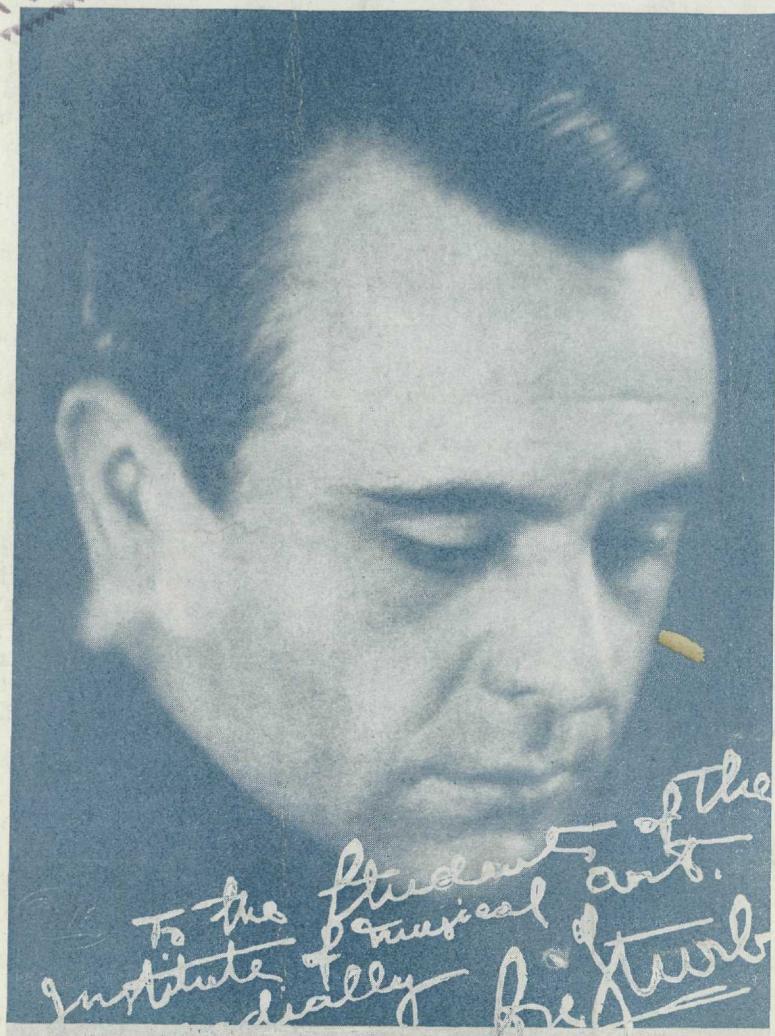


The Baton

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FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

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

Before the Public

The Institute of Musical Art celebrated its twenty-sixth anniversary Friday evening, January 16th, with a concert in the Recital Hall. There has been a similar commemoration on that date, the birthday of Betty Loeb, in whose honor the Institute was founded, every year since Dr. Damosch's dream of establishing a music school was realized. The program consisted of a cycle of seven *a capella* choral songs by Franz Philipp, sung by the Institute's Madrigal Choir under the direction of their leader, Margarete Dessoiff, and of Haydn's Quartet in D Major and Ravel's Quartet in F Major, played by the Musical Art Quartet.

Lonny Epstein, pianist and member of the Institute's Faculty; Hugo Kortschak, violinist, and Emmeran Stoeber, 'cellist, presented a program at the Institute on December 8th.

James Friskin, also of the Piano Faculty, gave a recital at the Institute on December 16th. Mr. Friskin and Emmeran Stoeber gave a sonata recital at Town Hall on January 12th.

The Musical Art Quartet, three quarters of whose members are Artist Graduates of the Institute, gave a chamber music concert on January 6th. Mischa Levitzki, one of the most famous of the Institute's former students, played with them the Brahms piano quartet in G minor.

Lillian Gustafson, Artist Graduate of the Institute's singing department, gave a recital with Frances Pelton-Jones at the Plaza Hotel on January 14th.

Beatrice Kluentner, an Institute graduate and a member of THE BATON'S Staff during her student days, recently gave two organ recitals at Park Slope Church, Brooklyn. In October she was soloist for the Argonne Post, American Legion. She occasionally plays at Temple Adeth Israel in New York City.

Katherine Bacon, Artist Graduate, gave her second piano recital of the season at Town Hall on January 24th. She will leave soon on an extensive tour of the west.

Frank Kneisel, graduate of the Institute's violin department of which his father, Franz

Kneisel, was for many years director, gave a violin concert at Town Hall on January 27th.

Walter Edelstein, also a graduate of the violin department, will play at the Guild Theatre on February 1st.

The Elshuco Trio, one-third of which, Mr. Kraeuter, is an Artist Graduate of the Institute; another third, Mr. Willeke, leader of its orchestra; and the three-thirds of which are too well-known to need explanation anyway, will present the third chamber music concert in a series of four at the Engineering Society's Auditorium on February 3rd.

Clara Rabinovitch, Artist Graduate of the piano department, will play at Town Hall on February 10th.

Alton Jones, of our Piano Faculty, was heard during the N B C Artists' Hour on January 4th. He will give a recital at Town Hall on February 11th.

Sascha Gorodnitzki, graduate of the Institute's piano department and winner of the Schubert Memorial in 1930, will appear in recital at Carnegie Hall on February 1st.

Henry Cowell, once a pupil at the Institute, gave three piano concerts in Havana during the Christmas Holidays, according to one of our Faculty members who spent the vacation in that beautiful city. Mr. Cowell gave two lecture recitals at the Hotel Ambassador and was soloist in his own

concerto with the Philharmonic Orchestra at the National Theatre (the Havana Opera House).

Abram Chasins, a former Institute student, also gave a piano recital in Havana at the Sociedad Pro Arte Musical in memory of Mrs. Giberga, the founder, who died recently. The program included a number of his own compositions, and his concerto, in which the Havana Symphony Orchestra assisted.

Clotilde, Teresita and Josie Pujol, well-remembered as pupils of Mrs. Bergolio and Mr. Hasselbrink at the Institute in recent years, are carrying on very actively their musical careers in Havana, their home city. They sent messages of remembrance to all of their friends at the Institute.

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What of Yehudi

Sidelights on Recent Activities

By The Editor

ANUARY of each year brings back to our concert halls the youthful violinist who has so endeared himself to music lovers the world over and especially to those in his native United States where, during his months of absence, the published cable dispatches from abroad describing this American boy's latest triumphs have been read with interest.

Yehudi Menuhin's artistic achievements are watched with particular pride by all of us associated with the Institute because we remember him as one of us if only for a brief period.

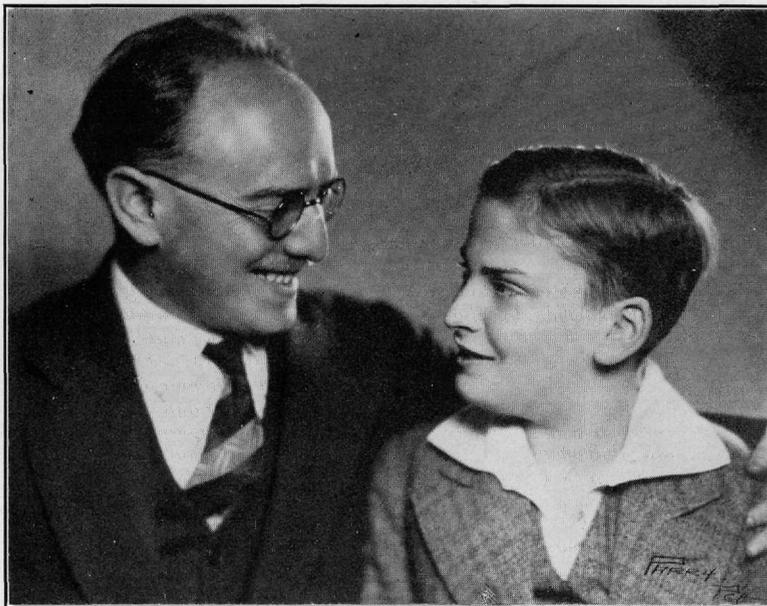
The cherubic youngster of eight who came every Thursday morning with his mother to our theoretic classes is still a vivid memory hereabouts. And Yehudi recalls those days also. It was practically the only time he received class instruction. With his younger sisters, Hephzibah and Yaltah, he studies with private tutors carefully selected by wise and discerning parents who see to it that the education of the young Menuhins is not a haphazard home study course but strict adherence to schedule with plenty of outdoor recreation besides.

Yehudi celebrated his fourteenth birthday this month and on the eve of this momentous date he was playing a recital to 3,700 people crowded into Memorial Hall in Columbus, Ohio. At the end of a brilliant concert while Yehudi acknowledged the thunderous applause with a shy smile and well-poised, short little bows, an usher came forth on the stage bearing a great white birthday cake with 14 sparkling candles, the gift of the Women's Music Club. The audience laughed and roared its approval while Yehudi blushing accepted it and bore it off the stage, returning to express his appreciation in a charming encore. So youthful a person, even if he is a great artist, may not eat such rich fare so late, nor could the cake be squeezed into his suitcases, so,

with his usual generosity, he asked the president of the Women's Music Club to let it be divided among the orphan children at the Schonthal Home.

