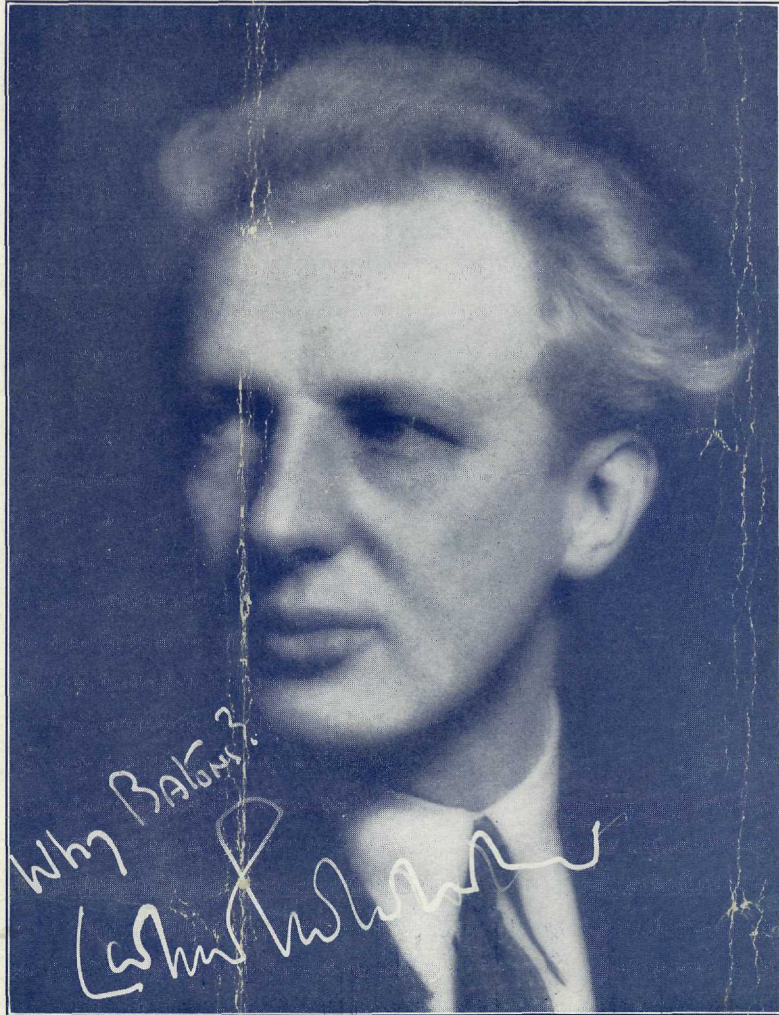


# The Baton



*Published by*

## THE JUILLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC

John Erskine, President

Ernest Hutcheson, Dean  
*The Graduate School*

Frank Damrosch, Dean  
*The Institute of Musical Art*

Oscar Wagner, Assistant Dean

Anniversary Issue, 1932

Dec. 1932 20 Cents a Copy



Appearances of faculty members are featured FORTISSIMO in these columns

### Before the Public

The Graduate School's string orchestra gave a concert on January 15. Under the direction of Albert Stoessel they played an *Overture* by George Philip Telemann, *Two Four-Part Fantasias* by Henry Purcell, *Symphony in B flat major* by William Boyce, *Concerto in D major for Piano, Violin, Flute and Strings* by J. S. Bach, *Study in Sonority for Ten Violins or any multiple of Ten*, by Wallingford Riegger, and *Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra*, by Ernest Bloch. The soloists in the Bach *Concerto* (Brandenburg Concerto No. 5, the concert arrangement by Alexander Siloti of the Graduate School's Piano Faculty) were Helen Fogel, piano, Mary Becker, violin, and Frances Blaisdell, flute. Jerome Rappaport played the piano obbligato in Bloch's *Concerto Grosso*.

The Institute's anniversary concert in honor of the birthday of Betty Loeb, mother of James Loeb who founded the school, was given on January 16 in the Recital Hall. The *Elshuco Trio* composed of Willem Willeke, 'cellist, Karl Kraeuter, violinist, and Aurelio Giorni, pianist, played Brahms' *Trio in C major* and his *Quartet in G minor*, in which they were assisted by Conrad Held, who played the viola. The *Madrigal Choir*, led by Mr. Randall Thompson, sang six *a capella* songs.

Dr. Erskine has just returned from a highly successful concert and lecture tour. He gave three concerts with orchestra in Grand Rapids to sold-out houses, and spoke before the Civic Music Association and the MacDowell Club in Milwaukee. He also played with orchestra at Syracuse on January 9.

Ernest Hutcheson broadcasts ever Sunday evening over WABC. He usually plays one movement of a concerto with the Columbia Orchestra under Howard Barlow, and also gives a group of solos. He is planning a short concert trip to Baltimore and Virginia in March.

Paul Kochanski, teacher of violin at the Graduate School, gave a recital at Carnegie Hall on January 19.

Harold Morris, of the Institute's Department of Piano, is the author of several compositions which have been played recently. His *Piano Concerto* was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra both in Boston and New York City, with the composer as soloist.

We quote from some of the glowing criticisms which appeared in the New York newspapers:

(Continued on Page 8)

The *Baton* celebrates its tenth anniversary with the publication of this issue. When it was born, in January, 1922, it was a healthy twelve-page infant, a child of great promise, and has, within a short lifetime, proved very precocious. In ten years it has nearly doubled its size! One of the first important steps in its development was the beginning, in 1928, of interviews with famous artists. Among the feature articles of early issues were those about Franz Kneisel, William J. Henderson, Arturo Toscanini, Maurice Ravel, Féodor Chaliapin and John Philip Sousa. During the season 1928-1929 the *Baton* not only increased to twenty pages, but also appeared in vari-colored vestments, which it has worn ever since. As some people are said to wear their hearts on their sleeves, so the *Baton* wears pictures of favorite musicians on its cover. In the list of these artistic friends of the latter years are numbered Elisabeth Rethberg, Ottorino Respighi, Yehudi Menuhin, Edward Johnson, the Flonzaley Quartet, Walter Damrosch, Mischa Levitzki, Fritz Kreisler, Geraldine Farrar, Alexander Glazounow, Frank Damrosch, Vladimir Horowitz, Albert Spalding, Willem Willeke, Ignace Paderewski, Jascha Heifetz, José Iturbi, Artur Bodanzky, Lucrezia Bori, "Roxy," Efrem Zimbalist, and John Erskine.

### The Baton

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# Frank Damrosch

## *A Biographical Sketch\**

*From the London Musical Times*

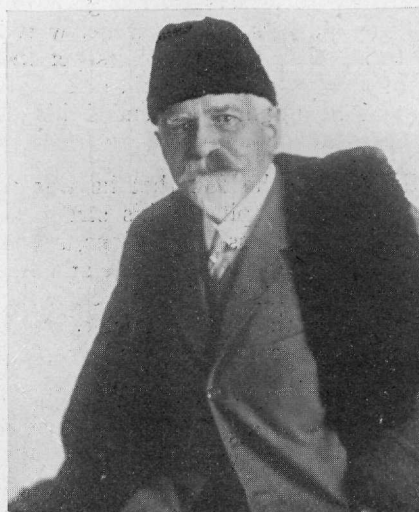
**T**HIRTY years ago Charles Kingsley visited America. At San Francisco he was invited to Berkeley University, where he delivered an address to the students on "Culture." The President of the University thus describes and epitomises Kingsley's words of wisdom:

"His speech, so invigorating, yet so simple, will long be remembered—like a draught of pure water in a thirsty clime. The man was inspired, and felt every word that he spoke. . . . He urged the students also to cultivate the æsthetic faculty—a taste for music and the fine arts; to learn to appreciate grace and manners, and beauty of form, as studied by the Greeks, who produced the sculptors, painters, and musicians of old. He paid a special tribute to music. . . . Music was necessary to the rounding and finishing of the perfect character."

This advice of the revered Canon, who was a philanthropist in the truest sense of the term, is applicable for all time and to all countries. It should serve as a stimulus to workers in the field of popular music, foremost among whom is the subject of this Biographical Sketch.

Franz Heino Damrosch—his first name after his godfather, Franz Liszt—was born at Breslau on June 22, 1859. He is the eldest son of Dr. Leopold Damrosch (1832-1885), a remarkable musician in many ways. A devoted classicalist and strenuous fighter for new ideas in music, Leopold Damrosch took an active part in the reform movement which had its origin at Weimar, where he held the position of solo violinist in the Grand Ducal orchestra. As a whole-hearted admirer and life-long friend of

Wagner's, he went "begging around" for money in order to relieve the financial strain of the master during his exile at Zurich. He conducted the first performance of the Overture to *Tannhäuser* at Breslau to the additional accompaniment of hisses, but with dauntless courage he persevered until these signs of disfavor were replaced by applause. After having done splendid work in Breslau for twelve years, Leopold Damrosch was appointed in 1871 conductor of the Arion Society of New York. He founded the Oratorio Society of New York in 1873, also the Symphony Society in 1878, and in various



*Dr. Damrosch on his seventieth birthday, in fur coat and cap, the birthday gift of the Institute Faculty.*

### \* IN EXPLANATION

The above article appeared in the *London Musical Times* in December, 1904. An old copy of the paper came into the hands of Mr. Gartlan, who gave it to Dr. Damrosch. We were in England in 1904, but neither of us remember any "interview." Dr. Damrosch recalls a visit he paid Novellos, who publish the *Musical Times*, and that he may have been asked questions about himself, but most of the article must have reached the English paper "by way of America." Your Director thinks he has been written about too much in the pages of the *Baton*, but I thought it would interest its readers to know that in 1904 he was "doing preparatory work" for the school in which they are now studying.

—Hetty Damrosch.

enterprises proved himself to be not only a pioneer but a man of mark, full of earnestness for the art he loved and practised with untiring energy. His second son, Mr. Walter Damrosch, who succeeded him in his conducting appointments at New York, worthily upholds the musical traditions of the family.

"I was brought up in an atmosphere of music," Dr. Frank Damrosch tells us during his recent visit to London. "Liszt, Wagner, Tausig, Rubinstein—high priests of music—Joachim and other great musicians of the day were frequent visitors at our house in Breslau. As a boy, aged about five or six, I felt as proud as a peacock when I turned over the leaves of the quartet players who met under our roof. The example set by my father instilled in me from my childhood a deep and abiding love of music in its highest and noblest forms. In America I studied under Pruckner, Jean Vogt, Von Inten,

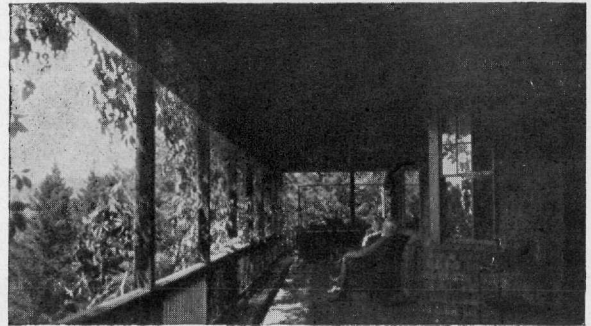
and my father gave me lessons in harmony, etc. A great event of my boyhood was the first visit to America of Hans von Bülow in the season of 1875-76. I attended all the rehearsals and concerts—the latter numbered 139—which he gave and in which my father co-operated. Von Bülow's performances of Bach and Beethoven were of the greatest educational value to me at this impressionable period of my life."

Upon emerging from his teens Frank Damrosch, who was having "a too easy time at home," determined to go out West for a year and to earn a living without depending upon music for his daily bread. He went to Denver, Colorado, with forty dollars in his pocket. For six weeks he applied at shop after shop, office after office, for a job, but without success. It was a terribly dull season and the youth became very home-sick. At last he found employment in a hat store, his duties being to scrub the floor of that head-gear emporium and to brush the hats of the customers. During the absence of "the boss" he sold hats, and his wages were increased from 60 to 75, then to 100 dollars per month. At the end of the year he began to feel quite independent, and he might have ended his days as a hatter!

But all this time he felt that he was not in his proper element. In spite of his struggles and the drudgery of his business occupations, the artistic instinct within him reasserted itself, and he felt that the whole bent of his nature craved a musical existence. He made the acquaintance of a lawyer who played a fiddle: a second violin and a viola were also available for the making of concerted music, but no violoncellist! One day he saw an old violoncello for sale in a shop; this he purchased, and worked hard with Kummer's "Violoncello School" in order to make up a string quartet. The players met every Sunday morning and scraped away to their hearts' content. The next step in the musical uplift of Denver was a bold one. Young Damrosch, in the spirit of a true enthusiast, sent a letter to every church singer in Denver asking them to meet at a certain hall in the city on Tuesday evenings regularly to practise vocal music under his direction. These choralizings were not only most successful, but were greatly enjoyed. From a social point of view they more than fulfilled their purpose, and the seeds of the love of music among the people were being sown by the young conductor with gratifying success and hopeful results. Those vocal practisings—made up of any material the zealous young conductor could find, and financed by him for five years—developed into the Denver Chorus Club, a title which showed the social nature of the organization.

