

PLATE NUMBER THIRTY-SIX

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony

BY ADOLF DEHN

(See reverse side for plate)

HERE DEHN INVADES the holy of holies—Carnegie Hall on the day the Ninth Symphony of Ludwig van Beethoven (who loathed society) is being performed. Naturally, society is out in battle gear for this event.

It is plain that the symphony has already been on for some time. The men in the rear of the box (who probably loathe Beethoven as much as he would loathe them) are deep in the latest crop of stories. Or they are discussing the market—anything but Beethoven, in fact. The women are more formidable than the men, except for the deb on the right. The battle-ax on the left has not lost an argument in fifty years. The vague, large creature who practically obliterates the deb gets that way because she is trying to do her artistic and social duties simultaneously, that is, watch Toscanini and her friends in the other boxes with only one pair of eyes to turn the trick.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is one of Dehn's most savage satires. It has practically none of that amiability that takes the sting out of many of his social scenes.