

Vol. 9 - no. 7

Reference Library

281

# The Baton



Published by  
**THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART**  
 OF THE JULLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
 FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

MAY, 1930 15 CENTS A COPY





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

### Before the Public

**COMPOSITION RECITAL**  
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 17th  
AT THE  
INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

#### Program

- SHORT SONGS:**  
"Silver Moon" .....Philip Diamant  
"Boat Song" .....David Unterman  
"When David Played" .....Maro Ajemian  
"The Elf Man" .....Billy Masselos
- COMPOSITE SONG:**  
"In China" .....Thelma Aronoff and Milton Chalfin  
PREPARATORY CENTER CHILDREN
- SMALL FORMS:** .....Grade II  
Adagio .....Josephine Huggins  
Andante in F minor .....Evelyn Schiff  
The Walking Doll .....Dorothy Campbell  
GERALD TRACY
- HOMOPHONIC FORMS:** .....Grade III  
Etude .....Dorothy McLemore  
Andante .....Anna Hopkins  
Witches' Dance .....Vivian Rivkin  
Andante .....Clare Helmer  
Energico .....George Merrill  
EDNA BOCKSTEIN
- SONGS:** .....Grade II  
"Mistress Mary" } .....Albert Kirkpatrick  
"See a Pin" }
- SONG:** .....Grade III  
"I Dreamt My Heart Was Made a Lute"—Sara Howland  
MARGARETTA WRIGHT
- FRENCH SUITE:** .....Grade IV  
Allemande .....Edna Bockstein  
Courante .....Novella McCrorey  
Sarabande .....Ara Boyan  
Gavotte .....Pauline Michel  
Polonaise .....Constance Weaver  
Bourrée .....Pauline Michel  
Minuet .....Wallace Magnani  
Gigue .....Norman Plotkin  
EDNA BOCKSTEIN
- POLYPHONIC FORMS:** .....Special Composition  
Canon in B minor .....Margaretta Queisser  
Canon in D major .....Lloyd Mergentime  
FRANCIS BURKLEY  
Canon in Ab major for two pianos .....Francis Burkley  
FRANCIS BURKLEY AND GERALD TRACY
- HOMOPHONIC FORMS:** .....Grade III  
Andante for 'cello and piano .....Frances Mellor  
Minuet for 'cello and piano .....Walter Potter  
HARVEY SHAPIRO
- Prelude for piano } .....Helen Thomson  
Burlesque for piano }
- MOTETS:** .....Special Composition  
"Praise the Lord, All Ye Nations" .....Margaretta Queisser  
"The Heavens Declare the Glory of God" ..N. Moret Daniels
- BALLAD:** .....Grade VII  
"La Belle Dame sans Merci" .....Louise Talma  
MADRIGAL CHOIR OF THE INSTITUTE  
MARGARETE DESOFF, Conductor

- POLYPHONIC FORMS:** .....Grade V  
Fugue in B major for piano .....Thyra Sundberg  
EUGENE KUZMIAK  
Variations for piano .....Special Composition  
Mary Cash  
MARY CASH  
Fugue for String Quartet .....Grade V  
Helen Rozek  
Variations for piano .....Special Composition  
Henry Brant  
HENRY BRANT  
Concert Fugue in A major for two pianos .....Grade V  
Gerald Tracy  
GERALD TRACY AND EUGENE KUZMIAK  
Rondo for violin, horn and piano .....Special Composition  
Henry Brant  
LESLIE TAYLOR, DAVID RATTNER AND HENRY BRANT  
Variations for piano .....Grade VI  
Catherine Carver  
CATHERINE CARVER

Mme. Yolanda Mero, Mr. Harold Bauer and Mr. Chalmers Clifton composed the jury at the recital given by Catherine Carver and Jeannette Epstein for the Artists' Diploma on May 20th.

In addition to the programs given at the Institute by candidates for diplomas, many have been presented to the general public by graduates and members of the Faculty.

(Continued on Page 8)

## The Baton

Published Monthly  
120 CLAREMONT AVENUE, NEW YORK  
Copyright 1930 by  
THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

Vol. IX      May, 1930      No. 7

#### Editor-in-Chief

DOROTHY CROWTHERS

#### Assistant Editor

ELIZABETH STUTSMAN

#### Editorial Staff

Arthur Christmann

Frank Cirillo

Albert Kirkpatrick

Irene Lockwood

Joseph Machlis

Lloyd Mergentime

Harold Woodall

Subscription for Season  
Eight Issues, November to June  
\$1.00 in the Building  
\$1.25 by Mail  
Single Copies—15 cents

# Albert Spalding

## *America's Distinguished Violinist*

By Elizabeth Stutsman

"CHRISTMAS morning! The moment is here. Knees are trembling. How to walk, even the distance of the hall? The locked door! The unlocked door—the open door—the tree ablaze with lighted candles and heavy with jeweled balls—and, miraculously suspended on one of the branches, an unbelievable cherry colored violin, the high polished varnish catching a blazing ray of sunlight. The world is a world of dreams come true!"

This little fiddle, the fulfilment of weeks of anxious begging and hoping, was Albert Spalding's first violin. It was half-sized, because its owner was just seven years old, and it cost four dollars. Four dollars! They embodied a thrill which many thousands, spent later for some of the world's finest instruments, were not able to surpass. They launched the career of America's foremost violinist.

Many years later Mr. Spalding entered the spacious, sunlit drawing room of a New York apartment. Blue-green walls and ceiling, large comfortable chairs and divans covered with light green flowered material, a huge brass bowl standing on claw-like feet and filled with growing ferns, goldfish gliding through sun-speckled water, a niche in the wall filled with gay-colored fans, a painting at either end of the room, one above the fireplace and the other above the grand piano, creating the atmosphere of a delightful country home on a spring day. A small silky yellow dog, native of Florence and named Piero, whose animated barking belied his size, was led protesting into another room. "He belongs to my wife's mother," explained Mr. Spalding. "Our dog is a big police dog, and stays at our country home at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, where we spend the summers."

Mr. Spalding impresses one as being calmly alert and vigorous. He moves and thinks deliberately and easily, appearing not in the least hurried or nervous. His ideas do not flash into being—his mind seems to be so well stocked that all he has to do is to look along the shelves for just the right adjective or figure of speech and bring it forth. In a conversation Mr. Spalding is sure to give generously of his ideas; the interviewer need offer but a suggestion, and the musician returns it at a high rate of interest, augmented, embellished and resolved!

"Must a violinist have an expensive instrument to assure adequate expression of his talent?" he was asked. "Most decidedly, no. If a person can't get a beautiful tone from one which cost fifty to a hundred dollars there is no use whatever in his paying fifteen or fifty thousand for one. A fact which most people do not recognize is that tone quality belongs more to the performer than to the instrument. Two

great masters may produce entirely different results from the same violin.

"Of course it cannot be denied that some of the old violins have an inherent tonal superiority. They have a mellowness, the same sort of glow which fine old furniture has. But in both cases the pieces must have been originally beautiful. Age alone does not make the difference. There are many modern violins which are better than some of the very old ones."

Mr. Spalding's famous Guarnerius has a romantic history. Its maker, Joseph Guarnerius "del Gesu," was a nephew of the better known Guarnerius who studied violin-making with Stradivarius under the



direction of Nicolo Amati. He was a wild and riotous young man whose habits of drink and violence finally resulted in his being put into a prison dungeon. There in the lonely darkness he became more and more obsessed with the desire to pursue the art which his uncle had taught him, and having fallen in love with the jailor's daughter, he persuaded her to smuggle him some wood and tools with which he fashioned the instrument now known as the "prison" violin.

It came into the possession of the Medici, and from the Duke Giam Gastone, the last of that dissolute family, it traveled from one royal house to another, according to their fortunes. At last it came into the hands of Coressa and Francis, from whom its present owner bought it in 1913.



Mr. Spalding owns another violin made by Diminius Montagnan, a pupil of Stradivarius, in 1712, and in addition to these two masterpieces he has several modern instruments. One, made by Hill of London, he admires particularly and uses when he is playing in a damp climate because it is not greatly affected by the weather.

"The violin is the most temperamental of instruments," he said. "Atmospheric conditions influence it very greatly. Sometimes it responds to the slightest touch; at others it has to be coaxed—especially when it is raining or there is great humidity."

The string instrument player has one bugbear which other performers escape. That is the breaking of strings. "I remember playing with orchestra once when a string snapped. I went on, doing the best I could do on the three remaining until we came to a stopping place, and then I leaned over and traded instruments with the first violinist."

"But doesn't an artist become so accustomed to playing on his own violin that changing to another is difficult?"

"That is quite possible, but it is a very bad thing and I practice on different ones to avoid the narrowness entailed by dependence on a particular one. A violinist ought to become accustomed not only to playing on various instruments, but to playing with other people. Ensemble work is to a musician what conversation is to a thinker; it stimulates, refines, and reveals flaws which are not apparent in individual performance because they usually consist of distortion of musical phrases or ideas rather than any fault in technique. A musician or thinker may develop great originality by himself, but it will probably lack the balance which comes from the reciprocity of conversation and ensemble playing.

