CARUSO'S MUSTACHE OFF

and

Other Writings about Music and Musicians

by

Carl Van Vechten

MONDIAL

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Selected and edited
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ISBN 978-1-59569-070-8
Library of Congress Control Number: 2009940524

www.mondialbooks.com

To know whether you are enjoying a piece of music or not you must see whether you find yourself looking at the advertisements for Pears' soap at the end of the program.

– Samuel Butler

Do I contradict myself?
Very well, then, I contradict myself.

– Walt Whitman

Open your ears.

– Carl Van Vechten

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PREFACE

Long before his notoriety as a Playboy of the Roaring Twenties, the popular novelist and subsequently distinguished photographer, Carl Van Vechten (1880–1964), held a respected position among aficionados of music in America as a discerning critic, celebrity biographer of opera stars, and enthusiastic advocate of contemporary music during the first quarter of the twentieth century. Musical criticism is not a profession likely to encourage a permanent influence, however, because it appeals to a comparatively small audience. Thus earlier music critics, like James Huneker (whom Van Vechten emulated both in subject matter and in style), Ernest Newman, and Richard Aldrich, are as forgotten as their names, and a later one, Virgil Thomson, is remembered more readily for his acerbic operas to texts by Gertrude Stein than he is for forty years of opinionated and entertaining assessments of modern music and reviews of concerts and recitals.

Carl Van Vechten's now faded career included some perspicacious criticism at a time when somnolent audiences in America were paying little attention to the twentieth century and laboring to hang on to the nineteenth. Van Vechten's early training in musical theory and as a pianist—he performed in public recitals on more than one occasion while he was attending the University of Chicago at the turn of the twentieth century—proved valuable. Also at that time, he became smitten with ragtime and early jazz through Chicago's black stage shows and saloons.

As an arts and society journalist for the *Chicago American* newspaper, he also covered musical events for nearly three years. By the fall of 1906 he was regularly writing for the *New York Times,* first as a cub reporter and then as assistant to its music critic, Richard Aldrich. In the latter capacity he was assigned a number of reviews

and other chores in which Aldrich had no interest, notably those dealing with dance. So by default Van Vechten became America's first serious dance critic. He was reviewing performances of Maud Allan, Isadora Duncan, Anna Pavlova, and Vaslav Nijinsky when dance was merely a fledgling operation, run in after evening performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, or represented by the *Diaghilev Ballets Russes* which had been dragged none too healthily to the United States at the end of its European triumphs. Posthumously, *The Dance Writings of Carl Van Vechten* (edited by Paul Padgette, 1974) made a substantial collection.

During that early period in his career—in addition to his regular reviews of musical performances around the city—Van Vechten began holding extensive "Monday Interviews" with musicians and opera singers, a series of richly informative question and answer sessions, masquerading as genial conversations. The reigning divas and primo dons at that time were the popular equivalent of current rock and rap performers on stage, or film and television stars with large followings of celebrity hunters who cling with equal vigor to accounts of private lives and public appearances. Later, these interviews served Van Vechten well for a book of biographical portraits of musicians, *Interpreters and Interpretations* (1917, revised as *Interpreters*, 1920, reprinted 1977).

He was on the staff of the *New York Times* for nearly seven years, including the 1908-1909 season during which he served as Paris correspondent. He resigned in 1913 to become drama critic for the *New York Press*. After that paper folded a year later, he served as editor of two literary journals, *Trend* and *Rogue*, and then began publishing annual volumes of musical criticism in the form of personal essays that were always luminously well-informed because of what he had nurtured into an encyclopedic musical background, historically solid, laced with ample anecdote, and even fun to read: *Music After the Great War* (1915), *Music and Bad Manners* (1916), *Interpreters and Interpretations* (1917), *The Music of Spain* (1918), *The Merry-Go-Round* (1918), and *In the Garret* (1919). Then, after producing a mammoth book about cats, *The Tiger in the House* (1920, never since out of print), he turned to fiction, publishing seven novels in hasty