Since Yehudi's departure from these shores last spring, he has spent long months in rest and practice quietly hidden from public attention in Switzerland and at a sequestered nook on the Riviera. He has gone over his repertoire with Professor Adolph Busch a number of times but the young violinist's present attainments may be said to be the result of his own mental processes and physical development musically and technically.

He has given concerts in Paris, London, Rome, Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, Cologne, Mannheim, Geneva and Zurich leaving a trail of rapturous enthusiasts behind him. They listen, they marvel, they adore and they give up trying to solve the enigma. Between his two New York recitals of the winter on January 2nd and February 5th, he has concertized in Boston, Rochester, Columbus, Chicago, Detroit and Grand Rapids. Later he



Yehudi Menuhin with Moshe Menuhin, his constant companion on every tour, his wise guide and devoted father at all times.

appears in Washington, D. C., Palm Beach, Montreal, Toronto and Cleveland.

While the young artist tours with his father, Mrs. Menuhin and the two small sisters of the violinist, maintain home headquarters in a spacious apartment on an upper floor of the Ansonia with an imposing view over the city and the lights of Broadway at night. Daily letters pass between the separated members of the family and a recent one from Yehudi still carries the tone of unspoiled boyishness which remains an important and gratifying characteristic.

The letter is dated January 17th from Rochester and in it he says, in part: "Yesterday we went out to visit Mr. Eastman. He is a very interesting man. He is 78 years old and until about two years ago he had the vitality of a boy of 18. He took trips to Africa and hunted lions and elephants and

(Continued on Page 6)

VICTORIA WILLEKE

A Tribute

The following lines written by Richard Aldrich in a recent issue of the *New York Times*, express better than anything we could write, our admiration of Victoria Willeke's courageous life and the deep sympathy we at the Institute feel for her family.

The death on January 15th of Victoria Willeke, daughter of one great musician and wife of another, came suddenly at the end, but it could not have surprised any of her many friends who have watched for ten years her gallant, her almost incredible, struggle against the terrible and insidious enemy, cancer. The case was a most unusual one. When first operated on ten years ago speedy death was expected. Yet several other operations followed and resulted in a prolongation of her life far beyond the common experience. It involved years of suffering, with periodical relief and with frequent intervals of almost normal activity; but with the end, so long receding, in sight as finally inevitable.

Victoria Kneisel was born in Boston in 1892, while her father, Franz Kneisel, was still concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. When he gave up that post in 1905 and came to New York to be the head of the violin department of the Institute of Musical Art, then newly established, and to make New York the headquarters of the Kneisel Quartet, she came with him. She studied the piano at the Institute, where she was the pupil of Mrs. Thomas Tapper. Willem Willeke came to New York about five years later to take his place as 'cellist of the Kneisel Quartet and first 'cellist of the New York Symphony Orchestra. In 1911 they were married. Victoria was graduated from the Institute and immediately began a career as an ensemble pianist. She played a great deal with her husband in recitals, in many cities, until her first operation, which of course required her retirement. This took place in New York at a time when her husband was in Europe on a tour with the New York Symphony Orchestra, a distressing fact that recalled the death of Franz Kneisel's oldest son while the father was absent in Europe on a tour with the Kneisel Quartet, some years before.

The ten years that were given Victoria to live thereafter were years of mental and physical trial for her and for those nearest her not to be described; but the way in which she bore them has been the marvel of all who knew her. They have disclosed a courage, a strength and nobility and sweetness of character that are not too often met with in this world. There will be grief of many friends at the loss of this woman; there will be sympathy for a husband, a son, a mother, a sister, two brothers. But there can hardly fail to be also relief that a long agony has come to its appointed end.

INSTITUTE ENSEMBLES

Lessons in Co-operation

The Institute of Musical Art offers, as many students have discovered, a great deal of musical enjoyment and instruction aside from private lessons and the routine of required classes. This enjoyment consists in ensemble playing and singing, and is supervised by Mr. Gardner and Mr. Jacobsen who direct small string and wood-wind groups, Mr. Willeke, who conducts the orchestra, and Miss Dessoff, leader of the Madrigal Choir and the Choral Class. Orchestra practice is part of the regular curriculum of those who are specializing in the playing of orchestral instruments, but the ensemble classes are entirely voluntary and are made up of students from all departments.

These classes not only give the student an invaluable opportunity to learn other music than the few pieces he studies during his school years, but they demand that he subordinate his own personality and adapt all his faculties to the requirements of a composition, a good form of discipline for the would-be soloist.

The following letter from a member of the Choral Class speaks for itself:

I wonder how many of us realize what a splendid opportunity there is in this school to learn some of the finest choral music written. Miss Dessoff's Choral Class offers just such an opportunity. We meet each Wednesday, from 2.30 to 4 P. M. in the Lunch Room, and sing a variety of choral music. Last year we learned several lovely German folk tunes arranged by Brahms, interesting Handel duets, beautiful old church music and other miscellaneous compositions. And what is more, no especially trained singers are needed; anyone who can sing a melody, and wants to sing it in harmony with others, is invited to join the group. No musical education is complete without some familiarity with this form of music. Probably the oldest manner of musical expression, singing in chorus has retained all of its charms, and today is as delightful an accomplishment in a musician as it ever was.

Aside from the educational value, and more important, too, perhaps, is the fun we get from the hour and a half we spend together. Those of us who were present last year can bear witness to the eagerness with which we look forward to the class. A concert was given last year, to the surprised delight of Dr. Damrosch and guests, who were enthusiastic at the joyful zest with which a group of students, very few of them singers, mastered the spirit of the music. This year we hope to repeat the success of last year, and we want as many students to be with us as possible.

The more singers, the merrier the song. Come and join!

Anna Blum

Tradition or Traduction

An Idle Discussion

By Irving Kolodin

SOMEWHERE in the apartment a bell tingled, and then the curtains were parted—by the thrust of a large-sized black sack which outlined, rather clumsily, the dimensions of a 'cello.

"Ah!" exclaimed the voice behind it, "this truly is A major weather!"



The late Franz Kneisel, pioneer in the field of chamber music in America.

"Come, come, Pendleton," said Markwith, our host, "you are commencing early this evening. Is there no occurrence, natural phenomenon or bodily activity that you don't symbolize musically?"

"Yes," replied Pendleton, now fully in the room and intent upon dis-engaging neck from scarf, "there is neither key, tonality, mode nor instrument which can be associated with those dreadful concerts on Sun—"

"Now, Pendleton, no blasphemy of the dead," broke in Goldfarb, the violist.

"I am afraid," said Heim, the first violinist, "that you are lacking in a true reverence for the infinities of great art."

"Say infirmities, please," Pendleton rejoined, "and I will agree with you." He had commenced to unswath his 'cello, and from the depths of the bag was

emerging a nobly-chiseled Maggini, richly ruddy, and sleekly glistening—as well kept as its owner.

This evening was to be my introduction to this "Quartet Intime," whose weekly meetings brooked no interruption from sleet or snow, aches or pains, rising or falling market. It was perhaps characteristic of these gentlemen that their meetings should occur on Saturday evenings; a night consecrated, in their opinion, to the punishment of all public entertainments by the released spirits of the common folk. Their soirées were devoted to a systematic invasion of that great treasure-house called chamber-music—and, while they occasionally, when their mood invited, summoned the services of assisting performers, they best enjoyed the intimacy of such an evening, pre-dedicated to the performance of quartet-music. I was present as a sympathetic combination of audience, critic and coach,—and in my various capacities I was to be, in the first, silent *during* the performance, in the second, untechnical *after* the performance, and in the third, outspoken and direct *about* the performance. They were, aside from the first violinist, all amateurs; what we call "men of substance," whose lives (they professed) did not begin till sun-down each day, occupied as they were, till then, in some form of financial frenzy. (In which, curiously, their unenthusiasm did not negate their success.) Heim was a professional musician, admitted to their circle because, paradoxically, he loved music. They all had studied in their youth, but their only practise now was at the things they scheduled each week for the next session, and thus they were able to read fluently and accurately when they met.

Pendleton's researches into the 'cello-bag had finally revealed his instrument, but, alas, with a broken C string.

"When did you practice last," chided Markwith, "that you must *so* delay us?"

"My friends," said Pendleton, as he hunted a string, "I have a confession. Last night I did not practise. I went, instead, to hear the Scratch Quartet" (his pet name for a noted ensemble). "My dear friends, their performance!"

"They are successful," murmured Heim.

"They are respected," said Goldfarb.

"They are artists," interposed Markwith.

"But why? I grant you these laudations. But let us examine their basis in fact. Initially, their pedigree musically, is impressive—their first desk is occupied by a disciple of Joachim, their second desk by one who studied with Helmesberger, the violist is from the Conservatoire, and the 'cellist plays in the Klengel manner. And there you have it. Tradition . . . and tradition. Their music does not sound . . . it is precise and manicured—but it is not alive."

