

CLASS 5 : DOMESTIC? WHY?

A. A LITTLE BEACH

1. Class title 1 (Kauffmann: *The Spencer Children*)

My title is a question: why is so much of the output from female artists domestic in scale or subject? I'll use this first section to pose it, and the rest of the class to answer it or, in many cases, disprove it.

2. Section title A (music on my piano)

A couple of years ago, I ordered this collection of piano music called *Women Composers in History*. I thought that if I could get some of the music into my fingers, I might understand it better in my mind. I must admit I was disappointed. The compiler had taken care to select pieces that could be played by a moderately advanced child, which is roughly my level. So there were no great revelations. All the volume did was to show that many women over the last two centuries were pretty good at composing for children; composers such as the American **Amy Beach** (1867–1944). This made me think of another American, **Mary Cassatt** (1844–1926), who made her name painting pictures of children. The comparison raised a question: is such small-scale domestic art necessarily the forte of women, or merely what is most convenient for them?

3. Beach: *Sliding on the Ice*, score

But I began to learn some of the pieces. I came to realize that writing well-shaped works for young players is no mean feat. Listen to this one by Beach, *Sliding on the Ice*, as played from the very same book by **Jeanine Barrett**. You'll hear the scales in which the sliding is going smoothly, and then some syncopated passages where the child either wobbles or falls down. Pedagogically, the whole thing is comprised of short phrases each of which can be executed without crossing the fingers over the thumb, enabling the young player to do something impressive with the most basic technique.

4. Beach: *Sliding on the Ice* (Jeanine Barrett)

5. Sophie Klußmann, and text of *The Summer Wind*

Of course, few women composed exclusively for children. But it is true of most of the composers I have been studying that the bulk of their work is in small forms: piano pieces of under 5 minutes and songs, lots of songs. So before saying goodbye to Amy Beach for now (I'll come back to her at the end of the class), let me play you one of her shorter songs, "The Summer Wind." It is sung by a German soprano, **Sophie Klußmann**—though you'd hardly know it, her diction is so good.

6. Beach: Four Songs, Op.14: "The Summer Wind"

7. Beach and Cassatt, and some questions

Beach dedicated that to her husband, the Boston physician **H. H. A. Beach**; for a long time, even after his death, she published and performed as “Mrs. H. H. A. Beach”; that’s what it said on the first record I had of her music. Still, it is a lovely piece, a lot more passionate than the sappy text would suggest; it speaks of a relationship with love in it. And love, of course, has always been a quote-unquote “woman’s subject.” I say “quote-unquote” because the very term “women’s subjects” gets feminists up in arms. They say a woman can do everything a man can do. And so they can. But the historical truth is that for the most part, women have kept themselves to domestic subjects on a domestic scale. It may valuable to ask why this is?

8. Beach and Cassatt, and some answers

Here are my tentative answers. I put the first one in green because it is the real question we are asking today. The rest are purely circumstantial: what women are encouraged (or perhaps permitted) to pursue, what they can fit into their domestic schedules, what they can sell, and so forth—not necessarily what they would do under different circumstances. But we should not blind ourselves to the possibility that some artists simply *prefer* to work on a more intimate scale. there is also the possibility of certain subjects and certain scales being more congenial to them, as individual artists in their own right.

9. Beach and Cassatt, and some answers

I hope that the case studies over the rest of the class will help elucidate these difficult questions, and not confuse. I’ll look at **two European artists** (Angelica Kauffmann and Clara Schumann) in some depth in the rest of this hour, then turn more briefly to **five Americans**: longer looks at Mary Cassatt and Amy Beach, and **three poets**—Anne Bradstreet, Phillis Wheatley, and Julia Ward Howe—in between

B. ANGELICA KAUFFMANN: THE ARTIST’S IDENTITY

10. Section title B (Kauffman *Self-Portrait*, animated)

11. — still from the above, without text

This is the only animated title today, but I wanted to get in a taste of the Austrian composer **Mariana Martines** (1744–1812). But let’s parse the picture, a *Self-Portrait* by the artist **Angelica Kauffmann** (1741–1807) from the National Portrait Gallery in London. How does she want to present herself before the world? As a beautiful young woman, obviously. One of a good class, too; those clothes are simple and elegant, but not cheap; perhaps that’s why she depicts herself drawing rather than painting. A woman of refined taste also; the color combination is a subtle one. And what about the gesture with her left hand? It is not assertive, but she seems to be saying that this is not a picture of some wealthy girl who does some drawing in the afternoons—this is ME, the artist. I call this section “The Artist’s Identity” because so many of Kauffmann’ paintings seem to be about working out who she is.