"After all, technical facility does not make an artist. There are very many people today—even children—who are wonderfully proficient in the technique of the violin, yet who are not artists. I believe that actual practice should be reduced to a minimum in the education of a musically talented person. Too much attention to the mechanics destroys, or at any rate lessens the most precious attribute of an artist, the imaginative power. The abundance and painstaking cultivation of this power are manifested in Yehudi Menuhin, a marvelously gifted child whose artistic growth has been carefully fostered. But even he will have to learn all over again as he grows up. We all do, as the first bloom of youth fades. I feel that I did not find my own personal means of expression until after I had been awarded a teacher's certificate from the Conservatory of Bologna!"

Mr. Spalding was born in Chicago. His father was a successful business man and his mother was many times piano soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Theodore Thomas. "I adored listening, wide-eyed and agape, to my mother's piano playing and singing. Even now I can recapture the thrill and the wonder of it. She had a lovely clear voice with a deep ring to it that set everything in the room suddenly aglow and alive. And I could watch and listen for hours as she magically manipulated the

black and white keys. But a violin was what I wanted, though I had never heard one played by an artist."

When he was fourteen and had studied in Europe several years, Albert was graduated from the Bologna Conservatory with the highest honors bestowed on anyone since Mozart. Two years later, in the autumn of 1905, he played in Paris at Adelina Patti's last concert. "I was sixteen and she was—a little more than that. Her voice had lost much of its former beauty and agility, so that instead of taking the high notes she merely raised her hands. But she was magnificently applauded."

At the beginning of his career Mr. Spalding's



father financed concerts for him in the well-known European centers. These concerts were attended by considerable artistic success and encouragement, but also by financial loss. The elder Mr. Spalding then talked with his son, telling him that he was glad to have him choose a musical career, and was willing to help with advice and money, but that he would not consider him a real success until he had succeeded financially. Praise and encores were all very well, but they were not so good a proof of merit as the sight of a man going to the box office to spend his money for a ticket. He advised the young man to give concerts in small towns where the fee was less, but where the expenses were less in proportion. The advice was so good that Spalding even made money on his first American tour, and he was not appearing ninety or a hundred times a year as he does now.

Shortly after the United States entered the war he canceled over thirty thousand dollars worth of contracts and enlisted as a private. Loss of his papers in Washington prevented his becoming an officer before he went overseas, but in 1917 he was commissioned as ground officer in the aviation corps. A year later, just as he had completed his training

(Continued on Page 14)



# World Acclaim Replaces Romance

*Wagner the Master Supersedes Wagner the Man*

By Helen Salter

WAGNER'S sojourn in Venice ended in March of 1859, when he went to Lucerne. Here he met the woman he loved, Mathilde Wesendonk, for the first time after his months of exile. During their separation Mathilde's son Guido had died, and Wagner found the marks of a great sorrow in the face of his beloved.

It was a sad meeting—more like the contact of two disembodied spirits. "Dream-like" he called it. They seemed to grope ineffectually, as through a mist, for the reality of each other's presence.

Mathilde returned to Zurich and her correspondence with the great composer continued, but it seemed that having now definitely renounced his love and any hope of its consummation, Wagner determined to fill his mind with new ideas and plans. His letters are less introspective and despairing. After all, being the genius he was, he could hardly help finding solace and comfort in creative work, and there must have been a rather human reaction from the long period of intense depression and melancholy through which he had passed.

His letters to Mathilde, while still indicative of her inspiring influence, grew more impersonal in character, and were filled at times with accounts of amusing incidents. One learns of his habit of carrying his own bedspreads and mattresses along with him wherever he went. And he refers to zwieback as an important remedy for composers in the dumps. "Heavens!" he wrote, "how much can one accomplish with the right kind of zwieback!"

But there was a certain little rose garden in Lucerne, the fragrance of which recalled to him his peaceful "Retreat" on Green Hill. Memories and visions of his love came thronging back with tantalizing vividness whenever a vagrant breeze wafted to him the fragrance of these flowers, which seemed to symbolize for him the poetry and beauty of his association with Mathilde.

In July he wrote her: "The only thing I miss is your companionship, my child, for I know of no one to whom I would so love to communicate my ideas. . . . When I stop to consider how much that is good you have lured out of me, I can only rejoice that, although you never went to work with any set purpose, you always succeeded in drawing from me what was best."

But Lucerne provided the composer with no opportunity for the production of his works, and in the autumn of 1859 he went to Paris, where he made the surprising discovery that, although his music had not been performed there in public, he already had a small following of enthusiasts who had found in his music poetry in its most spiritual form, independent of pedantic influences and unfettered by tradition.

He mentions an episode at the Customs House.

Inquiring about his furniture which had just arrived from Lucerne, he gave his name and passport to one of the officials who rose at once respectfully, and said:

"Je connais bien M. Richard Wagner, puisque j'ai son medallion suspendu sur mon piano et je suis son plus ardent admirateur." ("I know well M. Richard Wagner, because I have his medallion hung over my piano and I am his most ardent admirer.")

Wagner's life in Paris was to present a vivid and thrilling contrast to his earlier experiences, so full of suffering, misunderstanding and loneliness. Here

*Demer kühnen König!*

*Die Schöne Linnel. 2tes.  
In Richtung sende ich Ihnen  
ein Briefchen, das  
mir die Wunder der Gasse  
in eine göttliche Welt  
führt. Wie ich immer,  
bedürftigsten Leben  
gehoben sind! - und dies  
Leben, sein letztes Leben  
und seinen Gehirnen  
Ihren, mein gradenerter  
junger König. und ich  
Ihr dankbar, als ich Ihr  
Eigentum  
Im höchsten Entzücken,  
Nun und wahrlich  
Ihre  
Kühnen*

*Stuttgart.  
3 Nov 1864.*

*Richard Wagner*

*Wagner's letter of thanks to King Ludwig of Bavaria, whose royal patronage changed the composer's fortunes.*

he stood on the threshold of a new world, a portion of which at least, was to worship at the feet of this amazing genius whose creations marked the dawn of a new era in the history of music.

But in spite of his growing fame and popularity, life in the French Capital was not without many bitter disappointments and misfortunes. His first concerts, given at the Theatre Ventadour in 1859 and 1860, were widely discussed, but were not financially successful. He had completed "Tristan" and his greatest ambition was to produce it, but he despaired of ever realizing this hope in France. He considered the French translations of his operas im-



possible. In fact the French language always seemed strange and unnatural to him. On the other hand he was not then permitted to return to his own country on account of the political disturbances in which he had taken part in 1849. He described himself as having no home—no country.

The details of his Paris concerts are interesting: "The string instruments were excellent; thirty-two violins; twelve violas; twelve violoncellos, eight double basses—an uncommonly sonorous body which you would have listened to with pleasure. But the rehearsals were insufficient and I could not secure the correct piano effect. The wind instruments were efficient only in part. All of them were wholly lacking in energy and the oboe especially remained always



*Famous Staircase of the Grand Opera House, in Paris.*

pastoral in character and at no time struck a note of passion. The horns were wretched and cost me many a sigh.

"The unhappy players excused themselves for their frequent wrong entrances, with the nervous effect which my manner of giving them their cues had upon them. Trombones and trumpets were utterly without brilliance. All this was made good however, by the really great enthusiasm which took possession of the whole orchestra from the first to the last player, and which manifested itself continuously and strikingly during the performances."

In Paris Wagner became the center of an admiring circle. Mention is made in his letters of Berlioz, Gounod, Gustave Doré, Rossini and others, and of the enthusiastic attitude of the public toward his concerts; how people would rush up to kiss his hands, and he refers to many new and influential friends who became ardent champions of his music.

Early in 1860 he hears his "Tristan" prelude played for the first time and says, "this little prelude seemed so incomprehensibly new to the players that I was obliged to go over it note for note with my people as if I were guiding them to the discovery of precious stones in the shaft of a mine."

During his stay in Paris Wagner made various trips to other cities, including Baden Baden; Vienna, where he heard a production of "Lohengrin"; and

later to Venice, where he met the Wesendonks and returned to Paris with the memories of his old love reawakened in his heart.

In the fall of 1859 he wrote Mathilde:

"At last I have my little lodging in order. If you were to enter you would think that I still was in the 'Retreat.' The same furniture, the accustomed writing table, the same green portieres, engravings—everything as you remember it. But the rooms are smaller and I have to divide them up. My miniature salon contains the Erard, the green sofa, with the two fauteuils which formerly were in the tea-room; hanging from the wall the Kaulbach, the Cornelius and the two Murillos; besides these a little cabinet with bookcase, work table and the well known causeuse (of Lucerne memory). My bedroom I have had done in pale violet paper with a few green stripes to set it off. The Madonna della Sedia forms the only decoration. A very small room next to it contains the bath."

