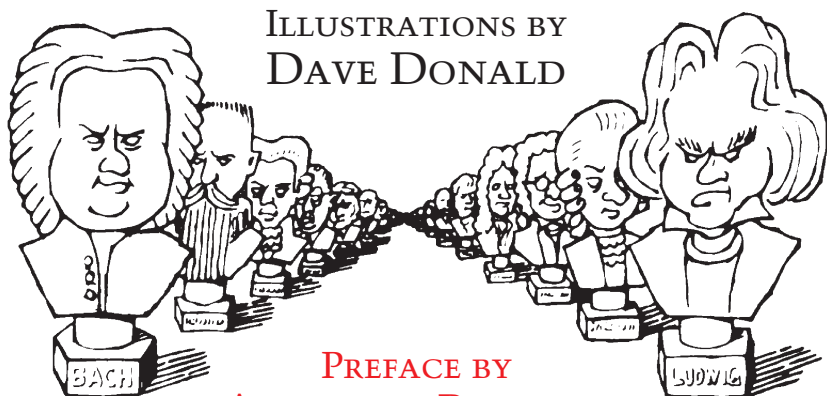


NEW
AND
REVISED!

BACH, BEETHOVEN AND THE BOYS

MUSIC HISTORY AS IT
OUGHT TO BE TAUGHT

BY DAVID W. BARBER



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DAVE DONALD

PREFACE BY
ANTHONY BURGESS

□ INDENT
PUBLISHING

BACH, BEETHOVEN AND THE BOYS

The title is set in a large, black, serif font. The word 'BACH,' is on the first line, 'BEETHOVEN' on the second, 'AND THE' on the third, and 'BOYS' on the fourth. There are three cartoon illustrations: a small figure of J.S. Bach sitting on the letter 'B' of 'BACH,'; a small figure of Ludwig van Beethoven sitting on the letter 'N' of 'BEETHOVEN'; and a larger figure of a boy in a dark suit, holding a long spear and looking upwards, positioned to the right of the word 'BOYS'.

MUSIC HISTORY AS IT
OUGHT TO BE TAUGHT

BY DAVID W. BARBER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
DAVE DONALD



BACH, BEETHOVEN AND THE BOYS:
Music History As It Ought To Be Taught

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AUTHOR'S NOTE & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Welcome to a brand-new (well, somewhat tweaked, anyway) edition of *Bach, Beethoven and the Boys*, back in print after a brief hiatus.

When I was studying music at Queen's University (believe it or not, I did earn an honors B.Mus. degree, with a concentration in voice performance and music history), one of my music-history professors gently pulled me aside one day and told me that, although my work was good, I was "too easily distracted by the non-essentials." This book will, I suppose, only confirm that judgment.

I feel it's important to stress that the historical information in this book is all true (well, *almost* all of it is true). When Bach left Cöthen for Leipzig, he really *did* have 11 linen shirts "at the wash." If you don't believe me you could look it up for yourself.

Some well-meaning former friends of mine who read the manuscript in preparation made the comment that they found all the footnotes distracting. If you have this problem, too, please feel free to ignore the footnotes. But I warn you, you'd be missing some of the best parts.¹

Thanks to the usual round of friends and relations for moral support and for patiently enduring my *historicomic* ramblings and *non sequiturs*. Thanks also, as always, to Dave Donald for his illustrations and expertise, design and otherwise. And thanks to Jacques Lauzon and Indent Publishing for helping bring about this new incarnation.

DWB

Kingston, 1986; Toronto, 1996 and 2009

¹ Alternatively, you could read only the footnotes and ignore the main body of the text. Suit yourself.

PREFACE

IT WAS HIGH TIME SOMEBODY did for the history of music what Messrs Sellar and Yeatman did for the history of England. Those of you learned enough to know 1066 *And All That* will remember that Julius Caesar came to Britain and found the woad-painted inhabitants “weeny, weedy and weaky” and that the Romans were Top Nation at the time because of their classical education. Anglo-Saxon England had kings with names like Filthfroth and Brothelbreath. William-and-Mary were stuck together like copulating dogs, and so on. And all that. Without the benefit of a collaborator, David W. Barber has ranged a bigger world than England and come up with a work funnier than that classic misguide to historical truth. He has done the job, and nobody else has to do it now.

