

Musician and Educator

HUBERT PARRY: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

By CHARLES L. GRAVES. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926.

Reviewed by EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL
Harvard University

TO the majority of American educators in music, and presumably to at least a portion of their students, Sir Hubert Parry is chiefly known as the author of several works of a critical and historical nature—"Studies of Great Composers," "The Evolution of the Art of Music," "Johann Sebastian Bach," and the third volume of the Oxford History of Music entitled, "The Music of the Seventeenth Century." These books, at once analytic and constructive, maintain an unchallenged position by reason of their eminent virtues of insight, critical acumen, and breadth of view. They belong in the front rank of literature about music in any language. Owing to the prejudices of the foreign conductors who dominate our musical life, we are, with few exceptions, out of touch with English music of the last forty years save for a few choral works and some specimens of the activity of the younger living Englishmen. We are, moreover, relatively ignorant of Parry's music as a whole and still less acquainted with the traits of his individuality and the underlying causes of his influence in English musical education.

For these reasons alone, then, American admirers of Parry, the historian and analyst, would have welcomed Mr. Graves's exceptionally stimulating biography. His task has been rendered peculiarly difficult owing to the unusual breadth of Sir Hubert's personality as well as the bewildering versatility of his interests. Undeterred by these obstacles Mr. Graves has accomplished a thorough record of Parry's career, the diverse human and artistic experiences of which are treated with comprehensive detail. There are vivid pictures of his school life at Eton, where athletic prowess and conviviality were strangely mingled with a progressive concern about music. Thus, at the age of sixteen, Sir Hubert wrote as follows: "I have now finished reading through the Preludes and the Fugues of the 48 of Bach. What a wonderful volume it is! It is to me a companion in travel, my comfort in trouble, my solace in sickness, and my sharer in happiness." This outpouring, at once somewhat youthfully self-conscious and yet critically precocious, is clearly prophetic of the authoritative biography of later years.



At Oxford, Parry plunged headlong into social and athletic life, yet music insistently claimed his attention. For while yet a Freshman, he was sufficiently advanced in technical skill to take his degree as Bachelor of Music. He was president of the Musical Society at Exeter, but also of the Adelphi Wine Club, and during a "long vacation" studied with the voluntarily expatriated English musician, Henry Hugo Pierson, who married a German wife and lived at Stuttgart, whither Parry sought him.

From Oxford, although uncompelled by financial necessity, he drifted into a half-hearted acceptance (probably on account of the prevailing prejudice against music as a profession for a "gentleman") of a business position at Lloyds. Nevertheless, he read omnivorously and kept in touch with the chief events of the London musical season.

In 1872, Parry married Lady Maud Herbert, the culmination of a romance which began at Eton, after some years of both tacit and active opposition from Lady Maud's mother. For the remainder of his life he lived in London or in the country nearby, save for an occasional trip to the Continent and a picturesque voyage to South America after a breakdown in health. In the country he occupied himself with botany, the study of mushrooms and, when near the sea, of sea-weeds. He rode, hunted now and then, skated, besides being a most adventurous yachtsman and swimmer. He also superintended the management of his estates, and in later years even occupied the position of county magistrate. He always pursued an exacting and highly varied course of reading, chiefly in English and French literature. As a young man he came in contact with Madame Schumann Faure, the French baritone, Joachim, Rubinstein, and Hans von Bülow. He also formed a fruitful friendship with Edward Dannreuther, to whom for years he submitted his works in the process of composition, and who brought not a few of them to performance.

Somewhat by chance Parry entered upon critical work for Sir George Grove in connection with the famous "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," an unconscious preparation for his subsequent career as teacher and author. As time went on his collaboration became more and more significant, and many important articles issued from his pen at the cost of much research. During this period, Brahms's "Ein Deutsches Requiem," Bach's B minor Mass, "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at Bayreuth, followed by Wagner's visit to London where he conducted and also read the as yet unset poem to "Parsifal" at Dannreuther's house were further determinative experiences of great import. In 1877, Parry gave up business and henceforth devoted himself entirely to music—composition, lessons, articles for Grove's Dictionary, abundant concert-going as well as frequent visits to his countryplace at Rustington. Several works by Parry were performed with varying success. But composition began to gain the ascendant. The first scene of "Prometheus Unbound," for chorus and orchestra, submitted as usual to Dannreuther, received his enthusiastic commendation—"a commendation" notes Mr. Graves "which continued as the work progressed, in spite of continuous interruptions and distractions: barrel-organs, pupils, rehearsals of his other works, social and domestic duties."

