SONATA HEROIC

BY

CAMPBELL-TIPTON

THE WA-WAN SERIES OF AMERICAN COMPOSITIONS
VOLUME III [WINTER QUARTER] PART II : JANUARY
THE WA-WAN PRESS, NEWTON CENTER, MASS^TTS.
MDCCCCIV

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

SONATA HEROIC

BY

CAMPBELL-TIPTON

THE WA-WAN SERIES OF AMERICAN COMPOSITIONS
VOLUME III [WINTER QUARTER] PART II : JANUARY
THE WA-WAN PRESS, NEWTON CENTER, MASS^TTS.
MDCCCCIV

Digitized by Google

137.20 Mus 635.2.401

HARVARD COLLEGE
APR 28 1908
LIBRARY.
Boott fund

Copyright, 1906, by The Wa-Wan Press.
International Copyright Secured.

Digitized by Google

INTRODUCTION

SEEN from the far perspective of these western mountains and plains, there is something undeniably Athenian in the aspect of the great cities of the east. While here is art-knowledge, often in a degree surprising to an easterner,—there is art-sophistication; while here a sense of immensity, of mystery, of expectancy pervades the awakening culture-world,—there is a self-knowledge, a certainty, a complacency not unaccompanied by an unseen and unfelt danger. We must reckon with the west. The Great Word of the west has not yet been spoken in art,—when it arises, many traditions must fall. Here the mind is overwhelmed by the vastness of nature's plan. Here the artist, through sheer recognition of his incapacity to encompass it as a whole, is driven to the representation of merest details. That these details are not yet limned with the pencil of a Raphael is no cause for discouragement;—a little more time and they will be. Already there are many Andreas, Georgiones and Botticellis in the rough, scattered about these deserts and Edens of the west, without whose names the true art-history of America may not be faithfully writ. The Greeks reared altars to the unknown god, and the Faithful in America can well afford to prepare a shrine for the unknown master who shall first utter the Great Word of the west.

Some three thousands of years ago, in Greece, one man, powerful and unsophisticated, spoke the Great Word of the west, and launched what finally became the greatest form of Grecian art. That man was Stesichoros, who lived in Sicily, where the twilight of the mythic epoch still lingered. There the unhappy and ignorant people had not been set to rights by the scientific agnostics, and did not know that great Pan was dead; superstition had them in its grip, and they still were in such abject darkness as to dream golden dreams of living gods, and heroes immortalized in the eternal stars. Already, over in Athens, however, an enlightened populace rejoiced in a high degree of civilization, to which was lacking no saving grace of cynicism, no illuminating art-criticism nor discoverable refinement of vice. But Stesichoros, criminally negligent of eastern culture, crystallized the dream of the west by formulating the Dionysius chorus, a religious ceremonial embodying the mythical beliefs of his semi-barbaric western race. Stesichoros shared the common fate of inventors, for another was destined to reap the profits accruing from a placing of his invention upon the market. In the course of time, the Dionysius chorus found its way to Corinth, where it was witnessed by Thespis, who was deeply impressed with its loftiness, sincerity and power as an art form, and who at the same time, with the discerning eye of a captain of industry, saw that the Athenians, already wearying of their local artistic squabbles, would offer it liberal financial support even if they were incapable of appreciating it as anything beyond a genuine new sensation. I am reminded of the success of the morality play, "Everyman," before audiences of American theatre-goers upon whom both its moral and artistic heights and depths must have been utterly lost. The Dionysius chorus as produced by Thespis was seized upon by the more serious minded poets and musicians of Athens and was developed through successive stages until it finally became the drama of Æschylus and Sophocles, the culminating point of the artistic splendor of Greece.

History is repeating itself, with striking resemblances and equally striking differences, in America today. Again we have the vast, vague, significant west, and the self-centered and consciously cultured east. And the culture of the east is in part borrowed from Europe, as the eastern culture of Greece was in part borrowed from the Orient.

Digitized by Google

Also in the east's ignoring of the artistic resource of the west, America has followed, with customarily thoughtless adherence to tradition, in the footsteps of Greece. But it is in the specific nature of this resource of the west that the difference most prominently enters. For America was not colonized by hordes of semi-barbarians (despite the evidence of our immigration reports) possessing an intimate and highly poetic mythological conception of the cosmos,—dreaming dreams of an Olympus peopled with forms clamoring for representation in plastic and dramatic art. Neither is Fate the absolute and almighty power in American life that it was in Greek. Modern life, with its recognition of the power to create circumstance through initiative and will, has thrown Fate into the gulf, where, like the dethroned Titan, it can but dream of its former glory. Slavery and feudalism have fallen, democracy has arisen, and womanhood has become exalted. The west in America, where the new world-ideals are freer from alloy than in the east, has quite another palette than western Greece, from which to draw its colors. And nature here, too, has a different word for man. The Rockies, the plains and the Pacific will afford another stimulus to the creative mind than the Isles of Greece. Here is at hand a different palette and a different art motive. But nature and humanity must contain all that exists to be expressed, and the nature and humanity of America's west awaits its interpreters.

