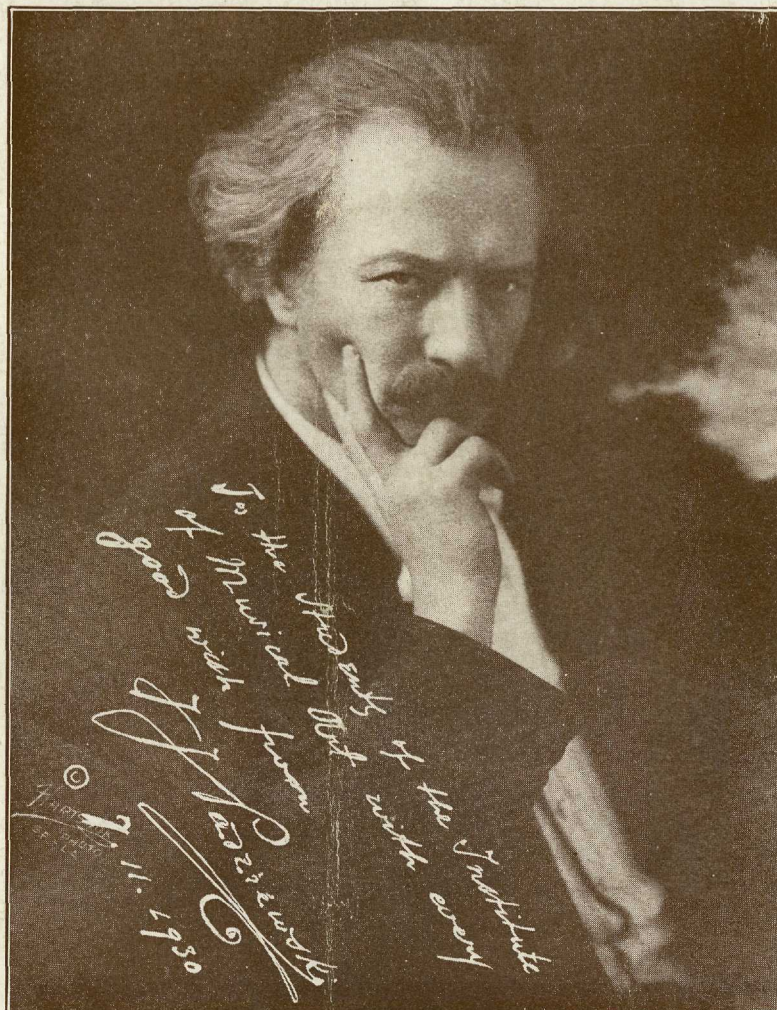


# The Baton



*Published by*

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

NOVEMBER, 1930

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

### Before the Public

*Dr. Frank Damrosch* was recently awarded the gold medal of the Society of Arts and Sciences "for distinction in music and for services to and for the dissemination of knowledge of the musical art."

*Katherine Bacon*, Artist Graduate of the Institute, gave a piano recital at Town Hall on October 18th.

*Sidney Sukoening*, also an Artist Graduate, made his New York debut at Carnegie Hall on November 2nd, following concerts in Leipzig, Dresden, Vienna, Budapest and London. During the last year, which he spent in Europe, Mr. Sukoening studied piano with d'Albert and Fischer and composition with Paul Hindemith. The New York program included his own "Theme and Variations" dedicated to James Friskin, who was his teacher when he attended the Institute. While in Germany, Mr. Sukoening was invited to play a program of American music for the Society of the Friends of the United States, whose President is Professor Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, grandson of the composer.

*Catherine Carver*, who received her Artists' Diploma in piano last June, gave several successful concerts in Europe this summer.

*Jeannette Epstein*, also an Artist Graduate of last June, achieved great success by playing Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" at the American Festival in Baden-Baden, which her teacher, Mr. Friedberg, conducted.

*Lillian Gustafson*, winner of an Artists' Diploma in singing, gave a concert in August in conjunction with the Royal Swedish Navy Band at the Stockholm Exposition. There were ten thousand people in the audience!

*Bernard Wagenaar*, member of the Institute Faculty in the Theory Department, conducted his "Sinfonietta" last summer at a festival in Liège, celebrating the centenary of Belgium's independence.

*Karl Kraeuter*, Artist Graduate of the Institute, and a member of our Faculty, gave a violin recital at Town Hall on November 5th.

*The Elshuco Trio*, of which Mr. Kraeuter is a member, will give four chamber music concerts on Tuesday evenings, November 11th, December 9th, February 3rd, and March 3rd. Mr. Willem Willeke, founder of the Trio and also its 'cellist, leads the Institute's Orchestra.

*The Musical Art Quartet*, three of whom—Sascha Jacobsen, Louis Kaufman and Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff—are Artist Graduates of the Institute, will give four chamber music concerts on Tuesday

evenings, November 18th, January 6th, February 17th, and March 24th. Mrs. John W. Garrett, wife of the American Ambassador to Italy, took the members of the Quartet to Italy last summer. They gave recitals at her beautiful home in Capri, as they had often done before in the little theatre of Evergreen House, the Garrett's residence in Baltimore, Maryland.

*Lillian Fuchs*, Artist Graduate of the Institute where she studied violin with the late Franz Kneisel, was married on August 19th to Mr. Ludwig Stein. *The Perolé String Quartet*, of which Lillian Fuchs is viola player, Julian Kahn (Artist Graduate of the Institute) 'cellist, and David Mankovitz (an Institute graduate), second violinist, made its New York debut at Town Hall on November 4th.

*Mr. and Mrs. William Kroll*, the former a member of the Institute's Violin Faculty, announce that a violinist was born to them last summer!

*Naom Blinder*, who teaches violin at the Institute, will be soloist with the National Orchestral Association at Carnegie Hall on Nov. 18th.

*Olga Zundel* and *Sascha Gorodnitzki*, graduates of the Institute, have been chosen to play at a concert in Carnegie Hall on November 21st with eighty members of the Philharmonic-Symphony led by Rudolph Ganz.

### The Baton

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# Reminiscences

## *Holiday-Making in a Castle*

By Mrs. Frank Damrosch

I KNOW that the readers of THE BATON will be greatly disappointed that their Director is not able to send his usual contribution to the first issue of the new school year. They will be glad to hear that he is recovering slowly but surely from the tedious illness of the last few weeks. He has asked me to tell you about his summer and I will do my best and hope you will be lenient with my shortcomings.

We spent six beautiful weeks at our summer home in Maine and then sailed on August 2nd on the "Bremen" for Europe. The ship is so big that by the time we had walked the length of the deck we thought we were almost across the Atlantic! The orchestra on board was unusually good, and Mr. Damrosch took great pleasure in writing to the company to tell them so, and to ask them to grant a request from their leader for some much needed additional instruments. He had the satisfaction of receiving a very appreciative reply with a promise to do all they possibly could in the matter.

We landed in Bremen and went directly to our destination, Hallein, a charming little place about ten miles from Salzburg. Half an hour's walk from Hallein brought us to "Schloss Haunsperg" and there we spent four very happy, peaceful weeks. The Castle was built in the fifteenth century and is now the property of Countess Marie Thun-Hohenstein. Every year a few people have the rare privilege of spending the summer with Count and Countess Thun and it is so great a privilege that I think we were two very fortunate people to have had it. The castle has lovely grounds surrounding it and from our windows we looked across the meadows to the snow peaks beyond.

From the lovely old chapel which is a part of the castle a shady walk led to the garden gate and across fields covered with meadow pinks. We often walked to the little village of Oberalm with its quaint old houses and gay gardens. During our stay Oberalm celebrated its thousandth anniversary and one of the most picturesque things I have ever seen was the pageant which the villagers had arranged for this celebration. A week later the pretty town of Hallein celebrated its seven hundredth anniversary which, while it was not as charmingly naïve as that of Oberalm, was equally picturesque and interesting.

Perhaps it will interest you to know that Gruber, the composer of the lovely old Christmas song, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," lies buried in Hallein. Every Christmas Eve the children of Hallein, carrying lighted candles, march to the little churchyard and standing around the grave, sing the old song, "Silent Night, Holy Night." One of the floats of the pageant was in memory of Gruber.

There were children grouped about a lighted Christmas tree, singing as they went by.

There was only a small group of people at the castle. We had gone there in order to be with our dear friends, Mrs. Gericke and her daughter. Mr. Gericke conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra for many years and really made it the wonderful organization it is today. Among the other guests were Bruno Walter and his family. He conducted the greater part of the music of the festival in Salzburg. Many of you heard him conduct the New York Symphony Concerts when he was here as guest



*Dr. Damrosch on shipboard this summer.*

conductor a few years ago and know what a wonderful musician he is and how fine and true he is both as a musician and as a charming gentleman. I hope America may have the honor of welcoming him in New York again.

