The Baton

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OF THE JUILLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC

FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

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THE BATON *endeavors to recommend the operas, concerts and recitals of especial worth and interest to music students. Appearances of faculty members, alumni and pupils are featured FORTISSIMO in these columns.*

BEFORE THE PUBLIC

GEORGE A. WEDGE, who was in charge of the annual Alumni concert held this year on April 29th at the Institute, is to be hailed as the stage manager of a very enjoyable evening. The Musical Art Quartet played the Beethoven Quartet in G major and the Debussy Quartet in G minor. Dr. Damrosch told of plans for a new building to be begun soon in our block which will be the home of both the Juilliard Graduate School and the Institute of Musical Art. It will please all those who are or have been students here to know that our Recital Hall will be preserved intact in the new school. Dr. Damrosch then introduced the guest of honor, the beloved "Papa Goetchius," who spoke the following words to a manifestly delighted audience which included many of his former pupils:

Dear Friends:

I suppose you expect me to say something, and that is quite natural. But I have nothing special to say—and that also is quite natural.

Now if we were in the classroom, I would let loose a torrent of rhetoric that would stun you. I would talk about parallel fifths, and consecutive octaves, and plaguing—I mean plagal cadences, and muddleations—I mean modulations, and a lot more silly things that we used to joke about in Room A, until the walls resounded with our innocent mirth.

But when I am expected to be serious, and speak *sensibly,* I feel as lame as Quasimodo, the Hunchback of Notre Dame; or, I feel like a fish out of water—and what it means to be out of water, I mean without water, when there is nothing else to drink—I leave it to your heated imagination to figure out.

So I shall spare myself, and you, and simply declare that I am very, very happy to be here tonight: happy to see the dear old building; to tread its boards again; happy to see so many good, friendly, beloved faces; happy to hear such glorious music, so gloriously rendered. And if you are only one-quarter part as glad to see me as I am to see you, I am fully content.

When I wrote to Dr. Damrosch a few days ago to inform him of my impending visit, I begged him to keep it a secret. I gave a number of humbug excuses for this, but what I really meant was that if it became generally known that I was to be here, not a soul would come here—and that would not have suited me at all, for I wanted you to be here so that I could see you.

Well, now that I have had my happy hour, I shall run along home and resume work upon my new book, *Masters of the Symphony,* the last dismal pages of which (devoted to ultra-modern music) will be wonderfully brightened by the glow in my heart enkindled tonight. And then I shall begin at once to look forward to my next visit, which I trust will not be far away.

The Baton

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Vol. VIII May, 1929 No. 7

Grace Cowling and *Constance Poole,* candidates for the Teacher's Diploma of the Institute of Musical Art, appeared in joint piano recital on May 1st.

Mary Jean Cash and *Eugene Kuzmiak,* candidates for the Certificate of Maturity in Piano, presented a program together on May 2nd.

Samuel Cibulski, candidate for the Certificate of Maturity in Voice, and *Sidney Sukoenig,* candidate for the Artist's Diploma in Piano, gave a joint recital on May 3rd.

Carl Stern, candidate for the Artist's Diploma in Violoncello, played his program on May 6th.

Victor Wecks, candidate for the Certificate of Maturity in Trombone, will play on the morning of May 21st.

A Jury comprised of Frank Damrosch, Ernest Hutcheson, Mischa Levitzki, David Mannes, Engelbert Roentgen, will examine the candidates for Artist's Diplomas on May 21st. —*Lloyd Mergentime.*

A Modern Composer at Work

A Visit to the Casa Malipiero

By Dr. H. Becket Gibbs

BEFORE leaving New York City for Italy last summer I wrote to Malipiero, the composer, telling of our approaching visit to the city of his birth and asking for permission to call upon him. On our arrival in Venice a cordial invitation, which had been personally left by him at our hotel awaited us. As the object of our meeting was to discuss Monteverdi and I had mentioned that I came to worship at the shrine of the "Divine Claudio" I was inclined to believe that the pleasure would be mutual.