In the search for the true west, its poets will do well not to ignore the mythology of the Indians. I am not speaking of Indian superstition or ordinary folk-lore, but of the Myth in its truest and largest sense. For two reasons it should not be ignored. First, it contains little or nothing antagonistic to and much in common with modern American ideals of life, and second, it is saturated with the largeness of the west, is not fantastic but natural in its imagery, and may form the cosmic setting sympathetic to an artistic presentation of ideals of American life. Nothing is more difficult for one to see than another's unrealized dream; this is why no one can have absolute belief in a genius but himself. We shall not know what Indian mythology has for us, and for the aggregate expression of the west, until we know all that the Indian has dreamed.

Athens had its Stesichoros and its Thespis, and the Athenian cities of America are not beyond the possibility of a similiar influx from the west. And here modern facilities of transportation and the constant interchange of thought between east and west will be the cause of a much more rapid development.

A man whose word is law in several of the continents of the musical world of Boston and who sets the gauge of thought for the population of his dependencies, told me recently that the only two things of artistic importance in American musical life are the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Schirmer's publishing house. The sublimity of this remark entitles it to consideration. But first let not the west imagine that such a point of view is representative of Boston as a whole, for a certain element of Boston still stands for independence of thought and may yet invite the world to a musical Tea Party. Newton Center is only twenty minutes from Boston by train.

The remark in question is approximately true if we accept the standpoint of its author. Translated into other terms it means,—There is no worthy musical activity native to America; the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Schirmer's publishing house represent European musical art, which is all that it is necessary to know; they are the two oases in the desert of American musical life. Lo, must we not respect one so powerful that he shall reduce musical America to zero at the wave of the hand! But let us investigate that zero; it is likely that we will discover it to be as lively a bit of nothingness as ever came under our observation. What of New York? What of the Middle West—the Mississippi Valley—the Far West? What of the hundreds of cities with their hundreds of orchestras, choruses, soloists, doing splendid and earnest pioneer

Digitized by Google

work, many doing finished work? Because their technic, in the aggregate, is not yet equal to that of one or two eastern institutions, because they are not so closely in touch with European thought, are we to consider them of no genuine artistic importance? It is absurd. No one pretends that it is the flowering time of art in the west. Even the east has not reached that point yet, and will not, so long as the echo of European art preponderates over the pæon arising from the needs of American expression. The myriad earnest musical activities throughout the country are laying the solid and normal foundation which shall later support the superstructure of a native musical art of the most complete technical excellence. Already are there many surprises prepared for the easterner who cares enough to find out for himself what is actually being done in the cities and towns of the west. If Boston should start out, as the hosts of Zion advanced upon New York, to carry the gospel of culture to the cities of the west, there is no estimating the amount that Boston would learn. It is one thing to cross the country in a Pullman, subconsciously registering impressions of dirty and smoky cities, towns apparently innocent of the "idea of beauty," groups of insignificant looking dwellings on the deserts and plains, populations of business men, cow-punchers and farmers,— and another to tarry long enough in these places to meet and know the local leaders of artistic thought, and to witness the scope and quality of their work. Little we know what these scattered towns conceal that we pass by so heedlessly, what lofty, earnest, enlightened, even illumined minds, working out dreams which are daily finding their realization in the uplifting of hundreds of western men and women whom we commonly suppose to be beyond the reach of any truly refined artistic influence. The names of many whose work today is making a splendid future possible are going down unrecorded, but he is rash who will venture to call their work artistically unimportant.

Crossing the country leisurely during the past three months, I have had unusual opportunities for observation. In the village of East Aurora, N. Y., are artistic influences of a surprising quality, and a chapel designed for the enjoyment of things philosophical and artistic, which was altogether the most cheerful and inspiring place in which I have had the good fortune to address an audience. Auburn, N. Y., has a mayor who is not only not frightened by the scores of the modern French operas, but actually seeks them out for his musical library, and can perform them brilliantly at sight. Rochester has a symphony orchestra managed by men of energy, ideals and independence of thought, that is doing a most important work for the community. Columbus, Ohio, has a musical club the membership of which was brought from seventy to seven hundred in three months by one enterprising woman, and which has engaged the best artists the country can afford. Cleveland has a critic who can equal any critic of the east for relegating pioneer work to the ash-heap and cursing everything in sight. A Minneapolis club undertook a most exceptional, difficult and praiseworthy encouragement of local ideals by giving a concert of the orchestral works of local composers. Needless to say this was accomplished against desperate opposition, through the inspiration and courage of one woman. Let any one go to Brainerd, Minnesota, who wishes to learn what degree of culture the wild west may conceal, and what quality of support and appreciation the plains may lend to a musical enterprise. St. Paul holds talent which might long since have found its way to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera. Chicago needs no championing, and has an orchestra which can reveal the spirit of modern music as perhaps no other in America (*pace* Boston Symphony). Next year in St. Louis will American orchestral scores be fairly heard, side by side with the classics, placed there without special influence or favor. In Columbia, Missouri, lives an American composer who for daring and for psychological refinement of expression might be matched against any modern composer. Burlington, Iowa, can exhibit choral work of a surprising degree of technic and spirit. It remained for the