The point I want to make now before you meet B. and B. (to say nothing of the B. named Johannes and, for that matter, the one called Benjamin or Bela) is that what you will be laughing at is the truth. There is not a single false note in this short-playing record. If Barber says that Richard Wagner was born in 1813, you can take it that he was. Check in Grove’s 20-volume *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* if you like, but the effort, to say nothing of the money, won’t procure you a more accurate date. If he says that Stravinsky’s *Rite of Spring* was first performed in Paris in 1913, there is no need for you to consult my father, who swore he was there. You can’t consult him, anyway, for he has joined the great democracy of the dead wherein cinema pianists (my father was one of those) lie snugly with virtuosos, John Lennon and academic stretto-wanglers. Barber, however, tells us something you won’t find in Grove — namely, that Nijinsky made an erotic gesture during the performance and this did not please the Parisians, who knew all about erotic gestures but, with Gallic *savoir-faire*, liked to keep them in their place or places, one of which was not the opera house.

That Barber was the one man for this sane and demented history should have been apparent to all who consulted

A Musician's Dictionary, which contains such wisdom as "English Horn: A woodwind instrument so named because it is neither English nor a horn. Not to be confused with the French Horn, which is German" and "Wrong Notes: It must be understood that this is a relative term, and applies only to those examples performed by someone else. Wrong notes performed by oneself are always referred to as ornaments." The Barber history, which is ready to explode on you as soon as you have read, if you have, I don't care much anyway, this preface, is equally wise, meaning mad. With music the two terms do not square up to each other in anything like a meaningful opposition. Wise men look like Beethoven, meaning they didn't wash and have lost their hair brush, and Beethoven was certainly mad. I mean, you have to be mad to practise an art that doesn't know why it exists in the first place. I mean, we know what hamburgers are for, also sex, but we don't know the purpose of music. That's why we have Muzak, which knows all too well why it exists. It exists primarily because nobody knows how to switch it off.

By a curious chance (I do not joke, any more than Barber does) I got up at five this morning because my cough was keeping my sleeping partner awake (my wife, if you must know). As any musician will tell you, there is only one thing to do when you wake at five, and that is to compose a fugue. I composed a fugue, and then the mail came, with Barber's typescript. It is a fugue for four voices, in A minor. It is the 22nd fugue I have written in little over a week. God knows why I am writing fugues. It is certainly not to awaken the sleeping soul of Bach. Fugue is something that gets into you and, when one has composed 48 of the bastards, flies, or fugues, out again. Barber's book confirmed that I am not alone in my madness. It made me feel better, and it cured my cough.

No, it (damn and blast it) didn't.

So my heartiest commendation of an admirable work of scholarship — "gapped," true, as academics say of melodies that are, in fact, gapped but, where there are no gaps, crammed with accuracy. I will not say again that it is funny, since this will compel you to set your jaw and dare Barber to make you laugh. Take it for its truth. When you have read it you will know a great deal of musical history. Whether you will think it worth knowing is another matter. For music is another name

for dementia. Who would spend his life spinning combinations of 12 notes if he were sane? There are better things worth spinning, but I can't think just what they are at the moment. I got up too early.

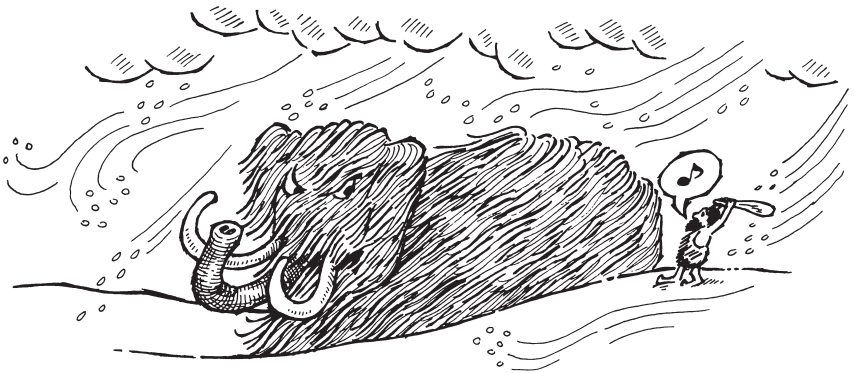
A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Anthony Burgess". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

