

# The Baton



Published by

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

Vol. X, No. 7

15 CENTS A COPY





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

## Before the Public

### COMPOSITION RECITAL SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 16th

AT THE  
INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART  
**Program**

- Short Songs (Preparatory Centers)  
 "The Hush-a-bye Lady" ..... *Elsie Gray*  
 "Spring Song" ..... *Billy Masselos*  
 "Little Blue Pigeon" ..... *Maro Ajemian*  
 The Violin Pupil" (a humorous song) ..... *Billy Masselos*  
 Preparatory Center Chorus
- Small Forms (Grade I)  
 Andante molto ..... *Jacob Kivatinetz*  
 Moderato ..... *Rita Sears*  
 (Grade II)  
 Music Box ..... *Esther Mittleman*  
 In the Hollow ..... *Charity Bailey*  
 Moderato ..... *Harry Dworkin*  
 ANNA AUERBACH
- Songs (Grade I) Assigned motives  
 "Peas Porridge" ..... *Frances Yerkes*  
 (Grade II)  
 "Mistress Mary" ..... *Esther Mittleman*  
 "Old Clothes" ..... *Dorothy Stewart*  
 RUTH DIEHL
- French Suite (Grade IV)  
 Allemande ..... *Frederic Daly*  
 Courante } ..... *Dorothy McLemore*  
 Sarabande }  
 Gavotte ..... *Mary Allison*  
 Polonaise ..... *Sandy Jones*  
 Bourrée ..... *Bernhard Weiser*  
 Minuet ..... *Ruth Nelson*  
 Gigue ..... *Bernard Kirshbaum*  
 DOROTHY WAGNER
- Polyphonic Forms (Grade IV)  
 Three-voice Lyric Invention ..... *David Sackson*  
 (Grade V)  
 Three-voice Fugue in F ..... *Lionel Johnson*  
 (for Violin, Viola and Cello)  
 JOSEF KNITZER, DAVID SACKSON, HARVEY SHAPIRO
- Homophonic Forms (Grade II)  
 Andantino ..... *Irene Botts*  
 Humoresque ..... *Gertrude Kramer*  
 Intermezzo ..... *Robert Penick*  
 Etude ..... *Ralph Matesky*  
 MARY JEAN CASH
- Songs (Grade III)  
 "Spin, spin" ..... *Robert Riotte*  
 (Special Composition)  
 "April" ..... *Neil Moret Daniels*  
 EVELYN SCHIFF
- Larger Forms (Grade VI)  
 Capriccio. Allegro giocoso ..... *Marion Morrey*  
 (Special Composition)  
 Allegretto ..... *Margaretta Queisser*  
 MILFORD SNELL  
 Variations for piano (Grade VI) ..... *Gerald Tracy*  
 GERALD TRACY
- Polyphonic Forms (Grade V)  
 "Dawn" Canon for Contralto and Tenor ..... *Edna Bockstein*  
 CHARLOTTE MURRAY ANDRE CIBULSKI

### Larger Forms (Special Composition)

Variations on an Original Theme ..... *Francis Burkley*  
 BEULA DUFFY

Sonata Allegro ..... *Mary Jean Cash*  
 MARY JEAN CASH

### Polyphonic Forms (Grade V)

Humoresque. Fugue in C major on a  
 Jazz Theme ..... *Wallace Magnani*  
 (for Two Clarinets and Two Bassoons)  
 JOSEPH KERRIGAN SOL SCHOENBACH  
 SIDNEY KEIL ELIAS CARMEN

### Larger Forms

Sonata for Two Pianos ..... *Henry Brant*  
 Finale. Allegro  
 SIDNEY SUKOENIG HENRY BRANT

## VISITORS OF NOTE

Edward Johnson, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, visited the Institute on Tuesday, May 12th, as the guest of the Editor. After a chat with the Dean about the founding of the school and with Miss Frank about the running of it, he attended Mr. Henderson's lecture on "The German Art Song," two of Mr. Wedge's classes in Group Theory—Grades I and II, lunched at the Institute, and inspected the building with particular interest in the Reference and Circulating Libraries.

Mr. Johnson showed great enthusiasm over the wonderful opportunities offered young musicians

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## The Baton

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

Vol. X

No. 7

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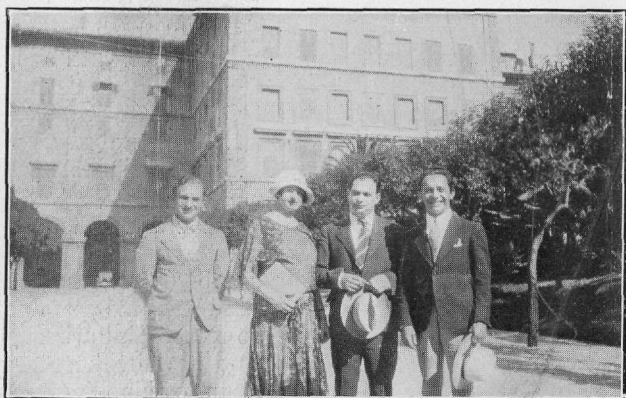
Subscription for Season  
 Eight Issues, November to June  
 \$1.00 in the Building  
 \$1.25 by Mail  
 Single Copies—15 cents

# Villa San Michele

## *A Concert Hall on the Isle of Capri*

### *For Our Musical Art Quartet*

**T**WENTY miles south of Naples the cliffs of Capri rise from the lapping sapphire waters of the bay. The visitor, having crossed in a little boat from the mainland, disembarks at one of the landings, (there are only two places on the island accessible to boats, and one of these can be used only when the wind is favorable) ascends to the top of the cliffs, and looks out over what is said to be one of the loveliest natural pictures in the world. Northward Naples is a white line gleaming in the sunlight; not far from it Vesuvius sends rose-colored smoke



*The Musical Art Quartet in the court of Palazzo Rospigliosi, formerly the American Embassy in Rome.*

into the sky; Monte Sant'Angelo marks the boundary of the Sorrento plains; far away are the snow-tipped Apennines, and out in the bay lie the islands of Ischia, Procida and Posilipo, green with pine trees.

Sascha Jacobsen, of our Violin Faculty, can tell you all about the island of Capri. He can tell you of the lights of Naples, glittering across the moonlit sea at night, in a way that makes you believe there may be something in the saying, "See Naples and die," if you see it from the right point. So can the other members of the Musical Art Quartet, for they have spent many hours on the heights of Capri, giving intimate concerts in a marble house rebuilt from the ruins of a villa of Tiberius. Mrs. John W. Garrett, wife of the American ambassador to Italy, has again invited the members of the quartet to go to Europe for the summer, most of which will be spent at San Michele, as the reconstructed villa is called.

Last summer the four musicians gave a series of concerts at the American Embassy in Rome which were attended by many notable personages. Mussolini was prevented from hearing them by the sudden death of his brother. This season a tour has been arranged which will include Naples, Milan, Florence, Venice and Turin; and after some time at

San Michele, where the days are spent in swimming and playing chamber music for Mr. and Mrs. Garrett and their friends, they will go to Paris to give some concerts sponsored by Mrs. Benjamin Rogers.

Mr. Jacobsen, a few days before sailing, spoke so enthusiastically of Capri, and especially of San Michele, that we thought readers of *THE BATON* would enjoy a detailed description of these places.

The first picture is presented by C. R. and A. M. Williamson, authors of "The Lightning Conductor," who were among the first to seek European adventures in an automobile.

"One looks up towards Anacapri, far, far above the town of Capri proper, on a horn of the mountain, reached only by a narrow but splendidly engineered road winding like a piece of thin wood shaving, or by steep steps cut in the rock by the Phoenicians thousands of years ago.

"It is a beautiful drive up from the quay to the town of Capri. The road sweeps around to the left, ascending loop after loop, to a saddle of the island lying between two cliffs, crowned with most picturesque ruins. Everywhere you look is a new picture, and, oh! the delicious color of sky, and sea, and the dove-grey of the cliffs! You can see next to nothing of the town till you come on it; then suddenly you are in a busy piazza, with an old palace or two and a beautiful tower, and everything characteristically Italian, even the sunshine, which is so vivid that it is like a pool of light. You drive under an old archway and plunge down a steep, stone-paved street filled with gay little shops.

"Though the Blue Grotto is so strange and lovely, it is more beautiful to see the sunset turn the Faraglioni rocks to brilliant, beaten copper, standing up from clear depths of emerald, into which the clouds drop rose-leaves! A steep path about twelve inches wide, hangs over a dizzy precipice, leading to the Arco Naturale, and a great many steps cut in the rock take one to the grotto of Mitromania, where they used to worship the sun-god and sacrifice living victims.

