EXOTICISM IN MUSIC IN RETROSPECT

By D. C. PARKER

THE dictionary tells us that the word "exotic" signifies something foreign and that it is the opposite of indigenous. The definition is important, for the student of the arts cannot fail to be struck by the strange manner in which customs and ideas are carried from one scene to another. People who travel or emigrate take with them not only their worldly goods, but their habits and religions, and, in many cases, these latter are preserved more jealously by the exile than by him who moves among his own folk. But there is another aspect of exoticism which, if less generally recognised, is equally important. It deals with the adoption of foreign terms on the part of the artist. It is difficult to account for the presence of the desire which has so often manifested itself, to write about people and describe sights which are far removed from us by time and space; but it may, I think, be partly attributed to the fact that the mobility of the imagination far exceeds the mobility of the body, and that, while outwardly the creator often leads the most uneventful of lives and spends his years in a study or studio, his mental existence is full of adventure and surprise, for he fights the battles of his characters and beholds the landscape towards which his pilgrims have turned their eyes.[1] Or it may arise from a consuming desire to fashion a universe of beauty, an artistic Utopia or El Dorado, a world in which heroes and heroines possess all the virtues and graces. And, as the conquistadores came back to the old world with wonderful tales of the glory and richness of far-off provinces, the recital of such exploits may possibly have given birth to the belief that distance lends enchantment, and have tempted artists to portray the life and manners of semi-legendary states in which Nature enthralls man by her endless blandishments.

A proper appreciation of the value of exoticism in music depends upon that artistic cosmopolitanism, upon that urbanity of mind which alone can give us a perception of striking and unusual features. The men who were first attracted by new sights and

[1]Compare the remark of Anatole France's Monsieur Bergeret: "If Napoleon had been as intelligent as Spinoza, he would have written four books in a garret."

unfamiliar modes of expression were those who inhabited that area over which the polyglot life of the Mediterranean, the mother of a hybrid culture, exercised a deep and abiding influence. From the East came merchants with their caravans, bringing along with their silks and spices something of the ancient poetry and picturesqueness of the Orient. In Greece, from which country the beautiful myths of Orpheus and Arion emanated, the power of music over mind and body was early recognized and, as the love of culture spread westward, great activity manifested itself in Italy and Spain.

In treating this question it is necessary to say a word about the South. There is a Capri and Sorrento, a Florence and Athens in the heart of every artist. Like Goethe's heroine, he sighs for the land where the orange trees grow and we cannot, therefore, test the value of exoticism or measure its extent if we do not carefully examine the influence of the South and Southern characteristics upon the sensibilities of the poet. The relationship between music and the South is more real than apparent. The words *orchestra* and *chorus* are of Greek origin, and the mention of the term *opera* at once reminds us of Florence. In music the difference between the North and the South is largely the difference between intensive and extensive culture. In the North men are by nature introspective and the song of the Northern races comes from within; in the South people are little given to self-examination. Where Nature wooes and the sun shines in all its radiance men sing because they must and with little thought of the morrow. The song of the South is before all else emotional; it is an expression of the joy which animates man in beautiful surroundings, a contrast to that of the North which so often provides a refuge from the tempest which rages without. When Nietzsche declared that it was necessary to "mediterraneanise" music he meant that it was necessary to restore to it something of the "gay science" of the laughing and volatile South.

It is, perhaps, surprising that the cosmopolitan life to which I have referred did not reveal itself to any great extent in the older composers. The Modes are, certainly, of Greek origin. But there exists little music which could be described as exotic until a comparatively recent date. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that the vast resources of the orchestra have been available only in modern times. The music of Bach and Handel owes nothing to colour, for it has none in the present-day sense. In Handel we see an example of a man who treated a wide variety of subjects, sacred and secular, classical and topical,

elaborate and slight. But there is not, so far as I know, a bar which is tinged with exoticism. The influence of the singing schools of the seventeenth century is discernible, no doubt, but apart from the easy flow of the voice parts, the art of writing which he acquired when studying in Italy, there is nothing to remark in this connection. As a matter of fact, it was better for music that its grammar and syntax, as it were, should have been firmly established by Bach and Handel than that these composers should have indulged in what must have been colour experiments. For, by constant allegiance to one style, whether dictated by force of circumstances (*e.g.*, lack of instrumental means) or not, they did a greater service. In the wide sense they raised music from a patois to a language, and men from the ends of the earth who loved the works of these two giants had, at least, something in common.

Gluck passed from "Le Cinesi" to "Don Juan," from "Alessandro nell' Indie" and "Orfeo ed Euridice" to "Les Pélerins de la Mecque," but commentators have not found that change of locality was responsible for the temporary introduction of new features. There is little difference between his Scythians and his Greeks. Speaking generally, the composers of the classic age were restricted to one or two very primitive effects, such as a few strokes of the triangle or of the cymbals, when they wished to give their works a picturesque touch. We find this in Mozart's "Il Seraglio" and Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." The music of "Don Giovanni" and "Figaro" does not differ in its essentials from that of "La Clemenza di Tito" or "The Magic Flute." It is interesting to note, however, that Gluck and Mozart showed a desire to give appropriate piquancy to their scores when they introduced a fandango into them.

The more one studies this question of exoticism the more one feels that it is an accretion. When a great composer writes at the top of his form he reveals himself to us, and he can do us no greater service. The action of "Fidelio" takes place in Spain, but it is the playbill, not the music, which tells us so. In this sense all art is autobiographical. Henry James rightly holds that the most valuable thing in Balzac is Balzac himself. He has been called the novel itself as Molière was called the comedy itself. Such a view is not inconsistent with a recognition of the value of an extensive use of local colour. "The style is the man," said Buffon in a memorable address to the French Academy, and the most vital writers have the power of giving us themselves in copious measure in all their works.

It is impossible to ignore the fact that an over-indulgence in local colour, an excessive flirting with exotic effects sometimes leads to curious results. We see a fair example of this in "Samson and Delilah." Lest I should be misunderstood I hasten to say that I am an admirer of Saint-Saëns's music and that I have on many occasions had the honour of paying him that homage which is his due. But what do we find in his dramatic masterpiece? The opening choruses of Hebrews derive their idiom from Bach and Handel. The entrance of Delilah and her flower-maidens is full of a grace that is typically Parisian. The celebrated *Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix* is French in its inspiration. The "Dance of the Priestesses of Dagon" and the "Bacchanale" carry us off to Palestine. The chorus of aged Hebrews reminds us of the music of the synagogue. In his art, as in his life, Saint-Saëns has been a great traveller, but despite the cleverness and beauty of his score, and both are great, the opera as a whole suffers from a lack of homogeneity. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the absurdities which abound in the pages of dramatic music, such as the mazurka in Gounod's "Polyeucte"; suffice it to say that in men of the first rank we find a consistency of style which is not destroyed by the introduction of picturesque traits and lavish colouring. Out of two ingredients, laughter and tears, must the artist fashion his art.

It may be well to point out at this juncture that local colour is often confused with characterisation. Reference to the stage works of Mozart will at once demonstrate the difference between them. Characterisation is an integral part of a dramatic work. I hardly imagine that anyone intimate with Mozart's operas would seriously contend that the composer was deficient in characterisation, but, as I have tried to show, there is little local colour in his scores. To take another example, in "Tristan and Isolde," while the personality of Wagner is evident in every bar, the characters preserve their individualities throughout. To insist too emphatically upon the use and value of local colour is to dislodge characterisation from its legitimate place in the artistic scheme.