© Anthony Burgess
Monte Carlo, December 7, 1985

GETTING THE BALL ROLLING

EARLY MUSIC

ALTHOUGH THE ANCIENT GREEKS had a thing or two to say about music,¹ and before that prehistoric Man probably hummed some sort of mastodon-hunting song as he set off from his cave each morning, music history as we know it is usually said to have begun with Gregorian chant, on the theory that it had to start *somewhere*.



... some sort of mastodon-hunting song ...

It came about like this: One morning, back in the sixth century or so, a bunch of the boys at the local monastery got together for a regular morning of worship. One of the monks had been up too late the night before, translating a passage of Paul's letter to the Ephesians or some such, and fell asleep in the middle of the service. In order to hide from the abbot the sound of his snoring, some of the other monks began to sing verses of the daily psalm. Chanting was born.

Actually, there is no evidence whatsoever to support this theory. But it makes at least as much sense as what Pope Gregory told everyone: He said a dove had flown down from heaven, perched on his shoulder, and dictated all the chants into his ear. Take your pick.

¹ Plato thought it was a pretty good idea, though with some reservations.

At any rate, by about the ninth century the principles of Gregorian chant were established as a sort of monastic etiquette, telling the monks what to sing and when and for how long. Guido of Arezzo was the one who figured out that the scribes would have any easier time writing down the music if they had the lines to guide them.² If he'd thought harder, he might have gone to fame and fortune by inventing the coloring book.

Guido was a clever fellow but he had a low opinion of singers. He said they were "the most stupid men of our times."³ He also had some nasty things to say about monks. He thought they spent too much time trying to sing and not enough time studying the Scriptures. He was always complaining about something. Guido is most famous for inventing the Guidonian Hand, which is a funny little drawing of a hand with squiggles all over it. He claimed that by studying the little squiggles you could remember all the notes of every plainchant mode.⁴ Nowadays, hardcore musicians put posters of Guido's hand on their walls to make themselves look scholarly.

Monks divided the day into successive Hours, which they also called Offices. (Each monk had a little sign on the door to his room that said "Office Hours.") Each office had its own particular music that would be sung every day. This was strictly codified. When it came to singing, the Gregorians left nothing to chance.

Plainsong was sung in three different styles, depending on how many notes there were in each syllable of the text. If there was only one note it was called syllabic; with two or three notes, neumatic.⁵ If there were so many notes that you forgot what word you were singing, that was melismatic.

Eventually, some of the melismatic sections got so convoluted that someone had the idea of putting words back into them again. Often it had been so long since anyone had sung the words that no one could remember what they had been singing about in the first place so the new words had little to do with the original text. These new texts were known as tropes

² Before that it was rather haphazard.

³ It sounds more polite in Latin: "*Temporibus nostris super omnes homines fatui sunt cantores.*" But it isn't.

⁴ Don't panic: Modes are really just like scales.

⁵ Or pneumatic, since it took more air.

and they were rather entertaining until some spoilsport on the Council of Trent banned them all in the 16th century.

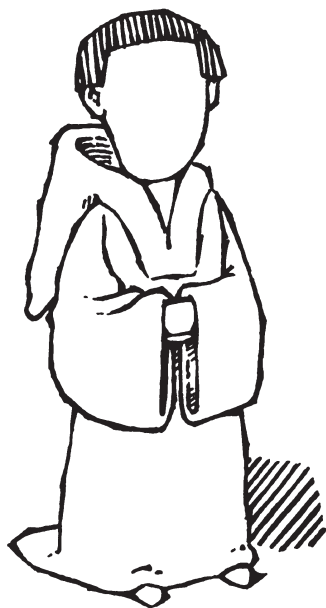
For people who are more familiar with later styles of music, Gregorian chant takes some getting used to. The sound of men's voices on a single line sounds more like a swarm of bees. But it's really very beautiful if you give it a chance.⁶

There were hardly any women involved in all of this. It was mostly men. If you're looking for someone to blame, blame St. Paul. In his first epistle to the Corinthians he says "*Mulieres in ecclesiis taceant*," or "Let your women keep silence in the churches." Everyone took him literally.