Digitized by Google

town of Kinsley, Kansas, to give first evidence of the real wild west. There a flannel-shirted cow-puncher strayed into my lecture-recital on the music of the American Indians, and having first paid his quarter, timorously and with a wild-eyed expression approached a man in the audience asking, under his breath, "Say is dis a show?" The "show" proved insufficiently lively for him, and he left toward the middle, mournful and perplexed. Yet in that very town, a group of modest houses out on the endless prairie,—the prairie, vast and variable as the sea,—I found a home that was the expression and the result of the truest culture, the culture that profoundly enriches life and which consists in viewing and enjoying the world's thought and action today in the light of native ideals, and in living up to the breadth and height of that illumined view. In Denver I found one studio bathed in the mystic colors of the "Celtic twilight" and another resplendent with the tonal fantasies of the modern French school. And other cities similarly, and the thousands of unvisited cities—what of them? If that which I have been privileged to see is an example of the musical unimportance of America and of the west, I confess to having my curiosity aroused as to what it will be when it does become important.

But there is one great gap in the present musical life in the west. Almost nowhere is there anything approaching a complete knowledge of what America has done in musical composition. Nowhere is American Composition represented with the slightest pretense to thorough enlightenment. Two great elements occupy the whole field of musical life in the west. Everywhere may be found the European classics, in every city and town. Everywhere, also, may be found the popular music of America. The latter fills the windows of every western music store,—the former may be had upon demand. But there is no city in the west today, with the possible exception of Chicago, where one can find in the music store, the concert hall, the private studio or the musical library of the home, even the most modest *conscious* attempt at a complete representation of the highest talents of American composers. There are but few exceptions by which to prove this rule.

Nevertheless, the west is singularly ready for and receptive to new native ideas. So that we are finally forced to the conclusion that it is chiefly because the west is not yet broadly informed of the results of American composition that it has not heretofore given them representation. A few years more will undoubtedly witness a great change in this direction. For before long artists will realize that the west offers a limitless and profitable field for the presentation of the best in American music, and the west will awaken to the desirability and the pleasure—finally to the need—of knowing more intimately the works which are making up our own musical life and which have already set our musical history in motion.

The book on the counter of the Bright Angel Hotel at the Grand Canyon in Arizona calling for expressions of feeling inspired by the view, presents every phase of hysteria known to medical science and every form of extravagance known to language. Words are of no use there. That vision of life and death is frankly, overwhelming. There one must either chatter and forget the awful presence in which he stands, or sink into profoundest silence. There is no half-way. Some Stesichoros may find a music that shall reveal something of the wonder of this canyon, and if he succeeds in the one-hundredth part let American composers look to their laurels. We must reckon with the west and its growing need of expression.

ARTHUR FARWELL.

Los Angeles, January 1, 1904.

Digitized by Google

SONATA HEROIC.

CAMPBELL-TIPTON.

Allegro energico.

PIANO.

f *r.h.* *sffz* *ff* *r.h.*

ff *rall.*

Ondeggiante (surging.)

pp *mf*

mp

Copyright, 1904, by Louis Campbell-Tipton.

Digitized by Google

mf

poco

mf

a poco cres - cen - do.

ff

strepitoso.

sf sf sf

ff mf

f allargando.