Turning to later masters we find evidence of an increasing disposition to dabble in the picturesque. There is, perhaps, little to detain us in the ballet of "William Tell" or the "Bohemian Dance" of "Les Huguenots," but the point to note is that composers showed a readiness to treat subjects which, in modern hands, would have given ample opportunity for the introduction of exquisite shades of orchestral colouring. Cherubini's "Les

Abencérages" is an example of this. In Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche," described by a critic as "*un opéra tyrolien dont l'action se passe en Ecosse,*" we meet with the familiar air of "Robin Adair," the *chant ordinaire de la tribu d'Avenal.* The melody of Auber is derived from the French *chanson*, but the composer of "La Circassienne" and "Le Dieu et la Bayadère," if I mistake not, introduced a negro dance and creole melody into his "Manon."

France

Coming to the French music of the nineteenth century we meet a remarkable exploitation of the exotic. Those familiar with the artistic history of the French people will hardly be astonished at this. In his beautiful story, "Honorine," Balzac contrasts the English and the French. If the French, he remarks, have an aversion for travelling and the English a love for it, both nations have a good excuse. Something better than England is everywhere to be found, but it is difficult to find the charms of France elsewhere. If, however, the Frenchman love to live at home his delight in the good things of the outer world is great. Seventeenth-century France, for example, was deeply interested in Chinese ceramics.[1] The porcelain which Dutch and Portuguese seamen brought from the Celestial Empire to Europe were more appreciated in France than elsewhere. In the pages of literature we discover the same. That typical Balzacian character, the Marquis d'Espard of "L'Interdiction", worked at "A picturesque history of China." And did not Gambara become excited at the mere mention of his great opera "Mahomet"? Voltaire gave us "Zadig," and the remark that the English were a people with seventy religions and only one sauce is characteristic of the man to whom dullness was a great artistic vice. Le Sage started on his career with two plays in imitation of Lope de Vega. The influence upon him of Calderon has been noted, but he was, nevertheless, among the earliest to realize the possibilities of the picturesque novel. Chateaubriand, Anatole France tells us, "was the first to infuse exoticism into poetry and make it ferment there." A sojourn in the East inspired Lamartine to his "Souvenirs d'Orient." De Musset attracted notice as the author of a volume of "Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie." "Local colour," Ferdinand Brunetière holds, "is a literary acquisition of romanticism." From the forbidding landscapes of the North Stendhal shrank as from a ghost. Gautier, who amused himself with the fantastic

[1]Compare Auber's "Cheval de Bronze" (a Chinese Subject.)

notion that he was an Oriental, wrote of his travels in Spain and Russia, Italy and Turkey with immense gusto. The de Goncourts gave encouragement to Japanese art. Flaubert's greatest achievement deals with the struggle between Rome and Carthage. Mérimée's début was made in strange literary disguise. His first products were supposed to be translations from the Spanish and Illyrian. "Carmen," the masterwork of the man who felt at home in an Andalusian *venta*, is appropriately laid in Spain, and yet Mérimée was typically French. (The point is curious. The epigrammatic Nietzsche, student of philology, who claimed that he and Heine were the only men who could make the German language dance, recorded the fact that the stylists of the old and new worlds, the Greeks and the French, opposed the introduction of foreignisms and guarded the purity of their tongues.) In Renan the fascination of the East is once more prominent. Daudet, "the *bouillabaisse*," prided himself on being a Southern troubadour. Through the pages of Pierre Loti we find exquisite word pictures of Japan and Turkey. And Anatole France, to whom we owe the "Noces Corinthiennes," has shown in "Thaïs" what a great effect is produced upon the mind of a Latin artist when he contemplates the life of a far country in a remote period. Add to all this the vogue enjoyed by Lafcadio Hearn and you have abundant evidence that the French, while animated by a deeply rooted love of country, quickly become willing captives to the powers of the picturesque.

I have made this digression upon the literature of France, "a country where every man has a natural turn for the part of a sultan, and every woman is no less minded to become a sultana," because one can point to times during which the French regarded the words of a song as of primary, the music as of secondary importance—a reflection of the glory to which her literature had attained while yet her music lagged sadly behind. The music of France has been mainly dramatic, as that of Italy has been melodic and that of Germany symphonic, and the influence of the literary movements is often discernible in the sister art. Indeed, it is interesting to note that some of the outstanding characteristics of French literature are to be found in the music of the country. The wide use of the many adjectives of the language and the constant employment of its rich vocabulary find their musical counterpart in picturesque scoring and resourceful harmony. The manifestos of freedom, so often launched at the government of the day, have their equivalent in Berlioz's music of revolt. The choice of words for their atmospheric value

reminds us of the methods of the impressionist musicians. In France we behold an artistic phenomenon, namely, a keen appreciation of exoticism and a widespread exploitation of its capabilities which are for the most part freely indulged without the sacrifice of the traditional merits of conciseness, polish and clarity. An untidy mind is an abomination to the Frenchman.

For the purposes of this brief survey it is convenient to take Félicien David's "Le Désert" as a starting point. David recorded his impressions of the Orient in the only work of his which is now widely known. Something of its success is, doubtless, due to the variety which pervades the score. In it we find a "Prayer to Allah," a "Call of the Muezzin," and a "Dance of the Almées." The importance of the composition is largely historical. While experimental, the music cannot be ignored, for it must, surely, have been instrumental in encouraging many another musician to turn his attention to those captivating traits which are found in the East. Passing from David we come to Gounod, in whom the femininity which is so prominent in French music first becomes apparent. The heroines of Gounod and Massenet are as typical of the Latin mind as the heroines of Ibsen and Björnson are of the Scandinavian. They have little in common with the muscular Brunnhildes and terrifying Valkyries of the wind-swept North. Unfortunately Gounod put all that he had to say in "Faust," which the Germans wisely call "Margarethe," for "Romeo and Juliet," which tells us nothing new, should be called "Juliet and Romeo" if not simply "Reminiscences of Faust," and "La Reine de Saba" was a failure.[1] In Ernest Reyer there is more to occupy the attention. Born in Marseilles, he lived for a time in Algeria. A prolonged visit to the African province may possibly have been responsible for his choice of "Le Sélam," based on Gautier, as the subject of his most important work. Following later came "Sacuntala," a ballet, "Le Statue," and at a distance of some thirty years a setting of "Salammbô."

