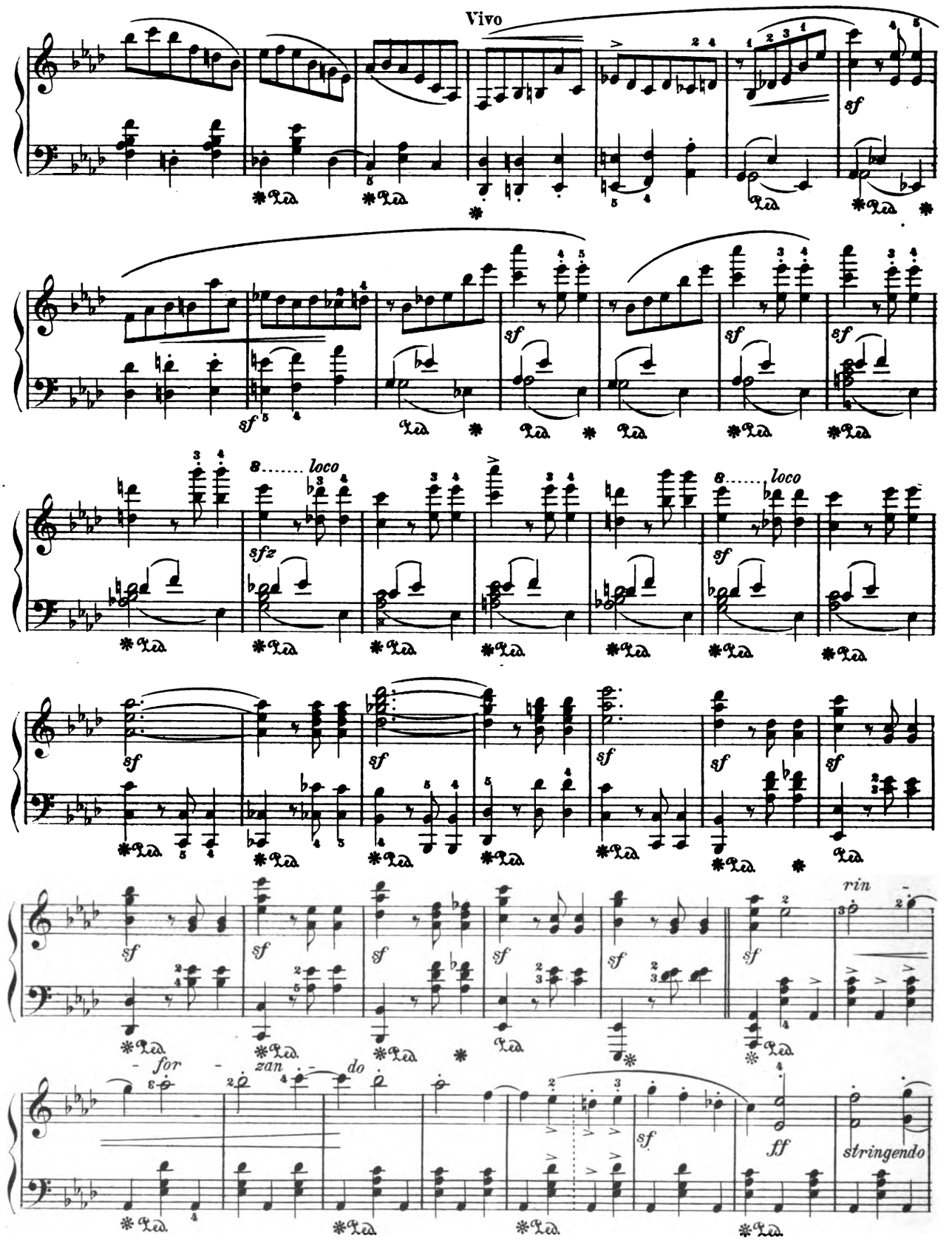

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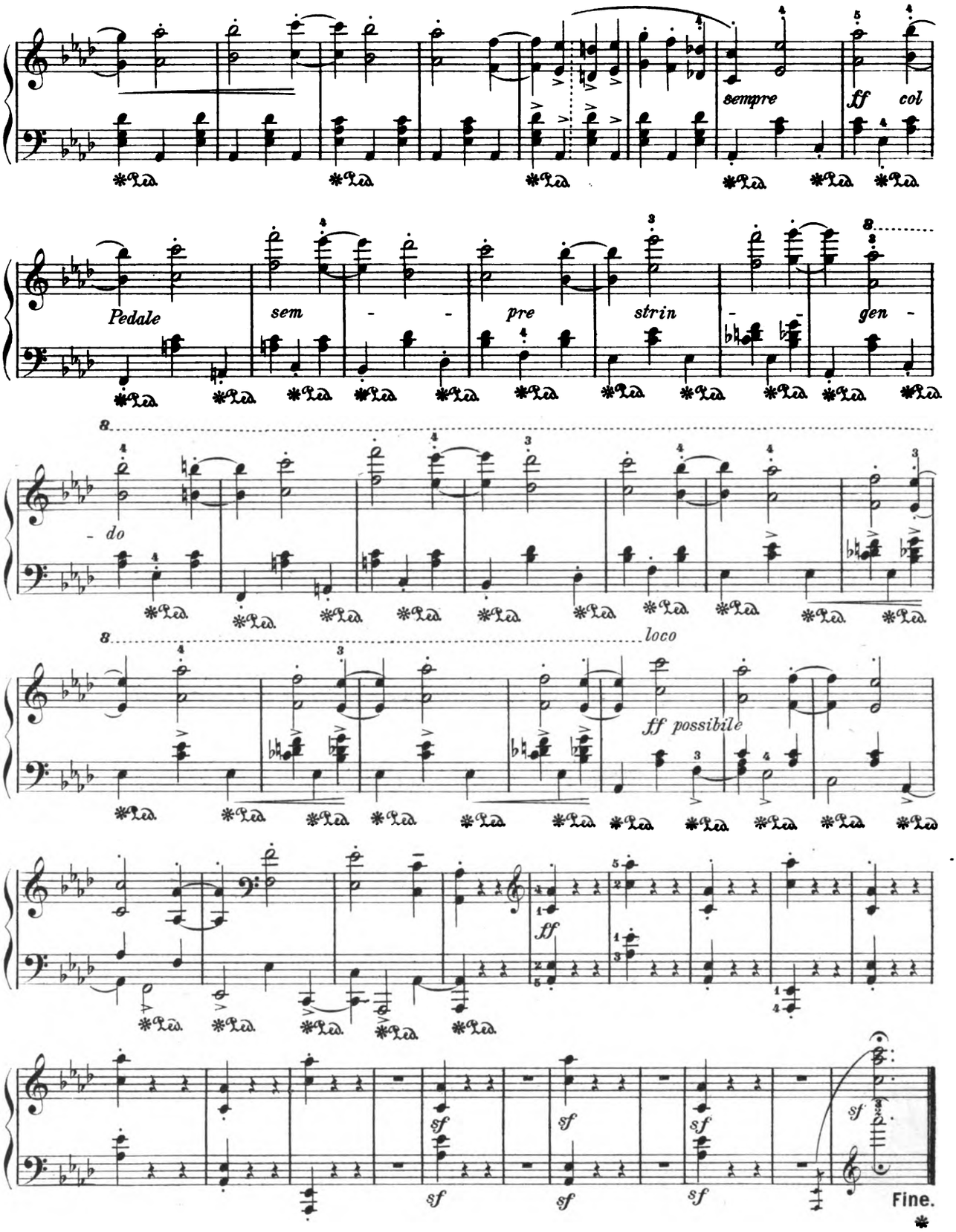

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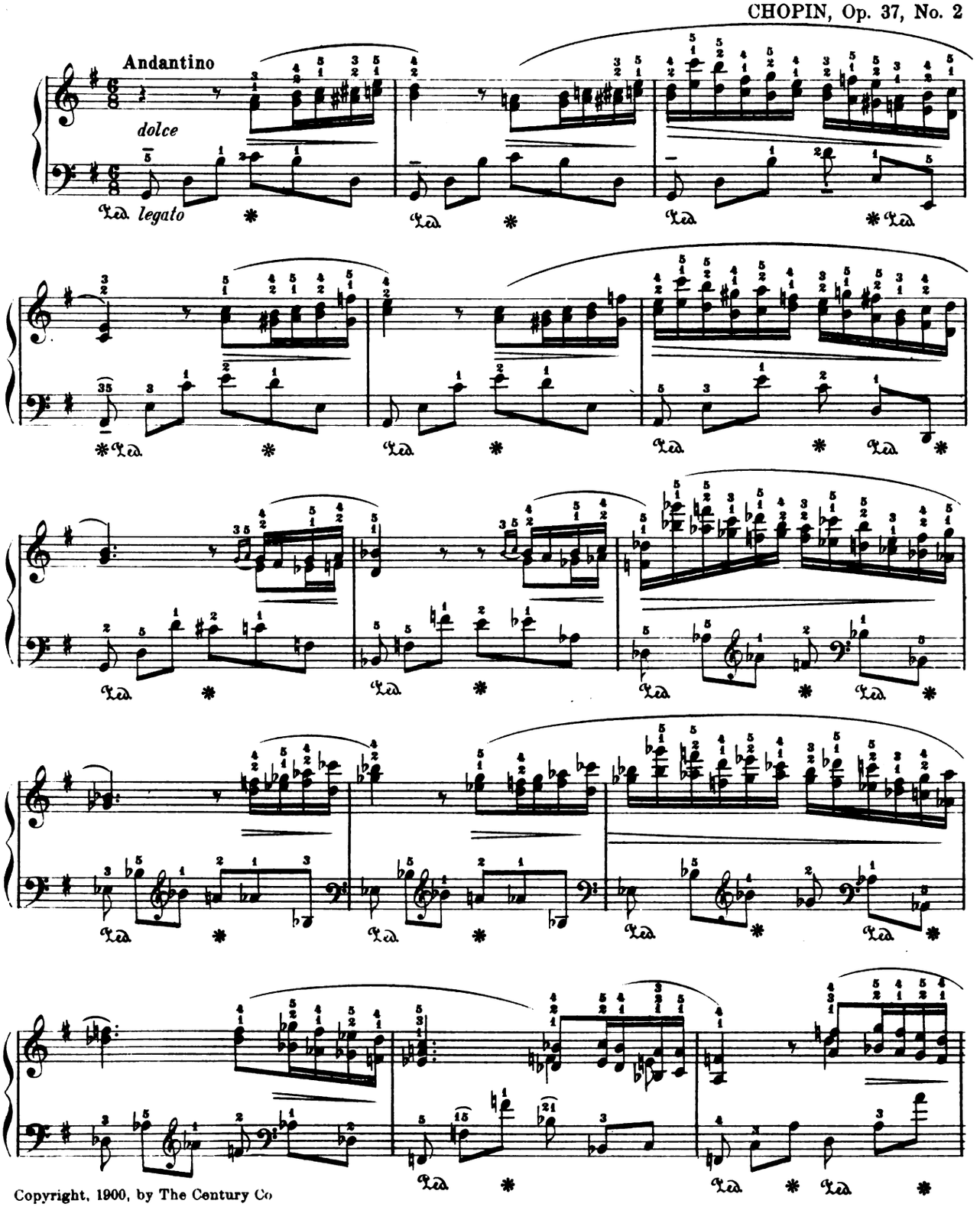
NOCTURNE