12. Angelica Kauffmann: *Self-Portrait Aged 13* (1753, Innsbruck)

Let's jump back two decades. This is a *Self-Portrait* she painted when she was only 13, working with her father in Switzerland; a painter himself, he was her first teacher. Obviously she had talent; it may lack finesse, but it is amazing work for a child. But look at what she is holding: not the expected palette and brushes, but a score of music. She was in fact *multi*-talented, but chose to pursue painting. It was the more daring choice; music has always been one of the traditional accomplishments for a young lady hoping to attract a husband; painting not so much.

13. Kauffmann: *Self-Portrait Hesitating Between Painting and Music* (1794, Nostell Priory)

Years later, when she was married to an Italian artist and living in Rome, she revisited her earlier decision in an allegorical painting called *Self-Portrait Hesitating Between Painting and Music*. She would have been in her fifties at the time, so the innocent girl in virginal white is a memory of her younger self, not a current self-portrait. I would call your attention to two striking things about this. Its genre is what was then called **history painting**: figure compositions usually from history or myth but also including allegory, based ultimately on the rhetorical language of **Raphael**. History painting was considered the highest form of art, and essentially confined to men; women could stick to portraits and still-lives. Yet here is Kauffmann doing it. But—and here's the second thing—even in this austere genre, she makes it personal, and continues to do so, in picture after picture.

14. Vincent and Kauffmann: *Zeuxis Selecting Models for Helen of Troy*

15. François-André Vincent: *Zeuxis Selecting Models for Helen of Troy* (1791, Stanford)

Here are two versions of a probably-unfamiliar subject, the ancient Greek painter **Zeuxis** selecting models for a painting of Helen of Troy—the idea being that no real woman was beautiful enough, but that he could invite several women and combine the best parts of each. The version at bottom right is Kauffmann's, but let's look first at the one on top left, painted around the same time by a Frenchman, **François-André Vincent** (1746–1816). So we see Zeuxis making his judgment, and models in various states of dress and emotion submitting themselves to his scrutiny.

16. Angelica Kauffmann: *Zeuxis Selecting Models for Helen of Troy* (1778, Brown)

17. — the same, with highlight on right

18. — the same, with right enlarged

Can you see the differences in Kauffmann's treatment? Hers is more intimate, without those male bystanders, and warmer; her women look more like women. There are five of them: four models on the left, much as in the Vincent—but what about the fifth woman on the right? **This is another self-portrait.** But this fifth woman is not prepared to wait for the man to take her measurements. She is standing in front of the blank canvas and picking up a brush. It is *she* who is going to paint this, not some man.

19. Kauffmann: portraits of Winckelmann and Reynolds

Two men, both important to her: the German archaeologist **Johann Winckelmann** and the English painter **Sir Joshua Reynolds**; I am using them to help map out Kauffmann's younger years. Already

known as a portrait painter, she spent much of her early twenties in Rome and other Italian cities. Since her talents included the ability to speak German, French, Italian, and English, she was sought after by foreign visitors to Rome. Winckelmann was one of the earliest and most influential. In 1766, **Lady Wentworth**, the wife of the British Ambassador, persuaded her to come to England, where she opened doors for her at court and in upper-class circles. She was celebrated her talents, youth, and charm. One of the most important figures to fall under her spell was **Reynolds**, England's preeminent painter, who admired her greatly. They may or may not have been lovers; I suspect not, for they remained close friends and colleagues, which is not the usual fall-out from an affair. At any rate, when Reynolds founded the **Royal Academy** in 1768, he saw to it that Kauffmann was elected one of the founder members (together with another woman, **Mary Moser**, whose work is now all but forgotten).

