

## AUGUSTE RODIN.

Just ten years ago, Mr. Aleister Crowley published a chaplet of verse which accompanied seven lithographs of Clot from the water-colors of Auguste Rodin. The book created so much of a sensation in England and France. We reprint Mr. Crowley's poem to Rodin, together with an excellent translation by Marcel Schwob. Also Mr. Rodin's letter to Mr. Crowley,—a poem in prose.  
J. B. R.

182, Rue de L'Université.

Mon Cher Crowley,

Vos poésies ont cette fleur violente, ce bon sens, et cette ironie qui en soit inattendue.

C'est d'un charme puissant et cela ressemble à une attaque bienfaisante.

RODIN.

Un homme.—Spectacle de l'Univers,  
L'Oeuvre se dresse et affronte la Nature : perception  
et mélange,

Au seul centre silencieux d'une âme magistrale  
De la Force égyptienne, de la simplicité grecque  
De la Subtilité celtique.—Libéré par la souffrance  
Le grand courage calme de l'Art Futur, raffiné  
En sa nerveuse majesté, glisse, profond,  
Sous la beauté de chaque rayon d'harmonie.

Titan! Les Siècles amoindris s'enfoncent,  
S'enfoncent à l'horizon des contemplations. Debout,  
et lève

D'un ferme poing la coupe suprême, le Zodiaque!  
Là écume son vin—essence de l'Art Éternel—la  
Vérité!

Bois bois, à la toute puissante santé, au Temps  
rajeuni!

—Salut, Auguste Rodin! Vous êtes un homme!  
Traduit par Marcel Schwob.  
Paris, Février, 1903.

Votre poésie est donc violente, et me plaît par ce  
côté aussi.

Je suis honoré que vous m'ayiez pris mes dessins  
et ainsi honoré dans votre livre.

Votre, AUG. RODIN.

RODIN.

Here is a man! For all the world to see  
His work stands, shaming Nature. Clutched,  
combined

In the sole still centre of a master-mind,  
The Egyptian force, the Greek simplicity,  
The Celtic subtlety. Through suffering free,

The calm great courage of new art, refined  
In nervous majesty, indwells behind  
The beauty of each radiant harmony.

Titan! the little centuries drop back,  
Back from the contemplation. Stand and span  
With one great grip his cup, the Zodiac!  
Distil from all time's art his wine, the truth!

Drink, drink the mighty health—an age's  
youth—  
Salut, Auguste Rodin! Here is a man.

## MUSIC OF THE MONTH

Dear Yvonne,

One hardly knows where to begin when it comes to discuss the musical doings of the past month—so many excellent concerts! And frequently it happened that two magnificent programs have been offered on the same afternoon and one has simply suffered agonies of mind in making a decision between the two—such enjoyable orchestral offerings by the New York Symphony, Philharmonic, and Boston Symphony, at the first concert of the New York Symphony given at Carnegie Hall. The atmosphere was much disturbed by the never-ending procession passing the hall; and one couldn't help feeling that a brass band playing "Over There" and a Symphony Orchestra trying to do justice to a Beethoven Symphony clashed in a most horrible way—and naturally one's sympathies were with Beethoven—also with Bach—for whilst Harold Bauer gave an exceedingly fine rendering of the Piano Concerto in D minor—the strains of "Good-by Broadway, Hello France" (from without) made one want to scream. At a later concert Mr. Damrosch featured a very interesting symphony by the veteran composer Dubois (who has just enjoyed his eightieth birthday) absolutely French in character. The Marseillaise was cleverly introduced into the last movement and made a stirring climax.

It was good to find that the "Star-Spangled Banner" friction existed only in the press—and interesting to find that Dr. Muck's genius almost succeeded in turning into a classic—by a very clever and unique orchestration which gave quite a Wagnerian effect. What a wonderful conductor he is! Surely one of the greatest. His magnetism seems to bring the best out of every member of his orchestra—and what a marvelous result—who can ever forget his memorable rendering of Beethoven's 5th symphony at the matinée concert? Who has ever heard such pianissimos from an orchestra?

One was also struck by the splendid discipline in his orchestra—a quiet dignity and earnest—such as is exemplified in their conductor—and one couldn't help contrasting the go as you please attitude of the New York Symphony men—many of whom gaze about bowing and smiling to their friends in the audience. Even during a symphony—whilst counting their bars rest.—This is particularly noticeable amongst the first violins, and might well be called to Mr. Damrosch's attention.

The Letz Quartette, successor to the famous Kneisels—gave a delightful rendering of Beethoven's F minor Quartette—also Leo Weiner's interesting string quartette. This clever young Hungarian has also written for orchestra—and much more must be heard from him. The Letz ensemble is not quite