G MAJOR

CHOPIN, Op. 37, No. 2



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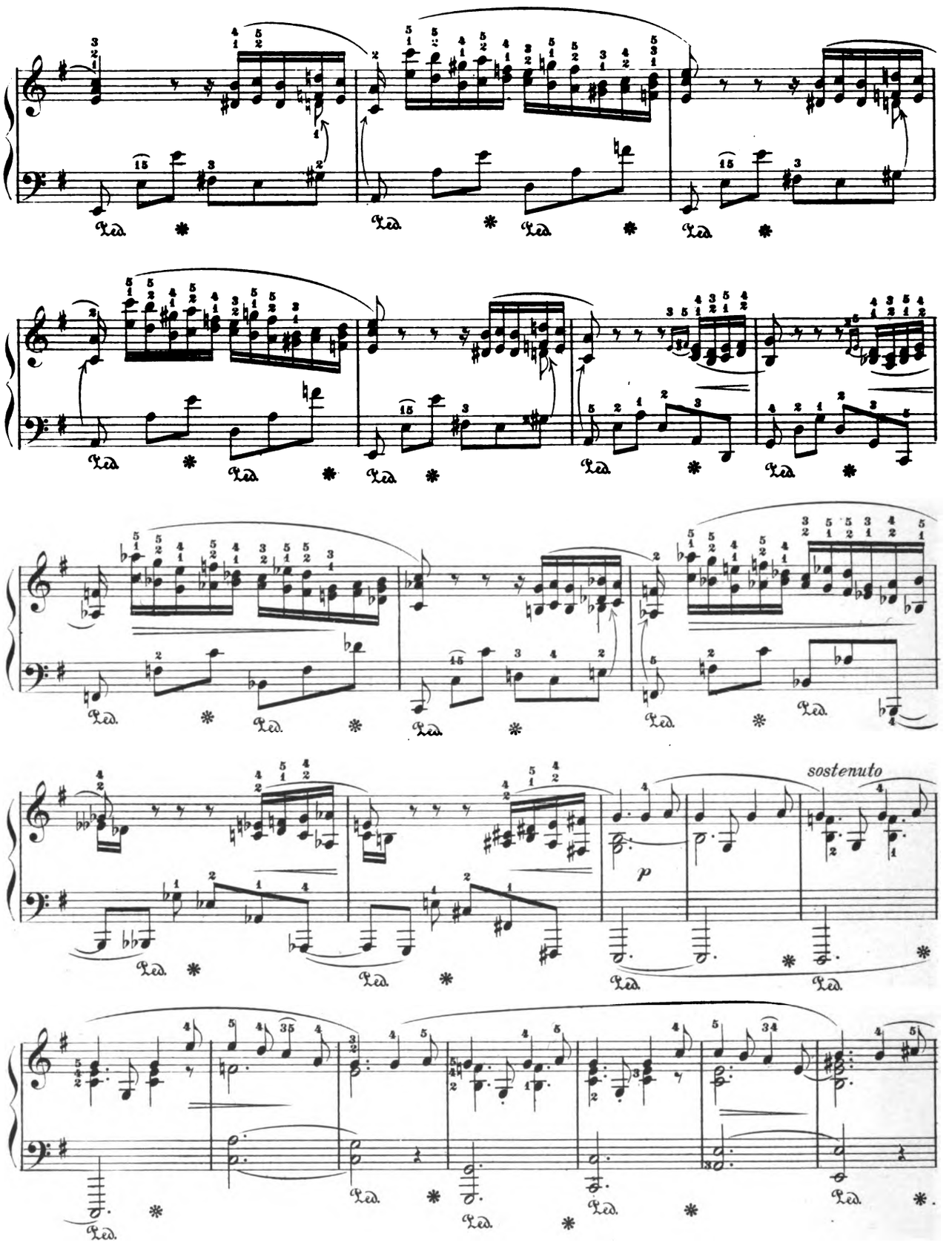

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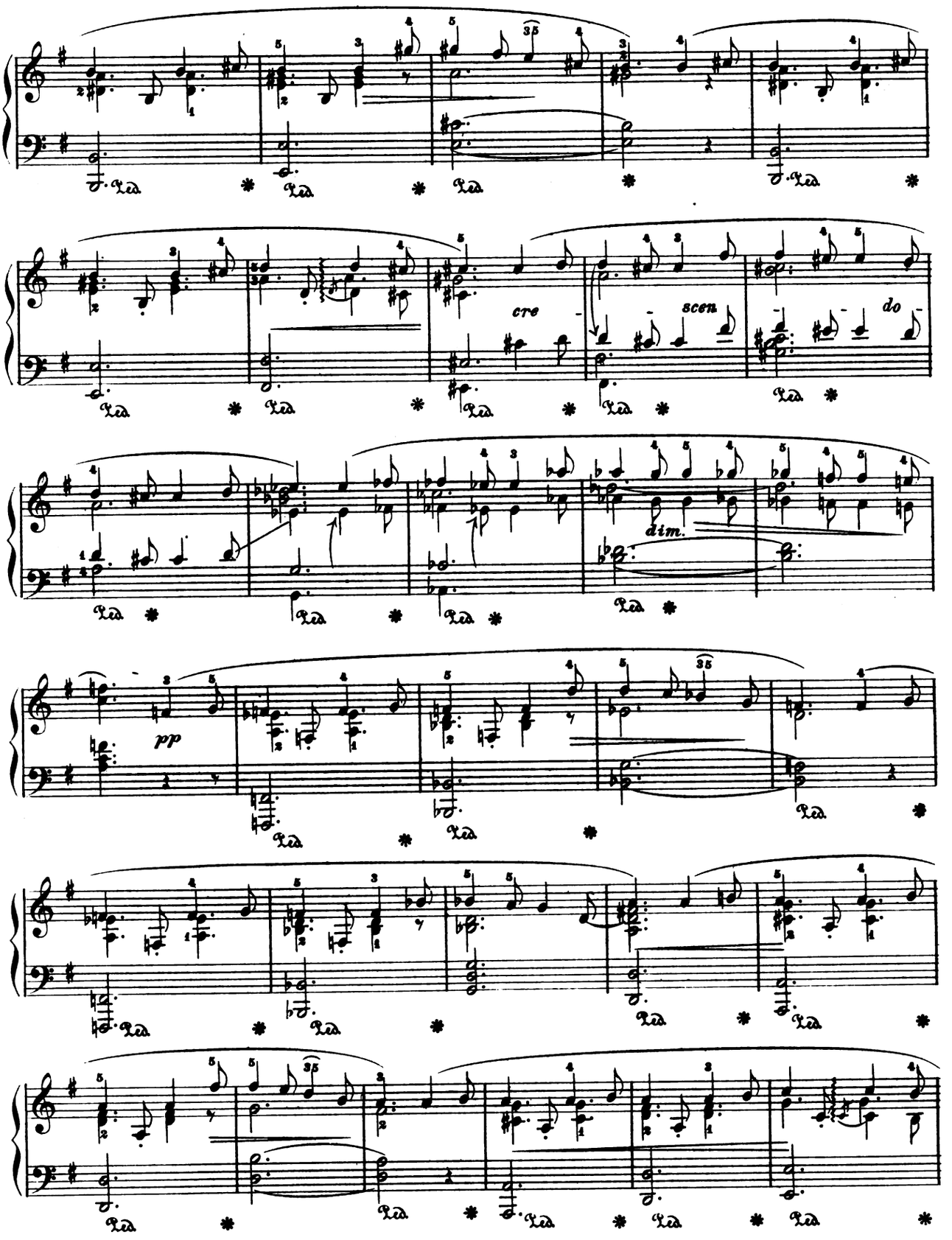

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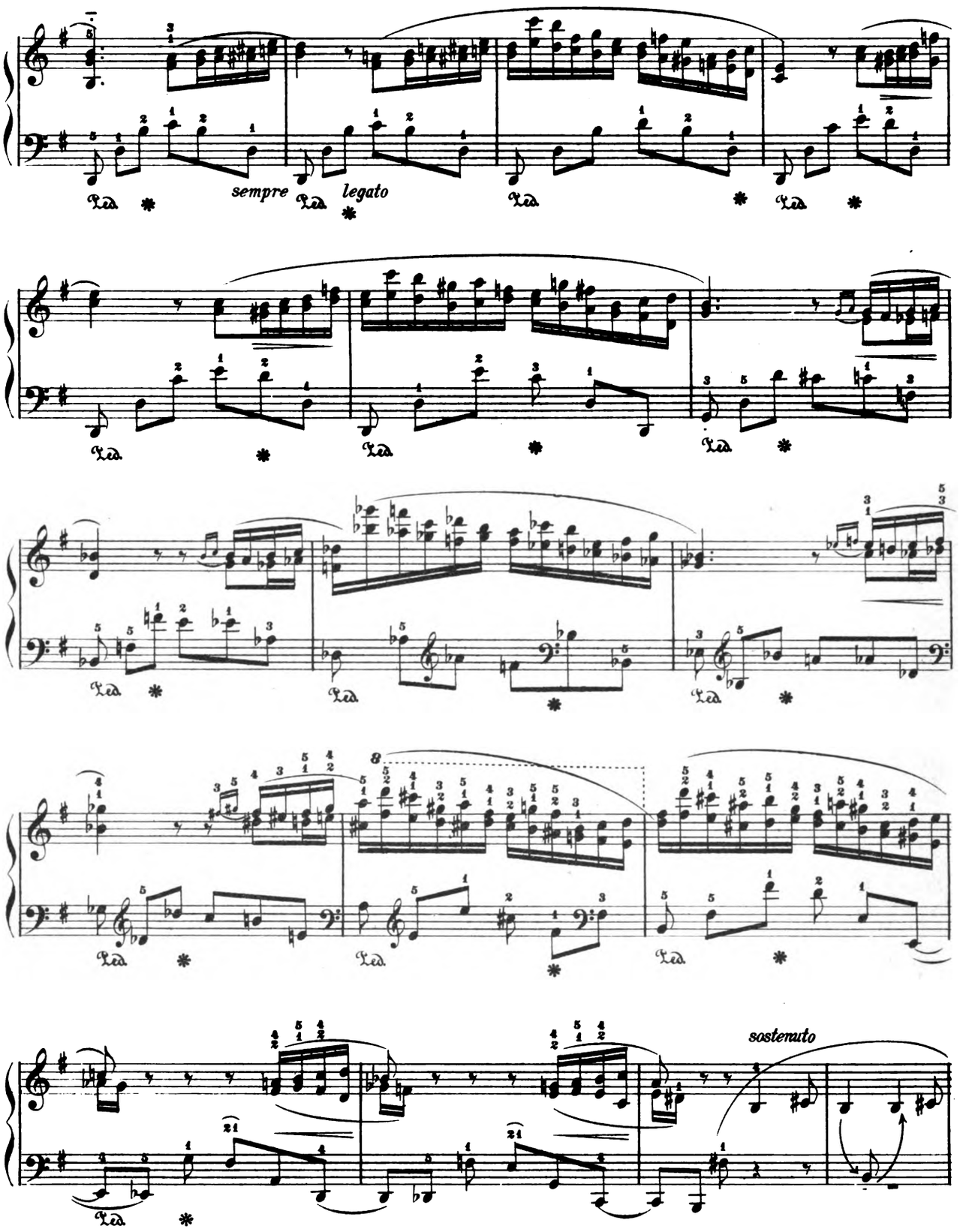

