

Rabaud's Colorful "Marouf" Enlivens Metropolitan's Week

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Marie Sundelius was the *Zelatrice*; Mary Ellis, *Suor Genovieffa*; Cecil Arden, *La Maestra della Novizie*; Marie Tiffany and Veni Warwick, *Due Converse*; and Minnie Egener, *Seconda Sorella Ceratrice*. New were Mary Mellish as *La Badessa*, Adelina Vosari as *Prima Sorella Ceratrice* and Louis Berat as *Suor Dolcina*. Miss Perini was again *La Zia Principessa*; handsome she is, but her make-up much too young; she sang her music—some of the finest in the score—inadequately.

In "Schicchi" Mr. De Luca was again thrice admirable. Beauty of voice and superb delineation of a rôle rarely go together, as they do in this great artist. He has never sung the rôle better. Florence Easton as *Lauretta* was delightful, and as always when she sings it the "O Mio Babbino" made a hit. The *Rinuccio* was Mr. Crimi and his singing of the "Firenze è come" was ardently applauded. The work of Meses. Sundelius, Tiffany and Howard as *La Cieca*, *Nella* and *La Vecchica* and Messrs. Bada, Ananian and Didur as *Gherardo*, *Betto* and *Simone* touches a very high plane in the field of "singing-acting." Messrs. De Seguro, Malatesta, d'Angelo, Reschiglian and Laurenti filled their rôles ably.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted the three operas with plenty of spirit and after

"Tabarro" had a call before the curtain with the principals. A. W. K.

Garrison's Début as "Adina"

Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore" delighted a capacity audience last Friday night when it had its season's first hearing. For all its sparkle and easy melodic flow the old work creaks in these sophisticated days of Strauss and his passionate contemporaries. Why it still holds a place in Mr. Gatti's repertory may seem a bit mystifying on first thought; but "L'Elisir" has a certain aria in the last act, an aria which Caruso sings surpassingly. After he had finished "Una Furtiva Lagrima" last Friday the greatest tenor was met with such frantic applause as (seemingly) to embarrass even him.

Mabel Garrison was *Adina*, and right fascinating was her enaction of the rôle. It was the first time the American soprano had been heard in the part and her work satisfied the hearer that in her the Metropolitan has an artist of value and distinction. Her voice is not large, but its quality is very fine.

Mary Ellis, another American singer, sang the part of *Giannetta* satisfactorily; Scotti and Didur lent to the respective rôles of *Belcore* and of *Dulcamara* the mellowed art that inheres in all they do. Mr. Papi conducted with animation. B. R.

this nettled me to the extent of wanting to get my revenge. So, after initiating several of my fellow artists who were to be at the next Salon, I went to some pains to excavate a number of not very well-known smaller compositions of Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann and Mendelssohn. These works I then played at the next Salon without specifying them, from which many present, the disconcerting patroness among them, deduced that they were my compositions. When I had concluded, the same half patronizing, half pitying remarks were poured over me. Whereupon, one of the initiated took the liberty of pointing out the several composers I had just played. Even in that well-regulated salon we could not control our mirth. But I am afraid the plutocratic lady never forgave me my little trap."

Re-Entrance of Wagner

These days in France one cannot avoid drifting into a conversation about Wagner. So this topic was also broached before we knew it. We spoke of Chevillard's having re-introduced Wagner in the Lamoureux Concerts, of which Mme. Chaminade fully approved.

Opposes Wagner Festivals

"But," said she, "I notice a tendency to exaggerate this Wagner question just now. The re-establishing of this foreign composer in France is becoming just a bit too spectacular for my taste.