Camille Bellaigue speaks of "la France historique et la France exotique," and both of them are found in full measure in the compositions of Saint-Saëns. On the one hand he is descended from the scholars and schoolmen to whom all musicians owe so much; on the other he is an indefatigable traveller who has expressed in his art the impressions made upon him by the life and poetry of many lands. A polymath, he is remarkable alike for the fecundity of his ideas and the versatility displayed in the gestation

[1]One can afford to disregard the Moorish-Spanish "Le Tribut de Zamora," which was a fiasco.

of them. In all his music there is a great deal of the Voltairean sauce, a liberal sprinkling of the *paprika* which Wagner found in Liszt. He is an extremely cultured man who draws his inspiration from the ends of the earth. "Samson and Delilah" I have already mentioned. "La Princesse Jaune" deals with a Chinese subject, and he has written Persian Songs, a Suite Algérienne, "A Night in Lisbon," a Jota Aragonaise, a Caprice on Danish and Russian Folk-themes, a "Souvenir of Italy," a "Havanaise," "Africa," a fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, a "Caprice arabe," and a "Souvenir d'Ismaïlia." (In connection with the study of the local characteristics of such places as Algeria, Morocco, Corsica, Madagascar and China, it may be remarked, in passing, that many Frenchmen come to an examination of racial traits untrammelled by those prejudices which exist elsewhere. An outstanding instance of this attitude of mind is to be found, if memory serves, in Jean Finot's volume, "Préjugé des Races.") Among the songs are some which bear further witness to the catholicity of his tastes; for example "Alla riva Tebro," "Désir de l'Orient," "El Desdichado," "Guitare," and "La Madonna col Bambino." To the critic this chameleon-like adaptability so frequently exhibited is, at first, bewildering. In which of these pieces do we find the essential Saint-Saëns? In which is he wearing a mask and mystifying us by donning the costume of a Spanish grandee or that of an Arab chief? Whatever the answers we give to these questions it cannot be denied that the personal merits of Saint-Saëns are present in practically all his productions. In the "Suite Algérienne" there are points in the rhythm and harmony which could have been conceived only by a man who possessed a great command of technical resource. And, while the experiments are not all equally successful, the cleverness shown in the manipulation of external features contributes to that variety and freshness which are among the master's most valuable artistic assets. It is not without good reason that he has made the confession, "*Je suis un éclectique.*"

The main difference between the exoticism of Saint-Saëns and that of Massenet lies in the fact that, while that of the former is spread over a large variety of works in almost every conceivable form, that of the latter is mainly confined to his operas. The "Scènes Alsaciennes" and "Marche de Szabady" are not among the most characteristic of his achievements. As in the case of Saint-Saëns we are faced with an apparent problem. Massenet was French of the French. His song was personal, and other men have felt the influence of the *mélodie massenetique*. This

Anacreontic musician consecrated his gifts to a praise of the Eternal Feminine—or, as some hold, that aspect of it which is represented by modern France; a Gallic trait, surely, for good critics have observed that the Comédie Humaine is remarkable chiefly for its women folk. Take away the male characters of Massenet and you do not lose very much. Take away his heroines and there is nothing left. We are often conscious of the rose-pink of the boudoir, of the frou-frou and patchouli of the elegant world. One cannot repress the feeling that there is some subtle connection between this femininity and the orientalism so frequently displayed by the French. But if Massenet's harp had but one string it was capable of the sweetness of honey. His is music born in a land in which the worship of the Virgin is a natural thing, and it is curious to note how many of his dramatic works are called after their heroines—"Manon," "Esclarmonde," "Grisélidis," "La Navarraise," "Sapho," "Thaïs," "Thérèse," "Ariane." It has been urged against him that he was content with the mechanical exploitation of a single idiom, but the interest of all the operas is heightened by the introduction of passages full of luscious colouring and seductive charm. In the early "Le Roi de Lahore" we have the divertissement in the Paradis d'Indra with its quaint variations on a Hindoo theme. (These are preceded by a waltz-like measure. "What," you say, "a waltz in such surroundings?" Have you not learnt that in the operatic Spain and the legendary India anything is possible?) In "Hérodiade" there is the clever dance of the Eastern girls. Passing "Manon," that captivating opera of powder and patches, we arrive at "Le Cid" in which we again have the French composer indulging his love of the picturesque to the full. "Le Cid" is somewhat bombastic and does not show Massenet at his best, but in the Moorish rhapsody and the ballet of the Spanish provinces there is much that is delightful in subject and in treatment. Again, in "Thaïs" there is subtle fascination in the oriental intermezzo and in the ballet. "Cendrillon" carries us to the old world of Perrault with its fairies and Prince Charming, but when we open "Chérubin" we behold the composer coquetting once more with local colour—see, especially, the opening of the second act. These examples might be multiplied, but enough has been said to show that Massenet's imagination was stimulated by the importation of phrases and rhythms calculated to lend piquancy and interest to his works. It is a habit with many to talk of Massenet as though he were a kind of sous-Gounod. While he was a feminist and wrote in Paris, the home of Paquin as it was formerly the scene

of the triumphs of Palmyre, his gift was greater than that of his predecessor. In him we see proof of the statement that the local colour, that the exoticism which he loved so much was an external thing. His personal contribution to his art lies in those sweet and alluring pages in which he revealed himself. That his talent was dramatic and not symphonic should not blind us to the charm of his muse.[1]

In Edouard Lalo the musician will find much to admire. Lalo was not a great writer, and yet there is something peculiarly individual in his methods. The most prominent characteristics of his music, and they are very prominent, are a strong sense of colour, great rhythmical diversity, and considerable boldness in the modulations. I cannot understand why "Namouna" was not well received when given in Paris in 1881. The valse may be only a piece of refined dance music, spiced here and there with the unconventional touches native to Lalo, but the *Scène du Balcon* is a pure joy, full of originality in idea and the employment of it. The well-known *Symphonie Espagnole* is fascinating from the harmonic as well as the rhythmic standpoint. Lalo's harmony is worthy of serious study, for he obtains many of his best effects by means of it—a fact which did not escape Tschaikowsky.

It is necessary to dwell briefly upon one or two other composers. Bizet thought of writing an opera on the "Namouna" of de Musset and his widow informed me that he composed the music for three acts of "Le Cid" which he had not the time to write down. He wooed the East in "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" and "Djamileh." The former, an early work, bears traces of immaturity, but to the latter justice still remains to be done, for the score, in the words of Victorin Joncières, "exhales the perfume of the Orient." The opening chorus is full of an indolence and beauty such as one expects to meet with in Egypt, and if the unconventional Ghazel—a word familiar to students of Turkish and Persian literature—in which Djamileh tells a tale of love be weird and melancholy, the Almée is wild and fierce, suggesting the dancing dervishes of the Sahara. "Here," said Reyer, "is the true music of the East." There are other features in the little work which deserve attention, but they hardly come within the scope of this article. The music as a whole, nevertheless, stands as a kind of prophecy of "Carmen." "Djamileh" is the bud, "Carmen" the flower. Little wonder is it that Saint-Saëns celebrated its beauties in a sonnet and that Pigot described it as

[1]Perhaps a word ought to be said about Dulcinea's song with guitar accompaniment in "Don Quichotte."

"a little masterpiece, a pearl, a jewel." In "Carmen" there is, of course, much of the sunny South and it is instructive to observe the different views of critics as to the legitimacy of Bizet's use of Spanish themes. Some tell us that the central figure is merely an attractive French heroine masquerading as a manolo, that we are deceived by the balcony of the inn, the guitars and castanets, the fans and mantillas, the "*costumes bariolés*" which have so often formed part of the stock-in-trade of third-rate men; others write enthusiastically about the manner in which Bizet used his materials. The opera as an opera is thoroughly satisfying, but I cannot say whether the author of it ever studied Spanish and gypsy music seriously. The Habanera, it will be remembered, was a glorious afterthought, the melody having been suggested, if not actually derived ("*imitée d'une chanson espagnole*" is Bizet's description of the process) from a song of Yradier lent to Bizet by Madame Bemberg, mother of the composer. The piece would never have been written had it not been for a dissatisfied prima donna, a circumstance which calls to mind the origin of Rossini's *Di tanti palpiti*, than which no solo was ever received with more frenzied enthusiasm. A Spanish authority informs me that, while the merits of the music are recognized by Spanish musicians, these men do not regard it as really Spanish, as faithfully representing the popular idiom of the people. When all is said, however, one must admit that Bizet showed remarkable cleverness in handling exotic themes and in lending a dash of colour to his canvas.