Gregorian chants developed into something called *organum*, which was all the rage of the ninth to 12th centuries. In its simplest form, this consisted of singing the same Gregorian tune as the monk beside you at an interval of a perfect fourth or fifth.⁷ This is harder to do than it sounds, and requires the kind of concentration that monks are especially good at.

Sophisticated *organum* was developed into a high art form by two composers at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris in the 12th and 13th centuries: Leonin and his successor, Perotin. They published a collection of their music in a big book called *Magnus Liber*.⁸

Much of what we know about the music of Leonin and Perotin comes to us from a treatise by anonymous Englishman, written about 1280. He differs from almost all other anonymous writers because he has a name. Well, sort of. To distinguish



Anonymous IV

⁶ Useful too. The time it takes to chant the *Miserere* (Psalm 51) is just right for steeping a pot of tea.

⁷ It's not worth explaining why fourths and fifths are called perfect. Just take my word for it.

⁸ Which is Latin for "Big Book."

him from all the other anonymous writers, he is referred to as Anonymous IV.⁹ Of all the Anonymouses through all the years, Anonymous IV is the only one anyone remembers by name. His mother must be very proud, whoever she is.

One of the most important features of the Notre Dame motet is its use of rhythmic patterns, or modes.¹⁰ Whole academic careers have been based on finding whether Perotin meant the tunes to go "*dum-ti-dum*" or "*ti-dum-ti-dum*." For some people, this is an earth-shattering decision. Two French musicologists, named Beck and Aubry, went so far as to fight a sword duel over the issue in 1910. Musicology hasn't seen anything quite as exciting since.¹¹



A troubadour.



A trouvère.

Meanwhile, as all this church music was going on, the troubadours and trouveres were busy singing racier songs about true love and good wine. And how much better one was with the other.

⁹ Anonymouses I to III never amounted to much.

¹⁰ Pay attention: These aren't the same as the old Gregorian modes.

¹¹ Aubry lost. He died of embarrassment, or stab wounds, or both.

It is nearly impossible to distinguish between troubadours and trouveres. And don't let anyone con you into believing otherwise. Troubadours tended to hang around the south of France and travel north. Trouveres hung around the north and went south. Other than that, they're pretty much the same.

The most important thing to remember if you were a troubadour¹² was to sing a heartfelt song about how much you loved the woman of your dreams: how lovely her hair was, how beautiful her eyes and skin, how much you longed to kiss her — that sort of thing. You and the object of your love were meant for each other. True love like this had never before been seen. If only you could rid of the husband, everything would be perfect.¹³

By the 14th century, this tradition of songs about unrequited love had developed into a real industry, almost as big as the pop songs of today. Everybody composed weepy songs about lost loves and cruel beauties. In between sobbing fits they managed to write some of the music down into fancy heart-shaped manuscripts.¹⁴ The 20th-century descendants of these composers grew up to become copywriters for the major greeting-card companies.

¹² Or trouvere.

¹³ There's always a catch.

¹⁴ They thought it looked cute.

NOW WE'RE
GETTING
SOMEWHERE

JOSQUIN

JOSQUIN DES PREZ, ONE HISTORIAN tells us, “emerges from the mists” in the 1460s or ‘70s in Milan. He had to come out of the fog to see what he was writing.

Josquin was born about 1440 in Picardy and probably studied music under the composer Okeghem. Okeghem was a big noise in his own time but today we pay more attention to Josquin.¹

Other than that, we don’t know a whole lot about Josquin’s life. He travelled a lot, working as a singer and composer for popes, kings and other bigshots in Milan and Rome, and also at the court of the French king, Louis XII.

Josquin had a reputation for being a bit headstrong — one of those brilliant but moody types. When the Duke of Ferrara was considering hiring Josquin as court composer, the duke’s secretary recommended that he hire Isaac instead. Isaac, the secretary said, got along better with people and composed music more quickly. Not better, but faster. Besides, Josquin wanted 200 ducats and Isaac would do the job for only 120. Josquin got the job anyway. That’s the great thing about being a duke: You can ask for advice and then ignore it.