"Well," said Heim, "that is the True Gospel of chamber-music. It has always been played that way."

Pendleton grimaced. "For what reason? Is there any ground for assuming that the Beethoven who wrote the violin concerto is not the same person whose name appears on the E minor quartet? We ask for a Kreisler to truly play the concerto for us, acknowledging that such tone, poetry and mentality are indicated in the score. . . . But we pretend to be content with the customary approach to the quartets . . . the retiring tone, the approved poetry, the adequate expenditure of thought."

"But you will not deny," demanded Markwith, "that these men are of excellent heritage—that their performance has every virtue that musicianship implies."

"True enough," answered Pendleton, "but they are conforming to a manner which has no application to them. Chamber-music has ever been regarded the step-child of the art. Generally it was performed by those who could not successfully meet the requirements of solo performance, presupposing a shortcoming in some essential of their craft. Playing *naturally* with a small, inexpressive tone, they created a virtue of this deficiency, and with the reinforcement of Time, their position became impregnable. Surely you are familiar with Beethoven's answer to Schuppanzigh, when that chosen interpreter of his works (and we may infer most capable contemporary violinist) complained of the difficulty of a certain passage in a quartet—'Does he believe I think of his wretched fiddle when the spirit speaks to me?' Violinists today do not consider these works difficult. Their skill has progressed in a hundred years; but still their ideal, interpretatively, is to play in the traditional manner—which is to say, to reduce their skill, and deliberately hamper their expression, by assiduously cultivating a manner and approach a hundred years aged."

"But certainly," said Heim, "not all performances of chamber-music are as dull as that you have most recently experienced."

"Dull," exclaimed Pendleton, "I didn't say it was dull. You can't put four men down before such music and achieve a result that would merit *that* term. But it was unvital, and depressing."

"However," said Goldfarb, "you listened because you are of the initiate . . . and a fanatic. You know the austerity credited to chamber-music by the good people whose interest, genuine or simulated, supports most public performances of music."

Pendleton smiled. "Let us not become confused," he said. "This legendary austerity seems to me in no sense inherent in the works themselves, but entirely due to the mode of performance. Why am I, to use your term, a fanatic? My lineage is a normal one. I can't recall any ancestry that would indicate a super-sensitivity. But I have played this music—I can unpuzzle a score, and I know how a violin *can* sound. Additionally, I have heard most of the other music that Beethoven composed, and in my ignorant, amateurish way, I have decided that in his quartets, the same voice speaks to us. Certainly

the popular affection for his symphonic music indicates that the voice is an intelligible one, when justly reproduced. In a hundred years, the symphonies have been exposed to the scrutiny of mentalities especially sensitive to their beauties. From Mendelssohn to Muck, from Tomaschek to Toscanini, each has contributed the secret of tempo, or the subtlety of nuance that *he* has discovered. Thus, we have reached an understanding of these marks on paper, and have been able to approximate the sounds heard by the deaf Beethoven in the only way he could—mentally. This I call a wholesome tradition . . . a normal, desirable and logical culmination of a hundred years experience by the minds best fitted for the task. But our quartet players still look to the ideals established in the Dark Ages of instrumental performance. Virtuosity, in the best sense, is not alien to great music . . . it is, indeed, its only fit companion. We are hushed and attentive before the art of a Bauer or a Hofmann recreating the Waldstein or the Appassionata. Why should not the same standards be imposed on the string players who presume to offer their realization of Beethoven's thoughts? Let them play with warmth, and authority, with poetry and discipline, with spirit and nobility . . . in short, with all the genius of their instrument, and this talk of the austerity of chamber-music will become one more of Music's exploded myths . . . along with the 'turgidity' of Brahms, or the 'heaviness' of Wagner."

By now he had refitted his 'cello, and was tentatively plucking the string.

"But," said Markwith, sliding a cake of rosin along his bow, "how are we going to re-educate our performers to that end?"

"Don't," begged Pendleton, "start me on that. I should have to be building my 'cello entirely anew, to discourse adequately in that direction. Let us play."

They played.

WHAT OF YEHUDI

(Continued from Page 3)

rhinoceros until 2 years ago! He founded in Rochester a music school.

"This is a Blue Sunday! We found it out from experience. This afternoon we were looking for a 5-cent package of Uneda Biscuits and could not find it! We have a lovely kitchenette here." It is worth while to record that nowhere in the letter was there even a mention of his successes.

In fact he had been most impressed by the shower in the hotel room in Columbus, where "the water comes out from all four corners of the room as well as from the top."

Of their three homes, in Basel, Switzerland, New York and San Francisco, the Menuhins are particularly fond of the last. In March, at the close of the present concert tour, they will go to California to select what Mrs. Menuhin describes as "five acres of 'Let us alone.'" Thereafter, half of each year will be spent in Europe, and half here with a period of seclusion on the Pacific Coast property.



THE thoughts of an Institute graduate! Whether the thinker be giving piano lessons in Shanghai, or practicing vocalises in Europe, or reading THE BATON in the Middle West, he often reverts in imagination to student days at 122nd Street and Claremont Avenue. Not, however, frequently enough; for it is not an every day occurrence for THE BATON Staff to come into possession of letters such as the following, which should be an inspiration to those students whose horizon is still defined by the skyline of New York City.

Alfred Adams, 'cellist and sailor of the deep blue seas, writes:

Passing Great Inagua.
Windward Passage,
January 1st, 1931.

Holiday Greetings to the Institute and all who are left there that knew me—a trifle late!

How I do enjoy reading THE BATON—though it does add to my homesickness for lil' ole New York. When I came onto this ship in August, everyone expected to be back North before Thanksgiving. We got there, but only to be busy in Boston, where I didn't know a soul.

But to return to THE BATON—the Fortissimo page is fine. Do you remember I thought four or five years ago it would be a splendid idea to let students know what former students were doing musically? What an odd item might appear about me: "Adams, one of the promising members of the ear-straining class, is enjoying the romance of the buccaneers, sailing among the cays of the Bahamas. His musical experience is limited now to listening to the Sunday afternoon Philharmonic programs under Toscanini, usually rendered almost nil in effectiveness by un-shut-outable static."

That is not the whole truth. I am practicing every day on the Haydn concerto and Bach 'cello sonatas. Whoever said that technical improvement stops after one's twenty-fifth year was all wet. I never had much technic; but it is growing in scope and solidity, and after a month on the Haydn it is coming to have fewer and fewer spots which are excruciating to listen to. Even the highest notes of the last D major Bach 'cello suite, are yielding to persistent practice.

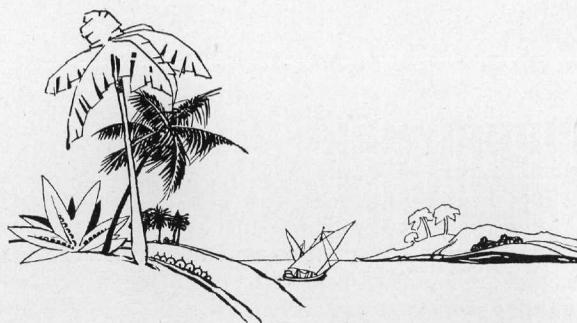
THE BATON is full of news of personalities; the young writers are good at slinging words around. I would like to look over the Monteverdi addition to the library, described in the November issue of THE BATON, sometime.

Note-ably (!) I have arranged a Chorale Vorspiel, written by Bach for organ, to be played by a group of sixteen to twenty players.

Very best wishes in every way for the New Year.

In Arroyo Harbor

We are now in the harbor at Arroyo, on the south coast of Porto Rico. The lay of the land is very attractive. The ground slopes gently and gradually for perhaps five miles to the foot of the mountains, or hills, some 2,500 feet high. There is a stretch of plain forty miles long paralleling the water's edge, and from the ship we can see twenty miles in either direction.



The fertile fields on the coastal plain are almost ideal for sugar cane growth. Every ten miles can be seen a grinding plant, a large, gabled, barnlike structure roofed with corrugated iron and having two tall smoke stacks rising toward the blue sky. I am always reminded of the marvelous view from the golf course at Cagnes, France, near Nice and Cannes. The big difference is that in winter the maritime Alps are crowned with white snow, while here the hilltops are always green, but not with evergreen or fir or spruce.

About four miles from the coast can be seen the pleasant city of Guayama, of perhaps ten thousand souls. The cathedral has two square façade towers and a large white dome, and the town shines whitely at the base of the tall green hills. I don't know that I have seen quite such a layout of flat land, long level stretch and wall of mountains anywhere just like this, except on the French Riviera; and there the level land reaches perhaps only ten miles, the coast is much indented with little coves, and detached rocks lie scattered near the mainland.

New Orleans, La.
January 9th, 1931.

Well, here we are, stuck in this city until the 20th. Not even in the city, but anchored out in the Missis-

sippi to save dock costs. My exile from New York, which began in August, seems endless. Exile from concerts, dramas, chamber music pleasure, friends, art exhibits, bus rides, the Rockefeller chimes, Saturday afternoon student recitals, Friskin, Elshuco Trio, Friends of Music, etc., *ad infinitum*.

