

The Baton



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Appearances of faculty members are featured FORTISSIMO in these columns

Before the Public

Fraser Gange, who is to hold master classes in singing at the Juilliard Summer School, was one of the soloists for the performance of Pierné's *The Children's Crusade* by the Cleveland Orchestra, as part of the Music Supervisors' Convention in Cleveland which was held from April 3rd to 8th.

Randall Thompson's new choral work, *Americana*, which created so much interest, and so much laughter, at a first performance at the French Institute on April 3rd when it was sung by the Dessoff Choirs, was repeated at Town Hall on April 9th. According to Mr. Thompson's program notes, "the texts of this sequence of five choruses are taken from the *Americana* sections of recent numbers of the *American Mercury*. The music was composed during February and March of this year. . . . It would be difficult to estimate the direct influence that the *Mercury's Americana* has had on the national consciousness in general and on our literature in particular. In choosing which ones to set to music, an embarrassment of riches was found. Those finally selected exhibit five special aspects of our present-day life: Fundamentalism, Spiritualism, Temperance, Capital Punishment, and Optimism." Mr. Thompson has directed the choral classes at the Institute this year.

The Persinger Quartet presented a program at the Juilliard School on April 6th. Mr. Persinger, who is known as the teacher of several very famous youthful violinists, is associated with the faculty of the Graduate School.

The Juilliard Opera Class presented Malipiero's *The False Harlequin*, and Wolf-Ferrari's *The Secret of Suzanne* on April 28th, 29th, and 30th. *The False Harlequin* was given its American première. Both operas were given in English, and were directed by *Albert Stoessel* and *Alfredo Valenti*, of the Graduate School's faculty.

Georges Barrère, *Gaston Dethier*, and *William Kroll*, all members of the Institute's faculty, played at a benefit for the United Parents' Association at the home of *Adolph Lewisohn* on April 30th.

Albert Stoessel, of the Graduate School's faculty, will conduct the Oratorio Society in a presentation of Bach's *B minor Mass* at Carnegie Hall on May 2nd. The soloists will be *Jeanette Vreeland*, *Rose Bampton*, *Arthur Hackett* and *Robert Crawford*, and the chorus will be augmented by the New York University Glee Club. There will be nearly three hundred singers.

Rubin Goldmark, head of the department of com-

position at the Graduate School, has selected some of his pupils' chamber music works for presentation in a program on May 6th.

Samuel Gardner's ensemble class gave its annual concert on April 15th. Brahms' *Piano Quintet in A major* was played by *Max Hollander*, first violin; *Sidney Brecher*, viola; *Harvey Shapiro*, 'cello; *Leah Colker* and *Vivian Rivkin*, pianists. Mozart's *Quintet in E flat major for Horn and Strings* was performed by *Jacob Tillinger*, horn; *Louis Entin* and *Dorothy Dewey*, first violins; *Barnett Golofsky* and *Isabella Leon*, second violins; *Merle Kesler* and *Emery Erdelyi*, violas; *Elizabeth Priest* and *Margaret Christy*, 'celli. Haydn's *Quartet in D major, No. 14* was given by *Dorothy Kesner*, first violin; *Julia Nussenbaum*, second violin; *Cornelia Basky*, viola; *Margaret Christy*, 'cello. *Henrietta Holtzman* was pianist for Bach's *Concerto for Piano and Strings in D minor*.

TO THE DEAN

Dr. Frank Damrosch has been absent from the Institute during the past two weeks as the result of over-fatigue from the many interests at the school in which he takes a very active part. We are immeasurably benefited by his whole-hearted participation in matters pertaining to us but, alas, in his generosity, he depletes his own strength. During this short period when he must rest, everyone misses him and is thinking of him with affectionate wishes for a speedy return.

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How I Got My Name

Glimpses of Life in a Palace

By Marioara Cole

THE *Baton* has set me the difficult task of writing about myself. Having said that, I feel I can go on!

Many years ago when the now famous Queen Marie was the young Crown Princess of Roumania, my mother's father was sent to Roumania to build an oil refinery. This necessitated living in Roumania for two years and Mother became an intimate friend of Marie's during this time.

After a thrilling two years at a foreign Court, Mother returned and was married. On the eve of my birth she received a cable from Marie saying: "We shall name her Marioara." So I was named "Marioara," meaning "God-daughter of Marie." As a christening gift my illustrious Godmother sent me a jeweled cross.

After that, from time to time, I received presents of lovely pictures and books of which Marie herself was the author.

The Meeting

Then at last, in 1926, I saw my Royal Godmother for the first time when she visited this country. I was a girl of fourteen and could hardly realize what a treat was in store for me when we received an invitation from the Mayor of New York to the reception at the City Hall on the day of the Queen's arrival. In this instance we were doomed to disappointment. The crowds were so great that we never got through the police lines.

However, in all the confusion and bustle of her arrival in America, the Queen, loyal to her old friend, found time to write to Mother and give her an audience. We finally arrived at her suite on the top floor of the Ambassador and were left there in a large hall. There were many doors leading from this hall but all of them were closed. No one was to be seen but much was to be heard! Finally Mother boldly opened one of the doors, beyond which could be heard the tapping of a typewriter. This door proved to lead into the bedroom of Madame Lahovary, the Queen's chief lady-in-waiting. She was most humiliated that no one had announced us and at once seated us and went in herself to announce us to the Queen.

Within five minutes we were ushered into a flower-filled room and asked to sit down. We had no more than seated ourselves when the Queen swept in. I jumped up and started the elaborate courtesy which Mother had painstakingly taught me for weeks previously. Suddenly I almost lost my balance in my Godmother's unexpected and vehement embrace! She kissed me on both cheeks, then on my forehead, and then pushed me back in my chair and went and sat beside Mother on the divan.

It was a very thrilling experience for little me to

sit there and drink in the loveliness of one of the world's greatest beauties, although I was disappointed that she wore no crown! She was dressed in a smoky-blue chiffon gown which floated away from her in clouds, and around her throat she had several ropes of the largest pearls I had ever seen. At the end of one of the ropes of pearls was an enormous diamond cross which fell below her knees when she was standing. She had all the glamour my childhood fancies imagined in a Fairy Godmother.



Queen Marie of Roumania autographs a picture for her God-child, Marioara Cole, who is a student at the Institute.

A Sojourn in a Palace

The next time I saw her was in the setting of her own Palace Cotroceni, in Bucharest, where Mother and I visited her for eleven days in January, 1930.

We arrived in Bucharest at seven o'clock in the morning. We had been debating what one should do on arriving to visit a Queen at seven o'clock in the morning. Should one take a taxi and say "To the Palace, please?" Or should one calmly go to an hotel and await further urging from the Queen? Neither of us had decided just which of

these alternatives to follow when the train drew into the station of Bucharest.

To our surprise we heard a very English voice outside our door enquiring if this was Mrs. Cole's compartment. Mother flung open the door and assured the lady it was. "I am from Her Majesty," said the lady. She then introduced us to the Chief of the Secret Police, who, she told us, would see about our baggage. We then got into a Buick sedan driven by a chauffeur on whose livery was a small crown.

Our drive from the station to the Palace necessitated our passing through the main street of Bucharest. It was very noticeable here, that everyone bowed to us and all soldiers saluted. All the streets with the exception of about three, were made of cobblestones. Finally as we neared the outskirts of the city, we turned into a beautiful park before the gate of which paced two armed sentries. The whole park was simply overrun with rose-vines and we later learned it was a famous rose garden. The vines have grown up the trunks of trees, over the ground and around the many fountains and pools. No one could possibly walk anywhere except on the cleared paths, the vines were so entwined and thick.

As Mother and I were the Queen's personal friends and had no connection with the country's diplomatic interests we were not taken to the front door of the Palace but to the Queen's own private entrance. So it was that we did not have a good view of the Palace from the outside as this entrance was approached from behind the Palace by a road which encircled a hill and suddenly passed between two massive iron gates, which were heavily guarded. Between these two great gates was a kind of porte-cochère where we got out of the car. I only know that the Palace is of white stucco and built around a tiled courtyard. It is two stories high on two sides and in back, but gains a story in front where it slopes down the hill overlooking the Rose Park.

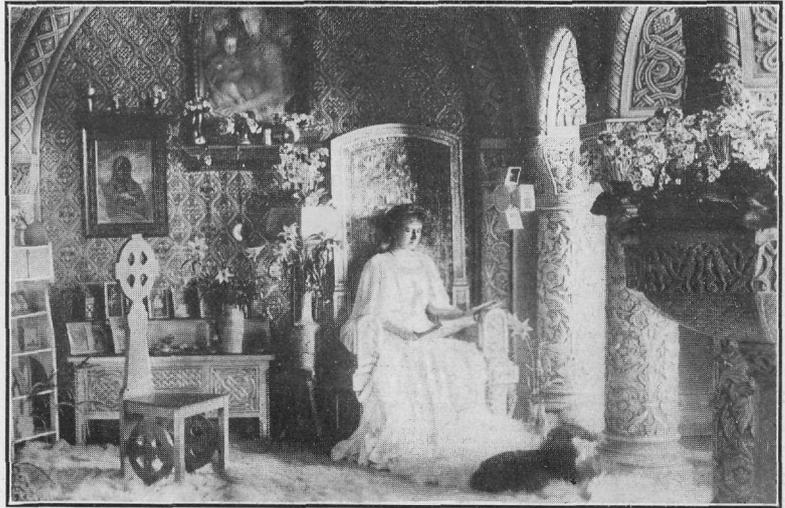
At the entrance, a liveried footman opened the door for us. We stepped out and directly into an elevator and ascended to the second floor. There, awaiting us, was another lady-in-waiting who presented us with a little card written by the Queen giving greetings and saying she would leave us "in peace" until we had had baths and breakfast and would then call us to her.