So we set a date for our visit and after less than two hours on a delightful journey by train,

Francesco Malipiero
An Outstanding Figure in Modern Italian Composition

we alighted at Treviso where a tram started for Asolo. Half an hour was spent in climbing a steep ascent to this town, which is not only famous as Malipiero's home, but also for having been selected as the burial place of the great actress Duse. Within a few feet from her grave lie the remains of Robert Browning's son.

At the terminal, Signor Malipiero awaited us and escorted us to his home which was less than a hundred yards away. Entering the hallway of the Casa Malipiero was like passing from a sun-baked piazza into the dim coolness of a Roman Basilica. This hallway, flush with the road, proved to be on the second story of the house. From it we descended to yet more refreshing climes of shade, leading on to the terraced garden of several acres which looked over the plains toward Padua. On this level is the summer dining-room where, presently, we, with the Malipiero dogs and a few of the cats and birds, enjoyed a luncheon that was truly Italian.

After that came a visit to the summer workroom where are the precious Monteverdi autograph works. Here we spent several hours, first with the manuscripts that are occupying most of Malipiero's spare time, and then with his own compositions which he unfolded to us with rare modesty after his enthusiastic reverence for the "Divine Claudio."

Above, where we entered, are the winter quarters of the family, and in the studio on that floor are delightful evidences of Malipiero's taste in the fine arts, other than music. We admired the great d'Annunzio's portrait (for they are devoted friends) and longed to linger over the exquisitely bound books and portfolios filled with engravings and prints, picturing Venice in the great days of that glorious Republic.

Tea in true English style was then enjoyed, and as we departed on our return to Venice we were presented with some of those rare engravings as tangible and precious souvenirs of our visit. But more to be treasured than these are the memories of the cool repose of the Casa Malipiero and the charm of La Signora's smile.

Malipiero was born on March 18th, 1882, in Venice. His genius having asserted itself at an early age, he studied in Vienna, Venice and Bologna, and soon arrived at the conclusion that the trouble with modern Italian music was twofold; first, the music drama, and secondly, the influence of the German classics "served up with a light Wagnerian sauce, to which was added the sphere of usefulness of Wagnerism, implying the complete exploitation of the diatonic system. This, from the second half of the eighteenth century, reduced musical language to a succession of 'cadences,' thus permitting the thematic exploitation termed development." These are his own words, ably translated by La Signora Malipiero, who is English by birth,—a charming hostess and a woman of remarkable intellectual power.

He continues, "There are several ways of probing the future, and in looking back towards the past, one can perceive gleams which, instead of being vestiges of a light that is vanishing, can be

the glimmer of one tending towards eternity. Even Gregorian music has been militarized during the nineteenth century by subjecting it to the comfortable laws of the diatonic system. The best proof that this system is of utility and comfort is to be found in the depressing fact of the birth of the microbe of the amateur in music. This, especially in Italy has, by means of opera, completely destroyed folk-song.

"If the severe laws of the theoreticians of the Renaissance outwardly bear an academic air, it is a great error to think them academic. The galaxy of writers on the theory of music of that period is due to the fact that because music was the most mysterious art (and the least understood) there arose a great desire to fathom the mystery of its birth. There have never been so many treatises written on painting, nor even on poetry, as on music. Whosoever, in 1904, was struggling to acquire and to create his musical conscience, had before aught else, to discover and

Venice, Where Malipiero Received His Early Inspiration.

become acquainted with the Italian music of the glorious sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Then he had to realize the small quantity of this music offered to the public in reprints, which underwent the same treatment as that allotted to Gregorian music, viz.; it was transformed by its editors in order to bring it as near as possible to the music of the nineteenth century. By seeking it in the old libraries, by tracing it and following up direct sources, by reading Gregorian music in the lovely old Missals, Graduals and Antiphoners, one discovers an aureola of poetry and intensity of expression which are completely lost in what are termed modern editions, such as were given out in the beginning of the twentieth century, claiming to be the practical application of Gregorian Chant.