(Our officers are not the old traditional hard-drinking roughnecks who swing belaying pins and kick men after they knock them down.)

I would greatly appreciate being put in touch with any former Instituters who live in New Orleans; we call here every three weeks. I am practicing every day and play better than I did when at school, since there is no daily movie grind to tear down my technic faster than I build it up.

* * *

Lia Quelquejeu does not tell anything of her life in Panama City since leaving the Institute, nor of the recent addition of Romero to her name, but she does describe a delightful journey to Spain with her husband.

Madrid, Spain,
December 23rd, 1930.

We have been travelling almost all the time since September 30th. We were on board ship twenty-three days and saw Puerto Colombia, Santo Domingo, Puerto Cabello, Puerto Rico, the Canary Islands and many other places before reaching Spain. Then we have been in many cities here, all of which were very interesting to me. First we went to Cadiz, then spent several days in Barcelona, Zaragoza and Madrid, and finally visited Valladolid and Nava del Rey, a small town nearby where my family has some wheat farms and vineyards. They showed me how wine is made—they make large quantities of it every year for sale.

Soon we shall go to Salaman to see one of my husband's brothers. He is in the cattle business and while we are there he will make a "becerrada"; that is, there will be a bull fight with baby bulls, without killing them, just to find out which ones are furious enough for fights. Those will be set apart to be sold when they are old enough. They tell me I will like to see a becerrada as the animals are not harmed.

I receive THE BATON and am so glad to read about what is going on at the Institute! I did not know of Professor Auer's death until I read of it there.

Best wishes for the New Year!

* * *

Ruth Bugbee, describer *par excellence* of the experiences of an American girl teaching in China (to which readers of the December BATON can bear witness) gives us more inside information about that far-away land.

Shanghai, China.
October 12th, 1930.

I have a Chinese lesson every day. I'm supposed to know one hundred words and phrases so far. The conversation of the campus begins to have light spots in it where a familiar word breaks through, and once in a while there is a regular shooting star when I get a phrase. Of course Mandarin is only

one language. There is almost no similarity between the different dialects.

China's really beautiful season is just commencing. It gets chilly as soon as the sun goes down but during a clear day the weather is like none I have ever experienced before—autumn with a tinge of spring. Yesterday I noticed the natives transplanting little green shoots. I don't know what they were. They might be anything from tobacco to turnips. Dr. White's gardener says he will soon have lettuce, and that with luck we shall have it and celery, too, all winter. It seems quite incongruous to hear people speak of how we shall suffer with the cold, and in the next breath tell of protecting the lettuce in trenches so that it will grow all winter.

I am willing to believe that I shall be cold. I walked through Honan Road yesterday and loitered here and there to see what furs China has to offer. Most of the skins were totally unfamiliar to me but from what I have heard I think they were Mongolian dog and Mongolian tiger. At one place some were marked "Land Otto!" I suspect that store was "laying" for foreigners. Fur coats of squirrel, muskrat, etc., were from three to five hundred dollars, Mex., but I hear that one may buy fur to line a coat for thirty-five dollars, so I guess that will be more my speed!

The flowers here are lovely. China is a land of superlatives. The cosmos, instead of growing in small clusters, are in perfect forests. There are several groves of them around the building where my piano is, so I shall have plenty of bouquets. Asters, zinnias, salvia, a flower that looks like an enormous ox-eyed daisy and is of the sun-flower family—all of these have been brought here. There is a tiny white Japanese lily, and when I first came there was a spidery native lily that looked like American butterfly-weed. As far as I can learn there are not many native flowers. Mostwheres there is no room to spare for them to grow in, and where there is room no one takes care of them. I have heard that in 1860 two missionary couples, one from Vermont, brought out two golden-rod plants, which have spread over the mountains and now cover large areas. From Shanghai out to the college one gets the impression that there are no flowers and no beauty of country anywhere, but our campus is a veritable garden.

* * *

Louis Riemer, who has not been away from the Institute a year yet, writes:

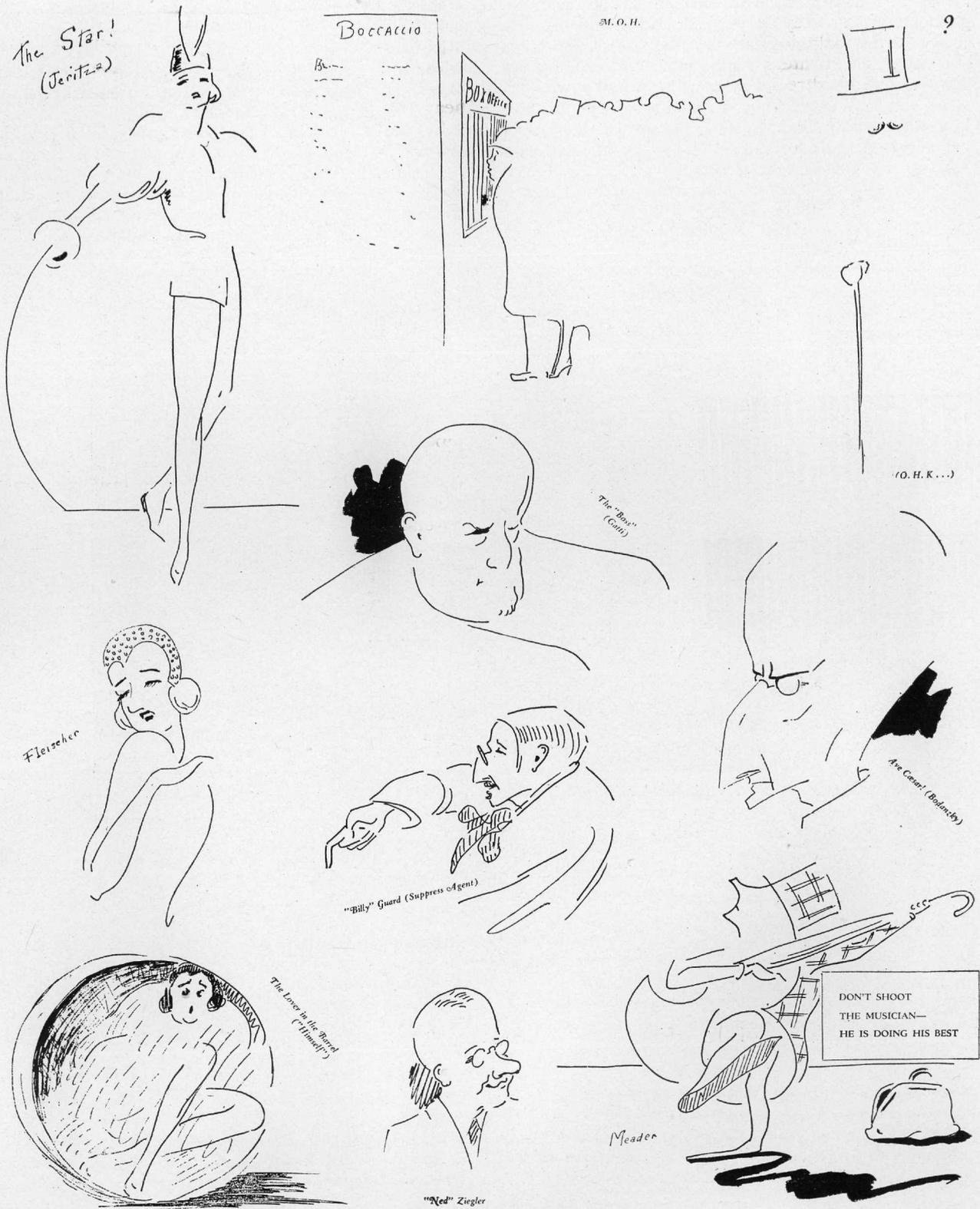
St. Joseph, Mo.
December 23rd, 1930.

I am still a subscriber to THE BATON and enjoy it very much. It does more to keep interest and ambition aroused than you can realize. The other members of the family, as well as a "selected few" of the local musicians, read my copies.

My Father, noticing the "Thought for the Fiscal Year" on page 13 of last month's issue, said that it was only half the story. The rest goes like this: Why does a duck return to the water? *For diverse reasons!* Why does a duck again leave the water? *For sundry purposes!*

Metropolitan Opera Nights

"Boccaccio", a Captivating Novelty of the Present Season
As Sketched by Walter Kirchoff, Leading Tenor of the Cast



A VIBRANT, happy voice, voluble at a good rate of speed in three languages at least and with no stops at the crossings (except to succor a bewildered interviewer), snapping brown eyes, the ever mobile face and expressive gestures of the Latins, and what is best, an evident sincerity and lack of pretense in every word—such for the thumbnail is the portrait of a famous pianistic Don José. One feels tempted rather to call him Escamillo, for hidden not too far beneath the surface of a very polished gentleman is a spirit full of dash and sparkle, most agreeably self-confident and communicative. His life is one of the busiest possible, the total of last season's concerts reaching one hundred and eighty. He goes to his recitals by air, by water, and over steel rails, and it is scarcely to be wondered that his idea of where he is going to play next is sometimes a bit hazy and that the geographical location of that "where" is sometimes amusingly indefinite. Oklahoma was scheduled for January 16, and Mr. Iturbi thought it was just over Jersey side, possibly anticipating a ferry ride and the Manhattan skyline by night. So different is he in appearance from the popular conception of the concert virtuoso that a doorman once refused to admit him to one of his own concerts. But somehow he does not succeed in conveying the impression that this life he is leading is so terribly strenuous. "My home," he says, "is at Neuilly-sur-Seine, but my family sees very little of me. The trains, the boats, and the airships, these are really my home."