In 1883, Parry became professor of Musical History at the Royal Academy of Music in London. He was also for many years an examiner for musical degrees at both Cambridge and Oxford. In this connection Mr. Graves records: "The heavy 'ploughing' of would-be 'Mus. Bac's'—12 out of 21—at Oxford gave him no satisfaction, though it lent support to the old gibe against Bachelors of Music as 'people not yet wedded to their art.'" The far-reaching influence of Parry as a teacher, his faculty for lucid exposition and picturesque but informative digression, is reiterated by all who came in contact with him as a student. In 1891, already weighed down by responsibility, Parry became in addition director of the Royal College of Music in London. Here he still further extended the scope of his influence by a series of illuminating and thoughtful addresses to the pupils, characteristic of his broad yet vital views on musical art, and by the thorough manner in which he performed his executive duties.

Nevertheless despite his truly strenuous activity as a teacher, Parry somehow found time to write chamber-music, symphonies, and a long series of choral works, the latter mostly commissioned for provincial festivals. It is still too soon to "place" Parry as a composer. His chamber music belongs for the most part to his experimental stage. It also seems likely that Parry's lack of facility in orchestral rhetoric will militate against the survival of his symphonies although separate movements are noteworthy. But many of his songs and certain of his choral works are not only of intrinsic worth but are likely to remain as permanent memorials of the best in English music of his generation.

The acknowledged "great composer" is too often unstable in ethical standpoint, while his intellectual attainments outside the practice of his art are seldom more than negligible. Parry's magnificent mental equipment, constantly nourished in varying fields of thought, his loyal and generous disposition, his democratic sympathies, and his self-effacement before his conception of duty make him an almost unique figure among musicians (a sort of English César Franck) and reveal a fresh standard as to the potentialities of an artistic character.

By the time we finish Mr. Graves's biography, we too are of Sir Hamilton Harty's opinion that the ultimate value of Sir Hubert's music is subordinate to his virtues and example as a man. To be sure we wish his works to be appraised with justice. But we have followed the expansion of his personality and the growth of his service to musical art from the early samplings of life at Eton and Oxford, the tentative years in London to his full maturity as an educator and a musical philosophy. It is typical of Sir Hubert's individuality that the closing chapters of Mr. Graves's life should deal with his music to several Greek plays, valuable contributions to classical dramatic activities at English universities, with his traits as a yachtsman, and with a résumé of the philosophy of Art and Life as expressed in his addresses to the students at the Royal College of Music and in his last unpublished book, "Instinct and Character." The final phase of his preoccupation with the relation between music and life completes the human portrait. Mr. Graves has achieved a singularly noteworthy biography.

In Memoriam

WALTER CAMP, THE FATHER OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL. By HARFORD POWELL, JR. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. \$2.

Reviewed by LAWRENCE PERRY

LEISURELINESS in the years coming upon middle life and then appreciably beyond is so rare in the United States that we have yet to develop that type of gentleman sportsman and patron of amateur games who is—or was, before the world war—so common in England. Possibly the peculiarities of our national life may make it impossible that this genius will ever develop here, although so stupendous is the surge of athletic interest at the present time, so ramified its expression, that the commentator would be rash indeed were he to attempt to delimit outcropping manifestations which the future may develop. In any event we have already evolved a little group whose catholicity in sport has outgrown any original collegiate or club affiliation that may originally have circumscribed their enthusiasm and bounded their scope of patronage.

You will find them at the Penn Relays at Philadelphia, at the November climacterics of the Big Three, at the New London and Poughkeepsie boat races, the Olympiads, dual track meets of important universities, and Commencement baseball games where the crowd is large and the setting colorful. They are men beyond middle age, genial men; men of sound criticism who know the technique of the games they observe. Athletes in their splendid prime, they have never outgrown a youthful enthusiasm for sport and seemingly have no flaw in their enjoyment of a skill they cannot emulate and strength and physical driving power they no longer own. And they are all successful in business, the professions.