Josquin also had a wicked sense of humor. After he grew tired of waiting for a raise the French king had promised him, Josquin composed a motet on the text, “Remember thy word unto thy servant.” Louis got the message and Josquin got his money, whereupon he composed another motet, “Lord, thou has dealt graciously with thy servant.”² For Josquin, composing motets was the Renaissance equivalent of writing inter-office memos.

Josquin seemed to have an obsession with money.³ One of his best chansons is *Faulte d’argent*, which is all about what a

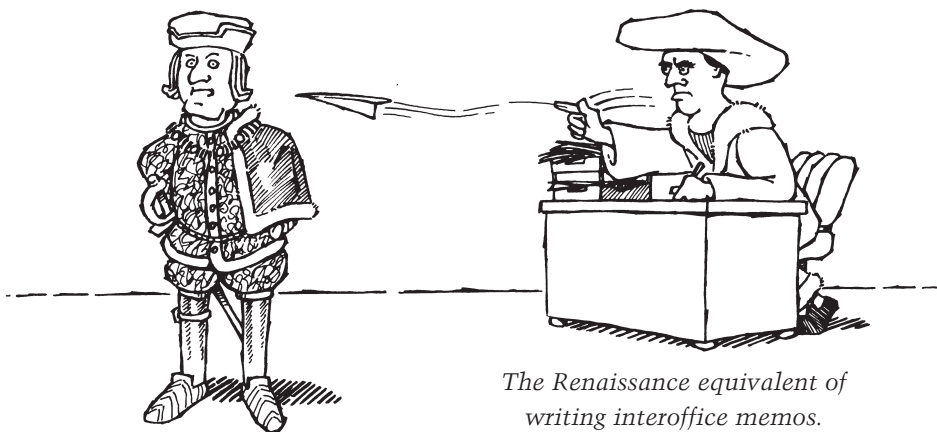
¹ That’s the way it goes

² Subtle, wasn’t he?

³ It comes with the job. The obsession, not the money.

bore it is to have no money. "If I say so," Josquin's text says, "it is because I know."

A popular composing technique in those days was to build a mass or motet around the melody of a *cantus firmus*, or "fixed song."⁴ The *cantus firmus* (C.F. to its friends) was taken from Gregorian chant or from some other well-known song of the day. Try to imagine an entire mass based on the tune of *Home on the Range* and you'll get the idea. Among the best-known C.F. melodies is one called *L'Homme armé*, all about a man with a sword in his hand.⁵



*The Renaissance equivalent of
writing interoffice memos.*

In Josquin's day you were nobody unless you had composed at least one *L'Homme armé* mass. Josquin composed two, just to be on the safe side.

Josquin eventually grew tired of life on the road and returned to his Picardy home in his final years. He died in 1521, leaving the way clear for those composers known as the "post-Josquin generation." These included Nicholas Gombert, Adrian Willaert and Clemens non Papa. The reason for this last man's unusual nickname is not fully understood. But it probably had nothing to do with a paternity suit.

⁴ This implies that at some point the song must have been broken

⁵ If you listen closely, you'll hear that it sounds a lot like the Beatles' song *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Really.

PALESTRINA

IT MIGHT CONFUSE YOU TO learn that Palestrina is not a person but a place. The composer was actually named Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina. At various times he was also known as Joannes Petrus-Aloysius Praenestinus, Joannes Praenestinus, Giovanni da Penestrina, Geo Pietro Luigi da Pallestrina, Gianetti Palestina, Gianetto del Palestino, Gio Petralosis Prenestrino and Gianetto Palestrina. Under the circumstances, Palestrina seems the least trouble.

He was born around 1525 to Santo and his wife, Palme Pierluigi, in a little house on the Via Cecconi in the tiny village of Palestrina, outside Rome. When his paternal grandmother died she left him a mattress and some kitchen utensils. But since he was only two years old at the time they wouldn't have been much use to him.

Gianetto (as he was called then) was a happy, playful child who became an altar boy and sang in the local choir. When he was 12 he went to Rome to a choir school, where he was taught elementary composition and how to make spitballs. When he was 20 he got his first job as an organist back in his home town. He married a girl named Lucrezia Gori, whose father had just died and left her some money.¹ At last he found a use for that mattress from his grandmother.

