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Swiss Orchestral Society and Swiss Accordion Club Concert at QUEEN MARY HALL (Y.W.C.A.)

on Wednesday, March 29th, 1939.

"Full House," — this was the notice which greeted me on my arrival at Queen Mary Hall on Wednesday, March 29th, and whilst I was very glad to see the endeavours of the organisers so splendidly rewarded, I could not help feeling sorry for all those who did not book their tickets before, and thus had to leave without gaining admittance.

I am sure that I am on safe ground if I state, that never before has it happened, that such a notice has had to be displayed at a Concert arranged by the Swiss Orchestral Society. Well over a hundred would-be concert-goers were disappointed, so this may be perhaps a small consolation to all those who were caught "napping" this time.

If we try to analyse this phenomenal happening, which even surprised the two Societies who had arranged the concert, we can attribute same to various factors.

First and foremost the large attendance of nearly four hundred persons was, no doubt due, to the fact that our compatriots felt the urge, dictated by the present serious political situation, to come into closer contact with each other, and to prove to our English friends that our Colony is a united one, ever willing to live up to our national motto: "Un pour tous, tous pour un."

Secondly, I consider that the choosing of the programme was a happy one, there was something provided for every taste. In giving the Swiss Accordion Club an opportunity to perform before a large audience, the Swiss Orchestral Society has followed a wise policy, there are a good many people, who, although they like music do not appreciate the more classical, or what they often quite wrongly call "high brow" music, and giving them a spoonful of both they were both pleased and satisfied.

Thirdly, in choosing a soloist who was a fine interpreter of our simple and unassuming folk lore the orchestra scored again.

There might be some minor factors responsible too for a larger attendance, such as a more central position of the concert hall, the appeal which the conductor, Mr. E. P. Dick, made in the columns of this paper, and the sending out beforehand of the programmes, so that everybody knew what was in store for them.

Judging, from the tremendous applause which greeted every item, the audience seemed to enjoy the very generous programme which was placed before them, and it seems to me almost futile to voice any criticism; if, nevertheless, I venture to make a few remarks I do so in no vindictive way nor to belittle the achievements of the various performers, bearing fully in mind, that with one exception, they were amateurs.

Personally, I would have liked to hear more of the orchestra, they had alloted a very liberal span of time both to the accordion club and to the soloist. Whilst, I greatly enjoyed the playing of that club which consists of mostly very young members, too much of a good thing tends to become in the end just a little monotonous. Accordions have, of course, a much more restricted field of action than say violins, cellos, brass and wind instruments.

The same applies to a performance of "Volkslieder," these mostly are in a sentimental strain and thus often sound much of a muchness.

If on a future occasion the equilibrium of the programme could be slightly more balanced, the performance would gain still further without impeding the value of the performers. —

The programme was opened by the orchestra, numbering well over thirty players, with the "Raymod" Overture by Thomas, which was played in a very lively manner and with perfect unison. It was followed by a Dance tune "I in the Shadows" by Fink, a tune which cannot fail to please when it is played with so much understanding and beauty of tone, as was displayed by the performers.

The next two numbers brought the accordion players on to the platform. Much to my shame I must confess that it was the first time I had heard this club which consists of sixteen players of both sexes.

They played "The March of the Accordionists" with much gusto, the next item played was "Heinzelmännchens Wachtparade" a very pleasant melody, the little nervousness in the beginning of the performance soon disappeared, and the hearty applause which they earned on the conclusion was well deserved. Mr. A. Gandon has the players well in hand and he was successful in bringing the finer point of the music well to the fore.

And then it was the turn of the only soloist of the evening, and when Mme. Ans-der-Au, dressed in the national costume of the canton of Schaffhausen made her appearance she received a hearty and spontaneous reception.

Mme. Aus-der-Au sang three Yodelsongs, called "Schwyzerländli isch nur chli" by J. C. Willi, "s'Bergliedli" and "s'Mündschi" both set to music by herself.

What struck me most was the fine diction of our dialect, and the pleasant voice in which she sang some of those bright and also sad folk tunes. Her Yodle songs were enthusiastically applauded. In all her songs she put her innermost feelings thus creating the right "Stimmung" which these simple folk songs require. Songs like "s'lieb Muetterli" and "Es Gloggeglitt" came straight from the heart and went straight to the heart of the audience. The humour with which she sang "s'Mûndschi" (a kiss) was refreshing and earned her an almost riotious applause. There is no doubt that Mme. Aus der An is one of our foremost interpreters of Swiss folklore, in addition she has a pleasing appearance which is an asset too.

The first part of the programme finished with Toselli's "Serenata" played by a Quartette of the Accordionists, it proved that apart from marches and "Ländlers" this Club can tackle music of a different calibre with equal success and the two Ladies and Gentlemen were rightly applauded for a very creditable performance. I much enjoyed Grolimund's "Waldnixlein" a delicate little piece well played.