One of the most delightful evenings we had was a quiet one "at home," when he talked of the art which he loves and when he spoke of his unbounded admiration for Toscanini. Otto Roth, who for many years was a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and who now lives in Vienna, was another delightful guest. We were a very happy and congenial family!

The broadminded intelligence and the gracious charm of the "Lady of the Castle," Countess Thun, make every day there a holiday and bring something never to be forgotten to those who have had the privilege of living under her roof.

We drove to the countless beautiful places that make that part of Austria such a lovely setting for a summer vacation. It is a country of beautiful lakes and mountains and of the most friendly and lovable people in the world. One day we drove to Ischl, where Brahms stayed so many summers and where our own Franz Kneisel and Louis Svecenski spent many summers with him. The "Brahms House" is still shown to visitors.



Salzburg was so near that we went into town very often, sometimes just to see the many interesting places in this most picturesque old city and sometimes to hear some of the music of the festival which takes place every year during the month of August. Of course you know that Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in Salzburg on January 27th, 1756, and that the music played during the festival is chiefly his. The "Mozarteum," the Salzburg Conservatory, was founded through international interest in keeping up, in the home of Mozart, the ideals and traditions of his art. In the great cathedral of the city, there are daily concerts on the organ on which Mozart himself once played, and there are weekly performances of his beautiful masses.

From one of the hills you can see the Castle Leopoldscron, once the home of an Archbishop and now belonging to Max Reinhardt, who is the general director of the festival.

Our first opera was Beethoven's "Fidelio," conducted in the Festspielhaus by Schalk of the Vienna Opera. It was very well done and Lotte Lehman, who sang Fidelio, was excellent both as to voice and acting. She is on her way to America to give some recitals which I am sure will be very fine. The orchestra is the Vienna Opera House Orchestra and is excellent when properly led. Our next performance was Gluck's "Iphigenia," conducted by Bruno Walter, and while there were no extraordinary singers, the whole effect was fine because Walter made it so. The least satisfactory performance we heard was Mozart's "Don Giovanni," conducted by Schalk. The "Don" was admirably sung



*Hallein, a charming little place near Salzburg.*

and acted by a famous singer from Stockholm, but he sang in Italian while the rest of the company sang in German and gave encores (in true Italian fashion). The whole performance was so incongruous and inartistic that we left after the first act. It seems a pity that the management did not make use of an excellent German singer who sang in most of the operas and who would have made the performance at least a harmonious one. We heard Clemens Kraus conduct Mozart's "Figaro," and enjoyed much of it.

"Don Pasquale" (Donizetti) was worth a trip to Salzburg. It was beautifully sung and acted under

Bruno Walter's direction and altogether by far the best performance we heard. It was given on a small stage in the "Stadt-theater," while the other operas were given in the "Festspielhaus," to my mind a rather crude and unattractive place. The festival includes some dramatic performances and we saw a most delightful old Italian comedy by Goldoni, given in German and exquisite in every detail.



*The fifteenth century castle where Dr. and Mrs. Damrosch spent four happy weeks.*

The dramatic climax of the festival is the old miracle play, "Jederman" ("Everyman"). When the weather permits it is given in the great square in front of the cathedral and we were fortunate enough to see it there. The setting is marvelous. The actors appear from all directions and one has the feeling that it is a thing that is really happening and not a play that is given over and over again. Max Reinhardt tried to get permission to use the cathedral bells at a time when they are not usually rung, and failing to get it, he simply timed the performance so that the bells rang just at the moment when he needed them. It is a wonderful experience to have heard "Jederman" in the great cathedral square in Salzburg.

After four delightful weeks in "Schloss Haunsperg," we went to Munich for a few days and spent one day with Mr. James Loeb at his marvelous country place near Munich. The name of James Loeb is surely known to every teacher and student of the Institute, which owes its existence to his understanding generosity.

From Munich we went to Amsterdam for a short visit to friends and then to a beautiful place in Surrey, England, where we stayed until we sailed for home on the Aquitania on September 20th, which ends the story of the last summer.

I know that all at the Institute are eager to see their Director at his desk again. He sends you his greetings and hopes that before long he can greet you, not only in THE BATON, but shake you by the hand, hear your work, and wish you well.



# Leopold Auer

## *An Appreciation of a Great Master*

By Irving Kolodin

THE death of Leopold Auer, on July 15th of this year, parted another thread in that fraying tie which binds us, musicians and music-lovers of today, to the ideals and accomplishments of yesterday. Pupil of Dont and Joachim, contemporary of Brahms, Wagner and Tchaikowsky, and teacher of Elman, Heifetz and Zimbalist, his span of life embraced eighty-five years of music and music-making, during a period in which the progress of music marched in giant strides. When he was born, in 1845, Mendelssohn and Schumann were still alive, Wagner an obscure conductor in Dresden, and Brahms a boy of twelve. He lived to see the revolutionists of his boyhood become our revered "classics"—and in these later years, when the surface of music has marvellously expanded, he remained a figure unsurpassed in his own sphere of activity.

To us, Auer was the teacher par excellence, a notable companion, in the annals of the Institute, to Kneisel, Goetschius, Willeke, Friedberg. But to an older generation, his fame was primarily as an executant, an artist of the very foremost rank. The elements of violin-playing he learned in Budapest from Kohn and Jakob Dont. When he was thirteen, lacking funds to continue his studies, he left the Conservatory, concertizing through Austria and Hungary to support his family. Finally, in 1861, he arrived in Hanover, and commenced to study with Joachim. For two years he lived there, assimilating the teachings of that great artist, till the ever-present need for money could be no longer denied and he was forced to resume his concertizing. Ferdinand David invited him to play at a Leipzig Gewandhaus concert, and he was immediately recognized as an outstanding performer. In 1863 he became konzertmeister of the Düsseldorf orchestra, where he remained till 1865, when he was appointed to a similar position in Hamburg. In 1869, through the influence of Rubinstein, then director of the Imperial Conservatory in St. Petersburg, he succeeded Wieniawski as professor of the violin there, a post which he held for forty-eight years, till the revolution of 1917 forced him to leave for Christiania. During these years his activity is measurable only by the variety of ways in which music can be performed. . . . He was soloist to the crown through the reign of three czars, he conducted the symphony concerts, he formed a quartet which included Korgueff and Davidov, the 'cellist, he appeared frequently with Rubinstein, he was an intimate friend of Tchaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazounow—and he taught.

As his public musical career reached its zenith (when in Berlin in 1895, shortly after the death of Tchaikowsky, he played the violin concerto, and conducted the Sixth Symphony and the Francesca

da Rimini fantasy of that composer) his powers as a teacher began to be recognized internationally. In the next year his first great pupil, Sophie Jaffe, appeared in Berlin and was pronounced "a feminine Sarasate." In 1903, Elman, then eleven years old, played in Paris with the Orchestra Colonne, an event uncommonly auspicious considering the prejudice of Colonne against infant prodigies. His success there was repeated in Berlin, Munich and London, and with the acclaim for the boy came a realization of the greatness of his master.



*Leopold Auer as we remember him.*  
(Courtesy of Musical America)

From this point on, Auer's career as a pedagogue is a familiar story. His class in St. Petersburg became the center of the violinistic world, and membership in that group was sought as the essential and infallible imprimatur of virtuosity. At one time his students included Heifetz, Seidel, Francis MacMillen, Kathleen Parlow, Isolde Menges and Cecilia Hansen. These, of course, are the celebrities, and the list is but a selection. That Auer had magnificent material to work with is obvious, and that violinists not Auer pupils, have enriched our musical life is equally obvious. However, it is indisputable that his moulding of these extremely gifted and receptive students was of a singularly true and discerning quality, unparalleled in that day.

What precepts he imparted, or to what "system" he adhered, can never be summarized; for to him each new student was a problem apart, a personality to be analyzed, appraised, assisted. He abhorred conformity, and strove to develop, in his gifted stu-



dents, to the ultimate degree the inherent qualities that each possessed. The illustration of this is simple—his greatest trio, Elman, Heifetz, Zimbalist. Probably none of his other students received as much of his influence as these, but they emerge now, in their maturity, as markedly individual performers, exponents each of an art highly sensitized and utterly personal.