20. Johann Zoffany: *Academicians of the Royal Academy* (1772, Royal Collection)

So Angelica Kauffmann had it made? Well, yes and no. For, although it had two lady members, the Academy was still a boys' club. Here is a group portrait of all the Academicians painted in 1772 by **Johann Zoffany** (1733–1810), another German-speaking artist who came to England by way of Rome. You will see that there are no women among them, though Kauffmann and Moser are represented by portraits on the wall. There is a good reason why they *could* not be included; can you guess what it is? For this is a life-drawing class, and it was not thought suitable for a woman to be exposed to nude male models. However, as history painting is based on the human figure, and nude drawing is the basis for understanding the human figure, this lack of exposure was a handicap faced by every woman who wanted to become a painter until the mid-19th century at least. It is this, as much as anything, that explains why women turned to so-called "feminine" subjects—not a question of temperament at all, but the sheer fact that they did not have access to the training required to tackle the more "heroic" ones.

21. Kauffmann: *The Elements of Painting* (Royal Academy ceiling, 1778)

In 1778, she was commissioned to paint four ceiling panels for the main hall of the new Royal Academy building. She chose the subject of *The Elements of Painting*, four female figures representing allegorically the four stages of artistic creation: **Inspiration**, **Composition**, **Design** (or drawing), and **Color**. You will note the the woman is drawing an antique sculpture, not a naked model! Personally, I find these magnificent paintings, beautifully combining the **Classical** (in concept and design) with the first stirrings of **Romanticism** (in the atmosphere and color), with the constant reminder that this is a woman artist whose figures are personal as well as symbolic.

22. Kauffmann: *The Spencer Children* (c. 1766)

Not that she couldn't do the "feminine" things. Her portraits of society ladies show a great deal of charm, though without much individuality in their features, and her occasional depictions of children must have utterly delighted their parents. The best of her portraits of men, however, show outstanding strength: such as this of **Goethe** and especially this of her husband, the painter **Antonio Zucchi**, for whom she moved to Rome and remained for the rest of her life.

23. Kauffmann: *Portraits of Goethe* (1787) and *Zucchi* (1781)

C. CLARA SCHUMANN: THE POWER OF PERFORMANCE

24. Section title C (modification of Lehnbach portrait)

Clara Wieck Schumann (1819–96) was one of the virtuoso pianists of her age, the wife of composer **Robert Schumann** (1810–56), mother of his eight children, and after his confinement to a mental hospital and early death, the close companion (though probably not lover) of **Johannes Brahms** (1833–97). And, oh yes, she was a composer too. We'll get on to that. But first let me start with her as a performer. This is a clip from the 1947 movie *Song of Love*, starring **Kathryn Hepburn**. She is playing her husband's *Carnaval*. What happens next is comically implausible, but it does make the point about the added difficulty for a woman in juggling a professional musical life.

25. Clara plays “Carnaval,” from *Song of Love* (1947)

26. Friedrich Wieck, Clara Wieck, and Robert Schumann

Many of the composers in this course went into music despite their parents' objections, but Clara's case was quite the opposite. Her father, **Friedrich Wieck**, was a well-known piano and voice teacher in Leipzig, owner of a music store, and writer on musical matters. He took over the teaching of his daughter entirely himself, putting her through a rigorous regime, and launching her into a performing career at the age of nine. She triumphed in Paris and Vienna, and so impressed **Goethe** in Weimar that he gave her a commemorative medal. **Chopin** was so impressed that he took **Liszt** to one of her concerts, after which he too—surely the greatest virtuoso of the time—fell at her feet. But her most significant impact was on the young **Schumann** who, after hearing her play, abandoned his law studies to take up music full-time, renting a room in Wieck's house and studying with him for a year. Of course one thing led to another; Clara fell in love; Robert proposed; Clara accepted; Wieck objected; Robert took him to court, and in 1840, the couple were married; she was 20, he was 29. His performing career never did develop, since he injured his hand during his studies with Wieck, so he devoted his life to composing. But Clara had already set foot down that path, in a big way. In 1835, at the age of 16, she was already performing her *Piano Concerto* with the **Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra** under the baton of **Felix Mendelssohn**. Two years ago, I could only find a video of this played by such a sourpuss pianist that she took all the fun out of it. Looking at YouTube now, I find at least 9 different pianists, all young, all very much into it. Here is a recording session with the marvelous **Isata Kanneh-Mason**, which also has the advantage of an equally young female conductor, **Holly Mathieson**.