"We performed oratorios," says Dr. Damrosch, "to the accompaniment of organ and strings played by amateurs. On the afternoon of Washington's birthday (February 22, 1884) we decided to perform the *Creation*. As the theatres were closed at that time of the day the bandsmen thereat were

free from their duties. I therefore asked them to play at our concert and offered to pay them. They willingly agreed to come, but declined to accept any remuneration for their services. In fact it was a great enjoyment to them to exchange the horrible stuff they were in the habit of playing at the theatres for the genial strains of old Papa Haydn. The result of this venture was the formation of a private orchestral society which met every Sunday morning



*Dr. and Mrs. Frank Damrosch look back over the years, from the seclusion of their verandah in Seal Harbor, Maine.*

for the rehearsal of symphonies, etc." It is not surprising to hear Dr. Damrosch say that this experience, as conductor of the orchestra, was invaluable to him. He rapidly made a name as a teacher of music. His services were in such demand that after four years of ups and downs in commerce, he gave up business and devoted himself entirely to music, except that he obtained a commission in the Militia, thus adding further variety to his experience of life.

The propagandist and educational spirit wherein the nature of Frank Damrosch is so fully charged found a fresh and congenial outlet when he turned his attention to music for the children. "We have no music in our schools," the Superintendent of the Public Schools wrote to him in the spring of 1884: "Will you not come and teach the children?" He did, with the result that he was appointed Superintendent of Music in the Public Schools of Denver. This post greatly influenced his future career, inasmuch as it caused him to make a serious study of the then existing methods of teaching sight-singing to children. Thus in three branches of the art—choral, orchestral, and school-music—this enterprising lover of music in his early twenties proved to be a pioneer of the right stamp. A watch presented to him in 1884 by the Denver Chorus Club is one of his precious possessions as being a memento of those business and art-propagating days at Denver. The church appointments held by him at Denver were theologically varied: he was successively organist and choirmaster of the First Congregational Church, of the Synagogue, and of the Unitarian Church.

In the spring of 1885, on the death of his father,

*(Continued on Page 12)*

# Humor

## *A Sense of It, Is a Thing to Cultivate and Achieve\**

By John Erskine

**H**UMOR is the art of adapting oneself to another temperament. Every temperament, men used to think, is conditioned by the quality of the moisture or "humor" in the individual's body. If you were melancholy, it was because you had a melancholy "humor." Ben Jonson wrote about "Every Man In His Humor." To humor a person was to accommodate yourself to his characteristic tendencies. To have a sense of humor was to have such imaginative flexibility that you could adapt yourself to anybody.

Long ago we abandoned the physiological explanation, and instead built up around the word an atmosphere of rich meanings, having to do not with the origin of our temperament but with the ends to which we devote our gifts. Humor is now a thing to cultivate and achieve. Some of us have more of an aptitude for it than others, but in a truly civilized world no one is excused from having some of it—perhaps no one who lacked it entirely could survive. We fancy that the cave-man, some primitive brute who argued with a stone ax and disposed of ideas in an adversary by dashing out his brains, might get on well without a sense of humor, provided that his own skull remained uncracked; if once, however, you admit the right of all your fellows to survive, even though they disagree with you, you must learn how to bend to their peculiarities without surrendering your own pet queerness. It's a great art.

As we now understand it, humor has a surface quality and an inner depth. It is related to cheerfulness, courage, fun, even to merriment. It is also allied to sympathy, to a fellow-feeling for the unfortunate and the unhappy, to the animal pathos of life. This inward aspect of humor most of us admit is the nobler and more important. Laughter is no bad thing, not even if it is a shallow reaction of the nerves to silly and insignificant occasions; but a true sense of humor keeps the mind too occupied and the heart too alert to laugh. For the same reason it is at its best when divorced from wit. The kindest wit still has an edge on it, and to be sharp it becomes a little hard. Hardness and humor are contradictions.

To say it another way, humor is the most inclusive form of comedy. It keeps in mind our own peculiarities while it observes the tendency in others to be mechanical, or as we say, to be a little "set." However we explain the cause of temperament, we know that the daily habit of life trains us, perhaps against our will, in ruts and grooves; we develop tendencies of which we are not aware; in the eyes of our friends we become at last distinguished by stereotyped thoughts, emotions, conduct. Though

these marks of our soul may be in themselves admirable, yet it is not entirely admirable that they should be automatic repetitions; it is not desirable that our ways of accepting experience should be less varied and flexible than the experience we accept. The aim of education, in one important aspect, is to acquire the art of distinguishing, of catching the minute differences which set apart each thing or thought, each person, each situation, from every other. The finest mind will not distinguish perfectly; the mind without humor, alas, will hardly distinguish at all. It is easier to take life in the rough, to group experience in large categories, to make choices from the crude contrast of good and bad, white and black. But to live so simply is, for civilized man, not to live at all. To be content in a few mental grooves, we must first have lost sight of the manifold shadings and combinations of life, and we must have forgotten that actions, thoughts and emotions are always to some extent conditioned by time and place.



*Mr. Micawber in his element!*  
(One of the immortal characters created by Charles Dickens in his novel "David Copperfield.")

Mr. Micawber, looking for something to turn up, is a comic figure. That is, his value to us is the insight we get into what has become mechanical in him. His virtues were cheerfulness, loyalty and optimism, all admirable, but he had ceased to distinguish among the occasions when those virtues were adequate. He was optimistic in minor adversities, and equally optimistic when he faced disaster. We suspect that he didn't recognize disaster when he saw it. Our sympathy goes to his family, to whom discomfort arrived in varied degrees, however he tried to cheer them up with his automatic formulas.

Richard Feverel's father, in Meredith's novel, is a

\*A thought for this period of mid-year examinations!

comic figure on a finer plane. Having suffered disaster in his private life, he determines that his boy shall be spared so bitter an experience, and he applies his splendid mind to the development of a system of education which will take account of human nature and will direct the impulses of youth to high purposes, instead of compressing them dangerously in frail conventions. Yet he overlooks some of the possibilities of life, accidents of time and place, and though his system works successfully, it doesn't work as he intended. His mind has become so set in his personal theories, that he fails to recognize success, as *Mr. Micawber* failed to recognize failure.

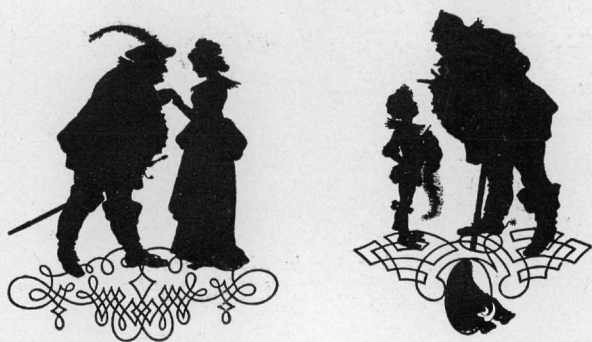
Suppose a man avoided the stereotyped attitude toward life by taking no attitude at all. Suppose you try to keep yourself free of all conventions, all systems; this stupid classification of black and white, utterly bad and utterly good, can be escaped, suppose you say, by denying that there is a difference between black and white. This was *Falstaff's* philosophy. At first glance there seems little resemblance between his broad, loose acceptance of whatever fate sends, and *Mr. Micawber's* formulas, or *Sir Austin Feverel's* system. Yet to deny all distinction in experience is to adopt the most rigid of formulas. *Falstaff* is so mechanical in his ethics or in his lack of them that we hesitate to say he was a bad man. He made himself into an automaton so simple that his friends could anticipate his conduct in any situation, yet he remained unaware that his method was obvious. What he overlooked was the

field; in each case *Falstaff* extricates himself with a fresh ingenuity—no question that his wits are more flexible than *Mr. Micawber's* or *Sir Austin Feverel's*—but in each case we observe his blindness to the special point at issue. The climax of his philosophy occurs in his marvelous discussion of honor. Is it not good sense? Yet no one, not even the most ardent pacifist, ever felt that in that scene he was an admirable man. He was blind to the distinction between running away from death and running away from a cause, between escaping a house on fire and escaping from a house in which others were burning to death.

If we merely appreciate the peculiarity of *Mr. Micawber's* temperament, or of *Falstaff's*, we may be said to have the sense of comedy. This comic sense we are often told, is rare, yet it is not hard to smile at another man's frailty, after it has been called emphatically to our attention. What is rare is the sense of humor which makes us alert to the mechanical bent in all natures, even in our own. For this wisdom we need the aid of all our intelligence and of all our heart. If we recognize the fact that every man is liable to fall into a mechanical and blind routine, we must include ourselves in the picture, and find even in *Falstaff* a reflection of ourselves in certain moods, a prophecy of what we might easily become if we were not on our guard. The human race, beset with this temptation to a mechanical dullness—which, however we fight against it, marks each of us with his special tricks and formulas—bears within its heart also a desire to know all the shades of truth, to be adjusted to the varieties of experience, to be unchained, to be altogether alive. In all of us the love of life is at war with the convenience of habits and formulas. It isn't our fault—we are made so. Of ourselves, this is easy to say. Are we intelligent enough to see that it is equally true of *Micawber* and *Falstaff*?

If *Falstaff* had the same desire as we have, to be a free spirit, at home in the gradations of admirable experience, then his life is a failure, and when we smile at him, it is not because he is funny but be-

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*Falstaff, the fat Knight of Shakespeare fame.*

fact that there are gradations even in logic, that however you avoid stereotyped patterns, there are laws in the universe and therefore, however flexible, a design. Sometimes the design is a temporary convention, and the laws not very profound, but at other moments we confront universal truths and obligations. It is easy to say that *Falstaff* interests us apart from the drama in which he appears—he is a character independent of plot. But Shakespeare gave him a private drama. He shows us the fat knight in a succession of predicaments, caught lying, caught stealing, engaged in graft, frightened on the battle-

## FORTHCOMING EVENTS

The Nineteenth Annual Public Concert by the orchestra of the Institute of Musical Art of the Juilliard School of Music will be held in the Auditorium, 130 Claremont Avenue, on Friday evening, February 5, at half past eight o'clock.

The dates for the presentation of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* by the Graduate School have been changed. Performances will be given on the afternoon of February 18, the afternoon and evening of the 19, and the evening of the 20. Students of the Institute are cordially invited.

The Art of Fugue will be given on February 26 and 27 in the Graduate School auditorium.

# Yehudi Returns

## *Pizzicato Notes*

By An Interested Observer

"IT was a fine voyage," said Yehudi Menuhin to a questioner at the pier. "Fine!" exclaimed the boy's father. "It was one of the roughest imaginable." It was rumored that one or two seasoned sailors of the crew succumbed to *mal de mer*, but that was Yehudi's idea of a splendid ocean crossing. At least he and the Captain were on the crest of the wave all the way over.

After two return concerts in Rome which attracted such throngs of people that the dashing Fascisti were called to keep the crowds in order, the Menuhins spent two weeks renewing acquaintance with the marvels of the Eternal City. While in Naples waiting to sail for America, they went to Pompeii for the first time. "It's certainly a dead town," remarked Yehudi in answer to a query as to what he thought of the place!

Mrs. Menuhin and Yehudi's little sisters remained in Rome to let the children have the benefit of the cultural contacts there. When "the men" of the family return on the *Ile de France* early in May, they will all be reunited at their pretty villa in a secluded spot between Paris and Versailles. Here Yehudi has acquired a rare and extensive library of music estimated at great value.

Taller, thinner, his features more cameo-like, the youthful violin genius celebrated his fifteenth birthday on January 22nd, and appeared for the first time in long trousers on the stage of Carnegie Hall at his crowded recital Sunday afternoon, January 24th. But when Yehudi takes his daily walk in the park, he wears knickers and cannot resist the temptation to chase the pigeons; and his companion is regaled with the details of automobile construction in all the makes of cars that pass.

A letter to Mr. Rubin Goldmark, enclosing a check for the Musicians' Emergency Aid, gives another slant on Yehudi's outlook on life:

"The other night at the Philharmonic concert in

Carnegie Hall, I heard an appeal made by Mr. Hutcheson on behalf of the unemployed musicians of New York. It breaks my heart to hear about and see the horrible misery and helplessness of legitimate musicians who find themselves out of work and unprotected in this sorry world. Is it hopeless?

"During the few days since we arrived from Europe, we hear of and see more misery here than we have observed during our entire tour of two months in the big capitals of Europe. What is wrong with our great and rich country?

