

## Puccini Company Rededicates Philadelphia Academy to Opera

Opera Forces Give First Performances in Restored House—  
"Gioconda," "Rigoletto" and "Faust" Finely Performed—  
Gordon, Peralta, Salazar, Chamlee, Scotney, Paisi and  
Darcé Heard—Schofield Soloist with Franko—Hear  
Works of Philadelphians

PHILADELPHIA, June 14.—The honor fell to the Puccini Grand Opera Company of rededicating the Academy of Music to its olden purpose of lyric-dramatic entertainment, in what may be regarded by the optimistic and forward-looking as the initiation of the season of 1920-21. Of course, the three mid-June performances of this really excellent organization, under the direction of Philip Ianni, might be regarded as a supplementary phase of the regular grand opera season, but as that ended here so many moons ago one is really thinking of the ensuing season and the fact that after more than a decade, opera will be restored to its ancient and traditional home, the Academy of Music.

And, by the way, Edward Bok makes interesting announcement that not only have the originally planned twenty-five members for the Academy guaranteeing committee been attained speedily, but more than twice that number of civic minded Philadelphians with the usual Quaker City regard for the sacred maintenance of traditions have clamored to be put on the roster of financial underwriters for the opera and Philadelphia Orchestra season at the Academy. As by no possible arrangement can the Academy, even at the leased price, be made a paying proposition for these two series of musical events, it is plain that the guarantors will have to participate not in a season's-end profit, but in pooling a deficit.

"La Gioconda" opened the operatic week-end. It was given a genuinely spirited performance, in which the chorus work was admirably adjusted to the good work of the principals, who were Jeanne Gordon, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, contralto; Francesca Peralta, of the Chicago Company, soprano, and Manuel Salazar, a South American tenor of splendid gifts. "The Dance of the Hours" was well done.

"Faust" won a big reception, the evening fortunately being extraordinarily cool for this time of year. Romeo Boscazi was suddenly substituted as the tenor incumbent of the cast and gave an admirable account of his voice and art. Pietro Paisi was a melodramatic and highly effective *Mephistopheles*. Louise Darcé's *Marguerite* was a charmingly girlish creation and vocally accomplished. She sang the coloratura of the "Jewel Song" as if it were really a part of the opera and not merely as a showpiece.

Saturday night "Rigoletto" brought out a great crowd. It was given with a big dramatic sweep and effective co-operation between principals, chorus and orchestra, directed this evening as previously, very admirably, by Carlo Peroni. Vincente Ballester, the distinguished Spanish baritone, was the title character and did well. Mario Chamlee, a young tenor who will be with the Metropolitan next season, made his American debut as a gay, care-free and exceedingly melodious *Duke*. Evelyn Scotney of the Metropolitan was the well cast *Gilda*.

Despite the lateness of the season, the opera was well patronized and made some money at the modest prices charged. The quality of the productions was far in excess of the cost of admission.

### Schofield with Franko

Edgar Schofield made a big success as the soloist with Nahan Franko and his orchestra at Willow Grove. Schofield has a resonant and suave voice that has the power to make a really artistic impression out of doors. His interpretations, too, were very good. Mr. Franko also served as violin soloist as well as conductor. This ended his summer season here. His programs were notable for catholicity of selection and fluency of performance.

Local composers gave a show of their season's compositional harvest at the last meeting of the season of the Philadelphia Manuscript Music Society. The variety and merit of the numbers were highly creditable to the composers and the city. The program included: Festival Prelude, B. Minor, Fred S. Smith, the

composer at the organ; "Lord, Let Me Know Mine End," by N. Lindsay Norden, sung by choir of the Second Presbyterian Church, conducted by the composer, with Frederic Cook, violin; Vincent Fanelli, harp, and Henry S. Fry, at the organ. "Damascus," Suite Orientale, Maxwell McMichael, the composer at the organ; "Into the Woods My Master Went," Frances McCollin, sung by Clara Yocum Joyce, contralto, with N. Lindsay Norden at the organ. Melody in C, for violin, harp and organ, N. Lindsay Norden, the composer at the organ; Grand Choeur in G, Stanley Addicks; "In Friendship's Garden," Rollo F. Maitland; "Souls of the Righteous," H. S. Fry, sung by choir of the Second Presbyterian Church; "In Green Pastures";

## The Marche Funèbre of "Jazz"

Raucous Form of "Music" Has Lost Its Hold on the Popular  
Mind—Listening to Some "Masters" of This Type of  
"Entertainment"

By HARCOURT FARMER

ITS birth was inevitable—and so is its death. Evoked out of sheer sensationalism, ramified by an ill-placed enthusiasm on the part of the unmusical, commercially exploited to the nth degree—Jazz had its day, and it was a glorious one. But every fad has its day, and Jazz music is no exception to the rule. It would be difficult to find to-day many "Welcomes" on musical door-mats for Jazz, the simple reason being that the nation is tired of it.

When a nation tires of anything, whatever it is, that thing is bound to go. Over in England, some years ago, when Arthur Balfour was undergoing one of his periodical phases of unpopularity, the crowd fashioned the phrase "Balfour Must Go," which was rapidly abbreviated, as is the way with crowds, into the symbol, "B.M.G." It would not be out of place to say that every musician in the United States should to-day make due entry in his diary of the symbol, "J.M.G.," for not only does Jazz deserve to go—it is going.

If we recall that the persons immediately interested in the survival of Jazz unmusical are the sellers of it, we are spared a deal of conjecture as to the reason of its continued existence even so far as this. But Jazz, like cheese and Ford's, has to be pushed, else would there be no gorgeous dividends to split up.