Out of all this the writer thinks may be evolved a picture of the late Walter Camp which is quite accurate in essential characteristics.



Mr. Powell's biography fills out the details with spirit, sympathy, and understanding. Walter Camp was ideally placed for a man who carried an enthusiasm for sport into his graduate years. Born in New Haven, the seat of Yale University, he spent his life in that city. Here his business was situated, here was his home. The university was at his elbow. It was entirely natural that his interest and technical understanding of football and other sports should have found outlet in coaching, these being days when the paid coach did not exist and instruction of athletes was dependent upon team captains and such graduate players as could find time and opportunity to devote to his work.

He never accepted pay for his services in behalf of Yale athletics and yet of all men who have ever coached in football there is none to compare with Camp. In the thirty years from 1880 to 1910 in which he either coached or was the directing genius behind the scenes, Yale stood supreme in the grid-iron game, and it was when the envy and ambition of younger men pushed Camp into the background and finally out of the Yale football scene that the decline of this university as a football leader began.

While directing Yale's football destinies Walter Camp's constructive genius in shaping the rules of play were definitely influential in bringing the game to its present status of stupendous popularity. It was he who devised the number of men who shall constitute a team, eleven; he evolved the scrimmage line, the quarter-back, and other backfield positions. He first employed signals and divided play into series of downs. For years, in fact until his death, he was the court of last resort in all questions pertaining to rules and interpretations. As he drew farther and farther from the councils of Yale athletics his interests became correspondingly general until at length he stood in the eyes of the intercollegiate world much less a Yale man than a national possession. His enthusiasm for sport bore the additional fruit of a rather large literary output, a fiction, essays, technical articles; in his later years he syndicated a daily column devoted to athletics which had wide distribution.

The onset of war in 1917 brought the public mind to a state in which it was peculiarly receptive to propaganda of a sort that Camp had long been preaching, physical fitness. He met the opportunity with his Daily Dozen. Mr. Powell with reason and justice devotes many pages of his biography to this

system of home exercise which in a flash became a household word. And here, the writer suspects, may be found the sanction of all Camp's years of devotion to athletics. In the years of the war, and immediately afterward, it is likely that in nine out of ten homes throughout the country one or more were doing the Daily Dozen, and today it remains an important part in the daily regimen of those who have a pride about their figures and their health.

Camp himself at sixty-five was vigorous, strong, lusty. He could turn in a golf card of eighty or under, eat anything that appealed to him and walk any distance without fatigue. His eyes were clear, his face ruddy; nowhere were there signs of that decay which accompanies advancing years. Yet thus staunch with vigor, thus apparently endowed with health, he went to bed after a Football Rules Committee meeting in the early spring of 1925. And he never woke up.

A Cyclorama

POWER. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ADOLPH E. MEYER
New York University

THAN Lion Feuchtwanger's "Jud Süß" few modern German novels have been more uproariously praised. Critics, in fact, have heaped upon this book a veritable shower of eulogy. Is this "Jud Süß," which has come into English under the name of "Power," really so great? Is its author, Feuchtwanger, actually so deft a weaver of historic romance as to suggest Dumas and Scott?

No characteristic of "Power" projects more saliently than its indescribable difference. Neither in language nor in style has it a counterpart. It is gargantuan; yet it is minute. It is romance; yet its realism is at times almost photographic. Painted on a huge canvas it presents a swirling, gigantic, incredible cyclorama—a vastness almost infinite. Yet, despite this sweeping boundlessness one's attention is continually arrested by the author's startling and vivid minuteness.

Money, women, and soldiers are the dominant tones of Feuchtwanger's engulfing rhapsody. Interwoven into this trinity are Catholic cunning, Protestant duplicity, political chicanery, and court intrigue. Alluring though nauseating, startling yet depressing, Feuchtwanger's voluminous narrative is virtually a pageant of human bestiality in all its naked shamelessness. Here no love syrup soothes the reader; no sugary speeches about morals and ideals; no rewards for virtue and innocence. Instead, we see villainous treachery triumphant, lechery rampant and victorious, democracy degraded, and tyranny enthroned. And the motive for all this is *power*—that mysterious, enslaving force which binds the vast majority of humans to the whims of the pinnacled few.