"Ascending the Phoenician steps to Anacapri, you keep meeting peasant girls tripping gaily down in their rope shoes, singing together like happy birds, not even touching with their hands the loaded baskets on their heads. They are so beautiful that they are more like stage peasants than real ones. Their eyes are great stars, and their clear olive cheeks are like cameos with a light shining through from behind. They are dressed in the simplest cotton dresses, but their pinks and blues and purples, put on without any regard to artistic contrast, blend together as exquisitely as flowers in a brilliant garden. . . .



"By and by you get up so high that the rowboats on their way to the Blue Grotto look like little water-beetles, with oars for legs, and though the waves may be beating against the rocks, you can no longer see them; the water appears as smooth as an endless sapphire floor polished for the sirens to dance on. . . .

"As you look down at the sea and the umbrella pines, and the cypresses (which you seem to hear, as well as see, like sharp notes in music), four or five large white clouds get up from the terrace where they have been sitting and sneak past just like the cows which the gods are said to keep on Olympus to milk for their ambrosia. And the sunsets, with Vesuvius set like a great conical amethyst in a blaze of ruby and topaz glory! It is something to come to Anacapri for.

"There are more things than sunsets and pines and cypresses to see, too. One takes walks all over the island. One goes to rival inns where rival beauties dance the tarantella, and vie in announcements that Tiberius amused himself by throwing victims into the sea from the exact site of their houses. Everything is Tiberius here. He is regarded by the peasants as quite a modern person, whom you may meet in a dark night, if you haven't murmured a prayer before the lovely white virgin in her illuminated grotto of rock. Mothers say to their children, 'If you do that, Tiberius will catch you,' and the English colony of Capri quarrel over the gentleman's character, on which there are differences of opinion.

"One of the most beautiful houses to be seen anywhere, is set on the brow of the precipice at Anacapri; it is a dreamhouse, or else its owner rubbed a lamp, and a genie gave it to him. It is long and low and white, and filled with wonderful treasures which its possessor found under the sea—spoils of Tiberius' buried palaces. The floors are paved with mosaic of priceless colored marble, which Tiberius brought from distant lands for himself; a red sphinx, which Tiberius imported from Egypt, crouches on the marble wall, gazing over the cliffs and the sea; Tiberius' statues in marble and bronze line the arched, open-air corridors. There's nothing else like it in the world in these days, and few men would be worthy to have it and to live there; but from what may be heard, the man who does live there is worthy of it all."

The man who built and owns San Michele is Dr. Axel Munthe, whose recent book, "The Story of San Michele," has become very popular. When he was a medical student, Dr. Munthe relates, he made an excursion to the island, which has two rival towns, Capri and Anacapri. Originally there was no road between them, only a flight of over seven hundred steps hewn in the rocks; now, however, there is a road. Dr. Munthe climbed up this road to Anacapri, enchanted by the beautiful scenery, the invigorating day, and the friendly peasants cultivating grapes and offering samples of their delicious wine to him as he passed. At Anacapri he stopped to talk with a farmer. Many years later he recalled the scene thus:

"Old Mastro Vincenzo was hard at work in his vineyard, digging deep furrows in the sweet-scented soil for the new vines. Now and then he picked up

a slab of colored marble or a piece of red stucco and threw it over the wall, 'Roba di Timberio,' said he. I sat down on a broken column of red granite by the side of my new friend. Era molto duro, it was very hard to break, said Mastro Vincenzo. At my feet a chicken was scratching in the earth in search of a worm and before my very nose appeared a coin. I picked it up and recognized at a glance the noble head of Augustus, 'Divus Augustus Pater.'

"Hard work, said Mastro Vincenzo, showing me his large horny hands, for the whole ground was full of roba di Timberio, columns, capitals, fragments of statues and testi di cristiani (heads of Christians) and he had to dig up and carry away all this rubbish before he could plant his vines. The columns he had split into garden steps and of course he had been able to utilize many of the marbles when he was building his house and the rest he had thrown over the precipice. A piece of real good luck had been when quite unexpectedly he had come upon a large subterranean room just under his house with red walls just like that piece there under the peach tree all painted with lots of stark naked cristiani, tutti spogliati, ballando come dei pazzi (all naked, dancing like mad people) with their hands full of flowers and bunches of grapes. It took him several days to scrape off all these paintings and cover the wall with cement. . . .

"A yard below the surface were Roman walls, opus reticulatum hard as granite with nymphs and bacchantes dancing on the intonaco (plastering) of Pompeian red. Below appeared the mosaic floor framed with vineleaves of nero antico and a broken pavement of beautiful palombino now in the center of the big loggia. A fluted column of cipollino, now supporting the little loggia in the inner courtyard, lay across the pavement where it had fallen two thousand years ago, crushing in its fall a big vase of Parian marble, the lionheaded handle of which is now lying on my table. 'Roba di Timberio,' said Mastro Nicola, picking up a mutilated head of Augustus split in two. . . .

"Just over our heads, riveted to the steep rock like an eagle's nest, stood a little ruined chapel. Its vaulted roof had fallen in, but huge blocks of masonry shaped into an unknown pattern of symmetrical network, still supported its crumbling walls. . . .

"I climbed over the wall and walked up the narrow lane to the chapel. The floor was covered to a man's height with the debris of the fallen vault, the walls were covered with ivy and wild honeysuckle, and thousands of lizards played merrily about among big bushes of myrtle and rosemary, stopping now and then in their game to look at me with lustrous eyes and panting breasts. An owl rose on noiseless wings from a dark corner, and a large snake on the sunlit mosaic floor of the terrace, unfolded slowly his black coils and glided back into the chapel with a warning hiss at the intruder. Was it the ghost of the sombre old Emperor still haunting the ruins where his imperial villa once stood?"

The idea of creating a home from the ruins of

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# A Pilgrimage to Bethlehem

*Hours Dedicated to "J.S.B."*

By Elizabeth W. Parker

TAKE a large quantity of magnificent music, mix it thoroughly with an old Pennsylvania German town and let it boil for eight months, then season to taste with friends from distant parts of the United States whom you seldom see, and serve with lilacs and sunshine, in May. This is the recipe for the Bach Festival, held at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, every spring.

They have been singing and playing Bach in Bethlehem since the town was founded, in 1741,

ing young mothers doing their own house work, not professional musicians. Yet their extraordinary conductor, Dr. Wolle, can start them on a big chorus, and after a few measures, fold his hands peacefully on his desk and stand beaming at them while, with superb intonation, rhythm, and dynamics, they romp through a sixteen-page fugue like children having a good time at a party. They know their Bach.

This year, as usual, they kept the B minor Mass for the second day of the festival, and sang some of the other choral works of Bach the first day. There were nine cantatas and chorales. Myra Hess's chorale, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," was sung a capella, and again with its familiar accompaniment. The "Gratias agimus tibi," from the Mass, drummed into our heads in third year sight singing, came in another cantata. But most of them were unfamiliar to me. One of the most exciting choruses worked a Lourdes cure, of sorts, on me. A small private jinx has always either managed to attend my trips to the Bach festival or to prevent them, so I was not at all surprised to find myself at the evening concert afflicted with a staggering headache, and supporting the failing footsteps of a sister just up from an operation. (Incidentally, she weighs fifty pounds more than I.) Just then along came a fugue with a beautifully gloomy theme, and the appropriate words, "There Is Naught of Soundness in All of My Body." It was quite evident that Bach felt the way we did when he wrote that fugue, but it had no effect on his counterpoint, which was sounder than ever, and I was so fascinated by its intricacy that my headache disappeared. Triumph of mind over matter.

On the whole, however, except for the big choruses, the Friday concerts this year were a little disappointing. There was a vast lot of theological meditation, indifferently sung by soloists with wobbly voices. One bright spot among the solos was an apostrophe to the devil, by the bass, couched in the following terms:

"Serpent, Hell-Horror,  
Dost not feel terror?"

The music was almost pure Wagner, with, dare I add, just a dash of Gilbert and Sullivan.

The orchestral playing on Friday was more or less in the experimental stage, as the thirty members of the Philadelphia Orchestra had only had one rehearsal with the choir. With apologies to Johann Sebastian Bach, the orchestration struck me as slightly experimental too, a pair of bassoons for instance, doing highly ornamental



*"The gentleman in the periwig."  
Johann Sebastian Bach at his organ.*

by the Moravians, a German religious community. Legend has it that a marauding party of Indians, coming down the river to attack the settlers, heard the trombone choir playing a chorale and turned back in terror, thinking that they had heard the voice of the Great Spirit. Nothing has interfered with their Bach since. Somewhere in the 1880's they began on more ambitious works than chorales, and the festival in its present form dates from about 1900. The choir consists of local talent. I have met a few of its members—store clerks and school teachers and hard work-



roulades in thirds, like fat fox terriers lumbering through their tricks; or a chorus of human voices singing a chorale with the simple but sturdy accompaniment of a choir of trombones. The effect of the latter was oddly reminiscent of New York at Christmas time, with a Salvation Army quartette singing "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful" on one street corner, and a German brass band playing "Silent Night" across the street. Perhaps my reactions were the remains of the headache, but there seemed to be altogether too many trombones in that orchestra anyhow. I sympathized with the runaway Indians!