"All the harmonic daring of Gesualdo da Venosa (1560-1613), the superb constructive methods of Palestrina (1526-1594), were passed over or deformed. The Golden Age of Italian Music reached its culmination with Claudio Monteverdi (1568-1643) who played a part which might be termed exactly the opposite of that taken by Richard Wagner (1833-1883). Wagner possessed himself of everything to be had; he exhausted the musical language of all times as if it had been an orange that he sucked dry; and he left after him a kind of musical famine, for he had devoured everything. It is for this reason that, after him, only three musical forms manifest themselves; (1) the case of Claude Debussy (1862-1918) which is bound to remain an isolated instance for he could leave no successors behind him; (2) the harmonic and cerebral hystericism which artificially attempted to rebel against the post-Wagnerian famine and distress; and (3) the latest invention representing a reaction against the second phenomenon. This is naught but the sublimation of musical vulgarity, which musicians lower themselves to pick up in music halls and in all those places where music is in a state of decay.

"Monteverdi had a very contrary effect because he invented a language, complete in itself and absolutely new, whether from the point of view of form, of harmony, or of the expression of song (chant). In order to intensify expression in singing (chanting) he laid the foundations of an aspect of harmony which, after him, flourished right up to the day of Wagner; that is to say, harmony, wherein was the first manifestation of the germ of diatonicism and of the 'cadence.' Monteverdi, who had created everything with a view of intensifying his means of expression, was exploited by his successors, only in reference to those material means which he had been able to offer them, and not in reference to those wherein are to be found all the secrets of his greatness as a creator.

"It is between the predecessors of Monteverdi and Monteverdi himself, that I found the solution of the enigma, and that, without disparaging the efforts of my contemporaries, I tried to renew in my art. Before everything else, by abolishing the language of the 'cadence' and all the handy and useful and comfortable development, and in creating a purely musical theatre form. I hate the word opera and make every effort not to use it. I hold very dear the form of musical construction and the proof of this assertion can be found in my works, more especially in my symphonic work *Pause del Silenzio* (1917) and in my Quartet *Rispetti e Strambotti* (1920); and, in that which concerns the theatre, in my *Sette Canzoni* (1918), where the recitative is abolished and the musical expression reduced to its quintessence. After writing this, I had to make a concession in that I had to readmit the use of the recitative in my theatre form, so as to prevent the atrophy of my succeeding works for the theatre which might become but a banal and wilfully cerebral repetition of what I had attempted and carried out in my *Sette Canzoni.*

"But in all my works for the theatre, even in the reduction of three of Carlo Goldoni's come-

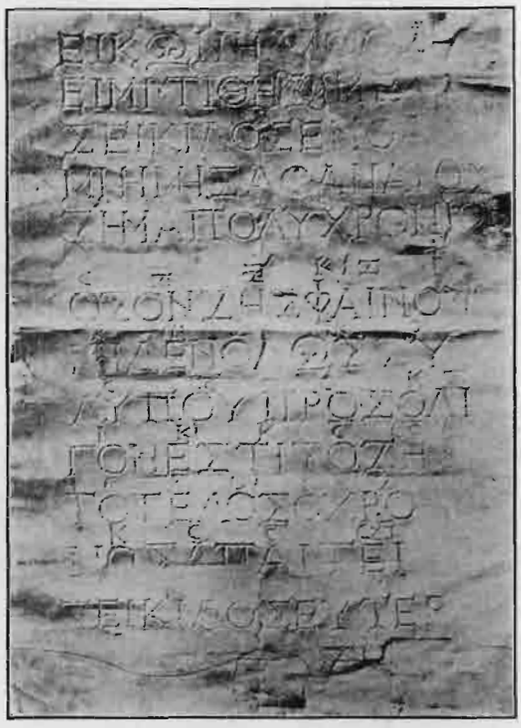
(*Continued on Page* 17)

A Fragment of Greek Music

A Significant Addition to Historic Records

By CHARLES L. SEEGER, JR.