In a general way, his ideas on practise, technique and interpretation are applicable to any instrument. He stressed unwavering concentration as the indispensable element in effective practise. "Unless," he would say, "you are practising with the utmost concentration of which you are capable, you are not practising at all. With most students, practise consists of perfecting their mistakes." He would encourage students to rest frequently, believing the mind capable of only thirty or forty minutes of in-

bow well in the fingers, and the wrist flexible. Interpretation to him was primarily playing with beautiful tone. . . . He would exhort his students to "sing, don't fiddle." Also he would say, "Playing without accentuation is like food without salt." And, finally, "You can be important to the world only as a musician, not as a violinist."

His students are unanimous in the opinion that they invariably played better at their lessons than at home. One very hot day, Ruth Breton played for him the Chausson Poeme; throughout he urged her to "Sing," implored "More." Finally he sat down exhausted, saying, "This is no piece to teach when it's eighty in the shade." Sometimes an entire lesson would be devoted to a detail of a shift of position. Again and again he would rework the passage, seeking to achieve a swift, inaudible change. At length he would nod approval, knowing that

such a detail mastered would affect vitally the ease of a student's entire playing. Or he would become engrossed in a difficult run. Countless repetitions would ensue, each time more insistent. Finally, stimulated to unbelievable effort, the student would surmount the difficulty, and Auer would relent, saying, "Now, it is correct." Turning to his assistant he would say, "That is the Auer method."

This sketch of a fruitful, incalculably valuable life would be false lacking a salutation to the one quality which Leopold Auer abounded in above all others . . . enthusiasm. About this man there was no calm acceptance of old age as a refuge from the world, and a gradual decline into reverie and rest, into the ease which he had so fully earned, and richly merited. He remained ever alert and vital, militantly alive, attentive to the newest music, nourished by his infinite zest, sustained by a joy in creation, and pride in his craft. We at the Institute have a singularly rich heritage to treasure. Leopold Auer came here when he had been



*The funeral of Professor Auer drew a gathering of celebrated friends. Mrs. Auer is seen between Jascha Heifetz and Mischa Elman.*

*(Courtesy of Musical America)*

tense application. Thus, four to five hours' work would consume an entire day. As for slow practise, Oskar Shumsky, who had the last lesson Professor Auer gave, records that his parting advice, before he sailed for Europe last spring, was, "Continue to practise slowly and carefully." In developing technique he would stress most that the instrument should be played simply. Firm fingers on the strings, the left elbow high and unencumbered, the

for thirty-five years a master teacher, and it was here that his last teaching was done during the past spring months. No one who has ever seen that compact figure, valiantly bearing his eighty-five years, enter the building twice a week, will need to seek further for an ideal, or question the rewards of a life of teaching. We are all the poorer for his loss . . . an epoch has closed, and a personality has become a legend.



# La Douce France

## Life at Fontainebleau

By Suzanne Hotkine Avins

"LA DOUCE FRANCE!" A more apt title could hardly be found for so mellow, soft, and romantic a country. What a great deal of inspiration and culture it can offer Americans! Whosoever has seen its old, quaint, historical villages, magnificent churches, famous chateaux, treasure-filled museums, the lovely haziness of the countryside, and the majestic old forests, will agree that it is an experience which leaves an indelible impression.

A few other Institute students and I had the great joy of seeing these things this summer while we were studying at the Conservatoire Americain, at Fontainebleau, France.

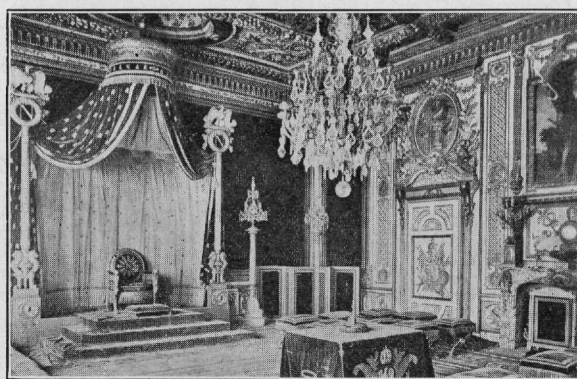
Fontainebleau is situated about thirty-five miles from Paris. Because of its great natural beauty it has been the summer center of all royal houses from the thirteenth century to the time of Napoleon. The palace is architecturally very interesting, for each king added some part to it. Consequently the whole is now of charming irregularity, representing various periods.

As we go through the heavy, gold-edged gate we enter a large, cobblestoned court which leads to the palace. It is called "La cour des adieux," for there it was that Napoleon Bonaparte bade farewell to his troops. How he did miss Fontainebleau! Afterwards, in tropical St. Helena, he referred longingly to it as "the true house of kings, the house of the ages." An interesting feature of the court is a horse-shoe shaped staircase leading into the main, center wing. The whole aspect of the court is fascinating, especially at dusk when everything grows dim and reserved, wrapped in a delicate haze peculiar to France, and when the towers offer us the sight of their grandiose silhouettes against a slowly darkening sky. It is then that one's imagination can not help dwelling on the various epochs of history. It is then that each cobblestone tells a million tales of sad or glorious days. If we remain there till dark (a privilege granted only to students living in the palace) and if the moon spreads its light over the scene, then we have a sight of unforgettable beauty.

On the palace grounds is a carp pond which shelters a good many carp born a number of generations ago—they say one hundred years. There dwell two lovely swans which constantly remind one of kingly romances of far gone days. Nearby are the English gardens with their colorful and neat parterres and a winding brook running through wooded nooks. An invitation for present romance. . . . Advancing toward the gardens one is spell-bound at the sight of a most sumptuous terrace with its dashing fountains, splashes of color, innumerable statues.

The palace is shaded by a forest where a few

steps from any road bring one to absolute silence and solitude. Such a forest is usually believed to exist only in the realm of the imagination, but here was an actual one for us American students to enjoy and explore. This was made very easy by many inviting paths. We used our bicycles on them to advantage! Almost every student of Fontainebleau rides a two-wheeler whether he has done so before or not. It was very funny to see the novices learn-



Napoleon Bonaparte's throne in the palace of Fontainebleau.

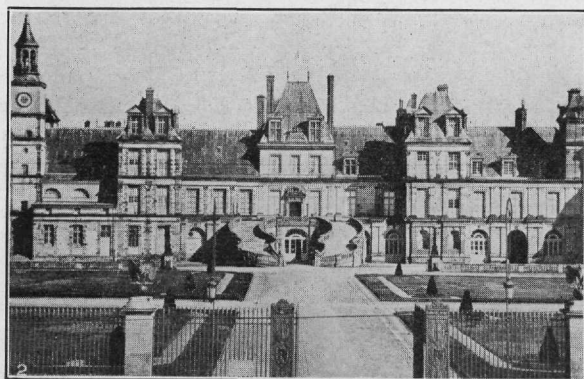
ing to ride—many a flop took place on the "Place" in front of the palace. But such lovely sights as we afterwards saw on our trips rewarded our pains indeed! We explored the entire vicinity. Pictures showing some of the old villages we passed through do not do full justice to their real quaint attractiveness.

Such is the beauty of Fontainebleau that it has drawn a great many artists and poets as, for instance, François Millet, who toiled obscurely at Barbizon, a little town nearby. His "Angelus" was inspired there, and we rode by the actual meadow represented in that painting and stopped to visit the house where all his masterpieces were created. Rembrandt and Corot, as well as Robert Louis Stevenson drew inspiration from the forest.

It would be difficult to think of a place which is more eloquent of beauty and high human aspiration than Fontainebleau, and France has cordially opened the doors of this palace to American students. All classes are held in the palace, music classes convening in the Louis XV wing. Each class room is of majestic size, overlooks the English gardens, and is equipped with a grand piano and antique tables and chairs. Music students have the privilege of living in the same wing. My room was above the gardens and the pond, and I could often see the swans beneath my windows when they came to rest in the sun. A feeling of peace and majesty pervaded the grounds. But if we craved



noise we could have plenty of that, too. All we had to do was to get close to the practice studios, which are situated up in the attic rooms, presumably the former servants' quarters. We reach them by walking up a winding narrow staircase and once we get to the top, lo! it is like Bedlam! Such a conglomeration of sounds is not easily heard anywhere else. Pianos, pianists everywhere. We walk on along the very narrow and mysterious hallway, each side of which is lined with practice rooms. Pianos, pianists everywhere, right, left, ahead and behind. But once we get in our own studio, shut the door, and begin our own practicing, we become quite oblivious to anything else.



*La Cour des Adieux.*

Our teachers were Isidor Philipp and his assistants for piano, and Nadia Boulanger for harmony. It is needless to emphasize the fact, already well known, that it is a great privilege to study under such great masters, even if for only a few months, but one cannot help speaking enthusiastically of Isidor Philipp's sincere and fine teaching. As for Nadia Boulanger, she is a very great musical educator of profound insight, vast knowledge and soaring inspiration.