Not long after, Giovanni Maria del Monte, the bishop of Palestrina, became Pope Julius III and moved to Rome. Julius showed his appreciation of local talent by appointing Palestrina director of St Peter's choir.² For this he was paid six *scudi* every month. This would mean more if we knew how much a *scudo* was worth, but we don't.³ Palestrina was later made a singer in that pontifical choir, even though he didn't have a very good

¹ The happy couple also inherited a house, a vineyard, some meadows and a chestnut-colored donkey.

² It just goes to show you should always be nice to people, just in case.

³ It was about equal to one medieval crown, if that's any help.

voice.⁴ His pay went up to 10 *scudi* a month.⁵

Julius III died in 1555 and was replaced by Pope Marcellus II, who reigned for a grand total of three weeks. He died suddenly when something he ate didn't agree with him.⁶ Marcellus II would hardly be worth mentioning except that Palestrina dedicated his *Missa Papae Marcelli* to him, thereby single-handedly saving the future of music forever. Well, that's what his biographer Giuseppe Baini says, and who are we to disagree with him?

It seems that church music at the time had gotten a little too racy and the new pope, Paul IV, called for it to be cleaned up. Composers had been using bawdy songs as the basis for their church music. Worst of all, no one could understand the words.

The story goes that some of the stuffier cardinals wanted to abolish polyphony altogether and get back to the basics with Gregorian chant. Palestrina showed them the *Pope Marcellus Mass* and was able to convince them that some of this music could be quite respectable. Evidently the cardinals fell for it.

Palestrina was by no means your typical artsy-fartsy musician. He was a pretty shrewd businessman who sold barrels of sacramental wine to the church to make extra money. He wasn't very good at saving, though. When his son Angelo died suddenly, Palestrina had to borrow money to repay the bride's dowry, which he'd spent already.

Palestrina's wife died in 1580 of the dreaded sheep flu, which left the composer quite upset. For a while he even considered giving up music and becoming a priest. He got as far as shaving his head and then changed his mind. He married Virginia Dormuli, a rich widow, and took over her dead husband's fur and leather business, which had a monopoly to supply ermine trim to the papal court. Fortunately, he hadn't yet taken a vow of celibacy.

Palestrina went into partnership with the shop's young apprentice and together they made a killing in the market. Palestrina's wife was no fool, either. She invested 500 *scudi*

⁴ It was mediocre, even for a tenor.

⁵ He wasn't always paid in *scudi*. He once led the choir at another church and was given two goats.

⁶ And don't call it poison. That's not polite.

into the business, which she later withdrew and lent back to Palestrina at eight-per-cent interest. He owned four houses, which he rented out to quiet tenants.

In the mornings Palestrina unplugged his tenants' toilets



Palestrina was very busy. In the mornings he minded the fur store and unplugged his tenants' toilets; in the afternoons he composed motets and masses. Somehow he found time to write 93 masses and 500 motets, not to mention the four books of madrigals and other assorted church music.⁷

But this output is nothing compared to the vast number of works — nearly 2,000 — composed by Palestrina's contemporary, Orlando di Lasso.⁸ He was born in Belgium in 1530 or so and had such a fine voice as a boy that he was kidnapped three times by rival choirs.

Lasso did very well for himself, always managing to get hired by rich patrons who let him travel all over Europe in grand style. Once when the church authorities organized a sol-

⁷ The madrigals were a bit embarrassing, since everyone expected him to be the champion of pure church music. He later said "I blush and grieve" to admit that he had written them. Well, he was only young.

⁸ Or Roland de Lassus, or — oh, let's not go through that again.

emn procession through the streets of Munich the parade was nearly ruined when it looked like it was going to rain. As soon as the choir began to sing Lasso's music, the clouds parted and the sun shone. Thereafter, the same piece was sung at all outdoor processions, just to be on the safe side.

Lasso enjoyed tremendous popularity as a composer and had his music performed in all the best places.⁹ Although he was quite wild as a young man, he got more serious as he grew older. Pretty soon he'd stopped writing dirty songs altogether. Towards the end he went a bit bonkers. He no longer recognized his wife and had started to mumble.