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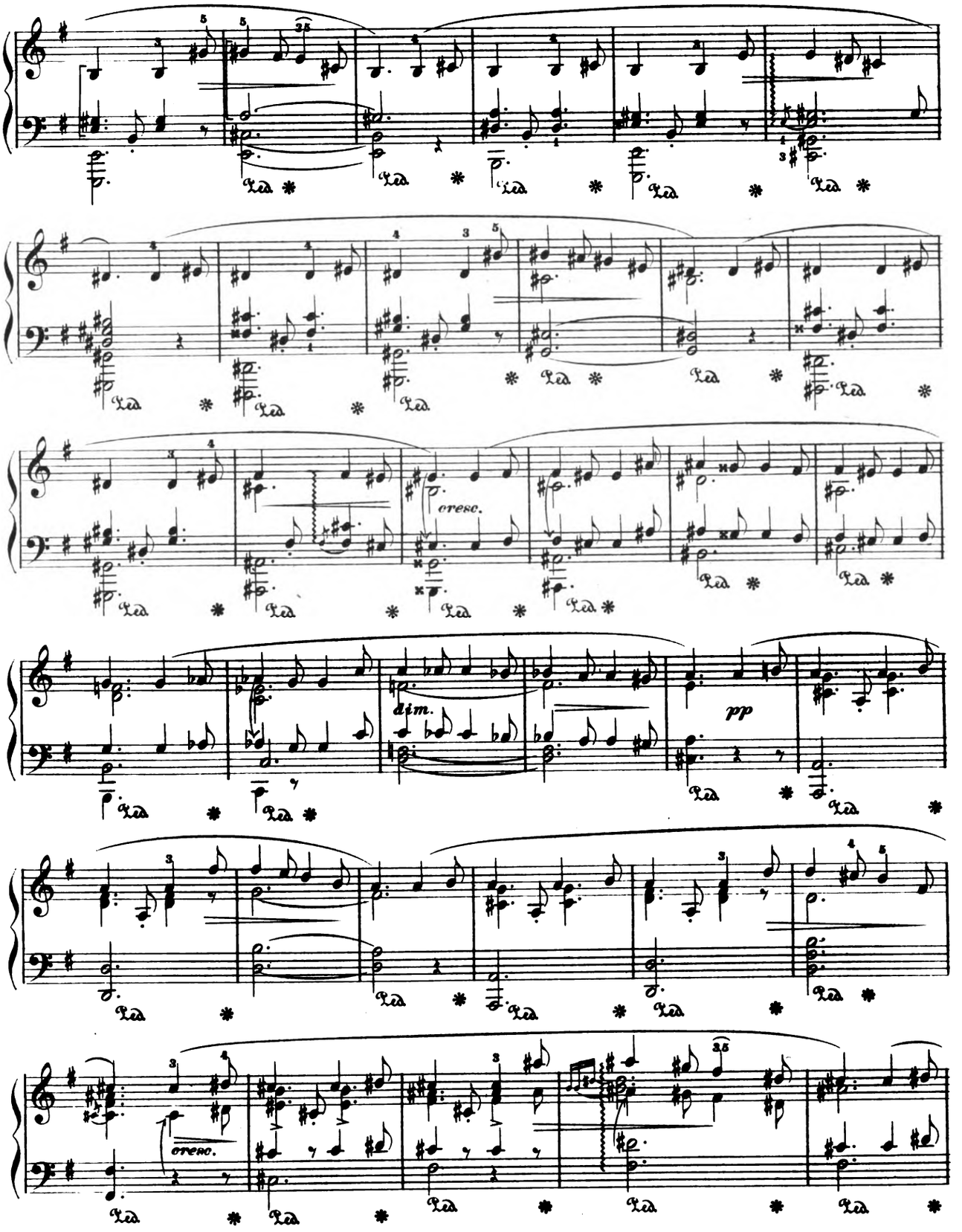

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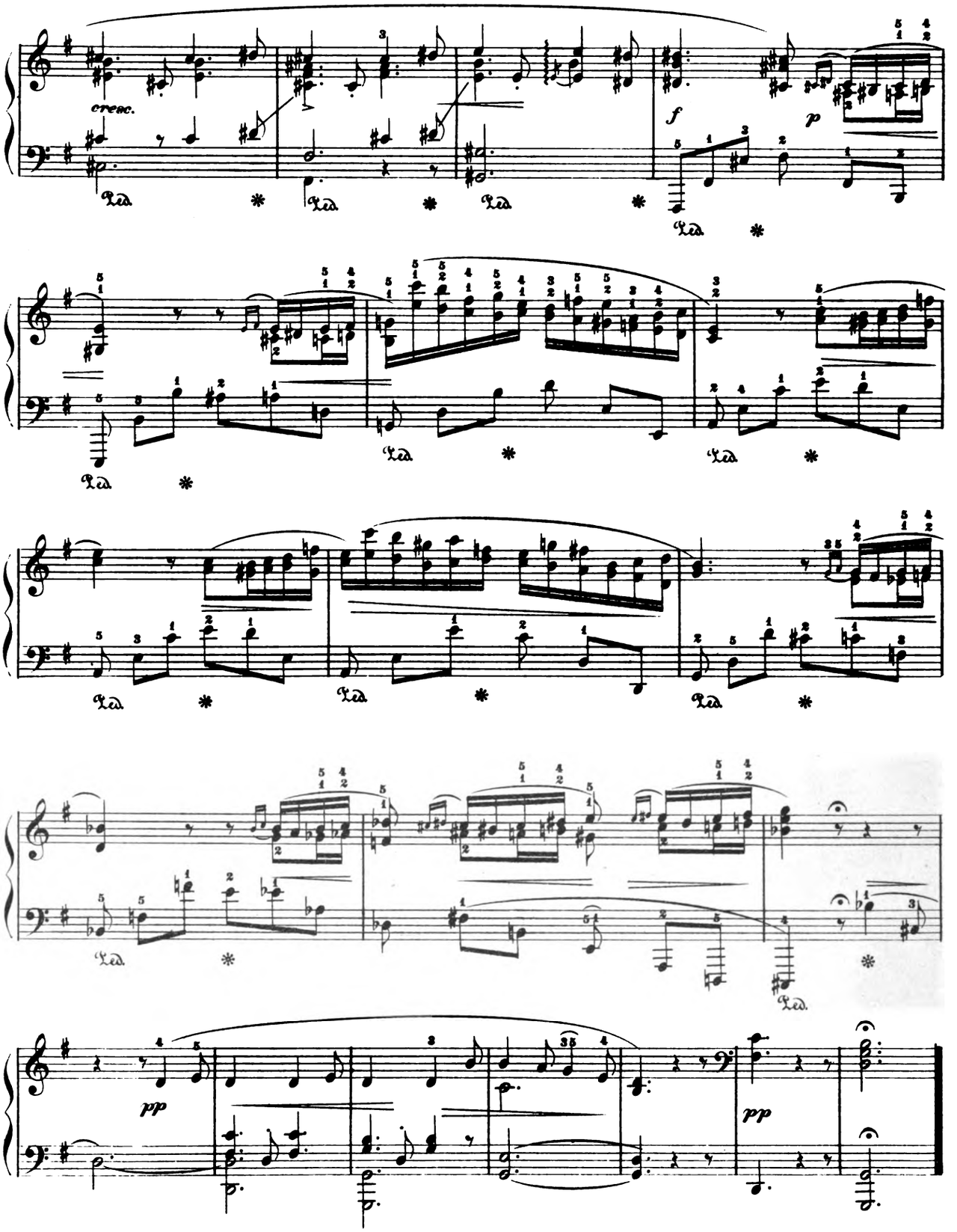

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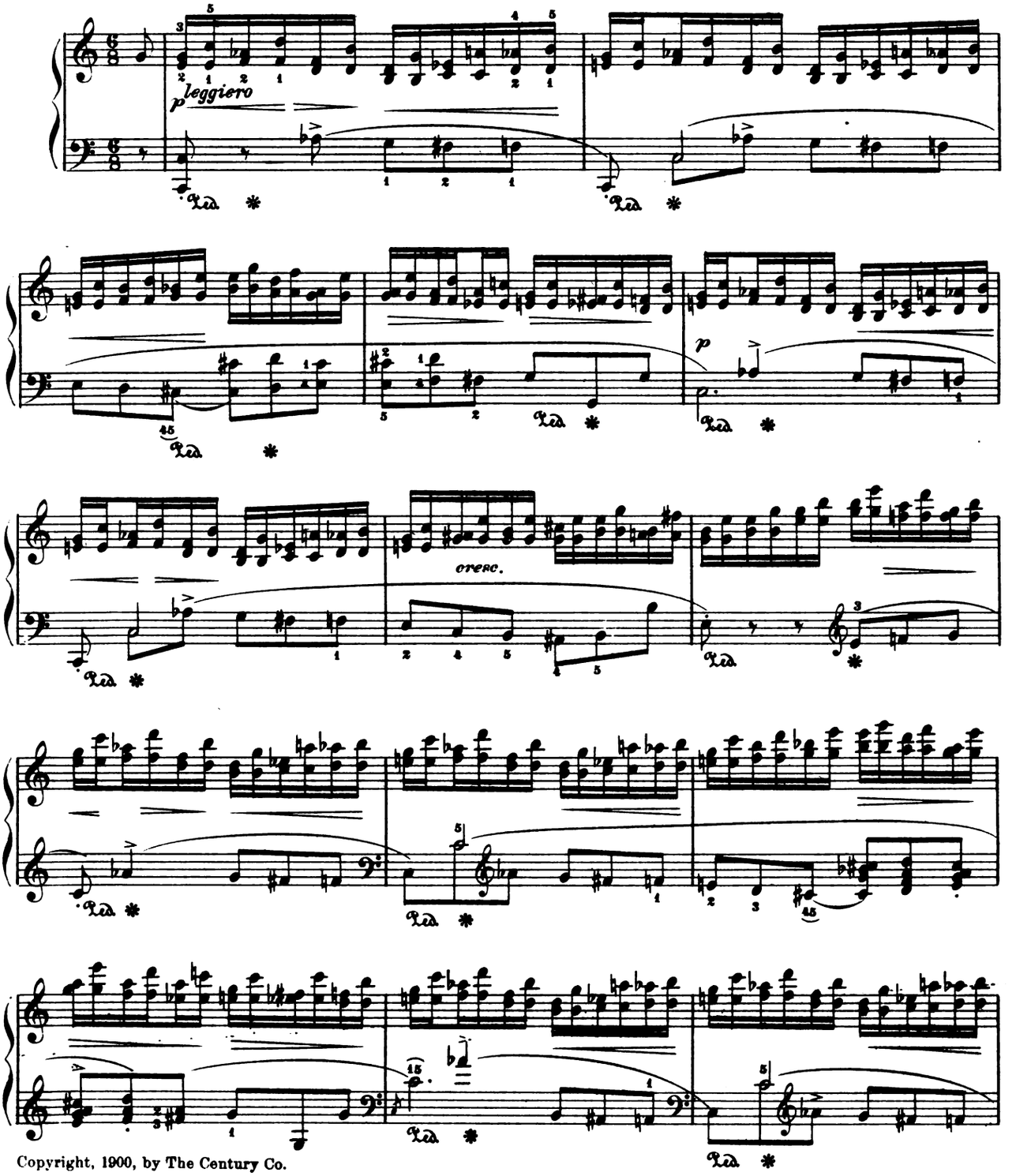
ÉTUDE