sequence. *Peter Whiffle: His Life and Works* (1922), *The Blind Bow-Boy* (1923), and *Nigger Heaven* (1926) were best sellers, the latter informed by his long-standing fascination with African American music and theater. *The Tattooed Countess* (1924), *Firecrackers* (1925), *Spider Boy* (1928), and *Parties* (1930) all sold well. On the strength of their success, Van Vechten revised a number of essays from his earlier books for *Red*, devoted to musical subjects (1925), and *Excavations,* devoted to literary and biographical subjects (1926). Musical criticism was poorly paid, he realized, because it was poorly read, although he believed that a sensitive writer could awaken interest in readers to the same pleasures he had experienced, particularly music of the twentieth century, as these collections attest. Then, with the publication of a book of memoirs, *Sacred and Profane Memories* (1932), he stopped writing and took up photography. As a music critic Van Vechten had always been ahead of his time, calling attention to then obscure figures like Igor Stravinsky and Erik Satie; writing extensively about Richard Strauss's *Salome, Elektra*, and *Der Rosenkavalier* in advance of anybody else's doing so in the United States; heralding through magazine articles the steamy pleasures in ragtime and jazz; and assessing opera's heavy hitters as actors. His ancillary interests—serious musical scores for motion pictures, for instance, before the first score had been written; Spanish music, then little heard in the United States; Charles Demuth's paintings and drawings; the literary locutions of Gertrude Stein, Ronald Firbank, Wallace Stevens, and the then forgotten Herman Melville, among others; and an unrelenting commitment to the musical and literary achievements of African Americans—mark him, in retrospect, as a visionary.

In addition to some essays culled from *Interpreters, Red,* and *Excavations*, this selection of Van Vechten's writings about music includes a few papers from his earlier books that he did not choose to preserve and a few others that appeared only in periodicals or newspapers. Collectively, the scope of his subjects is impressive, and his embrace of avant garde music and performers is refreshing, even if at the beginning of his career he was cranking out publicity squibs about Enrico Caruso's mustache or ghost-writing the memoirs of soprano Luisa Tetrazzini.

Some of Van Vechten's more valuable criticism appeared in his first book, *Music After the Great War*, in the form of an appreciation of Igor Stravinsky. Van Vechten had witnessed the initial production of *Le Sacre du Printemps* (or, as he translated it before anybody else had done so, *The Sacrifice to the Spring*) in Paris in 1913, when the police had to be called in to quell the riots in the audience, so he knew what he was talking about. It is virtually impossible to approximate the effect of this music on the ears of most auditors at the time, for it demanded an almost complete readjustment to preconceived notions about rhythm as well as the ability to "hear" dissonance and modern music's demands of counterpoint. Similarly, the deceptively simple compositions of Erik Satie—about which Van Vechten wrote in his third book—were equally unknown in the United States at the time. During the Twenties his endorsement of the music of George Gershwin was unique, when he observed that jazz "may not be the last hope of American music, nor yet the best hope, but at present, I am convinced, it is its only hope" (*Red,* p. xv). Nearly a decade earlier—in 1917—he had called Irving Berlin and other composers of early ragtime and jazz "the true grandfathers of the great American composer of the year 2001" (*Interpreters and Interpretations*, p. 270). Van Vechten's other biographical essays—about composers Sir Arthur Sullivan, Isaac Albéniz, and Léo Delibes, and the five great "interpreters" in his experience, Enrico Caruso, Feodor Chaliapin, Olive Fremstad, Mary Garden, and Vaslav Nijinsky—are equally informative. So are his subsequent assessments of the Peruvian contralto Marguerite d'Alvarez (here constructed from three separate pieces about her) and his moving obituary for the once celebrated but later forgotten operetta soubrette, Fritzi Scheff.

Moreover, his pioneering essays about African American blues, jazz, and spirituals from the mid-Twenties, written at a time when white auditors still paid little if any attention to black music, are astonishingly perceptive, having had their genesis at the turn of the century for Van Vechten when he first began to champion black performers and music in Chicago and New York in his early newspaper work. These too, have provided ample material for a posthumous collection, which I edited as *"Keep A-Inchin' Along": Selected Writings about Black Arts and Letters* (1979).

PREFACE

Carl Van Vechten gave up musical criticism when he was about forty years old, holding the firm belief that after the age of forty one's intellectual arteries began to harden, which inevitably precluded an unbiased response to contemporary music. In *A Valedictory*, reprinted here in part, as a coda to this selection, he then invited the younger generation of music critics to transfer what he had said about Stravinsky and Satie to the younger generation of composers (*Red*, p. x-xi).