Notwithstanding many tender references to their past companionship, Wagner's Paris letters are more and more full of himself—his moods, longings, financial worries, and most of all his ambitions. The intense egotism of the genius is displayed at times with child-like candor. Again there is evident a modesty that seems out of place in a character like Wagner's.

In April of 1860 he reproaches Mathilde for not writing more often. They later exchanged photographs, and interesting indeed must have been the thoughts of each upon seeing this new likeness of the being who had so filled the other's life with poetry and beauty.

During his second year in the French capital the composer became seriously ill and was threatened with brain fever. His wife Minna reappeared on the scene temporarily and nursed him back to health. This incident shows Minna in a more favorable light, and it is quite probable that she had many admirable qualities in spite of her much talked-of incapacity for understanding her famous husband.

One of the eccentricities of Wagner's genius was his firm belief that the world owed him a comfortable living in order that he might have his mind free to write and compose undisturbed by material cares. He was always writing to Liszt for aid, and this wonderful friend and admirer never failed him. Otto Wesendonk also helped Wagner on innumerable occasions, and provided him with the means to send Minna to Sodon for a cure, after she had nursed Wagner back to health.

At one time during the summer of 1863, at Penzing, Wagner found himself in poor circumstances and greatly embarrassed by debts. His thoughts had turned again longingly to his old love, and he wrote Frau Wille:

"Again I have been looking through the green portfolio which she (Mathilde) sent me when I was in Venice. How much suffering I have experienced since then. And now once more the old enchantment hovers about me. Sketches for 'Tristan,' for the music to her poems! Ah! Dearest! One loves but once and no matter how intoxicating and allur-

*(Continued on Page 16)*



# Dissonance and the Devil

## An Interesting Passage in a Bach Cantata

By Charles L. Seeger, Jr.

IT might be worth the while of serious observers of the modern trend toward dissonance in music to make a study of the rôle of dissonance in the history of music with special reference to its connection with certain fundamental linguistic notions such as good and evil, god and devil. Of course, we have (if we read rightly) in the religious music of the thirteenth century examples of parallel seconds and sevenths. And in Beethoven's "Eroica" we have the forte and sustained insistence upon the dissonant chord A-C-E-F. Without a label (in words), the understanding is reduced to purely musical terms and represents no great difficulty. It is when there is a label that the situation becomes complicated. For instance, Wagner, on the whole, definitely associates consonant triads with the good things of his cosmos—Walhall, Wotan, Erda, Siegfried—and dissonant harmony with the evil—diminished sevenths, augmented triads and minor seconds with Alberich, Mime, Hagen. This last, in his most sinister moment, even gets a forte, sustained and unresolved cluster of three contiguous tones. So Strauss, also, in his opposition of the hero and the critics, Debussy in "Pelléas" and many other composers.

One of the most interesting cases of the association of dissonance and evil occurs in the tenor aria (with violin obbligato) "Die Schäumenden Wellen von Belial's Bächen" of Bach's Cantata number 81, "Jesus Schläft." Here, upon the mention of the name of Belial there occurs several times the very dissonant "over-stepping of the tone" which has become so fundamental an element in the technique of modern composition.

### EXAMPLE I

In the second measure of the above excerpt (photographed from the edition of the Bach Gesellschaft in the reference library of the Institute) the passage under discussion can be observed in the second half of the second beat. The F-natural of the voice-part is "over-stepped" by the F-sharp E-natural of the violin. Not content with a single example of this procedure, Bach does the same thing in the very next beat, where the E-flat is overstepped by the E and D of the violin. The effect is fine and all the more interesting because it cannot be explained away

as fictitious or due simply to oversight, illegibility or our ignorance in reading. The passage occurs several times and also in a transposed and (harmonically) slightly varied context, of which Ex. II is a photograph from the same publication.

### EXAMPLE II

In this case, the overstepping is, first, of a G-natural by G-sharp and F-sharp, and, second, of an F-natural by F-sharp and E-natural.

If Bach is right, surely the next thing for us is the deluge. Or perhaps modern dissonant writing is the deluge. I am inclined to believe, however, that Bach's musical practise was a consistent and inevitable step in a larger and more universal process than was (at least in this particular instance) his religious belief. The good and the god of one generation is so often the evil and the devil of a preceding or succeeding one! Progress was the devil of Christianity at many of its stages. But to us it is almost the supreme good. Of course, we cannot prove that

Example I

progress is a fact; we cannot even prove that it is desirable. But we do assume it. Perhaps it is an illusion. But so, on the other hand, may be its opposite—stability. The only fact in the situation that is clear is the fact that we seem to change. Art is primarily what seems. We can leave to the scientists what is. (It is amusing to see, among the latest development of Physics, the *cancrians* notion of time of Professor Lewis.) And what seems in this problem of the increased use of dissonance may be briefly stated thus: Of the vast sea of dissonant chaos, there had been wrested a thousand years ago only three intervals that could be tolerated when their component tones were sounded simultaneously: the octave, fifth and fourth. Thirds were still dissonant and by Papal bull pronounced devilish in 1322. But



by the end of the fourteenth century thirds and even the major sixth were securely appropriated for the service of God and for the love of woman. Soon afterwards, the minor sixth succumbed; romantic Germany gave us a final close upon a dominant seventh. And now, while there still remains the infinite chaos of dissonance, just as infinite as before, we know at last that this is not the important point at all. The important point is that our little arsenal of consonance (that is, simultaneous groups of tones that are *in themselves* musically entirely satisfying) has been so enlarged as to include all the combinations of the present system. Imagine a world (albeit a purely artistic creation) with no devil in it, without a problem of evil!

\* \* \*

Oh, brief moment of metaphysical comfort! Yet it is quickly dissipated. And the actual imperfection of the real musical situation is so much better than such smug and narrow perfection. The old one has just changed his costume and this long time has been waiting for us to recognise him and start the chase afresh.

Wellen von Belial's Bächen ver

Example II

At any rate, the sight of the above quotations from the great master had a fine effect upon one young Bolshevik that I showed it to. Said he, "Well, if Bach was not afraid of that dissonance, I, at least, must not be afraid of consonance." So he went home and introduced, into the middle of several of the most cacophonous phrases of his Opus 2, some lovely C-major triads.

## BEFORE THE PUBLIC

(Continued from Page 2)

*Mildred Kreuder*, a former student of the Institute of Musical Art, gave a song recital at Chalif Hall on March 9th.

*The Elshuco Trio*, composed of Willem Willeke, Karl Kraeuter (both members of the Institute's Faculty) and Aurelio Giorni, gave their last chamber music recital on March 11th.

*William Kroll*, of our Violin Faculty, appeared in recital on March 12th.

*Margarete Dessoiff*, a member of the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, conducted the A Capella Singers of New York in a group of madrigals at a Beethoven Association concert on March 17th.

*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 their last concert of the season on March 18th.

*Mischa Levitzki*, at one time a student at the Institute of Musical Art, gave a piano recital on March 22nd.

*Ignace Hilsberg*, of the Piano Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, appeared in a two-piano recital with Germaine Schnitzer on March 23rd.

*Lonny Epstein*, a member of the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, gave a piano recital on March 31st.

*Leo Ornstein*, at one time an Institute student presented his latest work, a string quartet, at a concert given by the League of Composers on April 6th.

*Katherine Bacon*, an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, gave an all-Chopin program on April 12th.

*Samuel Gardner*, artist graduate and present instructor in the Violin Department of the Institute, conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston on April 18th and 19th, at which time his new work, "Broadway," was given its premier performance.

"Mr. Gardner uses rhythms and the tone color of American popular music with notable success. His score avoids the excessive polyphony of Carpenter and Copland, wisely shuns the over-refinement of Ravel and Stravinsky.

"He has kept the rhythmic vitality and not a little of the brilliant sonorities that fascinate so many serious musicians when they listen to well-played jazz. Of all the countless attempts at 'highbrow jazz' made in the past decade only Gershwin's celebrated 'Rhapsody in Blue' and the unjustly neglected 'Clowns' of Charles Martin Loeffler, written for Leo Reisman, seem comparable in merit to 'Broadway.'

"Mr. Gardner has assimilated the musical idiom of the present century and blended its component elements of which, even in America, jazz is only one, into a personal and authoritative style. He had something deeply felt and vividly imagined to say, and he has said it with a good deal of eloquence."

—The Boston Globe.



# Melody Tones in Chord Playing

*Explained by Vladimir Horowitz*

THE first concern of the ambitious student should be to make the mechanics of piano playing a comparatively simple matter that he may employ all his energy for the artistic interpretation of the composition. This latter phase of piano playing is the most vital in mastering our art.

To read a composition intelligently; to punctuate it and phrase it properly; to give it its due eloquence; to introduce the proper nuances and dynamic shadings; to give it its intended design and form; to convey to the audience the thoughts and emotions which the composer had in mind—this is the really difficult part of piano playing.

As important as these phases are, however, one's performances will be far from satisfactory if purely technical problems are not under one's complete control. Take, for example, executing chord passages which contain melody or accented notes within the chord. The line of the melody must be maintained as well as produced sonorously.