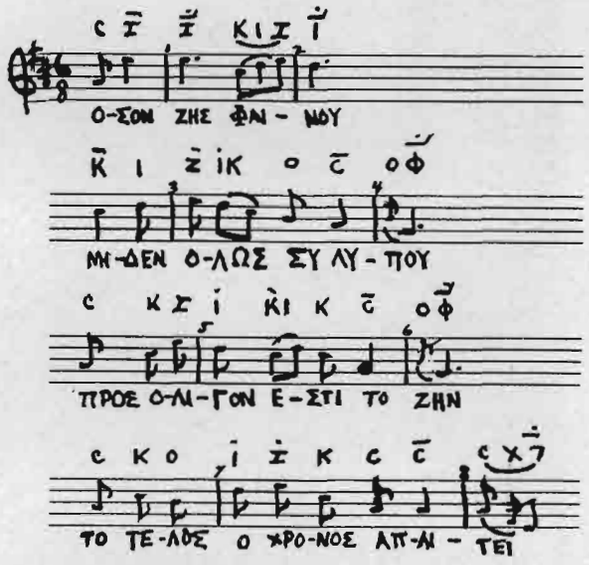
THIS fragment of Greek music was found about forty years ago at Tralles. While not the oldest specimen (the Hymn to Apollo found at Delphi antedates it by several centuries) it has the merit of being completely legible and, though very short, a unit in itself. The twelve lines shown in the accompanying illustration are carved upon a stone pillar and the sixth to eleventh lines of text have the symbols of musical notation over them. It dates from the second century of our era.



We are fortunate in possessing numerous manuscripts of the fifth part of the "Introduction to Music" of Alypius, a sophist of the school of Alexandria, also of the second century, who gives numerous tables of the Greek notation together with verbal descriptions of each sign used. The accompanying translation follows Wolf in preference to Gevaert.

It is said to be in the Hyperphrygian or Iastian "mode" and besides the letter notation for pitch contains very interesting and precise indications of metre, accent and phrasing. An anonymous writer of about 200 A. D. tells us that a line over a letter gives that note double the duration of the plain letter or note. For example, in the first anacrusis (up-beat), the E has two counts to the A's one. An oblique line up from the right end of this line (as on the first beat E of the first measure) gives a triple count. Thus the 6/8 measures can be clearly perceived.

The dots written over the lines or letters indicate stress. The bars can therefore be placed with confidence. The irregular accents on the second beats of measures 3, 5 and 7 show a sense of phrasing identical with present practice. In measure 3, for example, the two tones (D and C-sharp) given to one syllable form a "section" or ligature and a close scrutiny of the text shows that the Greek symbols (IK) are closely juxtaposed. The same can be noted in measure 5 on



English Translation of Text by A. Madeley Richardson

IN PROSE:

So long as thou livest, be thyself;
Grieve at nothing altogether.
Life is but for a little while;
The end Time claims as his own.

IN VERSE:

Bravely strive while life endures;
Let no hopeless grief be yours.
Life is but a little day;
Time the end holds 'neath his sway.

the corresponding beats (second and third) where the Greek symbols are reversed but similarly juxtaposed, for the same reason. In measure 7, the symbols Z and K are given to separate syllables, but the syllables are CHRO-NOS (Time) and they form the climax of the thought as well

as the climax of the musical flow of the six lines of text. We would give accent to these beats for the same reasons today. Other juxtaposed symbols implying slurred sections occur in measures 4 and 6.

Whereas two tones slurred are merely written close together, three tones to one syllable have a special sign, the hyphen, written under them. This hyphen is a curved line and can be discerned in the last half of the first measure and in the first half of the last, on the syllables PHAI-and-TEI respectively. Our legato sign large as life!

Not the least point of interest in this remarkable piece is the neat and thoroughly artistic construction of the three prominent up-beats to the three phrases of the tune. The first two lines seem to make one phrase overriding the cesura in the middle of the second measure. But the third line makes a phrase in itself, as does the fourth. Thus it appears that all three phrases begin in a similar manner from A but proceed differently upwards: the first by a skip A-E with a repeated E descending to D by a sort of turn; the second mediates the skip with a C-sharp doubling back immediately to the D; while the third climbs up zig-zag with a delayed arrival at the E on the second beat of the seventh measure —an admirable "appoggiatura" from below throwing the preponderant weight of accent on the most important word CHRONOS, and arriving at the C-sharp (NOS) without a passing note D— a good stroke, since the E has descended to D quite clearly all three times before.