27. Clara Wieck: *Piano Concerto* (1835), excerpt from the first movement [2:59]

28. Caspar David Friedrich: *Memories of the Riesengebirge* (1830), with Clara quote

What qualities did you hear in that? To me, there indeed is a youthful grace and sense of melody. But there is also a feeling for scale and a confidence belong to a mature composer of whatever gender. There is nothing “domestic” about it. However, Clara was not to write another piece on a similar scale again. She started a second concerto, but set it aside for lack of time; the rest are short piano pieces, chamber music for piano and one or two other instruments, and songs. By then, she was already married and the mother of several children. “*I once believed that I possessed creative talent, but I have*

given up this idea; a woman must not desire to compose,” she said. But she did continue her tours as a solo pianist; at this stage, she was a far better earner than her husband, and they needed the money.

29. Robert and Clara Schumann, with Robert quote

I don't think either of them questioned the idea that it was the wife's duty to look after the children and run the household. They hired help when Clara was on tour, but that was not possible when she was not earning. All the same, she did manage quite a number of the “small pieces” Robert mentioned. Here is one, a setting of Heine's *Lorelei* sung by **Julian Prégardien** with **Els Biesemans** at the piano. Listen to the piano at the beginning, and compare it to the voice; are they both in the same mood—and, if not, does this contrast remain to the end of the song?

30. Clara Schumann: *Lorelei* (1843)

31. Piano trio (generic)

What did you think? I am very struck by the fact that, however romantic she gets, Clara retains an edginess, a propulsion, that counteracts any over-sweetness in the sentiment. You will hear it again in the slow movement of the Piano Trio I am about to play you. She wrote it as a gift for Robert on their sixth anniversary. I believe you will hear her love for him singing out in the music. But you will also hear that peculiar energy of hers pulsing in the middle section. The players are **Luosha Fang**, **Gabor Farkas**, and Michael **Katz** (piano).

32. Clara Schumann: *Piano Trio* (1846), slow movement

33. Robert, Clara, and Brahms

Does that middle section indicate that the marriage was not without problems. Was Robert already showing signs of the bipolar disorder that eventually killed him in 1856? Clara would live another 40 years, but she would not be unsupported. In 1853, she met the young Johannes Brahms, whom Robert hailed as the upcoming genius. Brahms fell in love with Clara, but he remained devoted to Robert also, saving him when he tried to drown himself, getting him into a mental hospital, and visiting regularly until his death. Clara continued to write romantic music, and remained grateful for Brahms's support, but I think she remained true to her husband, the great love of her life.

34. Class title 2 (Robert and Clara, modified repeat)

D. MARY CASSATT: MOTHERHOOD BY PROXY

35. Section title D (Mary Cassatt painting)

I bet that none of the **Mary Cassatt** paintings in that little montage came as a surprise. The music, though, is from our time not hers; it is part of a String Quartet based on three Cassatt paintings by the American composer **Dan Welcher**, and it is played by an all-female group, the **Cassatt String Quartet**.

36. Cassatt: *Little Girl in a Blue Armchair* (1878, Washington NGA)

Mothers and children. Cassatt painted many other things—you will remember her *Opera Box* from the first class—but she is best known today for her portraits of children, with or without their mothers. Yet this woman was unmarried and childless. We suggested earlier that one reason for a painter choosing domestic subjects might be that these are matters of which she has the greatest personal experience and the deepest feelings, yet here is an artist with no direct experience of motherhood at all. Before looking into this paradox a little more deeply, let me play you another film clip, this time from the biopic *Mary Cassatt: American Impressionist*. **Amy Brenneman** plays Mary, who is living in Paris when her brother and sister-in-law come to visit, and dump their three children (boy and two girls) on her while they go off elsewhere. All the elder niece can think about is her coming-out party, but Cassatt has a moment with the younger one which changes things—at least in the film's view.

37. *Mary Cassatt: American Impressionist*, excerpt

38. Cassatt and Raphael

I'm sure Cassatt did have family members she could paint. She could also call upon her married friends, and some of her sitters must surely have been hired models. *But why choose this subject, if it were not her own experience?* I can think of one simple explanation: **because such pictures would sell**. And I think there are two reasons for this: one rooted in history, and one contemporary. I have shown this comparison before in my *Sacred and Secular* class, to ask what makes the Raphael sacred and keeps the Cassatt secular? But we can also turn it around. Surely the similarities between Cassatt's mothers and children and Renaissance Madonnas are intentional? Whether or not she is actually saying that motherhood itself is sacred, she is showing a direct line between the everyday business of looking after children and one of the central images of Renaissance art.