Saturday morning one devotes to the sights of Bethlehem, and a lovely old town it is. The eighteenth century Moravian community houses are still as solid and as Teutonic as the day they were built—an open quadrangle of grey stone buildings with slate roofs, great heavy buttresses, and enormous oak doors. Inside, the floors are of brick or tile, and the windows in deep embrasures. Wisteria climbs over the doorways, and at the back are the neatest of flower beds, belonging to the old ladies who are allowed to rent rooms in the buildings. Originally all of the unmarried "brethren" over seven years of age lived in one, "sisters" in another, and the married quarters were elsewhere. A young man wishing to marry consulted the deaconess in charge of the unmarried "sisters" and she picked him out a suitable wife. Sometimes, if they were in a great hurry to go off and convert more Indians with trombones, they drew lots for a wife. The Moravians no longer live in the community houses, nor do they pick their wives by lot, but they still cling to trombones, which play at church services, wake the town before dawn on Easter morning, for a sunrise service in the cemetery, and announce the death of a church member by playing a chorale on the church tower. They also have an excellent and praiseworthy custom called the "Love Feast," of passing coffee and cake around in church, and chatting with the neighbors between chorales and sermons. At the end of our trip around the old buildings we were fed with coffee, cake and home-made candy at the "Moravian Female Seminary," and I almost decided to become a Moravian at once.

On Saturday afternoon comes the best of it all—the Mass in B minor. The great memorial chapel of Lehigh University is packed—even the aisles are filled with chairs. The inevitable trombones, softened by distance, are finishing a chorale high above on the church tower. You hear a slight stir, the faintest rustle; little Dr. Wolle has unobtrusively crept on to his stand and the choir is on its feet. As the trombones reach their last chord in B minor the choir burst full-throated into the most agonizing wail in musical literature—the first four measures of the "Kyrie." They are not afraid to open their mouths and

sing, in Bethlehem. You feel as if a great storm were sweeping over you. Then they stop almost as unexpectedly as they began and the orchestra softly begins the fugue, while the members of the audience get their breath again, if they can. That beginning is enough to live for, even if you knew you would only hear it once more in your life. There are other high and glorious spots; every time I go I discover a new chorus which I hadn't particularly noticed before, and rave about it for days. Year after year the choir works on the Mass; they know it by heart, and they sing it magnificently. The soloists—different from those on Friday, did a much better job. One duet would not have got by Miss Soudant, but except for that they stuck to pitch, and their phrasing was intelligent and pleasing. I actually found myself listening to "Et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam"—the tune with a strong family resemblance to "I'm Called Little Buttercup, Dear Little Buttercup"—without an attack of silent giggles. The orchestra, too, must have done some work on the Mass, for they pranced through "Cum Sancto Spiritu" and "Et Resurrexit" with practically no conducting from Dr. Wolle, as gaily as the choir, and did some beautiful obbligati with the soloists.

Throughout the performance Dr. Wolle, a frail, gentle little man with the happiest smile I ever saw on a human face, listens to his work and hears that it is good. He uses no baton, and conducts sometimes with a nod, sometimes with a beckoning forefinger, and sometimes as if he were playing on an immense harp and pulling more and yet more tone out of it by magic. There is no applause, and the instant the concert is over he slips off the stand and disappears. He never looks at the audience, but he sees everything his children in front of him are doing, and beams at them when they surpass his expectations. On looking over the program I found the names of the members of the choir, of the Moravian trombone choir, of the guarantors, the board of managers, and the officers of the festival, but nowhere in that program of forty pages could I find the name of this man who has trained and conducted the choir since it was organized, giving his life to the job, and without whose inspiration the Bach Festival would probably never have existed.

Perhaps this partially explains why there is a different atmosphere at Bethlehem than at any other concerts I have ever heard. The festivals are held, not for the glorification of the conductor or the choir, but to perform the great works and to celebrate the name of the old gentleman in a periwig whose picture is on the program. If you like that old gentleman as well as I do, you had better chuck your classes on a Saturday next May, and go to hear him at his best, in the Mass in B minor, sung by the Bethlehem Choir.



# The Saxophone

## *Musical Saint or Sinner?*

By Arthur Christmann

**A**MONG serious musicians, especially in the United States, the mention of the word "saxophone" always calls up a host of conflicting concepts and opinions. Some will damn the instrument and all its players without a further thought. Others will profess a more open mind and a willingness "to be shown" that the saxophone is in reality a great musical instrument, while a third group will be found lavish in its praise. How are we to get at the truth of the matter? Is there in reality some criterion for musical tone quality up to which the saxophone tone does or does not measure? It is difficult for us to answer these questions as yet. Perhaps time will have to tell after all.

Today, and especially in America, it is even more difficult to appraise the saxophone justly because of its close association with the jazz band. So intimate has this association become that the saxophone has almost come to symbolize jazz itself, and what we think of jazz music will largely determine what we think of the saxophone. This association is probably very unfortunate for the saxophone, for it prejudices many who would otherwise remain unbiased, and unless, in the future, the symphony orchestra goes in strongly for something resembling jazz, it may stand in the way of the saxophone's ever securing any large vogue in the orchestral domain.

The saxophone is one of those instruments whose origin is so recent and so definite that we say it was "invented" rather than "developed" or "evolved." The year was 1840 and the inventor, Adolphe Sax, from whom the instrument derived its name. The popularity of the new instrument asserted itself almost from the beginning and it was not long before saxophones came to hold a prominent place in military bands both on the continent and in England. In many cases they took the place of bassoons, and sometimes of part of the clarinet section. The rather heavy substantial tone of the saxophone has always made it ideal for outdoor purposes. In America, the saxophone is also given a rather prominent part in the military band.

But it was not only in the band that the early saxophone found a place. Many orchestral composers found pleasure in its tone quality and devised parts for it in their works. Gevaert, the famous French authority on orchestration, described the tone of the saxophone as "a voice rich and penetrating, with a veiled quality like that of the cello and clarinet, but with more fullness." If it is difficult for us of today to understand praise as lavish as this, perhaps it is because the rank and file of saxophonists that we hear are not the greatest performers and in many cases are decidedly poor. Cecil Forsythe, the English orchestral authority,

writing at a more recent time, states that the tone of the saxophone is "a sort of bridge-quality between that of the horns and the woodwinds." A hasty comparison of these two opinions, both by capable writers on orchestration, serves to show us that whatever else we may say for or against the saxophone tone, it is at least a tone capable of suggesting various orchestral timbres to different people.

There are many sizes of saxophones and they are all transposing instruments. The most popular and most frequently encountered has always been the E-flat Alto, which transposes down a major sixth. In addition to this there is the Soprano in E-flat, usually known as the Sopranino, transposing up a minor third, the B-flat Tenor, pitched a fourth below the E-flat Alto, the E-flat Baritone, an octave lower than the E-flat Alto, the B-flat Bass, an octave lower than the B-flat Tenor. There is also a Contrabass Saxophone in E-flat, which is pretty much of a freak, and has been used in several cases to replace a Contra-Bassoon. The high E-flat Soprano is also a rarely-used instrument. Saxophone families have also been built in an alternation of F and C, one whole step higher than the usual E-flat, B-flat family. The only surviving member of the F-C family is the C-Melody Saxophone, transposing an octave lower than written, when read from the treble clef. It is built one tone higher than the B-flat Tenor Saxophone and is a great favorite for playing untransposed parts such as those of cello and bassoon. It is interesting to note that all of these instruments ordinarily read from the treble clef, even the Contrabass, which transposes two octaves and a major sixth lower than written. On this instrument the note C in the third space of the treble staff actually produces the sound of E-flat on the first ledger line below the bass staff. The one advantage of this peculiar system is that under it all saxophones are fingered and read in exactly the same way. The C-Melody Saxophone which so often reads parts intended for other instruments, for that very reason is often called upon to read not only from the bass clef, but occasionally from the tenor and even the alto clefs. The C-Melody, when written for in its own right, also reads from the treble clef.

The most interesting question in regard to the saxophone is the question of whether or not it will ever become a regular symphonic instrument. As yet it is an outsider, and only enters the cloistered symphonic halls on festive occasions at the behest of some composer who is searching far and wide for something new under the orchestral sun. Perhaps its close association with the military band and the jazz band will operate to keep it forever outside the



symphonic field. Again, one can only repeat the old truth that time alone will tell.