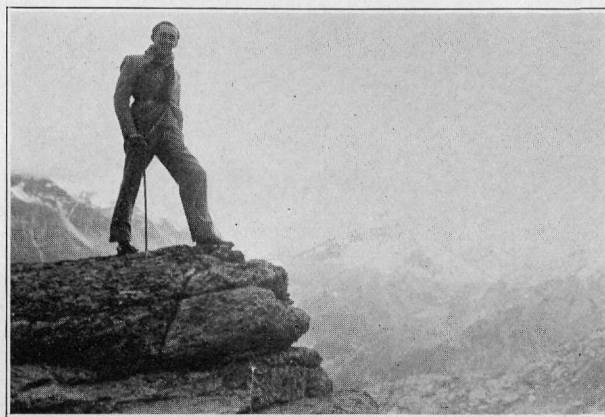
At first thought, it would appear extremely difficult to sound a chord of three or even five notes with the five fingers on one hand in such a manner that one or even two notes are heard above the others and act as a melody while the other notes act as an accompaniment to that melody. If one were to do it as Horowitz does it, the difficulty would disappear into thin air.

There are two correct, though diametrically opposite, methods of attacking the mastery of this necessary accomplishment for perfect piano artistry. To avoid confusion, only one method will be explained at this time. Experience has shown, however, that when one has become a master of this accomplishment by one method, he is also a master by the other even without practice.

To accent a melody note within a chord or octave: raise the whole arm with as little muscular effort as possible, until the fingers are between three and five inches above the keys. During the up and down movements of the arm, prepare the fingers by placing them in position for the depression of the next group of keys and by holding the finger which is to play the melody note a trifle lower and much firmer than the other fingers which are to depress the remaining keys of the chord. In first attempting this exercise, there is a feeling of stiffened muscular action. Such a condition is always present in the early stage of mastering this problem and should not cause discouragement. Continued practice will remove this feeling, leaving a relaxed though firm muscular action. Continued development will also remove the necessity for raising the hand so high above the keys.

Without ceasing to retain firm though supple joints at the wrists and knuckles, release all tension from the shoulder muscles, permitting the arm to fall with its full weight upon the predetermined keys, the points of contact being the balls of the fingers.

The finger which is held a trifle lower and much firmer naturally strikes the key a much



*Horowitz on top of the world.*

firmer blow than do the more relaxed fingers which do not overcome the resistance of the keys as easily as does the more firmly held finger. The tone produced by the key so depressed is therefore stronger than the others. Thus, it is plainly seen that in striking a chord, in which a single note is to be accented, that the effect can be produced by holding the finger which is to play the melody note a trifle lower and much firmer than the fingers which are to play the unaccented notes. The reason for holding the finger a trifle lower is only psychological in effect; in actual practice, it isn't altogether necessary. Experience shows that in the beginning it is almost impossible to get a student to hold one finger more firmly than the other unless he is also permitted to hold it in a somewhat different position from the others. Holding it a little lower does not change the quality or quantity of tone produced and does not affect the playing in any way but it does put the student's mind at greater ease.

There is one more point of vital importance in mastering this problem. In the beginning the super-firmness with which the lowered finger is held will cause a hard tone to be produced. The hardness of tone will disappear with progress in its mastery and with the return of complete relaxation and freedom of movement in depressing the keys, leaving as a final result a beautiful, sonorous and velvety tone of the desired carrying power.



# Summer Music

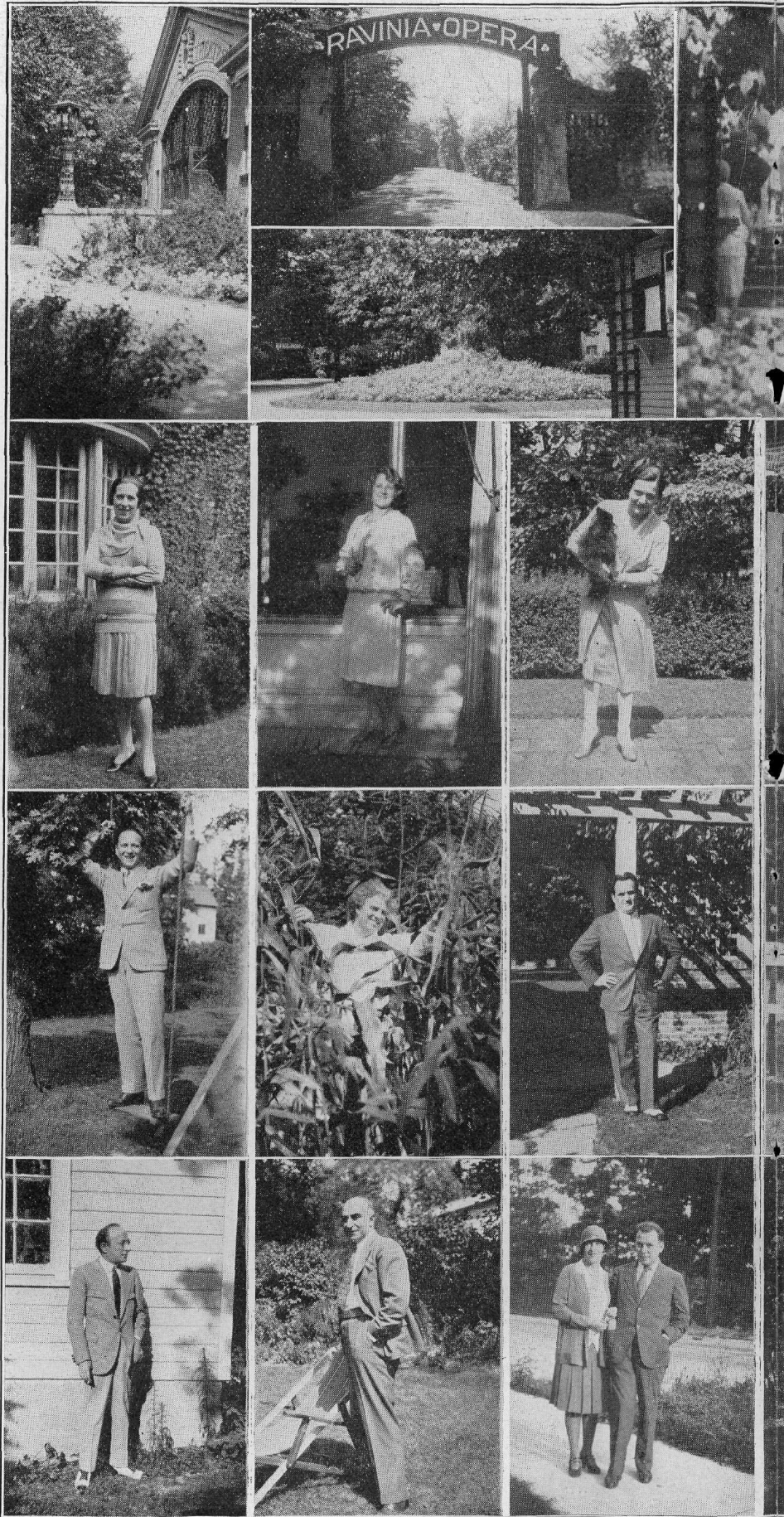
THE great ocean liners which glide majestically away from their New York piers bearing throngs of tourists at this season, are leaving more people behind on the docks than they did last year. Fewer Americans will hear the famous European music festivals. More of us will spend our vacations at home, according to the reports of steamship companies. Perhaps we shall be able therefore to hear as well as to see America first,—or last, as the case may be.

And America deserves a hearing! Our summer musical activities are as varied and satisfying as any music lover could want. The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra which is winning so many laurels abroad on its present tour, plays nightly during July and August in the Greek amphitheatre known as the Lewisohn Stadium of City College on New York's uptown heights. Here as well as in another amphitheatre called the Hollywood Bowl, on the western shore of our country, the charm of symphony concerts beneath the stars may be enjoyed. And between the two coasts, orchestral concerts are given both in and out of doors in many of our large cities.

As for opera, Bayreuth undisputably has its traditions for the Wagner devotees. That shrine will ever be a mecca for musical pilgrims. But to the opera lover who cannot or does not aspire to shrines, and is content with superlative productions in a setting of enchantment, no ocean need be crossed.

This is the nineteenth season of Ravinia Opera, which to the initiated means an assemblage of the world's greatest operatic stars, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra as accompanist, and a repertoire of thirty-five standard grand operas in a ten-week season, presented in a kiosk-like theatre surrounded by the trees and landscape gardening of a forty-acre estate dedicated to the cause of music, on the beautiful shore of Lake Michigan, twenty miles north of Chicago.

Artistic growth has been going on year by year in a quiet, unostentatious way, until, without the practices of publicity common today, Ravinia is





291



proclaimed America's Bayreuth. This recognition is solely the result of achievement; exploitation is unknown there.