Power and Süß, the Jew, are synonymous. Urged by an unfailing instinct Süß attaches himself to the petty princeling Karl Alexander. Fate thrusts Karl upon the ducal throne of Württemberg. Yet this sudden whim of destiny propels the Jew even farther than his master. Over the land he spins enterprises and intrigues. Through his fingers runs the Duchy's entire revenue. He trades in jewels, horses, slaves. He takes over the Mint and coins money. He paralyzes his rivals and drowns them in the sorrow of overwhelming defeat. Before the Duke, however, Süß, is always servile—not because he fears Karl, nor because he loves him, but because it is to his advantage. The Duke may launch foul tirades against his Jew, he may perpetrate practical jokes, he may even steal from him the object of his animal passions, yet Süß always submits obsequiously. But in the end the Duke pays; for he is never able to dissolve the mysterious bond to the man who had established the Duke's fortune. Only once does Karl go too far. When Alexander's carnality seeks the innocent and religious daughter of Süß, Death rescues the helpless maiden. The overwhelmed Süß says little. Seeking time as his accomplice and playing on the ducal vanity, the Jew weaves a snare so subtle and so certain that the ruler's end is inevitable. Once more the Jew is triumphant. But his victory is only brief. Still, even in defeat the Jew is mockingly victorious. Strung from the gallows his body is rescued by fellow Jews who secrete it across the border away from its yearning enemies.

What part of this stirring tale is actual history and what part is fiction is unimportant. As in all such stories the writer must unravel his narrative in

the interest of his invention rather than for the benefit of historical truth. Guided by an unerring instinct the writer of historic romance must be able to strike a happy balance between truth and fable. This is what constitutes the success of Dumas and of Scott. Feuchtwanger is without this precious gift. Too much imponderable detail has deadened the pace of his pen. Inscrutable and irrelevant minuteness, it may be argued, have their proper place in literature. That place, however, is certainly not in such a rushing, swirling narrative torrent as "Power."

Yet, despite his academic tenacity Feuchtwanger has written a gripping tale. One's senses are stirred. One hears, sees, smells, and touches. One is in another world. The times are different. The eighteenth century is unfurled with all its happy glories and all its reeking stench. The characters are vivid—so alive in fact that the reader perforce becomes a party to iniquity. One's marrow is seared by the torch of power.

The language and style of the book fit no adequate pattern. The original German is anything but typical. Nervous and staccato, it frequently defies grammatical analysis. In his choice of words Feuchtwanger is at times almost a Rabelais. The translators, Willa and Edwin Muir, have done an excellent piece of work. The juicy expressions of the original have for the most part been successfully transported into the English. One epithet only is conspicuously absent—the Duke's sonorous "*Kotz Donner!*" This omission, however, is quite pardonable. In one respect at least the English has an advantage over the German. By the maintenance of a French expression here and there and the entire elimination of the original German the Teutonic mimicry of French aristocracy is brought into very powerful focus.

On the whole "Power" is hardly as great as some of its admirers would have us believe. Nevertheless, its qualities are superior to the average. The fact that one reads this book with interest despite its detail and its intermittent *ennui* speaks well for the story as a whole. But when one remembers its salient incidents long after one has left them, then their compelling grip and depth become evident.

Mr. Swinnerton's Latest

SUMMER STORM. By FRANK SWINNERTON. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. \$2.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

THIS is not an important book. Mr. Swinnerton can write better tales than "Summer Storm;" he has already done so. If the reader desires to day-dream over characters not particularly interesting, involved in a love story particularly banal, here is a sufficiently workmanlike novel. If, on the other hand, the reader asks more from fiction than smoothly flowing, if rather tepid, entertainment, he is advised to turn elsewhere. Summer storms are soon over—and one may always remind oneself that Mr. Swinnerton is the author of "Nocturne."

Mr. Swinnerton likes to have in his novels two contrasted girls who are in love with the same man. It provides a situation at once. It is not a bad formula. But a tendency to rely on formulæ is never a reassuring trait in an artist. Something mechanical creeps in.