Bizet, who was born two years before the saxophone was invented, gave it a now famous solo in his *L'Arlésienne* music. This was one of the earliest noteworthy orchestral uses of the saxophone, although Meyerbeer, Thomas, as well as Massenet, and a host of other nineteenth century composers all used the saxophone for orchestral purposes at one time or another. Among the more modern composers the instrument has also received attention. Strauss, in his "*Symphonia Domestica*," uses a quartet of saxophones, and Vincent d'Indy does the same in his "*Fervaal*." Ravel seems well pleased with the possibilities of the instrument for orchestral purposes. In his orchestration of Moussorgsky's "*Pictures from an Exposition*" a saxophone is used, and in his recent "*Bolero*" several saxophones are given solo parts. In England, Joseph Holbrooke, one of the more brilliant of modern composers, has used saxophones with much effectiveness in his orchestral writings. Holbrooke has also composed a concerto for the saxophone.

One of the layman's greatest misconceptions about the saxophone is that it is nothing more than an enlarged clarinet made of brass. Nothing could be further from the truth. The saxophone is blown by means of a single reed and the pitch is changed by means of lateral bores bored in the tube of the instrument. But here the resemblance to the clarinet ends. Acoustically the two instruments are totally different. The tube of the clarinet is cylindrical; that of the saxophone is conical. This difference in the bore causes the two instruments to overblow in different ways. The clarinet overblows a perfect twelfth and the saxophone an octave. This difference in overblowing necessitates a corresponding difference in fingering. On the saxophone, overblowing as it does an octave, the fingering is identical for both octaves, except for the use of the octave key. On the clarinet, overblowing an octave and a fifth, the fingering must of necessity be different for each octave. Then, too, the highest octave of the clarinet, played by a series of cross-fingerings (irregular fingerings), has no counterpart on the saxophone. Even the lip tension required for playing is different for the two instruments. And finally there is the obvious difference in the tone quality. In spite of the fact that several writers on orchestration have imagined some similarity between saxophone and clarinet tone, it is surely doubtful whether this similarity is very marked or striking. It would seem that if such a similarity does exist, it is only apparent on a few of the higher tones of the higher saxophones. There is surely little relationship between the heavy, buzzing lower tones of the saxophone and the fine-spun, almost liquid quality of the lower clarinet tones. In spite of all of these points of difference, it will still be interesting to remember that it was while experimenting with the clarinet that Sax invented the saxophone. We may therefore say with justice, that in spite of all their differences, the saxophone is an outgrowth of the clarinet.

## JUILLIARD PLANS FOR NEXT YEAR

THE new building of the Juilliard School of Music at 122nd Street and Claremont Avenue will be opened next November with a series of three dedicatory performances; a recital by a distinguished artist, a concert by the school orchestral forces conducted by an eminent guest conductor, and the première of an opera by an American composer and an American librettist: probably "*Jack and the Beanstalk*" by Louis Gruenberg and John Erskine, the cast and orchestra composed entirely of Juilliard students. The school will open for studies in October.

Mr. Erskine, president of the school, and Ernest Hutcheson, dean of the Graduate School, told of their plans for the expansion of the school's activities next year at a luncheon recently at the Hotel Elysée.

The new building adjoining the Institute of Musical Art, will contain the Institute in enlarged quarters, the Graduate School, now located at 49 East Fifty-second Street, and the Opera School. It was designed by Shreve, Lamb & Harmon, and is about seven stories high and modern in style. It is sound-proof throughout. Besides the usual classrooms and studies it contains an auditorium seating about 1,000, with a stage adequate for opera performances, equipped also with a four-manual organ, and unusually commodious rehearsal rooms.

In the routine work of the school there will be constant orchestral, choral and operatic performances as student recitals. The aim is to use the auditorium constantly, Mr. Hutcheson said.

The building also will contain library and reading rooms, a radio laboratory in which students can be trained for radio performance, a gymnasium and a game room. One cafeteria will serve the entire school.

To the north of the new building a large piece of property is reserved for future building developments. For the present it will be landscaped.

Mr. Erskine pointed out that there was no use in training young artists for operatic work without giving them an opportunity to appear in operatic performances. For this reason the school would attempt to expand "modestly," he said, in the presentation of opera. Old operas, not usually heard, and new operas, many of which were necessarily experimental in nature and which were not presented by standard opera companies, would be produced.

Mr. Erskine said that the American opera which would help dedicate the new building was already in rehearsal. It was learned last night from a reliable source that "*Jack and the Beanstalk*" had been in preparation for some time.

The school will also throw open to the general public, beginning next Fall, a group of courses for a small tuition fee. Mme. Olga Samaroff and Mr. Hutcheson will give a series of illustrated lectures on the history of music. Mr. Erskine will give a series of lectures on "*The Materials of Poetry*."

*N. Y. Times.*





# IMPROVISATIONS

On Institute Themes

DEAR Mr. Wedge:

Please forgive the typed letter; I know you are a busy person at this season of the year and typing is a great improvement upon my penmanship. I have been meaning to write for some time. If I delay much longer my note will be rather lengthy.

Last year, I came to you at the close all worried as to my future fate. I have found my job as most persons do and I am daily thankful for my Institute work. I am doing studio and professional accompanying here in Chicago. Most of it is at the Sherwood School of Music.

The following I think may amuse you and may be used as a kind of testimonial or as evidence to convince rebellious students. I arrived in Chicago the middle of December. The following are my adventures:

(1) Within a few days I accompanied for an audition for soloists to be used with the Chicago Symphony. After I had played for one gentleman whose music I knew, it developed that there was another singer there with no accompanist. Eric Delamarter, assistant conductor, took it for granted I would accompany her. What could I do? She stuck before me some Jewish song, most complicated. I could not even read the dynamic signs. I was glad I was a fair sight reader. Everything went fine until the finish. Overjoyed, I found a term I recognized, translated—"considerably slower." The singer hastily mumbled something which I took to mean she would follow the sign. She didn't! She went almost double the speed. When I recovered from the shock, I found her and I certainly was glad for blocking. The selection was terrific so I "blocked" and followed.

(2) The above performance must not have been too atrocious for in a few days I received a call saying I was to appear to help Mr. Delamarter rehearse the singers. He liked my work. I went, only to find that the orchestral piece was Ernest Bloch's "Israel," a thing with some 200 changes of tempo. The soloists appear only at the end. I had a copy arranged for the piano, with the voice parts. "Don't try to play all the notes," said the director, "just a note here and there will do." Needless to say, I was glad I knew something about intelligent selection of the notes to play.

(3) One Saturday I was accompanying at a concert at a Danish club. For the occasion, P. Marinus Paulsen, the Danish composer, had written a vocal number. He played it for the singer to learn and rehearse. I received the finished copy Saturday aft-

ernoon. To the performer's horror, we discovered it had been written a step too high for the bass singer. There was no time to recopy it transposed and the number appeared on the program. What to do? I read it from the notes, and transposed it. I suppose I might discover a few wrinkles from the effort, but I did it and was I glad for "5 min. a day transposition" advocated by a certain gentleman in N. Y. To transpose at sight in a studio is rather different from the concert stage.

(4) A new radio department has been added to the school recently inaugurated. A pupil broadcasts in one room. It is picked up in another room on a regular radio set. At the same time, a phonograph record is made on an aluminum disk which can be reproduced immediately and which may be kept by the pupil. Because of my radio work in N. Y. I was asked to accompany the singer. In order to show the exactness of the process, the singer elected to sing three numbers, just one small part of each, a slow number in English, a fast English number and a Bohemian folk-song. A short time before the inaugural I learned that at no time could the piano stop, or the record would be ruined. There was just one thing to do; I would have to make a short modulation to each, short because the whole performance was limited to less than three minutes. Something else was short, my time. After the performance I was complimented by the leading three harmony teachers on my modulations, much to my surprise as the task was hard, the numbers being so remote in feeling and tonality. I had hazy remembrances of theory lessons to connect certain chords with all other keys and of a struggle in fourth year keyboard harmony to connect some parts of Bach to other parts.

The moral of all this raving seems to be, Learn what you can whenever you can—you never can tell what will turn up next.

I am getting along fine here. From one important concert I have some encouraging criticisms from the music critics, quite unexpected, as I am entirely unknown here and accompanists are usually ignored. I also am endeavoring to combine theory and sight-singing and impart my knowledge to several ambitious singers who expect to be A-1 sightreaders in about three lessons. Life can be amusing at times.

My best regards to anyone that happens to remember me. I hope you have had a pleasant year and that you have found the pupils not too sceptical of your 5-minutes-a-day idea. As for me, I'm mighty grateful, proud and thankful for your training.