C MAJOR

CHOPIN, Op. 10, No. 7

Vivace (M.M. ♩. = 84)



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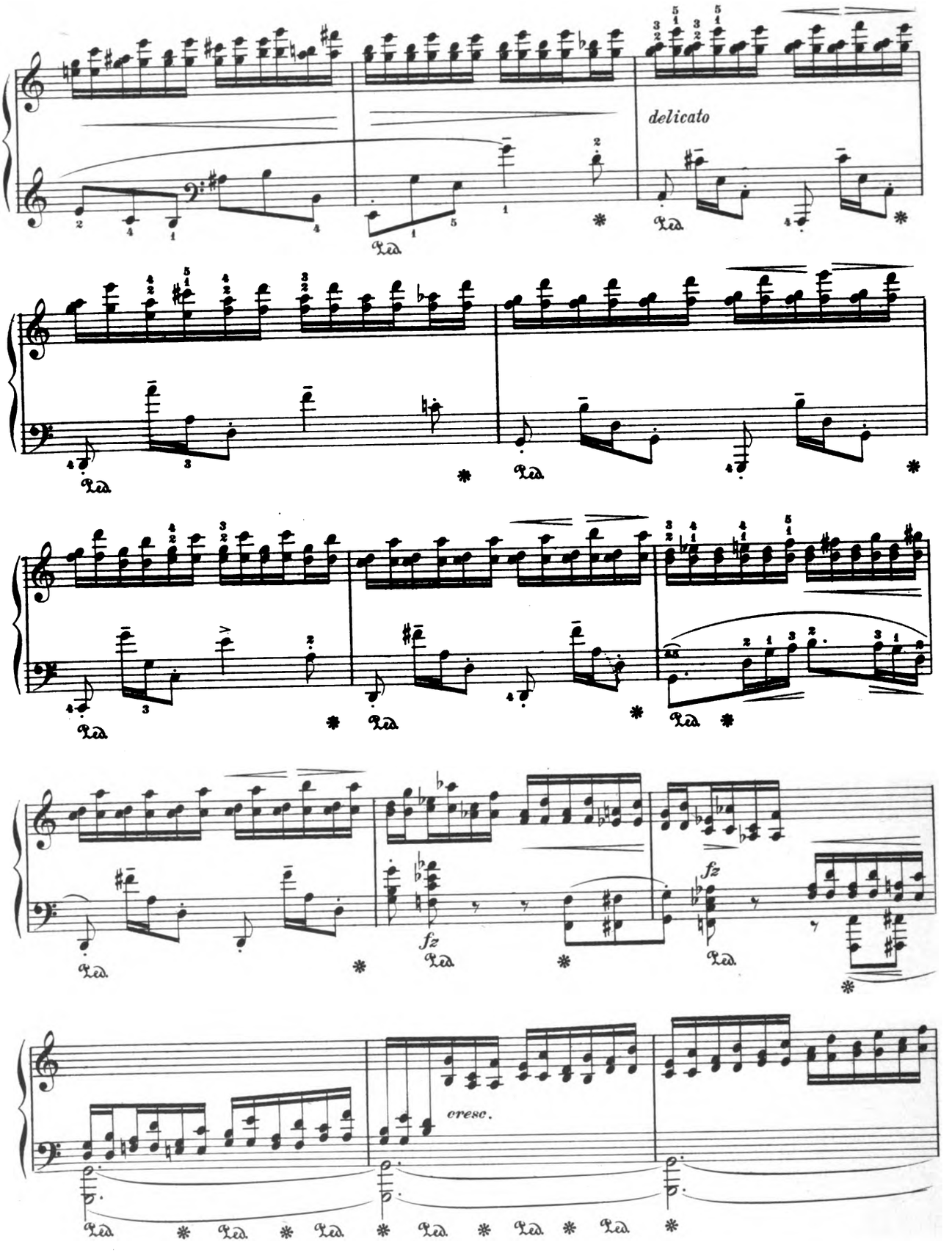

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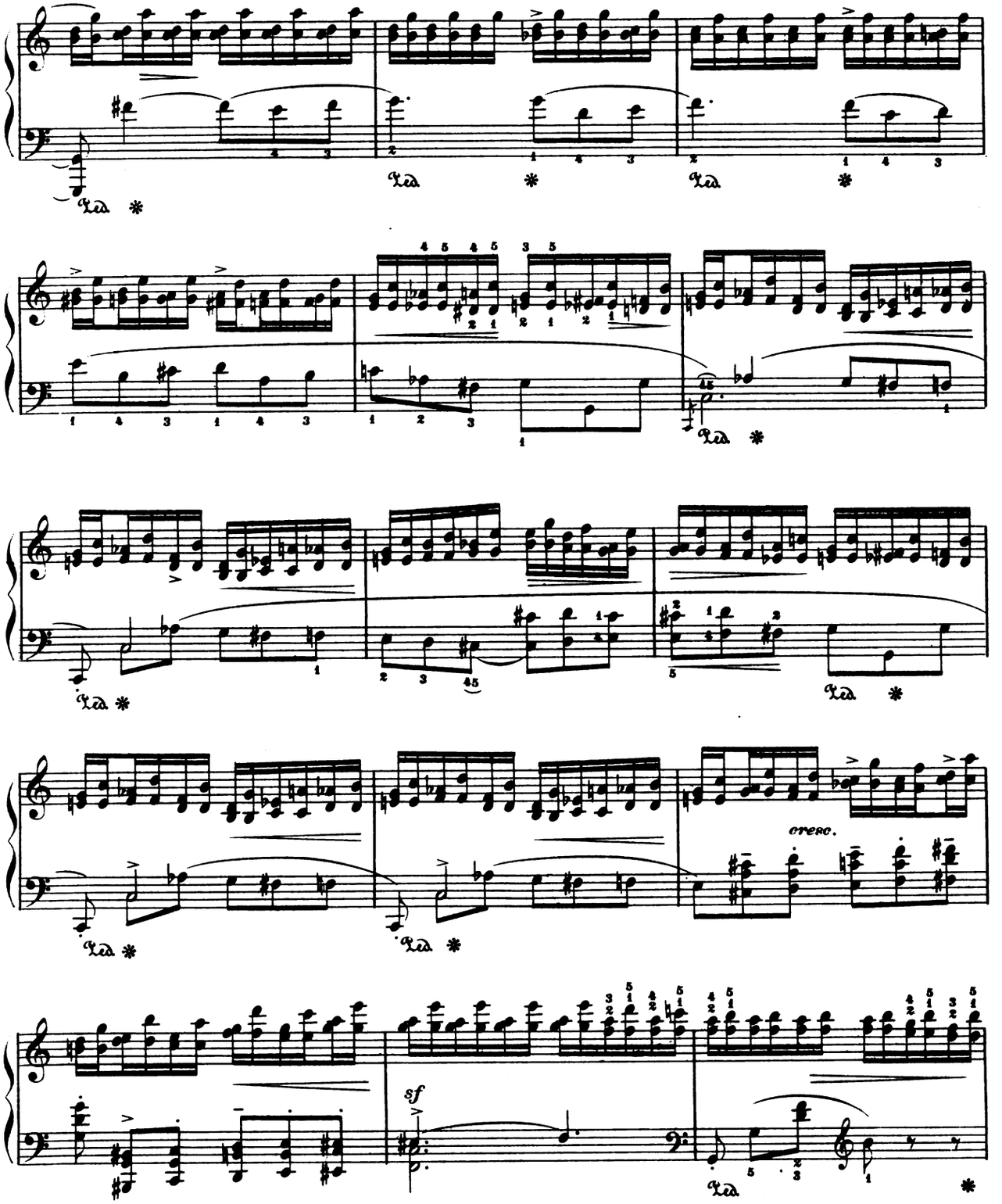

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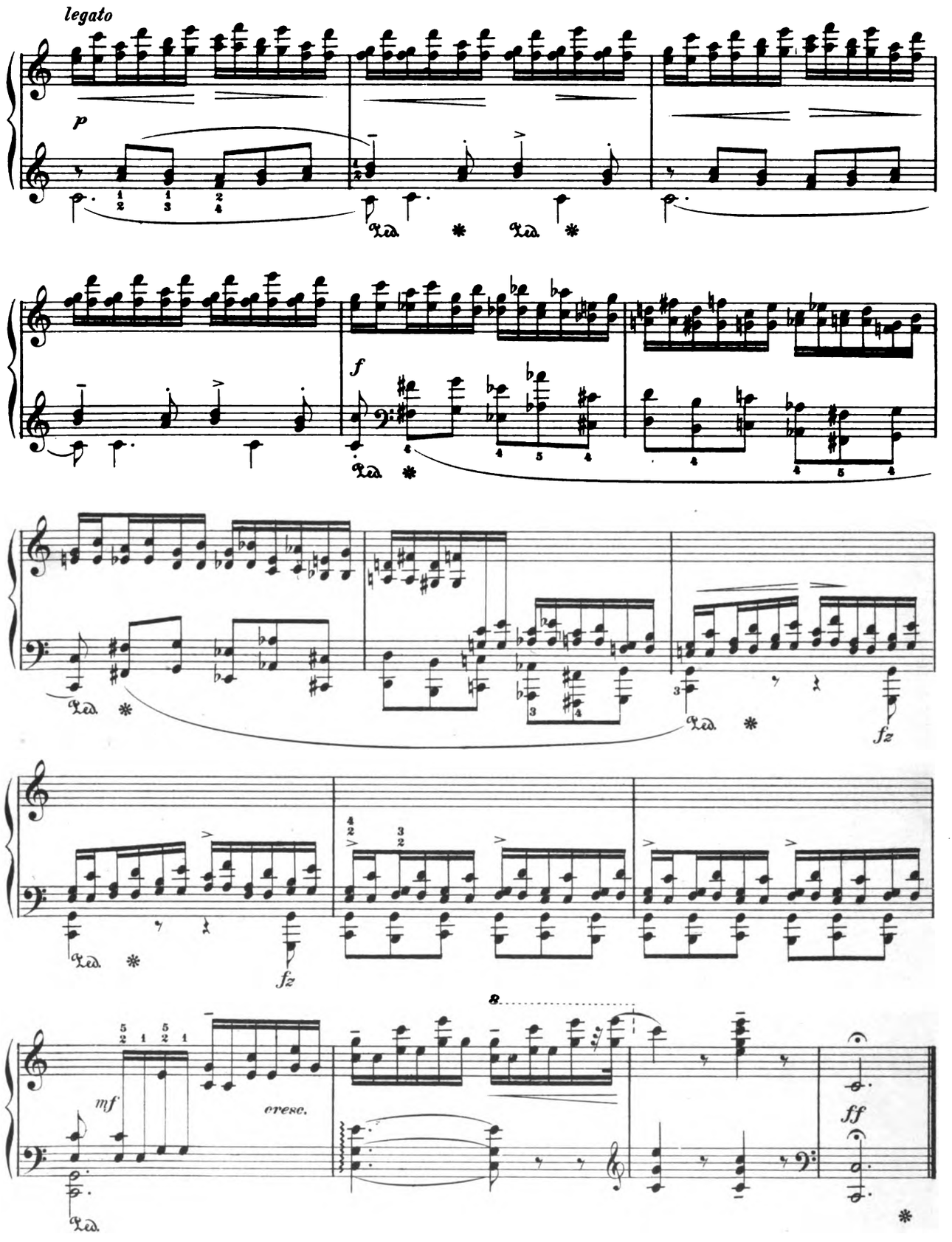