39. Cassatt: *Modern Woman* (panel for Chicago World's Fair, 1893, destroyed)

But contemporary factors come into play as well. This was the era of the **New Woman**, the independent educated woman, perhaps the product of one of the new colleges like Smith or Vassar, carving her own path. Cassatt herself was such a woman. In 1893, Cassatt was commissioned to make three panels for the women's pavillion at the **Chicago World's Fair**. She chose the subject of *Modern Woman*. The panels, alas, have been destroyed, but here is a photo of the central panel together with one of her studies for it. Literally, it shows a bunch of women in an orchard. But it is allegorical too: *women handing down the fruits of knowledge to a younger generation*. Cassatt was criticized for not including any men, but replied that "*men have got themselves daubed up in every other part of the exhibition, so*

why do they need to be here as well?" So the mother-child pictures are both a reinforcement of this role of the mother as the link from one generation to the next, and a validation for women who did choose the path of marriage and motherhood that their role was a valuable one also.

40. Cassatt: *Young Woman in a Green Bonnet* (c.1890, Princeton)

What do you make of this? What is the woman doing? I assume reading. The striking thing to me is that, although she is attractively dressed, attractively painted, and has an attractive face, attraction plays no part in her thoughts; she is completely absorbed in her own activity. Her own woman, in short. One other thing I would note is that Cassatt's pastel technique as shown by this and several of the other pictures, owes much to **Edgar Degas**, who was her first friend among the Impressionists. But their relationship cooled at the time of the **Dreyfus Affair**; he was conservative in his views, while she was a staunch liberal. Take note of this.

41. Manet: *Boating* (1874, NY Met), with the Cassatt below

42. Cassatt: *The Boating Party* (1893, Washington NGA)

One more comparison and a story. How would you compare these two paintings? They are separated by two decades, more or less bracketing the Impressionist era. The **Manet** is about a *date*, a man out in a boat with a young woman; he is the dominant figure. Pictorially, the man is also the larger figure in Cassatt's painting, but he is shown in silhouette; we know nothing about him; he might even be a hired boatman. The woman now has a child with her, whose presence quite alters the situation. In terms of style, we can also say that Cassatt has moved beyond Impressionism into **Post-Impressionism**, designing with larger areas of color in a flat pattern influenced by **Japanese prints**.

43. — the above, highlighting the location in the National Gallery of Art

I said there was a story. It has to do with where the picture is now to be seen, down the road at the **National Gallery of Art**. In 1915, Cassatt, who was a staunch suffragist, lent 18 works to a show in Philadelphia organized by her good friend **Louisine Havermeyer** in support of the movement. Her well-connected sister-in-law boycotted the show, as did most of Philadelphia society. In return, Mary Cassatt sold off many of the paintings that she had previously willed to her family. So Louisine Havermeyer bought *The Boating Party*, passing it in turn in her bequest to the National Gallery. And women, of course, got the right to vote.

E. THREE AMERICAN POETS

44. Section title E (Bradstreet, Wheatley, and Howe portraits)

I am going to spend about eight minutes each on the three poets shown here, all writing from America, but in different centuries: **Anne Bradstreet** (1612–72), **Phillis Wheatley** (1753–84), and **Julia Ward Howe** (1819–1910). I am saving Emily Dickinson for a later class. Let's start with the beginning of a talk by **Cory MacLaughlin** on Bradstreet.

45. Cory MacLaughlin, program on Anne Bradstreet

46. Anne Bradstreet: *On the Burning of our House, 1666*

Our subject today is whether women's arts are "necessarily domestic." Well, you might say that the life of a pioneer woman—or man too—is nothing *but* domestic: making a home, finding food, raising children, dealing with ever-present illness. So in that sense, yes, **Anne Bradstreet's** poems were domestic. But the elemental nature of the difficulties she faces are far from the domesticity of later generations. Here is the beginning that that poem on the burning of her house. It is pretty dramatic at first, but like the good Puritan that she is, she turns to God, and ultimately thanks him for reminding her of the greater riches awaiting her in heaven.

47. Anne Bradstreet, from *Contemplations*

Yet one senses there is something of the pagan lurking under the Puritan pieties. Here is a verse from her poem *Contemplations*. There is something very telling about those last two lines: "*No wonder some made thee a Deity: | Had I not better known (alas) the same had I.*" Bradstreet's husband was a colonial administrator, and he was often away from home. Clearly she loved him and must have missed him, as his beautiful sonnet attests, read here by **Helen Mirren**.

