

The Baton



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Appearances of faculty members, alumni and pupils are featured FORTISSIMO in these columns.

Before the Public

The Anniversary Issue of THE BATON which will be devoted to the story of Dr. Frank Damrosch's guidance of the Institute from its foundation has of necessity been postponed until next month. The Editor has been prevented from giving her personal attention to that important number of our paper because of the recent and sudden death of her father.

Who's Who in The Baton

Alexander Glazounow has been interviewed by *Elizabeth Stutsman*, a student in the Singing Department of the Institute. Mr. Glazounow and Igor Stravinsky are said to rule the spirit of Russian music today. Two of Mr. Glazounow's former associates at the Imperial Conservatory are now among the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art. They are Professor Leopold Auer and Professor Serge Korgueff, through whose kind introduction an interview and the music on another page of this issue were obtained expressly for THE BATON.

William Kroll, a member of our Violin Faculty and known as a former member of the Elshuco Trio, describes an interesting summer abroad to *Albert Kirkpatrick*, a pupil in the Piano Department.

Yehudi Menuhin, the young genius of the violin who is a former student of the Institute; *Alfred Cortot*, the eminent French pianist; and *William J. Guard*, publicity director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, send messages to BATON readers in French, German and Italian—with translations!

Richard Wagner's lonely exile in Venice is revealed through his letters in an article continuing the greatest romance in musical history, written by *Helen Salter* of wide acquaintance in musical circles.

Other contributors are *Arthur Christmann*, an Institute graduate and holder of a Clarinet Scholarship in the Post-Graduate Course, who describes the horns and trumpets of many years ago, *Joseph Machlis*, an Institute graduate from the Piano Department who gives us another of his inimitable stories, *Harold Woodall*, another piano stu-

dent whose sketches grace some of the articles, and *Frank Cirillo*, a violin pupil who has helped with the language page.

On the Concert Stage

The Musical Art Quartet, consisting of Sascha Jacobsen, Louis Kaufman, Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff (all artist graduates of the Institute of Musical Art) and Paul Bernard gave a recital of chamber music at Town Hall on January 7th. This organization is outstanding among present day quartets.

Louise Talma, a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, has written a ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci." This work received its first performance at a concert given by the Women's University Glee Club at the Engineering Auditorium on December 16th.

Sidney Sukoening, an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, is appearing as piano soloist with the Berlin Symphony Society this month. Sidney has been abroad for some time studying with Walter Giesecking.

Arthur Loesser, an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, was one of the assisting artists in a program presented by the Beethoven Association at Town Hall on December 23rd.

Bernard Wagenaar, of the Theory Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, has composed a "Sinfonietta" for orchestra which was given its world premiere by the Philharmonic-Symphony on January 16th.

Bernard Rogers, a former student at the Institute of Musical Art and recipient of the Composition Certificate, was represented by his second string quartet at the concert given by the League of Composers on January 12th.

Harold Morris, a member of the Piano Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, will give a recital in our concert hall on the evening of January 22nd.

The Anniversary Concert took place at the Institute on the evening of January 16th.

—Lloyd Mergentime.

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d'Annunzio Entertains

A Memorable Evening of Music

By William Kroll

As Told to Albert Kirkpatrick

A BRIEF journey backward into the pleasant days of last fall takes us with Mr. William Kroll for guide into Northern Italy, to the Riviera di Gardone on Lake Garda, and to the home of Il Comandante Gabriele d'Annunzio. Here in a setting of the most enchanting beauty stands L'Hermitage, d'Annunzio's home, where on October 26th, Mr. Kroll together with Margherita de Vincenzi, Rachele Maragliano Mori, Alfredo Casella, Hans Kindler, Gabriele Bianchi and a string ensemble of eleven other musicians, took part in an evening musicale. This was one of a series of concerts given in various European cities under the patronage of Mrs. Elizabeth Coolidge. The occasion will remain long in the memory of the participants, both for the inspiring presence of the great poet-statesman and for the unusual charm of his surroundings.

Negotiations with the musicians began in the early part of last summer, because it is not more than twice a year, and often not at all in that length of time, that such events are given at L'Hermitage. And this one was presented by Mrs. Coolidge in honor of d'Annunzio.

After their rehearsal on the morning of the 26th Mr. and Mrs. Kindler invited Mr. Kroll to visit with them the famous gardens of L'Hermitage, which were planned by Madame Francesco Malipiero, wife of the noted composer and an intimate friend of d'Annunzio.

A short motor trip beyond the town and up a long winding mountain road took them to a gate of beautiful design where they left the car and were met by a young man who addressed them in Italian. It is related of Leschetizky that on his first visit to Italy he conveyed himself and his intentions well enough by means of musical terms alone, but as this young man said neither Presto, Adagio nor anything in between, a swift recourse to French, German and English was necessary to make matters in general more agreeable. Once the difficulty of language was overcome, the party proceeded, their guide leading them through the gate and, to continue in Mr. Kroll's own words:

We had advanced no more than a dozen paces when bedlam broke loose. Four Great Danes came roaring from as many directions, and I who had remained behind admiring a eucalyptus tree suddenly found myself both the stake and victim of their war dance. Our guide came to the rescue, putting the canine army to rout, and we continued on our way seeing everywhere flowers and trees in profusion, all having the appearance of native wildness but being in reality the artistic work of Madame Malipiero.

A brook trickled through the garden and we fol-

lowed into a grove of pine and eucalyptus trees. Here it was cool and shady and the ground was covered with long leaves. Before us was a strange sight: marble benches placed in a circle and all around, inside and out, were pedestals of stone to the number of about twenty-five placed at random, some even being visible through the trees, and on each pedestal was mounted a huge projectile. Every shell, they told us, represented a victory in the World War.

As we stood in silence before this impressive group, I chanced to glance across the brook and no-



William Kroll, Francesco Malipiero, and Gabriele d'Annunzio's son.

ticed two benches facing each other. Even while I was looking the explanation came:

"These benches are for people who do not wish to be overheard—for those whose comments on others are not altogether complimentary!" What an ideal place for a concert hall!

Leaving the grove and continuing along the path a short distance we came upon a deep gully at the bottom of which ran another brook. The merry trickle of the water, the cool shade and the deep blue of the sky through the branches overhead turned the place into a veritable paradise. Trees lay where they had fallen years ago, their trunks and branches thickly covered with moss. No stone, no leaf was turned here—all was as Nature had left it.

Next we crossed a rustic "Wishing Bridge" and took the path up the gully. At the top a second bridge confronted us and our guide stopped us again.

"This bridge is strong," he said, "but it will break beneath the person who has evil thoughts for others."

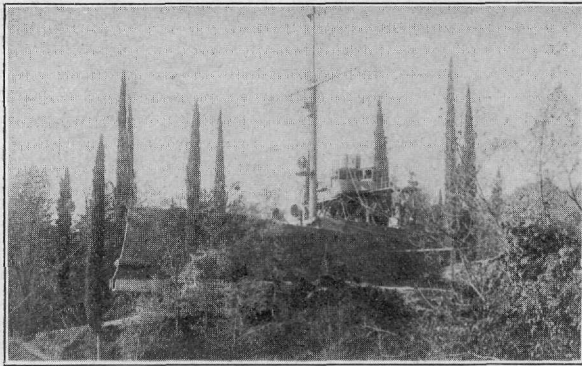
Hans and I joined hands and made a safe crossing. So, I daresay, there are times when two wrongs do make a right.

When we reached the top, Hans called out, "Ship

ahoy!" and to our amazement we beheld a complete battleship—that is complete from bridge to bow.

We learned this was the ship upon which Il Comandante had sailed during the last naval engagement of the war, and it had been conveyed according to his wish to its present mooring in the garden. The hold was illuminated and showed numberless muskets, anchors and chains and some fine old chests. On the deck a sailor stood at attention. Everything was complete right down to the ship's lantern.

We remained here until long shadows warned us of the time. Then we returned to our car and back to the hotel.



A battleship in a garden is one of the unique sights of the world.

That evening at nine-thirty we were all seated in the library of the Hermitage, a large room two sides of which were lined with books from floor to ceiling. An organ occupied one of the two remaining walls and a very odd lantern hung from the ceiling directly in front of it, while a little to one side a ship's model hung from a rafter. A fireplace was on the fourth wall in front of which were a number of wooden music racks, so long that three or four persons could read from each one. Here the first number of the program was given, the "Endecatode" of Malipiero, written for eleven string instruments and played under the direction of Hans Kindler. Although the "Endecatode" was unknown to me at the time, I was soon to become much better acquainted with it, for no sooner was the number ended than Il Comandante arose from his seat in a corner and amid the deepest silence (there is no applause at L'Hermitage), walked to the conductor's desk. He addressed the players, thanking them all, and then, in a clear and dramatic voice, narrated the story around which the music was created.