Twice a week we enjoyed instrumental and vocal recitals by professional artists. The harp, flute, harpsichord and organ were among the instruments played. Masquerade balls and dances were part of the summer's schedule, and afforded a great deal of fun. It was most interesting to mingle with art and music students from all over the United States.

May I also mention our dining room activities? We enjoyed not only good French food served by dainty French waitresses, but also champagne on many occasions. Heavenly!

But when examination time came (it exists there, too) we began to feel some of the earthly pangs we did not know could exist in Fontainebleau. When they were safely past we realized that the months had flown by and that it was time to pack and return to our friends in the United States, and to resume our activities there. And so we left Fontainebleau, not, however, without great hopes of being able to enjoy its beauties again in the near future.

## HARBOR MISTS

*A Suggestion for Newcomers*

If you would see New York thoroughly and proportionately, begin with Battery Park, where for two hundred years most visitors entered the island and where no one except an occasional immigrant or a very distinguished guest of the city ever enters it for the first time any more. Take elevated or subway southward, sink yourself in the latest afternoon edition, and forget external things until the guard calls "All out!" and you ascend or descend to that bit of faded greenery—now fighting a losing fight against gases and vibrations—with which the city fathers have so happily capped the island. There the harbor lies open to view, always misty and mauve-gray and very busy. Through the mists which soften these waters even on the brightest day, rises the soft, blue-green splash which is the Statue of Liberty. Against the distant Jersey shore grow forests of masts and cranes. And through the mists between, hurry the craft of the second harbor in the world for tonnage and importance, the first for bustle and ado. Fussy tugs seem to elbow aside long barge-loads of freight cars; ferries and multi-windowed passenger steamers, plying up the Hudson or the Sound, dispute right of way with rusted, streaked, Atlantic freighters; the liners with high-bred manners thrust their sharp bows out of the haze and turn their stately courses to right or left, according as they are minor nobility of the South American, West Indian, or Panama Pacific merchants or the very great ladies which ply to Southampton or Liverpool, Havre and Cherbourg.

From a steel mast above you streams the American flag. At almost the same point stood a pole which for more than a hundred years flew the British ensign. In order to make it harder for the patriots, the British, on departing forever, nailed their colors to the peak, and greased the pole. In my school days, "American History for Children" used to tell the story of that young patriot who shinned up the pole grease and all, and changed the colors at the masthead. Whenever I climbed a tree I used to play that I was that glorious boy.

The Aquarium Building was a fort from which thirty guns poked their noses over the water. When in 1833 the increasing range of naval guns called for a more distant line of defense, the fort became the Castle Garden Opera House. Here in the fifties came Jennie Lind to sing herself into the hearts of New York with "The Last Rose of Summer." She was perhaps the first among the great foreign artists to feel the characteristic hospitality of New York audiences; Forrest, her eminent predecessor in such a venture, stirred up an Anglophobic riot. Not even Caruso, in the early years of this century, created such a furor. The antique shops of Madison Avenue are selling even to this day those Jennie Lind rum-bottles out of which our rustic chivalry used to drink her health.

*—From Highlights of Manhattan.*



# IMPROVISATIONS

On Institute Themes

TWO of the greatest pleasures of a summer vacation are telling of one's own experiences afterwards, and listening to the accounts of what one's friends did and saw. So . . . a few members of the Faculty, happening to be seen by members of THE BATON staff as they went from one lesson to another, were asked to relate the most interesting events of the summer months.

Mr. Friedberg went first to the Riviera—Cap Ferrêt, between Bordeaux and Biarritz, and later to Baden-Baden, where, as is his custom, he held a master class. He also played the Schumann Concerto, among other things, at the annual Baden Festival.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Henderson left early in May in their new Packard Eight, for Miami, Florida. From there they drove up the east coast to Georgia, through the Cumberland Mountains to Virginia Hot Springs, White Sulphur Springs, across Pennsylvania and up to New London, New Hampshire, where they stayed for two months. Afterward they went to Canada, stopping at Quebec, Murray Bay, Calais and Halifax. They drove the entire length of the Atlantic seaboard, totaling nearly nine thousand miles!

Mr. James Friskin went to London for five weeks, and then visited various parts of England and Scotland. While in Edinburgh he played several Beethoven Sonatas over the radio, and in Yorkshire played the Beethoven G major Concerto with orchestra.

Professor Serge Korgueff stayed most of the summer at Hanover, New Hampshire, teaching and taking short trips in his new car. "I am not used to driving a very powerful car," he exclaimed. "One little motion of your foot in this one and you are all of a sudden way ahead! A smashed garage door taught me that you cannot joke with such machines!"

Miss Lonny Epstein spent most of the vacation with her family at Frankfurt. While in Germany she gave several radio programs, one being devoted entirely to the compositions of Mozart. She also went to Switzerland and from there to Baden to hear the music festival which Professor Friedberg directed.

Mr. Edouard and Mr. Gaston Dethier spent a quiet vacation at their summer residence at East Blue Hill, on the coast of Maine. They both taught extensively, having under their instruction the Philharmonic scholarship pupils.

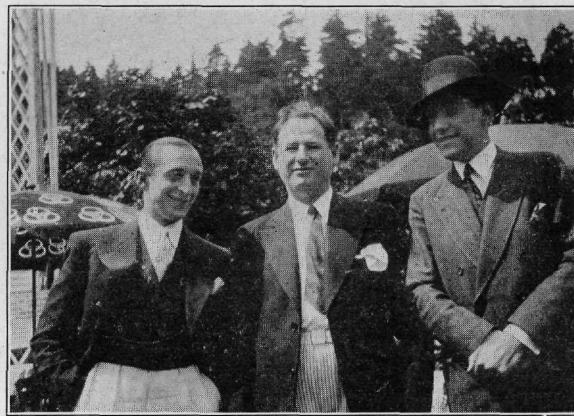
Miss Whiley spent about a month in England and Ireland and then joined Miss Soudant in Munich. They heard Tannhäuser and Tristan at Bayreuth, Queen Marie of Roumania being also in attendance at the former, which Miss Soudant thought a fine performance. "Mr. Toscanini's beat was most

virile; I felt that the singers had never done the opera at such a tempo before."

They saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau, but were somewhat disappointed in it. "It seems now to be an entirely commercial affair, and therefore lacking in the proper spirit. The play is given in the open, of course, and as it was bitter cold and rained continually it was most unpleasant for both actors and spectators. We sat in our heaviest clothes, wrapped in blankets taken from our beds!"

On their way back to the United States they encountered a cyclone. Miss Soudant, fascinated by the sixty foot waves, was not frightened until after the storm, when the captain, who had not slept during it, confessed that their safety had depended upon his being able to change the course of the ship at the right times to take advantage of favorable winds.

Mr. Evsei Belousoff went abroad intending



Vladimir Horowitz, Evsei Belousoff and Gregor Piatigorsky at Karlsbad.

to elude things musical for a few months. But though he managed to escape music, its makers were constantly with him. He climbed mountains with Horowitz and Piatigorsky at Karlsbad, spent a week in Paris with Mischa Elman exploring interesting old streets and browsing in antique shops, and went to Danzig to see his brother, who is a violinist. Then on to Lucerne, Interlaken, Geneva, Deauville, Havre and home.

"I have never used an umbrella so much before—I discovered what a useful part of life it really is! During the three weeks I was in Karlsbad it rained every day. Remembering the last two summers, which I spent in California where the sun always shone, I concluded that my share of rain had been saved up for me and I was being repaid all at once!"

On the return crossing there were several musi-

(Continued on Page 14)



IN the early post-war days a group of slightly embarrassed gentlemen was gathered in an official chamber of the Polish Government to await the arrival of the newly appointed Premier of the land, Ignace Jan Paderewski. The purpose of the meeting was to transact affairs of state and the cause of the embarrassment on the part of these gentlemen was a very great uncertainty as to how a musician, a pianist, a purveyor of gigue and minuets, was to be approached on the weighty matters at hand. Finally he arrived and in the wake of formal greetings there followed a most painful silence. Presently the desperate glance of one sufferer alighted upon a grand piano in a far corner of the room. As if inspired he addressed the new Premier, "Mr. Paderewski, would you care to play for us?" To which he was answered, "Why, certainly, gentlemen, if you care to dance to the tune I shall play." The profundity as well as the wit of that remark is self-evident and displayed unmistakably the mettle of their man, a mettle which since the beginning of his professional career has been successfully subjected to the acid test of pleasing serious-minded critics, dilettanti, and a general public which became intoxicated with enthusiasm. Wars of style and technic have been waged, standards of taste have changed, artists have risen and gone into eclipse, but Paderewski has retained an eminence which only the greatest artists of the ages have won. It remains only for his contemporaries to lay what tribute they can at the shrine of his art.