This representative selection of Van Vechten's musical criticism has been edited only slightly and always silently, to correct obvious typesetters' errors, to delete arcane or impertinent material, and in a few instances to delete information repeated from one essay into another. In 1922, Van Vechten abandoned *all* italics for titles of books and operas as well as *all* quotation marks around the names of songs but even around dialogue in his novels. Only those selections reprinted here from *Red* (1925) reflect these eccentricities. In the interest of consistency, the index italicizes titles of full-length works and employs conventional quotation marks around songs and arias. Further, it italicizes some titles that originally appeared in quotation marks (newspapers, periodicals, and publishers never being in entire agreement about such matters). Also, I have added the first names for identification of long-forgotten singers. I have retained English spellings commonly in use at the time, like "theatre." There are no brackets to indicate my additions and no employment of [sic] to point an accusing finger at errors, although I have used conventional ellipses to indicate substantial deletions. Finally, I have allowed some apocryphal stories (Caruso's being photographed backstage at his final Metropolitan Opera performance, for instance) to stand unchallenged. This is therefore not a scholarly edition designed for musicologists, but a book to restore a valuable archive of material to library shelves, and, further, to invite the curiosity of readers interested in the general state of music in America during the early years of the twentieth century.

Bruce Kellner, Successor Trustee
Estate of Carl Van Vechten

SELECTED EARLY NEWSPAPER WRITINGS

CARUSO'S MUSTACHE OFF

The real sensation at the Metropolitan Opera House last night was the appearance as a spectator of Signor Caruso, *sans moustache*. When the tenor entered the foyer after the first act, accompanied by Signor Scotti, he was not recognized, but when the story spread the foyer quickly filled, with persons eager to see him. Seemingly unmindful of the commotion he had created, he continued to walk up and down the corridor.

"It's on account of Puccini's opera, *Manon Lescaut*," he explained. "The chevalier is a youth and a mustache would not be congruous."

The comments in the boxes and foyer were animated.

"Have you seen Caruso?"

"Do you think he looks better than he did?"

"What did he do it for?"

"Can he sing without it?"

The public will be in suspense about the last question until next Wednesday night, when the tenor makes his next appearance.

New York Times, 8 December 1906

BABY CHECKED AT OPERA

Check No. 60 in the women's cloak room at the Manhattan Opera House last night was neither attached to an opera coat nor an umbrella, but to a bouncing baby boy, aged 18 months. This innovation in the use of coat rooms and checks was started by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewis of Winnepeg, Manitoba, who are strangers in New York. They had seats for the opera and no place to leave their baby. So they took him to the Opera House and asked the maid in the cloak room to check him.

"He is very good," said Mrs. Lewis, "and I promise you he won't cry. I'll come out between acts and look at him."

The maid was dubious and went to Mr. Hammerstein in the business office before she gave her consent.

"Certainly," said the director, "check the baby."

So Baby Lewis became one of the tagged articles in the cloakroom, and Mrs. Lewis went with her husband into the theatre to see *Rigoletto*. As soon as he was left alone with the maid the baby promptly fell asleep and remained so until after the second act, when so many requests came from the members of the opera company to see the checked baby that he was taken up into the business office, where he awoke and held a reception.

"I don't announce," said Mr. Hammerstein, "that we are ready and willing to check all children who may come with their mothers. However, it can be arranged occasionally if the baby is as good as this one."

New York Times, circa February 1907

THE NEW MUSIC CULT IN FRANCE AND ITS LEADER

Paris insists on modernity. To be truly Parisian one must be of the minute. The Boulevardiers demand a new catchword, a new scandal, a new idea each day. Naturally there was a great delight in Paris when a composer appeared who could write a new music, and Claude Achille Debussy soon gathered about him a clan of faithful followers whose admiration for their favorite composer now amounts to adoration. The reputation which his music soon gained for being esoteric has enabled him to hold this position. The faithful Debussyites may be found in large numbers at any Colonne concert when even one small work of the master appears on the programme, but they are seen en masse at a performance of *Pelléas et Mélisande* at the Opéra Comique. The ordinary audience at this theatre is smart and worldly, but the Debussy audience has quite a different flavor. Observe it first in the amphitheatre, where seats may be had for 2ff.