Sincerely,

Mary V. Formwalt.



EFREM ZIMBALIST took his pipe from his mouth and thoughtfully exhaled a blue line of smoke into the air. In decision wavered for an instant in his eyes but quickly changed to a humorous twinkle, indicating that he had made up his mind to reveal all. He was, he confessed, a very naughty boy in his ninth year. No, he did not break the neighbors' windows playing ball (though that might easily have happened as he was a very active, fun-loving child), nor did he tease his brothers and sisters unduly, nor go fishing on school days. It was much worse than that! "But what else *could* you do," his eyes seemed to say, "if you had an opportunity like that, and you knew your parents would forbid your taking it if you told them about it? How could you possibly resist the lure of such an adventure? You couldn't, and wouldn't. I couldn't and didn't!"

What did Efrem do? He ran away from home with his fiddle, to become first violinist with an Italian opera company which was playing in a nearby town during the summer months. It was a glorious lark while it lasted, but after two weeks it ended abruptly by his deportation back home again, having been discovered by his worried family. Mr. Zimbalist did not disclose what happened after his return!

The repertoire of the company was entirely Italian, and though it fascinated him, Efrem found that he simply could not stay awake after the first act, unaccustomed as he was to a working day beginning at ten p. m. The conductor frequently had to beat something else besides time with his baton, the something else being the small, dozing first violinist's head!

Mr. Zimbalist was reluctant to tell how he got the job in the first place. "Oh, I just got it," he said.

"Do you mean to say you applied for it?"—the picture of a serious nine-year-old offering his services as occupant of the most important position in an orchestra of grown men being irresistibly amusing.

"Well, yes. In a way. But not exactly, either. You see, the company needed a violinist, and" (modestly) "having heard that there was a boy in the next town who could play, they came and asked me if I would. Besides, they could get me at a low salary," he added with a smile.

That was not Efrem's first operatic experience. Some years earlier he had made his *début* on the other side of the footlights, and another caacity—that of a singer. He was a very important member of the chorus in "Faust," given by the music school where he was a student not only of violin and piano, but of solfège and all the other important trimmings. Or should the solfège *et al* be considered embellished by technical ability on an instrument? Anyway, Mr. Zimbalist says, it was an excellent institution, and he learned a great deal there.

Contrary to popular belief, a great artist is not always born with an overwhelming desire to play a certain instrument. Mr. Zimbalist said that he chose the violin because his father, who had been a violinist in his younger days and later conducted an orchestra, wanted him to. He loved music, yes; but he would just as soon have been a pianist. In fact he had already appeared in public as a pianist when the operatic episode occurred.

In 1903 Efrem left the music school in his native city of Rostov, a town of about one hundred thousand people at that time, situated on the river Don, and went to the Conservatory in Petrograd where he became a pupil of the celebrated Leopold Auer. He was the first of that well-known coterie of Russian violinists—Elman, Heifetz, Seidel—who not only became famous for their own accomplishments, but caused their master to be acclaimed one of the great teachers as well as virtuosi of his time.

During Zimbalist's school days in Petrograd there occurred throughout Russia so-called "school strikes" and other expressions

of revolt against existing authorities who had caused many lives to be uselessly lost in the inglorious Russo-Japanese war. Students refused to attend the classes of those teachers who had royalist sympathies. Professor Auer writes of this turbulent period in his book of reminiscences, "My Long Life in Music":

"As for myself who wished to have nothing at all to do with politics, I belonged to the latter class (neutral) which was regarded with suspicion by the strikers, who picketed the stairs and halls leading to the classrooms. Among the most fiery and jealous of the strikers who forbade their colleagues to visit the classrooms on pain of a beating was Efrem Zimbalist, then fourteen or fifteen years old. He was a picket on guard in the corridors leading to my classroom, and watched all those who attended my classes. Whenever he met me in the corridor he would salute me proudly and continue to tramp his beat."

Zimbalist was graduated from the Petrograd Conservatory as the winner of the coveted gold medal and the Rubinstein scholarship of twelve thousand rubles—twelve thousand rubles was a large sum of money in those days.

On November 7, 1907, he made his Berlin *début*,

## Efrem Z

One of 'The Four'

By Elizabeth



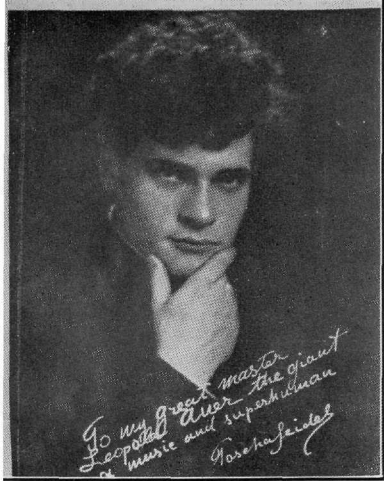
Four of the world's great violinists.  
Auer: Efrem Zimbalist, Jascha Heifetz



# zimbalist

er' From Russia

h Stutsman



all of whom were pupils of Leopold Auer, Mischa Elman and Toscha Seidel

playing the Brahms Concerto, and at once became famous. Two months later he made his first triumphant London appearance, and then made a tour of the European music centers. After five years he came to America where he played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, giving the first performance in this country of Glazounoff's Concerto in A minor.

Since then Mr. Zimbalist has played in nearly every important city of the world, and he has had so many interesting experiences that when he is asked to tell about them he finds it difficult to select one or two at random. He enjoys, when traveling in countries whose customs are different from ours, being entertained by native inhabitants, even though, he says, one is never precisely at ease. One often discovers

that he has unwittingly committed grave social errors.

When he was in Japan several years ago Mr. Zimbalist was invited to hear the private orchestra of the Emperor, a group of thirty-five musicians who perform ancient Chinese music as it was played two thousand years ago. The orchestra, which constitutes the sole means by which this music, introduced into Japan seven centuries ago, is perpetuated, never

gives public concerts and the privilege of hearing it has been granted to only a very few Europeans.

Contrary to expectation, Mr. Zimbalist found the music very pleasing. It was subdued in volume, he said, with strongly marked and varied rhythm, and its changes in color were exquisite. "Gongs of a superlatively beautiful and delicate tone vibrating for an amazing length of time, together with small wind instruments possessing a multiplicity of pipes capable of sounding the most complicated chords, and piercing reed instruments resembling miniature oboes are combined to produce effects of extraordinary beauty. So far as I was able to determine, the musical scale is not unlike our own except that it seemed to have eleven semi-tones instead of twelve. The music has definite harmonic laws and is written down in bars by means of figures."

In Java a potentate arranged a concert of a similar type in Zimbalist's honor, and gave him a large album of colored plates representing the court dancers, the whole encased in a carved rose-wood box.

Louis Greenwald, of our Faculty, who made a world tour as accompanist for Zimbalist, describes another unusual concert which was given in Shanghai. "The chief musician of China was invited by a friend of Mr. Zimbalist to come with his students to play for us. They brought all sorts of queer-looking instruments. One resembled a coffin and was played by a Chinaman in a black skull cap and flowing robe, who plucked at its strings with his extremely long fingernails and occasionally rapped on the wood for emphasis. One selection lasted forty-five minutes!"

Mr. Zimbalist says that he does not mind traveling; possibly because he has done so much of it that it has become a habit. He finds no difficulty in making himself understood in any country, though he speaks "only a few" languages. German is the only one he has officially studied; the others he just learned. "I have never yet been to a hotel where a person who asked for a room and bath in English could not get it—if there were a bath," he said. The English and Americans travel more than anyone else, and hotel-keepers all over the world find that it is a good business proposition to include in their personnel someone who can understand what these tourists want when they ask for something.

Home, however, is very attractive to the violinist. One morning after a concert at Cadiz he cancelled fifteen engagements and took the first boat he could get back to New York. "I was homesick," he said. One can understand that he might very well be, for he has a lovely wife, two children, Marie Virginia and Efrem Jr., and a charming house in which to enjoy being with them. Zimbalist Jr., who took violin lessons from Jascha Heifetz's father, appeared in concert at the age of nine with Zimbalist Sr. as accompanist. The occasion was the Prize Day exercises at the Bovée School in New York where the boy was a student. They played Vivaldi's Concerto in A minor to a delighted audience which included Mrs. Zimbalist, known to most people as Alma Gluck, the famous soprano.

Mr. Zimbalist says that his son must decide for himself whether or not to make music his profession. "He ought to be good. I can say this: I was much more nervous at that recital than he was!"