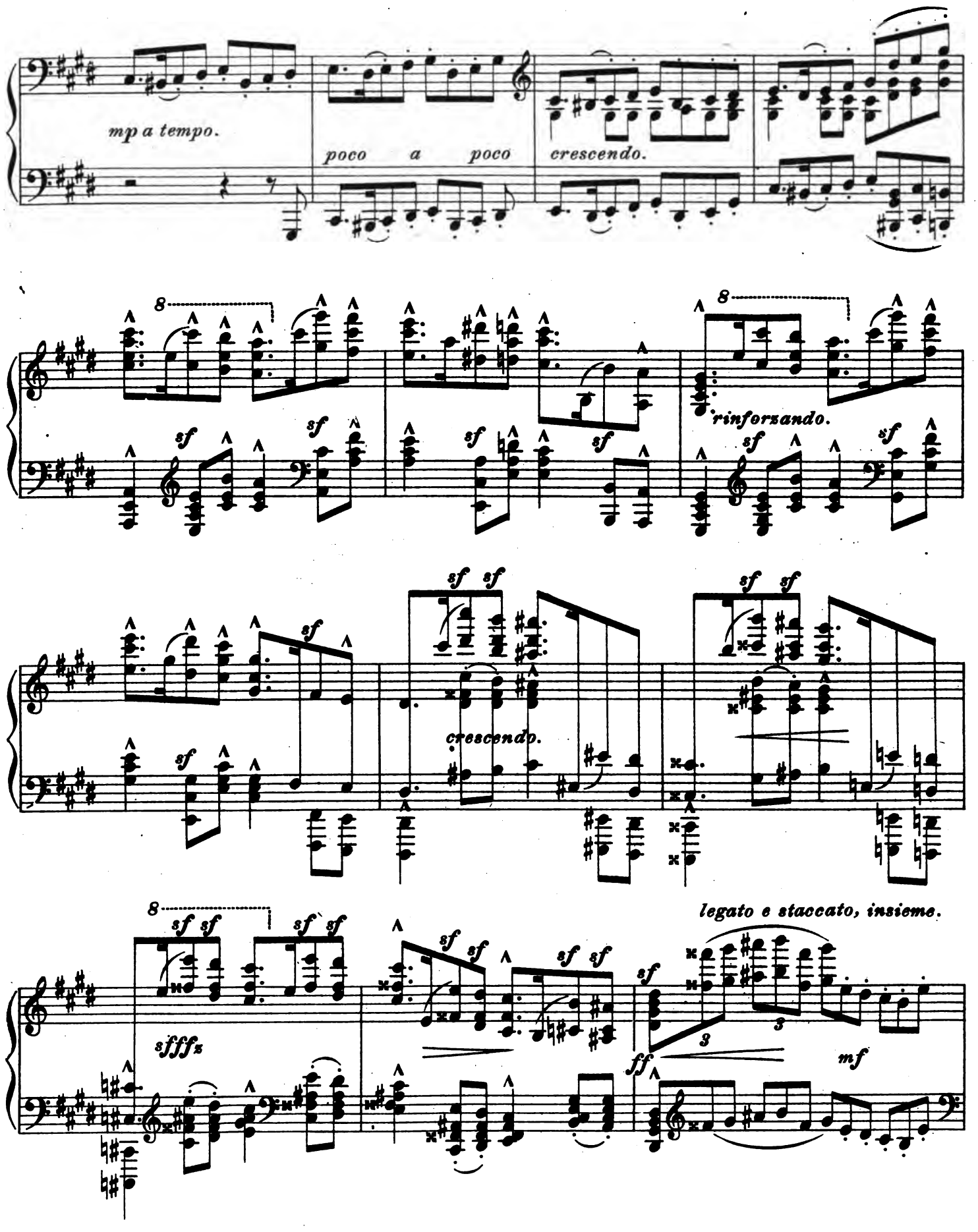
a tempo.

f f

sf sf sf f

p rall.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

ff mf ff riten. deliberato. marcato. a tempo. f p l. h.

ff f mp staccato.

mp mp espressivo. pp

mp ritenuto. mp

Digitized by Google

a tempo.

mp

mf

mp

riten.

a tempo.

mp

poco a poco

crescendo.

f

f

f

Digitized by Google

ff riten. mp pp r.h. mp pp r.h.

mp pp p f

f mp dolce.

8 6 6 8 mp mf mp

Digitized by Google

mp riten. p

a tempo.

mp agitato. poco a poco

cres - cen - do. ff riten.

fff ff f marcato. cresc. ff

Digitized by Google

fff tutta forza. poco a poco f riten. sffz

Tempo F. calmato. l.h. p

8 8

mp mp cresc.

ff ff f ff

Digitized by Google

1.

2.

riten.

ritenuto.

m.d.

lunga pausa.

cresc.

dim. rallentando.

Tempo I.

mp ominously.

Digitized by Google

mf

f

pp

mp

pp

f

mp legato.

f

mp

Digitized by Google

mp

mf ben pronunziato.

p

poco

a

poco

cres - - cen - - do.

ff

marcato il

cres - - cen - - do - -

basso

Digitized by Google

molto.

cres - cen - -

- do.

ff agitato.