All this is the expression of one man's idealism, Louis Eckstein, who modestly deems Ravinia "a hobby," though it costs him months of his leisure and over \$100,000 to cover the annual deficit inevitable in an enterprise of such magnitude notwithstanding continuously sold out houses. He claims his reward in the privilege of giving pleasure to others, especially those who may enjoy these lavish musical treats from the free seats around the portico.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn, on one of the closing nights of last season, said: "Returning from Europe after four months of visiting the festival opera houses, I find that to revisit Ravinia is to realize more than ever her charm. I remain true to her and it is a privilege and honor to pay tribute to her."

*The Picture*

The accompanying picture shows the entrance to the enclosed Theatre which houses Mr. Eckstein's office and over \$400,000 worth of scenery; the gateway for automobiles entering Ravinia estate; the rustic box office and giant bed of 400 orchid-hued petunia plants; Mr. Eckstein himself who will not be photographed but was caught unawares; the auditorium; the rock fountain, one of many similar bits of landscape gardening; the path beside the scenic studio. The artists, top row left to right, are: Lucrezia Bori, Elisabeth Rethberg, Yvonne Gall, Florence Macbeth, Ina Bourskaya, Julia Claussen. Second row: Edward Johnson, Giovanni Martinelli, Mario Chamlee, Armand Tokatyan, Mario Basiola, Giuseppe Danise. Third row: Gennaro Papi, Louis Hasselmans, Wilfrid Pelletier, conductors (the last with his wife, Queena Mario, sometimes guest artist at Ravinia), Leon Rothier, George Cehanovsky and Virgilio Lazzari. They are all members of the Metropolitan Opera Company except Miss Gall of the Paris Opera, Miss Macbeth and Mr. Lazzari of the Chicago Company. That they are all happy at Ravinia is evidenced by the pictures in which they are seen at the homes they take for the summer months in the lovely north shore suburbs from Lake Forest to Winnetka, adjacent to Ravinia.



# The Clarinet

## *Its Literature and Its Friends*

By Arthur Christmann, Clarinetist

"THE CLARINET," wrote Berlioz, "is an epic instrument, its voice is that of heroic love." Coming from a man like Berlioz, whose whole life was devoted to a study of orchestral effects, this sounds like pretty warm praise. Clarinet players will, of course, say that the instrument deserves every bit of it, but they can hardly be considered impartial judges. As a matter of fact, however, Berlioz's opinion of the instrument, though in different phraseology, has been held by most of the great composers since the time when the modern clarinet was developed.

In discussing the clarinet, we are dealing with the instrument that is of most recent introduction into the standard symphony orchestra. By "standard" is meant the basic symphonic combination consisting of violins, violas, cellos, basses, flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, tuba and timpani. In a form that closely approximated the present instrument, the clarinet was developed shortly after the year 1690 by Johann Christopher Denner, an instrument maker of Nuremberg. He evolved the instrument by adding an octave key to what during the previous centuries had been known as the chalumeau.

To fix the date of the "invention" of the clarinet in relation to general musical progress, it was at a time when Bach and Händel were between five and ten years old. Denner's clarinet was doubtless a rather crude instrument for it did not make rapid strides in getting itself used by composers. Bach never wrote for the clarinet, nor did Händel, and it is extremely doubtful whether these old masters ever came to know much about the instrument.

In view of this slow progress at first, the surprising thing is that once the clarinet did get a start, its popularity increased by leaps and bounds. There are occasional references to clarinet music dating from as early as 1713, but the instrument did not come into any kind of general use until close to the end of the eighteenth century. Haydn, father of the symphony, used two clarinets in several of his symphonies. But it was Mozart who first saw the great possibilities in this comparatively new instrument, and it was he who gave the clarinet its first literature as a dignified solo and chamber music instrument.

In those days composers did not enjoy the unlimited freedom they do to-day in choosing their instrumentation. Rather they wrote for the particular instruments in the particular orchestras for which they intended particular compositions. Thus if a court orchestra contained no clarinets, as most of them did not, a composer, writing music for that orchestra, could not write clarinet parts, regardless of whether or not he desired to do so. Mozart at

one time wrote to his father, "Ah, if we only had some clarinets. You cannot imagine the splendid effect of a symphony for flutes, oboes and clarinets." It was, nevertheless, fortunate for the clarinet that Mozart did, during a part of his life, come in contact with a great clarinet player. This man's name was Albert Stadler, and he so inspired the composer that Mozart wrote for him the clarinet concerto in A, Op. 107, and the celebrated quintet for clarinet and string quartet, Op. 108. It is significant that both of these compositions are in A major. The explanation is that Mozart was probably particularly fond of the clarinet in A, and since the mechanism of the clarinet was in those days still imperfect, and the execution difficult, he wrote the clarinet part of both works in an easy key, C major, which placed the actual pitch in A major. One of Mozart's earlier works, the trio in E flat, Opus 14, No. 2, for violin, viola and piano, has a clarinet part which may be used in place of the violin.

We have now seen that Mozart was led to write for the clarinet because he was inspired by the playing of a great clarinetist. Not only was this true in the case of Mozart, but in almost every instance where a great composer honored the instrument by a composition. Mozart's kinsman, Carl Maria von Weber, became interested in the clarinet through the fine performances of Heinrich Bärmann. Weber composed for the instrument two concerti, a now famous concertino, a duo concertante and a set of variations for clarinet and piano and, like Mozart, a quintet for clarinet and string quartet, Op. 34. Weber held Bärmann in the highest esteem, not only as a clarinetist but as a man; they were intimate friends and the two are said to have made a recital tour together. That Weber was more than casually acquainted with the clarinet cannot be doubted by any one who is at all familiar with the clarinet writing in his orchestral scores. His clarinet notes are always placed just where they will produce the maximum effect. Witness the sinister, unforgettable effect of the two low clarinets, immediately after the horn solo in the introduction to the Freischütz Overture, or the famous clarinet solo in the body of that overture, or the beautiful A-clarinet second theme in the overture to Oberon. As one who intuitively knew just where a clarinet would serve best, and in what register it would sound best, Weber has never been surpassed.

Weber's clarinet-player friend, Heinrich Bärmann, had a son, Carl, who was also a gifted clarinet player. Father and son were in later years good friends of the composer, Mendelssohn, who composed for them two trios for clarinet, bass horn (an alto clarinet built in F) and piano. The Bär-



manns were practically the founders of the modern German school of clarinet playing and they were certainly fortunate in having been the inspiration for some of the greatest classics in clarinet literature.

Another famous composer who became interested in the clarinet was Louis Spohr. His inspiration was the clarinetist, Hermstedt, for whom Prince Sonderhausen requested a composition. Spohr complied with the Prince's request and became so interested in the instrument that he wrote two concerti for the instrument and a set of variations for clarinet and orchestra. Spohr composed six songs for soprano, clarinet and piano, and these are ranked among his finest works. Spohr's writing for clarinet solo does not show the intelligent insight into the true nature of the instrument that characterizes Weber's. Most of it is extremely difficult, technically; some of it is definitely unclarinetistic. Hermstedt became very intimate with Spohr, proven by the fact that at one time the two men went on a tour together. But evidently Spohr did not absorb as much of the true clarinet nature from this close contact, as did Weber from a similar experience.

Beethoven used clarinets in every one of his nine symphonies, and used them very intelligently, but he



"Bad Music"  
(After the painting by Weber)  
The instrument is a clarinet.

does not seem to have been inspired by any one clarinet player to do any solo writing for the instrument. He did use the clarinet in his trio in B flat, Opus 11, for clarinet, 'cello and pianoforte, and he composed three duets for clarinet and bassoon. A trio originally written for two oboes and English horn was later arranged by Beethoven for three B flat clarinets.

Schumann honored the instrument by a set of pieces for clarinet, viola and piano, bearing the title of "Märchenerzählungen." These are among his last compositions, and do not rank with the best of Schumann's music.

The man who perhaps gave the clarinet the best representation of his genius was Johannes Brahms. All of Brahms' writing for the instrument is of the highest excellence. During the latter part of the nineteenth century, when the Brahms vs. Wagner controversy was at its height, the orthodox "Brahmsians" cited the quintet for clarinet and string quartet, among other works, as an example of the master at his best. The illustrious exponent

of the clarinet who inspired Brahms to turn his attention toward the instrument was Richard Mühlfeld. Mühlfeld had been a violin virtuoso before he turned his attention to the clarinet. He took up the latter instrument because he considered it more expressive. There is an opinion for proud fiddlers to challenge! But such was Mühlfeld's opinion and it is indeed fortunate that he made the change, else we might never have had Brahms' two great sonatas for clarinet and piano, his trio for clarinet, 'cello and piano or the famous quintet for clarinet and strings.

The excellent clarinetists from the Paris *Conservatoire* probably provided the inspiration for Claude Debussy, for that illustrious French musician honored the instrument with a Rhapsody for clarinet and orchestra. Moreover he called this work his "Premiere Rhapsody" indicating that it had probably been his original intention to follow it by another.