We proceeded down a long corridor and were ushered into two suites of rooms on the same floor as the Queen's. Mother's consisted of a salon, a large bedroom, a dressing room and enormous bathroom; mine consisted of a small sort of writing room, a bedroom, which was more of a salon as the furniture was that of a salon and the bed was in a little nook in the wall and altogether covered. Then also, a bathroom and dressing room of my own! What was my

terror, however, to find that my suite was separated from Mother's by a hall and that they had seen fit to provide me with a German-speaking maid!

I had to take a bath under the supervision of the German maid. I couldn't turn the water on or off, as it had to be done by the expert manipulation of a wrench which I could scarcely lift! I had just been staying in Italy where *hot* is *caldo*. In German *hot* is *warm*, but I didn't know *that*. So first I cried "hotter" and then "caldo" and in the end took an almost ice cold bath! The next bath was even worse, as I had to wait half an hour with the windows all open before the bath was cool enough to get into!

After my bath, while awaiting my breakfast, I



The Queen at home.
The decoration of the more formal rooms of the Palace showed the influence and luxuriousness of the sumptuous East.

had a marvelous time experimenting with the tricky lighting in Mother's rooms. You could light it either directly by lamps and chandeliers or indirectly. The latter way gave the weird effect of turning on the sun! You pushed a button and suddenly light streamed down from everywhere. You couldn't decide where the lights really were. It was simply fascinating and I later discovered the whole Palace could be lighted in this way and the lights could be made as dim or as bright as you wished.

Our breakfast arrived at eight—cold ham, *café au lait*, and all sorts and varieties of cold bread and rolls and butter. We were all ready when the lady-in-waiting came to usher us in to see Her Majesty. We found her lying on an enormous bed dressed in a three-quarter *lamé* bed-jacket with beautiful lace and fur around the collar. She embraced us both warmly as before and then she and Mother talked together for about an hour while I wandered about.

In the first place the bedroom is made of carved Norwegian pine; ceiling, floor, furniture and all. Her Majesty had an enormous bed in the middle of one side of the room. To the left of the bed

(Continued on Page 17)

Stradivarius

The Master at Work

By Elizabeth Stutsman

THE trap-door slowly rose and a white-capped head emerged through the square opening. A lean, delicately strong hand pushed back the cap, and as Antonio Stradivarius mounted the final steps of the little ladder, a gentle warm breeze ruffled his hair. It felt good on a day like this. Even the corners of the room downstairs seemed to be flooded with hot, liquid, early morning sunshine. When he had gained the roof he paused a moment. See how the light is reflected from the cathedral's red and white façade over there! And down below, those fine red lions supporting the columns of its porch must almost feel life surge into their marble bodies. This is a day for miracles; I should not be surprised to hear them roar! But no sound save that of a cart passing through the street below broke the stillness, and he let his eyes wander casually over the frescoed walls and the housetops of Cremona. They came to rest on the torazzo, that magnificent campanile whose four hundred and ninety-eight steps he had climbed once many years ago. No church in all Northern Italy had a finer tower, he thought. It was said to be nearly four hundred feet high. Yes, it had seemed all of that on the way up. And the view from the top! Tiny houses, narrow streets, blue sky pricked by needle-like church spires, the old oval city wall, the silvery Po threading its way through the plains of Lombardy.

One could see for miles from that height. What was the old verse? Oh, yes! *Unus Petrus est in Roma; Una turris in Cremona!* But enough of this idling. Signor Speranza wants his new fiddle for the performance of *Il Combattimento di Tancredi*. When did he say it was to be, by the way? Early in the fall, at any rate. The violin should have been ready now for the varnish.

His mind already occupied with the first work of the day, he turned and surveyed with only half-conscious pleasure his domain; a kingdom of twelve square feet, roofed with fine old beams and rafters, and inhabited by countless sweet-voiced subjects, descendants of that well-known family, the Viols, who sang only praises for their Lord and creator when they journeyed out into the world. *And their whispers!* On a moonlit night one sat among them with ear eagerly attuned and waited for stray puffs of wind skipping over the housetops to engage them in the most subtle communications.

The south and east boundaries were walled—happy the realm that needs no defenses against some enemy or other—but several windows formed in them a picture gallery of *tableaux vivants*. Along the walls on shelves lay stacks of wood and stringed instruments of all kinds and in all conditions. To the north and west, however, there was no obstruc-

tion to the brilliant sunshine and soft air which lay light as a feather blanket over Cremona.

Stradivarius began to look over some slabs of wood. What ideal weather for seasoning future fiddles! It had been a long time since he had had to take any precautions at all against rain. Let me see, this pile over here was the maestro's. That complex feeling of loss, of reverence, of happiness, returned to him as it always did when he thought of Nicolo Amati, his beloved master, who had recently died. Antonio had not been surprised that Amati had left to him, instead of to his own son, his entire collection of tools, patterns, materials. Of all the maestro's apprentices he had been by far the most conscientious, the most painstaking, the most wholeheartedly devoted to his craft. Art, it really was. After he had left Amati's workshop (how good were those days when he shared a gluepot with Andrea Guarnerius!) to embark on his own career, he had not abandoned his teacher's models as so many of the young craftsmen did. He was not one of those brilliant, spasmodically inspired persons whose innate laziness, if the truth be told, leads them to believe that the path to perfection lies in sudden flashes of originality. Carefully thought out experiment? Yes. Improvements, he found, were generally the result of slow, cautious change. They did not spring up overnight. For years he had used the old familiar pattern which he had first traced under the direction of Amati himself.

He had learned so much since then; immeasurably more, of course, after he had been freed from supervision than in the first years when explicit directions were given for every step of procedure and when every movement of his tools was watched and criticized. For some time before he left Amati's instruction the maestro had allowed Antonio to insert his own labels in the instruments he fashioned. Nothing had ever filled him with such intense emotion as that first stamp of authorship: *Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis Alumnus Nicolai Amati, Faciebat Anno 16—*, followed by the Maltese cross and the initials A. S. enclosed within a double circle. How incredulous he would have been then, had he foreseen all that he was to learn! Take, for example, the evolution of his own pattern, by which Speranza's violin was cut. The casual observer would remark no difference between two instruments made from different models. They were both violins, weren't they? Same shape, same color, same kind of wood, same parts. But no! they were not exactly the same shape, and the minute difference in contour meant that one fiddle was suitable for music in a small room, and the other for performance in the larger halls of theatre and palace and church.

Not that the tone of one was sweeter, but that it was larger, more resonant.

This piece of maple here looks not quite ripe yet, even though it is in Amati's stack and has been cured for years. He picked it up, held it about a third from the top between his left thumb and forefinger, and bending his ear to it, struck the lower part sharply with the knuckles of his right hand. H'm . . . as I thought, too sluggish. Too inelastic. He replaced the piece and chose another, applying the same test. This sounds better; the grain is pretty, too. Do you suppose it *did* come from Croatia, or Dalmatia, or Turkey? They say that it was



A portrait generally believed to be that of Antonio Stradivarius.

sent to Venice to be made into galley-oars; but those Turks, from whom it was brought, are practically always at war with the Venetians, and took care to ship only wood with a very curly grain, so that it would break easily. Serves the Venetians right. How utterly naive to buy one's weapons from the enemy! Well, anyway, this piece suits my purpose. After subjecting it to a minute scrutiny, he set it aside for immediate use.

Now for the pine. Here is a piece smooth as satin where the axe has split it; the grain is straight and even, not too close, and there is not the slightest trace of that reddish tinge which indicates an unhealthy growth. I wonder what causes it? Yes, this will do. . . .

There is nothing in life quite so romantic as the history of a fortunately bred pine tree, he mused. It simply gets the best of everything. First, an advantageous place on the south side of a forest covering some Tyrolese Alp where the wind plays tunes

through its branches and the sun penetrates its bark and makes wooden silk of its fibre.

Late in the year when the sap has ceased to run, comes a woodsman who chops it down, binds its trunk along with others into a loose raft, and launches it from the banks of the Garda on its travels. What a journey! A man might well be envious. Floating down the Mincia to Mantua, through Lago Como to Milan, it drifts from Lago Maggiore down the Ticino and the Po to the market-place of Cremona. There it lies among rough heaps of pear, lemon and ash, of maple and sycamore, steaming at first in the sunshine; but within a few hours after being pulled, dripping, from the water, it is thoroughly dry and hard.