Zimbalist also served as accompanist to Jascha Heifetz at a gala concert which they organized in 1925 in honor of Professor Auer's birthday. Josef Hofmann, Serge Rachmaninoff, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, and Paul Stassevitch also took part in the program, but the most memorable number of the evening was a triple concerto played by Zimbalist, Heifetz and Auer himself, who, though it was his eightieth birthday, "played with the art and fire of his virtuoso days." It was said at the time of the concert that Carnegie Hall had seldom held a more illustrious audience. All seats



were sold weeks in advance, standing room was at a premium, and hundreds of people were turned away. Not only celebrated musicians were present, but great financiers and leaders in all the professions.

In addition to their New York house the Zimbalists have a summer home in Connecticut where music is frequently heard, indoors and out. One evening while he was a guest at a country estate the violinist's host found him playing a sonata beside a fountain. "It's too bad," he remarked, "that the splashing of water on a summer night cannot be included in orchestration. The music of that fountain is just the right accompaniment to this sonata!"

It is interesting to observe the rooms where the work that precedes concerts is done. Mr. Zimbalist's studio is as fascinating as a museum full of rare objects. It is on the second floor of his New York home which is of brown brick and is opposite some of blue, pink, yellow and tan, whose large

a picture from the table underneath so that its glare could be better seen. A wood carving of a lean, long-haired violinist—unmistakably Paganini, even when seen from the back, stands on a little table; there is a caricature in silhouette of Brahms—but everything else becomes of minor importance after Mr. Zimbalist has offered to show some of the treasures he has collected!

He once said laughingly that he collected everything but golf sticks; now, however, he limits his acquisitive tendencies to first editions, Chinese snuff-boxes and Chinese medicine bottles; or as they might more properly be called, snuff-bottles and medicine boxes. Mr. Zimbalist produced a large, hand-wrought iron key. After a little manipulation of the key and some knobs, he opened the doors of the Japanese cabinet and revealed a row of drawers, the top of one of which he pulled out. Inside lay the snuff-bottles. He took them out one by one—green

and white jade, agate, rose quartz, lapis lazuli, coral, lacquered ivory, each unique of its kind and all with stoppers of contrasting color. Some were carved with delicate and intricate designs, others had a smoothness and sheen entrancing to the touch and sight. When the tops were pulled out a small spoon was discovered to be attached to them, with which to get the snuff out.

"Do you know how these are hollowed out?" Mr. Zimbalist asked. "A workman sits day after day, scraping the stone with a special instru-

ment until he has made a hole the right size. Sometimes it takes an entire year to make a single bottle. Can you imagine an American spending all that time and effort in bringing a trinket to perfection? The difference between Oriental craftsmanship (which is really art) and our wholesale manufacturing is so great! We have entirely different points of view."

He opened the next drawer and brought out the medicine boxes. They looked like cases for cigars. One expected them to open from the side, but instead they came apart in sections, making five or six separate compartments. These little boxes were strung on cords, which passed through holes in both sides, and ended with a charm, and they fitted one on top of the other so exactly that they seemed to be of one piece. Mr. Zimbalist explained that in the olden days the noblemen used to carry these bottles with several varieties of medicine on their travels.



*His visit to Tokio remains one of the brightest spots in Zimbalist's memories of his world tour. A delegation of artists from the Imperial Theatre welcomed him on his arrival in the Japanese capital where he was later entertained by the Emperor.*

northern windows lead one to suspect that they are inhabited by painters. The studio is large, with paneled walls and ceiling. A grand piano at one end is covered with framed photographs of well-known musicians who are especial friends of the Zimbalists; above it hangs a painting, hazy and delicate in coloring, a mysterious castle. On the opposite side of the room stands a very old Japanese cabinet on which sits a Buddha about two feet high, enshrined in an open case. Some coins with holes, tied on strings, dangle before his face, and on either side of him stands a tall Mongolian teapot, several centuries old.

An oil portrait of Efrem, Jr., and his sister graces the wall above an open fireplace, while across from it is a large tapestry from an ancient monastery, representing St. George and the dragon. The dragon has a very wicked red eye; Mr. Zimbalist removed



Can't you picture an aristocratic, wise old Chinaman, with a black pigtail hanging down over a gorgeously embroidered silk robe, having one disease after another on his journeys, just for the pleasure of using his white jade medicine bottle with the ball of agate swinging from it?

Bowls, trays with pictures in beaten gold, an exquisite mother-of-pearl fan—"hold it up to the light so that you can see the delicate carving and the coloring"—the shell of a goose-egg with an intricate gold design whose execution must have cost its creator at least as much effort as learning a difficult concerto demands, plates bearing the crest of the Tokugawa family (the Tokugawas are the highest in Japanese rank next to the imperial house), daggers whose edges are as sharp as when they last drew blood, now sheathed in shark-skin cases. . . . Mr. Zimbalist's eye alighted on two folding parchment (or rice paper) screens about twelve inches high, which stood on a table. "From a Japanese doll's house," he said. They were framed in ebony and on them tiny Japanese ladies were painted, some drinking tea, some walking under cherry trees with open parasols. The work could not have been more exquisitely done had the screens been intended for a real home.

Zimbalist does not collect violins, though at one time he was said to own more of them than any other virtuoso. His two finest instruments are the "Lamoureux" Stradivarius, and a Lorenzo Guadagnini, one of the rarest of the eighteenth century Cremonas. He takes all of them out for exercise in their regular turn to keep them "singing and in good voice" and varies them in concerts according to his program and the fitness of various ones at the time.

The Guadagnini had an adventurous journey several years ago. One evening it was stolen from a Los Angeles concert hall. Soon after, a musician offered it for sale to the Chicago representative of Rudolph Wurlitzer, the collector of old violins from whom Zimbalist had originally bought it. The police were called, and the glad news of its discovery was cabled to Zimbalist who was then in Australia. He cabled back to ask his wife who was leaving New York to join him, to pick it up in Chicago on the way. But the Los Angeles authorities wanted it for evidence, and when Mrs. Zimbalist reached Chicago it had been sent back west again. Mrs. Zimbalist finally sailed, leaving instructions to forward the violin when the authorities were through with it. This was done. They thought it would reach the violinist in Sydney, but it was a wrong guess. After cable consultation and custom red tape it was shipped to him in Tokyo. But he had already left, so it was sent to Singapore. Again it missed. It continued to Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, always arriving just too late. At last word was received that Zimbalist was returning to Australia for a few more concerts, so the violin was sent post haste to Sydney again. But the Australian return concerts did not include one at Sydney! Zimbalist went on to Europe, but fearing the possible loss of the instrument if it did any more unchaperoned traveling he ordered it back to the

United States, where it arrived several weeks after he had returned. It came in a case covered with more labels than a Cook's tourist's trunk!

Mr. Zimbalist was very busy, at the time of this interview, with examinations at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia where he teaches. The future?—"I am always planning world tours," he said humorously. "Places change very rapidly and are never just the same when you go back, but it is always a pleasure to renew acquaintance with one's friends."

## TALENT AND ITS TRAINING

By W. J. HENDERSON

Students in music schools have been writhing in the agonies of examinations. This recorder, striding recently through a corridor in the school to which he is attached, came upon an anxious-looking young woman standing on one foot, leaning against the wall and holding a music book open on a bench with the other foot while she resolutely blew strange sounds from a clarinet. "I have to play that exercise for my examination," she said plaintively, as one who mourns a mistaken course in life.

In another place the observer found two young men emitting doleful sounds with their voices in a desperate endeavor to sing a sight-reading exercise. And there were others engaged in harmonizing melodies, writing instrumentation or making attempts at deciphering figured basses. There were also young persons of both sexes preparing to meet such questions as these:

"What relation was there between the ideals of the age of chivalry and the songs of the troubadours?"

"What central feature of the early opera was formed by Alessandro Scarlatti?"

All these things and many others of their kind meet the student who goes to one of the important music schools. The students would in the majority of cases prefer to learn to play an instrument or sing without having to take all the theoretical and historical studies. Thousands of young aspirants for operatic glory keep away from the conservatories simply because they do not wish to work at anything but "voice." In this attitude they are encouraged by the popular idea that the possession of a good voice and the technical training of it are all that is needed for a successful career as a singer.

The consideration of cost influences many in deciding whether to go to a school or to work with a private teacher. Celebrities come high and the fees of famous teachers are sometimes formidable. It can be said for these teachers that they give much for the money. They bestow upon their pupils the treasures of their experience and knowledge. They impart priceless instruction in style and interpretation and frequently in general musicianship; but they cannot provide quite all that a conservatory can, for it has many teachers and departments and offers trained specialists in all of them.

N. Y. Sun.



## SAN MICHELE

(Continued from Page 4)

Tiberius' villa occurred to Dr. Munthe frequently during his busy years in the medical profession, and at last he was able to purchase the land on which they lay and to begin, with the help of Mastro Nicola and other neighbors, to realize his ambition.