Years ago, at the close of the war, d'Annunzio with ten thousand men had set sail for and captured the Austrian town of Fiume. While he was still in the town the Austrian fleet besieged the harbor fortifications, making it impossible for him to leave the port. One night he, with two of his captains, took a motor boat from the harbor and when within a mile or so of the fleet, rowed stealthily to the side of the largest enemy battleship. Here they planted a mine, with a wire attached to an unwinding spool; then rowing a safe distance away, sent the ship to the bottom and returned safely to port. Thus were

they enabled to break through the blockade and return to Italy.

As the following numbers of the program were to be played in an adjoining room, we all arose, and I had the opportunity to look about and see the really countless wonders of the house—rare books, manuscripts, paintings, weapons, jewels, one might almost add any of the treasures of a museum to the list and rest assured of finding their counterpart there.

Running my fingers over the keys of a piano I remarked to the young officer who was showing me around, that this piano was evidently little used as I noticed that it was badly out of tune.

"No," he said, "I do not believe it has been much played on since the day when Liszt used it."

In the next room we seated ourselves with others on cushions at the base of a statue, and listened to the succeeding numbers. Two groups of songs by Claudio Monteverde were sung. The first group, having string accompaniment, was done by Margherita de Vincenzi and Rachele Maragliano Mori, while the second group with piano accompaniment was sung by Rachele Maragliano Mori.

The third number was the Casella Sonata for 'cello and piano, played by Hans Kindler and Alfredo Casella. And the last number, which I played with Casella and Kindler, was the Malipiero "Sonata à tre" for piano, violin and 'cello. This extremely interesting work, which familiarity has endeared to me, is unusual in that the first movement is for 'cello and piano, the second for violin and piano, and the third for all three.

Il Comandante is enthusiastic in his love of music, so much so, that when we began I felt his gaze over my shoulder, intent on seeing either the music, my fingers, or both. At the close of each of the previous numbers he had made a few remarks to the performers and presented each one with some beautiful piece of jewelry as a souvenir. This he also did for us, and although I shall always treasure the ring he gave me, no material reminder is necessary to preserve the remembrance of that glorious evening at Gardone with the patriot and poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio.

* * *

Another day found Mr. Kroll and Mr. Kindler returning to America. En route, they stopped in Paris to play the trio again with Casella, and once more for the same purpose in London where the piano part was given by Harriet Cohen. It is interesting to observe that all of the numbers of that evening's musicale were dedicated to Mrs. Elizabeth S. Coolidge.

IN MEMORIAM

Mark Fonaroff, well-known violinist and teacher, died in Mt. Sinai Hospital on December 19th, 1929. Mr. Fonaroff was born in Russia and came to this country as a youth. He taught violin at the Institute of Musical Art from 1903 to 1927, when he retired. His widow, Vera Fonaroff, is a member of the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art and of the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia.

Celebrities' Corner

Messages to Young Musicians

From Yehudi Menuhin, Alfred Cortot and William J. Guard

SO valuable to every young musician are the messages from celebrated personages whose words grace this page of each issue, it is hoped that one not versed in languages will seek out the accompanying translations.

Greetings from a Friend

An die Schüler des Institute of Musical Art:

Obwol es nun schon vier Jahre her ist seit ich in der Theorie Abteilung des Institutes in Grade I-B war, so fühle ich mich doch noch mit Euch verbunden durch meine lieben Freunde Miss Crowthers, deren Unterricht ich im Institute sehr genoss und Mr. Wedge der so freundlich bei meinen Carnegie Hall Konzerten als "Offizieller Umblätterer"—wie er sich nennt-assistiert.

Ein anderes Band zwischen dem Institute und mir ist der "Baton" der uns überall erreicht wie weit entfernt wir auch sein mögen.

Ich sollte Euch für die Sprachenseite in Deutsch schreiben weil ich diese Sprache im vergangenen Jahr während meines Aufenthaltes in Europa lernte, aber schliesslich bin ich ein amerikanischer Junge und sehr sehr stolz auf unser grosses Land, die wunderbaren Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika, und deshalb glaube ich das ich mit diesem Briefe in englischer Sprache fortfahren sollte.

* * *

To the Students of the Institute:

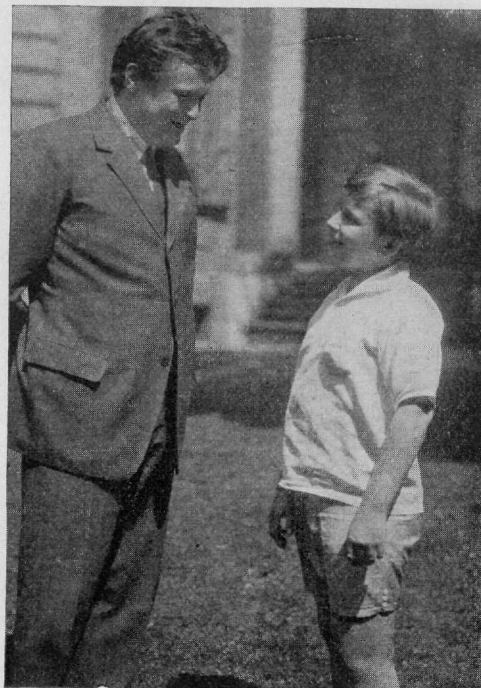
Although it is now four years since I was in the Theory Department in Grade IB, I still feel in touch with you through my dear friends, Miss Crowthers, whose classes I greatly enjoyed at the Institute, and Mr. Wedge, who kindly assists at my Carnegie Hall recitals in the capacity of "Official Page Turner," as he calls himself. And another bond between the Institute and myself is THE BATON, which comes to us no matter how far away we may be.

I was to write this in German for the language page of this issue because I have learned German in Europe this past year, but after all, I am an American boy and very, very proud of our great country, the wonderful United States of America, and therefore I think I should continue in English.

Most of the time since I last saw New York friends, we have been living in Basel, Switzerland. We have a house there which we furnished ourselves. It is on Garden Street, which, as the name implies, has many lovely gardens. Basel is situated so that in a few minutes we may reach either Germany or France. Only five minutes from each borderline and the mountains around Basel are gorgeous. But in my opinion, the best feature of Basel as a place to live in is that we can get plenty of wonderful strawberries—some as large as a football!

We settled in Basel because Professor Adolph Busch lives there. I wish you knew him better here. He is famous over there and people all over Europe worship him. I think he is one of the finest musicians in the world and the most marvelous man—modest, kind, strong and tender and noble! How I love him and how he does help me musically. He is the severest, but most welcome, lovable critic to learn from.

Every city I visited on my concert tour was interesting in its own way. I could not pick a favorite. There were Berlin, Munich, Cologne, Frankfort, Dresden, Hamburg, London, Paris, The Hague and Amsterdam. I saw more of Germany than any other country and the German people are so musical.



Yehudi with Professor Adolph Busch in Basel, Switzerland.

One of the funniest experiences occurred a few hours before the Hamburg concert. I am never allowed to practice more than an hour or two the day of a recital so before I took my nap we went to the famous Zoological Garden of Hamburg, where there is a sea-elephant from the South Pole region, weighing 5,500 pounds. I watched him eat his lunch, which consisted of 200 pounds of fish. Then two fat German keepers rode on him to make him take his

daily exercise. Oh, how I laughed to see the flop made by the massive animal at every step he tried to take!

The biggest excitement was getting back to the United States. After another year with Prof. Busch in Europe, we are coming back to live in California on a farm outside noble San Francisco, which we love dearly.

I am leaving New York now for a few concerts, but aside from the fun of playing in public, I love the afternoon hour when Hupsie (Mr. Giesen, my dear friend, the accompanist and musical companion father engaged for me) and I make music—chamber music—daily for our own pleasure. I shall be happy to see you again at my second recital in New York on Washington's Birthday.

Aufwiedersehen,
Yehudi.

To the Artists of Tomorrow

C'est extrêmement satisfaisant d'observer l'intérêt et l'appréciation croissants du public musical d'Amérique pour les concerts de Musique de Chambre. Votre enthousiasme indique clairement que vous êtes avides de tels concerts.

Il est à espérer que les critiques poursuivront cet excellent penchant, et de cette façon influenceront favorablement pas seulement les artistes d'aujourd'hui, mais aussi les étudiants qui ont acquis une connaissance musicale assez étendue, qui devraient être encouragés autant que possible dans cette voie. Eux sont les artistes de demain!

Alfred Cortot.

* * *

It is extremely gratifying to observe the increasingly great interest and appreciation that is being shown by the American musical public in concerts of Chamber Music. Your enthusiasm indicates clearly that you are eager for such concerts.

It is to be hoped that the critics will follow this excellent tendency, thereby affecting favorably not only the artists of today, but also the maturing students who should be encouraged as much as possible in this field. They are the artists of tomorrow!

