Amusements.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic.

The public rehearsal preparatory to the first concert given this season by the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn was held at the Academy of Music yesterday afternoon. The attendance was unusually large, and the attention accorded the performance, which was quite as finished as to-night's is likely to be, was as close and continuous as in the past.

The programme was of uncommon length, or, to put it more correctly, Schubert's symphony, which was its most important element, being one of the longest works for orchestra it produced affected to some extent the impressiveness of the entertainment as a whole. The work in question occupied, with Beethoven's "Ah, perfido!" the first half of the rehearsal, and when the second half began the accompaniment of the violins and violas were somewhat deficient in the freshness needed to thoroughly appreciate the Wagner music, which constituted two-thirds of the programme. There is no gainsaying the passing loveliness of many portions of Schubert's symphony in C, which was interpreted yesterday. The quaint and melodious andante con moto, with its gypsy theme and the dance-like in its allegro vivace, and the spirited and richly-colored scherzo, are simply matchless in the originality and brilliancy of its motives and in the composer's mastery of the orchestra. On the other hand, the symphony, as a whole, strikes one as lacking a definite plan and ill proportioned, and as going beyond measure by the introduction of rich but artificial coloring and excessive repetition. The requirements of a modern audience would be more satisfactorily met by a better judicious combination of the symphonic movements, more neglect of the remainder of the programme. The elegiac quality, natural weakness and too luxuriant growth. The orchestra displayed a perfect glory to apparent gratification on the occasion under notice, and even the interminable first movement of the Beethoven programme was rounded off with Mme. Fursch-Made's new "Von der Abendstimmung," a work of great beauty, which all the great artists of the age have at some period or other essayed in classical concerts. Mme. Fursch-Made's voice is not very clear, but it possesses a delicious quality and is powerful and vibrant. Her expression is somewhat deficient in variety and rendering, and she seems to realize only the feelings she imparts to her words.

A new work, "Ronde Capricciosa," by Dvořák. This work, which depends for effect more upon the performance of the orchestra than upon the fidelity of its themes or its true equality of parts, is easily misunderstood upon the listener the same impression as an average work of experiences which he contemplates Turner's painting of the slav. It is a fragmentary as to motives; no pains are taken to develop the idyllic to the end. There was a strange effect upon the expectant ear, but whenever the interest in the performance reached a finish, the spirited dance tune revives it, and the magnificently informative instrumentation spreads its glamour over the whole concourse. The new work had been played, Mme. Fursch-Made reappeared, and was introduced with English words, which are no improvement over the programme. It seemed to have been written in March, the effect was somewhat attenuated, it should be said, by Mme. Fursch-Made's inability to make her work effective. The public was vorny at "Parsifal," and the concert was closed by theora of "Morning Star," "Götterdämmerung," "Moonlight," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," and "Siegfried's Death." The orchestra was uniformly good, bearing strikingly unfinished strains in which this music is sometimes very fine. The unmelodious harmonies have a magic of their own that sways the hearer, and the orchestra is in the hands of one who has made himself familiar with the lyricism as they illustrate: what the future has in store for this music. Public concert-goers are the subjects of a hundred conventional symbols to be fitted under conventional circumstances, and all sorts of interpretation, if not a subject of actual doubt. The work of the orchestra yesterday left nothing to be wished for.

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