He looks back, today, on a life such as the great men of history might envy. His hair is gray, but his bearing still informed with that mild and stately grace which has always lent romantic charm to his public entrances. He prefers to say nothing of what must have been the most soul-trying experiences of his life, the turbulent days when he struggled almost single-handed to bring Poland through the period of her reconstruction. But when one asks him for the sum of his life's great experience, he gives it all in a few unforgettable words, "I can tell you only this; I have fought some good battles."

Ignace Jan Paderewski's childhood was as full of color and of tragic happenings as was his subsequent career. He was born on November 6th, 1860, in the village of Kurylowka in the province of Podolia, that part of Poland which was at the time and still is, Russian.

His father, John Paderewski, belonged to the Polish land-gentry, which formed the bulk of the Polish nation, essentially agricultural. His mother, née Nowicka, was the daughter of a professor of the Vilna University, whom the Russians had exiled to Siberia for being too patriotic. Thus it happened that the mother of the future liberator of Poland was born in Kursk, a Siberian town to which Russia deported most of her political offenders.

## Ignace P

Artist and

By Albert

In 1863, during the last Polish insurrection, Ignace suddenly became deprived of parental care through the death of his mother and the incarceration of his father for having participated in the patriotic uprising. At the age of three, the pianist-to-be witnessed the burning of his village, the slaughter of its inhabitants, and cried his heart out at the sight of ruthless Cossacks leading his father away to jail. During the few months' absence of the older

Paderewski from home, the little Ignace was looked after by his sister Antoinette, but two years his senior.

These gruesome events probably were responsible for awakening in the soul of the youth the patriotic feelings which later had so much influence upon his destiny.

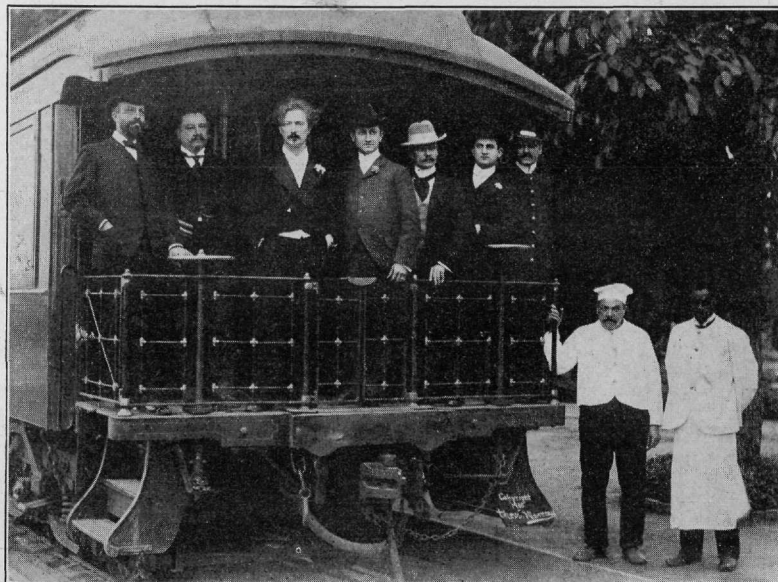
From early childhood, Ignace had shown a liking for music. At the age of five he felt an irresistible attraction to an old and primitive organ which stood in his father's house, so he tried his little hand at it. The sounds produced would have rejoiced the ears of many a modern composer, but in 1865

such music was still regarded as incoherent cacophony.

"No performance of mine since," says Paderewski, "has ever proved so gratifying to me personally as this first attempt—it all seemed so easy."

Naturally the attempt was reported with the result that, at the age of seven, Ignace was placed under the direction of a teacher who happened to be a violinist. He knew little about piano-playing but enough about music in general to teach the child the rudiments of the art and the reading of notes.

At thirteen, Paderewski was told by his father that he was old enough to prepare for earning his own living. Consequently he was sent to Warsaw where he studied piano under Janotha and Roguski, making sufficient progress in four years to be granted the first prize in piano-playing at the Conservatory of Music and at the age of seventeen becoming a teacher in that institution. Later he studied composition under Frederick Kiel in Berlin and



*Paderewski on tour in his private car, with dignitaries of the gay nineties.*



# paderewski

Statesman

Kirkpatrick

from there proceeded to Vienna where for two years he worked under the guidance of the old master, Leschetizky. His concert appearances before this had been as a composer playing original works, which career he undertook in order that his compositions might obtain a hearing. The celebrated actress, Modjeska, was one of those who most strongly urged him toward the concert stage. His path to fame was no meteoric flight. At his Vienna debut the hypocritical pupils of Leschetizky's class found little to admire either in the original "Theme and Variations" or in the performance of the young artist. But Leschetizky, affectionately called the "old man," was not deceived. "You will have need to learn the pronunciation of that young fellow's name," he said.

That need, as Mr. Paderewski smilingly affirms, is still felt here and there at the present time. A prominent government official who was to introduce him at a dinner in his honor, came to him beforehand and, giving four possible pronunciations of his name, asked which was right. Replying that none of them was, Paderewski gave the correct one—the third syllable accented and pronounced "res," the w silent. This the official painstakingly repeated several times. But when the moment for the introduction came, he suddenly turned chancicler and announced that he had the honor to present the great pianist, "Pa-dee-roo-ski."

After the Vienna debut came Paris, a year later. Several moderately successful concerts led to an engagement with the Lamoureux Orchestra, after which he became the lion of the season. "For my first Paris recital I had one program, no more. But this concert was such a success that within ten days I had an opportunity to give another. I did so by infernal practising."

London, being sceptical of the ardors of her more ebullient sister city, raised an enquiring brow and decided to hear and see for herself. After three

recitals things began to thaw. "The power of fantasy, peculiar to his race," was strong upon him, they found. "He has that curious magnetism which enchains the public," was their comment. It is just that element of fantasy which began so quickly to upset a world ever too starved of such fare.

The facts of the American sequel are too well known to bear much repetition. Paderewski became a sort of national epidemic. The fever rose to a pitch it had once before reached at a concert of Jenny Lind and gave birth to stories as fabulous as those which pursue her memory. One is related of a gentleman who strayed unwittingly into a concert hall where a Paderewski performance was to take place. He was mildly surprised to find no one but ladies present; thousands of these, however, all dressed in white and bearing sheaves of roses. At his entrance they arose with one accord, waving handkerchiefs and demonstrating the greatest enthusiasm. This surprised him rather more, and though being unused to such wholesale appreciation,

he managed to make his way down the aisle bowing politely and secretly cursing the agent who had placed him on a front seat. Once there, he discovered that the scene had been enacted not for him, but for a tall, slender young man "with an aureole of golden hair" who had come onto the stage and was proceeding in a studied manner and with an eccentric gait toward the piano! However, our press was not wildly enthusiastic from the first. The usual comparisons were made. Although they recognized the talent of the new pianist and were impressed by the romantic simplicity of his bearing, they did not immediately hail him as great. But



*The young Paderewski in his studio.*

while the critics were making up their minds, the public decided for itself. During his six months' stay in America, Paderewski gave no less than 107 recitals. During his second season here he made the first of his extended concert tours, receiving wild acclaim. Crowds lined the streets to greet the private car in which he travelled and often impeded progress to and from concerts. Whole schools marched to hear him. He rapidly became an institution of whom criticism is a less than graceless task.

President Hoover once made a lamentable attempt as impresario for Paderewski. That was when the former was a college youth of twenty and a student at Leland Stanford University. Young Hoover tried to earn his way by bringing musical artists to town. This he did in cooperation with another student. Their greatest venture was a contract made for a recital by Paderewski, the fee for the artist being two thousand dollars, a huge sum for the mid-nineties.

Paderewski arrived in town. His manager went to see how the concert was going. It was not going at all well. In fact there were two desperate young men, facing the problem of not



having enough money in the box office to pay the fee of the artist, to say nothing of local expenses.

The manager took the two youths to Paderewski. They were in mortal fear that he would not play and were prepared to ask if he would play half a recital and take all the money there was.

Paderewski, according to Hoover's story, greeted them cordially and offered them some long Russian cigarettes which he used to have made for him in Kiev. Then he asked them all about it—why they were giving concerts, how much money they had, what their local expenses were. When he had from them a clear statement of their assets and liabilities, he told them to take out enough to pay all their expenses and to give each of them a hundred dollars. He would be satisfied with the rest. For this he promised to give an entire recital, which he did!