Alfred Cortot

"Specialty Plus"

Un artista veramente grande dovrebbe sapere tutto ciò ch'è possibile riguardo la sua Arte speciale e quanto è possibile del resto delle sette arti. Troppo spesso i cantanti ignorano questo fatto, molto di più degli artisti di strumenti. Può darsi che ciò succede perchè certi cantanti credono d'essere divinamente dotati, mentre che i suonatori di strumenti comprendono che per divenire dei veri artisti bisogna sgobbare.

La necessità d'acquistare una coltura generale deve essere raccomandata molto agli studenti. Un artista che è indifferente agli altri studi e cose istruttive è una persona di nessun interesse. Il perfezionamento dell'Arte speciale accoppiato alla coltura generale

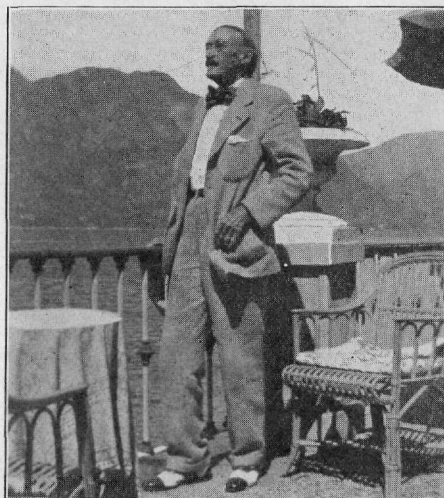
dovrebbe essere lo scopo dello studente, se egli vuole arrivare al "non plus ultra." Per lo meno ciò eviterebbe ch'egli fosse di noia ai suoi amici!

William J. Guard

* * *

A really great artist should know everything it is possible to know about his special art and as much as he or she can learn about the rest of the Seven Arts. Too often singers ignore this fact, to a greater extent, I have observed, than instrumental artists. Perhaps this is because singers consider they are divinely endowed with voices whereas the instrumentalist early realizes that to become a real artist involves an immense amount of hard work.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the necessity of music students acquiring a general culture.



W. J. Guard, Publicity Director of the Metropolitan Opera, enjoys the summer loveliness of Lake Como, Italy, where there are no temperaments! One of the books he has written is entitled "The Spirit of Italy." Because of his long association with Mr. Gatti Casazza and prior to that with Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, he has known all the great singers of our day and speaks with authority about artists.

A self-centered specialist who is indifferent to all other things except his specialty is the most uninteresting person imaginable. "Specialty plus" should be the student's aim if he wishes his special Art to have the widest influence. At least it will prevent him from being a bore to his friends!

William J. Guard

* * *

P. S.—Voltaire says in his "Candide": "Let us cultivate our garden." That means that all of us must make our own way in our own manner. It also means that having made an honest endeavor, with more or perhaps less success, we must accept Dr. Pangloss's dogma that everything happens for the best in this best of worlds. Best of worlds? Do you know any better?

—W. J. G.

A Lonely Exile in Venice

Richard Wagner's Letters to His Isolde

By Helen Salter

THE letters of Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonk, who was the heroine of his immortal love drama, "Tristan and Isolde," compose a document that is unique in the history of music. Mathilde herself arranged these letters for publication, realizing their value to posterity, and knowing that nothing could ever be written that would give the world so true an insight into the soul of the great composer.

The last issue of THE BATON contained the story of this beautiful and tragic romance up to the moment of Wagner's departure from Zurich, when he wrote Mathilde an exquisitely sorrowful and touching farewell, and went, a lonely and forsaken man, to exile in Venice:

"The terrible struggles through which I have passed, how could they end otherwise than in complete victory over all longing and desire?"

"Were we not forewarned in the warmest moments of mutual attraction that such would be our ultimate goal? Surely, because it was so difficult, so unheard of—that was the very reason why it could be attained only after the severest struggles.

"... My child, I can think of but one salvation for myself, and this cannot be secured to me through material surroundings, but must come from the innermost depths of my heart. It is repose of soul! Suppression of all longing! Quenching of all desire! Noble, worthy conquest of self! Living for others—for others to our own consolation!

"... The latter months have perceptibly whitened the hair about my temples. A voice within me calls longingly to rest—the rest which years ago I caused my 'Flying Dutchman' to long for. It was a longing for 'Home'—not for the ecstasy of sensuous love! A woman, faithful, blessed, alone could win that home for him."

On August 17, 1858, his last brief message from Zurich went to Mathilde:

"Farewell, farewell, beloved! I part in peace. Wherever I am, there I shall be wholly yours. Seek to preserve the 'Retreat' for me. Aufwiedersehen! Aufwiedersehen! Dear soul of my soul! Farewell! Aufwiedersehen!"

Upon reaching Venice, Wagner secured apartments in the great Palazzo Giustiniani, located at the sharp bend of the Canal about halfway between the Piazzetta and the Rialto. Here he found himself the only tenant and was thus afforded the seclusion and peace for which his soul yearned. He writes of his new home:

"Grandeur, beauty and decay in close array; yet comfort in the reflection that here no modernity flourishes and in consequence no bustling triviality ... wide lofty spaces where I can wander at will.

The peculiarly intense stillness of the Canal suits me splendidly."

Most of his days are spent in lonely meditation, but "At five o'clock the gondolier is summoned. ... Through the narrow alleys, right and left, to the Piazza di San Marco and the restaurant where usually I meet Ritter. From there in the gondola toward the Lido or the Giardini Pubblici, where I generally walk awhile, then again in the gondola back to the Piazzetta to saunter up and down a little and take my ice in the Cafe de la Rotonde and then proceed to the Traghetto, which brings me back by way of the shadowy canal to my palace, where the lighted lamp awaits me.

"The wonderful contrast between the grave and



The Giustiniani Palace (marked with a cross) where Wagner spent the most unhappy days of his life.

silent dignity of my abode and its situation, and the ever cheerful brilliance of the Piazza and all connected with it, the agreeably indifferent whirl of humanity, the quarrelsome gondoliers, the quiet return in the dusk and under the first shadows of night, rarely fail to leave me touched by a grateful sense of repose."

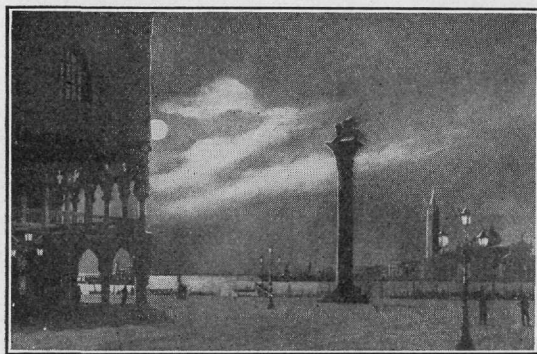
On September 29, 1858, he says:

"Now the waning moon is late in rising. When it was in its full glory it afforded me some consolation through agreeable impressions of which I stood in need. After sunset I regularly travelled toward it in my gondola in the direction of the Lido. The struggle between night and day was a wonderful spectacle in the clear sky. To the right, in the deep rosy heavens, twinkled the evening star, serenely bright. The moon in all its splendour threw its glittering net toward me across the sea. Homeward bound my back was turned toward it. My gaze ever wandering in the direction where you abide and from where you were gazing at the moon.

"... Silent and composed I arrived at the Piazz-

zetta with its bright lights and never-spent wave of gaiety. Then along the melancholy canal. Right and left superb palaces. Profound silence. Only the gentle gliding of the gondola and the swish of the oar. Arrival at the silent palace. Broad chambers and corridors, with myself as solitary tenant. The lamp is lighted. I take up the book, read a little, think much. Silence everywhere.

"Ah, music on the canal. A gondola with gaily coloured lights, singers and players. More and more gondolas with listeners join in. The flotilla, barely moving, gently gliding, floats the whole width of the canal. Songs from pretty voices accompanied on passable instruments. Everything is ear. At last, almost imperceptibly, the flotilla makes the turn of



Piazza di San Marco, Venice, where Wagner sought repose of spirit.

the bend and vanishes still more imperceptibly. For a long while I hear the tones ennobled and beautified by the night, tones which as art do not interest me, but which here have become part of Nature. Finally all is silent again. The last sound dissolves itself into moonlight, which beams softly on, like a visible realm of music."

His first few letters to Mathilde were returned unopened by Frau Wille, their faithful friend, who also appears in "Tristan" as "Brangäne," the devoted maid who mixes the love potion. Doubtless Herr Wesendonk considered it wiser that all communication between his wife and Wagner should cease for the time being, although it seems that some of these letters eventually reached Mathilde, as well as other messages which they exchanged through the medium of Frau Wille. In one he says: "The world merely looks on the practical side of things. With me, however, the ideal is so much the real that it forms a reality I cannot bear to have disturbed. Now at last at the age of forty-six I am forced to acknowledge that my sole comfort is to be found in solitude and that I must stand apart by myself."