There remains much of interest, but this must be merely mentioned. Bruneau's "Kérim" owes not a little to the researches of that tireless student Bourgault-Ducoudray. In Chabrier and Charpentier, Debussy, Roussel and Ravel there are pages which yield much to patient examination. And we discover a great deal that is wonderfully refreshing in the march of César Franck's camel drivers and the czardas and mazurka to which the corphyées and nimble rustics of Delibes dance and pose. To Gevaërt, to Louis Laloy (who has made a profound study of Chinese music) and to Jaques-Dalcroze (a commentator upon Arabic rhythms)[1] the French are deeply indebted. While the reader may protest that this survey has hardly brought him into contact with the greater aspects of France, with the society which walked abroad in the fair fields of Touraine and dined in the châteaux which flank the Loire, with the rich and bountiful life of the eighteenth

[1]See also the Arab influence in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar."

century, with the thickly populated world of Molière and Dumas, he will, perhaps, admit that it has served to show how remarkable has been the French activity in this direction.

Germany

The Germans have not exploited exoticism to any very great extent. His love of self-culture impelled the Hellenic Goethe to a serious study of the art of Greece and Italy, a task which bore fruit in the extraordinary "Gott und die Bajadere," a title which recalls Auber, and the "Westöstliche Divan," wherein the Olympic figure of the poet is to be observed dressed out in the loose trousers and fez of a Turkish pasha. Heine, too, had his Southern aspect, and so it is true to say that there was a *Drang nach Osten* in an artistic before a political sense. Apart from such compositions as Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" and Scottish Fantasia, the Bohemian Dvořák's "Nigger" quartet, "New World" symphony, Biblical Songs, Gypsy Songs (one of which, "Als die alte Mutter," is an exquisite jewel, and shows what can be done in a small compass) and Slavonic Dances, and D'Albert's "Tiefland," a curious congery of styles, all of which can be traced to their sources, there is little to scrutinise.

The exception which proves the rule, and a brilliant exception it is, may be found in "The Barber of Bagdad" by Cornelius. This work has a great historical significance as those who know the inner history of Liszt's break with Weimar are aware. On its *début* Cornelius's little effort met with a hostility which is capable of misinterpretation, for it was really directed against Liszt and did not reflect upon the value of the music. It may be that the circumstances in which the opera was introduced have mitigated against its wide popularity. In any case, it is not so well known as it ought to be. Cornelius was obviously inspired by his subject. Although he was a prominent member of the New German School and had sympathies with the Wagnerian movement, there is much in his music which cannot be traced to Liszt or Wagner. The Bagdad of the composer is an attractive place, and the score with its call of the muezzin, comic sallies and lyrical episodes so deftly handled holds an unique place among the modern operatic works of Germany.

Paradoxically enough, the first man in whom we find exoticism freely used is the national Weber. Weber was influenced by the trend of his time. The literature for which he showed the greatest

fondness was largely preoccupied with the baroque and the fantastic, and there is little doubt that, as he possessed a considerable literary gift, he was moved to adopt a somewhat similar attitute towards his own art. For the writings of Tieck he nursed a profound affection. In "Preciosa," taken from Cervantes, there are effective passages which portray Spanish and Gypsy life. He considered Columbus and the Cid as subjects for dramatic treatment, and sketched some music for "Die drei Pintos."[1] The score of the Gozzi-Schiller "Turandot" gives us an interesting attempt at local colouring in the use to which he puts a Chinese theme. In "Oberon," Arabic and Turkish melodies are incorporated, and there are one or two scenes full of the *cachet* of the Orient.

Liszt, by birth a Hungarian, was by nature responsive to outward impressions. To name the compositions in which he displayed a sympathy with the poets of the past and an appreciation of scenery and architecture would be to name practically all his works. An examination of the music of Liszt in all its aspects would demand more space than can be allowed here, and this is not the place to debate the legitimacy, or otherwise, of his incursions into the fascinating realm of Hungarian music. It is necessary only to point out that no composer has been more easily touched by the artistic monuments bequeathed by the ages. The literature of France, the paintings and frescoes of Italy, the ritual of the church, the music of the German classicists moved him profoundly and went far to shape that halo of enchantment which surrounds his works. It is permissible to assume that the objects of a man's admiration provide an index to his character and, as is the case with Carlyle, so with Liszt, the heroes whose praises he sang give us an insight into the man's nature. His view of life was essentially heroic; to him most human endeavour was to be fitly expressed in musical terms as a *lamento* and *trionfo*, even when the latter was posthumous. To Dante, Petrarch and Tasso, great figures born in the cradle of the New Spirit, he looked with veneration. The famous episode of Mazeppa, which is variously told by the historians, ends confidently with the victorious strains of a Cossack march. He passed from one subject to another with astonishing ease, and in every case there is evidence of the breadth of his intellect, the bountiful generosity of his nature, the extraordinary catholicity of his tastes, and the whole-hearted delight which he took in gorgeous pageantry and

[1]This was dressed out by Gustav Mahler and produced at Leipsig.

effective decoration. After him Goldmark, a Hungarian Jew, has shown the most decided tendency to lay on thick colours. "Sapho" and "Sakuntala," to mention representative pieces, are the children of that opulent imagination to which we are indebted for several notable excerpts in "Die Königin von Saba"; though many will agree that the vivid hues are less cunningly handled here than they are in many French works and in "Aïda."

Strauss has a Southern aspect. He has declared that sunshine is necessary for his inspiration. Early in his career he paid handsome tribute to the land of Dante in a suite, and subsequently devoted two of his most elaborate tone-poems to outstanding figures of Southern imagination, "Don Juan" and "Don Quixote." But the exotic Strauss is almost wholly unsatisfactory, as witness "The Legend of Joseph." Nowhere, I think, has Strauss so signally failed as in the "Dance of the Seven Veils" in "Salome." Here was an opportunity at which most of the French composers would have put all the colour and perfume of the East in their strains. Strauss's dance is neither Eastern nor particularly distinguished. The technical ability is squandered, for the effect is out of all proportion to the means employed. I am not discussing the value of the opera, which is quite another question. All I say is that the German master has not taken full advantage of the situation from the exotic point of view. In this connection it is instructive to compare the treatment of the subject as shown here and in Massenet's "Hérodiade." But if you wish to realize the wide divergence between the French and the German methods, you have only to think what the French would have done with "Parsifal." To begin with they would probably have called it "Kundry," and it needs but little effort to imagine how Massenet, say, would have treated the scene of the flower-maidens. In his art Wagner maintained a unity of style which was little, if at all, disturbed by change of *locale*. Like Balzac, he gave us himself and we have little reason to complain. But, while the *paprika* which he found in Liszt is lacking in his own music, it is possible to create a picture of Wagner, the Eastern poet, to which Velasquez or Munkacsy might well have put his signature. Several traits in the man's character remind us of the life of Bagdad. The voluptuary, sybarite, hedonist has been dragged into the light of publicity by painstaking critics. He was the first to write sex music. He delighted in rich colours and perfumes, and had a weakness for gorgeous surroundings and fine personal apparel. There does not exist unanimity of opinion as to the extent of his absorption in the philosophical pessimism of Schopenhauer, but

no one can deny his interest in Buddhism, in the works of Hafiz, "the greatest and most sublime philosopher," in the *Tattvamasi*; and additional light is thrown on this aspect of the man in the sketches for "Die Sarazenin" and "Die Sieger." The portrait, however, can be drawn only from the man's mental activity, from his prose writings and his speech. His music gives practically no hint of this side of him. It was that of one who drew his strength from Gluck, Beethoven and Weber, and it was made possible by those brilliant members of the European schools who laid the foundations upon which the edifices of the art are built.