"Please find herewith enclosed our contribution, a check for \$500. In the future, I hope we can do more.

"Oh, I wish there was more justice in this inhuman or rather stupid world!

Sincerely yours,

Yehudi Menuhin."



Yehudi Menuhin, on the *Conte Biancamano*, makes his annual return to his native land.

latest recital, that to quote would be a hopeless task. We can but add a poem by Irwin Edman which appeared in a recent issue of *Opinion*:

### ON HEARING A CHILD PLAY BACH

(For Yehudi Menuhin)

Where did you learn this secret and this might,  
Strange child, who play as if you understood  
And heard with him and felt his calm delight  
In these clear echoes of God's singing good.  
Where could you learn the discipline of tears,  
The hurt self rising to compassionate art,  
What memories are your corridor of years,  
Your quickened access to the chastened heart.  
You play as if—but no, you simply play;  
All mysteries long since were told to you,  
All time revealed one unremembered day,  
All ancient truths that you might make them new.  
Insouciant, your fingers here retell  
Wisdom the ancients heard before they fell.

## In Memoriam

*Paul M. Warburg*

Paul M. Warburg was one of the Trustees of The Institute of Musical Art, and afterwards one of the Directors of the Juilliard School of Music. We knew him as a singularly wise and loving friend of art and of artists. He had an unusual understanding of the needs of the artistic temperament and of the relation of music to society as a whole, and the nobility of his character inspired and elevated all who came even indirectly within his influence. His modesty tried to conceal his greatness. His secret acts of kindness could not be numbered. His loss is irreparable.

—John Erskine.

*Minna Saumelle*

Miss Minna Saumelle, teacher of diction and languages at the Juilliard Graduate School of Music in this city and at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, died of a hemorrhage on January 18, at her home in the Hotel Franconia, 20 West Seventy-second Street, after being ill for several months.

Miss Saumelle gave instruction to opera students in French, German, Italian, Spanish and the Scandinavian languages. She was a native of Switzerland and received her education there. She subsequently taught languages in the universities at Glasgow, Scotland, and Naples, Italy. After coming to New York she taught privately for several years. For the last eight years she had been with the Juilliard School.

## FORTISSIMO

(Continued from Page 2)

"Its essential qualities," wrote Olin Downes in the *N. Y. Times*, "seem to us to be principally youth and swing, and a modern nervousness and a good grasp of form. The most valuable movement in the sheerly musical sense is, no doubt, the slow movement, a set of variations on a Negro pilgrim song. Mr. Morris, born in San Antonio, Texas, knows the South and has been subjected to its musical influences. Referring to the presence of the African Negro drum beat in the first and last movements and the slave song upon which the variation is woven, he expresses his hope that this material is the 'natural and logical result of growing up with, and studying folk music as we have it in the South. But I do not mean this to imply that I believe in leaning entirely on folk music or that it should in any way limit or hamper our modern musical expression; but rather that it should be the basis, as it was with composers in the past.'

"The curious part of all this is that in spite of negroid influences, if such they could be called, the flavor of the music is decidedly Russian and is measured, in spite of the advanced musical idioms, which are remindful of Tchaikovsky. For the rest, one is impressed anew by the development of modern harmonic and orchestral technique and also the rapidly advancing technical resources of present-day American composers."

According to W. J. Henderson in the *New York Sun*, the movement containing the variations on the Pilgrim song is the "most poetic and immediately appealing section; yet there is music of vitality and rhythmic charm in the other two movements . . . music in which the individual voice of the composer is heard."

Mr. Morris's concerto has been selected for publication this year by the Juilliard School of Music in the competition for orchestral compositions by American composers.

*Frances Mann*, an associate teacher in piano at the Institute, gave a program at Steinway Hall on January 29.

*Alton Jones*, of the Institute's Piano Department, will appear at Town Hall on February 10.

*James Friskin*, who teaches piano at the Graduate School and the Institute, will give the seventh and eighth programs of his series of Beethoven's piano-forte sonatas in the Recital Hall of the Institute on the evenings of January 30 and February 6.



*Harold Morris*

*Bernard Wagenaar*, a member of the Theory Faculty of both the Graduate School and the Institute, is to have his *Second Symphony*, completed in 1930, performed by the Philharmonic under Toscanini's direction. His *First Symphony* was played in 1928, and a *Sinfonietta* in 1930 with Mengelberg conducting.



*On Student Themes*

By Albert Kirkpatrick

**N**EWs hunting in the halls of the Juilliard proves to be devastating business. One sets out with the thought of bagging some small editorial game, and returns bearing specimens in the general proportions of a pair of moose. Meaning no disrespect, we refer to the achievements of Messrs. Charles Lichter and Gregory Ashman, members of Albert Stoessel's conducting class who have been doing things together and separately that warrant considerable comment. Both of them alternated with Mr. Stoessel as conductors for *Jack and the Beanstalk* during the Broadway run. Mr. Lichter at the age of twenty-one is showing a remarkable aptitude for the baton, and his love for this branch of musical art has led him to sacrifice a virtuoso career as violinist. He and Bernard Hermann have inveigled their fellow students into the formation of a junior orchestra. Mr. Lichter has studied for five years with Mr. Kochanski, was concert-master for the Westchester Festival, and is also a member of the Mishikoff String Quartet at Chautauqua.

Gregory Ashman adorned the same territory last summer, as assistant conductor under Mr. Stoessel at the Chautauqua Opera. He is known to be an exceptionally fine accompanist, has toured the world with Zimbalist, re-toured a large portion of it with Kochanski, and run hither and yon in the musical wake of Casals, Tibbett, and a host of others.

#### *Concert Appearances*

*Sidney Sukoening*, a graduate of the Institute and holder of a Juilliard fellowship, dedicated his new concert arrangement of C. P. E. Bach's "*Prussian*" Sonata to Edwin Fischer, a German pianist. He played it at his New York recital on November 16.

*Sascha Gorodnitzki*, a graduate of the Institute, who holds a Juilliard fellowship, gave a piano recital at Carnegie Hall on January 28.

*Jerome Rappaport*, a student at the Graduate School, gave a piano recital at Town Hall on December 13. On January 9 he broadcast Mendelssohn's *Concerto in C minor* over WOR.

*Beula Duffy*, also of the Graduate School, is heard frequently in two-piano numbers with Mr. Hutcheson over WABC. She appeared at a Wednesday afternoon concert at the Juilliard School on January 20.

*Jack Abram*, who holds a fellowship with Mr. Hutcheson, gave a recital at the New School for Musical Art in New Rochelle on November 12. He will also play at the Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, Pa., probably sometime in February.

#### *A Seafaring Miss*

If you don't know Isabel Lehmer, make her acquaintance and get her to tell you about her interesting connections with Sue Hasting's Marionettes. At Thanksgiving, Isabel and the puppets shipped as entertainers on the Mauretania which was cruising to South America and the West Indies, and they have just returned on the Scythia from a Christmas trip to Bermuda. Miss Lehmer, when asked what part she played in the show, replied that she furnished *all* the music,—for explanation of this astonishing statement, see a future issue.

#### *Society Notes*

You who read society notices will already know of the engagement of Virginia Duryee to Royal S. Copeland, Jr.,—yes, he *is* the son of our famous Senator. The junior Copeland is a senior at Syracuse University, where Miss Duryee studied last year, and where, presumably, the romance budded.

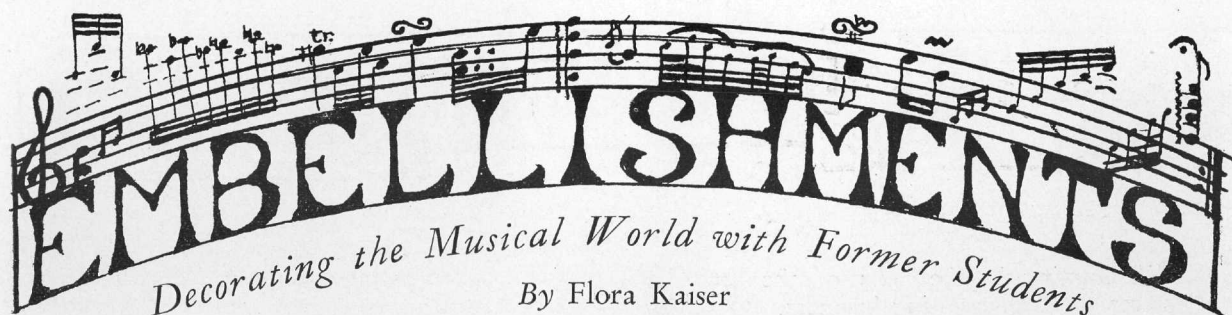
Several columns of the Society pages in each of the newspapers just before Christmas, were devoted to resplendent accounts of the beautiful flower-embowered debut of Sarah Brisbane, daughter of Arthur Brisbane. Miss Brisbane studies piano with Mrs. Fyffe at the Institute.

#### *Our Prize Winners*

Marioara Cole, a singer studying in our Theory Department, is the goddaughter of no other than the famous Queen Marie of Roumania. Thereby hangs a tale which will be unfolded in the next issue of the *Baton*,—a fascinating and unusual tale. Miss Cole submitted the best poem among recent contributions. It appears on another page.

Gilda Cassimir is one of our newest acquisitions in the Piano Department where she studies with Miss Augustin. In response to the general cry for literary contributions to the *Baton*, she has submitted a composition that wins first prize and appears in this issue. She has been a member of one of Harold Bauer's Master Classes and has been heard over the NBC broadcasting system. As a composer, she goes in for liturgical music which she has been studying with Father Finn, conductor of the famous boys' choir. A *Kyrie Eleison*, in medieval style, is to be sung in the near future at the Cathedral in Buffalo, and one of her four-part choruses will be given by the Vassar College Glee Club at its annual concert. Her *Cradle Song of a Warrior Prince* was sung over the Columbia Artists' Recital Hour on December 23 and New Year's day.

(Continued on Page 12)



### In Concert

*Yehudi Menuhin's* appearances are chronicled elsewhere in this issue.

*Frank Kneisel*, who studied violin at the Institute, presented a program in Chicago on January 17.

*Mischa Levitski*, one of the Institute's most famous graduates in piano, is scheduled to play in Chicago on April 3.

*Wallingford Riegger* and *Henry Brant*, who studied at the Institute in former years, have written new compositions which were played for the first time on January 10 at the opening concert of the League of Composers.

*Kurtis Brownell*, tenor, a graduate of the Juilliard School, made his debut at Town Hall on January 26.

*Adele Marcus*, also a graduate of the Juilliard School, gave a piano recital on January 30.

*Muriel Kerr*, a graduate of the Juilliard School, was piano soloist with the Gordon String Quartet at the Graduate School on January 13.

*Clara Rabinovitch*, an artist graduate of the Institute, will give a piano recital at Town Hall on February 2.

*Allie Ronka*, an Institute graduate in singing, was soprano soloist in the *Messiah* at Greenville, S. C., on December 16.

*Nelson Stuart-Smith*, a former pupil of the I. M. A. has for several years assisted Dr. Gibbs in his lecture-recitals at noon on Wednesdays. He is leaving the city early this year to settle definitely in Rome, where he has many friends and opportunities for the display of his undoubted talent and ability. After leaving the I. M. A. he studied with the famous Tobias Matthay in London, where he gave many recitals. In Paris, too, he "holds forth" each year. He will especially be remembered for his admirable illustrations of the pianoforte works of Debussy, d'Indy and Malipiero at the Institute's Wednesday class in Music Appreciation, while the lecture-recitals at Steinway Hall on these same three composers have not passed unnoticed. At an early date he will give his annual recital (in conjunction with Dr. Gibbs) of a group of d'Indy pieces. We wish him the best of luck.

### General News

From our neighboring city of Mount Vernon, N. Y., comes news of a very interesting musical project that is being carried forward by one of our Insti-

tute alumni, Alfred Thompson. Mr. Thompson is a graduate of the Piano Department, and also holds the Institute's Certificate of Maturity. He has organized a small ensemble which meets regularly in his Mount Vernon studio. The players are very carefully selected and a high standard of performance is maintained. The ensemble specializes in early orchestral music of the period of Purcell, Tartini, Corelli, Handel, Bach, etc., and provides an excellent opportunity for its members to become well acquainted with the wonderful music of this early period. It also plays interesting modern compositions for chamber orchestra.

Mr. Thompson is anxious to increase the size of his organization by the addition of competent players, and would welcome any Institute students or alumni who may care to join. Several Institute alumni and Juilliard students are already associated with the project, among them Arthur Christmann, an artist graduate of last year's class. The ensemble practices every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock in Room 506 Proctor Theatre Building, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

We hear that Ellen Hone (now Mrs. Maurice Stewart) enjoyed a cruise on the *Conte Grande* at Christmas time.