His abstraction from worldly things may be imagined from one of his letters to Frau Wille: "The other evening on the Piazza di San Marco, when the military band that plays there on Sundays performed selections from 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin,' it seemed to me, in spite of the annoyance caused by the dragging tempi, that really all this did not concern me in the least."

He was referring to the band of the Archduke

Maximilian, who was at that time Governor of the Austro-Italian provinces and later became Emperor of Mexico. Great was the contrast then between the lonely exile from Zurich and the wealthy and courted Maximilian, yet the latter was to meet a tragic death in Mexico while Wagner later attained the heights of glory which his genius so richly deserved.

The diary which he kept in Venice bared many secrets of his inmost soul. Kobbe describes this as "Profoundly moving, as we contemplate this great genius alone, forsaken, going his solitary way, stealing like a shadow amid relics of former greatness, gliding like a spirit over the melancholy lagoons; with premonitions that he and his Isolde shall meet again, 'like spirits drifting toward the spot where they have suffered,' but always—always—the communings of a stricken soul with the one being who can bring consolation."

Here in Venice Wagner hoped for peace of mind and spirit that would enable him to proceed with "Tristan," which now more than ever symbolized for him the soul stirring vicissitudes of his own tragic romance. To Mathilde he writes:

"Here will the 'Tristan' be completed—a defiance to all the raging of the world. And with that . . . shall I return to see thee, comfort thee, to make thee happy; there looms my fairest, my most sacred wish. So be it! Sir Tristan. Lady Isolde! Help me, help, my angel. Here shall your wounds cease bleeding; here shall they heal and close. From here shall the world once learn the sublime and noble stress of highest love; the plaints of agonizing joy. And august as a god, serene and hale, shalt thou then behold me back, thy lowly friend."

But in October, soon after the arrival of his grand piano with which he had planned to resume work, his depression became so great and his health so impaired, that he succumbed at last to a serious illness.

His despair even became so overpowering that he contemplated suicide, and on November 1, 1858, he writes to Mathilde: "This is All Souls' Day! I have awakened after a brief but profound slumber, and after terrible suffering such as I never have endured. I stood on the balcony and gazed down into the black flood of the canal. A storm was raging. A leap, a fall, and none would have been the wiser. Yes, a leap and all my suffering would be at an end. Already I had my fist doubled to draw myself up to the rail. But could I—with the vision of yourself before me? And now All Souls' Day has dawned! All Souls! Peace be with ye! Now I know it is decreed that I shall die in your arms."

He was not able to venture out again until December 8th, when he says:

"Since yesterday I have been working on 'Tristan' again. I still am on the second act. But—what music that is going to be! I could devote my whole life to working on this score. How profoundly beautiful it is, and how pliantly the most sublime wonders adapt themselves to one's inspiration. I have accomplished nothing like it. My whole being is dissolved in it. I shall not ask to hear a note of it, if only I can finish it. I shall live forever in it."

(Continued on Page 16)

Horns and Trumpets of Yesteryear

Instruments Without Valves

By Arthur Christmann

WHEN one goes to a symphony concert today, and sees the imposing array of brilliantly polished brass instruments with their intricate systems of keys and valves, it is hard to realize that these complicated instruments are of comparatively recent origin. In the time of Beethoven, composers wrote music for horns and trumpets that had neither keys nor valves, and whose tone could only be changed by the lip of the player, and, in the case of the horn, by the position of his hand in the bell.

Brass instruments have had a long and interesting evolution and a fascinating story. For the present purpose, however, we are only interested in their history since the time they were introduced into the orchestra. The immediate predecessors of the modern orchestral French horn and trumpet were the hunting horn and the military trumpet, respectively. The hunting horn, as its name indicates, was used in the hunt. The military trumpet was used in the army for sounding the various signals. The instrument which is referred to in our folk lore and legendary literature as the "bugle" was not the military trumpet, as might be supposed, but rather the hunting horn.

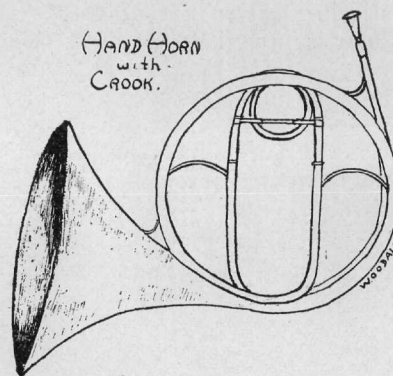
The hunting horn had been introduced into a few of the early French ballets, to give a more genuine flavor to hunting scenes. This use of the instrument, however, was merely incidental. The big thing which definitely made the hunting horn and military trumpet "indoor" instruments, was the invention of slides or "crooks." These crooks were small coiled lengths of brass tubing, which could be slid into the main body of tubing of the instrument, and had the effect of lowering the fundamental pitch a designated degree. It has never been definitely discovered just who first conceived the idea of crooks. The first mention of them which has been discovered dates from 1618. It requires very little imagination to appreciate the full significance of the introduction of these crooks. The horn or trumpet, which hitherto could perform in but one key (determined by the fundamental length of the tube) now, by the use of the various crooks, could be thrown into many other keys. This improvement of course made the horn and trumpet suitable for symphonic purposes, although they still had this manifest disadvantage, that they could perform in but one key at a time, without *changing* the crook.

Before going much further with the subject of crooks, it is necessary that all have a correct understanding of just how a brass instrument operates. An open brass tube with a mouthpiece and a bell will, when properly played, produce a definite series of tones, which are all partials or overtones of the fundamental pitch of the tube. This fundamental is known as the first partial. For a tube, the funda-

mental of which is Great C, the list of partials is as indicated on Page 14.

Not all of these overtones can be produced on the trumpet or horn. Those that can be produced depend on the pitch of crook used, shape of mouthpiece, etc. The fundamental, strangely enough, can never be sounded either on horn or on trumpet, and those partials above the sixteenth are very difficult at all times and are seldom used. Now it can easily be seen that the gamut of tones on brass instruments without valves is very limited. Yet instruments such as these served Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and all of the great masters down to about 1850.

When the crooks of various sizes were introduced, composers adopted the convention of writing all the players' parts in the key of C, regardless of what actual pitches were produced by the particular crook used. Thus the horns and trumpets early became



transposing instruments. The kind of crook to be used was indicated by the pitch of the horn or trumpet designated. Thus "Horn in F," meant that the F crook was to be used. This F crook was about 52½ inches long and made the instrument *sound* a perfect fifth lower than written. "Trumpet in A" meant that the A crook was to be used. This made the trumpet sound a minor third lower than written. Composers usually chose crooks that corresponded to the key of the composition being played, but when there was none available in that key, they chose the crook of the dominant, the relative, or some other nearly-related key. When more than one horn or trumpet was used, the instruments were often written with different crooks. Thus, for instance, a C Horn could "shine," when C major, the tonic, was being played, a G Horn would come into prominence when the composition modulated into the dominant, and if perchance it went further and modulated to the super-tonic tonality, a D Horn would have things pretty much his own way. On the horn, the crooks in ordinary use ranged from the B-flat Basso crook,

(Continued on Page 14)

THE eminent Russian composer whose first visit to America is creating so much interest in all parts of the country is probably the most misspelled man on record. After noting six or seven different combinations of z's and s's and v's and f's with the proper vowels (everyone seems to agree on the vowels) it is something of a surprise to see that he himself writes his name with a w! But in whatever guise it may appear, that name seems to act as a powerful magnet to an astonishingly large number of foreign gentlemen who were his colleagues or his pupils at the Imperial Conservatory in St. Petersburg, and who are drawn to his New York hotel in a steady stream from morning until evening to discuss the old days and the new in a freely interchanging use of French, German and Russian. Mr. Glazounow speaks English also, but not with ease because he thinks he speaks with more difficulty than he does.

"I began to study English when I was twenty years old," he said, "but French and German I have known since I was a child."

Mr. Glazounow's personal effects, his movements, even his facial expressions harmonize with his gigantic stature in creating an impression of a deliberateness which nothing could disturb. He smokes an immense black cigar slowly and with placid enjoyment, and plays with the gold linked watch chain which stretches from pocket to pocket in a vast loop. It looks as if it weighed at least two pounds and ought to be attached to a watch the size of an alarm clock. There is no smile ready to play over his features. One imagines that a Glazounow smile is a rarity indeed. But in spite of his lack of an outward expression of flexibility of spirit, Mr. Glazounow is in reality very alert. The fundamental sincerity of his character and the sympathetic interest in people which radiates from him inspire the deepest love and respect in all those with whom he comes in contact. Dmitri Tiomkin, one of his former pupils, says of him, "Above all his musical colleagues in Russia, he was loved, almost deified, by the students and even the general public."