Hugo Wolf heard a great deal of Italian music in his youth, was sincerely attracted by the French masters, and encouraged the hope that, perhaps, some Latin blood coursed through his veins. He seems, in this respect, to have been one of few. The average German intellect often finds it difficult to adopt the externals of other nations, and to this we must attribute the comparative want of success in the exotic vein. It lacks the vivacity and mobility of the French mind; to it caprice is a stranger. (This difference in outlook and in method has been remarked by many, but none has analysed it better than Matthew Arnold.) The strongest link between German and French music seems to me to be that Southern product, the Viennese waltz, which Marcel Prévost has aptly designated as having *une âme de femme*. But it stands as a thing apart. To how many German scores could we fitly apply the epithet *une partition parfumée*, so frequently employed to describe French works?

Spain.

The music of Spain is a music of the people. In the Middle Ages there were the *trobadores*, a name which suggests knight-errantry and romance. But even more interesting is the story of the *villancicos*, or peasants' songs, which, if more vulgar than the *romanceros*, were a true interpretation of real life. Music in Spain has developed slowly, a fact which is, perhaps, largely due to the limited capacity of the guitar and mandoline.[1] And so we find that, whereas with other nations the perception of music has become keener, the singing beggars of the streets are to-day the bards of Spain very much as they were in olden times.

This by no means implies that Spain is at all lacking in musical interest. The country furnishes many features which are without parallel in the history of other peoples. That more is

[1]There seems to be considerable difference of opinion on this point.

not known about Spanish music must be attributed to the facts that the country is cut off by the Pyrenees, and that the Basques who, like the adjacent Gascons, have jealously preserved their individuality as a race, are by nature secretive. As will be guessed by students, Spain is a country where the song is the dance and the dance is the song. Dr. Riemann holds that when music arrives at a certain point of development the gulf which separates it from poetry and dancing tends to become wider. This is not yet the case in Spain. It has always been natural for the Spaniard to express himself in movement, and the dances of the country tell us much of the history and temperament of the inhabitants. In the North the predominant influence is Basque; in the South there are traces of the Moorish occupation. Practically all this music can point to an ancient pedigree. The very names resound with a fine romanticism which conjures up in the mind the proud Spain of former days. There is the *jota*, a dance popular in Arragon and Navarre; the *rondeña*, originating at Ronda (compare the Scottish strathspey which takes its name from that district and the Serbian *nishevlyanka* which is derived from Nish); *el jaleo* is associated with Xerez; the *ole gaditano* is danced by the laughing girls of Cadiz; the *pollo* at Seville; the *malagueña del torero* came from Malaga. The *chaconne*, a word of uncertain derivation, and the *fandango* have now merely an historical significance. But more widely known than any of these are the *boleros*, *habaneras*, and *seguidillas manchegas*, the last of which are popular all over Spain. Among gypsy dances are the *zarandeo* and the *zorongo*. When we read of these dances, some performed in the village squares, others in the stifling, ill-lit cafés of Seville or Cadiz, we feel that they are far removed from the highly-organised music of middle Europe. And when their attitudes and accoutrements are added, the accompanying *pandero* and the clinking *castañetas*, the picture is rendered more complete. Spanish dances are of two kinds; the *danzas*, which are executed by the legs only, and others (popularly known as *bayles*, I believe) the evolutions of which necessitate the use of the entire body. The voluptuous grace of the *danse ensoleillée* has been made known by such artists as La Tortajada, La Guerrero, and La Otero, but it is said that a Spanish measure loses a great deal if not set in its natural surroundings. For these dances are often entirely an expression of the emotions, full of badinage and coquetry, the effect of which it is impossible to convey in a large theatre. Here the dance is a kind of love-motif and, being never far removed from the *odor di fama*, is invariably the portrayal of endearments,

jealousies and conceits, and is, in fact, a little drama of cloud and sunshine, frown and smile.

To lay peculiar stress on all this is not to deny that Spain can lay claim to some distinguished musicians. Several will, no doubt, be familiar to the reader, among them the blind Cabezón, called by some "the Spanish Bach," Santa Maria, Eslava, Morales, Vittoria and Ribera. We are too prone to imagine that all that Spanish culture stands for in the musical world is the Argentine tango and the Brazilian maxixe. The folly of this view is apparent to those who know that Spanish influence is discernible in Palestrina, and that the Spanish composers occupied a dominating position in the sixteenth century. In recent times there have been signs of a revival. Leaving out of account that Hoffmann-like figure, Sarasate, who filled our goblets with the Spanish vintage, and who, by means of the violin, the minx of the musical family and an instrument which has direct associations with vagabondage, won fame as an exponent of his country's music, there is much to arrest us. The work of Olmeda of Burgos is well-known. Isaac Albeniz has been faithful to the national idioms, as admirers of the celebrated "Triana," wherein he depicts this beautiful quarter of Seville, will testify. Granados won fame mainly with his "Goyescas," but he, like Albeniz, paints the Spain of the Spaniard in the alluring "Danzas." Pedrell is the critic of the young coterie, and Manuel de Falla, whose opera, "La Vida Breve," made such a deep impression in Paris and Nice, shows himself a true poet in those pieces, now languishing, now passionate, which have passed into the repertory of many pianists. The difference between his "Cubana," "Andaluza," and "Montañesa" and the "Iberia" of Albeniz lies, perhaps, in a divergence of personality rather than in any antagonism of artistic creed. To Joaquin Turina we are indebted for a clever suite which portrays the life of his native town, Seville.

Quite as remarkable as the compositions of these Spanish writers is the foreign music which has been inspired by Spain. It was in Arragon that Laparra collected the local colour for his "La Habanera," and tributes to the charm of Spain have been paid in Raff's "Rhapsodie espagnole" for the pianoforte, Glinka's "A Summer night in Madrid" and "La Jota Aragonese," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice espagnole," Lalo's "Symphonie espagnole," Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody," Chabrier's "España," Saint-Saëns's "Jota Aragonese," "Caprice andalouse" and "Habanera," Gevaërt's "Fantasia sobre motivos españoles," "Ravel's "Rhapsodie espagnole," "Debussy's "Une soirée en Grenade" and "Iberia,"

and Hugo Wolf's "Spanisches Liederbuch." All this makes plain the irresistible appeal which the song and dance of the humble peasant of Biscay and Navarre have made to many men of diverse temperaments.