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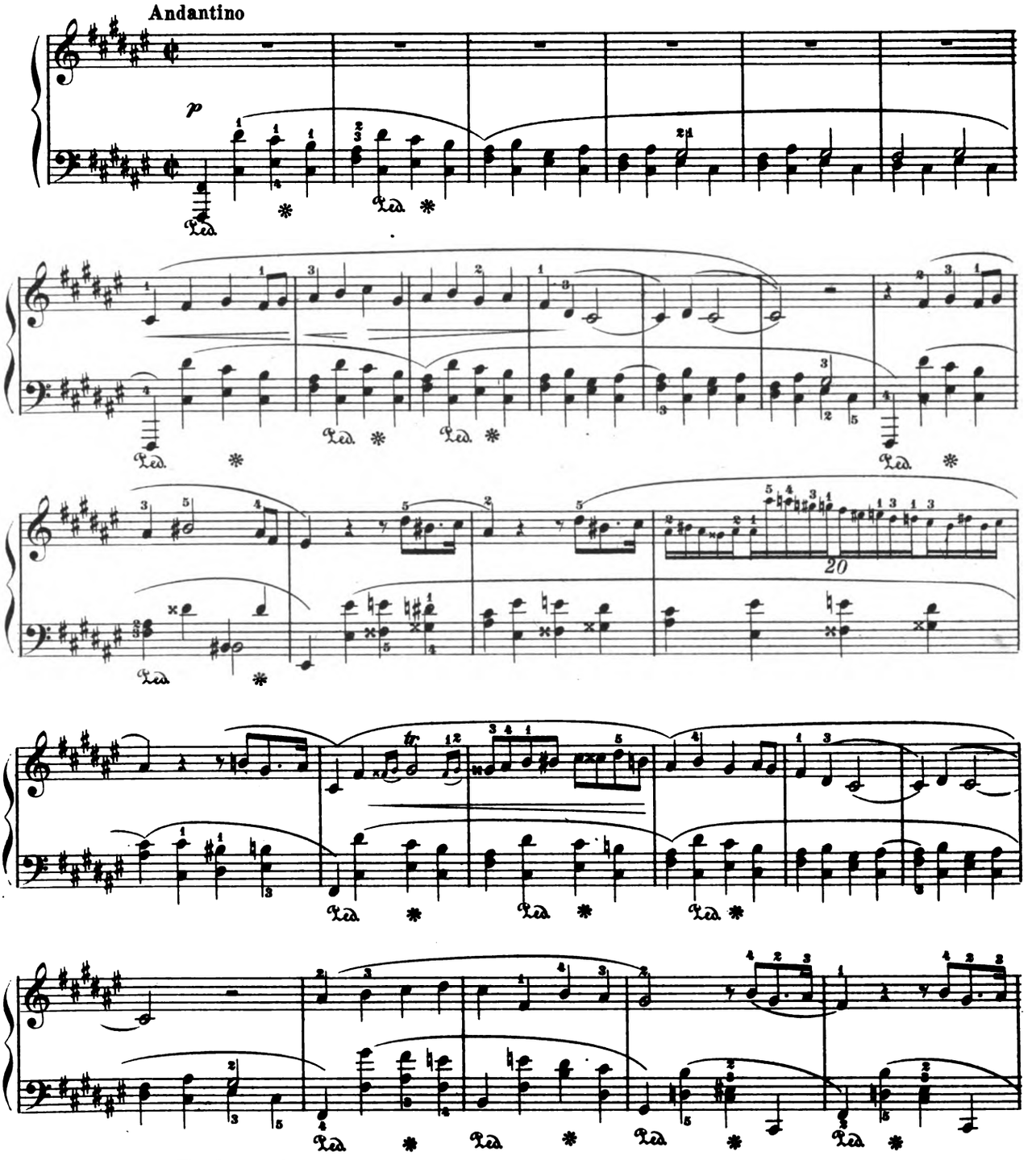
IMPROMPTU

F SHARP MAJOR

CHOPIN, Op. 36



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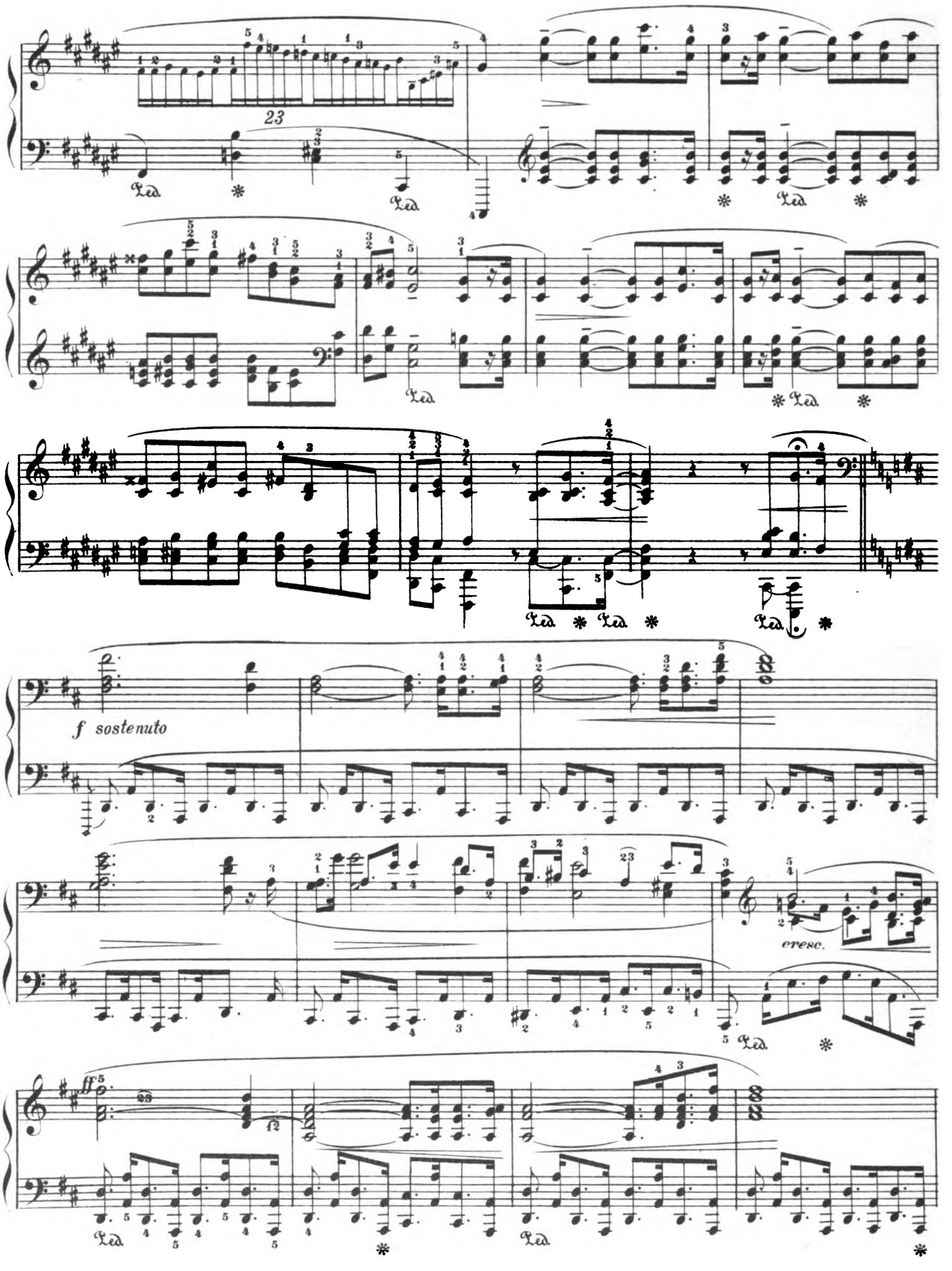