"Besides, I think it is wrong, very wrong. Why, they are even speaking of Wagner festivals. And that I think is nothing less than an imposition, at least here in France. The war has not the least thing to do with it. But did we ever consider the giving of festivals of our French composers; of Saint-Saëns, d'Indy, Massenet, Debussy? Probably they were not as great as Wagner. Let us grant that. But they were our composers, they were French and here we are in France. So I consider anything like a fête-ing of Wagner as decidedly inopportune. Let us by all means give his works, at the opera and in concerts, as a welcome asset to a répertoire or program, but let us French at least refrain from unbecoming, sensational worship of such foreign creations."

As Mme. Chaminade was bidding me adieu in the ray of lamp-light (mind you) flooding the southern garden, I felt for all the world as though a deep dream had transported me back to the days of our grandparents when romance and the simple joy of living counted for so much more than in the strenuous existence of automobiles and telephones, and those other contrivances of our modern epoch. O. P. JACOB.

RIDER-KELSEY'S ART BRINGS HER OVATION

Soprano's Return to Oberlin Attracts Delegations from Cleveland and Toledo to a Notable Concert

TOLEDO, OHIO, Dec. 17.—Last night a large contingent from Cleveland and another city journeyed to Oberlin to hear Corinne Rider-Kelsey, the eminent American soprano, and the Oberlin Musical Union in a unique and altogether delightful Christmas program.

We mention Madame Rider-Kelsey first because we have the superb Musical Union "with us always" and we have not had Rider-Kelsey, who is an Oberlin product and a great favorite here, in several years.

Let it be said at once that Rider-Kelsey's exquisite art and beautiful voice have acquired both depth and new brilliancy with the passing years. She has been appearing in Oberlin events from time to time for fourteen years, but never has her voice seemed so ravishing in quality and faultless in production, or her art so exquisitely refined and altogether effective as they did last night. The voice has gained in power and the quality is more luscious than ever. Her appearance last night was a distinct triumph.

Immediately after the concert negotiations were opened for the re-engagement of Madame Kelsey to sing the title rôle in "Aida" and Dvorak's "The Spectre's Bride," which are scheduled for the Spring Festival, April 26 and 27. H. L. G.

Earle Tuckerman, the New York baritone, appeared on Dec. 4 for the Jersey City Women's Club and won a distinct success. He was heard in songs by Harling, Guion, Reddick, Burleigh, Kramer and the familiar aria from Massenet's "Hérodiade" and applauded to the echo. Ruth Emerson was his accompanist.

Grace Wagner Making Rapid Strides to Fore



Photo White Studio

Grace Wagner, Soprano, as "Marguerite" in "Faust"

The young American soprano, Grace Wagner, who made her début in New York this Fall as *Marguerite* in "Faust" with the Society of American Singers at the Park Theater, is to be heard in other operatic performances in the near future and also in concerts. Miss Wagner has been studying with William S. Brady during the last year and a half and under his guidance has accomplished work of notable excellence.

Miss Wagner appeared on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 21, at the concert at Chalf Hall of the Society of American Music Optimists, singing a group of songs by Paul Tietjens, accompanied by the composer at the piano. She is engaged to appear as soloist for the Rubinstein Club of New York at its concert on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 17, with José Mardones, the Spanish bass of the Metropolitan Opera. Negotiations are now under way for future operatic performances and an announcement will be made shortly in regard to it. Miss Wagner, although a young singer, already commands a big répertoire, among the rôles which she sings being *Marguerite* in "Faust," *Micaela* in "Carmen," *Mimi* in "Bohème," *Manon* in Puccini's opera of that name, *Tosca*, *Aida*, *Leonora* in "Trovatore," *Gioconda*, *Nedda* and *Santuzza*.

ILL, SHE HALTS RECITAL

Dai Buell Forced to Stop Shortly After Beginning Program

Succumbing to illness a few minutes after starting her recital in Æolian Hall Thursday afternoon of last week, Dai Buell, the young American pianist was obliged to leave the stage hastily and abandon her attempt to carry out the rest of her MacDowell-Grieg program, arranged in commemoration of MacDowell's birthday. Mr. Copley, of the Wolfsohn Bureau, announced the fact of Miss Buell's indisposition to the audience, which received his words in disappointed silence but made no effort to withdraw till the pianist's physician corroborated the manager's statement. Miss Buell was taken sick on the train the previous day, while returning from the West, but insisted on attempting the recital. It was noticed that she was laboring under some handicap during the short time she played. The recital will be given at a date to be announced shortly.