From Spain to Morocco is no far cry and the permanency of the Moorish influence on music and ballad are proof of the artistic leanings of the Spanish Moor and may well lend colour to the belief that the native music of Morocco is not without its merits as a medium of expression, in spite of the fact that it is performed in unison with barbaric percussion accompaniment. When the Mohammedan invaders conquered Spain they brought into that country a superior civilisation, and, while they were mainly pre-occupied with science and philosophy, it was not in those spheres alone that the intellectual qualities of the race made themselves evident. To the excellence of their handiwork we owe the Alhambra of Granada and many a mosque of striking contour. To the care lavished on musical study by the Arab chiefs in Spain may be traced the African note in the songs and dances of the Mediterranean provinces. Many of the latter are held to be almost entirely Moorish in origin, and measures similar to the malagueña have been heard in Fez by travellers. In South America, so long associated with Spain, there is much music which lies buried. The Argentine, pundits assure us, possesses a vast amount of untapped material. Originally Spanish, the native melodies have gradually taken on a slightly different complexion due, no doubt, to the influence of the interminable plains upon the mind. We cannot reproach musicians who are not conversant with what is unwritten and merely passed from guitar to guitar in troubadour style. But one cannot contemplate the possible loss of this treasure to the world at large without a profound feeling of regret, especially when so many artificial pieces which exploit the familiar negroid syncopations are received with open arms. A South American tells me that when the Argentine Liszt or Tschaikowsky appears the world will behold the charm of the new-born song with amazement.

I have often, he says, while in the pampas, itched for the unpossessed power to seize and chronicle all the beauty of sound that sprang up spontaneously around me. If the day come when Argentine music is brought into the realms of art the guitar will have to be incorporated into the orchestra. To realise the infinite possibilities of the guitar one should hear it in the hands of the gaucho minstrels. A few of them together will give a fuller, richer, more varied effect than a balalaika orchestra in its most swollen proportions. The *vidalitas*, or folk-songs, are among the most haunting things in music.

To insist further upon the importance of Spanish music in an historical study would be an impertinence. To the humanist it is valuable because it is democratic, and thus brings him into contact with the life and society of a great past. I have spoken of the effect of the Moorish occupation, but there are apparent traces of orientalism in the wider sense in the South of the peninsula. The romance and sensuousness of the East are here blended with the traditional austerity and latent fire. The old houses of Toledo and of the villages of Andalusia, with their single windows overlooking the street, speak of a race which naturally regards life through the emotions. The furtive glance and passionate whisper, the cassia set coquettishly in the señora's hair, the rapturous strain with which the rustic Romeo serenades his Juliet—do they not all remind us of the time when the Saracen, turning his back upon Syrian wastes and Egyptian deserts, rode across the Sierra, bringing with him some of the mystery of his native landscape and thereby adding a note of strange enchantment to the Spanish Song?

Italy

It is not until recent times that exoticism has made its appearance in Italian music, and this is due to the popular attitude towards opera. Where music was almost entirely operatic and opera for so long merely a necklace of arias and duets, composers, in the main, showed little disposition to avail themselves of their relative proximity to the artistic oases in which the French have so often sought refreshment. It is a gross error to reproach an Italian for writing Italian music and, while we may contend that in Bellini and Donizetti there is to be found an allegiance to conventions which amounts to weakness, the Southern nature of their melody cannot be denied. The student eager for the discovery of exotic traits will not, I fancy, discover anything particularly worthy of note in Rossini or Spontini. It is not until we come to Verdi that we meet with a sustained effort to use exoticism in an Italian opera. Verdi probably took considerable pains to paint his Eastern pictures well, for, it will be remembered, "Aida" was commissioned by the Khedive. The composer had an unique opportunity. The action takes place in the time of the Pharaohs; the scene is laid in Memphis and Thebes; there is much picturesque pageantry. The chorus in the Temple of Vulcan, accompanied by the harp, the Dance of the Priestesses and that of the Moorish Slaves, the curious theme which interrupts the march of the Egyptians, the tranquil music

by the Nile—all these are full of a beauty which we find nowhere else in the master's works. But the orientalism is spasmodic. The disguise is swiftly thrown aside. In *Celeste Aïda, Su del Nilo,* in the love-motif and in *O terra addio* the mask is thrown off and the passionate Italian bursts forth. I must warn the reader that I am not disputing the value of "Aïda," which is a work of genius. I am merely pointing out that here, once more, we have confirmation of the view that exoticism, even in the best of hands, is an accretion.

The later men were not slow to emulate Verdi the experimentalist. Puccini in "Madame Butterfly," Mascagni in "Iris," Leoncavallo in "I Zingari," Leoni in "L'Oracolo" have introduced many clever effects borrowed from distant lands, and, though the success is variable, the remarks applied to "Aïda" hold good in these cases.

Hungary

This is no place in which to deal with the origin of what is popularly termed Hungarian music, or to examine the arguments which this subject has called forth. For the present I must content myself with showing to what extent composers have plucked the Hungarian blossoms and added them to their garlands. I have said that exoticism is an accretion, but it seems least so when the musician is brought into close contact with the idiom which he adopts; when, in other words, the act of borrowing racial characteristics or local peculiarities is a spontaneous and unsophisticated mental process. We find this in Haydn. It is no disparagement to say that, apart from music, Haydn was a peasant. And no operation of the mind could have been more natural to him than that of turning to good account the rustic material upon which his eye rested. For this reason it is difficult to detect where the popular themes end and Haydn himself begins. But it cannot be too strongly urged that Haydn's music is valuable because the personality of the man permeates it. By virtue of his merits as a writer not a few of the folk-songs and dances which he used have come to our notice, which, had he ignored them, would probably never have travelled beyond their parochial boundaries. Many a man of third-rate powers might have fathered them, but it is doubtful if, in such circumstances, the music would have exhibited any great vitality. Haydn's borrowings from the store-house of the people's music were many. In him we find Slavonic characteristics and Croatian melodies, and there is a Rondo à l'Hongroise. Hungarian features are

also detectable in Beethoven's "King Stephen," in Schubert's Divertissement à la Hongroise, in Weber's Adagio and Rondo Ungarese for bassoon, in Berlioz's Rackoczy March, in Brahms's Hungarian Dances, in Delibes's "Coppelia," in Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus," in Massenet's "Scènes Hongroises" and "Marche de Szabady." The musical history of South Germany and Austria constantly brings us into touch with that of Hungary, and I do not doubt that this is due to the unquenchable love of the art which animates the Hungarian. There is much to be said against the system of patronage, but good seed was sown by those eminent patrons the Apponyis, Szapárys, Erdödys, and Esterházys, whose names we so often find in dedications, and to whom Liszt and others were frequently indebted.