Some of Paderewski's rarely expressed views on music and teaching are the more interesting for their infrequent hearing. He prefers Grieg's songs to his piano works and Brahms' chamber music to his piano pieces. He worships the romantic Chopin, Liszt and Schumann, but that does not prevent his enjoyment of Mozart and Beethoven. He is able to love Bach and Schubert and at the same time to be a thorough Wagnerite. "For Parsifal," he says, "you ought to go to Bayreuth; for the Meistersinger to Vienna; for Tannhäuser to Dresden."

Paderewski has not made teaching a serious part of his career since he became famous as a virtuoso, but he has at least one celebrated pupil, Ernest Schelling. From his early conservatory days Paderewski knows what teaching means. "Anyone who takes up piano playing with a view to becoming a professional pianist, has taken on himself an awful burden, but to me better than the awful drudgery of giving lessons. Speaking for myself, the one is only Purgatory, but the other—Hell. To teach or play the piano or any other instrument we must commence at the beginning. The pupil must first be taught the rudiments of music. When those have been mastered he must be taught the technic of his instrument. The chief aim of every teacher should be to impart a correct technic and to enable his pupils to play any composition at sight with proficiency and correctness. But how much, or rather, how little of this sort of teaching is practiced by many so-called music teachers! Some really competent music teachers have assured me that of all the pupils who come to them to be 'finished' not one in ten has been taught to play all the major and minor scales in all the various keys." For piano playing he recommends much self study, "diligently and patiently seeking for the composer's meaning, playing each doubtful passage over and over again in a variety of interpretations, and striving most earnestly to satisfy oneself which is the most nearly in harmony with the composer's ideas. There must be no hard and fast rules—one must learn to feel. All depends on the mood and atmosphere." That also appears to be the spirit of the teaching of Paderewski's master, Leschetizky.

That Paderewski is a remarkable orator, with five languages at his command, was demonstrated dur-

ing the war days when the fate of his country practically depended upon the power of his tongue to sway the Peace Conference. Walter Damrosch has a story indicative of his linguistic skill, which ought to be the gem of any collection. "When he first came to America," tells Mr. Damrosch, "his English was very incomplete but even then he demonstrated his grasp of it in unmistakable fashion. One evening he, my wife, and I dined at the house of very dear mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Cowdin, in Gramercy Park. Cowdin had all his life been an enthusiastic polo player, and after dinner Paderewski and I admired some handsome silver trophies which he had won and which were placed in the dining room. I said, 'You see the difference between you and Johnny is that he wins his prizes in playing polo while you win yours in playing solo.'

"'Zat is not all ze difference!' Paderewski immediately exclaimed in his gentle Polish accents. 'I am a poor Pole playing solo, but Johnny is a dear soul playing polo.'



*Ignace at the age of eleven.*

Mr. Damrosch heard him make a speech on Poland during the Exposition in San Francisco in 1915 before an audience of ten thousand, in which he gave so eloquent a survey of Poland's history and of her needs and rights, as to rouse the people to a frenzy of enthusiasm, which convinced him that Poland owes her national existence today to his statesmanship and to the sympathy which his personality created among the Allies at the Versailles Conference. Colonel House pronounced him to be the greatest statesman of the Conference, and it was the cynical Clemenceau who said to him: "Monsieur Paderewski, you were the greatest pianist in the world and you have chosen to descend to our level. What a pity!"

"He is highly gifted as a composer," says Mr. Damrosch, "and in addition to a very interesting



and spiritual symphony, I remember with keen pleasure his opera 'Manru,' which Maurice Grau brought out at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1902 and which I conducted.

"I think that if Paderewski had been willing to sacrifice his marvelous career as a piano virtuoso (and that would have been a great sacrifice) he would have become one of the greatest composers of our time. It does not seem easy to unite the two careers, as they are essentially at war with each other. Liszt, the only man with whom I can compare Paderewski, recognized this fact, and at forty years of age resolutely turned his back on virtuosity, with its life in the public glare, its excitements, crowds, and emoluments, in order to devote himself to composition."

Paderewski's American home, if he can be said to have any permanent abode here, is in California. Temporary boredom was responsible for his buying it—a twenty-six-hundred acre ranch devoted to the cultivation of almonds, prunes, grapes and walnuts. At the advice of a friend he had gone to Paso Robles to rest in the midst of one of his tours. He had no sooner settled down in the local hotel for what he intended to be a very short stay than a terrific storm arose, causing all railroad service to be interrupted for more than a week. After a few days Paderewski became desperately bored. Like all true Poles, he has a passion for land, and so he sought diversion by buying the ranch which has since become his most treasured possession. Whenever he is in this country for a season of concerts he insists on having three weeks set aside, entirely free from recitals, so that he and Mrs. Paderewski, who is as devoted to California as he is, may enjoy the spring there.

For many years Paderewski's official home has been in Morges, Switzerland, on the shore of Lake Geneva. His chateau, known as Riond Bosson, is situated on a ridge from which can be seen the waters of the lake and the magnificent panorama of the Savoyan Alps. Half of the grounds are woodland—firs, beeches and poplars. In one corner is the sheepfold containing the descendants of the celebrated sheep given to Paderewski by the President of Argentina in 1911. In another corner are fruit trees, whose apples, peaches and pears bring exceptionally high prices in the market, and in another part are the chicken houses which shelter Mrs. Paderewski's remarkable chickens. She was formerly greatly interested in cross-breeding various species, and had extraordinary results.

If a record had been kept of those who have been entertained at Riond Bosson during the past thirty years, it would be a veritable Golden Book of celebrities—musicians, painters, sculptors, writers, poets, statesmen and men of affairs. Whenever Paderewski has been at home, he has kept open house. His hospitality is famous among all who have been fortunate enough to visit his Swiss Chateau.

A sentiment he once expressed at a public gathering is peculiarly applicable to himself: "No man,

however great, can be above his nation, or beyond his nation. He is the seed of her seed, a portion of her, blossom of her bearing, fruit of her ripening; and the greater, finer, and stronger he is, the closer he lies to her heart."

## A MESSAGE

*From Dr. Percy Goetschius*



*Daddy Goetschius, always remembered and beloved.*

It is not often that I pen a greeting to THE BATON, but I think of Institute friends very often indeed, and always with most pleasurable feelings. I have a horror of being forgotten by some of my dear old associates in the Institute—I can not count at all on the present students, for most of them have never known me; and, I suppose, even among the older ones who did know me, my image is fading. Well, I am enclosing a snapshot that we took this summer in the Crawford Notch, White Mountains, and although it was "light-struck" in the centre, it is a good likeness of me and, incidentally, of the Silver Cascade! If you think it will interest the readers of THE BATON, you may put it in there.

*Daddy Goetschius*

## VARIATIONS ON A FAMILIAR THEME

There seems to be originality among the new crop of Preparatory Center pupils. The prize for a brand new excuse goes to one of the boys. He arrived an hour late for a piano lesson and with great concern explained that he had overslept a little and the painter had varnished the living-room floor so he couldn't get out. He was assigned a later vacant period to make up his lesson. At that time he arrived without his books and said that the painter had put on a second coat and marooned them on the piano.



## Opera

### *To Be or Not to Be*

Opera seems to be the musical football of the present season, reposing innocently in midfield while the factions for and against it crouch hopefully or menacingly, as the case may be, on either side of it. Like all good little footballs it goes on from scrimmage to scrimmage not much the worse for wear though whole teams go down in the fight. And should the score come too close to a tie, it takes only a Mr. Gatti to kick a goal and opera once more rises from the earth to soar between the goal posts triumphantly.

Prima donnas, impresarios, critics and even the esteemed President of our Juilliard School are in the fray. The mere public reads one day that Geraldine Farrar believes opera will endure; the next, that Mary Garden proclaims its only future to be in the talkies; Mr. Erskine believes that American communities want to see and hear their own talent on the operatic stage; Mr. Olin Downes replies that "outside of evanescent local vanity, we are inclined to doubt this, to believe that the average American who listens to an opera wants to hear singers of reputation."

Mr. Downes further voices the belief that native opera and enthusiasm for opera will be widespread when there appears a composition genuinely American in spirit, distinctive in style and workmanship, of a sort that reflects a native point of view and meets American taste. He cites the success of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in America as supporting this contention. And Mr. Erskine very wisely adds that the libretto must be such that a reader "can read it and maintain his self-respect!"