And then along comes that marvelous fiddle-maker (a pause while he bows to himself) Antonio Stradivarius, who, though not forty years old, has yet been able to buy himself a house, and to pay for it mostly in cash, and who, one of these days, will be a symbol of wealth to his fellow citizens: *ricco come Stradivarius!* they will say, though golden lives have never glowed in piles before his mind's eye as he bent over his productive fingers. Yes, here he comes, tall and spindly, his keen eyes searching through the timber for *just* the right thing. He passes his hand over the surface of a pine log to test the density of its fibre; he takes a slip of it, and another of the same size from a different tree and weighs them to judge of their comparative porousness. *Then* his eyes shine and his heart races, for only once in two or three years, after dissecting dozens of trees, does he happen upon wood of such fine acoustic properties. This must be kept for his very best work, destined for masters whose very glance at it is a caress, and the touch of whose magic fingers calls forth from those two curved portals a chain of fairy tones, living pearls born in a wooden box and lured, whether dancing or on reluctant toes, to their death in the open air. Let other instruments suffice those of unenchanted bows!

Finally, after many springs and autumns have wakened and lulled the earth to sleep, up one fine day comes Stradivarius to the roof of his house, selects a piece of this enchanted pine, cuts it out, carves the most bewitchingly delicate sound holes in it, fits it on to some other pieces of wood, varnishes it, hangs it on that nail over there to dry, delivers it lovingly to its master, and from then on it vibrates to the bow of a great musician. What better fate? Heigh-ho!—*"Nelle selve io vivea cipresso muto; or, morto, ho voce, poi che me fèr liuto."*—*In the woods I lived, a cypress mute; now dead, I speak, because I am a lute.*

Foot-note: The masterpieces executed by Antonio Stradivarius at Cremona mark a culminating point in the evolution of the violin. These instruments have never been surpassed in beauty of tone or design during the three centuries since they were made, and, in the opinion of musicians, they have no rivals among the violins made by the Amatis, the Guarnerii or other Italian families famed for their craftsmanship.

Shanghai ed

In a New Sense

By Ruth Bugbee

“ONE of the things I never expected to see was a bombing plane in action, but I can see one now, just by glancing out of the window,” wrote Miss Ruth Bugbee from Shanghai on January 29th. Miss Bugbee, who formerly studied and taught at the Institute, now is a teacher of music in Shanghai College and she was in or near the distressed Chinese city throughout the bombardment by the Japanese and the bitter fighting around the forts.

Continuing her letter, she wrote:

“The plane is over the northwest part of Shanghai. Last night, at about 10:30, the Japanese took the fort at Woosung, down the river. I was at Hanson’s listening to the radio. I think we were hearing Saigon by way of a relay from Manila—that’s about 2,000 miles in all. Anyway, we were condemning Woosung, as usual, because their open spark telegraph interfered with our hearing. I wonder whether the interferers were Chinese or Japanese.

“The Japs have all the northwest of Shanghai and the railroad to Woosung and I suppose, technically speaking, I am on Japanese territory now. We are on a point of land that is cut across by the railroad.

“I believe a cable already has gone to New York, saying we are in no danger. I hope they notify you before you get frightened. I can well imagine the headlines in the newspapers. It seemed like Germany and Belgium repeated again, the way the troops came into Shanghai last night. Yesterday, 14 Japanese gunboats paraded up the river. I can’t imagine it all. You can realize how I am going to enjoy the guns and the bombing if they come any closer. It was cold and rainy early this morning and when it cleared off, one of the boys said: ‘War doesn’t seem right; the campus seems too beautiful.’”

Writing on February 2nd, Miss Bugbee referred to uncertain mail service and continued:

“It is very hard waiting. It was bad enough to watch the bombing planes and hear the machine guns, but I think the silence now is worse. I have not been to Shanghai—probably shall not go, as they say, if we leave here, it will be to evacuate to an American gunboat. As soon as the boats arrive from Manila, they will be able to take care of all the Americans in Shanghai, if necessary.

“I said awhile back I did not believe in war nor in gunboats and would not go on one under any condition. I shall be very glad though, to see them steaming up the river.

“Part of the time we (and I don’t mean me) can get back and forth to town and part of the time the roads are so jammed with refugees going or coming (according to the latest rumor), that the cars give it up and turn back.

“I am willing to use my imagination about the fort-like appearance of Shanghai, and only hope I shall not see it. If the Japs are through landing in the concession, another obvious place for them to land would be right beside the college. There are many Japanese soldiers billeted nearby.

“The fighting in the Hongkew and Chapei districts was about four miles from here and, believe me, I hate the sound of a gun after dark. However, it is surprising how much one can get used to and not explode with fright.

“I don’t have to be careful not to frighten you, because even now you may know as much about how things are here as I do. I suppose to almost everyone in the United States all the technicalities about the International Settlement are Greek. I am beginning to understand a little but perhaps by the time I have fully comprehended the ‘neutrality’ and the ‘integrity’ of the settlement there won’t be any such thing.



One of the ways in which Chinese refugees escape from war zones.

“I am ready for anything but I don’t like the idea of going off without my piano nor of going in a sampan, or even a launch, nor of going to Manila, especially with all my summer wardrobe at a cleaning place that easily could be in the burning area. Judging by the seating capacity of a sampan, I’ll be lucky if I can carry a suit case. I have it more or less packed, anyway.”

Writing again the following day, Miss Bugbee observed that her first bit of news regarding the taking of Woosung apparently was premature. She added that rumors flew thick and fast and it was

difficult to determine what was true and what was false.

"Some of the men saw two shells, evidently from anti-aircraft guns across the river, plow up the waters of the Whangpoo right beside an outgoing passenger vessel and one landed in the road about a mile from here. I went down the road with the intention of seeing the spot, but some Chinese policemen said 'no,' so I came back.

"I had a period of depression yesterday when I realized that to rejoice over the arrival of the United States flagship Houston and to think of our warships as a means of escape was ridiculous. The foreigners are safer than the Chinese, and, no matter what happens, I could not go off and leave the Lius and the Chens here. Anyhow, if things get to a state of evacuation, I believe the launch that will be sent by the United States marines will hold about 15 people, and that would not be more than the four families of young children and their mothers. Somehow, I felt better when I had settled in my mind that I would not leave. The danger in the International Settlement from stray shells is far greater than here.

"We would appreciate some mail, but I guess we'll not be getting any for a while. The morning paper still comes but the evening paper has not arrived for two nights. Yesterday, one of the men bought an evening paper in town for one dollar. Everyone assembles to hear the news over the radio."

Miss Bugbee commented on the trivial nature of much of the news received in that way and on the shortage of coal, largely due to a strike of men employed on Chinese junks. She tried to go on with her music classes and other teachers endeavored to carry on the lessons of the American children in the college settlement.

"It will be pretty hard on the school financially," she continued, "if there are no student fees for this term. It is lucky for me that the main part of my home and of the music department are done, because, if they were not, there'd be no hope of them for a while, even if we did open.

"You'll laugh when I tell you that, on the night when I was most scared I learned what, of all my possessions I would grab first in a time of danger; and, of all things, it was my poetry. I had intended to copy it on clean paper and take it to the Commercial Press to be bound, but the Commercial is no more and, if my poetry had been there, I'd not have dared grieve.

"I'm going to get someone to give this letter to the marines and try an American stamp on it for a change.

"Well, the eyes of the world are upon China. I rather imagine I am more constantly in the minds of my friends than ever before since I left America. One thing that is being accomplished is that the idea that China and Japan are about alike is being exploded. I fancy one has to live here fully to realize the difference in the Chinese and Japanese features. They really do not look at all alike."

Supervisors' Convention in Cleveland

The Juilliard School of Music was represented at the Silver Anniversary of the Music Supervisors' National Conference, which was held in Cleveland, Ohio, from April 3rd to 8th, by its President, John Erskine; George A. Wedge, Director of the newly organized Summer School and of the theoretic work at the Institute of Musical Art; and George H. Gartlan, who is in charge of the Institute's department of public school music. Mabelle Glenn, Vice-President of the Conference, and a member of the summer school's faculty, presided at the first meeting.

Mr. Erskine addressed a general session on April 6th, when he expressed his conviction that the future of American music is dependent upon the work being done at present in progressive high schools, colleges, and universities, and that unless music can be made a common heritage for the average citizen, there will never be proper support for composers and performers.

Mr. Wedge attended the conference merely, as he says, to "answer questions," mainly about the curriculum of the summer school, which includes courses of particular benefit to educators in music. Courses in public school music, group instrumental and vocal instruction, and the latest methods of teaching music are being offered.

Mr. Gartlan spent a busy week at the convention. In addition to being one of two accompanists for the large choruses whose program was broadcast, he was a member of a Research Council and served on three committees interested in the following subjects: (1) Analysis of melodies often appearing in musical composition, (2) The cost of music education in educational systems, (3) Fundamental principles behind the teaching of music appreciation to children.