So the musical convulsions of a few harmonic freaks have been thrust upon the long suffering public until they accepted Jazz for the identical reason they accept any nationally advertised product—they were forced to feel that they wanted Jazz—and they got it.

The blatant appeal of the stuff, the exaggerated minor effects, the unmitigated noise, the purple patches of disharmony—all these elements contributed hugely to the selling success of Jazz scores. The music stores sold copies by the carload—and if there is a special musical gehenna reserved for such folk, may they roast therein forever! The records carried the Jazz legend, likewise the player-piano roll, till Mr. Man-in-the-Street admitted Jazz in all its obviousness and crudity, to the bosom of his inmost family. One is inclined to think he did it because Jazz is so horribly obvious.

The writer of this happened to be in a vaudeville house in one of our largest cities recently, and a Jazz visitation

"Cortege des Cardinaux," Dr. Isaac Barton, with Henry S. Fry at the organ.  
W. R. M.

### Summer Concerts for Caruso After His Havana Triumphs

Enrico Caruso will sing the following summer concerts under the management of the Metropolitan Musical Bureau: June 26, at the Athenaeum, New Orleans, La., and Aug. 14, the Auditorium, Ocean Grove, N. J. Mr. Caruso will sail from Havana direct to New Orleans and after his concert there will proceed to Easthampton, L. I., where he will spend the summer months with his family. Nina Morgana, soprano, and Albert Stoessel, violinist, will be assisting artists in these concerts.

### Eugene Stinson Gains Honors in "Gypsy Love" in Chicago

CHICAGO, June 12.—Eugene Stinson, the Chicago baritone, was engaged by Andreas Dippel for one of the leading parts in the performances of "Gypsy Love" given at the Auditorium Theater this week, and added much to his reputation. He was perfectly at home on the operatic stage, as he is on the concert platform, and both his singing and dancing, as well as his acting, earned for him much praise. He is one of the artists from the Leila A. Breed studios.

M. R.

nastics. But, perhaps, they know their own business. Judging from the way they played, they didn't.

Jazz has had its day. It has panned and banged and prodded our musical senses for many moons now. It's high time we had some fresh novelty, as we will.

For that's one of the delightful aspects of the American public—they will take to novelties. Wherein lies their grand and child-like enthusiasm. Others, so of the immediate public, teachers, musicians, critics, and the like, will possibly deprecate this tendency to rush to the very newest in music (and in everything else). Still, it is an indubitable evidence of liveliness on the part of the people—and that's something devoutly to be wished.

### Not American

The public snapped up ragtime—because there was nothing better in sight. They "fell for" (the popular phrase is inevitable) this business of Jazz because there was nothing better in sight. Is there not, here and there, a name, a musician, a director, astute enough to write a real folk-song—something essentially and essentially American? Isn't American; it isn't even music. Long time came a little nearer the mark, but not near enough for most of us. When, then, is the man who can give us something which will be at once alert, authentic, American and attractive, lively and living?

For, there is little doubt, Jazz is dying. His funeral will be attended by those who have made most money on him. Reputable musicians never recognize him. But those responsible for his birth and his feverish career, will shortly be looking for his successor in the selling field, if they haven't already done so. Will the next be worse than Jazz?

Coldly and analytically speaking, there is no possible logical reason for Jazz's existence; but here he is, and here he must linger for a while until the very ignoramuses who play him feel some sense of boredom, then he'll be cast out. And none too soon. For a more reputable, savage, tiresome, hideous, screaming piece of musical tomfoolery has never been thrust on the public before the red days of Jazz.

It may be deemed frightful heresy to say this, but it must be said—and in all sincerity. The writer believes that the Jazz blacksmiths get their unholy inspiration from old Franz Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, for what are they but the forerunners of polka Jazz? This may raise a hornet's nest about these journalistic ears. But what matter? The very best thing one Jazz composer did was to impudently lift an entire section from something of Liszt's, transpose it, and pass it off to us as original Jazz. He wasn't the only one. Hence this theory.

Be that as it may, Liszt (despite his occasional vulgarisms of tone) will live; the Jazzians will not. Relying, as they do, upon sheer aural blasphemy, their novelty must die—has, indeed, died—and so Jazz becomes mere musical anecdote.

Pounding a drum, blaring through a tinny trumpet, scratching a mediocre violin, all accompanied by incoherent human cries, bleats, yells, screams—this isn't music. Only a fool could call it such.

When the Jazz mechanics evolved the crude idea of building Jazz tunes, they rightly decided that the more ugly and noisy their stuff was the more it would sell. And it has sold. More Jazz sold last month than Beethoven. But that doesn't worry Ludwig, nor does it worry the educationalists and the real musicians. They know that Jazz is simply a nine-day wonder; the authentic musician comes back to old Ludwig in the end—even if he does take a dip into the new water of Jazz.

Any music palpably built upon the principle of unavowed noise, and nothing more, isn't music at all, but sheer disturbance. Hence the declining popularity of Jazz. For, although the general public may be, and frequently is, ignorant of musical values, yet there is in every man and woman an inherent sense of rhythm, which makes in the end for full musical satisfaction—rather than fool musical delusion.

So it goes. Through the fantastic vicissitudes of ragtime and fox-trots and "Blues" and Jazz—the spirit of *American Music* moves, surely, winningly, sincerely and inevitably toward the building of a music for the people that shall be truly American, and truly music, and nothing else.

In the meantime, we bid a cheerful adieu to our old friend, Mr. Jazz. Play the Marche Funèbre, please—and don't jazz it.