ff

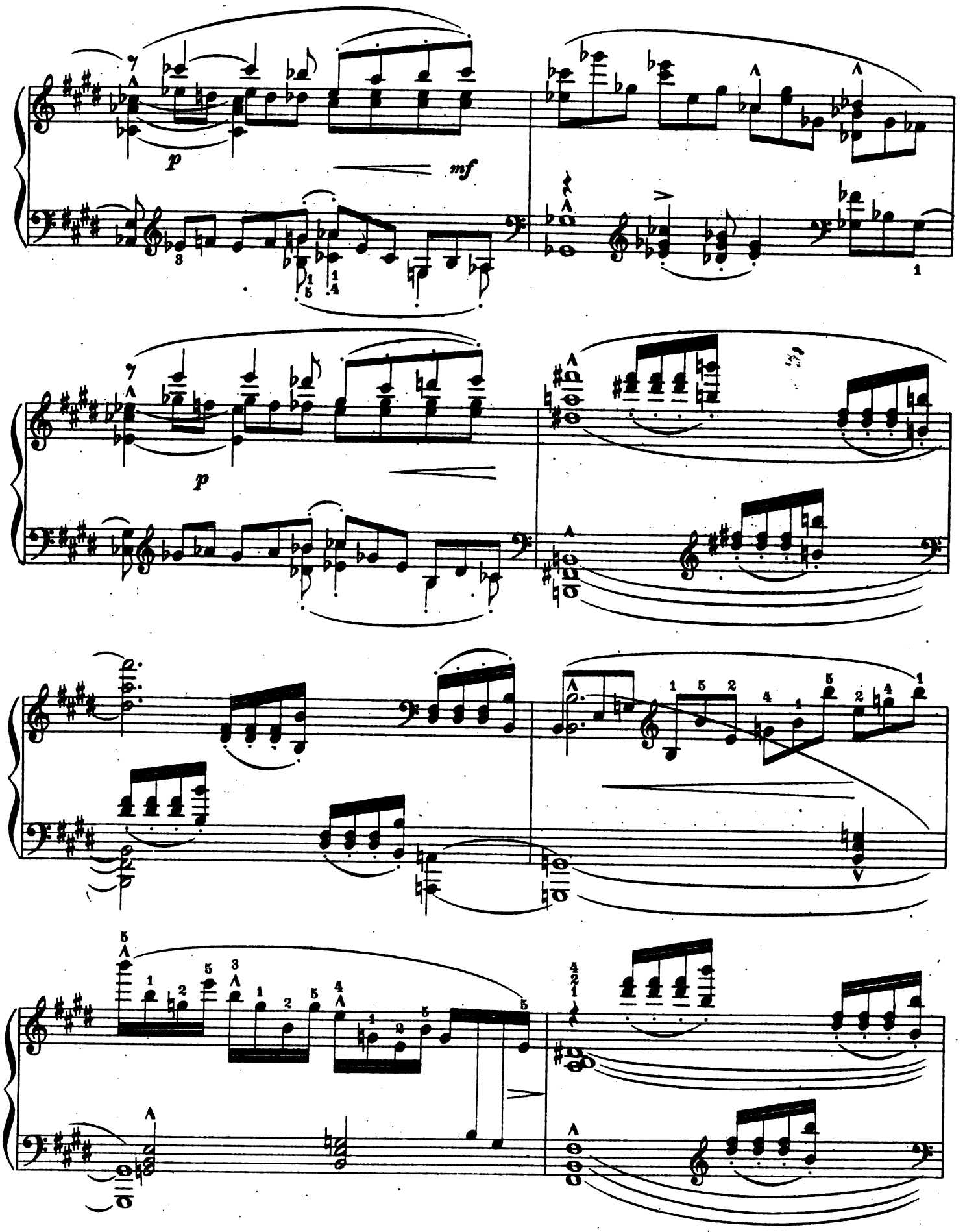
fp

ff agitato.

ff

mf calmato.

