

Chevillard Concert

Two symphonies, a symphonic poem, some symphonic variations for the cello, and a symphonic excerpt from an opera is what we were treated to last Sunday by M. Camille Chevillard and his excellent orchestra.

The first *chef d'orchestre* in France is going to follow up the lead of M. Parent and his quartet and the Mozart Society by giving, this season, a certain number of Mozart's compositions, notably the last five of the Mozart symphonies. On Sunday he gave us the one in C major (No. 36) which was composed some, where in the neighbourhood of 1784, and bears the number 425 in the Breitkopf and Härtel complete catalogue of the young master's works.

The public seemed to be in closer sympathy with the spirit of the work than used to be the case a few years ago, when Mozart's symphonic works were performed at the Sunday concerts. There is a vogue at the present moment all over artistic Europe for Fragonards, and Bouchers, and Watteaus, and it is not unfitting that at the same time there should be created a desire to know more profoundly the masterpieces of the Watteau, Fragonard, or Bouher, whichever you like, of music. The day is past for comparing Mozart to Raphael, the exquisite humorist to the painter of religious subjects absolutely lacking in a sense of humour, who would certainly have considered a humorous idea in art an abominable sacrilege. The religious fervour which made Raphael the artist he was, trampled down any innate sense of the humorous which a man of such fine perceptions is sure to have possessed. And yet Mozart, the most delicately humorous of all musicians, ancient and modern, is every day styled the Raphael of music only because his simplicity of execution faintly recalls the simplicity which is the characteristic of Raphael Sanzio.

Mozart is comparable from numerous points of view to Fragonard and Watteau; they all three have the sense of humour so highly developed that it is never coarse; their technique is always dainty yet the line is ever drawn with the strong self-confident hand of the true artist; their colour is simple but flashing with light, and their refinement is of the same quality, the refinement of gentlemen tempered by the keen perception of the student of nature.

The execution was delightful; the minuet, adagio, and finale especially were treated with a delicacy and charm beyond criticism.

The "Préludes" by Liszt, founded on Lamartine's "Méditations poétiques," was given for the first time at the Lamoureux Concerts. It is an example of programme music of the least comprehensible kind, for without the Lamartine text its name is an enigma, of which the puzzling-out is more than liable to take the attention from the music itself. It is music trying to represent abstract ideas without the human voice to give us the exact meaning. It conveys no literary impression as do "Mazepa" and "Orpheus," but we can enjoy it as music, though its themes are lacking in distinction, and its colour none too interesting. It is not one of Liszt's best orchestral works.

M. Liégeois, the Belgian cellist, who played the solo

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part of Boëlmann's "Variations Symphoniques," has a good tone and a fine artistic sense, but here again we should have preferred to hear him in a work of greater significance.

"Chasse and Orage," from Berlioz's "Les Troyens," and Beethoven's A major Symphony, both magnificently rendered, completed a most enjoyable and instructive programme.

In the audience were to be seen numerous musicians taking and comparing notes. Among others I noticed Madame la Comtesse Armande de Chabannes, a young composer of serious talent, Madame Maria Gay, the contralto about to start for a *tournée* with Pugno in Brittany, Gustave Lyon, Alfred Brueneau, Louis Diémer, taking a rest after last week's virtuosity at the Colonne Concert, Calvocoressi, booming the Scola Cantorum with all his might—a worthy object, Jules Combarieu, chef du Cabinet of the Minister of Fine Arts and director of the *Revue Musicale*, the three Chaigneau sisters, one of whom is now Mme. Piazza, Pablo Cazals, the Spanish cello virtuoso, engaged by the Philharmonic Society for the second concert in December, de Radwan, the Polish pianist, doubtless wishing that Chopin had composed orchestral music so that Chevillard could place his music on the programme; Melno, glad of a rest after her "Rhine-Maiden" exertions of the two previous Sundays, Léon Moreau, Sachs, Deszo Lederer, Ravel, a promising young composer of the new school, Ricardo Viñes, a sincere musician and first-rate pianist, and a score of others who do not like to see their names in print. A. B.

RODIN

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Ève

The Serpent glimmered though the primal tree
Full in the gladness of the afterglow.

Its royal head warred ever to and fro,
Seeking the knowledge of the Doom to be.

Ève, in the naked love and liberty

She had not bartered yet, moved sad and slow
Serene toward the sunset, murmuring low
The tyrant's curse, the hideous decree.

Then she, instructed by the Saviour Snake,

Saw once clear Truth and gave her life, and love
And peace and favour of the friends above,

For Knowledge, Knowledge pure for Knowledge's sake.

The full moon rose. Creation's voice was dumb
For the first woman's shame, strength, martyrdom.

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