He appears to have the rare gift of an ability to detach himself from his work when it is over, and to lead the life of an ordinary human being outside of the concert hall. "I do not brood over a performance," he said. "Once it is over, it is over—*fini*, and I do not read the criticisms, either. No, really! You may ask my secretary!" But it is easy to believe Mr. Iturbi without asking, for his manner is too candid for petty fiction, and lest any think that the burden of being Spain's greatest pianist rests too lightly on his broad shoulders it should be mentioned that last season, even though he was a sensational success every time he appeared, he worried over each recital as though it were his *début*. Usually on the evening when he was to play he ate nothing but a raw apple for dinner and paced the floor for an hour or two. That was before the concert; afterwards he often sought diversion in dancing. At other times he boxed for exercise at a gymnasium since he has not the average pianist's extreme concern for his hands, and he motored. He is a real auto addict; owns two cars, one of European and one of American make, and he likes to drive fast. Often he travels by motor

José

Pianist and

By Albert

during his European concert tours, sometimes beating train time. Last summer's vacation was spent motoring through Spain.

As to jazz, Mr. Iturbi is one of its best champions. "It is spontaneous. It is important because it has influenced so many composers of serious music. Some use it successfully; others don't, and with them it becomes an affectation. Those Stravinsky sketches, for instance, on the piano there—

but let me show you" (and there follows a quick turn to the piano and an impromptu recital of several pages weird and syncopated). "Curious, is it not? But it is remarkable only for the fact that it was written in 1919. Today such things would be done quite differently. But at that time jazz wasn't written at all!"

This fall "Girl Crazy" saw Mr. Iturbi three times. On his third visit the orchestra applauded his entrance and the leader asked him if he would care to

take the pianist's place for a few moments. He would have cared to, but did not for obvious reasons. At least once this penchant for musical comedy served him well. It was on his first arrival in America and in the room of his New York hotel. Wishful to provide tea, Mr. Iturbi opened telephone negotiations with the region where such entertainment is furnished. But his English, uncertain at best, was unsuccessful in making the person at the other end of the line understand. Dropping the receiver, he rushed over to the piano and played "Tea for Two" with all the technic, tone and nuance at his command. Success was instantaneous.

Yet it is the same person who presented for the last Carnegie Hall recital of his first season (the sixth appearance there, by the way, in six weeks)



Iturbi cuts a slice of his birthday cake for Otto Kahn at a party given in his honor by Lucrezia Bori.

I t u r b i

Caballero

Kirkpatrick

a program consisting of the Appassionata Sonata of Beethoven, and the Twelve Transcendental Etudes of Liszt which had not been played here in their entirety in about fifteen years. Of those Etudes, Huneker wrote long ago, "One must have fingers of steel, a brain on fire, and a heart bubbling with chivalric force," and of Mr. Iturbi's historic performance our own Mr. Henderson wrote, "To hear the Liszt Etudes played as Mr. Iturbi played them is a privilege that comes to one not often in the course of a short human lifetime. He played them all consummately and one felt it was a pity Liszt did not hear him."

In contrast with his enthusiasm for jazz, Mr. Iturbi views the ultra-modern idiom with considerable circumspection. He agrees that the moderns in all the arts are interesting. "Yes, indeed! But unfortunately that word defines them completely. They are no more than that simply because they have nothing important to say. They amuse, they sometimes excite us, but when one hears Beethoven's Ninth Symphony he is not 'interested' nor any of those other things. He is carried out of himself, and often against his own will, by the power and beauty of the creator's thought. Such art is yet to be found in the moderns.

"The last of those we may call great, it seems to me, was Debussy, but the trouble is of the age as much as of the artist. The rush of modern business life, the mask" (and he dons it with delicious pantomime) "of self-importance among so many of our artists, the restlessness everywhere—these leave no quiet soil for the growth of creative art. The age of mass production cannot be fitted on to the artistic scheme of things. One of Schopenhauer's friends once asked him why he did not produce a

greater amount of work. 'I write little,' the philosopher answered, 'because I never take up my pen until I have something to say.' How many of our composers today would be able to say that? Does not that make my point clear?" (That it does is a tribute to Mr. Iturbi's invincible amiability, for the story had to be filtered patiently through Spanish, French, and the outskirts of English before your humble servant was able to retain it with any sort of clarity.) "That is why I can see nothing but good for the American people in the great depression that this country has been suffering," he continued. "However much one may feel for the loss of the individual, there is no doubt that the outcome will be for the good of art and life in general. Artistic values have been as greatly inflated as stock values, and so we are all looking toward a return to normalcy in both, and I believe with some hope."

Just one glance at the Spanish virtuoso's powerful fingers took the hopeful wind out of our sails in one direction. That is to say, the thought that Mr. Iturbi might favor the new Bechstein-Moor piano. Many times we have plunged weary fingers into trousers pockets and clumped down Fifty-Seventh Street to paste a nose

against the glass in front of that strange-looking instrument with its labor-saving devices, longing for the time when we would be able to press a button and forthwith make the classic gesture of contempt to certain bone-rendering opuses. Señor Iturbi could well afford to be disdainful of mechanical assistance, but there is more evidence of an alert intelligence in his estimate: "I cannot see that the Bechstein-Moor piano with its double keyboard is of any use to pianoforte literature.

The idea of coupling is not a new one. It dates back to the harpsichord. But when one doubles the octaves of a modern piano by such a device, much of the character of the player's touch is lost. Music may be written for this instrument which will be suited to its character, but until then the hope for a more beautiful instrument should be centered upon an improvement in the quality of the strings."

Practicing has been an integral part of Mr. Iturbi's daily routine since the age of three. He says that it seems as if he has always been playing. "I have studied since the age of five," he said, "privately at first, later at the Conservatory at Valencia, where I was born. My sister, Amparo, studied there afterwards, and she is now a concert pianist, too. I was teaching at seven; no, I should say seven and a half! I did not like it, and I do not like it now. But, que voulez-vous? One must eat. Now, fortunately, there is no time for teaching."



Courtesy of Musical America

Iturbi posing for a bas-relief portrait by Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph Gardner.

As to his present methods of technical practice, he believes chiefly in the idea of using special exercises for keeping his fingers in prime condition, devising various kinds for particular needs. "Otherwise," he says, turning again to the piano, "I play like this—" (follows the well-known "muddy" scale), "instead of like this—" (the not-so-well-known "string of pearls"). "As for the interpretive side of my study, most of that is done in bed, at any rate during the first stages."

It is not surprising that a person of Mr. Iturbi's vitality should have had many interesting experiences in the course of his travels. One of these he says he is not likely to forget. It happened in Montevideo where he had been engaged to give six concerts in two weeks.

The series began auspiciously. Crowded houses and an enthusiastic press greeted each successive program. And at every concert, Iturbi noticed in the center box a distinguished looking elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young girl, who came regularly and remained until the end, listening to each number with the greatest attentiveness.

The evening of the fifth concert Iturbi glanced up at the box and noticed that this time the young girl had come with a gray-haired woman, elaborately dressed, evidently her mother. He began to play, the first number, the second. . . . All too soon he realized that he had no such devout listener as before. The elegant dowager moved her jeweled neck restlessly to and fro, surveying the audience with her lorgnette. She dropped her program, picked it up, dropped it again. She coughed continuously and kept up a running comment on the house and performance to her companion.

Finally Iturbi could stand it no longer. In the midst of a number he stopped short, bowed formally and apologetically to his public, pointed to the box, and said: "The concert, I believe, is there."

An embarrassed hush, a burst of scattered frightened applause. Then, after a moment or two the house quieted down. The lady in the box sat very stiff, in a frozen silence. The pianist continued his program.

The concert over, the manager rushed back stage, excited, admiring, big-eyed. "What courage," he cried "so to address the wife of the president of the Republic!"

Iturbi says he never disillusioned the man as to his personal bravery, never told him that he spent the night after in a state of sleeplessness, expecting to be knifed in the back for "lèse-majesté." But it was a nervous and worn pianist who returned to the hall for his final concert. Eyes cast down, he walked on the stage, sat down before the keyboard. The first number over he rose to bow to the applause. Finally, with a great effort at self-control he casually looked up at the box in the center of the house. A dignified, elderly gentleman sat there, clapping his hands together. The President of the Republic of Montevideo had returned for the last concert—alone.

That story seemed to us almost good enough for an "Hasta la vista," especially since we fancied we heard the off-beat foot-tap of an aspiring jazz com-

poser from Boston, lately announced as waiting in the ante-room. But the mood of reminiscence conjured up another story, widely different in spirit from the first, revealing an unexpected philosophic tendency in the artist's trend of thought.