The men are mostly noticeable for their long hair and velvet coats, the women for their frowsy blouses. They assume attitudes of rapt attention as soon as the house is darkened, and no realization is possible to them until the act curtain falls. If some unfortunate individual rattles a programme or tries to tell his neighbor something during one of the musical interludes while the scene curtains are drawn, he is soon hissed into silence and regarded with brutal and bloody eyes by his unsympathetic companions. If you are not a Debussyite do not visit the Comique on *Pelléas* night.

If you are only an admirer of Brahms and Beethoven and sit in the orchestra you will find yourself scarcely any more at ease. Soul-

ful women dressed in long, dull-colored robes are accompanied by men of severe mein, who often carry the score of the lyric drama. It is not an opera night at this theatre. One is minded of Bayreuth on a *Parsifal* afternoon.

Debussy's followers are militant. They applaud vociferously and they write articles to the newspapers which prefer Saint-Saëns and Massenet. But the composer remains exclusive and oblivious, writing little, talking less, and seldom giving the Parisian public a chance to personally approve of him.

Twice during the past Winter, however, he has conducted works of his in public concerts, coming out of his seclusion suddenly and returning to it as completely. The first of these occasions was one of the Sechiara concerts in the Salle Gaveau, given in March. Debussy conducted his prelude to Mallarmé's prose poem, *L'Après-midi d'un faune*.

His appearance on the platform was the occasion for a demonstration which lasted nearly ten minutes, and which exceeded in its real enthusiasm the noise which follows a Caruso high note. As the clapping and the shouting neared their conclusion and died down into oblivion and the composer had turned to his desk to commence the work of the evening, a strident voice from the first balcony called out: "A bas le claque de Debussy!" The composer turned around to glare at this very Judas, and the flippantly minded in the audience laughed aloud, and then there was silence, and the composer proceeded to the business in hand, that of conducting his very beautiful tone poem, which he did very well indeed.

His second appearance as a conductor this season was at the last Colonne concert of the season, given on Good Friday night. On this occasion he conducted his youthful cantata, *La Demoiselle élue*, composed over the words of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and three old French songs, written by Charles d'Orléans. These are for unaccompanied choir. Charles d'Orleans was born in 1391, and his destiny led him into wars with the English. In 1415 he was taken prisoner by the enemy and forced to spend the next twenty-five years of his life an exile from his native land. It was during this period that he

wrote his poems. They were either soon forgotten or else utterly unknown, for it was only in 1815 that they were finally discovered and published, but since then they have been regarded with the keenest interest by students of early French literature.

It is curious that the most modern of French musicians should have chosen words by the earliest of French poets for his latest music, but there is no doubt of the success he has made with them.

The three songs which Debussy has set to music are *Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder*, *Quant j'ail ouy le tabourin*, and *Yver vous n'estes qu'un villain*. Of course these are but a trivial expression of the Debussy genius, but it must be confessed that he has succeeded in expressing the spirit of the epoch and the words marvelously well. When these songs were first heard last month at the Colonne concert the last two were instantly re-demanded and received with every appearance of favor by a very enthusiastic audience. The second one is especially charming. The chorus sings a guitar accompaniment while the words are chanted to a fascinating melody—yes, it is true, Debussy has written a melody!—by a soprano voice, on the occasion just referred to by Miss Maggie Teyte, the young pupil of Jean de Reszke, to whom the role of Mélisande is now entrusted, not altogether with reason. They will probably be heard in this country next year.

Debussy is only moderately tall and rather stout. His hair is very black and wavy and his face is almost concealed in profuse black whiskers. His two eyes are hidden deep. They are very small eyes, but very keen. His appearance is not imposing but it has dignity. He is a conductor without mannerisms.

He lives in a house in the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, and his workroom windows all look into a garden. Here it is that his later compositions have been written, and here it is that Debussy is happiest, for he dislikes the country.

"Only souls without imagination go to the country for inspiration," he said. "I can look into my garden and find there everything that I want."

Debussy married a very rich woman several years ago, and since then he has worked in a leisurely fashion. Nothing of any great im-

portance has appeared from his pen since *La Mer* in 1905. However, he has several works underway; two stories of Edgar Allan Poe's he is making into operas. He is also struggling with a new version of the *Tristan* legend, one which is said to be more nearly in keeping with the conception of the scholars who are struggling through the various manuscripts in the Bibliotèque Nationale than Wagner's drama. But Debussy is in no hurry to finish these uncompleted manuscripts.