Since 1905 Mr. Glazounow has been Director of the Imperial Conservatory at St. Petersburg, an institution which was founded in 1862 and whose first leader was Anton Rubinstein. "The city was called St. Petersburg in 1905," Mr. Glazounow said, "but during the war the name was changed to Petrograd and now it is called Leningrad. The name of the school has also been changed to the State Conservatory. I am still connected with the institution; the government has given me a leave of absence to travel."

Mr. Glazounow (whose very name, Alexander Constantinovitch, is of fitting length and dignity) was born in St. Petersburg on July 29th, 1865. His family was one of wealth, having been engaged in the publishing business since the eighteenth century, and the children were able to have every educational advantage available. It is said that Sacha, as he was fondly called, did not exhibit any signs of remarkable musical talent as a small child, but that he seemed to be tremendously interested in drawing. His happiest moments were spent in copying the pictures of the royal family on playing cards! In recalling the early days of his life, however, he said, "I had a remarkable ear for music even then, and could play all the pieces I had heard my mother perform before I had had any lessons. My mother was a pianist of more than ordinary ability, and my father played a little, too."

Shortly after his musical instruction had begun, Sacha transferred his affection from the playing card pictures to those which depicted musical subjects, his special delight being in those showing the figures of wind-instrument players "with puffed-out cheeks." And "images of conductors holding the magic baton in

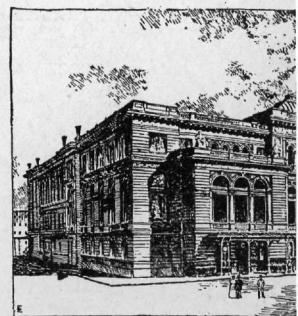
Alexander

Russia's Disting

By Elizabeth

uplifted hand" also fascinated him. These likings are seen in retrospect as the forerunners of his later preference for instrumental music and orchestral harmony.

At the age of nine Sacha began to take piano lessons of a lady who had been a pupil of Anton Kontsky, a famous virtuoso of that day. Two years later he studied with Narcisse Yelenovsky. When asked how much time



State Conservatory in St. Petersburg, where Alexander Glazounow. It was founded in 1862 and has had many famous pupils.



An amusing picture of a group of celebrated Russians. Left to right: Ginsburg, sculptor; Stassov, writer; Chaliapine, singer; Glazounow, composer.

he devoted to practicing he replied, "Yelenovsky stressed sight-reading above everything, even technique, and did not require me to spend long hours at the keyboard. His training was invaluable, for I became able to read practically anything put before me. . . . I always tried to give my piano playing an orchestral color," he added as an afterthought.

When Yelenovsky suddenly departed from St. Petersburg in 1881 and it was necessary to find a new teacher, the well-known musician Balakirev, who was a friend of Sacha's mother, took one of the boy's compositions to Rimsky-Korsakov. The latter tells of the incident in his memoirs, because it was the beginning of the close relationship between the two which was to last many years. "One day

Glazounow

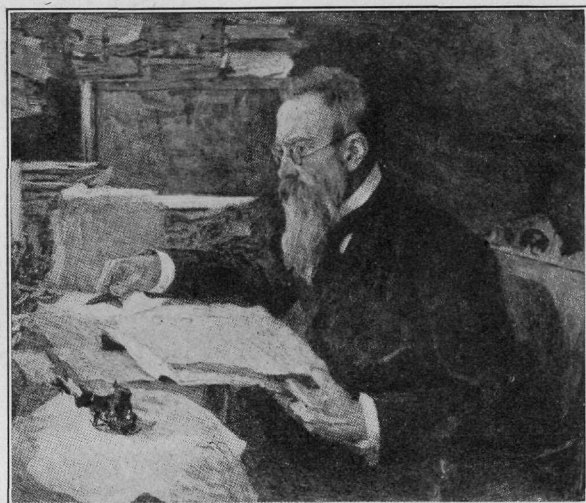
Quished Composer

h Stutsman



grad now directed by Alex-
founded by Anton Rubinstein
ous directors since then.

Balakirev brought me a composition of a fourteen-year-old school boy, Sacha Glazounow. It was an orchestral score written in childish fashion; but the talent of the author was plain. A short time later Balakirev presented him to me as a pupil. In giving lessons in theory to his mother, Mme. Hélène Glazounow, I began to teach the young Sacha at the same time. He was a charming lad with beautiful



Rimsky-Korsakov, great Russian composer and teacher of Glazounow. His opera, "Sadko," is to be produced at the Metropolitan this month.

eyes and he played the piano with masterly gestures."

Rimsky-Korsakov says that Sacha did not need to study elementary theory or solfège as he had an extraordinary ear and Yelenovsky had already taught him harmony. After a few lessons in harmony they began counterpoint, which the pupil studied carefully. He used to write little pieces at this time which he brought to his teacher for criticism, and in his leisure he played much and made himself acquainted with a great deal of musical literature. Liszt pleased him particularly. "His musical development progressed not by the day, but literally by the hour. From the beginning my relations with Sacha gradually

changed from those of teacher and pupil to those of friends, in spite of the difference in our ages. Balakirev played an equally great part in Sacha's musical growth. Performing for him and talking with him often, he became deeply attached to him."

In March, 1882, Glazounow's first symphony in E minor was performed under the direction of Balakirev at the Free Music School. When the composer appeared in response to applause the audience was astounded to see a boy of sixteen years in the uniform worn by students, and gossip became prevalent to the effect that the symphony was the work of the teacher who had been commissioned by the wealthy Glazounows to use his own talent in securing a triumph for their son. But the appearance of further highly original compositions soon dispelled any doubt as to the author's identity.

Meanwhile Sacha had begun to enjoy the society of the most famous figures in Russia's coterie of musicians. Rimsky-Korsakov was the center of a group of distinguished persons which was known as the Circle and which included Borodin, Liadov, Vassali, Stassov and others of equal renown. This group was accustomed to meet every Friday night to play over the various compositions which they submitted for publication to the non-commercial firm sponsored by Belayev. The latter was a friend of the Glazounow family, a man of vast financial resources who was very much interested in music. The young Sacha was instrumental in securing him as the patron of Russian composers by refusing his offer to publish the first symphony unless his friends and colleagues, members of the Circle, should be given the same opportunity of bringing their works before the public. The Friday evening meetings were very gay and convivial and were the inspiration of many quartets jointly composed which reflect the prevailing spirit of fun and jollity. The influence of these gatherings is to be noted in Glazounow's chamber music, some of which is merry.

After the death of Borodin, Glazounow collaborated with Rimsky-Korsakov in completing the opera Prince Igor. There was much to be done, and it was decided that Rimsky-Korsakov should write the libretto and scenario for the second and third acts because he had often discussed the matter with Borodin, while Glazounow was to compose what music was lacking in the third act, and to notate the overture. He did this entirely from memory (Borodin having played it for them several times), as no music at all could be found for it. Rimsky-Korsakov assumed the orchestration of the whole, as well as the co-ordination of some parts not completed by Borodin.

Glazounow's reputation grew rapidly not only in Russia but in Europe and the Western hemisphere. He was invited to write a *pièce d'occasion* for the Chicago World's Fair, and composed a symphonic overture in which music of the American Revolution was employed. Mr. Glazounow has lent his talent to almost every form of music except opera, but in America his symphonies are probably the best known of his works. The young composer of Stenka Razin, a vigorous tone-poem whose themes are crude folk melodies, was looked upon as a valuable addition to the nationalist forces, who were followers of Glinka in desiring to base Russian music on folk tunes and to immortalize in music drama the great figures of Russian history. But Glazounow, although he has always made use of material from the songs of the people, tried from the time of his second symphony to break away from nationalism and to be more personal in expression. He desired to express a Russian, not Russians.

In addition to his symphonies he has written several symphonic pieces and suites, and though he has not ventured into the operatic

field, dramatic music is represented in his ballets. The ballet is one of his favored forms of musical endeavor, and *Raymonda*, *Ruses of Love* and *The Seasons* are established in the favor of the Russian people. His music graces the drama of the late Grand Duke Constantine called *The King of the Jews*, which gives opportunity for the introduction of Oriental strains and Eastern coloring.

Since 1905 when he succeeded Rimsky-Korsakov as Director of the Conservatory, Glazounow's winters have been occupied with teaching rather than creating, and it has been during the summers at his villa not far from the city that he has done most of his composing. "It is a pretty place with gardens and a view of a lake," he said. "The government of course took it when private property was abolished, but they have since given it back to me as well as my apartment in town. Most of my summers for the last twenty-five years have been spent on this estate, of which I am very fond. For three seasons before the war, however, I went to a delightfully picturesque little town called Yalta, in Krim. There was a surprisingly good orchestra in the town which I frequently conducted."