The night before he sailed for Europe last season, he related, he was in an exclusive New York night club, at a farewell party given by a group of friends. Sitting at his table he noticed the violinist in a jazz band, a thin, consumptive looking man, fiddling mechanically, a far-off look in his sunken eyes.

Iturbi's memory rarely fails him. But this time he had to think for several moments before he remembered. All at once he knew. Sixteen years ago,—Paris,—a little café! Before the battered piano an eighteen-year-old boy, just graduated from the Conservatory, still studying by day, living from the seven francs a night he earned playing in the café. Leaning against the piano an older man, violin in hand. He earned even less. But his six francs meant a meal a day and a roof over his head, all he needed. The rest of his time was given to a strange inner existence, reading philosophy and old books, only half-aware of the world about him. The young pianist's name was José Iturbi. The violinist was the man in the jazz band.

Impulsively Iturbi rose from his table, went over to the orchestra, asked, "Do you remember me?"

The musician looked up vaguely, shook his head.

"Think back," urged Iturbi, "sixteen years. Paris—the Café M. . . ."

"Yes, yes," the man murmured. "You were the pianist. And your name was —"

"José Iturbi."

The violinist nodded. "Of course, Iturbi. Glad to see you again. But what are you doing here, in this country? How long will you stay?"

"I have been here several months and I sail tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? But you haven't played yet, have you?"

Iturbi, seeing his old comrade still lived in a world of complete unreality, ignored the question, and continued: "Does your work leave you time for concerts? Tell me, who has made an impression? Whom have you heard?"

Wrinkling his forehead, the man tried to recall. "I'm afraid I don't get to concerts much. But I know there has been one very successful pianist here—a Russian—a young man—Horowitz he is called. Besides him, let me see. . . . Yes, there was another only this season. A countryman of yours, too—a Spaniard. But I don't remember the name. Perhaps you know."

Iturbi smiled sadly, said good night, returned to his table. A curious mess, this life, he thought. Sixteen years ago two young men played in a café. Today one was famous. The other—played in a night club. Why? A difference in talent, yes. But more important—luck, chance! *Quien sabe?*

Very little escapes the Spaniard's dark eyes, even when he is playing in public. One of the most amusing things he has ever seen was enacted by an old lady, who sat in the front row at one of his recitals.

She was deaf but had been enjoying the music through her ear-trumpet. She appeared greatly perplexed when Iturbi began a Stravinsky number. Finally, she lowered her instrument, wiped it and blew through it, replaced it once more and settled down comfortably to listen again. Immediately a look of horror spread over her face as she realized that the noise had not deceived her—Stravinsky and not the dust was causing that dreadful sound.

A boyish smile, one of his most engaging characteristics, furnished an obbligator to the tale of a little incident that befell him as he was going by train to give a recital. He met a pretty girl in the same compartment. She said she was on her way to hear Iturbi's recital but, alas, she was afraid the hall would be sold out. He laid a wager that he could get her in, and managed it without revealing his identity. When he went around during the intermission to meet her, she was so excited she couldn't speak; she kissed him instead!

Mr. Iturbi has been exceedingly popular socially in this country and hostesses have vied with each other to have him as their guest. Perhaps they knew that he does subtle imitations of Charlie Chaplin, George Gershwin and Lon Chaney. At least they learned that he is inevitably late.

The subject of America, her life, politics, youth and infinite possibilities seems to have captured Mr. Iturbi's attention as completely as he has captured ours. Sailing up Manhattan harbor he wept as he saw the New York skyline for the first time. Its beauty moved him as powerfully as his first view of Venice from the sea. With many triumphant seasons behind him in the great capitals of Europe and the prestige of having occupied for five years in the Conservatory of Geneva the position of head of the piano faculty, a position once held by Liszt, Iturbi approached the United States with many misgivings. In fact when he was offered a contract for a tour in this country seven years ago, he refused it. He did not feel

that he was ready to come to the United States.

"Too many European artists make the mistake of thinking they can 'get away with anything' as your saying is, over here. The result is quite a number of failures. Personally, I believe the reverse to be true. And why not? You have heard the very best there is in music for a long time; you have had the best conductors, the best instrumentalists, the best singers, and there is no doubt that you have now the very best orchestras; so if Americans do not know what is good in music, no one else could know.

"I do think, however, that American audiences are too anxious for something new, that they want Tunneys and Dempseys of music just as they do in the prize ring. I say that because I am interested in boxing as well as in music.

"That is the characteristic of your public which frightens me somewhat. Just because I am a sensation one year does not mean that I shall be next year. It's not a case of the king is dead, long live the king. For even though the king may be still alive, another reigns in his stead! That is why I was timid about coming to America and why I put off coming. I am, of course, delighted with the cordial reception your country has given me but that does not mean that I do not realize that when I am no longer an exciting novelty, I may have to step aside some day for the next newcomer.

European artists know that America is the most difficult test they have to meet. But I do not mean to speak unkindly. Such things have nothing to do with art. They concern the psychology of a nation!"

Spain has given us in the last few years a succession of great artists. In Zuloaga, a magnificent painter; in Bori—(air, please! We are overcome by a sudden rush of adjectives); in La Argentina, a fascinating dancer; in Arbos, a distinguished conductor; in Segovia, an unique guitarist; and she has completed the list in giving us José Iturbi, a pianist whose personality is as colorful and ingratiating as is his art.



Orchestral Instruments

Of Olden Times

By Arthur Christmann

NEW subjects should be of more real interest to the serious music student than a study of the many now obsolete instruments which men of past ages have produced for the mechanical production of music. The number of these, of course, runs into the hundreds, possibly into thousands, yet comparatively few of them have exerted any direct influence on our modern Western music. Many of these instruments were merely freaks. Some were experimental in nature, and did not survive. Others, while also the result of timely invention, nevertheless had lasting qualities and survived for a period of years, only to drop out of the race anyway. A third class are those which represented the culmination or an advanced stage in a long process of evolution. Many of these played an important role in the history of instrumental music, but suddenly, for one reason or another, dropped out of common use. This last class is of most interest to us, and examples of it are numerous. The average musician little realizes how many instruments that were popular even down to the time of Beethoven, or till as late as the middle of the last century, are totally extinct in the orchestral family of today.

A case in point is the old clavichord, the direct forebear of our present pianoforte. This instrument, for which Bach wrote his famous Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, on which Mozart and Haydn conceived some of their grandest works and which exerted such a profound influence on our modern music survives today only in a few museum collections and is of interest only to antiquarians and, we hope, to the serious student of musical history. But the clavichord is, of course, not the only instrument which has met with this cruel and sudden extinction. Inside the orchestral domain there have literally been dozens upon dozens of instruments that have met with a similar fate. We think of our symphony orchestra of today as being relatively standardized and stable; we feel rather confident that in its present form it will exist for some time to come. Yet if we thumb the pages of one of the more complete historical treatises on orchestration, this confidence is bound to be cruelly shaken. For, if the past few hundred years have witnessed the rise and sudden fall of so many seemingly good musical instruments, what may the future hold? Is it not possible that some of our today most cherished orchestral friends may some day suddenly fade out of the picture? We do not think so; our confidence is not easily shaken, yet there is the possibility, and to speculate on the probability is at least fascinating. It must be kept in mind, however, that rarely, if ever, has an instrument faded into oblivion without being replaced or survived by an instrument of its own fam-

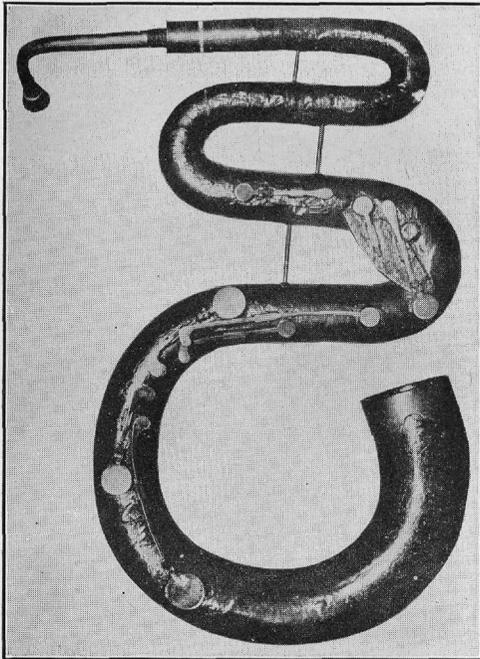
ily, or by an instrument embodying a similar physical principle. To illustrate again with the clavichord, this instrument was survived by the present day hammer-action pianoforte. The principles of the two instruments were not identical, yet there were more points of similarity between them than there were points of dissimilarity. Both were keyboard instruments; both used a percussion action and in the case of both the vibrating medium was a string. And so we see that every musical instrument that has suddenly become extinct has left behind it some representative of its own type. In most cases it was the peculiar fitness of the surviving member or members that made extinction inevitable for the one which was not quite as fit in some one respect.