Among the most interesting and inspiring features of the conference, according to the reports of our delegates, were the actual musical programs given by public school students assembled from all parts of the country. Among these were concerts by a National High School Chorus and National High School Orchestra, whose members numbered over eight hundred and represented nearly every state; by several bands, and two choruses, each of three thousand singers, from the Cleveland elementary and junior high schools. There were also three very fine performances of Pierné's *Children's Crusade* by the Cleveland Orchestra and a chorus of two hundred children under the direction of Nicolai Sokoloff. The enthusiasm of the young participants, and their manifest grasp of the musical significance of what they were doing, was a most encouraging evidence of the gradual accomplishment of the aim of public school music—"To cause children to know, to love and to appreciate music in as many forms as possible."

The Juilliard Summer School

A New Enterprise

George A. Wedge, *Director*

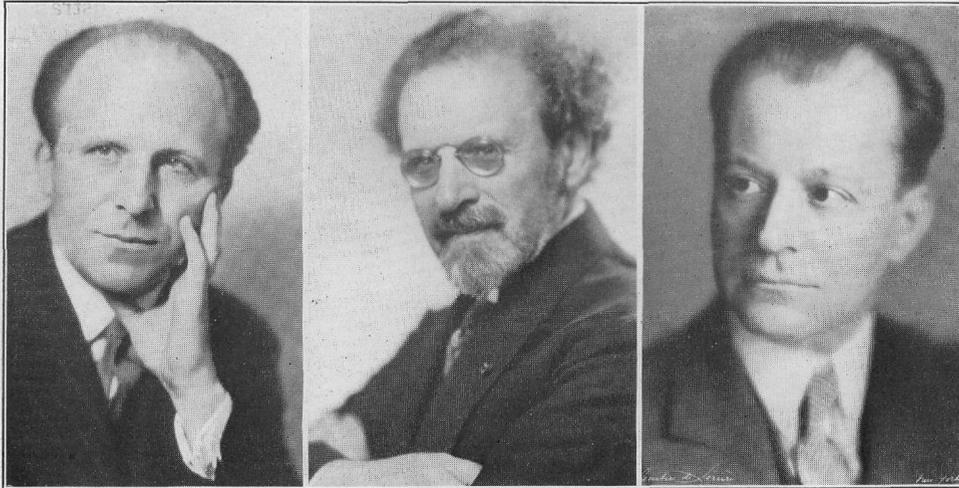
TWO of the three artists who will hold master classes at the Juilliard Summer School from July 5th to August 12th, have given concerts this winter at the Juilliard Auditorium. Fraser Gange, who will conduct the course in singing, opened the series of Artists' Recitals on November 25th, and Louis Persinger, who will hold classes in violin, appeared on January 27th. Sigismond Stojowski will be in charge of the work in piano.

Although Mr. Gange was born in Dundee, Scotland, and has a British musical background, he needs little introduction to American audiences. He has been in the United States since 1923, and in these

years he has been a member of the faculty of the Royal Conservatory in Leipzig and was graduated four years later. After concertizing for a season in the United States, Persinger went to Brussels to study with Eugene Ysaye. Following extended concert tours in Germany, England, Austria, France and Denmark, he made his American debut with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra in 1912. A subsequent American tour included appearances with many of the leading symphony orchestras in the United States.

In 1913 Mr. Persinger accepted the position of concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, appearing more than forty times as soloist with that

organization during the year. After the outbreak of the war he returned to this country to accept the post of concertmaster and assistant conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. While in San Francisco he was engaged as director of the Chamber-Music Society of that city, an organization which later became known as the Persinger String Quartet. After gaining an enviable national reputation, the Quartet disbanded in the autumn of 1928,



Louis Persinger, Sigismond Stojowski, and Fraser Gange, who will conduct master classes at the Juilliard Summer School.

years of residence in America has become well-known to the public through appearances with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Philadelphia Orchestra, under the world's greatest conductors, and also through innumerable recitals which he has given throughout the country.

When Gange was only sixteen he sang solos in Handel's *Messiah*. At eighteen he went to London to study under Madame Amy Sherwin, and remained with her as an artist pupil for twelve years. He gave his first recital at Queens Hall in London when he was nineteen, with immense success. Since then Mr. Gange has circled the globe three times on concert tours. For a number of years he held a professorship of singing with the Royal Academy of Music in London.

Louis Persinger was born in America, and his career has been pursued largely in this country, where he has gained a unique reputation both as an artist and a teacher. When twelve years old he en-

tered their farewell concert being given at the Beethoven Association in New York City.

Mr. Persinger, who now is a member of the faculty of the Juilliard School, has organized another quartet chosen from the faculty and students at the Graduate School. They appeared this season at the Graduate School Auditorium.

Sigismond Stojowski is a name conspicuous among those of the leading composers and pianists of Europe and America. A native of Poland, he was educated chiefly in Paris, graduating with highest honors from the Sorbonne and the Conservatoire. His first concert was given in Paris with the Colonne Orchestra, in a program entirely of his own works. He has appeared in recital, and as soloist with many of the world's leading orchestras.

Stojowski's compositions include almost every form of musical writing. His piano pieces have been on the programs of such virtuosi as Hofmann, Friedman, Samaroff, Schelling, Ganz, Grainger; his

(Continued on Page 19)

PROBABLY no one was more surprised to discover Lily Pons on the memorable occasion of her début last season than was that diminutive lady to find herself an opera star on the threshold of world fame. She descended upon us like a meteor, in the truest meaning of the word,—“a luminous phenomenon, produced by a small mass of matter from celestial spaces, striking the air with planetary velocity.”

Decidedly a small mass of matter weighing, to be exact, a mere hundred pounds, with a luminous, instantly magnetic personality and a voice assuredly possessed of celestial qualities, she took us unawares and with a suddenness that drew extravagant praise from critics noted for their dignity and conservatism. “She is one of those rare personalities predestined to the adoration of the public,” proclaimed Glenn Dillard Gunn of the *Chicago Herald*. “She sings with the blithesome ease of a bird in the first flush of spring,” declared Cleveland’s leading chronicler. “You must have heard her flinging top notes into the blue and garlanding the enraptured air with blossoms of floriture—poised, delectable, triumphant,” wrote Lawrence Gilman in a poetic mood. “She sprayed the atmosphere of the packed auditorium with bright particles of tone and accomplished a final clear ascent through an octave to E in alt.” W. J. Henderson, with an eye to the practical, pronounced her “Mr. Gatti’s little Christmas gift from a kind providence—a much-needed addition to the company,” speaking coloraturally!

In the concert phase of her new career, H. T. Parker of Boston described her thus: “It is a pleasure to watch her as she crosses the stage; as she stands quietly self-possessed in the elbow of the piano; as she bows with modest pleasure to applause; as she returns, unaffectedly pleased, to add an extra number. Her face is alight with intelligence, her dark eyes sparkle, her mobile mouth suggests a quick spirit. There is wit in her, the bystander suspects, and a sprightly tongue. She is singular, finally, in a recurring air of gentle detachment, as though she were hearing and judging herself as she sings.”

Upon her return to the Metropolitan this season, she faced the more severe test of critical comment which follows reflection and cooler judgment. “Lily Pons enjoyed an exceptional triumph in the title rôle of Donizetti’s *Lucia di Lammermoor*,” was the verdict of Olin Downes in that important place of public utterance, the *New York Times*. “This is the part in which Miss Pons made her first appearance on the Metropolitan stage last season. Since that time she has developed remarkably as an artist, developed in confidence, authority, in the control of her

voice and in her conspicuous ability to make passages of coloratura expressive of dramatic feeling.

“And Miss Pons gives not only style but the element of form to the music. She gave every one of her phrases distinction and significance. All in all, this was a demonstration of a young singer whose voice has a singular beauty, freshness and flexibility, coupled with a charm of personality and a seriousness of purpose which promise something more than a flash in the pan, or the spectacle of one more young and gifted singer gone with the snows of yester-year.”

“Lily Pons wins new laurels,” said Mr. Henderson of her concert appearance this winter. “She settled once and for all the question of her suitability to the platform. She had sung here in concert, to be sure, but not as a recitalist. This music lover went to the hall wondering whether she could bring to a recital the variety of sentiment, style and color essential to success. The wonder was soon banished. After the first group there was no doubt that Miss Pons, unaided by any one but a piano accompanist as discreet as Giuseppe Bamboschek, could not only hold the attention of an audience, but give deep pleasure to lovers of combined singing and musicianship.”

He spoke of her command of communicative feeling and her power to sustain long, lingering phrases and to spin tone in a fine shimmering thread; of her staccati tossed off with an ease and a brilliancy which belongs to the highest type of vocal virtuosity. “She has vastly improved in steadiness of tone, which shows that she can make progress. Her attack is so excellent and her knowledge of the old art of floating the tone on the breath is so firm that the basis of her technic is solid. Superficial shortcomings will unquestionably disappear soon. Perhaps her most priceless gift is her quick and influential projection of her personality through every song. She brings vitality to every number and that holds her audience. She is a decided acquisition to the concert platform.”