Although financially able to live in luxury, Glazounow was happy in a simple Bohemian apartment on the Kazanskaya, about four blocks from the Conservatory. Mr. Tiomkin further describes him as having been devoted to his mother, who always called him Sashenka. One feels that he was also devoted to his sister and his two brothers, one of whom was an entomologist. "He traveled much in Asia and Africa," Mr. Glazounow related with pride, "and studied the insect life in those countries."

"Glazounow's particular hobby was his old family coach, a strange-looking vehicle which he used in summer and in winter," according to Dmitri Tiomkin. "With a long black cigar, a big black tie and robust figure, dressed in the manner of the characters of Turgeniev's or Tolstoy's novels, he was an outstanding figure in St. Petersburg society. But Glazounow was far more a Bohemian of comfortable habits than a society man. His constant guests were the well-known writers, painters and musicians of the Russian metropolis—Chekhov, Serov, Repin, Stasov, etc. . . . utter modesty and spiritual democracy were his watchwords at home and in the school. As a rule, he spoke little in company, but when he was aroused on a particular subject he could be brilliantly conversational. His favorite topics were the stage and the ballet, in which field of composition he distinguished himself."

Mr. Glazounow's first concert appearance in America was in Detroit, where he and Vladimir Horowitz and Ossip Gabrilowitsch took part in an all Russian program. "An outburst of enthusiasm followed the unsmiling leader's reading of the sixth of his eight symphonies, a spirited performance of a work sincere in conception and dazzlingly clever in development. . . . In the midst of the cheers and handclapping, the orchestra offered a surprise to their famous visitor by breaking into a fanfare which

Glazounow had written years ago to celebrate a memorable anniversary in the life of his friend, Rimsky-Korsakov. Although written originally for brass only, Gabrilowitsch had rearranged it for full orchestra for this occasion."

Glazounow has also been given ovations in New York and Chicago where he has not only conducted programs of his own compositions, but has had the opportunity of hearing them performed by others.

On Wednesday evening, January 8th, a reception in honor of Mr. Glazounow was given at the Institute. Following a program selected from the composer's works and presented by students, Dr. Damrosch arose and, after bidding Professor Glazounow welcome in his own language, said: "Whenever a great artist or musician comes among us we feel that it is a festive occasion, and cannot be too grateful that they who have reached the heights still come back to encourage those trying to climb Mt. Parnassus. So few get to the top, and so many would like to! It is kind and gracious to descend and help the climbers."

"It has been our good fortune to have had many great musicians in our midst whose inspiration those who met and heard them will never forget. The students now with us, when they scatter over the globe in future years, will tell their children and their grandchildren of the occasion when they had the pleasure of meeting Alexander Glazounow."

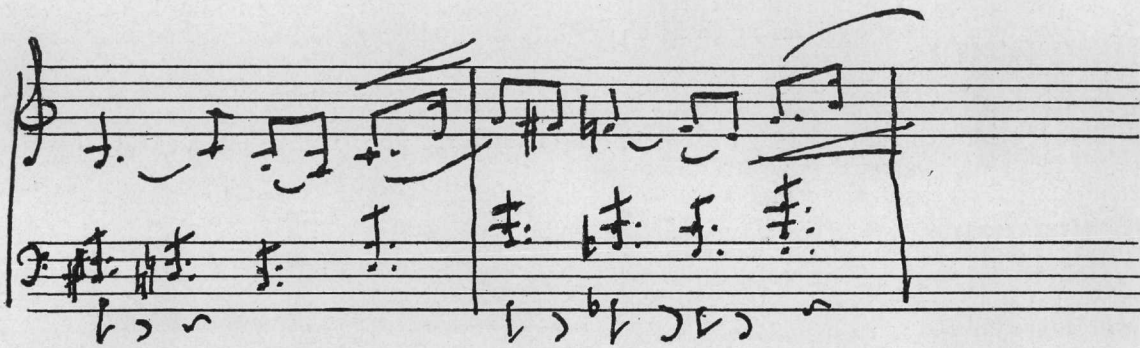
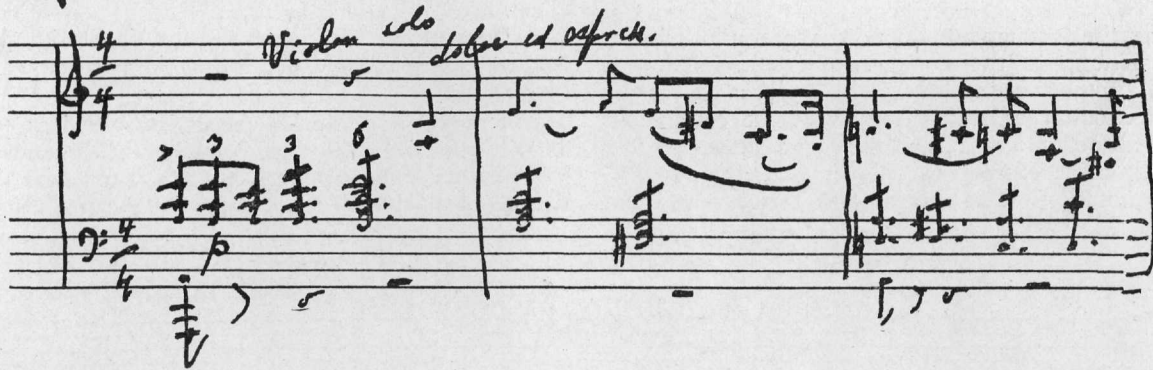
"I was not present when he made his studies, but I will vouch for it that he had to work. In order to attain the height he has reached, God-given talent must have been coupled with assiduous and persevering work. As Director of a music school he sees that his students receive the basic elements of the musician's trade without which talent dissipates into foam, and which constitutes the difference between a mere ivory-thumper and a great pianist, a fiddler and a great violinist. The opportunity to hear and to meet fine musicians is very often as helpful as lessons in broadening one's artistic capacities. The Conservatory of Leningrad and the Institute of Musical Art are alike in the respect that the purpose of both is to produce musicians, not mere virtuosi."

"I wish to extend to Professor Glazounow my hearty thanks for his visit and for the stimulus and inspiration his visit has given us."

Mr. Glazounow mounted the platform and replied: "I am too excited to speak, but I want to read you a few words," and drawing a paper from his pocket, he read: "Ladies and gentlemen, very highly esteemed Directors and Professors, students and all those present, as composer and Rector of the oldest Russian conservatory I feel myself much honored by your kind reception and cannot find the words to express to you my sense of profound gratitude."

"I have already had occasion to assist one of the rehearsals of the Institute's orchestra and to admire the playing of the young musicians. Today I must repeat the same admiration, thank the dear young artists for their fine performance of my works, and proclaim gloria for all the famous institution and its head, Dean Frank Damrosch."

To the students of the Institut of
Musical Art.
Allegro moderato



from one who visited the school
Alexander Glazounov.
The 16 Dec. 1929. N.Y.C. (Written for "The Baton")

INSTRUMENTS OF YESTERYEAR

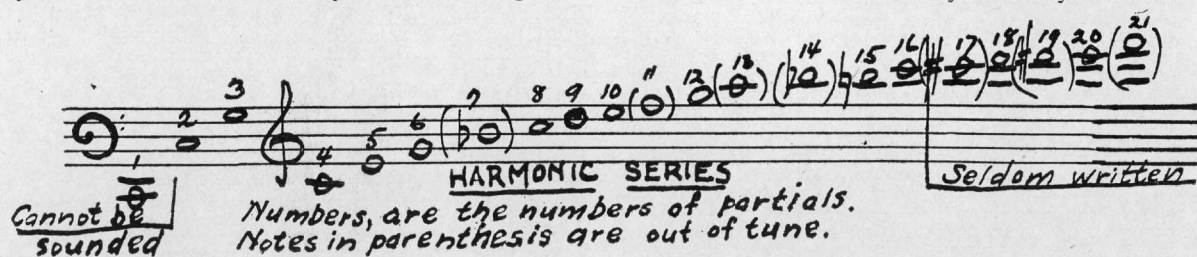
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making the instruments sound a major ninth lower than written, to the B-flat Alto crook, making it sound a major second lower than written. Thus the lowest crook commonly used made the instrument sound an octave lower than the highest one, and for both of these crooks, the player read the same C major notation! The difficulty of this arrangement

were trumpet players who, by using a very shallow mouthpiece, specialized in playing these higher harmonics. These men must have been real virtuosi for Bach, Händel and others of the early composers wrote parts for them that look every bit like violin or flute parts. Below is a good example, from Bach.

In later years, this line of virtuosi declined and the trumpet came to hold a more sober position in the orchestra.