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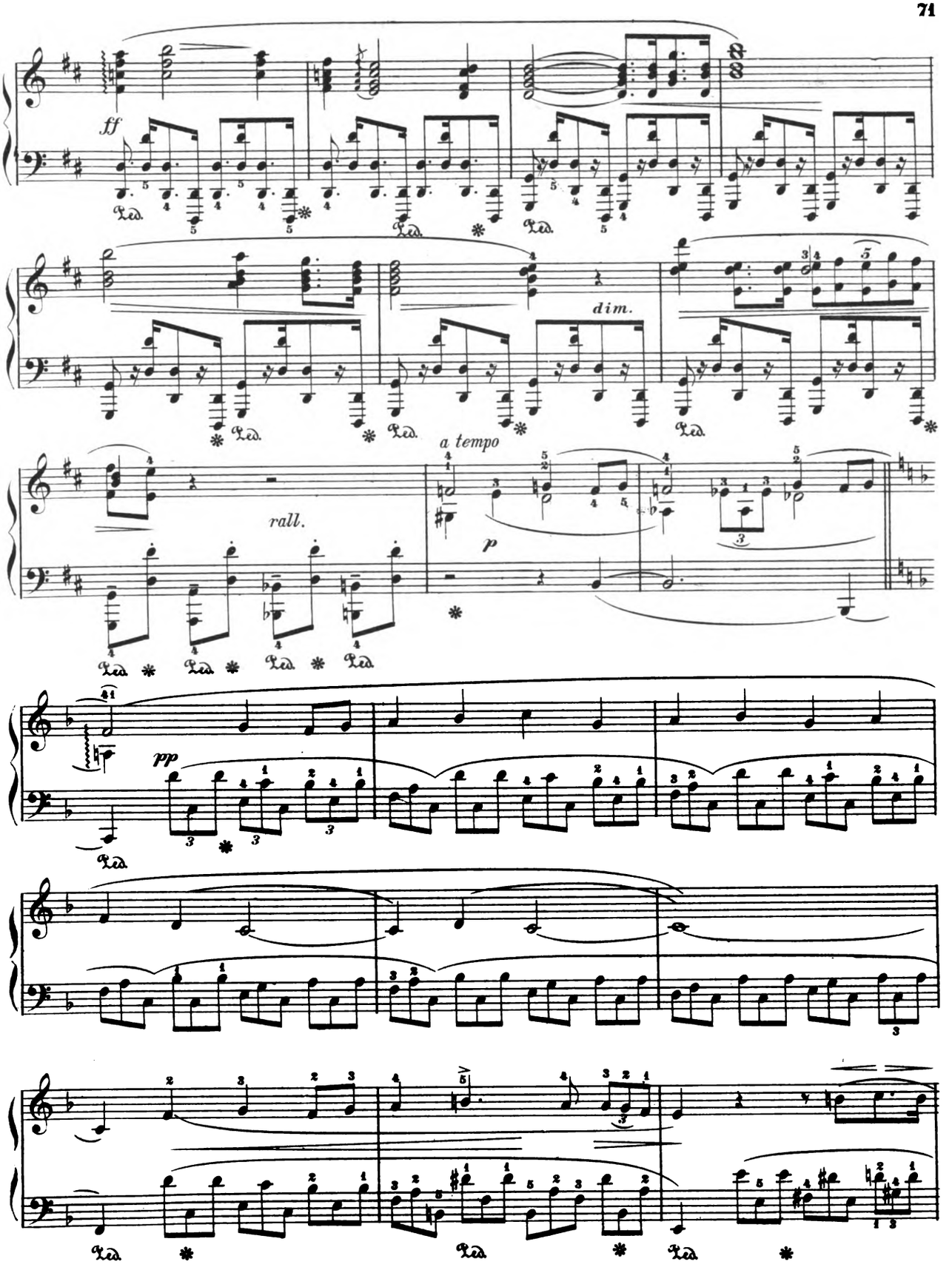

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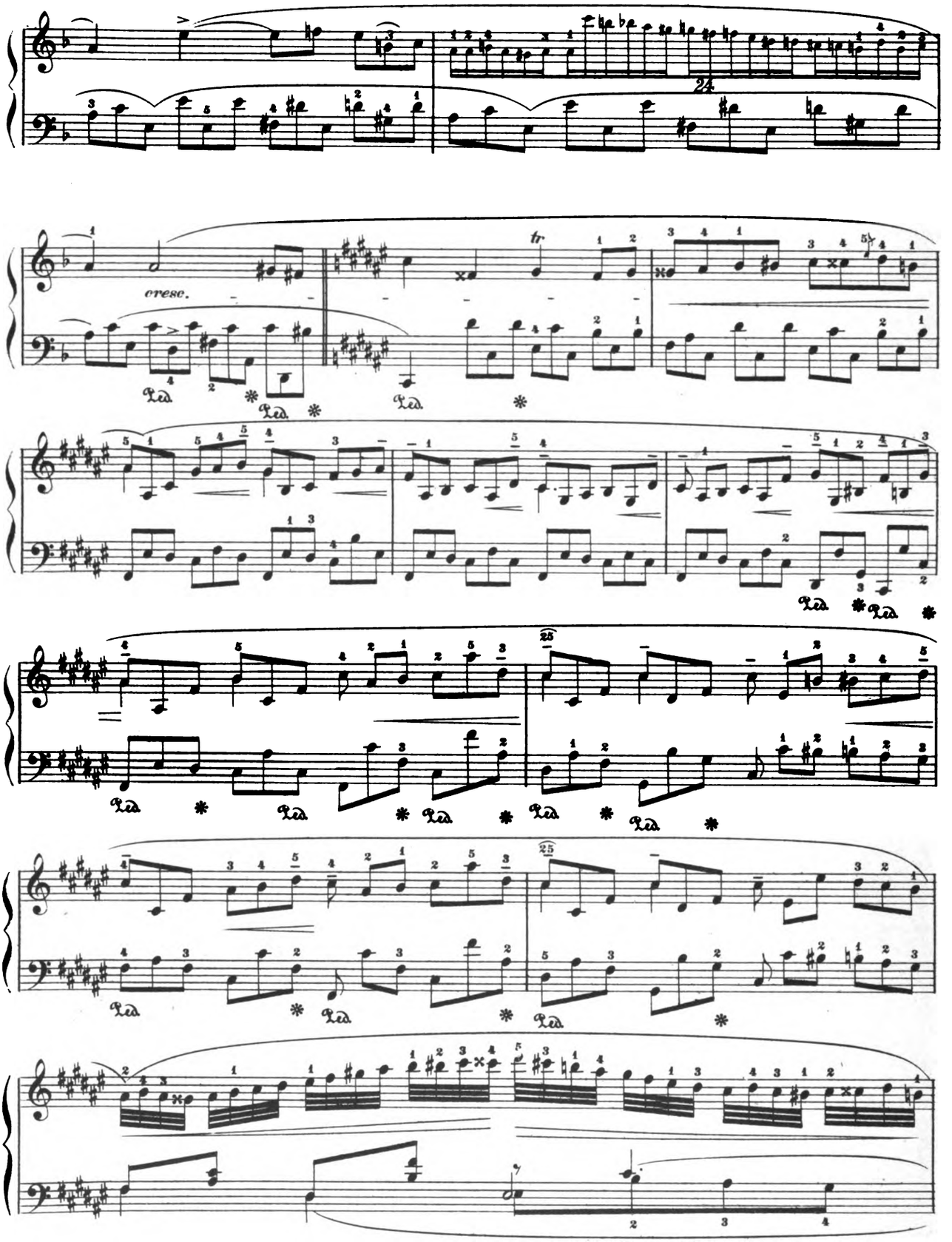

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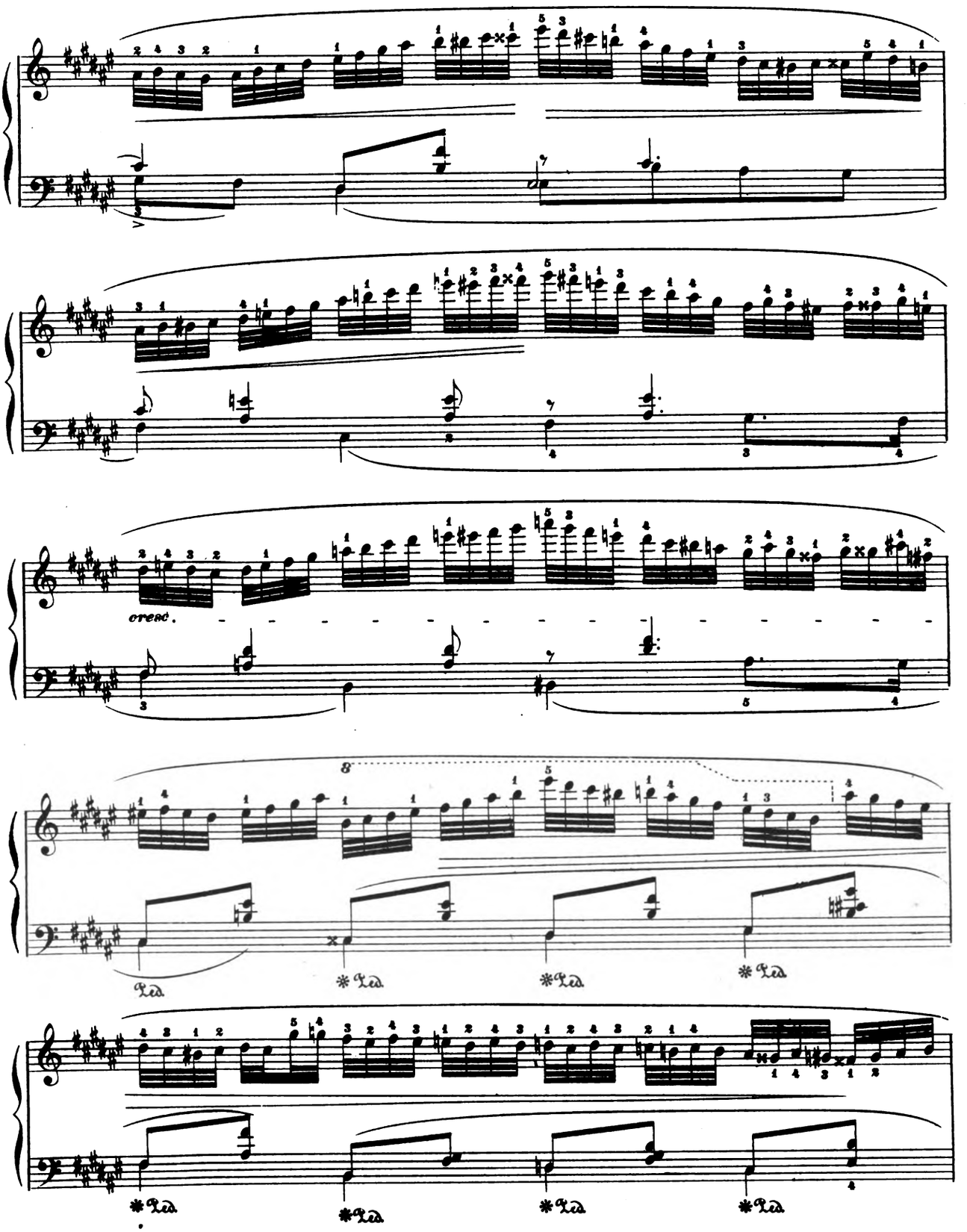