Digitized by Google

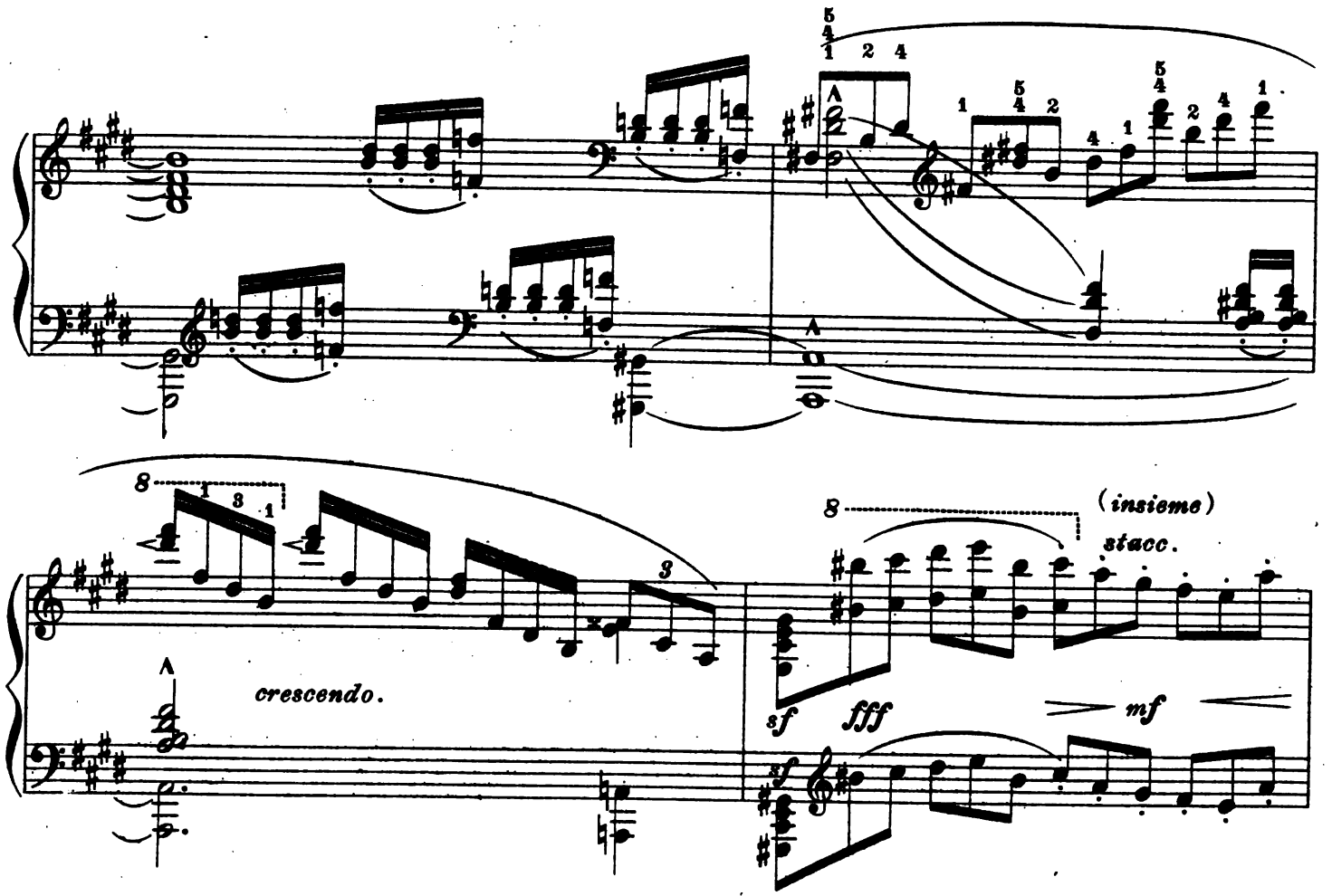


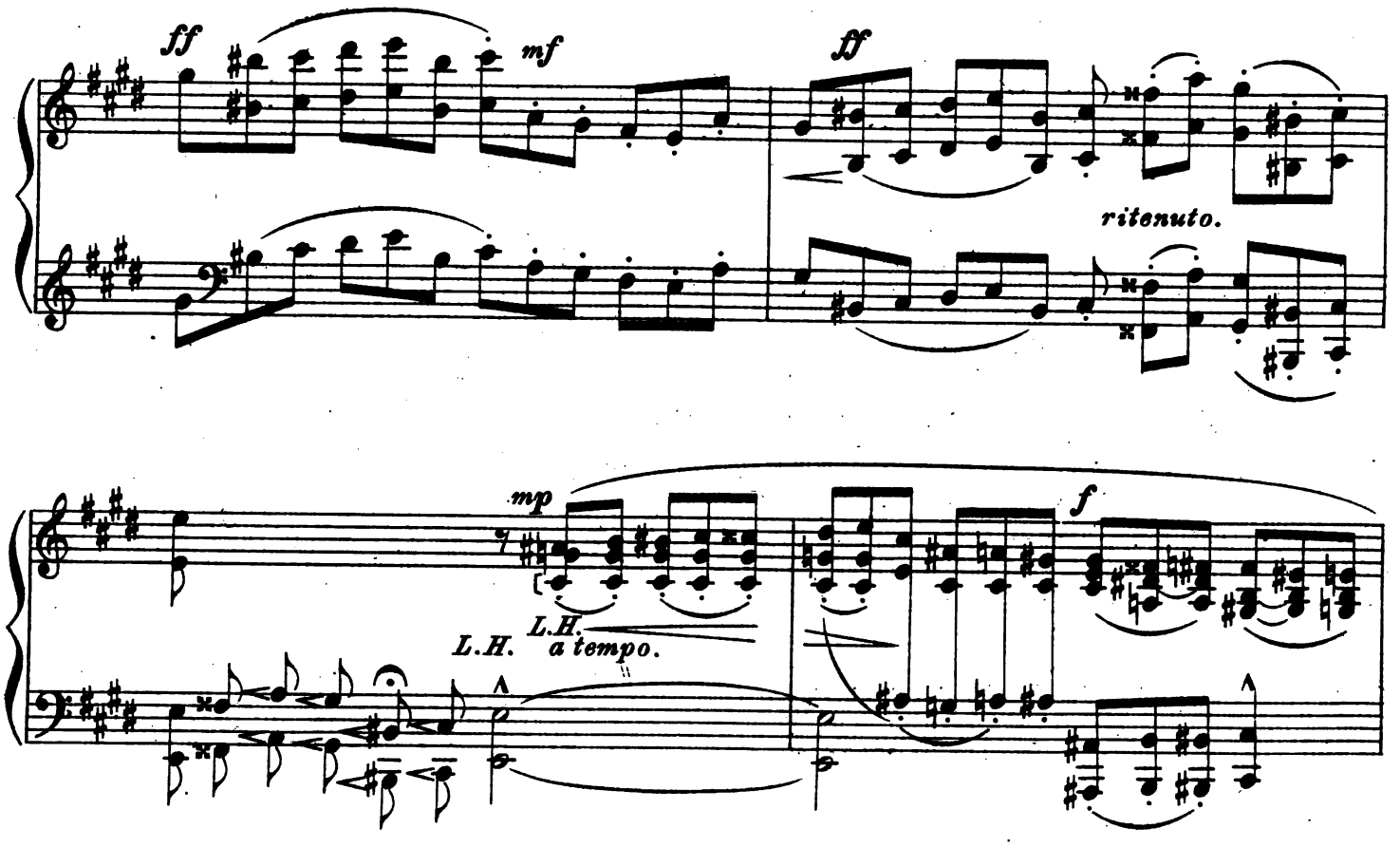