"This is my house," I explained to them, "with huge Roman columns supporting its vaulted rooms and of course small Gothic columns in all the windows. This is the loggia with its strong arches, we will decide by and by how many arches there will be. Here comes a pergola, over a hundred columns, leading up to the chapel, never mind the public road running straight across my pergola now, it will have to go. Here looking out on Castella Barbarossa comes another loggia, I do not quite see what it looks like for the present, I am sure it will spring out of my head at the right moment. This is a small inner court, all white marble, a sort of atrium with a cool fountain in its midst and heads of Roman emperors round the walls. Here behind the house we are going to knock down the garden wall and build a cloister something like the Lateran cloister in Rome. Here comes a large terrace where all you girls will dance the tarantella on summer evenings. On the top of the garden we shall blast away the rock and build a Greek theatre open on all sides to sun and wind. This is an avenue of cypresses leading up to the chapel which we will of course rebuild as a chapel with cloister stalls and stained glass windows, I intend to make it my library. This is a colonnade with twisted Gothic columns surrounding the chapel and here looking out over the bay of Naples we are going to hoist an enormous Egyptian sphinx of red granite, older than Tiberius himself. It is the very place for a sphinx. I do not see for the present where I shall get it from but I am sure it will turn up in time."

"When I drew the outlines of the little cloister with my stick in the sand I saw it at once just as it stands now, encircling with its graceful arcades its little court of cypresses with the dancing faun in its midst. When we found the earthenware vase full of Roman coins, they became tremendously excited, every contadino on the island has been on the lookout for il tesoro di Timberio (the treasure of Tiberius) for two thousand years. It was only later on when cleaning these coins that I found amongst them the gold coin fresh as if it had been coined today, 'fleur de coin' indeed, the finest likeness of the old Emperor I had ever seen. Close by we found the two bronze hoofs of an equestrian statue, one still in my possession, the other stolen ten years later by a tourist. The whole garden was full of thousands and thousands of polished slabs of colored marble, africano, pavonazetto, giallo antico, verde antico, cipolino, alabastro, all now forming the pavement of the big loggia, the chapel and some of the terraces. A broken cup of agate of exquisite shape, several broken and unbroken Greek vases, innumerable fragments of early Roman sculpture, including, according to

Mastro Nicola, la gamba di Timberio (Tiberius' leg), dozens of Greek and Roman inscriptions came to light while we were digging. While we were planting the cypresses bordering the little lane to the chapel, we came upon a tomb with a skeleton of a man, he had a Greek coin in his mouth, the bones are still there where we found them. . . .

"The huge arcades of the big loggia rose rapidly out of the earth, one by one the hundred white columns of the pergola stood out against the sky. What had once been Mastro Vincenzo's house and his carpenter workshop was gradually transformed and enlarged into what was to become my future home. How it was done I have never been able to understand nor has anybody else who knows the history of the San Michele of today. I knew absolutely nothing about architecture nor did any of my fellow-workers; nobody who could read or write ever had anything to do with the work, no architect was ever consulted, no proper drawing or plan was ever made, no exact measurements were ever taken. It was all done all' occhio, by eye, as Mastro Nicola called it. . . .

"After five long summers' incessant toil from sunrise to sunset San Michele was more or less finished but there was still a lot to be done in the garden. A new terrace was to be laid out behind the house, another loggia to be built over the two small Roman rooms which we had discovered in the autumn. As to the little cloister court, I told Mastro Nicola we had better knock it down, I did not like it any more. Mastro Nicola implored me to leave it as it was, we had already knocked it down twice, if we kept on knocking down everything as soon as it was built, San Michele would never be finished. I told Mastro Nicola that the proper way to build one's house was to knock everything down never mind how many times and begin again until your eye told you that everything was right. The eye knew much more about architecture than did the books. The eye was infallible, as long as you relied on your own eye and not on the eye of other people.

"The house was small, the rooms were small, but there were loggias, terraces and pergolas all around it to watch the sun, the sea and the clouds—the soul needs more space than the body. Not much furniture in the rooms but what there was could not be bought with money alone. Nothing superfluous, nothing unbeautiful, no bric-a-brac, no trinkets. A few primitive pictures, an etching of Durer and a Greek bas-relief on the whitewashed walls. A couple of old rugs on the mosaic floor, a few books on the tables, flowers everywhere in lustrous jars from Faenza and Urbino. The cypresses from Villa d'Este leading the way up to the chapel had already grown into an avenue of stately trees, the noblest trees in the world. The chapel itself which had given its name to my home had at last become mine. It was to become my library. Fine old cloister stalls surrounded the white walls, in its midst stood a large refectory table laden with books and terra-cotta fragments. On a fluted column of giallo antico stood a huge Horus (Egyptian sun-god) of basalt, the



largest I have ever seen, brought from the land of the pharaohs by some Roman collector, maybe by Tiberius himself. Over the writing table the marble head of Medusa looked down upon me, fourth century B. C., found by me at the bottom of the sea. On the huge cinquecento Florentine mantelpiece stood the Winged Victory. On a column of africano by the window the mutilated head of Nero looked out over the gulf where he had caused his mother to be beaten to death by his oarsmen. Over the entrance door stood the beautiful cinquecento stained glass window presented to Eleanora Duse by the town of Florence and given by her to me in remembrance of her last stay in San Michele. In a small crypt five feet below the Roman floor of colored marble slept in peace the two monks I had come upon quite unaware when we were digging for the foundations of the mantelpiece. They lay there with folded arms just as they had been buried under their chapel nearly five hundred years ago. Their cassocks had mouldered almost to dust, their dried-up bodies were light as parchment, but their features were still well-preserved, their hands were still clasping their crucifixes, one of them wore dainty silver buckles on his shoes. I was sorry to have disturbed them in their sleep, with infinite precautions I laid them back in their little crypt."

Surely the lovely music of stringed instruments—especially as played by our own Musical Art Quartet!—would have enhanced the beauty of this setting for the monks, and even for Tiberius himself.

### FORTISSIMO

(Continued from Page 2)

by Dr. Damrosch at the Institute which he felt sure the students must appreciate deeply. Mr. Johnson has founded a school in his native Canada to carry out his own ideas of music education. These, in a large measure, are the same as those of Dr. Damrosch, hence he found real inspiration in his visit to the Institute.

\* \* \*

The juries at the recent recitals by candidates for the Artist's Diploma were composed of Harold Bauer, Albert Jonás and Frank Sheridan for piano; C. G. McGibeny and Sam Bellison for clarinet; W. J. Henderson and George Meader for voice.

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Songs:

"Cradle Song" .....Mozart  
"Sea Chanty" ..... Folk Tune  
"Country Dance" .....Swedish  
Classes in Choral Singing

Dalcroze Eurythmics:

Rhythm Study No. 1

EVA KOLKER

ADELE BERNSTEIN

MILDRED KALTMAN

Rhythm Study No. 2

ANNA DIRKES

LILLIAN SHAMAN

ELAINE GROSSMAN

ARLYNE RATNER

JUDITH KOOPERMAN

ZELDA SMITH

Small Songs: Preparatory Center Children

"Hush-a-bye Lady" .....Elsie Gray

"Spring Song" .....Billy Masselos

"Little Blue Pigeon" .....Maro Ajemian

"The Violin Pupil," a humorous song .....Billy Masselos

Classes in Choral Singing

Piano Solos:

Bergerette

Old Drinking Song } ..... French

SARI COHEN

Für Elise .....Beethoven

LAURA PINES

Piano Duet:

Andante and Variations.....Weber

ELEANOR SERTNER

PATRICIA ROBINSON

Violin Solo:

Musette }

Minuet } .....Bach

EVA KOLKER

Piano Solos:

Sonatina in F.....Beethoven

LEONARD EISNER

Sonatina in C.....Kuhlan

Allegro

LAWRENCE FELS

Spinning Song .....Mendelssohn

VIRGINIA HELLER

Violin Solo:

Chanson Louis XIII et Pavane.....Couperin-Kreisler

HERBERT GROSS

Piano Solos:

Minuet in B minor.....Bach

Bagatelle in E flat major.....Beethoven

GENEVIEVE ELBAUM

Impromptu in B flat major, Rosamunde.....Schubert

BILLY MASSELOS

Group for Five Cellos:

Song of May.....Mozart

RUBY WAGNER

Spring Has Come.....Reichardt

DOROTHY COY

Lullaby .....Brahms

LAWRENCE SMITHLINE

Adagietto .....Bizet

RICHARD MCINTYRE

Andante .....Gluck

ALFRED ASH

Piano Solos:

French Suite in E major.....Bach

MARO AJEMIAN

Scherzino .....Moszkowski

ARTHUR WHITE

Adagio from String Quartet in G } .....Haydn

Presto from Symphony in C }

PREPARATORY CENTER ORCHESTRA



# Victory

## *A Comedy in Four Scenes*

By Joseph Machlis

**S**PRING had come to Allen Street. A warm wind seeped down through the rafters of the elevated-train structure. Women sat squat on stoops, sipping seltzer-water. There was a terrific din, compounded of the cries of street urchins, the shouts of peddlers, and the periodic rumbling of the train overhead. But occasionally there was a brief lull. Then, had you listened closely, you would have distinguished the faint tinkling of a piano.