And "Summer Storm" is a very mechanical tempest indeed! It is not only much ado about nothing (as are most human affairs), it is much ado about nobody. The alleged hero of "Summer Storm" is a wraith, impalpable; one instant after the book is closed it is impossible even to recall his name. Whatever it was, he got himself somewhat tamely mixed up with a not thrillingly enigmatic siren of Bloomsbury—but Polly, the heroine, was the only woman he had ever really loved. Mr. Swinnerton ventriloquizes for him and makes him say so; and tells us, moreover, that this Invisible Man was past forty—which is incredible, since he is entirely discarnate; he simply does not exist.

Polly, however, exists. As a portrait of a little London typist, who happens to be an entirely normal, wholesome, flesh-and-blood girl, Polly is unquestionably a success. At the office, or among her suburban family in Gospel Oak, Polly moves with a convincingly healthy and solid tread. You see her and believe in her and wish her well, perhaps, though whether or not you much care for her will depend on a point of view. There is a good deal of nice plain nourishing wheaten-loaf in Polly. She will grow stout as she grows older. She will have at

least six children (which is certainly no disgrace), and be a good mother to them (which is an excellent thing to be). But she will never have those delightful, well-cared-for children by the wraith! I, for one, refuse to believe she ever married whatever his name was. Biologically, I mean—how could she?

Mellow Comment

RIP VAN WINKLE GOES TO THE PLAY, and Other Essays on Plays and Players. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. \$2.

Reviewed by GEORGE C. D. ODELL

Author of the forthcoming "Annals of the New York Stage"

LOVERS of the theatre will find much to interest them in Professor Brander Matthews's "Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play." They will be thus rewarded because Professor Matthews himself is the great lover of the theatre—a man to whose taste and sympathy nothing relating to the drama, to the stage, to the art of acting, or to the profession of showmanship is alien or unintelligible. He has an uncanny gift of going straight to the heart of dramatic mysteries and returning with rich stores of suggestion and illustration for playgoers less sensitive and less observing than he.

The present volume is remarkable as the mature work of a writer whose enthusiasm increases with the passing years. Tired professional critics, plodding through unlovely evenings at worthless plays, might well be surprised to observe this very youthful "dean of American playgoers" still fresh, still zestful, still happy, after more than sixty years of attendance at the theatre. With him there is no mournful lament for a departed glory, which, as he himself might say, "never was."

Beginning again as ardent playgoer, after several years of enforced abstention, he can, as Rip Van Winkle, once more alert in an orchestra chair, believe that, of ten American plays seen by him in 1924, "taken by and large, they displayed a freshness of topic, a fertility of invention, an ingenuity of plotting, a neatness of construction, and an adroitness of craftsmanship, which would have been sought in vain in even the best of the native plays of half a century ago." And "taken together" they "were more adequately and more delicately acted than they would have been by the actors of my youth. . . . Our actors may have lost something of the largeness of style demanded by the older type of play, but they have made up for this by their conquest of simplicity of utterance, and by their subtler refinements in characterization." No wonder a younger generation has been surprised to hear this believer in the past thus simply and naturally proclaiming belief in the progress of an art he so deeply loves, and finding the best in the best of recent developments! Few have equalled him in carrying spring into a mellow, sunny autumn.

In one of the most thoughtful of the new essays, Professor Matthews once more declares his faith in the well-made play—not necessarily "well made" in the exact style of Pinero and Jones, but "well and truly made by an honest craftsman who is also a gifted artist." And every sensible spectator must agree. The vagueness of outline and the vague thinking in many recent pieces prove incontestably Professor Matthews's contention. The "well-made" formula will vary from generation to generation, but "slices of life" and other ill-ordered messes are likely to lie heavy on the digestions of a later day. The "well-made" play was always one of Professor Matthews's topics; he here once more asserts his confidence in it.

As a lover of the theatre, again, he gives of the riches of his memory. The essay on "Claptrap" could have been written by no man less copious in anecdote; some of the stories told will cause the reader to smile on many an occasion after the book is closed. And what man living today, except the Rip Van Winkle thus happily restored to the play, could have written so charmingly of those fine actresses of yester-year,—Ada Rehan, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Gilbert, Mme. Modjeska, Mme. Duse, etc.? The very spirit of the theatre of the past breathes in these memories; no mere playgoer could have treasured them so long and have distilled their essence so informingly.

I regard the four essays just cited as among those most typical of the writer; but no student of the drama can fail to be attracted by "The Question of the Soliloquy," "Second-Hand Situations," "The