The much-disputed modernist, Igor Stravinsky, has composed three pieces for clarinet alone, without accompaniment of any kind. These are so irregular and modernistic that it will probably be many years before they are recognized as great clarinet classics, if such recognition ever occurs. These three pieces are dedicated to Edmund Allegra, a Swiss clarinetist who played first clarinet with the Boston Symphony Orchestra several seasons ago, and so it is safe to assume that Stravinsky was led to write them through hearing Mr. Allegra play the clarinet.

Here in America the clarinet has received noteworthy attention as a chamber music instrument. Daniel Gregory Mason, famous American composer and Professor of Music at Columbia University, and Edward Burlingame Hill, composer, and Professor of Music at Harvard, have each written a sonata for clarinet and piano. These sonatas are considered works of value.

"Why," some may ask, "an article such as this, on the literature of an instrument that so few readers know or care anything about." That is exactly the point. It is the writer's belief that the rank and file of keyboard and string instrumentalists have the mistaken notion that the wind instruments, after all, are of no great consequence, their only value being for the sake of a little variety in the orchestra, but that they have no worthwhile literature, and no traditions. The purpose of the present article is to correct this mistaken notion, if such there be, and to show how at least one of the wind instruments has been loved, understood and esteemed by the greatest of composers. The clarinet is no exception: a similar eulogy could be written for every one of the wind instruments. Händel was himself a capable player upon the oboe, Kuhlau upon the flute. Rossini was a horn player of no mean ability. Others among the composers played wind instruments with varying degrees of skill. It would seem that the student of voice or piano or violin could greatly increase the scope of his musical knowledge if he would take the trouble to do a little reading in that fascinating, though generally unexplored field of musical knowledge.—the history, the construction and the operation of the various wind instruments.



## AMERICA'S VIOLINIST

(Continued from Page 4)

for combat flying, the armistice was signed. He was decorated with the Cross of the Crown of Italy, the highest honor that can be given a foreigner by the Italian government.

"I had an unusual experience just after the war," Mr. Spalding recalled. "I had an old box of a violin which I used to play occasionally, but had done no real playing for two years. Consequently I was very eager to go to Rome where I was to play in an orchestral concert. When I arrived there Mr. Molinari, the conductor, told me that someone who had known me long ago wished to see me. He presented Ottorino Respighi, whom I was sure I had not met before. 'You don't know me,' he smiled. 'I'm afraid not, except through your music.' 'Well, when you took your examination at the Conservatory of Bologna I was a student there and played your accompaniment!'

"There was really no loss of time when I went back to my violin after the two years of absence from it. There does not seem to be a limit to the time a trained musician can leave an instrument and go back to it with ease. Once you have attained a certain technic at an early age it never leaves you."

Every summer Mr. Spalding takes a two months' vacation from music. A complete rest from it gives him spontaneity and enthusiasm for the next winter's work, and also gives him time to play tennis and golf and to swim.

"The mechanical reproduction of music has had and will have great influence," he said, following another train of thought. "It has resulted in raising higher standards, for one thing. Much of the music you used to hear at theaters was so poor you wouldn't applaud even if it were produced by Mrs. Smith's daughter in the drawing room. Now it is usually fairly good though canned! The popularity of the victrola and radio and movietone remind me of the vogue for frozen fish and canned vegetables when they first came on the market. For a while it was almost impossible to buy fresh fish, but gradually the public began to demand it again and it came back. Excellent as mechanized music may be, it lacks the thrill of contact between audience and performer which will, I believe, always be an important factor in the musical enjoyment of most people. But the artist who expects to draw listeners to a concert hall will have to be more worth listening to than ever before. He will have to be exceptionally good, as American musicians have to be now in order to win recognition in Europe where audiences are decidedly skeptical about American artistry. Though I have always been very well received there, I find myself being asked continually whether my parents are not European. Surprise is always expressed when I say that they are American. I suppose this attitude is similar to that which we have toward Oriental musicians—the first thing we wonder about them is what Occidental contacts they have had."

Mr. Spalding's influence in America has extended

beyond the field of music. He is responsible for the expression "You know me, Al" which so many people use without having any idea where or how it originated. He once made a tour with the Friars' Club, an organization composed of the leading stars of the dramatic, musical comedy, and vaudeville world. He appeared twice on each program, first as a virtuoso, and then as a member of the minstrel show, always a feature of the "Friars' Frolic." During this tour Frank Tinney, a famous black-face comedian, was end-man and would engage in repartee with his friend "Al." "You know me, Al," he would say, and then try to embarrass Spalding by springing something new at each performance—much to the delight of the rest of the cast. But "Al," who had gained poise and assurance as an amateur actor in an Italian stock company during



Albert Spalding at his summer home in the Berkshires.

his student days, not only never became embarrassed, but was more than a match for him and never allowed himself to be caught without a ready answer. James J. Corbett and George M. Cohan, who were members of the troupe, admired Spalding's solo playing, and though they gave two concerts a day, the violinist made a point of changing his numbers each time in order to give them something new to listen to.

One of Mr. Spalding's favorite stories is on himself. "Usually when I travel on the train I have a compartment. First of all I brace myself up on the seat with a couple of pillows and can practice pretty well that way. The train makes enough noise so there will not be much annoyance to the other passengers.

"On one occasion, my compartment was near an observation platform. André Benoist, my accompanist, was sitting out there observing a lady trying to read a magazine. She was annoyed by my practicing and did not conceal it. Finally she threw down her magazine and complained aloud about 'that terrible scratching.'

"Benoist is a witty Frenchman. Seeing a chance for some fun, he said to her, 'Madame is not fond of music?'

"'Indeed I am but not of that noise,' she replied.

"'But perhaps madame does not like the violin?'

"'Yes, I do. I'm hearing a good violinist tomorrow evening. I'm going to hear Spalding.'"





## “GRACE NOTE”

*The Result of a Year at the Institute*

By Harold Woodall

*(Old Enough to Know Better)*

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Grace Note who lived in a Flat on a High Clef overlooking the C. She did nothing but Rest and keep a Sharp lookout for her lover, Major Scale, who lived a few Steps below. He scaled the heights and Spaces between 6/8 times a day to see his sweetheart, little Grace Note. She would Run to meet him and embrace him each Time he came up to see her. Her Tempo became faster when he started handing her his Line, which lasted at least for a Quarter of a Period.

Grace knew that her father, Bass Note, did not like Major Scale, and usually her sister, Dotted Note, was peeping through the Keyhole to see, as well as hear, what went on inside. Therefore, they put on the Soft Pedal, though they did not change their Tune.

“How you Trill me,” said Grace in her high Treble voice, “I feel in A-Chord with you, and that’s no Minor point.”

After a Pause, he said, “My feeling for you will never Diminish. You are the Staff of life to me, and I don’t mean bread. I love you more than anything else in this world.”

Grace Wedge-d a little closer and said in a Melodic Tone of voice, “Repeat that last Phrase again, will you, dearest?”

“Of Chorus,” said Major Scale.

“Swell,” Grace whispered Sotto Voce, “We shall let no Bars come between us. You are my Bow now, and you must not String other girls along.”

With that he kissed her as a Cymbal of his love. Several Intervals of time passed in which he Exercised his right of a fiancé, which after all, is a Natural thing to do. Suddenly Grace Note’s father came dashing in and yelled in a Chromatic Tone of voice, “Remember, she is Grace Note and you must not Hold her too long.”

Major Scale took a breath and exclaimed “G, don’t rush in so Soudantly.”

“Don’t talk back to me, you Oboe, or I’ll give you the Air,” shouted Bass Note with a deep chest Tone.

With that Major Scale and Bass Note started to fight, and, as Major Scale did not Measure up to Grace’s father, things looked rather black for him. Just at the crucial moment, Miss Crowthers came running up, Vivace-like, and

handed Major Scale a Baton which he eagerly grabbed, and by striking Bass Note over the head with terrific force, knocked him down and out.

“Let us hurry and get Tied up,” exclaimed Major Scale.

“Fine,” said Grace.

So saying, they hurried down the Clef and ran until they reached a chapel. Here they were married by the old Italian priest, Father Arpeggio.

And Bass Note forgave them and offered his blessing.

“Be sure you make her happy,” he said, “because we do not want any Blue-notes in our family.”

So Major Scale and his wife lived in Harmony and Unison and it has been Recorded that their love-nest was Augmented by Triplets!

## ANNUAL DINNER PARTY

The annual dinner given by the Supervisors’ Department of the Institute of Musical Art took place Saturday evening, April 26th. Miss Hermann, President of the organization, acted as hostess, greeting the members of the Faculty, introducing the speakers and the entertainers. The Misses Salinger and Letterman and Mr. Starke, other officers of the Supervisors’ Department, assisted. This year’s graduating class includes two supervisors, the Misses Helen McPherson and Helen Tilly.

The Supervisors’ Organization is the outstanding group at the Institute. It fairly radiates school spirit, joyous comradeship and enthusiasm, besides evidencing keen interest in the studies, splendid mental and musical qualities, charm of manner and pleasing poise.