"I can only write," he said recently, "when I am in the mood for it, and then I can only write on the work to which my mood directs me. I haven't touched *Tristan* for months. I may never look at it again. I have lost sympathy with it for the time being, and that sympathy may never come to me again. I don't care to merely repeat *Pelléas*. When I write another opera music drama I must have evolved a new style, something which will suitably express the work. That is what I tried to do in *Pelléas*. Until I have been successful in this again I shall not allow any of my work to appear. I don't care for repetition."

The composer has little sympathy with the French composers who look to Germany for inspiration. "Of all the Germans, Bach alone was universal," he said. "After that, commencing especially with Beethoven, the composers belong to the German school. A composer should work out his music along the lines of his own nationality, but of course in his own original way. I should advise French composers to study Couperin and Rameau rather than Wagner and Brahms."

Debussy has a little girl, and she has been one of his inspirations during the past year. It is to her that he has dedicated his delightful *Children's Corner* in this charming way: "A ma chère petite Clou Clou avec les tendres excuses de son père pour ça qui suive." (To my little dear Clou Clou, with the tender excuses of her father for that which follows.)

The pieces in this volume are delicious and include a cakewalk—*Golliwogg's Cakewalk*—which has all the abandon and verve of the *Georgia Camp Meeting* or the *Mattchiche*, combined with some of

Debussy's extraordinary harmonies. With a little coaxing it would make an excellent piece for actual ballroom use. Such is the versatility of the Debussy imagination.

Probably the composer will never wholly eschew his whole tone scale which is derived, as is well known, from the Gregorian chant. This territory has been invaded by other musicians: Berlioz, Liszt, Fauré, and d'Indy, to name a few. But with Debussy this scale is a part of his inner consciousness. Other composers have used it occasionally and consciously. In Debussy's music it is so well woven in that its detection requires the closest attention. And so his music has a fluidity, a richness, a rhythm, a refinement all its own.

Really this composer is in the closest sympathy with the school of painters called impressionists and with the poets billed symbolists. It is from one of the latter, Mallarmé, that he drew the inspiration for one of his most beautiful works, the prelude to *L'Après-midi d'un faune*.

The artists refused to believe that light was the important thing in a picture. Carrière once remarked that a picture was the logical development of light. This almost explains Debussy's music. His music is "light" music (not to use "light" as an antonym of "heavy"). Debussy employs sounds as nuances of color, which he blends together to make his music just as light as a blending of various colors.

New York Times, 16 May 1909

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

The audience which nearly filled Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon to hear Rachmaninoff, the Russian composer-pianist, listened attentively throughout the program, but it was only the last number, the celebrated C sharp minor prelude which succeeded in drawing forth echo-making applause. When Rachmaninoff touched the opening chord of this prelude which is as familiar to most modern players of the piano as anything else in the literature of that instrument, there was a tense and concerted leaning forward, which only ceased when the last tones died away.

The program, made up entirely of Rachmaninoff's compositions, including a sonata in D minor, which is interesting, if very long; a *Melodie,* a *Humoresque*, a *Barcarolle, Polichinelle*, and four preludes. A plaintive Russian note wandered through all this music. In fact, towards the end of the program many of the listeners began to feel as if they were prisoners bound for Siberia.

Rachmaninoff plays with much charm, and as many of the numbers were unfamiliar, it seemed at times as if he were improvising, and the effect was unusual and delightful. The composer's technique is quite sufficient for his needs, and if his tone is not as beautiful as it might be, it usually seemed to be adequate to the demands of the piece in hand. In fact, he seemed to be always able to impart the spirit of his composition to the audience.

* * *

The ministrations of the Russian Symphony Orchestra continues to be features of certain Thursday nights of the music season. Last evening the third concert of that organization in Carnegie Hall brought forth an audience of a larger size than usual, which might have been

deal more of this Russian's music. I wrote a panegyric about *Le Sacre du Printemps* in my first book,[1] published in 1915. In 1924, *Le Sacre du Printemps* has at last been performed in New York and the critics have at last accepted Stravinsky. So, indeed, apparently, have the conductors who, until the past four years, hardly ever permitted his name to be emblazoned on their programs. The job of music critic in New York, therefore, is certainly not an ideal occupation for a man with imagination and foresight.