The valve principle had been discovered as early as 1815, but composers continued to look upon valve instruments with distrust. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that they came into any

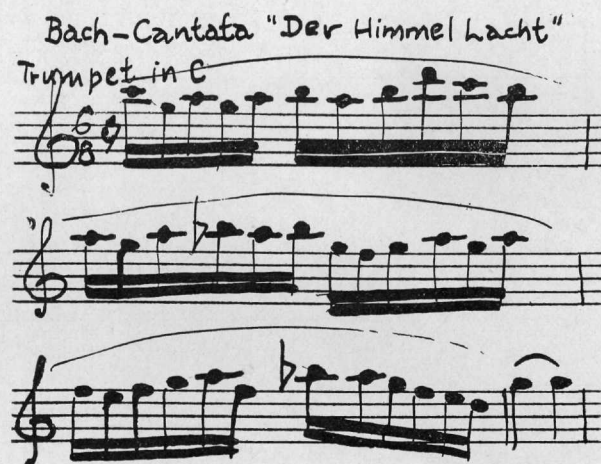


can easily be understood. The players' lips had to adjust themselves to a difference of as much as an octave in the various pitches that were produced by the same notation. The trumpet crooks ordinarily used ranged from the A Alto crook, sounding a minor third lower than written, to the high F crook, sounding a perfect fourth higher than written. Composers often changed crooks in the course of a composition, to allow the brass to take part after the original key had been deserted for a new one.

In the year 1754, Hempel, a horn player of Dresden, discovered that by inserting the hand into the bell of the horn in a certain way, the pitch of a given partial could be lowered anywhere from a semitone to a minor third. These new tones were called "stopped" tones, and together with a few that could be altered by tension of the lip, they gave the horn a complete chromatic compass, with the exception of the three tones written as C#, D and D# in the small octave, which could not be produced in any way. This "stopping" of the bell must be distinguished from "muting" in which the hand is thrust hard into the bell, resulting in a thin, strangled tone, one semitone above the corresponding open tone. These "stopped" notes, discovered by Hempel, were different in quality from the open tones. Some were usable. Others were too muffled to be of any practical value. Composers rarely used even the good ones, except in solo passages, when they wished just a little more melodic variety. Stopped tones were impossible on the trumpet because of the position in which it was held.

By referring to the Harmonic Series, shown above, one can readily perceive how limited were the resources of natural scale instruments. In the octave above middle C, the easiest octave to play, there were but four tones, and the B-flat was badly out of tune at that. The next higher octave was diatonic, and the next chromatic, but so difficult as to be of no practical value. In the time of Händel and Bach there

sort of general favor. Even Richard Wagner, writing late in the nineteenth century, uses both natural scale and valve horns in such scores as *Tannhäuser* and *The Flying Dutchman*. This proves that Wagner, an orchestrator of no mean ability, believed that the natural scale instruments had a quality that could



not be duplicated on those with valves. One almost wishes that we might have an occasional opportunity to hear them played today.

For a more detailed treatment of this subject, the reader is referred to Cecil Forsythe's "Instrumentation."

Lines written in despair by one who has apparently studied sight-singing too well, but not wisely. With apologies to Lewis Carroll.

*I did it by rhythms, I did it by note,
I did it by letters and loos,
I did it by keys and by chords and by rote—
I ask you now—what was the use!*

HELEN MCPHERSON

Sonata Tragica

Art Versus Speed

By Joseph Machlis

MOVING, as you know, is quite a task, even for a bachelor who has only a studio-bed, one dozen collars, a baby-grand piano, and three shirts to transport. It took me an entire week before I was able to get back to work. Of course, that week was not entirely wasted. I learned how to run the automatic elevator, and I met Miss Aurelia Speed.

The elevator was the most fascinating thing about that apartment house; I mean, the second most fascinating; first place, indubitably, belongs to Miss Speed. But more of that later. You should know that this elevator, like most products of our democracy, was designed to be within grasp of the average American intelligence. That is to say, anyone above eight years of age, of either sex, was supposed to be able to enter, close the outside door, draw the grill, push the button, stop, open the grill, and get out. But our elevator, in spite of democracy, had retained some temperamental streaks. Sometimes it insisted on stopping between floors II and III, and no amount of coaxing would get it to budge. Then you had to ring the alarm bell and wait until some altruistic neighbor came to the rescue. Also, the elevator seemed to cherish personal dislikes. It refused to let itself be managed by some people. Need I add that I was one of these?

To return to Miss Aurelia Speed. There she was, in the cosy, stuffy elevator, holding a bag of peanuts. There I was, holding a bottle of milk. I asked, "Which floor?" She said, "Fifth." I said, "We'll go there first, since I'm on the sixth." She said, "Really? Sitting on top of the world, aren't you?" and smiled as only women who possess perfect teeth know how. Gallantly I pressed five, but already a presentiment lay at my heart. Brünnhilde's foreboding on the eve of her husband's departure was not more justified. We had just passed two when the monster clicked and halted.

Now, anybody with a low-brimmed hat and a profile would have looked lovely in the shadowy haze of our little elevator. And Miss Aurelia Speed would have looked lovely anywhere. I will leave it to you to imagine the combination. It was she, you may be certain, and not I, who pressed the alarm bell. But not before it had transpired that Miss Aurelia Speed and her mamma occupied the apartment directly under mine. That meant, of course, that we had not only the elevator in common, but also the dumbwaiter.

The next three days passed delightfully in "getting settled." And getting acquainted. Miss Aurelia Speed went to buy her bag of peanuts at exactly the hour that I went for my bottle of milk. The peanuts, if you must know, were for mamma's poodle Chow-Chow and the canary Alphonse. Though I suspect, from the looks of mamma, that she con-

sumed more than her share of the contents of the bag. Not even Helena Rubinstein would have done her any good. Of all the occasions when Aurelia and I were in the elevator, it double-crossed me only once, by going straight to our destination. Even then I passed a profitable half-hour outside her door. On the fourth day I met the peanut-cracker suite: Chow-Chow, Alphonse, and mamma. Also Mrs. Verbi-Acosta, my neighbor on the sixth, and Miss Gottenburg, the Speeds' neighbor on the fifth—two ladies who had lost their complexions and their illusions. Amiably we passed days five and six at tea and talk. I hate tea. I hate talk. But then, I did not hate Aurelia Speed. What does not one suffer for one's ideals! We got along famously.

On the seventh day I resolved to stop resting and tear myself, like Ulysses, from the embraces of Circe—figuratively, that is. It was the sort of cool, brisk morning which makes you bristle with energy. Punctually at nine I opened my piano and began. I decided that finger-gymnastics were the thing, after my week of dissipation. Accordingly, I trotted out Hanon, Pischna, Tausig and some of the more unusual creations of Monsieur Philipp of Paris. I felt also that my glissando left something to be desired. I oiled my thumb and began to give the keys a vigorous rub-down.

So engrossed was I in these calisthenics that noon came before I knew it. I snatched a bite, and sat down to demolish a few of the Chopin Etudes. I must have been in full fortissimo swing of the octave-study (and you know what that means), when the doorbell rang. Very much annoyed, I continued. So did the bell, violently, frantically. I addressed a few appropriate words to it, went to open, and saw—

Picture Miss Gottenburg just after her daily overdose of headache-powder. Picture Mrs. Speeds' bulby head wrapped in a thick Turkish towel, alternately bending to kiss Chow-Chow and shaking apoplectically at me. Picture Mrs. Verbi-Acosta gasping and fuming, as only hyphenated personages can, about her rights. And now picture me, confronted with this battery of militant womanhood.

Mrs. Speed pointed her forefinger at me just as the heroine does at the villain in Act III, and gasped, "You . . . you . . ." While she spluttered for the right epithet, Miss Gottenburg swayed her head very bromo-seltzerishly. Finally Mrs. Speed became articulate. "I'll have you know, young man, that this is a place for people to live in, and not a school. If you think you're going to have a bunch of children banging away all day, you have another guess coming . . . and no maybe! Besides . . ." Thirteen minutes later she paused to draw breath. I slipped into the breach.

"Now, lady, those was no kids banging; those was

only me practicing." Here Miss Gottenburg looked as an ailing thing looks a moment before she becomes hysterical. I decided that we must be serious. Thrusting one hand inside my coat, over my chest, in the fashion of little Napoleon, I addressed them thusly: "My good women, there is no need to become excited. I moved into this outfit on the express understanding that I was to go on with my work undisturbed. Since you haven't guessed it yet, I will tell you—I am a pianist. I live. I practice. Or, rather, I practice, and sometimes I live. My lease allows me to do both. I shall disturb you only twice a day, morning and afternoon. I work only from 9 to 1 and from 2 to 6. The rest of the time I shall be as quiet as a mouse. I should like to oblige you, but my Art stands higher than all earthly considerations." Here I glanced mournfully at Mrs. Speed. Chow-Chow began to whimper. Mrs. Verbi-Acosta shouted, "Well, just try and make that racket every day, and we'll see about it." Only Miss Gottenburg threw me a pitiful glance and sniffled, "Do you mean to say that this is going to happen daily?" Gently, but firmly, I returned to my work. No hysterical nonsense would stand between me and the Etudes.