Praise such as this from the Dean of Music Critics, who is acknowledged to know more about the art of singing than any authority of our generation, must in itself offer inspiration to an artist whose rapid attainments outdistance her youthful years yet leave her unspoiled and eager for further achievement.

Lily Pons’ amazement at finding herself acclaimed lies largely in the fact that she had never intended to be a singer at all!

Lily

Fleur-de-lis

By Dorothy



Lily Pons and Dean Frank Damrosch at the Juilliard School of Music last autumn.

P o n s

of France

Crowthers

When she was a little girl, playing with her dolls in her hillside garden in Cannes, she had already fully decided upon her career, so she confesses. She would marry a *patissier* (pastry cook). They would have a little pastry shop like the one off the big Promenade, where her mother was wont to take her and her sisters for a special treat.

It was, according to Lily, a dreamland of delight with shining trays of cream-puffs, of crisp, cream-filled napoleons, juicy *babas au rhum*, strawberry tarts, and other sweets. It was always such a tremendous moment when they had to make their choice. Only one cake—but which one? Regret always followed their choice. Surely, the other *gateau* was bigger and would have lasted longer!

Lily's childish dream changed with the years, although her fondness for sweets, she admits, is just as great.

By the time she entered her teens she no longer considered marriage as a career! In the spacious Villa Isis, her home, drowsing in the perfume of yellow mimosa and moon-silver jasmine, she was studying music and acquiring excellence as a pianist. These were happy sun-lit days for the Pons family—a French father, an Italian mother (which accounts for Lily's southern darkness of hair and eyes), and two daughters in addition to the one who was to carry the family name to glory in the musical world.

In this lovely Riviera town of Cannes, numbers of wounded soldiers were being treated in the hospitals. Lily Pons used to play for these men. Sometimes she would sing for them. It was then especially that they would applaud vigorously and ask for more. But to Lily singing was quite incidental. She didn't think much of her voice although she sang anything from *Madelon* to an aria or two. When she grew up she meant to be a famous pianist and travel in strange lands.

She was thirteen when the armistice was signed and two years later, at the Paris Conservatoire, she won First Prize in piano. Serious illness put an end for the time being to all thoughts of a career of any kind. When recovered, she felt the call of the stage and for two seasons she played with Max Dearly, in *Azais*, at the Théâtre des Variétés. There was talk of her being groomed for the Comédie Française.

When at home during vacation, she met August Mesritz whom she was later to marry. "He thought I was a little girl," she laughed. "He had come to Cannes and someone brought him to

see our garden. The flowers were nearly as tall as I. I was nineteen, but my mother could not make me grow. She did not have the luck with me that she had with her roses.

"The next night he met me at the house of a friend, and he looked around for my nurse. I knew that he was wondering why I was allowed such late hours, so I said: 'If you are in Paris you must come to see me in the Théâtre des Variétés. Can you not imagine his surprise?'"

One could. August Mesritz is a dignified and distinguished man. He had represented his native country—Holland—on various delicate diplomatic missions. He owned the two largest newspapers in The Hague. He is a lawyer of repute. By a former marriage he had a son who is nearly the age of the little Lily. Yet he had been taken in, and he enjoyed it.

Having discovered that Mademoiselle Pons was a young lady of nineteen, Mr. Mesritz had no great difficulty in persuading her to give up the stage in order to marry him. But marriage was only the beginning of Madame Mesritz' real career—a career for which her husband discovered her aptitude, and for which he provided the best possible training. He was aware from the first that his bride's beautiful laugh, which he heard constantly, could come from no ordinary vocal cords. Then one night while they were waiting for dinner, Lily described for him a scene in the war hospital where she had once sung the "Bell Song" from *Lakmé* (entirely self-taught) to a group of convalescent *poilus*. They had given her her first ovation! She laughed, as she related the incident, at her own temerity. But Mr. Mesritz did not laugh. He asked her to sing the "Bell Song" for him.

She could sing! Immediately he took her to Alberti de Gorostiaga, one of the world's greatest voice teachers, and a three-year period of rigid study was begun in Alberti's studio, located in a wooded park near the Trocadéro in Paris. Every day except Sunday, for three entire years, the Spanish maestro and the Dutch financier listened critically for one hour to the sound of Lily Pons' voice. When the maestro needed a rest during the summer, his two most eager pupils accompanied him to Caunterets in the Hautes-Pyrénées. Doubtless they even practiced sight-reading on the train!

After two of these years of assiduous devotion to study, Alberti decided that Miss Pons might begin to sing in public. Accordingly, he arranged for her début in *Lakmé* at Mulhouse in Alsace-Lorraine. Lily admits that she had a severe attack of stage-fright. "But they liked me," was her astonished commentary after the tumult of clapping had died away.



August Mesritz, Madame Mesritz (Lily Pons), and W. J. Henderson, Dean of Music Critics, lunch together at the Juilliard School.

Twelve months later, Mr. and Mrs. Mesritz had taken her thousandth lesson from Alberti (they had been exactly punctual at all thousand!) and Lily Pons was singing in Montpellier, a small university town of France, bordering on the Mediterranean. In the audience, one night, were two automobile tourists, who thought to while away the evening by taking in the town's opera. They were former opera singers themselves and the end of the performance sent them hurrying to the nearest cable office. A few hours later, Mr. Gatti-Casazza in his sanctum at the Metropolitan, received word of a "find"—something extraordinary in a coloratura. He set a date for the young lady to come to America and sing for him.

Lily Pons came. One dull morning in February, she sang to an audience composed of Mr. Gatti-Casazza, Maestro Serafin, only. She did the Mad Scene from *Lucia*, the "Caro nome" from *Rigoletto*, and the "Bell Song" from *Lakmé*.

When she had finished, Mr. Gatti and Maestro Serafin conferred in whispers.

"Would you wait for a while and sing again?" she was asked.

Mlle. Pons, who had come especially to America to sing three arias, saw no reason why she could not stay another hour or so. She smilingly acquiesced.

A half-hour later, Otto Kahn was announced. Miss Pons sang again.

Then Mr. Kahn whispered into the attentive ear of Mr. Gatti, "Don't let her get away."

Mr. Gatti didn't. When Lily Pons sailed back home a week later she carried a contract for five years with the Metropolitan.

A year later, she slipped into New York harbor aboard the *SS Ile de France*, unknown, unnoticed. True, she was engaged for leading rôles at the Metropolitan Opera, but no one had ever heard of her. She had done nothing in a startling way. In short, she was not news.

"I shall never forget the night of her début, January third," tells Mr. J. Campbell Phillips, artist and close friend of the Mesritz couple. "Lily in her dressing-room was white-faced and perturbed. Would she be able to please the great Gatti who had been so kind to her? Would she please his audience?"

"The musicians tuned their instruments. The lights went down. The curtain slowly parted on the scene in the forest in *Lucia*. Unconsciously in my anxiety I twisted my program into a tight ball. I was waiting for Lily Pons. She came out slowly. With my glasses I could see her staring wide-eyed into the dark auditorium—and then she began to sing. The rest is well-known.

"In her dressing-room afterward, we found her eating a roast-beef sandwich. She threw her arms about us, sandwich and all, and cried: 'They were so kind! Did you hear them? As soon as I looked I knew they would be friendly, these Americans. I am going to love them!'

"I think the telegram we received after Lily's

triumph in Cleveland last spring was perhaps most characteristic of her modesty and her appreciation of the public's enthusiasm. According to the press the crowd waiting for her to leave the opera house was so dense that she had to be taken out through a secret entrance under protection of police escort.

"And this is what Lily Pons wired us:

"*'There were so many people they must like me here too. I am so glad.'*"



—Courtesy of the Musical Courier
Lily Pons, en route from North to South America last summer.

When she came to New York, Miss Pons had only five rôles to offer to America. Many singers in European provincial opera know twenty. But Miss Pons knew her five—*Lucia*, *Lakmé*, *Rigoletto*, *Traviata*, and *The Barber of Seville*—thoroughly. She had spent one hour every day for four months on the "Bell Song" alone!

As for her vocal range, Lily Pons soars up and beyond the highest note of any of our most famous prima donnas of this or other days. She can sing with ease from middle C in the lower register to A above high C.

All the famous singers of other days—Patti, Melba, Sembrich, Gerster, never went beyond a high F in public, except Sibyl Sanderson, whose high G in the opera *Esclarmonde*, was termed the Eiffel Tower note, tells Mr. Henderson, an ear-witness!

In *Lucia*, the much discussed high note of the Mad Scene as Miss Pons sings it, is F, a whole tone higher than it was written by Donizetti.

Five months after her inconspicuous arrival, Pons sailed southward for a season of twenty performances at the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires, the center of excited groups of photographers, reporters, friends and onlookers.

She was a celebrity—she was news.

An Arabian Nights tale, except that it is a true story.