Let us now take a somewhat rapid glance at a few of the orchestral instruments that have played some kind of role, either a greater or lesser, in the development of modern music, but which have today become obsolete. It should be understood that the words "extinct," "disappeared" and "obsolete," as used here are not to be taken too literally. Occasionally we find one of these old instruments used for the revival of an old work in its original orchestral dress. Occasionally, also, a modern composer in search of a novel effect will select one of these antedated instruments for a prominent solo part. Charles Martin Loeffler, in his *Death of Tintagil*, has written a solo part for the Viola d'Amore. This old instrument is extremely fortunate in having several famous living exponents who play it in recital and so give the musical world a chance to hear what kind of tones may be coaxed from at least one "museum" musical instrument. Strauss has likewise written a part for the Oboe d'Amore in his *Symphonia Domestica*. But these uses of obsolete instruments are merely chance. From the standpoint of the music of today and of their influence on it such instruments are dead, and this in spite of these occasional resurrections.

One of the most important groups of now extinct instruments is the entire family of Viols. These Viols were the immediate predecessors of our modern string family. During the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they occupied much the same position as do the members of the string family of today. Their popularity continued even after the members of the new and infinitely superior violin family began to make their appearance. The Viola da Gamba, or "leg-viol," corresponding roughly to our modern 'cello, was a particular favorite, and the ability to perform on it was considered one of the finest accomplishments of a person of culture. The Viols must have held some of their old prestige

even as late as the time of Bach, for Bach, although himself brought up on the violin, used the Viola da Gamba in his *St. John Passion* and in his cantata *God's Time is the Best*. The other two more common members of the Viol family were the Discant-Viol or Treble Viol and the Viola da Braccio or "arm-viol," which acted as the tenor of the family. The Viola d'Amore, spoken of earlier, was a small Viol, distinguished by the possession of a complete set of sympathetic strings, arranged directly below the regular strings of the instrument.

Passing to the clarinet family, we find that it also had an early ancestor whose brilliant career was cut short by a premature death. This was the Corno di Bassetto, or Bassett Horn. The Bassett Horn was merely an alto clarinet, built in F. An unusual feature of it was the possession of a downward compass, extending two whole scale steps below the normal downward compass of instruments of the clarinet family. These two extra tones, with the half



The Serpent, one of the instruments which did not survive in the evolution of the orchestra.

steps between them, were controlled by keys manipulated by the thumb of the right hand, the thumb ordinarily used for holding the instrument. Mozart was a great admirer of the Bassett Horn. In his opera, *Clemenza di Tito*, he wrote an elaborate Bassett Horn obbligato to one of the arias. He also uses the Bassett Horn in *The Marriage of Figaro*, *The Magic Flute* and *Il Seraglio*, as well as in his *Requiem* and in the *Adagio* of his B-flat *Serenade*. In fact the score of the *Requiem* calls for two Bassett Horns. Mendelssohn had a high opinion of the capabilities of this instrument and wrote two compositions for clarinet and Bassett Horn with piano accompaniment. Beethoven scored for the instrument in his *Prometheus*. In eighteenth century Germany

the instrument had a brilliant solo career and it is said to have been the favorite solo instrument of such celebrated instrumentalists as Czerny and David. Its sudden extinction was probably due to the appearance of the alto clarinet in E-flat, which was very similar but embodied several improvements. In our own day the Bassett Horn has been resurrected with some success by Strauss, who uses it rather consistently in many of his operas.

The Oboe d'Amore was spoken of above. It was literally an ordinary oboe built in A, like our modern clarinet in A. This instrument was somewhat popular with Bach who used it in the *Christmas Oratorio*, in his *Magnificat* in D major and in one of his church cantatas. After Bach's time it fell into disuse but, as previously mentioned, has been revived by Strauss in his *Symphonia Domestica*.

As we have noted, many of these obsolete instruments are today occasionally revived in old scores or by modern composers in search of novel effects. Among the brasses, however, there is an instrument which, while down to about 1850 a very important member of the choir, is as obsolete today as powdered wigs and knee breeches, and has not one chance in a thousand of ever coming back to life. This is the Bass Ophicleide, a brass bass with a cup mouthpiece and lateral holes covered by keys. The instrument was the bass representative of the keyed bugle, and both instruments were of a hybrid nature for they utilized the cup mouthpiece of the usual brass with the pitch-changing device of the usual woodwind family. Down to the middle of the last century the Bass Ophicleide was the foundation brass instrument of all military bands. In France the instrument had a flourishing orchestral career as well. Berlioz wrote a part for it in the *Amen Chorus* of his *Faust*; Mendelssohn wrote for it in his *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture* and Wagner used the instrument in *Rienzi*. These parts are today performed upon the Tuba. The impression given by the appearance of the instrument is that of a cross between a B-flat Baritone and a Bassoon.

A close relative of the Bass Ophicleide was the abominable Serpent, an instrument which, in appearance, literally resembled its name. It was constructed of wood, covered by leather and was also played by means of a cup mouthpiece. As in the case of the Ophicleide, differences in pitch were effected by means of lateral holes covered by keys and worked by the fingers of the player. In France the instrument was at one time a favorite in church circles. One species of French Serpent was known as the "Serpent d'Eglise." The Serpent is described to us as having a coarse, powerful and awful tone. Berlioz used it in one of his *Masses* and later commented on its tone as "frigid and abominable blaring."

Few of us realize that the trumpet for which Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and others of the classical period scored is today an obsolete instrument. The present day trumpet is really an outgrowth of the cornet. But the trumpet of Mozart's day was

(Continued on Page 18)

What Do You Speak

The Institute's Tower of Babel

By Margaret Kopekin and Frank Cirillo

ELISABETH RETHBERG wrote on her photograph which appeared last year on the front cover of *THE BATON*, "Music is the universal language of mankind." The Institute of Musical Art illustrates the truth of that statement, for under its roof are assembled teachers and students from almost every country in the world. Their speech is dissimilar, but the artistic language, music, is common to all of them.

In our last issue we presented short biographies (in English and the original languages) of some of the members of our Faculty who were born in foreign countries. The following paragraphs continue the histories of those teachers who are not native Americans:

A few months before his death Leopold Auer wrote and translated the following account of his career for *THE BATON*:

"I was born in Hungary. When I was a child my father, who was very ambitious, had me examined by a violinist to ascertain whether I had any talent for music—this without consulting me. The violinist looked me over and presently placed a small violin and bow in my hands. This marked the beginning of my studies. After studying four years in my native town I was sent to the Conservatory at Budapest. At the age of thirteen I started concertizing although immature. At sixteen my real contacts with musical life began through my association with Joachim with whom I studied. After this I concertized extensively through Europe and at the same time continued my pedagogic activities. I must say that my activities were not at all one-sided. My conducting of a symphony orchestra left a very profound impression on me as also did the ensemble work in which I actively participated as first violinist."

Születtem Magyarországon. Atyám mikor még egész gyerek voltam, megvizsgáltatott egy zeuzéssel vajon van-e zenei tehetségem anélkül hogy véleményemet kérdezte volna. A hegedűs kezembe adott egy kis hegedűt és vonót melyel megkezdődött az én zenei tanulásom. Negy évi tanulás után a szülővárosomból a Budapesti Konzervatoriumba tanultam. 13 éves koromban kezdtem el koncertezni. 16 éves koromban kezdődött az igazi összekötésem a zenei világgal, többek között Joachimmal akivel hosszabb ideig tanultam. Ezután sokszor folytattam. Ezután négy hosszú Concerturát kezdtem meg természetesen nem felejtve el tanulóim folytatását sem.

* * *

Holland has added three members to the ranks of the Institute's Faculty. Willem Willeke, from the Hague, had a versatile musical career before coming to America, having concertized, played first 'cello with the Riga National Opera Co., conducted its orchestra, taught at Düsseldorf and

Cologne, played trios with Friedrich (later Crown Prince of Germany) and Otto Neitzel the composer, toured Europe with Richard Strauss, played in the orchestra at the Royal Opera Covent Garden in London, stayed at the court of Emperor Franz Joseph as soloist and received from Joachim the manuscripts of the cadenzas he wrote to the Beethoven violin concerto.

Martinus Sieveking, born in Amsterdam, was a pupil of Leschetizky. For six years he was connected with the Dutch opera in the capacity of repetiteur and conductor, then was a member of Lamoureux's orchestra in Paris. He toured the British Isles for two years as accompanist for Adelina Patti and made his début in America under the baton of Walter Damrosch.

Bernard Wagenaar came from Arnheim, and studied both piano and violin as well as theoretic subjects at Utrecht. After finishing his studies he returned to Arnheim to teach, conducting some of his orchestral works from time to time in the principal Dutch cities. As soon as the war was over he fulfilled his desire to come to America, where two of his compositions have been performed by the Philharmonic under the leadership of his compatriot, Willem Mengelberg.