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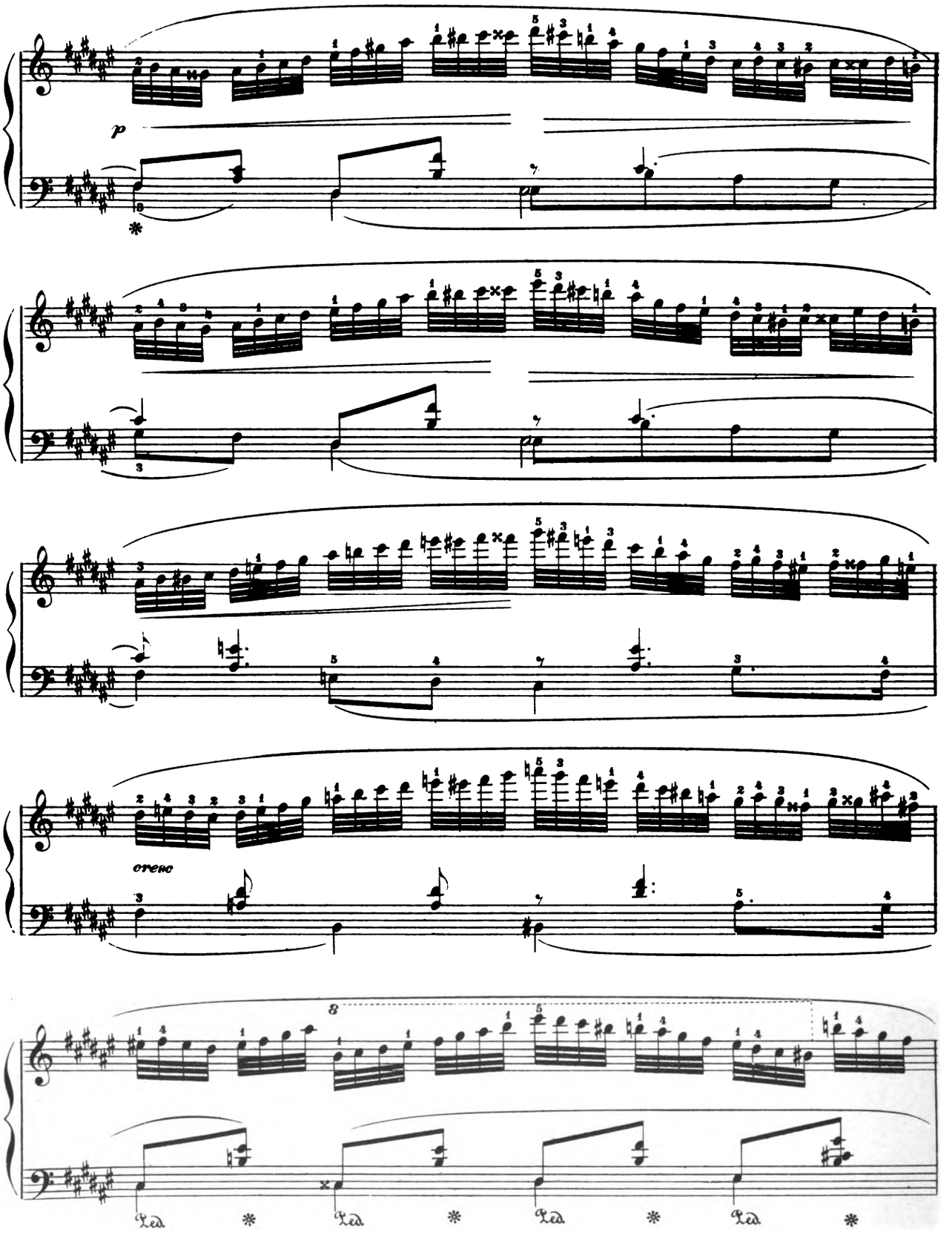

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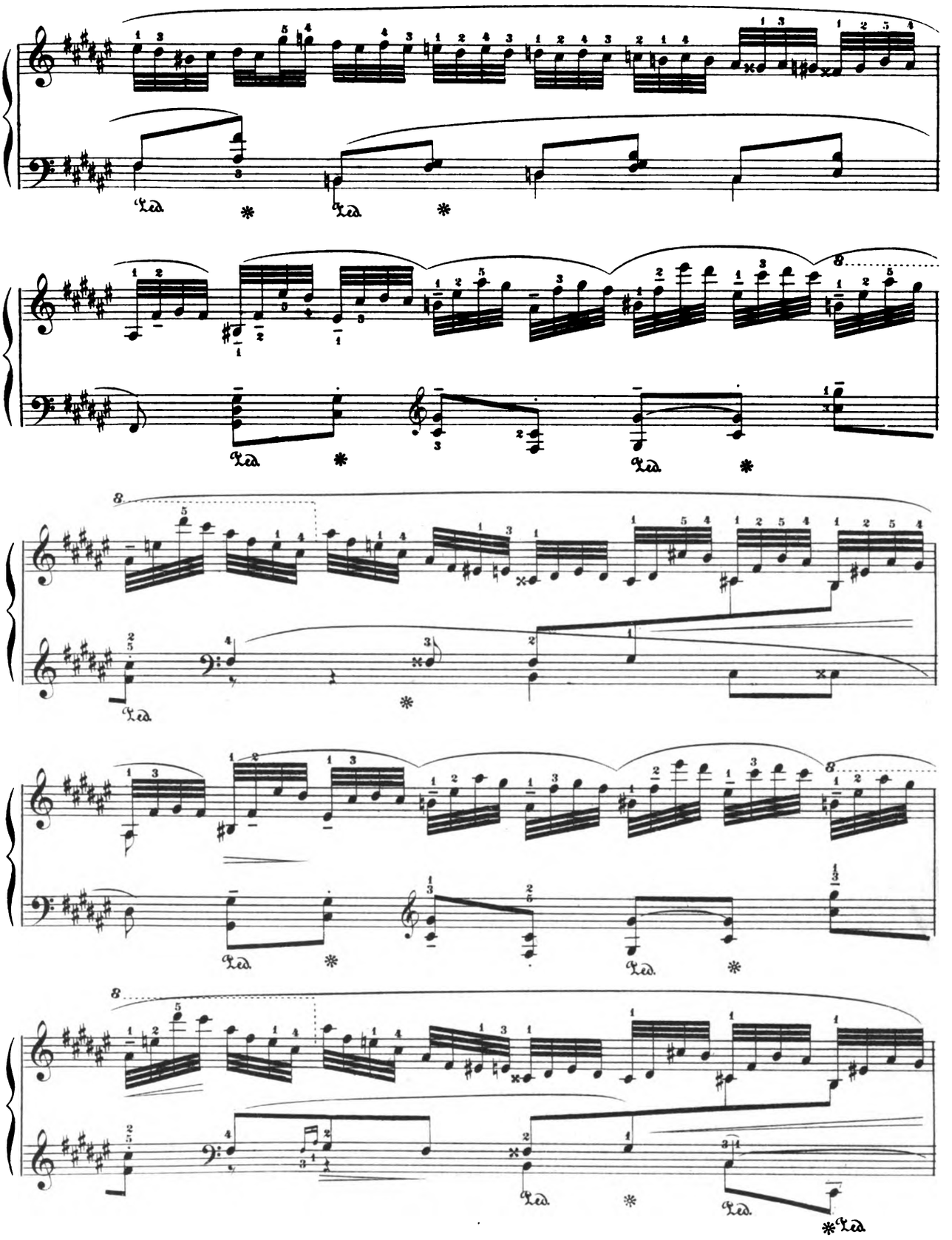

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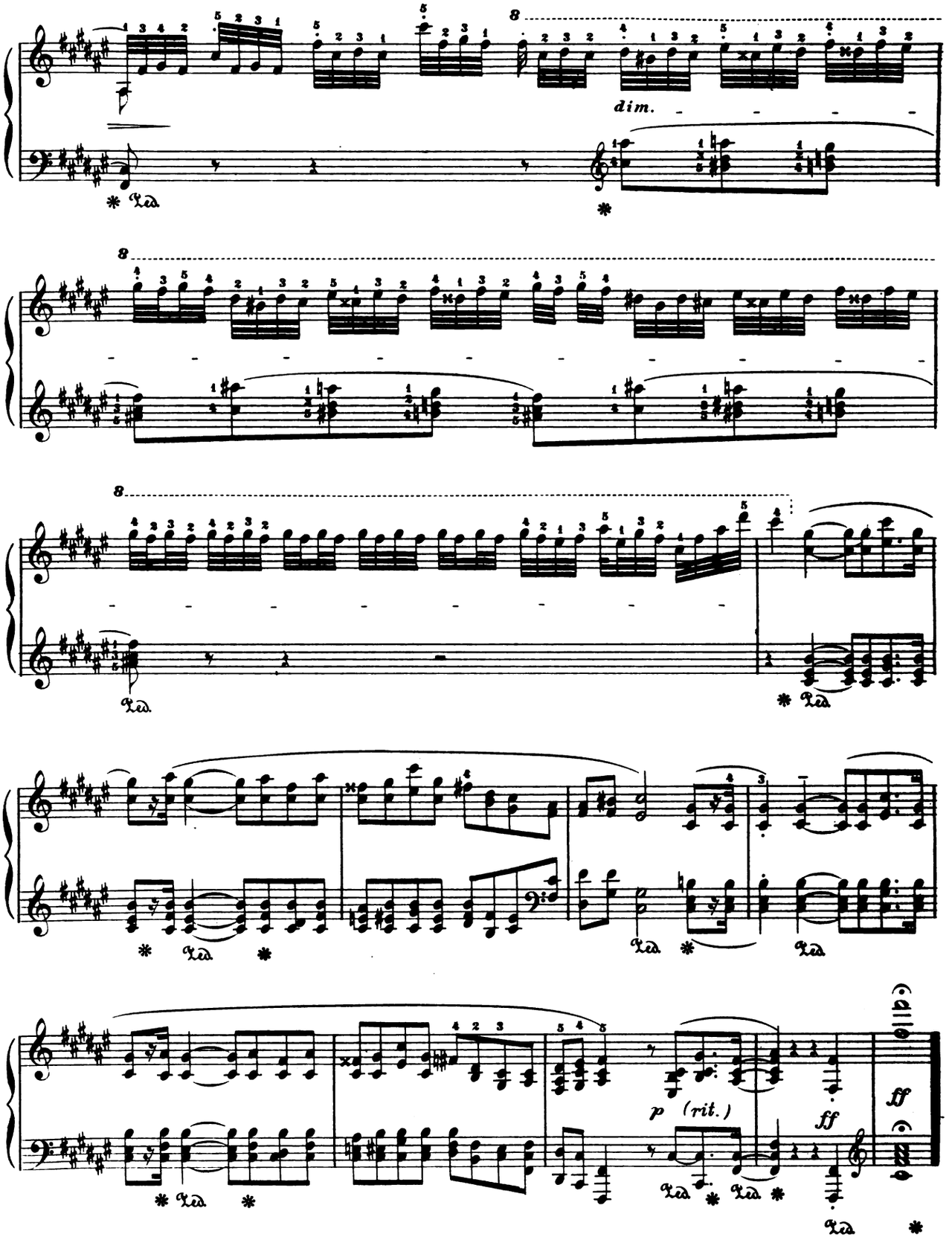