Gerald Wilson, an ex-student, came in to visit us the other day. He is teaching theory, ear-training, and piano at the Hampton Institute, Virginia, and promises to write further news for a future issue.

Mrs. Perley P. Pitkin, formerly Sylvia Sherman, who studied Theory here for three years with Percy Goetschius, has been winning laurels in Vermont. She recently won first prize in the State Music Contest for a Vermont State Song, for which forty-three compositions were submitted. This makes the fourth time that she has won first prize in the Vermont State Contests.

A cablegram dated last summer from somewhere in Italy recently found its way into the *Baton's* office. A correspondent was informing us that she had discovered Alice Singer one day in the lobby of the Hotel de Russie, Rome. Alice, we are told, was planning a motor trip through the Dolomites.

A few days later our correspondent, happening in Venice, was about to board a vapore (a small steam boat which plies the Grand Canal in case you don't know) when she bumped into Rudolf Schey, who was "en tour" through Europe.

# Monotony in Music

## *An Argument in Favor of It*

By Gilda Cassimir

IN a quaint old collection of tales of the mediæval monks, there is this naive passage:

"Brother Masseo . . . was always joyful and glad; and oftentimes he would break forth into sounds of joy . . . UUU; and he abode thus in contemplation with a cheerful countenance and a merry heart, and when Brother Jacques of Fallerone asked him why in his song of joy he never changed his note he blithely answered him, that when one thing brings us full satisfaction there is no need to change the note."

Absurd and child-like though this excerpt from "The Little Flowers of St. Francis" may appear, the truth at the back of it is one of the most profound in all musical experience; and up till the present time has been little dealt with by composers and almost not at all by performers: namely, the art of Monotonous Repetition. Its use to attain esthetic satisfaction and spiritual power has so far been largely confined to the monasteries. Since the remote dawn of memory, the "holy men" all over the world have stressed the value of a monotonous chant or rhythm or both in their religious exercises. The most dramatic and startling example of this, perhaps, is the dervish of the East who whirls monotonously about for hours until he attains a super-conscious state. This idea runs all through the "Om" chanting of the Yogis of India. In our Western civilization we find the magic effect of Monotony vigorously at work in many parts of the Catholic Liturgical chants. One of the most extraordinary of these is the so-called "Litany of the Saints," where this marvel of Monotonous Repetition is worked out in the series of chant patterns illustrated in Examples 1, 2 and 3.

1st Pattern—78 times.      2nd Pattern—30 times.  
3rd Pattern—22 times.

Just what is the secret power of Monotonous Repetition? We can get at it very adequately by examining some of its effects.

First, we can see it at work in the principle of the burning-glass, which steadily focuses the rays of the sun upon a point in a piece of wood till it strikes fire.

Again, we all know that soldiers when marching over a bridge are commanded to break step. Because if they do march in regular step, or rhythm, the Monotonous Repetition of that rhythm will set the bridge vibrating and, if powerful enough to strike the vibration rate of the bridge, the structure will be shattered.

Note that the soldiers, in order to break the bridge, do not alter or vary their marching rhythm at all. What a curious effect, indeed! Anyone who is musically minded may venture the comment: "What a

wonderfully expressive performance!" We moderns who slave to achieve as much variety as possible in touch, dynamics, and interpretation as a means of holding the cheerful attention, or resigned tolerance, of an audience that is capable at any moment of Monotony of plunging into a sea of slumber and forgetfulness, may well learn a lesson from the marching soldiers—they certainly can "bring down the house" by just doing the same old thing over and over!

That the ancients were very much interested in the working of the laws of Monotonous Repetition

Ex. 1  
1<sup>st</sup> Chant Pattern — 78 times

Ex. 2  
2<sup>nd</sup> Chant Pattern — 30 times

Ex. 3  
3<sup>rd</sup> Chant Pattern — 22 times

Ex. 4  
Eastern Chant Pattern

is evident from even a cursory glance at some of the records they left for us to study. An instance as good as any other is the Old Testament story of Joshua and the fall of the walls of Jericho. According to the legend, the soldiers were commanded to march around the walls for seven days. No one except the marchers was allowed to make a sound, in order not to disturb the vibration thus set up. Then, after the appointed length of time, the marching came to an end and the priests blew upon their trumpets,—and the walls of the city fell. Whether or not the final flourish of the trumpets was a part of Joshua's formula, or merely to lend the event an air of the supernatural to appeal to the people, is a question. But that the monotonous, steady marching of the soldiers around the structure had a great deal to do with the process, is an impressive certainty. That Joshua knew much of physics and astronomy is clear from other legends about him.

Turning again to the religions and arts of the East, we find that the fakirs play tunes on a flute and by this means inveigle snakes to listen and to sway back and forth. The tunes used are very short patterns of notes, repeated over and over. The general character of these patterns may be seen in Example 4 of the illustration.

As was said above, the realization of the power and significance of Monotonous Repetition has remained largely in the monasteries. So far musicians have developed as far as possible the aspects of variety and change and ornamentation. Once in a while a composer has given us a piece that contains the elements of repetition and sameness throughout, and lets us know by the structure that the monotonous effect is intended. An early piece of this kind is the *Tambourin* of Rameau. Other scattered examples that contain much of the effect are the *Berceuse* of Chopin, his *Funeral March* and Tschai-kowsky's *Arab Dance* and the *Orientale* of Cui. Supreme in its colossal harping on the same old thing is that inspired and omnipresent work of the master, Ravel. In this piece, shoddy though the tune may be, and though the instrumentation is changeful, Ravel flashes forth the efficacy of Monotony in the *Bolero*. The reason for the whirlwind vogue and appeal of this piece is the same reason for the joy of Brother Masseo in the Middle Ages with his one perfect note—Monotony and nothing else is the essence of *Bolero*. Perhaps the effect of Ravel is not so well done or as powerful as Brother Masseo's achievement with a single note, but it certainly is the most powerful work of monotonous art thus far produced by a musician. Erik Satie, with less creative genius has given us a few *Gymnopédies* and *Gnossiennes* that are graceful.

In this present era of music, when the trend of feeling seems to be more or less away from the old, complicated, much-developed and elaborated types of composition, it is logical to look forward to a definite unfolding of a fascinating and gorgeous flower, that will adorn the already resplendent art of music and raise it to an even higher pinnacle of power and sublimity—the flower of Monotony.

### SONNET TO A LIGHTHOUSE

By Marioara Cole

O'er rugged coast you fling your faltering light,  
O'er storm-tossed sea you send your watched-for  
power,

Your rays descend from out yon eerie tower  
To lead to left when danger looms on right,  
Give back to mist-led sailors their lost sight.  
Let not dread fear beset their blinded hour  
But raise the hopeless hearts of them that cower,—  
Pray keep them safe throughout the darkest night.

Oh, wander, wander, wander o'er the deep  
Lest some brave soul go to his lasting sleep.  
Let not the raging winds tear down thy fort  
So that all ships may ever reach their port.  
Send forth thy saving beams till light of day  
Dawns in the East o'er ocean, sea and bay.

### FRANK DAMROSCH

(Continued from Page 4)

it was considered necessary that Frank Damrosch should return to New York to share with his brother Walter the responsibilities which Dr. Leopold Damrosch had left them.

(To be continued next month)

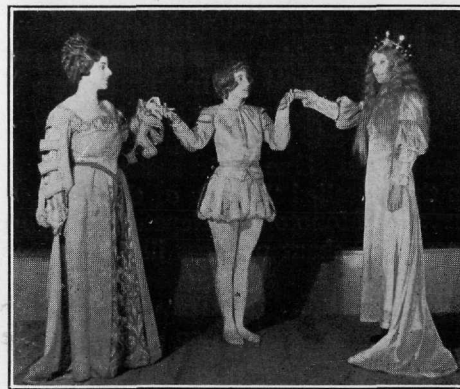
\* \* \*

Dr. Damrosch spent last summer at his beautiful home on Mt. Desert, Seal Harbor, Maine, where, incidentally, both John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and Edsel Ford also have summer homes. Dr. Damrosch usually takes a short winter respite following the mid-year examinations during which every student in the school performs for him. This year, when asked where he was planning to go, he replied that he had not made up his mind. He had considered a Mediterranean cruise, but decided he did not want to spend so much time away from the Institute as that would require; he has been to the West Indies, the Virginia Coast and Arizona in former years, and though each trip was pleasant, he does not want to repeat it. He says he is open to suggestion of places new and different—and not too far away!

### IMPROVISATIONS

(Continued from Page 9)

Miss Cassimir also answers to the name of Mrs. Paul Malone, her husband being the son of Maj.



The Misses Hegt, Akins and Mercer in the Erskine-Gruenberg opera, "Jack and the Beanstalk," which had a highly successful two weeks' run on Broadway during the holidays.

Gen. Malone, formerly Military Commander of the Philippines. Then there's little Peter Christopher, aged six, who, on week days, is taking a second-hand course in sight-singing as a result of his mother's connection with the school. On Sundays he is the cherubic altar boy in red robes at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

### The Baton Staff

Besides those whose names appear in these pages, Elizabeth Phillips and George Jarvis helped with this issue.

# Blanche C. Jacobs

## A Tribute

By Frank Damrosch

IF one could characterize in one word the personality of Blanche C. Jacobs, it would be loyalty. In the many years in which she served as representative of G. Schirmer, as manager of our circulating library, as custodian of the orchestra and chorus libraries, as recorder of attendance at all rehearsals, recitals and concerts of the orchestra and Madrigal Choir, she devoted herself to these manifold duties with such zeal, such unflinching accuracy, such self-forgetfulness that she became a tower of strength in our administrative body—always dependable, always reliable, always loyal to the Institute, to Miss Frank and to me.

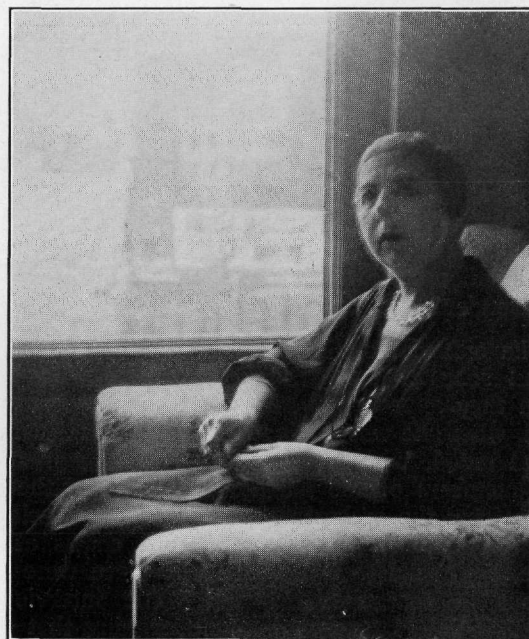
Whatever she undertook she performed with all her heart and mind, concentrating upon it with all her best effort. She never neglected any part of her work to the detriment of other duties, but managed to give equal attention and service to every department of her work. Owing to her wide experience in the music store, and the musical judgment she gained through hearing innumerable recitals, concerts and operas, she was often able to assist students in selecting music for home study and vacation reading, especially in the circulating library.

She has left us a precious example of her work in the year-books which contain the record of every lecture, with its illustrations and by whom played or sung; the program of every artist or student recital; every concert and all Commencement exercises together with the addresses delivered on those occasions and the names of the recipients of certificates and diplomas; also the Class-day programs—in short, the complete record of all the activities of the Institute throughout the year. All this beautifully typed, a neat, correct record of all the events. These volumes are beautifully bound and are often referred to by me. Mrs. Jacobs did this work during the summer, when she could work undisturbed and do it with the loving care which shows itself on every page.

Of her private life we know very little except that she worshiped her only son whom she lost suddenly some years ago. It was her work which enabled her to bear this blow and which even this catastrophe could not interrupt.

No one would have suspected in looking at her almost frail body that she had the energy, the strength and stamina to carry on, year after year with undiminished ardor, the manifold duties associated with her position; but she never faltered except when, in the spring of 1931, she was taken ill and all but succumbed. It was with great dif-

ficulty that she could be prevailed upon to seek medical advice, but finally she went to the hospital—a serious case of nervous breakdown. When she had sufficiently improved, she spent a few weeks with friends in New Jersey, and came back to the Institute at the beginning of this school year, still a little weak, but eager to resume her work. Her death was due to an accident which had nothing to do with her previous illness and could not be foreseen. It robbed the Institute of one of its ablest, most devoted and most loyal workers, and me of a kind, lovable friend whom I shall always hold in appreciative remembrance.