48. Anne Bradstreet: *To my dear and loving husband*

Forgive me for using another video lecture to introduce **MY SECOND POET**, the 18th-century African-born slave **Phillis Wheatley**; it makes a change from my voice anyway.

49. Phillis Wheatley video

50. Wheatley: *On being brought from Africa to America*

Wheatley was an indentured servant for whom "domestic" carried a very literal meaning. But she doesn't write about the home or her work in it, but addresses matters in the national or even moral sphere. Here is one of her shorter poems, "On being brought from Africa to America." What do you think: is there any trace of irony here, or is she just setting down what the white folks would expect her to say? But there is no irony in the poem about "tyrannic sway" referred to in that video, or in this plea for both personal and national freedom that she voices in this video enactment here. Though they are loading the dice to have her speaking aloud, especially from a raised position, something that in fact she had only written.

51. Phillis Wheatley, plea for freedom

52. Julia Ward Howe

On a personal level, the Wheatleys did give her her freedom. But life could be hard for free blacks, and she died destitute, as you heard. **MY THIRD POET**, representing the 19th century, is **Julia Ward Howe**. Most of us know her as the author of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, which she wrote at the request of her minister, who heard soldiers going by singing "John Brown's body," and wished that there were more noble words to that stirring tune. And hers certainly are. I learned this poem as a child; it was the first piece of American writing that I knew.

53. Julia Ward Howe: *Battle Hymn of the Republic*

54. Julia Ward Howe: *Coquette et froide*

There is nothing at all domestic about *those* words! So imagine my surprise when I came upon this poem. How can the same poet who wrote “*He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored*” also write lines like “*Leav'st thou the maiden rose drooping and blushing*”? And yet, if you look at it in another light, it is not just a poem about some girl glad enough to flirt but not to commit, but a woman holding back from submitting her *self* to some man. And Howe had good reason to feel this way. Her husband, a prominent physician and presidential advisor, did not approve of her writing, and when she published her first book of poems, objected so strongly to their **personal tone**—the very quality that the critics most praise—**forbade** her to write any more in this vein and forced her to get to work on their fifth child. And what was this personal tone? Just see this poem, called *Outside the Party*.

55. Julia Ward Howe: *Outside the Party*

56. — the same, continued

She was a fighter. Publishing the *Battle Hymn* (without her husband’s knowledge) gave her both confidence and fame. She used them to spend the last decades of her life as a public speaker (with her audiences singing the *Hymn* at each meeting) and a tireless campaigner for women’s suffrage. The cause succeeded only after her death, but she was a major force in getting it there.

F. SOME BIGGER BEACH

57. Section title F (Beach record cover)

The title for my first segment, “A Little Beach,” as I’m sure you recognized, was a pun. The title of this one, “Some Bigger Beach,” is literal. I could play you any number of small-scale works by **Amy Beach**, and I’m sure you would find them as beguiling as those by **Clara Schumann**—Beach too was a piano prodigy who turned to composing. But my point now is to show that, although smaller works made up the majority of her large output, she had her share of bigger ones too: a symphony, a piano concerto, a mass, an opera, and some quite large-scale chamber music. We’ll sample two: the opening of her *Piano Quintet* of 1907 and the end of her *Gaelic Symphony*, premiered by the Boston Symphony when she was 29, and was the first symphony ever published by an American woman.

58. American Virtuosi, still

The string quartet has always been a medium through which composers like Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and on have worked out their most profound ideas. The addition of a piano to make a **Piano Quintet** greatly increases the sonority and makes the music sound like a major statement rather than an intimate one. At any rate, the slow opening of Amy Beach’s *Piano Quintet* is dramatic enough. I will play the first three and a half minutes, brooding then agitated then brooding again, until the main movement starts and the mood turns lyrical.

59. Amy Beach: Piano Quintet, opening

60. Seattle Symphony, still

Beach wrote the *Gaelic Symphony* in response to **Dvorak's** *New World Symphony*, and his declaration that the future of American music must lie in the use of materials from its native land. Beach did not actually turn to native American sources, however, but to the music she heard from the Irish immigrant community in Boston—though I must admit I don't hear much of that myself. What I do hear, as I play you the final two minutes of the piece, is a composer who is not afraid to think big, and who claims a place among the masters. Domestic? I think not!

61. Amy Beach: *Gaelic Symphony*, ending

62. Class title 3 (Clara and Amy)