Lily Pons loves New York and Americans. On the eve of her departure for an unknown continent, her eyes filled with tears. Even if she could have foreseen the demonstrations which awaited her in Buenos Aires—the deluge of gardenias in which she was almost smothered, the releasing of a flock of white doves in the opera house to honor her farewell appearance—she would still have been sad to leave, even temporarily, the scene of her greatest triumph.

Shortly after returning to New York last fall, Mr. and Mrs. Mesritz visited the Institute of Musical Art. They attended Mr. W. J. Henderson's lecture on "The Development of Vocal Art," which Mr. Mesritz translated into French under his breath for his wife (she is not yet entirely at home in English), and afterward they democratically balanced their own trays in the cafeteria. During luncheon, someone remarked to Mr. Henderson that Miss Pons' becoming hat must have come from Paris. Her eyes lighted humorously, and pointing her finger like a pistol she said, "Oui, je suis chasseur—pong!"

Miss Pons' latest rôle is that of Amina in *La Sonnambula*, which the Metropolitan revived for her. She is particularly fond of the music of this opera which, in keeping with the character she portrays, is full of purity and gentleness. Lakmé is another favorite part and she claims to be much more nervous in the first act than in the scene of the "Bell Song" which one would suppose to be the greatest ordeal of the opera. Probably the best loved rôle of her repertoire is Lucia, she decided after a moment's reflection.

In a lovely apartment of a hotel in mid-Manhattan, she is surrounded by pictures and souvenirs of her already crowded career. A small hand-painted fan signed by Melba, a snuff-box and inkstand once given by Lady Hamilton to Lord Nelson, an autograph of Patti, an ivory elephant presented, for good luck, by the King of Siam,—who attended one of her performances last season,—these and other prized possessions are the innocent apple of her eye.

Her keen interest in everything covers a wide range. She adores the sunlight, art galleries, skyscrapers, new dishes, the antics of circus clowns on a recent occasion. But most of all, she loves hard work in music. Only if a thing holds apparently insurmountable difficulties does it interest her deeply.

The matter of English with her is a game of adventure with all the thrill of uncertainty. She starts out never quite sure just how it's all going

to end; but no irregular verb gets away without some show of fight on her part.

She swims, plays tennis, rides horseback and is very fond of dancing. She designs her own clothes which are decidedly *chic*.

Her personality is vivid and vibrant. She radiates the typical French *joie de vivre* and her unflinching vivacity has an infectious sparkle. But her most winning characteristic is a warmth and genuineness of nature which endears her to everyone on or off the stage. New Yorkers hope always to keep in their midst this "*enfant adorable*,"



—Courtesy of Musical America
Lily Pons as Lakmé in the opera which enjoyed the greatest popularity of the season.

of whom Alberti, negligent of gender, says, "Mademoiselle Pons, he is a charming, a gentle lady, he has the range of Patti, he is the most hard-working pupil of my life!"

Like the proverbial prophet, Lily Pons has yet to win honor in her own land where she is, as yet, practically unknown in operatic circles. Nevertheless, she is the greatest artist whom France has sent to the Metropolitan in the history of present day opera-goers. In fact, she enjoys the distinction of being the only French woman singer on its roster. It seems perhaps prophetic, therefore, that she should be named for the emblematic fleur-de-lis of France.

The Graduate School

Activities of Juilliard Fellowship Holders

By Albert Kirkpatrick

IF you who own radios have never heard Lonny Ross "pour out a full-flavored melody" during the Maxwell House Coffee Hour, which is broadcast from station WABC, we urgently advise you to tune in. "The flavor lasts"—though possibly we have our slogans mixed. Lancelot Ross is the given name, but it is typical of his unassuming and friendly personality that few seem to know him as other than just Lonny. This is Lonny's first year at the Graduate School, where he is under the tutelage of Mme. Schoen-René. His voice is one of considerable potentiality, having that instant appeal which one generally describes with the rather vague term, "quality." Lonny himself has not been studying music seriously for long. He was graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1931 and even went so far as to take the Bar exams. The theatri-



William Kröll, of the Institute's Violin Faculty, Francesco Malipiero, and Gabriele d'Annunzio's son meet in Italy. Malipiero's "False Harlequin" is having its American première at the Juilliard Graduate School on April 28th, 29th and 30th.

cal profession runs in his family, and this may have influenced his choice of a career; however, he has been singing pretty continuously since the age of fourteen when he entered the Cathedral Choir of St. John's. Considerable radio work paved the way to his present job which calls him three nights a week. He appears twice each night and sings three songs. Popular and semi-classical ballads form the required repertoire, and since, as Lonny remarks, the life of a popular ballad is limited to three months, he is never embarrassed for new material. As for that deathless genus, the semi-classical ballad, you have only to hear Lonny spin out "I hear you ca—lling me" to understand its longevity.

* * *

The Brahms Chamber Music Cycle which the Perolé String Quartet has been giving at the Dalton School will soon reach its conclusion. This cycle

comprises all of the chamber works which Brahms composed. The total number of twenty-four has been dispersed over eight programs. The personnel of the Quartet includes two Institute Artist graduates, Lillian Fuchs, violinist, and Julian Kahn, 'cellist. Max Hollander, second violinist, holds the Certificate of Maturity and is now in the Juilliard Graduate School studying with Mr. Kochanski. Among the assisting artists is Nella Miller-Kahn, pianist, also of the Graduate School where she is a pupil of Olga Samaroff. She has assumed the considerable burden of playing the sixteen works which involve piano, and her performances have been remarkably brilliant and successful.

* * *

Speaking of Mme. Samaroff reminds us that she has, according to legend, in this year's crop of pupils one young lady who learns Bach fugues at the rate of one an hour. She learns them for keeps, too, and plays them in a manner to rival Mr. Samuels, so they say! Her present repertoire includes twenty-nine (or was it thirty-nine?) of the forty-eight! Well, what's a mere matter of ten fugues in *her* life!

* * *

The lure of the far horizon has been felt and responded unto by Martin and Virginia Burton, two former fellowship holders of the Juilliard School. Martin studied with Alexander Siloti, and Virginia, then Miss Betton, with both Ernest Hutcheson and Mr. Siloti. Since leaving the school they have been doing all sorts of work, musical and otherwise. Virginia's last job, that of accompanist to the Duncan dancers, called for much ability in improvisation and was generally very interesting, but when the appointed time for their present great adventure came, she gladly boxed her music, farmed out the piano with conservative and mercifully un-pianistic friends, and embarked with Martin to Europe—third class. They have been saving and planning for this trip for two years, during which time they have acquired a working knowledge of three or four languages, and an intimate acquaintance with road maps and the prices of modest accommodation in all quarters of Europe. Their budget for twelve months' travel is incredibly limited, which worries them not in the least. What with hiking and bicycling, they plan to do Europe far more thoroughly than the longest Cook tour you've ever seen or imagined.

* * *

Sylvia and Julian Altman, students at the Graduate School, began a series of broadcasts over WEAF on April 4th. The slogan of their presentation is "Of young people, by young people and for young people." Sylvia, who is seventeen, is a concert

(Continued on Page 18)



—Sketch by Flora Louise Kaiser

IN THE NEWS

By Mildred Schreiber

That musicians are truly altruistic is being continually proved by the many concerts being given for the relief of distress among unemployed musicians.

Toscanini returned from Europe in order to conduct a concert for the benefit of the unemployed. The soloists whom he chose to appear on the program, Elisabeth Rethberg, Margaret Matzenauer, Giovanni Martinelli and Ezio Pinza, all donated their services. The program consisted of the Prelude and the Good Friday music from *Parsifal*, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Josef Hofmann appeared as soloist with an orchestra directed by Walter Damrosch at a concert given for the benefit of the Musicians' Emergency Aid.

José Iturbi turned one half the proceeds of his final New York recital over to the Musicians' Emergency Aid.

Even the younger generation has not been lacking in ardor and generosity. The Children's Crusade for the Emergency Aid, conducted by the devoted young followers of Ernest Schelling's children's concerts, has come to a successful close. The leaders of the teams which brought in the most money were Anton Hofmann, son of Josef Hofmann, and Mary Biddle, daughter of Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr.

The four concerts given so far by the Musicians' Symphony Orchestra, consisting of two hundred unemployed musicians, have packed the Metropolitan Opera House. The first was conducted by Leopold Stokowski, with Lawrence Tibbett as soloist, and the second conducted by Sandor Harmati, with John McCormack as soloist.

The third concert was under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham, with José Iturbi as soloist, and the fourth was a Wagner program conducted by Walter Damrosch, with Mme. Schumann-Heink as soloist.

Gregor Piatigorsky, Vladimir Horowitz, and Nathan Milstein gave an unusually interesting program of chamber music for the benefit of the Musicians' Emergency Aid.

Harold Bauer gave a recital at Town Hall for the benefit of the American Committee of International Student Service.

Rosa Ponselle gave her début recital at Town Hall for the benefit of the Town Hall Endowment Fund.