The speakers at the dinner commended them highly and stressed the importance of their future work in the schools of the country. Dr. Frank Damrosch, Dean of the Institute and Director of Music in the Public School from 1897 to 1905; Mr. George Gartlan, present Director of Music in the Public Schools and head of the Supervisors’ Department of the Institute; and Mr. George Hubbard of the Supervisors Faculty, addressed the gathering during dinner.

Members of the Supervisors’ Department then gave a musical program. George Sharp, baritone, sang, accompanied by Janet Grimler; Anna Blum, Harry Aleshinsky and Willard Briggs played a Mozart Trio for Viola, Clarinet and Piano; Lillian Townsend did two dances; George Sharp gave a sketch about the faculty members; the Supervisors’ Chorus sang brilliantly under the leadership of Mr. Hubbard. Jack Silver provided music for dancing.



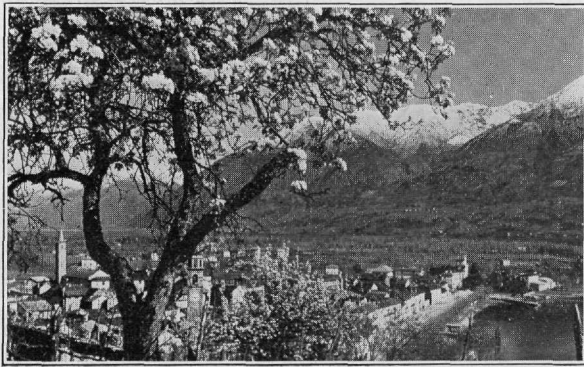
## SUMMER IS COME IN

### *An Old Song From Within Monastery Walls*

*Excerpt from a Letter Written by an Institute Graduate.*

While dwelling on personalities, there is one which particularly charms me because of the very mystery in which he is shrouded. A manuscript in the British Museum is his sole heritage to mankind, but it is that lovely Round, "Sumer is icumen in," the earliest secular composition in parts, far in advance of its time in both melody and harmony.

We made a trip down to Reading, twenty-nine miles southwest of London on the river Kennet, just before it enters the Thames. Still to be seen



*Where the white of spring blossoms vies with the white of eternal snows.*

in this town which the Danes made their headquarters in their invasion of Essex in 871 are the ruins of a Benedictine Abbey. John of Fornsete wrote his immortal composition, "Sumer is icumen in," (Sumer is come in), some where about the year 1226. So little seems to be known about his life that it is pleasant to let one's imagination fill in the details without having to adhere to definite facts.

He seems to appear dimly through the mists of dead centuries, his cowl drawn closely about his averted face which history will not let us see, yet there in a few square-shaped notes of red and black on bars of blue, he has put the spirit of summer into music. Not a churchly chant in the ecclesiastical scale of his monastic world, but a lyric song in canon form, the ground-bass of which sounds suspiciously like the droning bagpipe of the rustics. So John of Fornsete must have been a dreamer among the purple shadows of his cloistered life. Visions of his youth in dew-wet woods of springtime dawn, of a dance on the village green with some smiling country lass. Through the hushed stillness he must have heard the voices of out-of-door England, the call of life beyond the Monastery walls, for he has caught it all in his song of Summer.

## WAGNER THE MASTER

*(Continued from Page 6)*

ing whatever may come to us thereafter, I now well know that I never shall cease to love her alone."

Kobbé says that "Mathilde was the inspiration of all the great works which Wagner created after 'Lohengrin'—'Rheingold,' 'Walküre,' 'Siegfried,' 'Götterdämmerung,' 'Tristan und Isolde,' 'Meistersinger,'—even 'Parsifal,' to all these, in one way or another, she stood in intimate relationship. The first inspiration for the 'Rheingold' score came to him on that tour in search of health which he made with money furnished by Otto, doubtless on Mathilde's urging. Note by note she watched the 'Nibelung' scores develop, until again inspired by her, Wagner turned from 'Siegfried' to 'Tristan.' Needless to repeat here that she was his Isolde. . . . 'Meistersinger'?—Was it not she who recalled the subject to his mind? 'Parsifal'? He outlined it for her when it first began to take shape in his mind as 'Parzival.' 'Götterdämmerung'? It was not completed until years after Wagner's flight from Zurich; yet what is it but a continuation of the scores which Mathilde's 'dusk man' played for her in the music-room of the villa on Green Hill? She even knew something of his plans for 'The Victors' which he did not live to carry out. Even when Wagner reached back into the past and rewrote the Venusberg scene in 'Tannhäuser,' he was not content but that his plan and the reasons for it must be communicated to her in detail, in order that she might have a share in the work too! Mathilde Wesendonk was not a genius. But she inspired the mightiest efforts of the greatest musical genius who, as yet, has appeared upon the scene."

On the other hand Mathilde, in January of 1862, expresses her deep feeling for Wagner in the following letter:

"I have just been reading Schopenhauer's biography, and feel myself indescribably attracted by his character, which seems to have so much in common with yourself. The old longing came over me to gaze again into those beautifully inspired eyes, into the deep mirror of nature that is akin to genius. I thought much of our companionship. The rich world that you spread out before my child-like mind lay before me. My eyes rested with ecstasy on the magic structure. Faster and faster my heart beat with deep gratitude, and I felt that nothing of this would ever be lost to me. So long as I breathe I will strive, and that I owe to you."

A few years later Cosima von Bülow came into Wagner's life. Minna Wagner died in Dresden in 1866, and in 1869 Cosima secured a divorce from her first husband, Hans von Bülow, and married Wagner, whom she outlived by nearly half a century.

The death of Cosima Wagner at the age of ninety-three, was recently announced in the newspapers. It is said that Frau Wagner was one of the few remaining links with the Golden Age of German music, and to her and to Bayreuth, the shrine of music lovers of every nation, will be dedicated the concluding article of this series.



# Sunday's Stepchild

## Wedge versus Fudge

By Joseph Machlis

IT was eight o'clock, Sunday evening. The telephone rang. I had enough to be grouchy about without that. I gruffly called "Hello!" A voice sounded frightened. "Oo-la-la, and why so healthy a greeting? This is Lee, darling." I rejoined, "But I suspected as much—that's why." The imperturbable lady continued, "I know that you're dreadfully busy and all that, all you pianists are, but still,—I decided that it was a lovely night to do something in, so I've called up loads of people, and rolled up the living-room carpet so that we could dance, and prepared the walnut fudge for which you have such an unholy weakness, and I know you're coming, and . . ."

But here the cup of my misery overflowed. A cry of anguish broke from me. "Why, base temptress, do you delight in tormenting me? It is not enough that tomorrow morning at nine I have my keyboard-harmony class, at ten my theory, at eleven my piano lesson? Is it not enough that I haven't practiced a note today, haven't touched the transposition-work, haven't even begun the Sonata which I've been owing for two weeks? Is all this not enough, but that you must add to it with your talk of fudge and dancing? Fie, vile wretch, fie!"

Lee bawled into the phone the first measure of Tosti's "Good-bye." Indignantly I hung up.

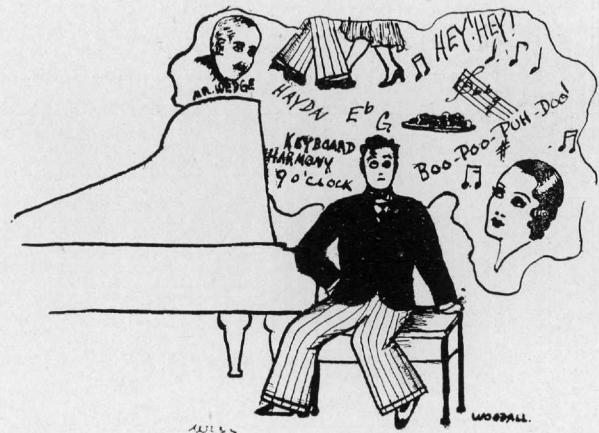
You may very well ask why all this work had been left for the last minute. I was always putting to myself that very question. As a matter of fact, I had nothing to do with it. The work just got itself left. Certainly you have heard of the people who were born too early in history; the first heretics who died at the stake; the first feminists who rode bicycles wearing bloomers. Just so there are unfortunates who have been born too late, and must therefore always be rushing about in a vain attempt to catch up. I need hardly point out to which accursed category I belong.

There I sat amid the gaunt shadows of Sunday night, with the clock showing already ten after eight. It took me five more minutes to decide which of my tasks I would tackle first. Finally I mapped out a satisfactory schedule. I would practice until 10. Keyboard harmony, with a soft pedal, so as not to bring down on my head the curses of the neighbors, until 11:30. And the Sonata until 1:00. After all, Haydn would have thought nothing of dashing off a sonata in an hour-and-a-half; and Haydn knew nothing of twentieth century speed. 8:15, 10, 11:30, 1:00—the figures balanced well. Alas, my son, put not your trust in figures.