—By A. McKinley

Mrs. Blanche C. Jacobs

*Editor's Postscript:* Mrs. Jacob's modesty was such that few ever knew of her helpful devotion to the *Baton*. She greeted the advent of the Institute paper with interest and enthusiasm and her advice was an indispensable feature of every issue. "Ask Mrs. Jacobs" was the final answer to every editorial question. The study of the technicalities of the English language held a profound fascination for her so that she became a scholar of wide knowledge. The editor owes much of her training to the patient cooperation of this loyal friend, but "Mrs. J."—as she was affectionately known by the host of those who loved her,—preferred always to remain a silent partner who would accept no public recognition. Her place can never be filled, but her spirit will continue a guiding influence as long as the *Baton* lives.

TO those music lovers of the twentieth century who attend the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra, the word glamour is spelled S-t-o-k-o-w-s-k-i. Eyes, as well as ears, are keenly alert when this magnetic person steps quickly to the podium, and, without a preliminary motion or pause, directs his players with compelling gestures. His blond head, an aura of golden light, his tall, slender figure and dynamic, supple body, his graceful arms and his indescribably expressive hands which never clasp a baton ("why batons?"), rivet the attention of his audience and make him the very embodiment of "poetry in motion." His long fingers seem in themselves magnets which draw the sound from his players, or the orchestra in turn presents a giant instrument upon which this master plucks the strings.

The world acclaiming this man one of its greatest orchestral leaders. When the students of the Juilliard School learned that he was to direct their orchestra in one of the concerts dedicating their new building, elation and apprehension were rampant among the players. Eager to work under his direction, they nevertheless suffered the nervousness attending all positions of privileged responsibility. The halls were filled with echoes of Stokowski's name, with anecdotes, hopes, fears, conjectures. . . . Soon rehearsals began. Students and teachers who were free during rehearsal hours were permitted the privilege of watching the great conductor at work with the youthful performers. This silent, scattered audience sat spellbound as the magician worked his wonders.

The editorial staff of the *Baton* began to plot artful schemes for obtaining an interview. One noon they approached Mr. Stokowski in the cafeteria, where he was having lunch, in a fraternal and jovial mood, with Dr. Erskine, Mr. Hutcheson, a few members of the faculty, and some of the students from the orchestra. He consented graciously to being interviewed, and, offering chairs at the table, suggested that the time and place were auspicious at that very moment. The interviewers pleaded for a later appointment, arguing that even the most experienced of their profession could not work to the best advantage in the presence of such a gathering.

"We really prefer to see you alone," we announced boldly. Whereupon Mr. Stokowski raised his eyebrows and smiled significantly. "Very well," he sighed, shrugging his shoulders in surrender. When pressed to set a time, he added with a suggestion of badinage, "After the rehearsal I am tired and have least resistance!"

The editors arrived back stage just as the performers began to put away their fiddles and horns. From behind various stage properties they watched the conductor pick up his tie and coat from the back of a chair, open his soft gray shirt wider at the neck, and mop his brow; they heard him answer questions in more than one language, but always with

the same pleasing voice and deliberate, individualistic inflection. Then he strolled back to the sanctuary of his dressing room, which for half an hour was to be no haven, but the scene of a cross-examination with himself as star witness.

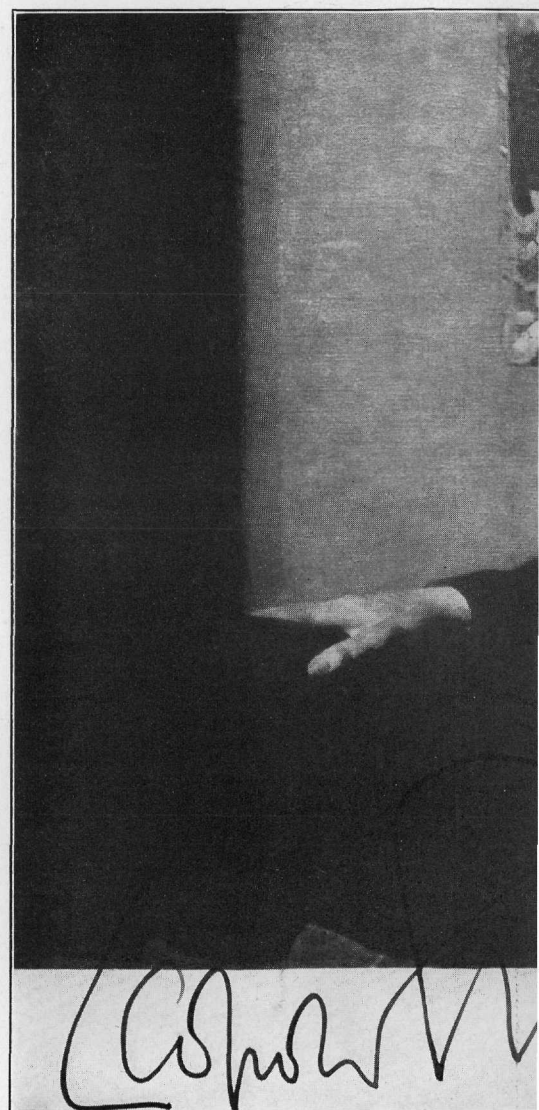
While the two examiners were being ushered cordially into the room, they confided that they were nearly paralyzed at the task of interviewing him after so strenuous a rehearsal. He glanced at them quizzically and then smiled. "You don't look it," he said, and after a pause added, "Well, sit down, you paralyzed people!" They sat, asked and listened. Having long ago learned that too assiduous note-taking not only disturbs the speaker, but hinders the interviewer's observation, the editors trusted to trained memories, making no use of pencil and paper. Once Stokowski interrupted himself in the middle of a sentence and asked curiously, "How can you remember all this without writing it down?" Yet no doubt he does not find it difficult to recall an orchestral score after a first hearing, without having taken any of it in notation.

Mr. Stokowski is, of course, an individualist. He has an exploring, vital type of mind which makes him eager to try anything new, and unwilling to do things in the same old way just because—well, why? "America is so fortunately free from tradition," he thinks, "that there is no reason why she should do anything the way Europe or Asia does it, unless she, through experience and

# Leopold

*High Priest*

By The



# Stokowski

## of Music

Editors



experiment, finds that the methods of other countries cannot be improved"—and he applies the same logic to individual endeavor.

Thus Stokowski reveals himself as an experimenter and an apostle of progress, rather than a creature of habit. He is a leader, unafraid to stand at bay in defiance of the backers of his orchestra, the players themselves, or even the public. (One can imagine that he secretly exults in doing so.) In addition to being one of the world's great conductors, he is an astute showman, an excellent actor, a shrewd practical psychologist, and a teacher in the best sense of the word.

Though an individualist, he will not speak of himself as an individual. Anything else he discusses thoughtfully and willingly, but when one tries to learn from this man something of his past

life, he is attempting the impossible. "I never have, I will not now, and I never shall, put myself before the public in that way," he said with conviction. "I honestly feel that a great deal of attention given to a musician is a bad thing. It focuses interest on his personality rather than on his art, and it really detracts something from his music instead of adding anything to it. His music, not he himself, is what is important."

But, it was argued, people are innately hero-worshippers and imitators; their interest in a great musician is not one of mere curiosity, but a legitimate desire to know how he has accomplished what he has, and what events, influences, and natural talents lie back of his achievements.

"Do you really believe that a musician achieves anything?" he broke in. "That is where you are wrong! No artist ever achieves anything. He has no power within himself to do that; he merely transmits something. He is the electrical wire through which a current passes, and he is not entirely responsible for the result. In a way, yes, because if it came through another wire it might be slightly different. But the artist does not create the message. It comes to him and he gives it out—and the ability to do this is the result of two things. First, it is due to the sum of all events before his birth, which we call heredity, and second, to the sum of all events since his birth, which we call environment. They are equally important. Heredity is unalterable, but environment can be partially made to order. People often say that they were born with such and such an ability or lack of it, and can't change. I do not believe it. Environment constantly effects changes in all of us, and we can choose our surroundings to some extent."

In view of this positive assertion it is interesting to note part of a conversation between Stokowski and Jeddo Krishnamurti, a young Indian theosophist, which took place at Castle Eerde in Onnen, Holland, several years ago. The talk led to the same idea, which Stokowski seemed to be just in the process of formulating, wondering whether it was so or not so, and grasping at any evidence in the experience of his companion which would confirm or deny it.

Stokowski said that there was a question in his mind whether a drama or picture or symphony was the expression of its creator, or whether he was the medium through which creative forces flowed. "You are a poet and I am a musician," he said. "I am interested in comparing our sensations when we are creating in our respective mediums. Do you ever feel a total stranger to what you have written?"

Krishnamurti replied that he did. "So do I," continued the musician. "I wake up in the morning and think, 'Did I write that? That is not like me at all!'"

To the poet, such a creation was due to inspiration, which he considered the highest point of intelligence. "If you keep your mind, your emotions, your body, in harmony, pure and strong, then that highest point of intelligence will act constantly and consciously," he explained. "Take, for instance, poets, dramatists, musicians, artists: they should be anonymous, detached from all that they create. I think that is the greatest truth. To be, to give, and to be detached from what you give."

Then Stokowski asked whether Krishnamurti considered there was a standard or criterion of beauty in art, or whether each person found his own beauty? The question is related to that of taste. People are always saying, this is good taste, that is bad taste. By what authority do they say that?

The poet believed that they come to this conclu-

sion through their own experience. "It is a personal response," Stokowski stated. "Then can any authority say what is good or bad in art?"

"No," replied Krishnamurti. "Yet I hold that beauty exists in itself beyond all forms and appreciations. It is an everlasting thing, like the eternal perfume of the rose. You hear music and I hear music; you hear a whole vast plane of vibrations, I hear only that much—but that much fits in with all your vast plane."

"Yes," agreed Stokowski. "It is a question of personal absorption, experience." . . .

The last statement is also a favorite thesis of Stokowski's. One of his elaborations of it will serve to illustrate his natural gift for teaching. During a rehearsal with the Juilliard School's orchestra something came up which led to a discussion of growth. Stokowski leaned back in the chair from which he had been directing, and said, "Well, what do we mean by growth? How do people grow?" The players transferred their thoughts from music to anatomy. "Food," someone suggested. "Air." "Water." "Sunshine."

"Yes," the conductor agreed. "Those things are all necessary for physical growth. But there has to be some process by which these elements can be utilized by the body, and that process is called?—" "Assimilation."

"Exactly. Assimilation. Absorption. Ability to receive something and convert it into something else."

From this point Stokowski guided the discussion to the way in which one grew spiritually, and the students discovered that the method was similar to that of physical growth. One absorbed the ideas and sensations which enveloped him, and made them his own. The difference between people, they decided, lay in the varying degree of sensitivity to outside impressions. It was seen, therefore, that the way in which to expand one's spiritual horizon was to expose himself thoroughly to the uplifting influences of his environment.

"It is quite possible for a person to get up in the morning, wash, dress, and go through the day without learning very much," Mr. Stokowski said. "But it is equally possible for him to arise with a determination to notice, to receive, to discriminate, and to grow. The true artist has this attitude habitually." Having initiated a train of thought which each individual would undoubtedly pursue further, Mr. Stokowski turned again to music.

Later he referred once more to the necessity for personal reaction to stimulus as a basis for art. "There was no one to lead me by the hand along the highway of mental endeavor when I was young," he asserted. "I had to dig things out for myself, and I'm glad of it. Each of us must do his own thinking."

He did not elucidate further, but perhaps there was in the back of his mind a warning against the present day tendency toward mass production. Most

Americans would rather resemble their neighbors than risk the insecurity of standing alone as individuals. While being interviewed for the *Baton* he said, "Personally, I think that *most* music schools are dreadful places." His auditors were surprised and suggested that that statement had perhaps better not be included in the report of his conversation.

"Why not?" he asked, and gave the dressing table a resounding whack with his palm. "Why not? I said it, and I am prepared to uphold what I say. I believe that a great many music schools are dreadful places for this reason: they make their students breathe and have their being in the musical atmosphere of the past almost exclusively. Now the conception of time has three phases, past, present, and future, and in any department of life (including art) all three must be taken into consideration.

"That is why I feel that education is in need of reorganization. Young people must be encouraged to develop as individuals and not as imitators of those who have gone before. They must look ahead as well as back, and in most institutions they are not able to do so." (Yet Mr. Stokowski was so pleased with some of the players who had been trained at the Juilliard School that he engaged them to fill positions with his own organization in Philadelphia!)

When Stokowski's questioners became insistent upon a disclosure of his "heredity and environment," he half closed his eyes and said, "A clever person should be able to discover the cause in the effect!" The challenge was recognized, but feeling wholly unequal to so subtle a task, they were forced to resort to facts already recorded in print. He was born in London on April 18, 1882, of Polish parents. Although he began to study music at an early age, there is no record of his having been an infant prodigy. He studied in London with Parry and Stanford, later went to the Paris Conservatoire, and before he was twenty had acquired considerable proficiency in playing the organ, piano, and violin. His career was apparently to be that of an organist, for he spent eight years playing in churches. During three of these, from 1905 to 1908, he was at St. Bartholomew's, in New York City. The summer of 1908 offered him his golden opportunity; he conducted a series of concerts in London, and decided that it was more fun to direct an orchestra than to manipulate the keys and pedals and stops of an organ. But where should he find an orchestra to direct?