Russia

In modern times no country has made greater progress than Russia. That the Russians are only now evincing a sense of national consciousness is not a matter for astonishment. Indeed, what has been accomplished is little short of miraculous. In the time of Catherine II the Italian influence was paramount. Enthusiastic applause greeted Paisiello's works, and in so late a writer as Glinka we find passages which recall the manner of Donizetti. The charm of French music was felt subsequently—the "Dance des Mirlitons" of Tschaikowsky's "Casse-Noisette" suite might have been written by Delibes, and the scoring of "The Sleeping Beauty" owes something to Saint-Saëns and Massenet; in recent days the German manner penetrated the Tsar's domains. The emancipation of Russia (so far as that is possible in any country) is in course of accomplishment; that is to say, Russian musicians realise the immense resources of their own land and mean to draw upon them freely. The attention which the rest of Europe has given to this Eurasian art was kindled by the appearance of Tschaikowsky, by the tours of the excellent *corps de ballet*, of which only travellers had much previous knowledge, and by the frequent appearance on the concert platform of innumerable Sachas and Mischas, whose playing assured us that music dwelt in the very heart of the people. Within the limits which I have set myself it is impossible to do more than indicate the sources tapped by the chief representative men. Glinka put Tartar, Finnish and Persian airs to good use. Rubinstein's "Persian Songs" (op. 34.) are said to have been inspired by a meeting with gypsies in the Caucasus. Cui has written Circassian Dances,

Borodin a remarkable sketch, "In the steppes of Central Asia," Balakiref "Islamey," an oriental fantasia for the pianoforte, (which, if not played superlatively well, is one of the ugliest pieces of music one could listen to), Rimsky-Korsakoff an Indian Dance in "Mlada," Rebikov a "Danse des Odalisques" and a "Danse orientale," Glazounoff, who has a German aspect, an Arab Melody for the G string. Such quotations might be continued indefinitely, and other excerpts, for example, Rebikov's "Hindustani Natch" from "Autour du monde," the Dance of the Chinese Dolls from his "Der Christbaum," the Hindu song from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko" and Arensky's ballet "Nuit d'Egypte" deserve study.

In a place by itself is the ballet music incorporated by Borodin in his opera "Prince Igor." These Polovtsian Dances are full of untamed energy and, unlike the ballet airs of the old operas, form part of the vivid picture which this singular creation presents to the eye.

When listening to some of these Russian works we realize that music is often merely a kind of opium in the East. Western writers seek harmonic variety and kaleidoscopic changes, but the oriental mind is generally satisfied with the reiteration of one idea. Sound is here a kind of fakir's mesmerism, a sedative or opiate which affects the senses but has little or nothing to do with the intellect. The conflict of Orient and Occident produces curious effects. In one human organism we have, so to speak, a struggle between the Russian and the Tartar of the popular epigram. We are not concerned with the authenticity of the claim of this or that composer to the title of Eastern singer. It may be well to point out, however, that it oftens happens that, even when the Russian has learnt all that the Western schools can teach him, the result is bewildering. Where elaboration is superimposed upon naïvety, where themes and rhythms associated with sistrum and tabrets, with samisen and tam-tam are transplanted to the modern orchestra, we stand in the presence of a new beauty, none the less real because it is so often pagan and barbaric. That Chinese dream, Stravinsky's "Nightingale," would, certainly, have delighted Tieck, the dealer in topsy-turveydom, who loved to laugh with mandarins and watch the pagodas of his imagination flit through the air. Even in symphonic works which owe their structure to the West,—and the modern Russians are much indebted to Berlioz and Liszt—we often happen upon passages which carry us away from the conservatoire to the village *Kermesse* by the banks of the Volga. To those accustomed

to Beethoven, Schumann and Wagner such music must frequently appear very inorganic. The melody is sometimes left to tell its own tale, as it were, where the training of the Western musician would have prompted him to cause the inner parts to move, and thereby strengthen the weak beats of a bar. When some of these pieces are performed along with more polished utterances we feel as though we were overhearing the halting talk of a *moujik* in a Rambouillet circle. But, when all the ink has been spilt, you are bound to admit that the colossal Janus of Russian music is an imposing figure. No country has musical potentialities greater than those of Russia, and to say this is not to imply that the achievement is not intrinsically valuable.

A word ought to be said about the orchestration of the Russian composers, a branch of the art in which they excel, for the reason that, by their constant striving after richness and brilliance, these men show that they possess something of the Eastern love of opulent colouring. Rimsky-Korsakoff's instrumentation is a pure delight. Even when his ideas lack originality he gives them a charm or character by the manner in which he scores them. To mention the works in which the handling of the orchestra shows a masterly knowledge of its infinite resources would be to catalogue nearly all the compositions of the best musicians.

England

Whatever we may think of *la vie bohème* as portrayed by Murger, there is little doubt that the antics indulged in by the aesthetes of the Victorian age seem a little comical in these days. The Bohemianism of the artists who slept in attics and lounged about the purlieus of Montmartre represented an aspect of the artistic life of France. Such jolly roisterers, living what was at once a comedy and a tragedy, were descendants of the wild and fascinating François Villon, of the worldly scholars of Master Rabelais, of those adventurous spirits who provide suitable material for the romantic chronicler, and in whom we find courage and wit, love of wine and petticoat hunting. Rapscallion painters and tatterdemalion laureates are to be met with at many junctures in French history. But the only thing which can be said in favour of the movement anticipated by Pater and represented by Wilde is that it was a protest against Philistinism. Being artificial, it could not last, and before long the drooping sunflower died. Such activity would probably have been responsible for the

creation of several interesting works in France. The only musical result was "Patience," which derided the modern exquisites in the same way as Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" held up to ridicule the pseudo-classical deities of conventional opera.

Britain is united to India and Egypt by close ties, but until a few years ago English composers showed little disposition to leave the beaten track. Their attempts to tickle our palates were comparatively few and timorous. Not one of them bathed in the Southern sun as Browning did. "The Mikado" is Japanese only on the surface. Among contemporary writers, nevertheless, there is much picturesque badinage. Elgar has a well-defined style of his own, but in "The Apostles" he has been able to forget the Handel-Mendelssohn tradition so completely as to introduce the shofar of the Mohammedan world. Delius deserves a whole chapter to himself, for he is very original, and in him we have a composer whose style is consistent even when he is gratifying his love of half-tints and creating the atmosphere of twilight. His sojourn in Florida and residence in France probably had a good deal to do with his mental outlook. A painter of rare charm, he occupies a niche of his own. Here and there, Cyril Scott, an impressionist, touches the borderland of the exotic, but for a profitable subject of analysis I should advise the musician to study the life and work of Coleridge-Taylor. His position is without parallel. The son of a West African native and an Englishwoman, he received his musical education in London. As the countless admirers of "Hiawatha" are aware, he struck a new note. Subsequently he tested the value of African and North American (indigenous) airs, and to his knowledge of them we probably owe some of his most arresting pieces. Coleridge-Taylor is a problem. The famous "Eleänore" is a true inspiration, but it might have been penned by half a dozen other men so far as the general style of the music is concerned. On the other hand, in pieces like "Hiawatha," "A Tale of Old Japan" and the African dances the African is prominent, and I think it a pity that he did not give a freer rein to his fancy and let his natural impulses lead him to the goal. What is conventional in his output could have been supplied by many men without a tithe of his imagination; what is African he alone could give. That he learnt much from the Germans is beyond doubt—his procedure is, of course, European—and his scoring shows a knowledge of the Liszt of "Les Preludes." But the plaintive accent is that which lends distinction to his finer moments, and for this sad, sweet, yearning song we must be grateful.