The theories expounded by Mr. Downes in regard to light opera versus grand opera will be set forth in another issue. Suffice it to say now that during the heat of battle Mr. Gatti sits calmly aloof ready to produce during the current season the latest operatic opus of Mr. Deems Taylor based upon a play of widespread interest and romantic appeal, "Peter Ibbetson." And lavish with stars for the cast, he promises not only Lucrezia Bori, conceded by many to be the greatest singing actress of our day but Edward Johnson, whose English diction alone would make him of vital importance in the title rôle, quite aside from his superlative art and distinguished histrionic gifts. And of particular significance is the presence in the cast of Lawrence Tibbett, one of the outstanding American singers of today, whose public is drawn not only from among opera and concert goers but from the vast movie populace.

But that is not the only event worth noting in our city's opera season. There is besides Bori, Ponselle in "Norma," Jeritza in a Wagner revival, "The Flying Dutchman," Fleischer in "Don Giovanni," Rethberg soon to come, Gigli, De Luca and other great artists of whom we shall say twenty years from now that none are their equal! In other words it would seem that the foundations of the Metropolitan Opera House remain unshaken by the recent squalls.

## IMPROVISATIONS

(Continued from Page 9)

cians aboard the ship who enjoyed contract bridge. Among them were the pianists, Münz and Mirovitch. "We played constantly, except at meal time, as we were all pretty good sailors. A rough passage? Well, perhaps it was, but we had our worst storms at the card table!"

Mr. Wedge, cornered among the 'cellos in his new office, averred that he went to Europe to rest. "I didn't try to do any sightseeing (or singing!). I did play a little golf and wished it would stop raining—which it suddenly did. The thermometer rose to 93 degrees in the shade and as I had only heavy clothes I decided rain was preferable after all. During the first part of my vacation I was so tired that mere surroundings didn't interest me much. Some day if I ever have time I'm going to get out a map



*Belle Soudant tells it to the deer of Munich in quadruple meter.*

and see where I was! Fortunately we escaped the severe storms which everyone else seems to have encountered on the way back. The sea was like glass all the way and the captain said it was the smoothest passage he had experienced in thirty-four years!"

Signora Diana Toledo spent most of the summer at Venice, where she heard Lucia di Lammermoor at La Fenice. She also heard a concert by her compatriot, Beniamino Gigli, of the Metropolitan Opera. From Venice she went to Rome and then to Sicily. While there she climbed a high mountain, from the top of which the whole island is visible. A beautiful scene, which, she states, compensates one for the arduous ascent.

Mrs. Dunham, who usually drives to California during the summer, went by train this year in order to have more time there. She was at the University of California during the summer session, and gave several concerts.

One needs a map to visualize the extent of Miss Dessoff's travels! First she went to Italy and Greece, realizing a lifelong desire to experience their beauty. "We motored through Greece, which to me

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# Musical

## *Lemon or Cream?*

By Joseph Machlis

**A**ND how many lumps of sugar? You simply must try one of these sandwiches. Pimento, mayonnaise and olives. Perfectly delicious. Whatever else they may say of dear Agnes, she does know her olives!

Oh, is that lovely young man going to play some more? I thought that part of it was over. Is he beginning already? And look at me, with two trays in my hands. No, don't bother, my dear. I'll sit down right here, next to you. Thank you so much. Oh yes, I'm perfectly comfortable.

You're quite a musician yourself, I've been told. How lovely. It's so much nicer to listen when you're with someone who really knows. Someone who can give you all the fine points. Don't you think so?

What was that? . . . I didn't quite hear you. The Chopin Fantasy? How nice! You know, I adore Chopin. He wrote the Funeral March, didn't he? At old Aunt Agatha's funeral, our church organist—my dear, it was perfectly beautiful. Of course, Aunt Agatha never did like me very much. When the will was read, it turned out that . . . oh, well, never mind. But I do love Chopin.

You know I think music is such an ennobling influence. I said, ennobling. So hard to talk in a whisper. I always say, there's nothing quite like music and flowers. In fact, I once wrote a paper about it for the Women's Club. "Music and Flowers." The ending was very moving. It went something like this . . . "And when, in the last reaches of the death-bed, we slowly sink in to the Great Beyond, let soft music, and the sweet scent of flowers, accompany us. Music, divinest harmony of the soul. And roses—the nectar of the angels." Do you really like it? I'll show you the rest of it when you come to visit us sometimes.

My, look at his fingers racing over the keys. He has a marvelous technique, hasn't he? Of course, it's all in the practicing. How do I know, you'll ask. Will it surprise you to hear that I was quite a musician myself, once? Yes, piano. I said, piano. Professor Luigi thought I showed great promise. But, of course, I gave it up later. Mother felt a girl needed a career only if she didn't get married.

Of course, I come from a musical family. In the blood, so to speak. In the blood, I said. Father had a lovely bass voice. And Uncle Luther played the trombone. Yes, the trombone! Once, in the Decoration Day parade, he . . . but that's a long story. I'll tell it to you when you come to see us sometimes.

My sister Bertha and I took from Professor Luigi. Bertha had a great deal of patience. She was the quiet type, you know, and a little cross-

eyed. She loved to practice—it kind of gave her something to think about. Why, that girl could spend four hours a day on scales and exercises. Professor Luigi used to say that if only I had had Bertha's patience. . . . What he meant was, with my talent I could have gone very far. Very far, I said.

Bertha grew quite advanced. She used to play "Rustle of Spring" and the "Second Hungarian Rhapsody, Simplified." Of course, not with much expression. But she had technique. My, yes. I never got further than "The Maiden's Prayer." It went something like this—Oh, I can't hum with him playing so loud. I'll hum it for you when he gets to a soft part. Oh, you know how it goes? Well, I learned "Maiden's Prayer," and after that I sort of didn't have the patience to learn anything else. You know what I mean, I had the music in me. But the practicing. . . . Though, of course, I didn't want to give it up. Even then I felt that music is an ennobling influence. Besides, Professor Luigi said . . . Ah, there was a genius for you! He had an olive complexion, and black curly hair, and marvelous eyes. He looked a little like Ramon Novarro, only he was much taller. When he played "The Maiden's Prayer" his face used to become so dreamy. I said, dreamy. His pupils adored him. Of course, people used to say. . . . But then, what don't people say?

The two Romney girls across the street also took from him, and the three Pfeiffer sisters—you know, the Philadelphia Pfeiffers. Well, we all had a crush on Professor Luigi. There was excitement aplenty, I can tell you. We used to compare notes. When he whispered "pianissimo" he used to look right into your eyes. And when he murmured "legato," his hand sort of lingered on yours. Exciting? You know how girls are. But my sister Bertha did all the exercises. She was just the type.

Once Aunt Agatha came for a long visit. She wasn't a very sweet-tempered old lady, and Father was her favorite brother, of course. That evening we all trundled into the drawing room. Father sang the "Lost Chord" and Uncle Luther performed on his trombone. And Bertha played "The Dying Poet." Then Aunt Agatha turned upon me. "Well, what do you know?" I played "The Maiden's Prayer," since I had forgotten all my other pieces. At the end Aunt Agatha said to my Father, "It's a disgrace, wasting money on that hussy." Aunt Agatha never did like me, you know. I sort of perked up when I spoke to her. So Aunt Agatha says, "Stop her music lessons at once. As for Bertha, she'll never amount to anything anyways, but she deserves a teacher who knows his business." That's how Aunt Agatha was. And everyone put



up with her because . . . you know how those things are.

Is he almost through? You will have another pimento when he stops, won't you? Well, I'll just tell you what happened the following day. Professor Luigi came at the usual hour. I was left alone with him in the drawing-room. And I thought I'd break the news to him gently. You should have seen how that man carried on. You know, geniuses are so temperamental. "You stop?!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands. His eyes filled with tears and he broke out into a flow of his own language, jabbering away at a terrific rate. I just knew from the far-away look in his eyes that he was saying something awfully sweet. I was never so thrilled in my life. I couldn't quite make out whether he was proposing marriage, or an elopement . . . You know, Latins are so romantic. I was just beginning to pin him down to brass tacks, when the door bursts open, and in marches Aunt Agatha herself.

Never—never till my dying day—will I forget that scene. "You quack, you faker, you organ-grinder you!" she cried, stamping her umbrella. Aunt Agatha always went into battle with an umbrella. While he, frothing at the mouth, running his fingers through his hair, spluttered, "She—who is this woman?" Oh dear! It was exciting, I tell you. . . . Afterward, the Romney girls insisted that Professor Luigi carried on in the same way when he heard that they were stopping to take.

It was his way of keeping up business, they said. But I didn't believe a word of it. . . . Oh, has he finished? Now wasn't that lovely. The Chopin Fantasy, you said? Perfectly lovely.