Lena was listening very closely. She stood against the iron rail in front of the grubby tenement at the very end of the street. She looked with eager eyes into the ground-floor parlor from which the music came. The window was open, and she could see the polished flank of the piano, the curvy fingers of the performer. Lena swayed her head in time to the melody. She hummed a little, too. It was a song she liked, called, "A Mother's Prayer."

Presently, almost unconsciously, she began to tap her fingers against the iron rail, curving them, as she saw the pianist inside do. She waved her arms, bent her wrists. Her slate-colored eyes, that were so much too large for the tiny white face, began to sparkle. For a moment she let herself float in this enchanted world of make-believe: She, Lena, was sitting at the piano playing the beautiful piece called, "The Mother's Prayer" . . .

Then she glanced down at her fingers, and fell plump back into reality. The finger-tips were caloused and sore, the joints were stiff. For ten hours every day those thin bony fingers flattened, folded, and pasted together strips of moist cardboard that were later to become cigarette boxes. Lena clenched her fists. A blind, hopeless anger and longing swept through her. She knew that she would never have a piano, that she would never be able to play. And at that moment, it seemed to her that life's greatest happiness must be to stroke those shiny ivory keys, to draw out those strange, clear, mournfully beautiful tones.

A fierce sob rumbled up against her clenched teeth. She wanted to run away, yet she stayed, held by the music as one fascinated. The pianist finished the piece, and launched into another. Lena knew its name, too, from having seen it so often on the cover-title: "A Trip to Niagara, March and Two-Step."

Perhaps, when one is young, one wants things too passionately; perhaps their lack is too keenly felt. . . . As the slim, narrow-shouldered girl leaned forward, two tears dashed against her hot eyelids and came slinking down her cheeks.

2

At twenty-four Lena married Jake. They sat in the bare little kitchen that was painted a blushing

shade of pink, and planned the home that was to be theirs.

China-closets were all the rage then. You could get a linoleum rug that looked almost like the real thing, especially at night. And a little chiffonier that you'd swear was genuine mahogany, if you didn't look too long. . . . It surprised Jake to see how indifferently his bride passed over these possibilities. But it was something much more violent than surprise he felt when, fixing her cool, slate-colored eyes upon him, she murmured,

"A piano, Jake . . . if we could only have a piano!"

"A—what?" Jake was a good-natured chap, a bit slow on the uptake, but steady as a brick wall. "A piano? Darling, what for we need a piano when we ain't got no table with chairs. You can't eat on a piano, can you?" His broad shoulders crept up in a puzzled little mountain.

Jake's next question hurt her even more. "And who'll play it, darling? I? You?"

How to explain to him?—just the feel of the keys—just the sound of those low thrilling tones—just to sit before it and dream in adoration.

"Jake, all my life I wanted—maybe, someday, who knows. . . ."

His arm was around her, tenderly. "All right, dear. First we'll get the table and chairs, and maybe a living room suite. And then—and then—" he smiled—"maybe by that time we'll really need one."

Lena recognized the absurdity of her whim. Nevertheless, with an inconsistency not rare amongst her sex, she managed to squeeze off half-a-dollar every week from the little yellow envelope that Jake brought her, hiding it away, saving it, for . . . someday.

3

"Ma! Ma-ma! They're bringin' it, ma!" Little Ray shouted up from the street, shifting excitedly from one leg to the other, twisting into pulp her slice of bread-and-butter.

Lena came rushing down the stairs. In front of the house quite a group had assembled, to watch the adjusting of the pulleys, the unwrapping of the huge shiny box that was to be Lena's piano. And, as she stood watching, something warm came trembling from the inside of her, a joy, an exaltation, a triumph.

The men shouted to one another and began to pull the ropes, the polished mahogany box began to swing aloft, higher, higher, towards Lena's third-floor window. Lena held her daughter to her. The piano caught the gleam of the sun on its flank and



went swinging ever higher, shiny with hope and promise.

There was something in her face like ecstasy as, later, she struck the keys, one after, with her stubby roughened fingers. She sat on the stool, then she placed little Ray on the stool, then she called in Jake, then she crowed over Ray.

"You'll play, you'll play already to make up for what I didn't. 'A Mother's Prayer' you'll play, and 'A Trip to Niagara,' and—but what won't you play? Ray, dear . . . Ech, I wanted, but I couldn't. For me it's too late already. But you . . . Will you play! Like bells it'll be . . . like bells."

She put her daughter's soft little fingers on the keys, she kissed them one by one, she repeated some strange nonsensical gurglings. And then proudly, oh, so proudly, she ran her hand along the smooth edge of the mahogany. Her piano! That she had saved and skimped for. That her Ray was to play on! There was a smile on her face . . . a smile of victory.

That piano was the last thing Lena ever skimped for. Already Jake, in the kitchen, was reading all about the first of that series of real-estate booms which was to carry him and Lena to a nine-room detached house in Flatbush, with two garages, Tudor fireplace, a Steinway baby grand, Louis XVI model, in walnut, to grace the living room.

4

The years had dealt kindly with Lena. Forty-four sat on her like a great open cloak. She was squat, plump, but quite modish, and not without a certain dignity. But now, as she stood red-faced and speechless with rage against the curve of the baby-grand, that dignity fell away from her in shreds.

"That I should have such trouble from her! Only one—and such. . . ." She did not address Ray directly. She shot at the mirror, reckoning that Ray would catch it on the rebound. In one hand she diddled impulsively an official looking paper, which, you hardly need be told, was a report. "Failed again . . . unsatisfactory . . . absent at examination. . . ." She looked up. "What can I do with her? What?"

Ray came forward, and there was a little bang of definiteness in her voice. "I'm quitting it for good, mom. I've hated it ever since I can remember. I've never wanted to play. It was you who forced me to it. But I think I've just about had enough!" She resembled greatly the pale spindly girl who had stood, so long ago, listening to the tinkle of a piano under the rumble of an elevated-train; except that her clothes had a discreet way of saying, "We don't really look half our price—which is why we're so smart!" and her little hat rode high on the back of her head in a triangular elegance all its own.

Now Lena spoke in a quieter voice. "Ray, dear, all my life I've wanted . . . if not me, at least you. If I had had such a chance . . . it breaks my heart to see the piano stand . . . quiet, empty, all day. Ray darling, for mamma's sake, play, keep on playing. You'll see. . . ."

The girl stood close to her mother, and she too spoke more softly. "I wish I could give the piano

to the girl that was once you, mom. Or I wish I were the girl that was you. But I'm not, mom. So that's that. You've made me miserable ever since I was a tot with this . . . this passion of yours. I hate to play, I shouldn't be able to play if I studied a thousand years, and besides . . . but it bores me, and life is short, mom. You know that. I don't want to hurt you, mom, but—" Downstairs a motor horn ran up the three tones of a triad. "Oo, that's Bob waiting for me. I must run along. Don't let's torture ourselves any more, mom. You understand, don't you?"

Very young and sweet and determined she was, as she pecked a kiss at Lena's smooth round cheek and ran off, flinging the wearisome report into a wastebasket.

Lena, left alone, went over to the piano, sat down. A long while she remained motionless. Her pain lay against her heart emptily, in a sort of bewilderment. Softly, timidly, she began to strike the low rich tones that she loved so well. The sombre echoes died away. Her lips quivered painfully.

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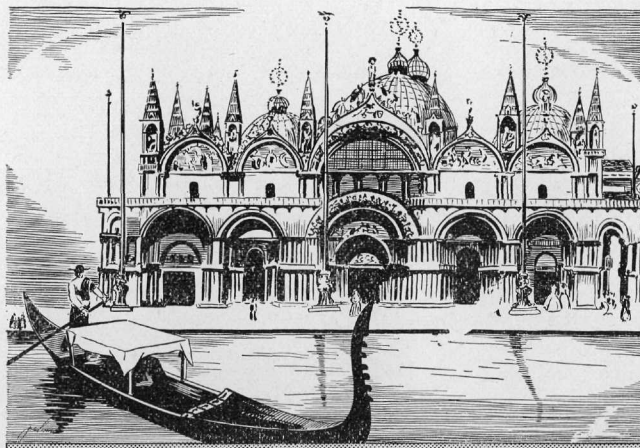
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