Digitized by Google

rinforzando.

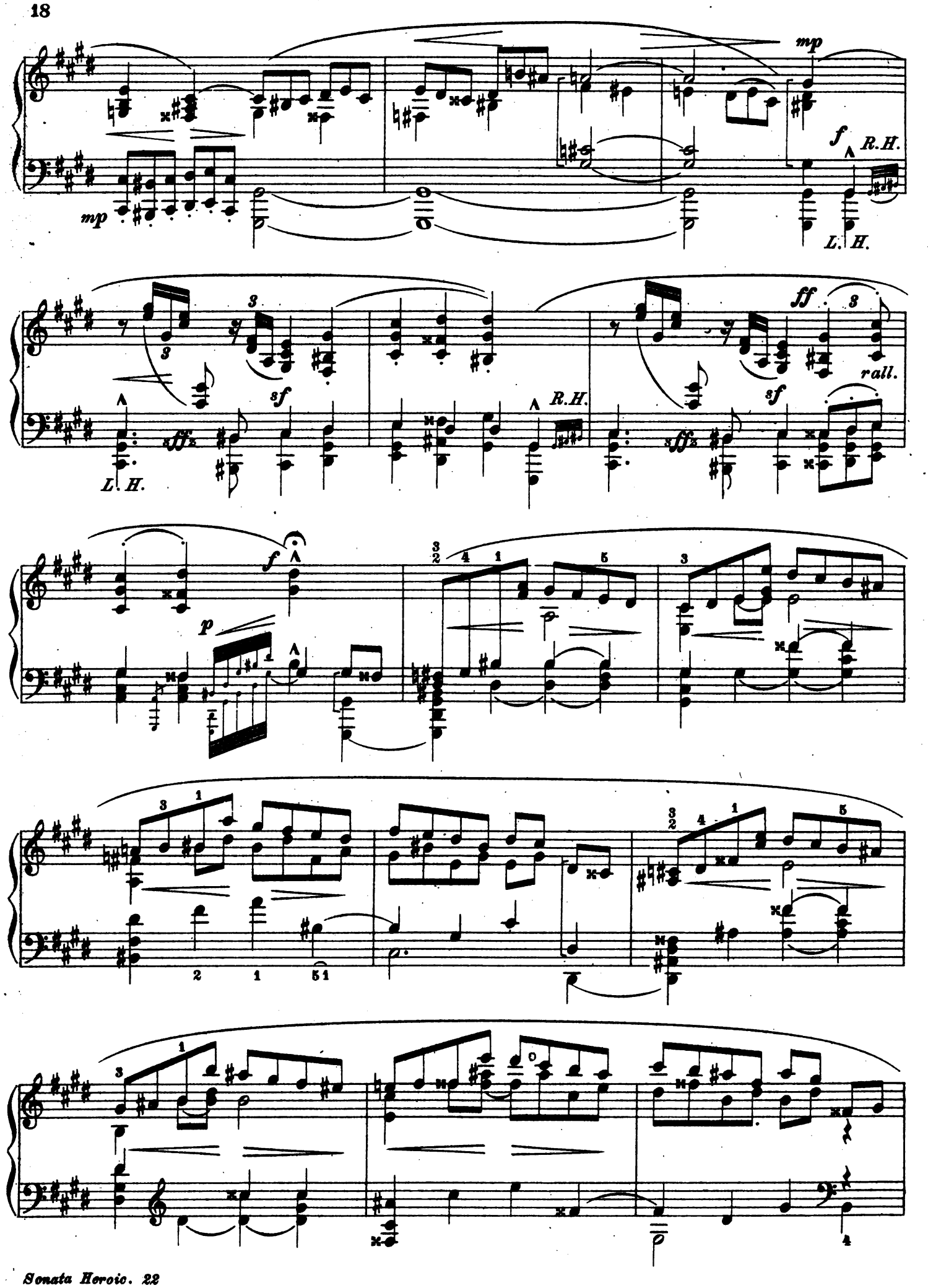
cresc.