Leopold Stokowski returned from an early spring trip to Mexico, filled with enthusiasm for our Latin neighbors. On March 31st he conducted the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company's presentation of the ballet "H.P." The music is by Carlos Chavez, director of the National Symphony Orchestra of Mexico, the sets and costumes were designed by Diego Rivera, world famous mural painter, the scenario is by Frances Flynn Paine, and Catherine Littlefield is the choreographer. The Russian dancer Alexis Dolinoff, formerly of the Diaghileff and Ida Rubinstein companies, made his American début in the leading rôle.

The ballet is symbolic of the relationship between the lethargic atmosphere of the tropics and the "machine-mad confusion of the North," hence the name "H.P." which is generally accepted to mean "horse power." The orchestration makes use of factory whistles, bells, and the crash and whirr of machinery in the scenes depicting life in the North, and of xylophones and gourd rattles to suggest a tropical atmosphere in the Southern scenes.

It is said that Rivera's costumes caused more comment than either the music or the dancing.

* * *

An event which caused as much interest as the production of "H.P." was Leopold Stokowski's presentation, first in Philadelphia, and then in New York, of Schoenberg's choral-symphony *Gurre-lieder*. The Philadelphia Orchestra, augmented to 125 members, assisted by six soloists, three men's choruses, and an eight-part chorus, making a total of 532 performers, were required to give the work. It is one of the Austrian composer's earliest efforts, having been completed in 1911, and is a musical setting of a text of the Danish poet, Jens Peter Jacobsen. The music is "like Wagner in his tenderest mood, Wagner as he described the forest murmers in *Siegfried*, the love of Tristan and Isolde, of Siegfried and Brünnhilde." It "in no way reveals the later Schoenberg, who is the drastic atonalist of contemporary music."

* * *

A program of music composed to texts of Goethe was recently given at Carnegie Hall as part of the commemoration now being observed of the hundredth anniversary of the death of the great German dramatist. The soloists were Elisabeth Rethberg, Ernestine Schumann-Heink and Walter Kirchoff.

* * *

A presentation of *Andrea Chenier*, with Elisabeth

Rethberg in the leading soprano rôle, brought the total of the season's productions at the Metropolitan to an almost record-breaking number of forty-eight.

* * *

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, gave its last New York concert for the season on April 9th.

The German composer, Ernest Toch, made his first New York appearance at the League of Composers' concert at the French Institute on April 3rd. He played his sonata for piano, Opus 47, and his *Capricetti*, a collection of five pieces for piano.

There was a double American première on April 22nd, in Boston and Philadelphia, of Ravel's new piano Concerto.

THE OPERA SEASONS

Now that the storm of discussion has subsided and the Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House have repaired to their respective offices, we learn from the news that there will be opera in New York next winter. The season will be only sixteen weeks, to be sure, but when the thought of an opera-less New York was a glaring possibility, this seems all that could be desired. The price of seats has been reduced to the scale of approximately ten years ago so as to enable more people to become subscribers and thereby to provide a wider attendance.

At Mr. Gatti-Casazza's request the artists and administrative staff have accepted a 25% reduction in salaries, thus generously clearing away a primary obstacle in Mr. Gatti's path. The management also has assurances of salary reduction in other departments including members of the orchestra, chorus, ballet and stage hands.

Plans have recently been filed for the new Metropolitan Opera House in Rockefeller Center which will be used for both concert and opera. As this building could not be finished by next fall and the 39th Street lease holds through the next year, according to Mr. Cravath's recent statement, we may safely count on hearing opera for one more season amid gold trimmings and red velvet.

The well-known Colon Theatre in Buenos Aires, South America, where many famous singers have been engaged in former seasons, has deferred its winter season (during our summer of course).

"The Opera House in the Woods" at Ravinia, after an active and songful twenty years, has decided to take its beauty sleep for a summer in those same woods. Its high standard and brilliant past under the presidency, ownership, and artistic guidance of Louis Eckstein is widely known here and abroad. In contrast, there will be many an unevent-

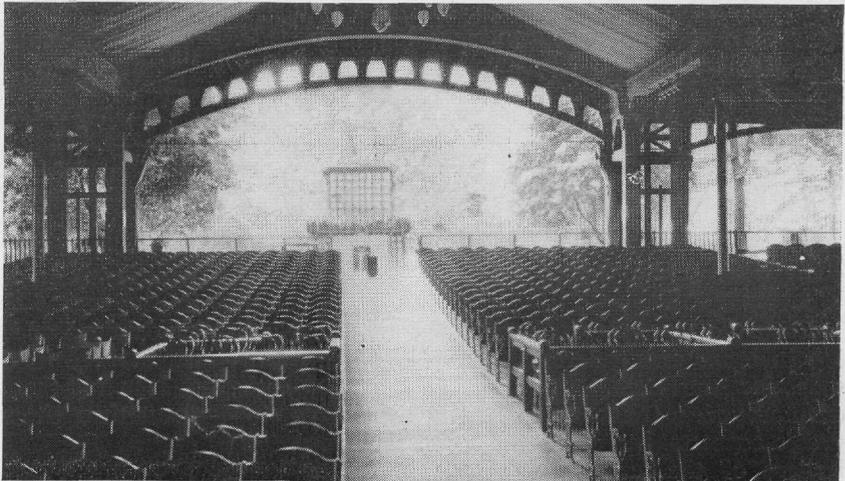
ful evening along the North Shore of Chicago this summer.

The Century of Progress Exposition to be held in Chicago next year could not possibly be complete without the added and outstanding attraction of opera at Ravinia. After all, do orchestras and chamber music groups ever really take the place of the glamour of grand opera?

However, the prestige of Ravinia will not be lessened by silence for a year. Rather, those who have enjoyed its advantages in seasons past will stop for a moment to realize with deeper appreciation what Mr. Eckstein has given them and how important it is to perpetuate the art which is Ravinia.

It is Mr. Eckstein's fond hope and expectation that opera will flourish again at Ravinia next year with a roster as brilliant and a repertoire as varied as formerly. With this thought to sustain us, we await with eagerness the happier summer to come.

—Alice Oliver.



"The Opera House in the Woods," America's Festival Theatre at Ravinia, near Chicago.

BON VOYAGE

With the closing of the musical season, songbirds and other music-makers are flying away. Lucrezia Bori left on the *Aquitania* this week for a summer in France, Italy and Spain, going first to see her brother in Monte Carlo. Giuseppe De Luca sailed on the *Saturnia* from which, at sea, he broadcast on April 30th.

Yehudi Menuhin, with his father Moshe Menuhin, departed on the *Ile de France*, as did Arturo Toscanini. The Menuhin family will be reunited at their villa near Versailles, where they will remain until they spend the month of August in northern Italy.

Elisabeth Rethberg leaves in a few days aboard the *Bremen* to rejoin her husband, Albert E. Doman, at their estate on the Swiss end of Lake Maggiore. Lily Pons will sail on the *Leviathan*, May 17th. After a sojourn at Carlsbad, she and her husband will divide the summer between Cannes, the Engadine and Paris.

HOW I GOT MY NAME

(Continued from Page 4)

were two huge windows looking out on the Rose Park. Directly in front of the bed was a long table on which stood a large collection of precious jade, gifts from Kings and Queens of other countries. The Queen told me to go into her bathroom, of which she was quite evidently most proud—and no wonder—for it was of *gold!* You enter it through a golden grille and snap on lights. When I say lights I really mean light, for no lights were visible. A soft blue-green glow pervaded the golden room. Everything in it was of gold.

That day at luncheon we met most of the Royal Family. Princess Helen, now ex-Queen of Roumania, the divorced wife of King Carol, came in first, with a lady-in-waiting. Helen is a very beautiful woman, and always dresses exquisitely. That day she wore a striking but very simple black fur suit with a small hat of the same fur and of course very beautiful jewels. What took my fancy most was a ring made of four stones. Two enormous oblong diamonds and two pieces of onyx the same size and arranged in a sort of zig-zag design. She wore it on her little finger. Prince Nicolas came in next, wearing a tweed suit much in need of pressing. He always gave the effect of having been well blown by the wind just before he appeared. He kissed Helen's fingers, then her cheek. This is the way the members of the Royal Family always greet each other, as I later learned. Shortly after this the Queen came in, followed by a sour-looking cocker-spaniel. Marie was still in half mourning and wore a very simple purple dress with a plain little white collar and a high belt with a handsome cut-silver buckle. She was much thinner than she was when she was in America. Just the five of us sat down to lunch. Queen Marie presided at one end of the oblong table. On her right was Mother, then me. On her left, Princess Helen, then Prince Nicolas. No one ever sits at the end of the table opposite the Queen. Little King Michael was ill or he would have been there, too.

The food was about the best I had ever tasted but I never got a chance to eat much as the Queen was served first and I last, and as she took very little in the first place it didn't take her long to eat it. She started the moment she was served, not waiting for us at all. As soon as she had finished they cleared the table at once. Three footmen served lunch and, curiously, their shoes always squeaked! After luncheon the Queen played several records on a big Columbia "vic." Later in the afternoon Mother had tea with the Queen and the American ambassador. During the day a lot of soldiers were drilling in the courtyard. One whole group played trumpets of some kind.