I might further urge that there were economic reasons for my shift of professions, for I realized but small sums of silver from this great outlay of labour. My stipend from the newspapers for which I worked was decidedly modest; the several volumes of criticism which I published, while encomiastically reviewed (Henry Mencken hailed even my first book with delight, seeing in it possibly, as did Peter Whiffle, the germ of future achievement), enjoyed but a small sale. Most of them, indeed, were "remaindered." I doubt if any one makes money out of music criticism. The late James Huneker, as prominent an exponent of the profession as any one I could name offhand, died poor, notwithstanding the fact that he had always led an extremely simple life. I wonder if even Ernest Newman, probably the best living critic of music—or if not the best critic, at least the best writer on music—is driving about in a Rolls-Royce? Music criticism is poorly paid because it is poorly read. A novel, which is perhaps twice as easy to write—for any one who can write it at all—as such a book as the one that follows this preface, a novel, I say, which requires even in extreme instances about one-third as much documentation or fundamental knowledge as even a book like this poor Red, not only brings one money, it also brings one readers.

To be perfectly frank, however, I must state that the matter of economics never really entered into the question of my decision. Henry James once wrote, and he was writing about critics: "The sense of effort is easily lost in the enthusiasm of curiosity." When I first began to attend the opera and concerts and the theatre I went because I

[1] *Music After the Great War.*

liked to go. It was, I honestly believe, a desire to broaden my prospects in these respects that got me out of the state of Iowa, where opportunities of this nature were meagre. I think it was the primary reason for my leaving Chicago, after I had spent seven years in that city. I am sure that a hankering to hear Wagner in Munich was the inspiration for my first trip to Europe. Up until about the year 1918, in fact, my enthusiasm for the art under discussion sustained me in the belief that I should be writing about music throughout the length and breadth of my career. About that date I began to nourish doubts; sketches foreshadowing my future fictions began to appear in my books; I became uneasy in the concert hall; in short, I began to realize that I was nearly through. The last two papers in this volume reflect some of the reasons for this metamorphosis.

Certainly, I do not regret those years. They supplied me with not a little knowledge and experience; they served to introduce me, in one way or another, to most of the famous people of the period, but when a thing is done, it is done, at least so far as I am concerned. I have not entered an opera house for several seasons, and my recent attendance on the concert hall has been limited to a few special occasions.

I am delighted to see that many of my suggestions and prophecies have been realized. When I published my book about Spanish music, not one orchestral composition by a Spaniard, at least so far as I am aware, had yet been performed in our concert halls. This absurd state of affairs has since been remedied. Stravinsky, whom I have considered, since I first became acquainted with his music eleven years ago, the most important of living composers, is now generally recognized as such. As for my plea that American popular music be taken more seriously, Eva Gauthier recently devoted an entire group on a recital program to jazz songs; a celebrated pianist has included Zez Confrey's "Kitten on the Keys" in his repertory; Paul Whiteman has given a series of concerts devoted to American jazz, which have created a sensation in musical circles (even Mengelberg has come forward with his word of commendation); more than all, George Gershwin has composed and performed his

Rhapsody in Blue, a work in concerto form for piano and orchestra, in which jazz is utilized in a musicianly manner (as I predicted it would be in *The Great American Composer*) to create just the effect that Liszt got into his rhapsodies by a use of Hungarian tunes, or Albéniz into his *Iberia* suite, which is based on suggestions in melody and rhythm of Spanish popular dances. Jazz may not be the last hope of American music, nor yet the best hope, but at present, I am convinced, it is its only hope.

II

I cannot say that I subscribe to all the general ideas expressed herein; as a matter of fact, they are not all entirely consistent, a state of affairs to have been expected in the work of a writer who apparently at heart was always creative rather than critical, but I believed them when I wrote them and that condition gives them whatever value they may now possess. They are, fortunately, dated. In all these papers I have made omissions, altered words and phrases, added a few others, and appended footnotes. On the whole, however, I have left them as they were; they are, therefore, not to be regarded as rewritten; they may be said to represent with some accuracy a phase and a period of my career which in all likelihood is at an end.

New York. March 11, 1924.

Carl Van Vechten was a notorious name-dropper and title-dropper; only those of substantive consideration in these essays, however, are indexed. A single reference to Hans Pfitzner – "Hans Pfitzner is another name on which we need not linger," for instance—hardly justifies space in an index. Nor do the titles of operas and orchestral compositions referred to only in passing. — BK

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