For all-round piety it's hard to beat Tomas Luis de Victoria, who was a Spanish composer of the same period. He was also a priest. He kept saying that he was going to give up composing and devote himself to contemplating higher things. But somehow he never quite got around to it.¹⁰

Victoria studied in Rome before returning to Spain and admired Palestrina so much that he even took to copying his style of clothing and the way he trimmed his beard.

Victoria wasn't the only one who admired Palestrina, who even in his own time was better respected than most musicians ever manage today. Just two years before Palestrina's death, a group of other composers got together and printed some music, which they dedicated to Palestrina, whom they called: "an ocean of musical knowledge." They said that compared to him they were merely "rivers whose life is bound up with the sea." Palestrina was flattered, but had to ask them to stop before his feet got too wet.

Palestrina died in 1594 and was buried in the St. Peter's cemetery. Over the years, what with all the renovations and everything, we seem to have misplaced his grave. But he's still there somewhere, decomposing.

⁹ Charles Burney was probably just jealous when he said that compared to Palestrina Lasso was "a dwarf on stilts."

¹⁰ Maybe there *are* no higher things.

GESUALDO

IN THE GENERAL SCHEME OF MUSIC history, Don Carlo Gesualdo is not a terribly important figure. On the other hand, he is remarkable for two reasons: He is the only famous musician to be a true-born member of the nobility, and he is the only one (that we know of) ever to have murdered his wife. A few other musicians have been murdered.¹ But Gesualdo is the only one to have been a murderer himself. Besides, his music is strange: Even the right notes sound funny. Wrong ones are awful.

Gesualdo was born in 1560 into a family of the Italian nobility. He was Prince of Venosa, Count of Consa, Lord of Gesualdo, Marquis of Laino and a whole bunch of other high-sounding things besides.² His family tree went back all the way to before Charlemagne. His ancestors had a habit of either fighting a lot in wars or becoming bishops. They didn't believe in the middle ground.

Gesualdo grew up in very comfortable surroundings. There was nothing he liked better as a young man than to get together with a bunch of his friends, go away to the family castle outside Naples and sing madrigals all night. It disturbed the neighbors, but since he was a prince they couldn't complain.

The party ended for Gesualdo in 1585. His older brother Luigi died, leaving Gesualdo heir to the family name. This meant getting married — something he wasn't keen to do.³ Gesualdo married his cousin Donna Maria d'Avalos, who at the age of 25 had married twice before already. That should have told him something.

The wedding celebration was a big bash that lasted for days. Everyone drank too much and Gesualdo and his buddies sang off-key well into the small hours.

¹ Not as many as there should have been, some might say.

² Although his wife called him something else entirely.

³ Being a bachelor was more fun.

The marriage went along all right for a few years. Well enough for the couple to have a baby boy, anyway. But pretty soon Donna Maria began to resent the fact that Gesualdo was more interested in composing madrigals than in her. She began spending time with a certain Fabrizio Carafa, who was a duke and a count and rather dashing.

After that, they found excuses to be together most of the time, and pretty soon people were beginning to talk.⁴ Word of the affair eventually got to Gesualdo, who changed all the locks on the palace doors. This worked only for a while. Donna Maria had new keys made, which she gave to Carafa.

Finally, one day in October, Gesualdo told his wife he was going out hunting and made a big show of riding off to the country. He had told her not to expect him home that night. She knew a good chance when she saw one and invited Carafa to come over. She said she needed a big, strong man to open jam jars or something

That night, Gesualdo returned secretly to the palace and caught his wife in bed with her lover.⁵ He shot them both and then stabbed them a few times for good measure. Historian Cecil Gray agrees with the English essayist Thomas de Quincey that murder should be considered an art form. Gray gives Gesualdo points for the pistols and swordplay, but says he should have hit her a few times with a club. "A few judicious blows with a bludgeon," he says, "impart a variety, expressiveness and rich charm."⁶

After the murder, Gesualdo worried that people might be angry at him — his wife's family, for instance — so he escaped to his family castle and cut down all the trees so no one could sneak up on him. Gesualdo had good cause for concern: The murdered duke had a nephew who had once hit a monk over the head and killed him, just for reciting a poem too loudly.