Digitized by Google





Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

ff impetuoso.

ff marcato il basso.

sf *mp*

rinforzando.

mf

Digitized by Google

p

mp

pp

pp

poco *a* *poco* *cresc.*

pp

pp

mp

cresc.

rinforzando.

ff

Digitized by Google

ral *len* *tan* *do.*

Tempo I.

ff maestoso. *mp espressivo.* *pp* *ppp*

pppp rallent. *mp espressivo.*

Digitized by Google

cresc.

riten.

a tempo.

mp

cres - cen - do.

riten.

mf agitato.

poco a

Digitized by Google

poco cres - cen - do.

rall.

f allargando.

ff riten.

fff

con tutta forza.

sffz

l.h.

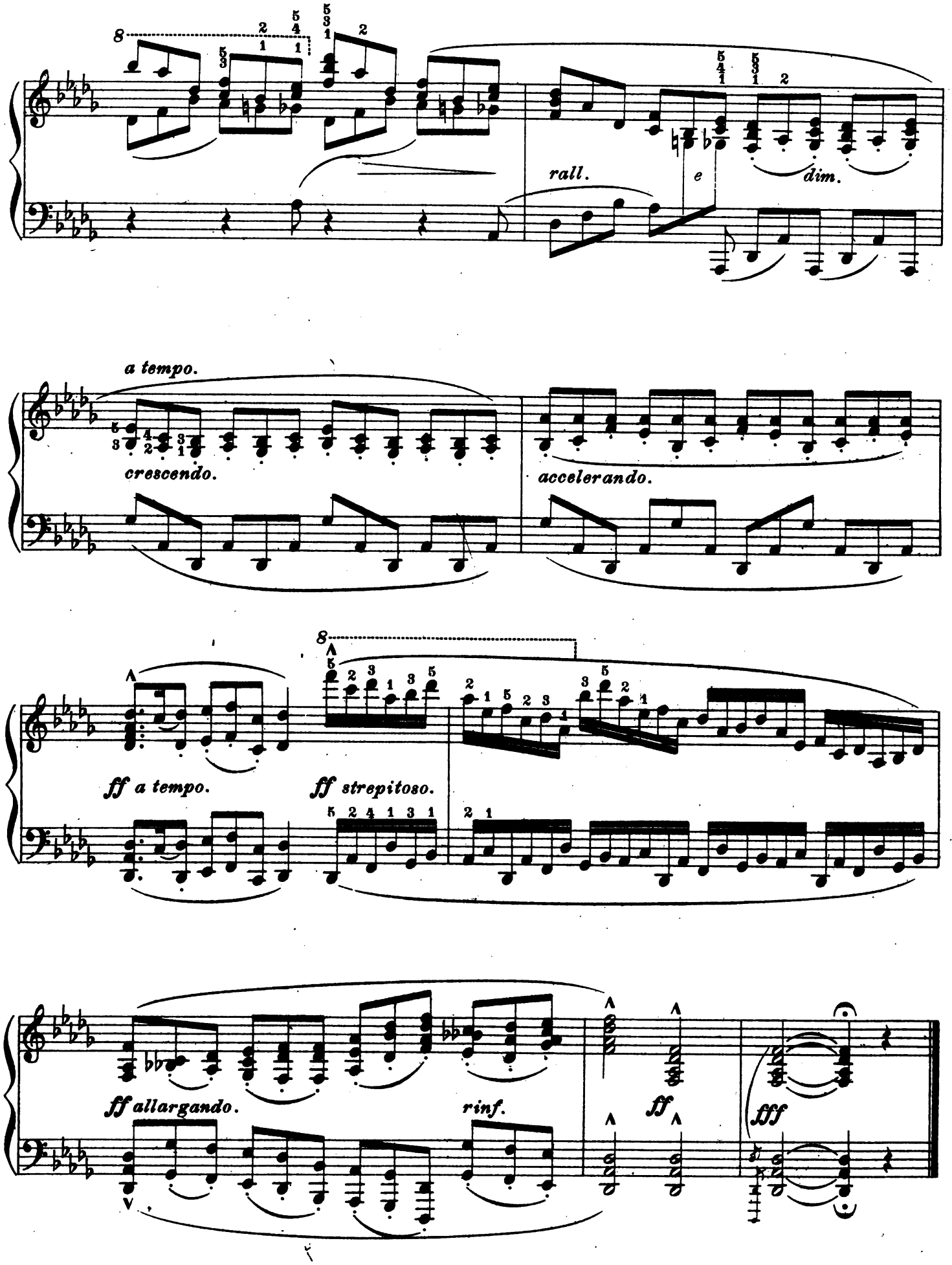
r.h.

rallentando.

a tempo.

mp

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google