The Cincinnati Orchestra had disbanded in 1907 due to a battle between its financial supporters and the American Federation of Musicians. In 1909 there was a movement to reorganize it; Stokowski was offered the position as conductor, and accepted with alacrity. He disclosed exceptional ability as drill-master of his seventy men, and before the end of the second season, reports of his accomplishments were heard in the East. At that time New York did not need any more orchestra directors.

Stransky was leader of the New York Philharmonic, and Damrosch of the New York Symphony Society. The Philadelphia Orchestra, on the other hand, needed a conductor badly. A member of its board vouched for Stokowski, an offer was cabled to him in Europe, and he came back to shoulder the undertaking which he has continued ever since and through which he has, musically speaking, made Philadelphia a city of renown.

He took command of the orchestra in 1912. It had no distinguished family tree as had the New York Philharmonic with Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, and Gustav Mahler as eminent branches, or the Boston Symphony with Wilhelm Gericke, Arthur Nikisch, and Karl Muck, and he was consequently

arguments. He had, evidently, a persuasive tongue. The directors capitulated, and were subsequently proved right in doing so. What was the expenditure of \$14,000 compared with the glory of three sold-out performances in Philadelphia? Promptly the cast, all thousand of them, migrated to New York, where they played to more packed auditoriums. It was a time of triumph, of acclaim—and of publicity.

Then Stokowski, true to his principles, began to explore the realm of music. He gave Modernism, ultra-Modernism and Futurism a hearing—not only one, but many. He is anxious to give what is new an even chance, and evidently believes that sound judgment of a work of art demands familiarity with its idiom and understanding of it. People had to

be educated to the acceptance of Wagner, and Stokowski proposed to educate them to the acceptance of some of the modern composers whose works they neither understood nor liked. Philadelphia heard so much Stravinsky that the directors objected. They were defied, and had to listen to more. When the famous *Sacré du Printemps* was first given, there were hisses and boos—and much discussion in print. As soon as Stravinsky ceased to annoy his hearers, Stokowski took up Schoenberg, and the sparks of public indignation again burst into flame. But they gradually died out, as flames will do, and the conductor then became a protagonist of Varèse. "For several years Varèse premières were annual events in the Quaker City, and never failed to make a lot of



Courtesy of Musical America  
The young Leopold Stokowski

obliged largely through his own efforts to transform it from a mediocre instrument into one of superb attainment. The orchestra's success is said to be due to two things: Stokowski's excellent drilling and his aptitude for creating and utilizing publicity. Someone once wrote of him that he drilled so hard, so long and so exactly that it was a wonder his men did not all detest him, as some were believed to do. However, a position in the Philadelphia Orchestra is a coveted one. No one plays in that group through "pull" with the directors. Stokowski has combed the world for the finest available players, and sometimes has had to wait several years before securing the one he wanted for a certain place.

The young conductor began to display his talent for getting into the public eye soon after the inception of his duties with the Philadelphia Orchestra: he proposed after two years to give Mahler's *Symphony of a Thousand Voices*. The directors objected. As music it was not very good; it was a tremendous task; and it would be too expensive to consider seriously. Stokowski brought forth some

people mad," wrote A. D. Pierce in the *American Mercury*. "First there was a piece called *Hyperprism*, then *Amériques* (in which the use of a fire siren got reams of newspaper space), and later *Arcanes*."

Another writer remarked that "In defying his graceless audience and asserting his intention to continue to play Schoenberg and Varèse, Mr. Stokowski made himself representative of the libertarian point of view and of all the conductors and musicians who share it. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, who participated in the fracas with a public statement advocating the relegation of performances of new and unproven works to a special 'modern' orchestra, championed the exclusive and prohibitive (non-libertarian) view embodied in his concerts and in those of Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Heifetz, and the majority of interpreters.

"Mr. Stokowski affirmed his intention of playing 'the best music, whether of yesterday or today.' Mr. Gabrilowitsch also referred to 'the best music,' demanding that the great orchestras play nothing but the 'works of the most certain, tested value.' . . .



*Leopold Stokowski, John Erskine and Ernest Hutcheson confer about the Dedication Concert which opened the new Juilliard building.*

"But no one can tell us what 'the best music' is; whether polytonalism and atonality are or are not permissible. Libertarianism, however, recognizes that compositions born an hour ago, or lying on the dusty shelves, have as much right to performance and life as those favored by the last decades. It allows the accredited masterworks and classic examples no special privileges or prerogatives. They must, it knows, continue to take their chances with their younger rivals in a world where everything, including the conception of art and beauty, moves."

Mr. Pierce continues: "Then Stokowski undertook the job of teaching the Philadelphia ladies the niceties of concert etiquette. Irritated by late arrivals and early departures, he began by plaintive appeals, gradually mounting to sarcasm and satire fortissimo. He begged the ladies not to scamper out in the middle of a composition; he exhorted them to quit rattling programs and discussing lingerie while Brahms was being played; he suggested cough drops, and even observed that some of the audience ought to stay at home. Surprisingly, there was improvement. He still lets loose stinging rebukes on the noisy minority, however. One of his lectures is preserved for posterity on a phonograph record, having been delivered while a performance was being recorded in the Academy of Music.

"Climaxing this battle with the matrons was a satire concert, one of Maestro Leopold's supreme triumphs. When the curtain rose only Stokowski, the concertmeister, and the solo 'cellist were on the stage. The rest of the orchestra came in as the concert proceeded, singly, in pairs, and groups, some leisurely, others scurrying to their seats just in time to pick up their parts in the score. On consulting the program notes, one found that this composition, *Fantaisie*, by Guillaume Lekeu, was intended to be played so. However, during the *Ride of the Valkyries*, men wandered about the stage and the flutists ambled off, chatting, while Reinald Werrenrath was singing four songs of Brahms."

One of Stokowski's more recent ventures was his conducting of *Wozzeck*, given by the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Philadelphia Opera. Heralded in Europe as a work of great interest, it drew throngs of New Yorkers, including all the reviewers, to its première in Philadelphia. Some months later, after the opera had been thoroughly criticized, Stokowski brought the cast to New York and gave a performance at the Metropolitan, and again it received a great deal of discussion and attention.

It has been said that there are no great conductors, only great orchestras. But in the words of Lawrence Gilman, the Philadelphia Orchestra never sounds under any other conductor quite as it sounds under Mr. Stokowski, which only tends to demonstrate the opposite truth which is insufficiently realized: namely, that there are no great orchestras, but only great conductors! Stokowski is said to be at his best in the works of Debussy, the Russians (except Tchaikovsky), Bach, and some of the modern composers. He once played all six Brandenburg

Concertos at two concerts only a few weeks apart. He has transcribed certain of the Bach organ works for orchestra, among them the tremendous *D Minor Toccata and Fugue*, the *Passacaglia*, and certain *Préludes*.

A tireless seeker of novelties, Stokowski was the first to take up John Hays Hammond's tone-sustaining piano, the first to give a concert of quarter-tone music in this country, the first to submerge his orchestra into blackness, and the first to perform *Scheherazade* with a color organ. He is constantly making acoustical experiments in connection with broadcasting his concerts from the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, and is confident that in time broadcasting can be perfected.

Just before leaving, the interviewers discovered that Mr. Stokowski's heart lies in the Orient. During a tour of that part of the world in 1927-28 he was so fascinated by the strange customs of the people, the unfamiliar music, and colorful scenes, that he is now impatient for his contracts to expire; as soon as the last one is concluded, he says, he will take the first ship to the East!

When he came back from the Orient in 1928, reporters besieged him in order to learn his impressions of eastern music. We quote in part an article from *Musical America*: He was reticent about his itinerary and his plans, declaring that "the American press occupied itself too much with musical personalities" . . . and not enough with the content of music and the technical merit of musicians.

"Let's not talk about personalities," he said to the hungry pressmen who crawled up the rope from the pilot boat, "let's talk about ideas. Never mind where I've been, or what I'm going to do, or what I think of the presidential campaign."

The press representatives by this time were comfortably balanced on Mr. Stokowski's suitcases, trunks, chifferobe and washstand.

"Music in the East—in Java and India—is religious," he said slowly, somehow connecting this with the prelude. "The players are continually thinking of the sun. They have different keys and themes for different positions of the sun. The music is called 'Ragon.' I asked one musician to play a specific Ragon. He answered, 'I can't. I am an hour late.'"

Java and India, Mr. Stokowski said, have totally different kinds of music. In India there is a different type in almost every village. The violin probably originated in India. "In India," he continued, "Music is often used for hypnotic purposes . . . I was actually hypnotized by some of the music I heard there.

"The most complicated modern rhythms are nothing compared to the primitive rhythms. There are four strata of music in Java: Dutch, Islamic, Hindu and aboriginal. . . ."

"Is any of this recorded?" queried a voice from the press chifferobe.

"Oriental music is usually handed down 'by ear.' In Java they have a system of writing. In one place I visited, a man was playing an instrument decorated with elaborate braid-work. Every few minutes he would make a sudden twitching movement. Later I spoke to him—I had learned a little Malayan by then—and asked him about his motions. He showed me where the record of his music had been designed in the braid—and he had to flip it back now and then to learn what came next.

"I was not in Java long enough to determine their greatest composers. I was only there and in India six months—I should have stayed five years. But there is in the East some very great music—in their peaks eastern and western music are equally great. Melodic line and rhythm are extraordinary in the Orient.

"Many great oriental composers are unknown outside their native village. . . .

"When we arrived in Djakyakarta, which is in central-eastern Java, I had an audience with the Sultan, and we were invited to attend a quintuple wedding at the royal palace. The Sultan, by the way, had 3,000 wives. The wedding lasted all day. All the while there was wonderful music—savage, and at the same time highly cultivated. Three gamalangs, or orchestras, were playing at once, in different keys, in the court where the ceremony was performed. Seven were playing in the surrounding courtyard, and so on, proportionately, in each of the fourteen courtyards surrounding the first. . . . The whole air was vibrating with music of complex gongs and tones like those of celesta and glockenspiel."

Mr. Stokowski was anxious to bring to this country some of the native instruments, and, if possible, one of the gamalangs. The transporting of a Javanese orchestra is virtually an impossibility on account of such groups being the private property of the princes. The sacred quality of the instruments, and the fact that in themselves they are valuable works of art add to the difficulty.

In Samakatra, where there is an orchestra Mr. Stokowski would particularly like to bring over, he was able to secure three of the sacred gongs. Their tone has the peculiar quality of increasing after it is produced, effecting a sort of crescendo. The gongs are not suitable for use with the present orchestra, he said, because of their extraneous tones.

"Practically none of the Javanese music could be played by a Western orchestra on account of the radical inadaptability of present instruments and the extreme difficulty of transposing the Eastern music, with its peculiar scales and fractional tones, into a western medium," Mr. Stokowski stated.

He stressed the difference between eastern music, *per se*, and western interpretations of eastern music.

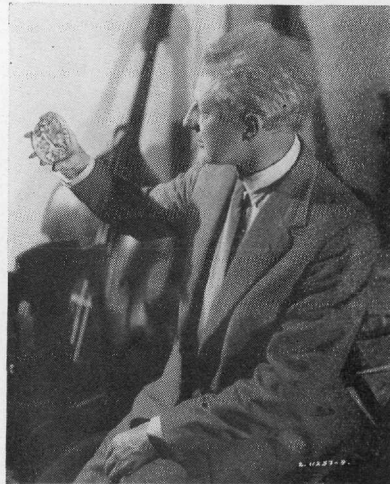
"Eichard has written some extraordinary things," he said, "but they are his personal impressions of oriental music—which is an altogether different thing."

It is quite possible, Mr. Stokowski remarked, to play oriental music on the new electrical instruments.

He was interested in Martinot's invention which he heard in Europe, an instrument similar, in many respects, to the ether-wave mechanism of Leon Theremin and differing mainly in its manner of operation.

"Tone color depends on intensity of overtones. With these new machines the intensity of the overtones can be electrically controlled," was his comment.

"Weil, at the University of Pennsylvania, has been working along the same line. John Hays Hammond, Jr., has shown me many inventions similar to these.



*Courtesy of Music Trades  
Leopold Stokowski with the medal  
presented to him in recognition of his  
radio experiments.*

Martinot can work wonders—he played Bach for me—any number of things. I'm sure that men in my orchestra soon will be using some form of the electrical instruments. . . .