Denver Admires the Art of Miss Braslau and Mr. Spalding

DENVER, COL., Nov. 19.—Sophie Braslau, contralto, and Albert Spalding, violinist, were presented in joint recital last evening. The audience was large and appreciative. It was Mr. Spalding's first Denver appearance, and he at once won the respect and admiration of the hearers. Miss Braslau's opulent voice enthralled the audience as it had done a year ago. Fine accompaniments were supplied Miss Braslau by Eleanor Scheib, and André Benoist gave sure support at the piano to Mr. Spalding. J. C. W.

Modernism Effaces Melody and Form, Deplores Mme. Chaminade

French Composer Finds that "Music is a Negligible Matter in Modern-Day Works"—The Gullibility of the Public—Bringing Back Wagner Without Exaggeration

Nice, Nov. 24, 1919.

SATURDAY evening I left Paris in the chilling slush and rain of mid-winter. The next day I was lunching at Toulon in the sunshine of early summer beneath waving palms. Two hours later I was paying a visit to Mme. Chaminade at Tamaris on the Mediterranean. Chaminade! Who would not remember the exquisite musical lyrics, the sweet insinuating melodies that seem to represent an epoch all their own, at the mention of this name?

At Tamaris, a short boat-ride from Toulon, the charming French composer spends the winter months in a delightful dreamland at her Villa Provençale. The surroundings well befit the personality of Chaminade, who impresses one as being of some past generation. In her one finds embodied all the grace and graciousness of a past era, of a French lady of culture and refinement, with an electrifying *esprit* of a day in France before democratic Bolshevistic tendencies, greedy shop-keepers and *hoteliers* left their detrimental imprint on the country's daily life.

When Chaminade listens to your remarks, she is gentle, all attention. But when she speaks, her personality exerts the same characteristic attraction and charm as her music. She speaks with a refinement, unfortunately not often encountered in our present all too often vulgarly self-assertive era. Her conversation is like an overbubbling brook, augmented by those exquisitely graceful gestures, ah, those elegant gestures that would put any Delsart teacher to shame.

As we gradually drifted into musical discussion, after all the charms and advantages of Tamaris had been duly pointed out to me, it became apparent that Mme. Chaminade is none too well content with the turn musical development has taken of recent years.

Deplores Modern Trend

"Effacement, complete effacement, of all melody and form, seems to be the watchword these days!" the composer exclaimed.

"You don't approve of the moderns then, I gather?"

"Modern; oh, it is no longer a question of simple modernism, it seems to be a case of archo-modernism with music play-



Cecile Chaminade, the French Composer ing but a negligible rôle. Not all of those included among the present-day moderns can be so reproached, but still a very large number, and the public stands for it all and allows itself to be cajoled into the belief that we are only passing into a new, a superior era."

"But was there ever a time, Madame, when the general public was not fairly gullible?"

"Don't I know how true that is," Mme. Chaminade replied with a whimsical uplifting of her hands. "A *propos*, that reminds me of an amusing episode of the past. A number of years ago, just as I was getting well known, I met a certain wealthy and influential music patroness in Marseilles who haunted even the most select musical salons. Unquestionably, this lady had given much valuable assistance to the cause of music. But, unfortunately, she also insisted upon discussing music, of which she was utterly ignorant. On a certain evening that had been arranged for my compositions, all of which I played or accompanied, this lady persistently would voice her opinion in a very patronizing air, invariably concluding with the remark: 'Yes, yes, my dear Madame, your compositions are very pretty, very clever, but it is invariably apparent that the same person wrote them all. So much sameness; you understand?' I confess