You must come to see us sometimes. I'm thinking of giving a musicale too, soon. Do you think you could play for us? That would be most awfully sweet of you. Don't bother, I'll take the trays. Thank you so much. . . . Lemon or cream? And how many lumps of sugar, my dear?

## IMPROVISATIONS

(Continued from Page 14)

was very inspiring, though the country is not very fertile. However, there were masses of azaleas and rhododendron growing wild in the meadows—great patches of color. But the most charming feature of the Greek peninsula is its irregular shore line, the myriad little bays and promontories making a fascinating combination of land and water. One returns from Greece a new person. The intangible influence of remote ages does something to one there."

From Greece she went to Constantinople, whose minarets, "rising needle-like against the sky, glistened as the sun's rays shone on them through a mist;" then on into Asia Minor. "There is no way of describing the color of the Near East. You have to see it, and then you can't believe it. Dusk comes very quickly and lasts only three or four minutes—a deep purplish blue of such intensity that one is overcome with awe. The sunrises, too, are magnificent." After several weeks in the Engadine, her favorite part of Switzerland, and in Germany, she sailed for America. Not far from the Irish coast the ship struck a very bad storm, and many of the passengers were injured. Miss Dessoiff says that when the boat docked in New York she looked as if she had been in a prize fight (she was badly cut by her trunk, which was tossed violently about her stateroom) and her friends did not recognize her!

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# Institute News

## Buildings and Books

By Elizabeth Stutsman

THE new students who came to the Institute in October found a small building, its size incommensurate with its reputation, standing (with dignity, however) in the midst of space and debris! They have doubtless wondered at the ham-



Karl Kraeuter of our Violin Faculty who gave an interesting recital at Town Hall on November 5th.

mering and other noises of building which often furnish an accompaniment, none too rhythmic, to their lessons. The pupils who attended the Institute last year, although aware that the Juilliard School was to move next door and that a new home was to be prepared for it there, were nevertheless astonished to find their own greatly diminished, and have been marvelling ever since at the ingenuity with which every inch of the original Institute building, which is all that remains, has been utilized. (That is, almost every inch; someone called attention the other day to the fact that as yet there were no classes in session in the elevator!)

In consequence of the demolishing of the annex, it was necessary to find sufficient space for the preparatory centre classes which usually meet at the Institute every Saturday morning, as well as for many other lessons. The Jewish Seminary and the Lincoln School have been most kind in their assistance in taking care of these classes. The rooms in the new building which will be needed for the Institute will be finished first. The present building will stay practically as it is, although the Dining

Room is to be placed in the new one, which will face Broadway.

The teachers and students can rest assured that everything will be done with due regard to their needs. Dr. Erskine has been exceedingly considerate and helpful during this transition period which is difficult for everyone concerned. The Director knows that he can count on the loyalty and cooperation of his teachers and his staff to help him meet these difficulties with patience and good humor, knowing that when the buildings are finished the Institute of Musical Art will have greater facilities for its work than ever before. The students can be sure that their studies will not suffer during this period provided they, too, put up with such small inconveniences as are unavoidable.

Details of the plans are not available for this issue, but at a later date THE BATON will be able to publish many interesting things about the new school buildings.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Trotter, charming hostess of the Reference Library at the end of the hall on the third floor, cordially invites the students of the Institute to intellectual tea. She serves refreshments (both musical and literary) every day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. The newest musical hors d'œuvres are:

Donor

- Religious Folk Songs of the Negro.....Sigma Alpha Mu  
(As sung at Hampton Institute.)  
Edited by Nathaniel Dett.
- St. Helena Island Spirituals.....Sigma Alpha Mu  
(Recorded and transcribed by Nicholas  
George Julius Ballanta-Taylor.)
- My Spirituals .....Sigma Alpha Mu  
Eva A. Jessye.
- 24 Negro Melodies.....Sigma Alpha Mu  
(Transcribed by S. Coleridge-Taylor.)
- 70 Negro Spirituals for High Voice.....Sigma Alpha Mu  
(Musician's Library.)
- Tutti le Opere.....Mrs. Elizabeth S. Coolidge  
(Monteverdi's complete works) edited by  
G. Francesco Malipiero.
- Neue Bachgesellschaft .....Dr. Damrosch  
(Two volumes.)
- Canticum Fratris Solis (score)....Mrs. Elizabeth S. Coolidge  
Charles Martin Loeffler.

One of the most interesting of the Library's recent acquisitions is the Malipiero edition of Monteverdi's music, a beautifully printed collection of the Italian master's entire works, unaltered.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, through whose generosity the Italian composer, Malipiero, was able to undertake and complete this colossal editorial task, presented a set of an edition limited to 250 copies, one of which was given to every musical library in Italy, to the Institute Library. Each volume is autographed by Malipiero, and the first one contains a small but exquisite portrait of Monteverdi.



Dr. H. Becket Gibbs, who gives a lecture course on "Musical Appreciation" at the Institute, had the pleasure of visiting Malipiero at his home in Asolo, Italy, two years ago and wrote an article for the May, 1929, issue of THE BATON describing the editorial activities of his host at the Casa Malipiero.

Former editions of Monteverdi by d'Indy in France and Orefice in Italy were not only limited to a small portion of his work, but were not strictly faithful. It was Malipiero's desire to give Monteverdi's music to the world exactly as he wrote it.

For the benefit of our language students we include here Malipiero's preface which explains the purpose and scope of the edition.

\* \* \*

Col "Primo libro de Madrigali a cinque voci" che è la prima opera completa che si conosca,<sup>1</sup> diamo principio all'edizione di "Tutte le Opere di Claudio Monteverdi."

Se questa edizione si potrà condurre a termine lo dovremo al generoso contributo di Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge e di Riccardo Gualino, e al disinteressato sacrificio di un musicista che, dedicando le sue ore di riposo alla trascrizione delle opere di uno dei VERI geni italiani, non per resuscitare un morto (le opere di Claudio Monteverdi sono rimaste prigioniere nelle biblioteche non per mancanza di vitalità, ma per un insieme di circostanze che nulla hanno a che vedere coll'arte musicale) ha voluto rendere un grande servizio alla musica, dimostrando ancora una volta come le grandi manifestazioni d'arte rimangano sempre "MODERNE."

In questa edizione non si troveranno nè amputazioni, nè deturpazioni dello stile. L'originale si riproduce integralmente e fedelmente. La prodigiosa sensibilità armonica di Claudio Monteverdi viene rispettata perchè non si considerano errori di stampa quegli "accidenti" che rappresentano l'espressione grafica di un musicista che non ha vissuto nel 1848.

Nemmeno si modificano le tonalità, quantunque si sappia che queste si trasportavano adattandole alle voci di cui si disponeva. Anche oggi, in caso di esecuzione, si può fare altrettanto.

Non si aggiunge il riassunto per pianoforte tanto caro ai dilettanti, ma per facilitare la lettera si adotta sempre la stessa distribuzione delle quattro voci: soprano, contralto, tenore e basso (col "quinto" che è soltanto la divisione di una delle quattro voci) e le sole chiavi di violino (il tenore si legge però l'ottava sotto) e basso.

Talvolta il tenore è troppo acuto tal altra il contralto è troppo grave: questi inconvenienti si eliminavano appunto trasportando le tonalità, o modificando la distribuzione delle voci, sempre conformandosi ai mezzi materiali che si avevano sotto mano.

Onde seguire l'esempio del "Divino Claudio," che voleva "attendere al canto e non alla prosa seguitando il Divino Cipriano Rore, il Principe di Venosa, Emiglio del Cavaliere et altri Signori di questa Eroica Scuola, e non attendere alle ciance et chimere" eliminiamo l'analisi e le inutili disquisizioni, lasciando che la musica parli da sé.

Chi desidera conoscere la vita di Claudio Monteverdi troverà altrove di che soddisfare la propria curiosità. Specialmente due scrittori francesi: Henry Prunières e Louis Schneider hanno pubblicato ottimi studi critico-biografici sul nostro autore.

Prima di chiudere questa breve prefazione non possiamo fare a meno di ricordare l'iniquità di certi critici contemporanei del Monteverdi, quali l'Artusi, Lodovico Zacconi e pochi altri, che pur essendosi ravveduti prima di morire, hanno tramandato a noi il loro nome contaminato dalla prova della loro malafede e della loro incomprendimento artistica. Che ciò possa servire di ammonimento ai degni discendenti dei sopranominati persecutori di Claudio Monteverdi?

G. FRANCESCO MALIPIERO.

Asolo, Agosto MCMXXVI

<sup>1</sup> Dei "Madrigali spirituali a quattro voci" (1583) e delle "Canzonette a tre voci" (1584) esiste soltanto la parte del Basso!

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