After the interval, the orchestra opened the second part of the concert with the "Rienzi" Overture from Wagner, which was the *pièce de résistance* of the evening. Those who have any experience of playing in an amateur orchestra will agree with me that the "Rienzi" overture requires a certain standard from its players, and I am glad to say that the orchestra gave us a spirited and exceedingly competent rendering, the understanding between the conductor and his players was a remarkable feature, the same can also be said of the "Three Hungarian Dances" by Brahms with which the orchestra finished the programme.

The performance of the Accordion Club in the second half of the programme was equally as enjoyable as in the first half, and Mr. A. Gandon, who is himself an expert accordion player is heartly to be congratulated on the remarkable success which he has achieved in a relatively short time.

Mme. Aus-der-Au enhanced her reputation still further in the second part of the programme, and if it was the first time that we have heard and seen this charming artiste we hope it will not be the last, she has given us a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment, and has brought us for a few happy moments nearer to our country for which we are grateful to her.

It would be ungrateful not to pay a special tribute to the conductor of the Orchestra, Mr. E. P. Dick, who has worked tremendously hard to make this Concert a success, and I feel sure that everybody present will agree with me that he has succeeded in providing the colony with an enjoyable evening. It is now practically twenty years since Mr. Dick took up his baton, and it is a most befitting moment that he should have been able to witness such a numerous attendance. We might mention that Madame Paravicini and Mlle. L. Paravicini honoured the concert with their presence.

And now we are looking forward to the next combined Concert, giving the organisers already now the promise that we shall all be there. ST

EASTER 1939. By Kyburg.

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"Jesus answered him, I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing.

Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them : behold, they know what I said.

And when he had thus spoken, one of the officers which stood by struck Jesus with the palm of his hand, saying, Answerest thou the high priest so?

Jesus answered him, if 1 have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?'

(St. John, XVIII, v. 20-23).

Peace and Good-will among mankind are desired by all peoples in Europe and all over the world. The people wish to live happily, their own lives perhaps following slightly different rituals all tending, however, towards the same goal "happiness."

Apart from very few mentally deranged men and women — the war-mongers, the embittered ones, the revengful ones, the thwarted ones and those who would sell their kin to earn a profit — all want *Peace* to enable them to further their social conditions, ameliorate the future of their children, find sanctuary for their own old age.

— all want *Peace* to enable them to further their social conditions, ameliorate the future of their children, find sanctuary for their own old age. And yet, *Peace*, i.e. living in harmony with each other, without covetting each other's chattel, without stealing from each other, but helping one's neighbour, supporting him in his difficulties, loving him as a brother and enjoying the *abundance* which good mother Earth provides for all, — *Peace* stands on a precarious pedestal and is being assailed from all sides.

Who is against *Peace*? All those who, blinded by their own intolerance, their own righteousness, their own inability of faith in others, because they have no faith in themselves, shout angrily, each time someone comes forward with some proposal for putting *Peace* on a sounder pedestal. "Are these proposals to be put before the highest sacrificial sovereign? By which is meant "*The world*." —

The trouble is that the various Nations are each blessed with a Government and that the latter thinks that the safety and interests of its own particular nation is its foremost task. Granted, in a way. But they forget, or nearly all of them forget, that that aim can be achieved only if the safety and interests of the other Nations, all of them, are also considered and secured.

Lip-service has been paid to the ideal of a League of Nations. Half-hearted attempst have been made to translate some of the major aspirations of that League into reality. Such attempts have failed, because the peoples of the various nations have not understood the full implication of the League Covenant.

You cannot have a League of Nations between States enjoying full and separate sovereignty.

A " league " means a banding together. As in private life you cannot be a true friend unless you surrender something of your own personality to your friend, as you cannot be a partner unless you surrender something you had into the partnership, so it is not possible for Nations to band together without surrendering some of the exclusivity of their status as individual Nations.

The case of our dear Switzerland, as a small League of Nations, has been cited *ad nauseam*. Comparisons are always distasteful and often deceitful. But, unless the peoples of all nations realise that they cannot have *Peace* as long as they remain independent in the fullest sense of the word, that they cannot have a League of Nations, unless the *League* is *Above* the individual nations, *Peace* will be but an aspiration.

Instead, therefore, of slapping the face of anyone who proposes some measure which, in time, might lead to such a *League* in which the individual Nations play their part, but are conscious that their individual interests come *After* and not *Bcfore* the interests of the *League*, it would be better if we tried the old way and followed the old exhortation, to fall in with our adversary when he is in the mood !

At Easter-Time it is always easier to *Hope*, than at other periods of the year. Nature awakens, Spring flowers greet us, the message of ressurection gladdens our hearts.

We who grow older, who have suffered, whose heart, at times, have been seared by grievous losses of beloved ones, or who, in younger years, have made mistakes for which we now atone, we realise that Life has to be lived to its appointed end. But we also realise, dimly and incompletely perhaps, that Ressurection, the feast we celebrate