Another composer on whom attention may profitably be concentrated is Percy Grainger. Grainger is temperamentally antagonistic to pedagogy. To all that he does he brings a wholesome freshness which is rare in these days. It is ominous that this "Siegfried of the piano" is an eloquent advocate for Albeniz, Delius and Grieg, the cause of whose "Slätter" he has pleaded with a persistence which commands respect. In composing he is not fettered by the shackles of convention, but his unconventionality is that of the musician, not that of the novice. Many a conservative will, doubtless, regard his harmonic methods with disgust and frown upon his part-writing. But, ultimately, this clever musician wins you to his side. A large freedom stalks across his pages. His vision extends over the whole musical universe, and in many unfrequented places he discovers objects which move him to expression. Little escapes him, for he is quick to perceive the value of music as it is found among primitive races. The "Colonial Song" was inspired by Australia, his native country; the "Mock Morris" Dance is a study in the folk style written round the motto "always merry and bright"; the "Dance Song from the Faroe Islands" carries us to the far North. But perhaps his pre-occupation with the possibilities of various instruments is that part of his activity which bears most directly upon the present subject. He is interested in the percussion department and thinks that its capabilities have not yet been realised. He has turned his attention to the bass xylophone, the bass glockenspiel, to gongs and bells and advocates their use in chamber music. The "Random Round" is scored for voices, guitars, mandolines, mandola, piano, xylophone, celesta, glockenspiel, resonaphone, strings and wind. One version of the popular "Shepherd's Hey" contains a part for the English concertina, and in the "Zanzibar Boat-Song" he employs the celesta, glockenspiel and resonaphone. Elsewhere he has utilised the American organ. It is characteristic of him that, when a student, he thought of going to China in order to study the music of that country; it is equally characteristic of him that he has written of the chants of the Maoris with zest. He is continually sweeping away the cobwebs of obscurantism and, on account of his searches for new colour effects and striking harmonic combinations, is entitled to rank as one of the most successful opponents of Doctor Dry-as-dust.

The most persistent upholder of exoticism which England has ever produced is Granville Bantock who is something of a wild pagan in his art. In all he touches there is much of the grotesque and

baroque, and he is not afraid of the bizarre. His best-known work is "Omar Khayyám," which opens with the call of the muezzin from the minaret, *Allahu Akbar!* and which, apart from its exquisite colouring, is remarkable for such unconventional passages as the passing of the caravan. Here we have the music of a modern wizard. A Turkomani melody is sung, at first *a bocca chiusa*, while the orchestra confines itself to the persistent repetition of chords. Bantock's reputation rests upon a large number of works, for he has been prolific and successful. His fondness for subjects which offer wide scope for his whimsical fancy and imaginative gifts showed itself early in his career. He planned a series of symphonic poems on Southey's "Kehama," but of this huge Egyptian edifice only one part—"Rameses II"—was built. Then there are "The Fire Worshippers," "The Pearl of Iran," Songs of the East in six groups—India, Japan, Persia, Egypt, China and Arabia, and "Christ in the Wilderness," which contains a page or so of Eastern landscape painting. "Thalaba the Destroyer," a tone-poem, occupies an important place among his compositions, but where the pen of the creator has been so busy it is difficult to play the cicerone to the curious reader. I must refer him to the "Ghazals of Hafiz," "Ferishtah's Fancies," the Sappho Songs, the "Song of the Genie" (a remarkable fragment), the "Eastern Love-Song," the two Chinese Songs, "On Himalaya" and the Dramatic dances for orchestra. Bantock's success as an exponent of exotic subjects owes something to his prodigious technique. He handles the orchestra with great ease; there is no shade of which it is capable that he cannot obtain if he wish. In him I seem to discern the inevitable protestant against the conventional subject and the conventional treatment. In choice of theme he stands apart from his *confrères*. He reminds us of a gypsy who, despising the high-roads of commerce, seeks in hill path and rustic lane that freedom which is necessary to his happiness. Technically and temperamentally he is a man of to-day, or, rather, of to-morrow. And this musical Suleiman the Magnificent is never so pleased as when walking abroad in the caftan of a sultan or smoking a chibouk in the fairy palace of his dreams.

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Much more could be said on this subject, so I ask the reader to pardon me if I have provided escort only for a hasty promenade

through these musical galleries.[1] A hundred points here untouched upon will suggest themselves to the imaginative mind. It is easy to discover pages which throw fresh light on the topic, or which threaten the destruction of our theoretical scaffoldings. On MacDowell's "Indian" suite, Stillman-Kelley's "Aladdin" suite, on Karg-Elert's "Sonatina exotique," on Georges Huë's "Croquis d'Orient," on Paderewski's "Manru," on Moszkowski's superficial Spanish Dances, the foreignism of which is only skin-deep, on "Les Filles de Cadix" of Delibes, on his "Lakmé," wherein we see the *école des flonflons* in Hindustani, on Grieg's dance for Anitra, the Bedouin chief's daughter, so effective after the northern lament for Åse, the student will have many things to remark. He might, further, reproach me for not discussing the romantic and the realistic methods of treating exotic themes, and for having neglected to mention the music of Albania and Armenia which such a piece as Ippolitov-Ivanow's "Rhapsodie arménienne" calls to our attention. But I shall leave the matter with the statement that the popularity of exotic subjects is to be found in the simple explanation that they furnish a legitimate reason for the utilisation of all those variegated effects obtainable in the modern orchestra. While the trait adopted, a peculiar scale or an unusual rhythmic singularity, may be foreign, the colours in which it is set out are now an indispensable part of the modernist's equipment, and they are drawn upon even when the local characteristics are discarded. It is not enough for the composer that the lines of the figure are beautiful. He is fastidious as to the hues in which it is to be clothed. This fact is of vital moment, for we have arrived at a time in which it is necessary to consider the scoring of a work not as a thing apart from its harmonic dressing, but as something intimately related to it. Most present-day writers think in terms of the orchestra. This makes plain why many a passage which seems to be little removed from nonsense when played on the piano is not only significant, but eloquent when performed on the instruments for which it was written. As has been shown, the net results vary according to the methods of the artist. We cannot always say with Taine, "Oriental poetry has nothing more dazzling or magnificent." The pilgrimages of this man lead to success, of that to failure. In many cases the picture is not *vécu*, but it is a question whether we should

[1]For example, one might point to the growing popularity of Muscovite and Oriental subjects—the latter apparent in the chocolate coloured nudes of the Paris Salon, a reminder of the influence of Gaugin. This popularity is responsible for a change in the conception of beauty, which is always a relative thing.

expect a composer to be an expert archæologist and antiquarian. Gautier and others doubtless often offended history and science while giving us literature, and many painters have depicted biblical characters arrayed as gentlemen of their own period. The artistic temperament and the capacity for historical research are seldom found in the same man and all we can demand is that the composer should use his materials with discretion.

The study of exoticism transports us to strange scenes and new pastures. It shows us the gay science and *morbidezza* of the South. It tempts us to follow the track of the musical Borrovian who often shuns the spacious avenues laid out by the Haussmanns of the art. It compels us to set sail with Vanderdecken upon angry seas, for the man of ideas is never completely at rest. But such voyages, if fraught with dangers, put us in possession of a store of knowledge which we may seek in vain elsewhere.