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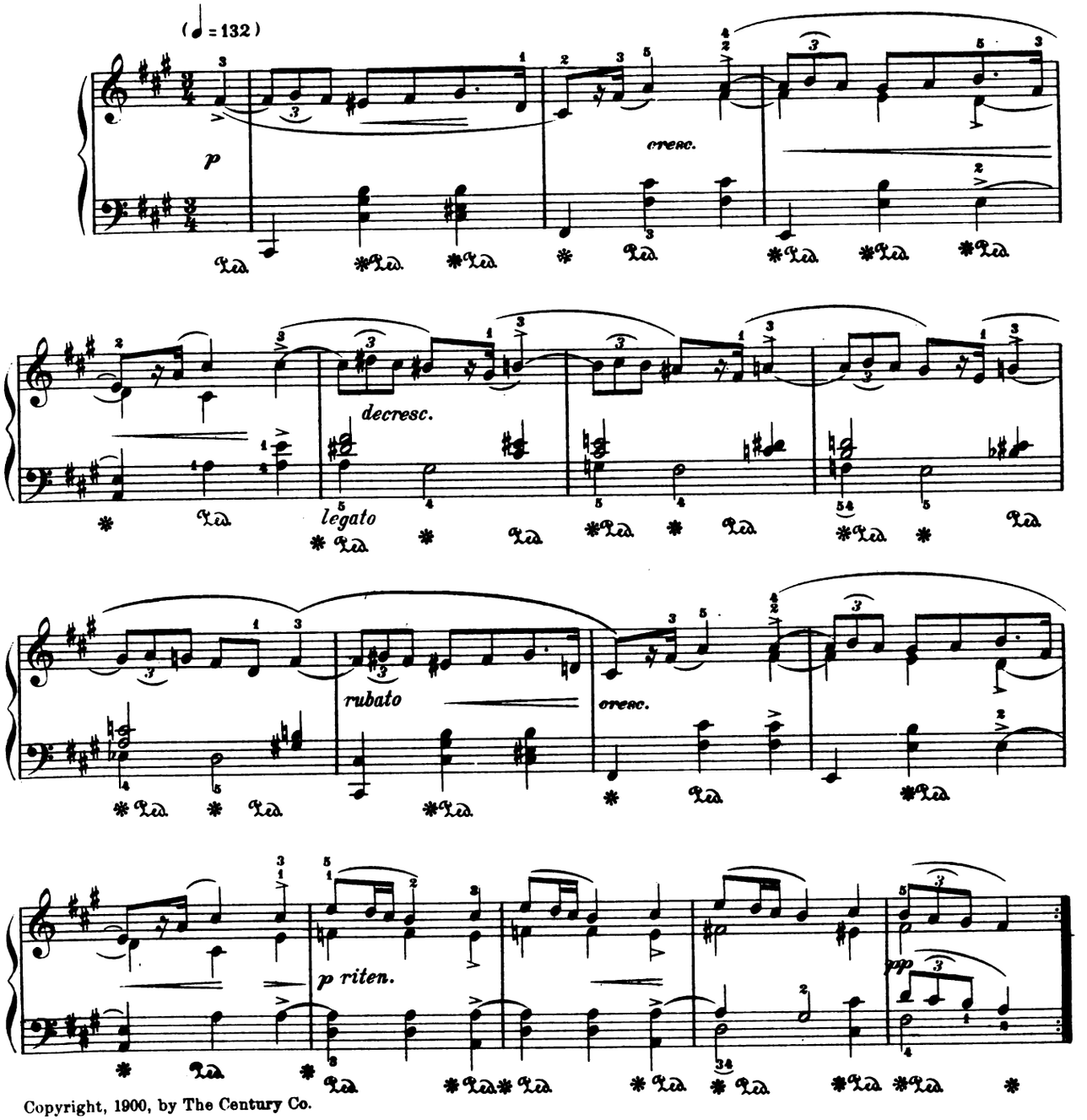
MAZURKA

F SHARP MINOR

CHOPIN, Op. 6, No. 1



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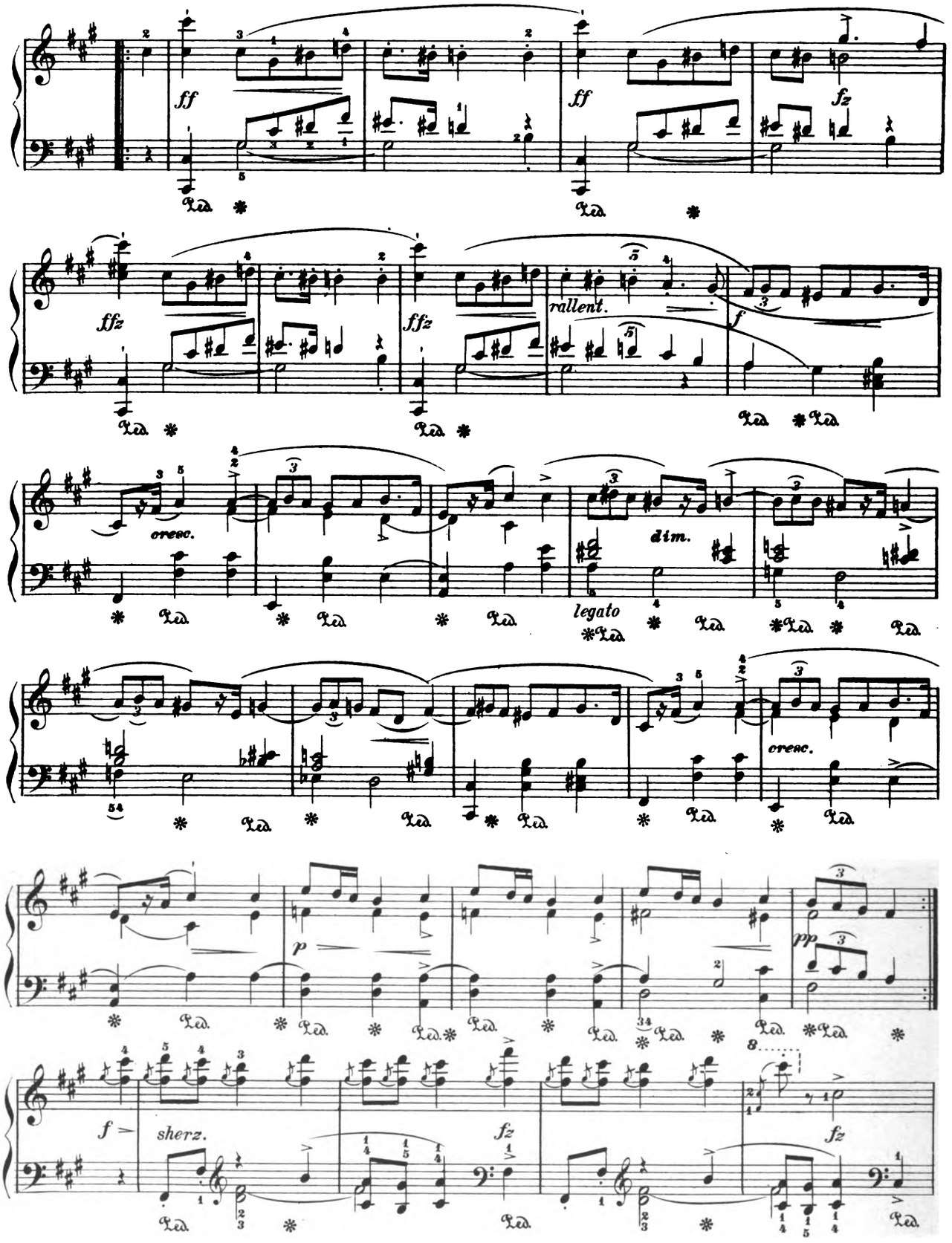

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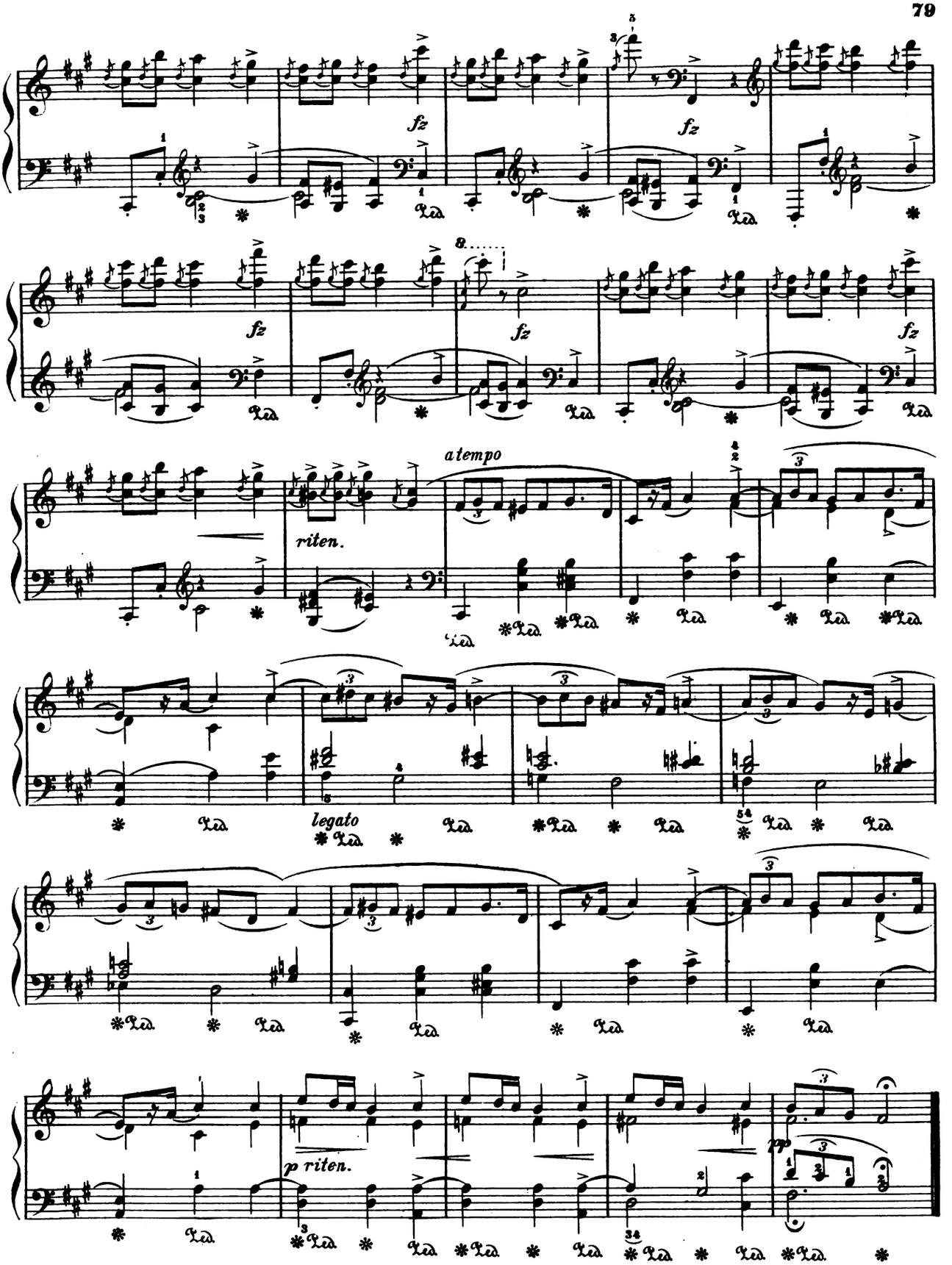

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