Not only did Gesualdo kill his wife and her lover, he also killed their small baby. The boy was his wife's second child. Gesualdo noticed that the baby's face looked familiar, but it

⁴ Carafa was lonely too. His wife was a religious fanatic and was inclined to shout in her sleep. It kept him awake.

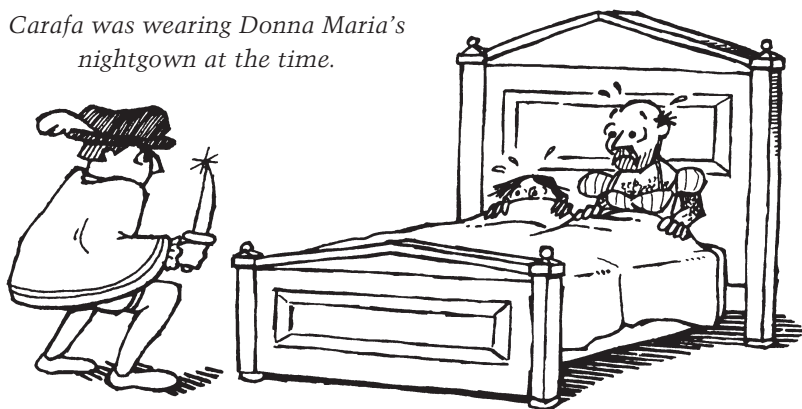
⁵ Carafa was wearing Donna Maria's nightgown at the time. It was white, with black lace collar and cuffs.

⁶ I'm not making this up, you know.

didn't look like him. In a fit of anger, Gesualdo put the baby in a cradle suspended on ropes from the ceiling and rocked it to death.⁷

Needless to say, the murders were cause for much gossip. All the poets wrote about the event, but they tended to side with Gesualdo's wife, not him. They said he over-reacted.

Carafa was wearing Donna Maria's nightgown at the time.



Gesualdo married again a few years later. His second wife was Donna Eleonora d'Este, and she outlived him. But their marriage wasn't exactly rosy. Gesualdo may not have known it, but she was probably having an affair with Cardinal Allesandro d'Este, who aside from being a man of the church was her half-brother. (Might as well get hung for a sheep as a lamb, she must have figured.)

After his second marriage, Gesualdo spent most of his time at the court of the Duke of Ferrara, who liked to have musicians and composers hanging around the place. Over the years, he'd had such famous composers as Josquin des Prez, Orlando di Lasso, Cipriano de Rore, Obrecht, Marenzio and others. Palestrina stayed there for a few years and even John Dowland dropped in once for a visit.

Gesualdo had published his first book of madrigals under the pseudonym of Gioseppe Pilonij, but now he began publish-

⁷ Afterwards, he felt guilty about the whole thing and had a monastery built on the site. Then he felt better.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DAVID W. BARBER is a journalist and musician and the author of more than a dozen books of music (including *Accidentals on Purpose: A Musician's Dictionary*, *When the Fat Lady Sings* and *Getting a Handel on Messiah*) and literature (including *Quotable Sherlock* and *Quotable Twain*). Formerly entertainment editor of the Kingston *Whig-Standard* and editor of *Broadcast Week* magazine at the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, he's now a copy editor at the *National Post* and a freelance writer, editor and composer. As a composer, his works include two symphonies, a jazz Mass based on the music of Dave Brubeck, a *Requiem*, several short choral and chamber works and various vocal-jazz songs and arrangements. He sings with the Toronto Chamber Choir and Cantores Fabularum and a variety of other choirs on occasion. In a varied career, among his more interesting jobs have been short stints as a roadie for Pope John Paul II, a publicist for Prince Rainier of Monaco and a backup singer for Avril Lavigne.

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DAVE DONALD can't remember when he didn't scrawl his little marks on most surfaces, so it doesn't come as much of a surprise that he now makes a living doing just that. He is currently balancing a freelance career in publication design with his more abstruse artistic pursuits. This book represents Dave's second illustrative collaboration with David Barber.

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Thanks again for reading the first chapters and we hope to hear from you!