There began for me an adventurous life. I remember Mrs. Speed brandishing a fork at me and shouting up the dumbwaiter chute, "You're driving me crazy! You're driving me crazy, I tell you!" I remember Miss Aurelia Speed bitterly turning away from the elevator, mounting the stairs, leaving me alone with my milk bottle and my poignant regrets. I remember Miss Gottenburg's ear-stoppers. Later, as soon as I began to play, they commenced to knock up, across, in and down, beating on the walls, or on the radiators. It was as blood-curdling as the scene in Galsworthy's "Justice," where the prisoners beat upon their doors. I began to have hallucinations. I began to talk aloud to myself. And the thought of Aurelia Speed filled me with regret.

But I bore these people no ill-will. I stuffed blankets into the entrails of my baby-grand. I shoved rubber pads under its feet. I had it tone-regulated. The baby seemed to thrive under this treatment. Her treble grew louder, her bass—lustier. I practiced with soft pedal and with mushy fingertips. I became a nervous and pianistic wreck.

Three horrible months passed in this poisonous atmosphere. I couldn't move out. I couldn't stop playing. They couldn't stop my playing. They couldn't stop hating my playing. They couldn't move. Truly an impasse! Besides, I didn't want to move. For here, bad though it was, I still had rare opportunities of catching a glimpse of Aurelia.

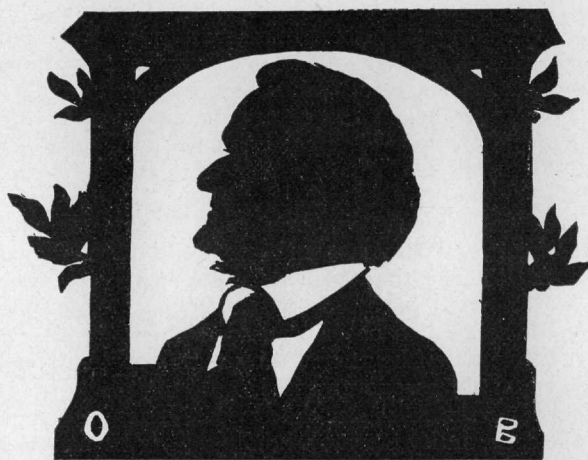
You can't fight three women. You wouldn't want to, if one of them was the mother of Aurelia Speed. Spring came, and I began to see the light. Of course, I could recuperate! Aurelia agreed to accept me on one condition. She would enter if the piano would exit. You will say that so promising a young man as I should have stuck to his Art. But then, you have never met my Speed. Besides, there are so many promising pianists. Now Aurelia and I have a radio. Don't you love the radio?

AN EXILE IN VENICE

(Continued from Page 8)

The comfort and consolation of again hearing directly and frequently from Mathilde made his last days in Venice more happy ones, as the ban on their correspondence seems to have been lifted and it was no longer necessary to exchange letters through the medium of Frau Wille. Wagner now returned gradually to calmness and serenity of spirit and in March he left for Lucerne, where he was to experience the happiness of meeting his Isolde once more in the flesh, and of this meeting he writes:

"And so we have dreamed the dream of meeting again and have met . . . I have a feeling as if I really had not seen you quite distinctly. Between us hung a heavy mist which the sound of our voices barely



Richard Wagner

penetrated. I feel as if you, too, had not seen me, as if, instead of myself, a spirit had entered your house. . . . Then, as I perceived in your face the traces of deep suffering (during her separation from Wagner she had lost by death her adored son Guido) as I pressed your emaciated hand to my lips—something trembled deep within me and a voice summoned me to a noble duty. The wondrous power of our love has helped us thus far; has strengthened me and made it possible for me to see you again; has taught me this dreamlike unreality of the present; in order that I might be near you and yet unmoved; has banished ill will and bitterness so that I could kiss the threshold over which I am permitted to pass into your presence. And I trust this power. It will teach me to see you even through the veil which we penitents have thrown over ourselves, and to show myself to you in a clear, true light! Heavenly saint, rely on me! I shall compass it!"

Thus he returned from his exile resigned and sorrowful but with renewed strength and inspiration for the completion of "Tristan," which continued to fill his soul with its divine harmonies—his dream of a love that should survive beyond life and immortalize forever his beloved Isolde.



WITHIN the last year several books written by members of the Faculty and former students of the Institute of Musical Art have been published. Schirmer has issued in three volumes a method of teaching music to children by Elizabeth F. Harris and Mary Louise Sims, members of our Faculty. It is called, "Learning to Listen," and is an evidence of today's tendency toward simple and analytical musical education.

The title, which indicates the purpose of the work, is somewhat less than an adequate description of the scope and thoroughness of the book. It introduces the child to music in thirty-five easy but interesting steps.

"Learning to Listen" presents crystalline explanations of tone, pitch, rhythm, etc., and by brief lucid steps leads the pupil to develop little songs of his own composition. The book is not, as are so many methods of presenting the essentials of music, a teacher's manual. It is intended for the hand and eye of the child, who uses it to refresh his memory upon what he has learned in class rather than as a text for preparing lessons in advance of the class.

Teachers appreciate the latitude which the book gives for their own instruction, while at the same time furnishing the plan and background of all their work. In addition to the text there are four writing books which constitute a correlated exercise-ground for the pupil as he progresses through the main volume. At the completion of the final step he should be able to bring to his advanced study not only the seeing eye, but that most important ingredient in the musician's make-up, the hearing ear.

Schirmer's Scholastic Series has an additional work in three volumes by Wesley G. Sontag, also of the Institute Alumni. In these collections of material for teaching which are entitled "Folk and Master Melodies for the Young Violinist," Mr. Sontag has stressed the principle that children should begin to play in the early stages of music study and should play music which combines fundamental technic with real tunes.

In accordance with this idea he has included in the first book the chorale theme from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the opening theme from Mozart's A Major Sonata for piano, both in the original and simplified form, in order that the student may experience masterpieces of melody from the beginning of his musical career. The first volume also contains many folk-songs, each of which is presented in the idiom of the violin with piano accompaniments newly supplied in most cases by Mr. Sontag.

One of the features in the first two volumes which is worthy of remark is the system of cataloging the technical points covered in each piece of music; an expediency which is of assistance to teachers in se-

lecting material for study. A pupil can commence at the beginning of the books and in passing through each piece experience either a change in key, bowing, metre or rhythmic design of the measure, as well as contrasts in tempi and dynamic changes. Some of the melodies are drawn from sources other than the literature for stringed instruments, a fact which tends to broaden the student's musical knowledge and appreciation. Opportunity is given of arranging program groups of French, Scandinavian, Welsh, English, Russian, Bohemian and German music from the various examples which are included.

The last book contains a wealth of material, most of which is published for the first time in this collection. As it contains all types of music—for string quartets, violin, 'cello, singing, wind instruments and even excerpts for orchestra it can be used effectively in connection with courses in the history and appreciation of music. At the head of many pieces are short historical notes of interest, or explanations of the construction of the music.

"30 and 1 Folk-Songs from the Southern Mountains" has been compiled by Bascom Lamar Lunsford, who has the largest known collection of American folk-songs, and arranged by Lamar Stringfield, an artist graduate of the Institute who had the distinction of being awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1928. A strong feeling for the mountain music has been awakened in both of these men who have lived in the Southern Appalachians, the region of its existence, and who present both words and music as sung by the mountain people. They have not tried to beautify them in any way, but to record them with a simple accompaniment which will preserve their natural simplicity and characteristic color.

Many of the songs bear evidence of great age. Historic interest attaches to numerous examples. "Little Marget," which may be heard at Roaring Fork in the shadow of the Great Smokies, is "Fair Marguret and Sweet William," handed down by oral tradition. "Johnson Boys," which resembles "Go 'Way, Go 'Way"; "Black Jack Davie," which may be traced to "Gypsy Laddie"; "Darby's Ram," the same mythical animal sung about in "The Ram of Derby"—all of these and others show the influence of a former period.

Traces of old ballads and songs are difficult to discern in other numbers. The hardy, independent existence led by the folk of an isolated mountain section stretching across several states has unquestionably affected their songs. While many old English and Scottish ballads are still sung in mountain communities today, the varied experiences of a race, rich in love and romance and sometimes darkened by tragedy have produced a type of song and tune independent of earlier influence.

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The songs are often used at dances or in concert, the melody being played by a fiddle and the accompanying parts by a guitar and a five-stringed banjo, which permit of only limited changes in harmony. The tempi are generally rapid in order to allow the fiddler to play the sustained tones, using only six or eight inches of his bow. In case the melody demands a longer tone he divides the bowing and plays two notes of equal value instead of one.

—Elizabeth Stutsman

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