"Take the double-bass players for example. They practice, now, about eight hours a day. With the new instruments nothing like that will be necessary."

The electrical instruments, Mr. Stokowski intimated, will not be used for music already written. Beethoven, for example, wrote for certain types of instruments—his music should not be produced in a foreign medium. But "music will be written for the electrical instruments."

In conclusion we present a tribute penned by Lawrence Gilman, who said, "This singularly devoted and uncompromising music-maker like other conductors of his scope and penetration, has taught us to prize the single-heartedness, the sovereign intensity, the passionate integrity of the wonderful and subtle art of which he is so remarkable an exemplar. He can even transmute, for the nonce, inferior metals, and let us fancy that they are shining and unalloyed. He has shown us that he can fan the deathless flames of music already set in immortality to an even more incandescent glow. A conductor of burning and proud sincerity—this is Leopold Stokowski."

# In Quest of Beauty

## *A Cruise on the Conte Grande*

By a Wandering Musician

*Brothers*

*Starshine, and blue sea, and the phosphorescence burning,  
Wind amongst the rigging, and the old propeller turning,  
A brave ship, and a young heart southward yearning.*

THE beauty of music is beauty indeed. Those of us who devote ourselves to it are sometimes so all absorbed in the art that we may miss a full realization of the richness of color on canvas, the grace of motion caught in marble, the splendor of tapestry, the thoughts and emotions of the ages perpetuated in stone, on illuminated parchment, in rare editions and sometimes between drab book covers. The more we steep ourselves in works of art, the more deeply we become impressed with the fact that these expressions but reflect the greatest masterpiece,—the world itself.

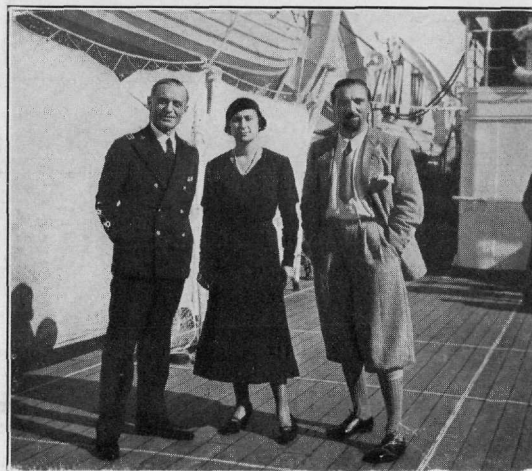
Nature and the peoples of the earth have been the inspiration of artists of all time. When our imagination begins to reach out beyond the horizon, we are stirred with the longing to see other lands. So it is that this musician gradually developed the wandering spirit, and having responded to a recent call of the tropics, records impressions and experiences, musical and otherwise, in the belief that among *Baton* readers there are kindred spirits who may read these lines by way of reminiscence or by way of encouragement to seek these same beauties themselves.

We sailed at midnight the 23rd of December aboard the *Conte Grande* of the Lloyd Sabaudo,—the Lloyd Sabaudo because it is one of the three Italian steamship lines and we long ago learned to love Italy and its warm-hearted, smiling people; the *Conte Grande* because we had heard it was one of the most luxurious ships of the southern transatlantic route, 26,000 tonnage (a matter of importance at times!), and beautiful in all its appointments. From the moment the gang-plank led us into a rich lounge of oriental atmosphere, with multi-colored soft lights and deep-cushioned red lacquer furniture, we knew we had chosen well.

The ship had been sold out ten days in advance, and it was a festive crowd on holiday bent, muffled in fur coats, watching the illuminated towers of Manhattan seemingly suspended in the night sky as we sailed down the harbor. The next day was one of rest for most of us. Wrapped in rugs in our steamer chairs, we found the pure ozone already life-giving. There was plenty of other diversion aboard: the usual deck sports and the gym; hot salt baths or swimming in the Japanese pool,—which surpasses in grandeur any I have ever seen; horse races and moving pictures in the afternoons and dancing in

the evenings; elaborate meals and the customary mid-morning bouillon, afternoon tea and late evening snack, in case one is able to manage all that; a good library and two splendid orchestras. The concert orchestra played during both lunch and dinner and at the tea hour. The tone and ensemble were so good and the programs so well made that I inquired about the leader and discovered him to be a graduate of the conservatory in Parma, Italy. His selections invariably included one or two compositions of the masters such as Beethoven and Brahms, one collection of operatic excerpts and some of the lighter pieces of merit, yet familiar to the layman. The dance orchestra was home grown here, therefore well syncopated which is as it should be for the purpose, and there were foretastes of the entrancing Cuban rhythms played with native instruments.

Christmas eve crept upon us the first day out



B. Caradossi, Photographer  
*The Captain of the Conte Grande with Signor and Signora Grandi, who came to America on this ship.*

and toward midnight stewards were busy trimming giant Christmas trees on either side of the wide staircase leading from the spacious lounge into the dining saloon. Bright balls, silver icicles and glowing lights blossomed suddenly among the branches. Outside, the brilliance of an almost full moon betrayed the nearness of the tropics. In our own stateroom we had a miniature tree and a scarlet poinsettia plant which had been sent to lend a Yuletide touch at sea. We did a little tree decorating ourselves and felt as cozy as at our home fireside, yet with the ad-



*The Conte Grande in Havana harbor; Oriental Park Race Track and Jockey Club, Havana; Cuba's Lido,—La Playa Beach; tempting wares at Nassau in the Bahamas; and the Myrtle Bank Hotel in Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies.*

vantage of heading southward to the color and sunshine of a warmer clime.

"Merry Christmas!" So said our room stewardess before we were fully awake. Bowing and smiling, she brought us each a gift from,—well, from Santa Claus, no doubt,—a handsome little gilt-edged book, *My Trip Abroad*. This was such a generous and graceful gesture on the part of the Line to its voyagers, we started the day most happily. Scarcely more than twenty-four hours from bleak New York and the air was balmy and soft. The blue of the Gulf Stream encompassed us all about; coats were packed away and our spirits became lighter thereby. Christmas dinner was a grand affair from caviar and green turtle soup through turkey and other courses to fancy ices,

not to mention the champagne served by the ship for the occasion! Through the open window near our table, the moon transformed the sea into shimmering silver. From the upper deck the scene was one to dream about for years to come. The dazzling brilliance made the white of the ship glisten with a sort of unearthly phosphorescence. The air was languorous and caressing. The swish of the water where the prow cut through, was as gentle as the whirring of wings. Far off on the dim line where sky and ocean meet, the flash of a light bespoke the presence of humanity in the paradise about us. On a night such as this, in these very waters, it is told, "Columbus, thirty-eight days out from Paolos and still driving westward under full

canvas, saw a light and lowered sail, standing on and off until sunrise, studying the low outline of the shore by the light of the moon."

Next morning we, too, had reached an island,—not the adjacent San Salvador as did Columbus,—but Nassau in the Bahamas. The hoarse cry of black natives diving for coins was the first greeting from foreign shores. Boarding an early tender, we crossed depths of impenetrable blue which changed to transparent jade as we reached shallow waters. Moored to the pier was a tramp steamer with a name emblazoned on its side that made us rub our eyes and look again. There was no mistake,—*Musician*, it read. Inquiries brought no enlightenment as to the reason for the name, the nature of the cargo, or the ports to which our banner is thus borne.

Nassau—the word brings remembrance of warm sunshine; black faces under white kerchiefs; native policemen standing under striped umbrellas at the cross-roads, looking very smart in pith helmet, brass-buttoned white tunic and military trousers; the waterside market where sponges and fish are sold from the stern of ships backed up to the wharf, and fruit venders offer scarlet plums, yellow jujubes, tamarinds and mangoes, purple sea-grapes, pawpaws, and the ubiquitous banana,—a startling transition from the gray sidewalks of New York; shops displaying many temptations where American money is accepted, although there is more thrill in calculations made complicated by the new standard of English currency; a restful jog about town behind a not too animated horse to haunts of pirate days; the new Colonial Hotel with its pink-washed façade and decorative touches of deep blue; Paradise Beach, remarkable for the fine texture of its sand, the tint of pure ivory, and lapped by an opalescent sea. Snatches of song sung by children asking for pennies give no indication of interesting native music. It has been said that the islands under British rule are curiously devoid of a wealth of individual music.

Flag bedecked and silhouetted against the sunset, our ship looked very inviting as we returned. Soon we were headed south again into even brighter moonlight and more balmy breezes. Next day the open-air swimming pool was erected on the aft deck and beach pajamas were in evidence on the sun deck. The days aboard ship between ports are delightful respites from strenuous adventuring ashore.

The night before reaching Jamaica we were as far south as the cruise took us and for sublimity it was the apotheosis of many heavenly nights. The air had the quality of a fine liqueur with something of its intoxication; the world was flooded with silvery radiance which sharply defined every detail of the ship, yet lent an effect of mystery that made us feel as if we were floating in the *Dream Ship* of Eugene Field's fancy. Next morning before sunrise the famous Blue

Mountains of Jamaica rose majestically against a sky of mother of pearl and the lights of Kingston sparkled along the shore line.

The Island of Jamaica must be a distant cousin of those alluring South Sea Islands which breathe their fragrance from the pages of many a book. During a four hour motor trip, we went through old Spanish Town; past rivers lined with tall cocoanut palm trees reflected in the placid waters as perfectly as the much pictured Nile; through canyons where the hot sun and cool damp shade made startling and dramatic contrasts; up into the mountains by a winding road with breath-taking turns; through jungles of palm, banana and breadfruit trees, with vistas of valleys thickly feathered with the pale green plumes of bamboo trees; past native huts raised on stilts and the black inhabitants soliciting our purchase of cocoa beans, cocoanut milk, brilliant flowers, or breadfruit and bananas in baskets poised on the heads of the women; gradually downward through fields of sugar cane and tall, red poinsettias to the Myrtle Bank Hotel,—very handsome in a grove of palms beside the sea,—for an excellent luncheon al fresco. A tropical shower passed over us during the afternoon just to leave in its wake an entrancing rainbow that curved from the sea to the mountain tops. These sudden and brief showers keep the luxuriant verdure a rich green, the flowers vivid, the bougainvillea a purple shawl wherever it clings, and the air heavy with the perfume of a thousand different kinds of fragrant blossoms blended together.

With many a backward glance and sigh of regret, we bid farewell to Jamaica. A festive dance on the top deck,—gay with colored lights, confetti, and fancy hats,—helped to cheer us. A day on the blue Caribbean and the next morning we were passing Morro Castle and entering Havana Harbor. Saturated with foreign atmosphere, Cuba is the American's close-at-hand sample of the Old World. It is truly Latin in its extremes: the narrow streets and open air shops of the ancient town adjacent to the eighteen million dollar Capitol and President's Palace. There is magnificence apparent in everything in Havana as one drives about the extensive city and environs. There is the National Theatre (Opera House) where José Mojica, the tenor, was appearing; the wide parked Prado and crescent drive of the Malecon along the water front; the new Nacional Hotel standing imposingly on an eminence; the Vedado residential section with villas guarded by wrought iron gateways, the fashionable Tennis Club; Pro Arte Auditorium, where both Lily Pons and Lawrence Tibbett had lately sung; along the Miramar Drive to the Lido of Havana (La Playa) and on to the Yacht Club, the Havana Biltmore Club, and the Country Club surrounded by the rolling green of the golf links; the Casino, a veritable Monte Carlo of beauty; the Almendares Hotel, where one teas and dances

(Continued on Page 26)



—Sketch by Flora Louise Kaiser

## IN THE NEWS

By Mildred Schreiber

### *The Metropolitan Opera*

**G**RAND OPERA is still going strong, in case you didn't know. Two novelties for this season have made their appearance since New Year's. Von Suppé's *Donna Juanita*, starring Maria Jeritza, has caught the fancy of a public glad to escape depressions. Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, a vehicle for Lawrence Tibbett who has lately rejoined the Company, is an interesting addition to the repertoire.

Of artists,—Lily Pons returned in January to delight the large audiences she invariably draws. Edward Johnson, celebrating his tenth anniversary as a Metropolitan luminary, brought *Peter Ibbetson* back in superb form to a crowded house. Deems Taylor's popular American opera seems to have gained in appeal. Göta Ljungberg, a Swedish soprano of much charm and excellent musical qualities, promises many new treats in the German works.

Metropolitan listeners have increased to millions through the Saturday afternoon radio broadcasts, and the Opera is still the channel through which charitable organizations seek to swell their funds with benefit performances.

### *Up in the Air*

It was the first performance at the Metropolitan of Von Suppé's *Donna Juanita* with Maria Jeritza in the leading rôle. The scene was charming; the music was brilliant; the spectators were entranced. And then, suddenly, a giggle ran through the audience. Thirty multi-colored balloons released by Mme. Jeritza had been whisked by a back-draft beyond the footlights, and were rising to the top of the auditorium. A few moments later the laughter subsided and the audience, absorbed once more in the music, completely forgot the incident.