That night at dinner we met the ex-King and Queen of Greece, George and Elizabeta. After dinner we went to hear Chaliapin in *Boris Godounow*. We arrived at the Opera House in Helen's car after the Royal Family. We found we had to walk in over a red carpet between a double row of the Royal Guard standing at salute. Mother whis-

pered to me, "Should we bow?" The Queen's aide-de-camp, in full dress uniform with sword and jangling spurs, bowed us to the Royal Box.

In the intermission Chaliapin came up to the box and kissed the hands of all of us! He was dressed in the stunning costume of the Tsar Boris and was exceptionally handsome even though sixty-eight. He turned to mother and said: "I am an admirer of your great country."

That night we rode home with the Queen. I sat in the middle as the outside seats are considered the seats of honor.

Queen Elizabeta invited us to lunch with her the

*Send you a loving greeting
and a photo. of myself as
crowned Queen - I was a proud
day for my country and me!
My crown was heavy but of Trans-
ylvanian gold. Elizabeta*

The Queen writes a personal message to her God-child.

next day and greatly upset Mother by asking her if she preferred to eat "a lot of a little or a little of a lot!" The food proved peculiar but delicious. Our first course was soup. With this we were served knives and forks as well as spoons. This soup is a very famous Roumanian dish and is made of sour milk and chicken. The chicken is cooked whole in the soup and left in the plates when served. This was the reason knives and forks had to be given with it. You were supposed to cut the chicken off the bones and eat with the forks along with the soup. Chicken is always hard for me to eat at any time but to serve it in the midst of a plate of soup makes it altogether impossible! Next we were served things that were about the size of meat balls but looked as if they were made out of spinach. They were simply delectable and we later learned they were grape leaves wrapped around very finely chopped, and highly seasoned meat, which was then baked. After this we had little balls of ice which contained a delightful liqueur. Then we had Turkish coffee and fruit. As many times as I had to drink Turkish coffee while I was in Roumania, I never developed much enthusiasm for it! It is very thick and horribly sweet and I never could bring myself to swallow a whole cup of it.

After lunch we drove with the Queen to her private stables. She has eleven private riding horses, a war-horse, and many pairs of horses for parades and other state occasions.

On returning to the Palace we had tea alone with Her Majesty. During tea the Queen helps only herself and we had to begin bravely and cut ourselves pieces of cake, help ourselves to the marvel-

ous Russian caviar and so forth! At first this was most embarrassing for us but as time went on we got more and more brazen!

That night, after dinner, we left in the Queen's private train for Senaia, where the Summer Palace is and where Princess Ileana was then skiing.

The next day we awoke in Predeal amidst deep snow. We reviewed some skiing; then we took a long ride in a sleigh which was great fun as the men stand up and shriek and crack their whips at the horses making them gallop madly. The horses were trimmed with colored ribbons and sleigh-bells and were the gayest sight.

That afternoon we came home in the train and had tea with the Queen. As the train started with a jolt, Mother was standing next the table on which the tea tray stood and behind which the Queen sat. Mother lunged with the train and fell directly against the table sending cakes, jam, tea, and sugar all over the Queen's lap! It certainly was funny looking and the aide-de-camp couldn't keep from bursts of laughter. The Queen calmly got up and pushed the mess on her lap back onto the tray!

During the next day we attended a state luncheon where the table, chairs, forks, spoons, plates and goblets were all of gold and then drove with the Queen to see the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Finally one day the little King Michael came to lunch. He has been taught to say nothing, so all we heard him utter was a whisper to his Mother: "Mummie may I have some caviar?" The little King was there to drink the health of Princess Ileana and the Prince of Pless who had just announced their engagement. I drank all my champagne at the toast and to my great embarrassment found that no one else had!

In the evening we went to the opera. Again Chaliapin sang. This time as Mephistopheles in *Faust*. I never heard more wonderful singing in my life coupled with such acting.

The next night was the diplomatic reception to which all the Ambassadors and Ministers came. The Queen and all the Royal women wore crown jewels. The Queen wore a pearl crown over a gorgeous bluish-gray robe that flowed around her like mist. Her order was pale blue with gold letters. Princess Helen wore a crown of huge square diamonds. She came up to us and said: "Ugh! It hurts so. I'll have red marks on my forehead for a week!" Princess Helen's order was crimson with gold letters. Her gown was white. Queen Elizabeth's order was green matching her emeralds.

After church we went to a Symphony Concert where we found Princess Helen with her brother, King George, already seated in the Royal Box. Georgescu was the conductor. He is the most famous in Roumania next to Enesco.

The next morning we left. Mother and I went to the Queen for a last audience. We were escorted to the station by Miss Marr, Princess Ileana's lady-in-waiting. As before, the Chief of the Secret Police attended to our baggage.

The "Orient Express" drew slowly out of the station of Bucharest, ending our fairy-like visit.

GRADUATE SCHOOL NEWS

(Continued from Page 14)

pianist, and Julian, fifteen, a violinist. He is the youngest holder of a fellowship in the Graduate School. Their broadcast is called "Throbs of the Music Clef."

Phyllis Grossman, who has held a Juilliard fellowship for the last four years, gave a piano recital at the Barbizon Club recently. Miss Grossman first appeared in public as a nine-year-old prodigy throughout Minnesota and Wisconsin. Her maturer studies began with the late Alexander Lambert in New York.

Inez Lauritano, violinist, and *Robert Crawford*, baritone, students of the Graduate School, appeared in concert in the Juilliard Auditorium on April 14th.

Marian Selee, a student of singing at the Graduate School who has taken part in some of the operatic performances there, gave a recital at the Barbizon on April 26th. Miss Selee is a mezzo contralto.

THE INSTITUTE

Harry Needle, a graduate of the Institute's department of violin, gave a recital at the Educational Alliance on April 24th. He was accompanied by *Pauline Corliss*, also an Institute graduate. If you should read something one of these days about Harry Neidell, it will concern the subject of the present notice: he has recently changed the spelling of his name for professional purposes.

The Mozart String Quartet, a new organization, will give a concert at Chalif Hall on May 1st. *Wesley Sontag*, first violinist, *Cornelia Basky*, second violinist, *Helen Rozek*, violist, and *Walter Potter*, 'cellist, all studied at the Institute.

IN MEMORIAM

Marian I. Burger, whom many of us remember as a student and graduate of the Institute's piano department, passed away on March 15th after a brief illness. Miss Burger was also a graduate of the Skidmore School of Pedagogy and of Columbia University. After leaving the Institute she was a substitute in the Yonkers Public School No. 14, was organist of several churches, taught privately, and accompanied the Lyndon Wright Choral Club. At their latest concert, the club sang the first number in memory of Miss Burger.

THE STAFF

Students who take an active interest in the *Baton* and who contribute their services informally when needed, are: Flora Kaiser, Alice Oliver, Elizabeth Phillips, Mildred Schreiber, Roberta Shulman and Archibald Thacher. Albert Kirkpatrick has been regularly associated with the editors for three years.

THE JUILLIARD SUMMER SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 9)

songs were in the repertoire of Marcella Sembrich and others; his chamber-music works, including two violin sonatas and a 'cello sonata, were performed by such artists as Kochanski, Enesco, Casals, and Schroeder. His Symphony in D minor won the Paderewski prize in Leipzig.

Besides a violin and 'cello concerto—the latter first performed by Willeke at a concert entirely devoted to Stojowski's compositions—Stojowski has written three piano concertos. The second—*Prologue, Scherzo and Variations*, written at Paderewski's suggestion—received its first performance at a London Symphony concert, with the composer at the piano, Arthur Nikisch conducting. It was introduced by Paderewski in New York with the New York Symphony, and in Boston with the Boston Symphony. Other important works are his *Symphonic Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra*, his cantata *Springtime*, and a *Prayer for Poland*, first performed by the Schola Cantorum with the New York Symphony.

FROM OUR READERS

Replies to the questionnaire circulated among our readers have been most gratifying. Portions of letters from two prominent persons are quoted. Mrs. Morris Loeb, in whose husband's memory the \$1,000 prize is awarded to the most outstanding Institute pupil every year, writes very graciously: "May I sum up my appreciation and genuine pleasure in the *Baton* by assuring you that it always provides me

with information and amusement that I do not derive from any other magazine. There is no department that does not interest me."

Dr. Percy Goetschius, one of the leading theorists of our generation, says in part: "In all sincerity, and from convictions formed from month to month as the *Baton* has come to me—a most welcome guest—I would urge you to continue your present policy without change. It is so admirable, so completely in accord with all that such a students' periodical should be, that no improvement seems possible to me, and I can think of no change that would not lower its value. And for the love of Heaven, do not entertain any notion of discontinuing what has become an integral part, and decidedly an ornament of our Institute."

For these and other similar letters of encouragement, we express our genuine gratitude.

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