Er zyn drie Hollanders aan de fakulteit van het Instituut. Willem Willeke was geboren in Den Haag en heeft een uitstekende muzikale opvoeding genoten voor hy naar Amerika gekomen is. Hy heeft geconcerteerd, en was solo cellist en dirigent van de Nationale opera in Riga. Heeft onderricht gegeven in Keulen, Dusseldorf, etc. Heeft trios gespeeld met Frederik (later de Duitse Kronprins) en Otto Neitzel, de komponist. Heeft gereisd en Europa met Richard Strauss en later was lid met het Covent Garden orkest en Londen. Was een resident aan het hof van Keiser Franz Joseph als soloist en Joachim heeft Willeke de manuscripten die hy voor het Beethoven viool concert geschreven heeft, geschenkt.

Martinus Sieveking was in Amsterdam geboren. Was een leerling van Leschetizky. Voor zes jaren was lid van de Hollandsche opera als repetiteur en orkestmeester was alzoo lid van het Lamoureux orkest in Parys, heeft gedurende twee jaren gereisd alsoo accompagnateur van Adelina Patti, heeft zyn debuut in New York gemacht onder de baton van Walter Damrosch.

Bernard Wagenaar komt van Arnheim en heeft piano, viool, theorie en kompositie in Utrecht gestudeerd. Heeft later in Arnheim muziek onderricht gegeven. Is alzoo opgetreden als komponist en dirigent in verschillende steden in Holland. Is onmiddellyk na de oorlog naar Amerika gekomen. De Philharmonie heeft twee zynere werken uitgevoerd onder de directie van Mengelberg.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS MONTH!

Musicians are artists who paint with tones. But the canvas on which they paint is Silence and it is the audience which must provide that.

—Leopold Stokowski.

The Transgression of Adolph Beckhausen

Un Vrai Bismarck

By Joseph Machlis

MY Dear, there you are at last! What, the Symphony? Excellent. I told you this evening I was completely at your disposal. Anything agreeable to you, *mon ami*, would be so to me. What do they play? Tschaikowsky's Fifth? Excellent! I have not heard it—oh, so long. The last time, it must have been when I was singing in Rome. But I simply adore that music. It makes me feel so—so Slavic. Who is conducting? What? Beckhausen, did you say? B-Beckhausen! O, *mon Dieu!* You are joking. Beckhausen! You invite me to hear that—that beast, that monster? O, *mon ami*, you are laughing at me. I go to hear that filthy—that vile—that scoundrel! If I would pass him in the street I—I don't know what I would do. I should probably slap his face. Léontine, did you hear, this innocent dove was intending to take me for an evening to hear Beckhausen. Why, *mon ami*, I would not remain in the same room with him for an instant.

What did he do me? You may well ask. Please, let us not mention his name again. Please! If you speak of him another moment I shall scream! There, you have upset me, and you know that I am to sing Thais tomorrow night. Every time I must sing Thais, my nerves! And Dr. Jiboux said I must—must—let us please drop the subject at once.

What did he do me! What did he not do me, better ask. Ah, that performance of Tannhäuser. It is already—let me see—how many years? O, no matter, I forget. I had just finished my season at La Scala, it was my first winter in America. Sassi was the director of the Opera. I sang my Fedora, my Tosca, and of course Carmen; I loved New York. Ghiberti was the conductor. Ah, that was a gentleman. He understood opera, you see. He understood that people came to hear me, and not the orchestra. That was a gentleman, Ghiberti.

One fine day Sassi comes rushing into my dressing room. "Leonora," he cries, "I have just signed a contract with Beckhausen, the greatest German conductor. He is a genius. He conducts Wagner as no one. You shall sing Elsa, and Eva, and maybe Sieglinde. Ah, we are to be congratulated!"

"Maybe yes, and maybe no," I answer. After all, Ghiberti suited me. Ghiberti had grown in with me, so to speak. He followed me beautifully. Besides, Wagner—O well, you know what Wagner does to any prima donna. However, I shrugged my shoulders. After all, there is the balcony scene in Lohengrin. And, of course, Tannhäuser. Eh bien, I shrugged my shoulders.

Alors, Beckhausen arrives. Shall I ever forget that first rehearsal with him! A fat pudgy little

man, red like a lobster, with great spectacles. When he is presented, he bends quickly over my hand and rushes away to attend to the orchestra. As though it is every day in his life that he meets Leonora Tutti. O well, a German, what have you? Now if he were a Frenchman . . .

Tannhäuser was to go on first. We begin to rehearse the second act. You remember, where I come out straight from backstage, and begin full voice—how does it go? Ah, yes, "Dich, theure Halle—" No, a little higher. Yes, like this: "Dich, theure Halle, grüss ich wieder, Froh grüss ich dich, geliebter Raum!" It is not a grateful aria. But it shows my voice quite well. At one spot I remain on a high *re*. Naturally I make a *rallentando* there. A prima donna's first duty is by her voice, *hein?* Suddenly that little monkey slams down his baton and stares at me, absolutely red in the face.

"Madame," he splutters at last, "I am sorry, I do not understand the text this way. The text is explicit—it calls for no *rubato*, it calls for no *fermata*. May I remind Madame that she is singing neither *Trovatore* nor *Lucia?*"

I, I drew back in surprise, *croyez-moi*. I was not accustomed to being addressed like this. I, La Tutti, to stand for that! "Monsieur," I cried, "how dare you! But—but how dare you! I am an artist. How dare you speak to me like that?"

"An artist, Madame, is the interpreter of an art, and is loyal to the spirit of that art. *Der Meister*"—he meant Wagner, of course. Just like a German—"Der Meister has indicated no '*bel canto*.' You follow the music, please. The text."

That man was a monster, an ogre, I tell you. Every time he plagued me with his "text" I could have—but I could have torn him to pieces. Finally I shrieked, "But tell me this, Monsieur: The people, do they come to hear Beckhausen conduct, or Leonora Tutti sing? Which, I ask of you?"

"It does not matter," he answered. "We are both here, humbly, to interpret a great work of art. I cannot see the spirit of that masterpiece violated." "Do you mean to insinuate—?" I began. While he, cool as you please, rapped his baton against the stand. "We begin the aria again, gentlemen." What will you with a man like that? A vampire, a—*a veritable Bismarck*. Now, if he were only a Frenchman . . .

The rehearsal ended in a storm. The next was worse. The last, terrible. Sassi was delirious. And I—ah, Tutti was not going to give in to any man, German or no German. At the dress rehearsal there was almost a—shall I confess it—I almost forgot myself and slapped his face. A conductor had to follow La Tutti, and not La Tutti follow Beckhaus-

sen, who was crazy over Wagner. That music, croyez-moi, had gone to his head. Eh bien, but La Tutti is diplomatic, too, no? Finally I appeared to give in. I knew that at the performance he would have to dance to my tune.

That performance. It was the first Tannhäuser that season. It was my first Elsa in this country. The house was packed, you may well believe it. There was my cue, there I came out. I wore—O, I forget which color, white, I believe. You know how I look in white. Then I began, very smoothly, I tell you. And in the middle, towards—how does it go?—"Aus mir entfloh der Frieden, die Freude zog aus dir," with a smile at that vile filthy scoundrel, I drew a deep breath and—and leaped up to *re*, on a long fermata, with a beautiful round tone.

Beckhausen looked at me. A moment his hand was lifted, as though to make the orchestra wait for me. And then—and then—I tremble even to recall it now—his hand went down, and swept the orchestra on to the next bar. Unflinching. Relentless. O, mon Dieu, here I was—on my lovely fermata. And the orchestra tearing across it, brutally, without me.

Now what do you say to a man like that?—I did not faint. La Tutti never faints on the stage. But I was ill for two weeks. Ah, what a man! A monster, un vrai loup-garou! A—a Bismarck.

The next day I made Sassi a scene such as he never forgot as long as he lived. But Beckhausen—he was as cool and calm through it all as though he were—O well, a German! But I never sang with him again. Once I was to sail on the Ile de France when I learned he was to be one of the passengers. I cancelled that trip, I can tell you.

Eh bien, let us go. Where? To the concert, of course. You didn't think Leonora Tutti would miss hearing the only man who ever got the better of her? Léontine, order the car. Ah, that's a man for you. Un vrai Bismarck. . . .

ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS

(Continued from Page 15)

a much nearer relative to the French Horn than to the instrument which bears its name today. The difference can be best understood when one knows that to produce a given note the old instrument would have had to be approximately twice as long as the modern trumpet. The explanation is that the older instrument played in a higher part of its harmonic series, just as does the French Horn of today. The tone of this old trumpet, which, it will be remembered, had no mechanical pistons or valves, was more powerful and heavier than that of the trumpet of the present day. It was probably smoother and richer as well, and it is indeed unfortunate that we of today never have an opportunity to hear the compositions of the classical period played with the kind of trumpets for which they were written.

A study of such instruments as these raises any number of very interesting questions. Why have so many instruments failed to survive? What par-

ticular kinds of fitness seem to have the greatest survival values for orchestral purposes? Is there such a thing as a criterion of worthiness for orchestral membership? Will the saxophone be a symphonic instrument two hundred years from now? Which of our present instruments will be considered obsolete by that time? To such questions as these we can only offer a guess; we can not be certain. If we were to discover the criterion for successful orchestral membership, granting that such a criterion exists, the answers to all of these questions would be clear. But perhaps there is a great deal more enjoyment to be derived from pondering over them and just speculating.

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