It was not, however, a closed episode to the opera house attachés, who gathered in a group after the performance and gazed ceilingward in dismay. The balloons had to be brought down or they would be almost sure to deflate just in time to descend on the audience which would be there in the evening to see *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *L'Oracolo*. For a long while it seemed absolutely hopeless. Various methods of bringing them down were considered and promptly discarded. Someone tried shooting them down with a bean shooter, but had little success.

It was then that maestro Carlo Edwards achieved fame as a marksman. Armed with a borrowed shotgun and some fine powder shot he ascended to the Elbridge T. Gerry box, and from that point of vantage brought the balloons down in twos and threes until only seven were left. Drawing a breath,

he raised the gun to his shoulder and took careful aim. Down they came—seven of them in one shot!

Some of the cherubs that decorate the ceiling bear scars of the fray, but they cannot be noticed from the audience. Attachés of the opera house who witnessed the unscheduled exhibition of marksmanship will remember and repeat the story of the balloons for many years to come.

### *A Distinguished Guest*

The Institute of Musical Art was visited recently by Mrs. and Miss Gericke, the wife and daughter of Mr. Wilhelm Gericke who conducted the Boston Symphony for many years. It is their first visit to America since they left it twenty-five years ago.

### *At the Baton*

One of the most notable events in the annals of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society is the return of Bruno Walter to Manhattan. Mr. Walter made his début to a skeptical audience—an audience that remembered that his appearance with the New York Symphony in 1923 fell very short of being outstanding—and immediately won its unreserved enthusiasm. "This is a conductor," W. J. Henderson wrote of him, "of the first rank, gifted with imagination, equipped with a solid and resourceful technic and driven by an inward fire of temperament."

### *Valuable Information*

No longer will the student of Jewish music have to resort to books written in foreign tongues for information. Exhaustive data on the matter appears in A. Z. Idelson's *Jewish Music*, just published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. The book deals minutely with all aspects of the subject: theoretical, analytical, historical, and traditional.

The author gives detailed illustrations of the great influence Jewish music has had on the folk-songs of any nation which has given residence, however brief, to the people of Israel, and goes on to show the influence, no less strong, it has had on the work of serious composers of all races, nationalities and creeds. Those who, like Huneker, believe that music has its root in the Hebrew race, will be interested to find that he gives evidence of the Jewish origin of many musicians heretofore classed as non-Jewish.

Not only is the work a treatise on Jewish music, but it is a psychological study of a race of people, scattered for two thousand years to all corners of the earth, yet maintaining their spiritual and cultural unity. The volume should prove of interest to historians, psychologists, and musicians alike.

## THE SUPERVISORS' DEPARTMENT

By Anna Blum

The Supervisors' Class of the Institute gave their first concert in the auditorium of the Graduate School on December 12. Mr. Hubbard conducted an orchestra composed solely of supervisors, in the first movement of Schubert's *B flat Symphony* and Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*. It was a capable demonstration in one of the many fields of supervisors' work.

Rita Gagen played two piano compositions: Debussy's *Reflect dans l'Eau* and Ibert's *Little White Donkey*. Anna Blum, Harry Aleshinsky, and Willard Briggs gave Mozart's *Trio in E flat*, and George Sharp, baritone, sang a group of three songs: *Sombre Woods* of Tully, *Fu dio che disse* from *L'Ebreo* by Apolloni and *Zueignung*, a modern song by Richard Strauss. He was accompanied by Janet Grimler.

As a climax to the concert the Supervisors' Chorus, of which everyone in the department is a member, sang a *capella* songs: a Bach Chorale *Wann ich einmal soll scheiden; Sie ist mir lieb* by Praetorius; three madrigals, —*Fair Phyllis I Saw sitting all alone* by John Farmer, *Awake, Sweet Love* by John Dowland, and the famous *Matona, lovely maiden* by Orlando Lassus. Mr. Randall Thompson conducted. Miss Dessoff, who was unable to conduct the chorus this year on account of ill health, was in the audience.

## HUMOR

(Continued from Page 6)

cause he is tragic. A sense of humor must assume that the other man loves life as much as we; it must assume that life is worth loving and that to miss it because the machine tendency in us is too strong is the saddest of defeats. Perhaps we should never succeed in loving defeated men if we hadn't the brains to recognize ourselves in their troubles. Perhaps to recognize our kinship, even in the most depraved, is enough to make the depraved seem likable. Perhaps this is why we like *Falstaff*.

But if he is so tragic, why do we smile at him? We don't smile at *King Lear*. Well, the recognition of new truth gives always the sense of pleasure. A demonstration in geometry, unexpected and convincing, may make us smile. We are forced to laugh when our adversary in debate scores a point on us. He isn't necessarily funny, but he has opened our eyes. The value of a sense of humor to ourselves is that in the faults of others we are suddenly aware of tendencies in ourselves, and can therefore correct them. When our nerves are taut, when we have worked ourselves up into a prejudice of idea or emotion, when we have become, that is, mechanical and inflexible, the sudden vision of the same frailty in *Micawber* or *Sir Austin Feverel* helps us to relax. We are reminded of our common plight; we remember that perhaps the man against whom we cherish a temporary grudge is like ourselves the victim of his temperament. That is why the cultiva-

tion of humor is essential if we would survive in an advanced and complex society in which there will always be much to wear out the nerves and try the patience.

We smile too at the temperament which seems to show itself in inanimate things. They too have their personal cussedness, their exasperating inflexibilities. To fight them is neither more nor less stupid than to contend with the fixed habits of our friends. We can only understand and adjust ourselves. Oddly enough, for most of us a sense of humor comes more easily when we are dealing with machines than when we are facing the mechanical element in men. We have no great difficulty in learning the whims of our typewriter or of our automobile. We know we have to humor the engine, since no two engines are exactly alike. We are even reluctant to let another drive it, who may not understand its ways. To deal so imaginatively and sympathetically with human beings would be the height of wisdom, but the human engine at its simplest is complicated, and wisdom comes hard.

If we smile at *Falstaff*, is there any difference between comedy and tragedy? Not much. We usually call those stories comic in which the disaster is not too grim for us to detect a universal law of temperament applicable to ourselves. If we understand the profound implications of humor, it makes little difference whether we call "Hamlet" a tragedy or a comedy. Some of us feel that "Much Ado" is as tragic as it is comic. "King Lear" and "Othello," and all the stories which are too terrible to serve as mirrors of ourselves, ought to have another name. *Iago* and *Goneril* are devils, outside of the moral world as most of us can conceive of it. Admiration for Shakespeare prevents us from admitting freely that such characters are unintelligible, interesting only as monsters and nightmares. But the bulk of serious experience, no matter how sad, is susceptible of illumination by a sense of humor, by a realization that in spite of human ignorance and stupidity, life is lovable, and that the faults which handicap others are mere variations of tendencies in ourselves.

With all the laughter in the world, there are very few funny books. "Humphrey Clinker" is one, in English literature, and "Pickwick Papers" is another. In these stories we laugh at a succession of ridiculous incidents which illustrate nothing in particular, either about human nature or about the universe. *Mr. Pickwick* gets into the wrong room at the inn, and after he has gone to bed, the occupant, an old maid, enters and prepares to retire. The ridiculousness of the situation has nothing to do with the characters of the persons involved. If the characters of the persons did count in the episode, we should have to call on our sense of humor, and the fun would be translated into the more serious form of comedy. *Humphrey Clinker* engages as postilion to the coachful of travelers, but when he mounts his horse his tattered breeches come apart. Fun, in this

elementary form, is nothing but the recognition of absurdity. It calls for no effort of the intelligence, and it stimulates us to no sympathy. We sometimes say it is the occasion of harmless laughter.

On the other hand, there are many witty books. To turn a phrase so that the word or the cadence puts a fresh point on an old idea, is not difficult for an intelligent person who is willing to study the best models and keep in practice. The attempt at wit may easily prove vulgar, if the writer or speaker makes his point too broad, and assumes too little alertness in his audience. The pleasure of successful wit is obvious, but by itself it does not necessarily imply great sympathy with life, nor a complete understanding of a neighbor's problems. Wit is sometimes the gift or the acquisition of a narrow heart and mind, and the employment of it by such a nature makes us fear that the clever point has been scored at some expense to truth.

It is usually thought that the sense of humor is a gift, not an art. Perhaps wit, like any other form of expression, is to some extent a gift, but it would be sad if we had to believe that the understanding of life is natural to some of us and withheld from others. Humor can be learned and taught. The method at its simplest would be constant admonition not to go blind in the routine of life. He that has eyes to see, let him see—and we all start with eyes to see. But education could go further. We could train ourselves to think of life not as an experience exclusive and personal to us, not as a conglomeration of lives all entirely different, but as a common condition and fate, in which each of us develops a few peculiarities, fewer and less important than we suppose. Once we have reached that idea, we can go on to the truth that the whole race, from age to age, changes little, no matter how fast the outer surface of civilization alters. *Falstaff*, *Naomi*, *David* and *Peter*, *Thersites* and *Hector*, are still recognizable as mirrors of us, in spite of electricity and motor-cars and the philosophy of Freud. Well then, we have only to keep our love of life, and study the temperament of our fellows as we would the ruling passion of our pet automobile, and remembering how relatively unimportant those peculiarities are, humor them. To do this successfully, we must also study our own besetting queeriness, and temper that to our suffering friends.

But we can't follow this old-fashioned and simple schooling unless we train ourselves first of all to think of human life in general terms. Since we do so today less often than our fathers did, we have a less rich sense of humor. The children used to study penmanship in copybooks, in which proverbs and mottoes, the cream of general experience, were constantly before their eyes. The old readers contained fables and more proverbs, the accumulated wisdom of the race about life in general. If young people now have meager ideas about human nature, and exaggerated notions of the uniqueness of their own personalities, it is because we have unintentionally

fastened their attention on the temporary and exceptional aspects of their world. It's hard to have a sense of humor if you are brought up to be a special pleader. The writers today who make special pleas for one good cause or another, do so perforce without humor, because before they can envisage any human fate as special, they must discard temporarily that full view of life which sees the common heart and the common fate in us all. When the judge himself lacks humor, justice is in peril. If *Angelo*, in "Measure for Measure," had had a sense of humor, he wouldn't have fallen into his awful villainy; he could have seen the relation of what he coveted to the sin for which he condemned *Claudio*. Perhaps if he had had a sense of humor, a view of human nature, he would not have condemned *Claudio*. He might have remembered a moment of sublime humor when those without sin were invited to cast the first stone.

From a series of essays written by Dr. Erskine in the *Century Magazine*.

## IN QUEST OF BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 23)

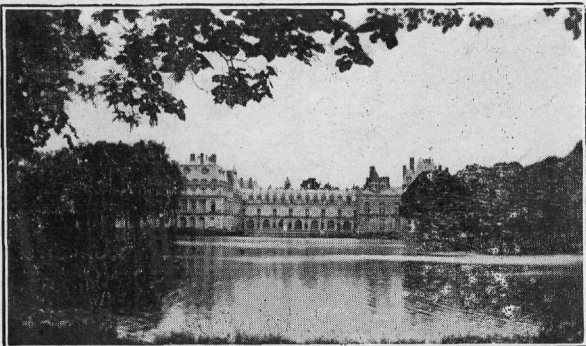
in a bower of purple bougainvillea; and the Oriental Park Race Track and Jockey Club.

The exciting *Jai-alai* game takes up one evening; another is devoted to *Sans Souci* where one dances beneath royal palms, century old mango and alligator pear trees aglow with the incandescence of many silver, orange and blue bulbs, to the lilting strains of a Spanish melody throbbing with African rhythm played by native instruments. The why and wherefore and fascination of Cuban music would take a whole article in itself. Once heard it can never be forgotten. New Year's Eve the Casino was a gay scene. From the fourteen cruise ships in the harbor, it seemed as if everyone went to the Casino at some time that night. There were cars for miles in the blaze of their own headlights passing to and from the white portals of the illuminated building—a lively spectacle not to be missed.

After three glorious days in Havana, we sailed north, leaving the lights of the Malecon a glittering diamond necklace in the blackness of midnight. The blessed blue and warmth of the Gulf Stream began to weaken and fade next day at sun down. An *Au Revoir* dinner and a masquerade ball were a fitting close to a wonderful cruise. The last day was busy with trunk packing, customs declarations and farewells to friends. Next morning early we were at quarantine and soon on the cold dock in bleak New York. Across the drab winter cloak of the city streets as we drove home, our eyes saw purples and jades and reds and yellows which will linger in our vision until Spring smiles upon our own landscapes once more.

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