Nowadays even a child—especially if it has been brought up on the modern methods of scientific peda-

gogy—will lisp to you: "Concentration is the first requisite of good practicing." Let the grim clock opposite the piano be my witness, how hard I tried to concentrate. I knit my brows, wrinkled my forehead, cocked my fingers, bent low over the keys. Again and again I attempted to keep my thoughts upon that mass of arpeggios, tremolos, and octave pyrotechnics which are intended to keep the meek St. Francis from sinking under the waves. No sooner had I mustered my thoughts than a little voice inside of me, defiant, mocking, struck up a recitative of its own.

"Little fool, little fool, why do you sit straining and fuming when you might be dancing with Lee and swallowing fudge? Do you forget that life is short and youth is fleeting? There will be time



enough, when you are fifty and rheumatic, to practice double-thirds. But now, while you still may, dance, be jolly. And what will it avail you if you do learn the St. Francis? There will only be something else to do next. Hurry, little fool, while there is still time!"

I glanced at the clock. I had wasted upwards of half an hour trying to fight the enemy within, the rebellious thoughts that would not stay fixed upon work. If only one could dam the stream of consciousness! But it was a vain struggle. With a groan I closed the pages of the glorious Franz—who knew so well how to be merry or sad—and opened to my keyboard-harmony assignment.

Four clefs. Read soprano down a third, alto down one, tenor up one; no, alto up one, I mean. . . . The little black dots squirmed before my eyes, scuttled across the printed page, forgot their churchly gravity and did a Charleston. Goggle-eyed and dizzy I tried to decipher the mysteries of those intensely



## KIMBERLIN



PIANOS

S R

A E

OR

L N

E T

Rent to Apply  
on Purchase

Special Prices to Students

Fine Used Steinway Pianos

Every Piano Guaranteed

J. I. Kimberlin Piano Co.

117 EAST 34th STREET

Phone CALedonia 8996

## The Parnassus Club

605 and 612 West 115th Street

New York

Your Nearest Broadway Cafeteria



## WHIFFENPOOFEL CAFETERIA

On Broadway, bet. 121st & 122nd Streets  
(Opposite Union Theological Seminary)

Food fit for the President. Prices to fit every purse. A 10% Profit-Sharing Discount Ticket free for the asking. Our \$5.00 Meal Tickets save you an extra 5%. Sleep as late or arise as early as you like, and a Hot Breakfast will be waiting for you every day, and Sunday too, from 7:00 to 11:30.

MEAL HOURS:	Daily	Sunday
Breakfast ..	7:00 to 11:30	7:30 to 12:00
Luncheon ..	11:30 to 2:00	Closed
Dinner .....	5:15 to 7:45	Closed

## SAVE MONEY

Bring this ad with you and you will be allowed 25c on any meal amounting to 50c or more.

moving voices. Fiery arrows of pain darted along my forehead. The inner voice lifted its mocking cry.

"Little fool, little fool, did you notice today in the wind, a new soft caress, the first whisper of a promise? Soon it will be spring, when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of exams. Remember what Uncle Pio says to the Perichole: We shall be old soon, we shall be dead soon. What will it avail you then to read four clefs, and transpose down a major third? But now there is laughter and dancing and fudge at Lee's. Why do you torture yourself, little fool? Hurry!"

Now, I ask you, in the face of such a barrage, can one read what was meant for G major in B flat major? The pains in my forehead were shooting out of all bounds. I glanced at the clock. It was half after nine. I hurled my much-abused "Kufferath" into a corner of the room, mopped my forehead, and opened my manuscript book.

Of all musical forms the Sonata is indisputably the noblest. What broad grandeur there may be in the annunciation of the first theme; followed by the lyrical outburst of the second, almost coquettish by contrast; say, like a Frenchwoman pursing her lips. What possibilities lie in the development section! The Frenchwoman, a little fickle, has suddenly decided that. . . . But no! In the noble simplicity of the recapitulation, peace and love are restored once again. Or perhaps. . . . Thus I plotted my Sonata, with the best of questionable motives. I might even have brought everything to the happy ending. But once again the mephistophelian inner voice made itself heard, this time with a note of sadness.

"Little fool, little fool, why will you be obstinate? See, it grows late. The night will soon be weary, the fudge will soon be eaten, and still you tarry. Over a Sonata—of all futilities. Who remembers the motets and Sonatas of Czerny? Who looks at the Sonatas of Grillparzer and the horde of Beethoven's forgotten contemporaries? Why should you be sitting now, alone and miserable, grinding out a sonata? What matters it? Of what importance? Hurry! Hurry!"

Suddenly I understood. My lips loosened in a happy smile. To the devil with work, duty, and the higher things of life. I snatched hat and coat, and remembered that Lee's phone number was . . .

Under "Sunday, February 2nd," I find the following note: "Left everything unfinished and ran off to Lee's. Stuffy crowded room, had headache, was bored, stupid talk, bad food, rotten music, insipid people. Came home late, sleepy, grouchy, work undone. Will never go again, honestly! Why can't people leave one in peace? Why must they drag one out? After all, if one loves his work as much as I do, what need of all these fripperies? Never again!"

Under "Sunday, February 16th," I find a similar note. . . .



# A WEALTH OF MATERIAL FOR VIOLIN TEACHERS

## A PRACTICAL METHOD FOR THE VIOLIN

By Nicholas Laoureux

Adopted by the Conservatories of Brussels, Amsterdam, The Hague, Glasgow, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, and the principal Academies of Belgium, Holland, Rhenish Prussia, France, South America, etc.

### PART I: Elements of Bowing and Left Hand Technique

By means of cleverly adapted movements, the pupil is taught how to hold both bow and violin in a wholly correct manner. Illustrated with several graphic photographs; followed by 60 pages of progressive exercises .....net 1.25

#### Supplement to Part I

Thirty progressive studies in the first position preceded by preparatory exercises.....net 1.25

### PART II: The Five Positions and Their Employment

Together with a practical study of *démanché*. Fifty-six pages of studies .....net 1.25

#### Supplement to Part II

Twenty-eight progressive studies preceded by preparatory exercises. net 1.25

#### PARTS I and II

In one volume (without supplements) .....net 2.25

### PART III: School of Bowing

Preparatory studies to the Kreutzer, Fiorello and Rode studies.....net 1.25

### PART IV: Virtuosity of the Left Hand

Exercises in the form of *legato* scales, *arpeggios*, double stops, etc., net 1.25

#### SPANISH EDITION

PART I.....net 1.25

PART II.....net 1.25

Supplement to Part II.....net 1.25

PART III.....net 1.25

PART IV.....net 1.25

#### Gammes et Arpèges (Scales and Arpeggios)

Within two octaves and in five positions. Intended for pupils of the second grade.....net 1.25

Send for complete descriptive  
Booklet

## FOLK AND MASTER MELODIES FOR THE YOUNG VIOLINIST

Vol. I—First Position Only—75c

Vol. II—First Position with Occasional Third—85c

Vol. III—First and Third Positions—\$1.00

By Wesley G. Sontag

In these three books of material for teaching purposes, the author and compiler, Mr. Wesley Sontag has brought together with new ideas, a distinctly different view in the music, children should play in the early stages of study.

Folksongs make up a greater part of this first book—but each has been set into the idiom of the violin, and in most cases the piano accompaniments have been newly supplied by Mr. Sontag.

A chief feature of the first two books, is the system of grading, and cataloging the technical points covered in each piece of music, which will be of valuable assistance to the teacher in selecting material for study. Therefore a pupil can start at the beginning of the books and in passing through each piece, will experience either a change in key, bowing, metre or rhythmic design of the measure. There are also included suggested grouping for recital programs.

This book can also be used effectively in connection with music history and appreciation courses as it contains all types of music—excerpts of orchestral—string quartet—violin—violoncello—song and wind instrument material, which is arranged chronologically.

G. SCHIRMER [Inc.] 3 East 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.



# STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



THE FIRE BIRD, painted for the STEINWAY COLLECTION by ROCKWELL KENT

The completion, in 1910, of Stravinsky's remarkable ballet, "L'Oiseau de Feu," marked the appearance of a new and gigantic figure among contemporary composers. The flaming brilliance of its orchestration, its startling harmonic innovations, first stunned and then fascinated the musical public. . . . Today it is among the most popular of program numbers.

IN THE light of the advantages enjoyed by the owner of a Steinway piano, its extraordinary prestige is at once explicable. . . . For he experiences a unique pride of possession in the

enjoyment of this beautiful instrument. He feels a deep and intimate pleasure in the music drawn from it by his family, or by himself. And he knows that his own tastes, and those of his children, are constantly the better for its refining influence.

Yet with the single exception of the concert grand, every one of the six Steinway models is a home piano, designed to meet a special condition of income or acoustics. Each is a true Steinway, incomparably rich in tone, magnificently responsive. It will serve you, as only the best things can serve you, all your days. And

there lies the real index of economy. You need never buy another piano.

A new Steinway piano can be bought from

**\$875 up**

Any Steinway piano may be purchased with a cash deposit of 10%, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall  
109 West 57th Street, New York