Authorities seem to agree that the Greeks pronounced but did not write the elaborate accent system that we use today in printing their literary remains. The aspirate (reversed apostrophe), the acute, grave and circumflex accents were evolved during the third and sixth centuries of the Christian era. But if the student familiar with the accents understood in the above text will take the trouble to compare the rise in pitch with the occurrence of acute and the fall in pitch with the occurrence of grave and circumflex accents he will understand a subtlety of setting words to music that modern practice almost universally ignores. And he will understand how deeply our notation system (since it developed from these accents) is imbedded in the Greek culture although we are fortunate in having abandoned the clumsy letter notation.

"AN EMPRESS"

Geraldine Farrar, the most famous pupil of Lilli Lehmann, always spoke of her teacher as "an Empress!" It was during Farrar's second season as a reigning favorite at the Berlin Royal Opera that she sought Madame Lehmann. She describes the meeting thus:

"Beautiful Lilli Lehmann—stately and serene as a queen; with a wonderful personality which seemed naturally to dominate every presence in the room; past the meridian of life yet with an unbroken record of world achievement behind her; greatest living exponent of Mozart, of Brahms, of Liszt, of Wagner—what more can I say of her than that I approached her with the deference and respect which were her due? I was an eager and humble beginner; she of another generation. My desire to secure her as my instructor seemed almost presumptuous; yet, after hearing me sing, Lilli kindly consented to take me, and I am happy and proud to state that I have been her pupil at all times since that first meeting."

In speaking of the great loss she has sustained in the passing of this dear friend and superb artist, Miss Farrar says, "As all Beauty is ageless and immortal I know her spirit partakes of the Greater Harmony."

Lilli Lehmann

The great diva, who in her eighty-first year, died at her home, Grunwald, near Berlin, on May 17th.

ETERNITY

By Virginia Barnes

The sun slips down the azure sky
Into a sea of red.
Softly the stars of night appear
And twinkle overhead.

Earth's shining satellite steals forth
Lights up the heavens above,
'Tis night, yet darkness does not reign,
But peace, and hope, and love.

Just so our lives slip down the slope
As softly ends our day.
And darkness seems to fold its wings
And hold us there for aye.

Oh rest complete! Oh hope fulfilled!
The darkness turns to light.
Eternal life! Eternal love!
Death says, "There is no night!"

By Gerald Tracy

The Great Open Spaces

AS examination time at the Institute nears, everything is turned into a hectic state of hurry and irregularity, and everyone into a frenzied state of apprehension. Under such conditions, almost anything is liable to happen, and people who always thought themselves quite clever suddenly discover a dearth of ideas, and others who are usually passive find themselves unexpectedly brimming over with brightness. It's a time of paradoxes, and one is very likely to become so excited and changeable, that he will seem like the man who became so enthusiastic over a religious service that he found himself praying simultaneously for rain and fair weather!

We are reminded at this point of a conference held by the five judges who conduct the sight-singing exams for the graduates. They were discussing the work of several students, and one, in particular, who had not done so well in the sight-singing exam.

"Well, how is his dictation? Was the exam fairly good?" asked Miss Soudant.

"Oh, in spots . . . ," mused Mr. Wedge.

"Mmmmm, probably had its great open spaces," was Miss Soudant's come-back!

What Price Silence

Mr. James Friskin was recently asked by *Musical America* to grant them an interview in order that he might tell them something interesting about his friend, Harold Samuel.

And this is what Mr. Friskin wrote to Mr. Samuel, "What will you pay for my silence?"!

Flashlights

In the Spring even a hardworking student's fancy can lightly turn to the proverbial thoughts of love. And so pardon us if we pause a moment in the midst of profound meditation of the classics, to enthuse about the very lovely wedding of Margaret Hamilton, artist graduate of the Institute in the piano course, and Billings Wilson of New York. They were married in Christ Church, Riverdale-on-Hudson, Saturday afternoon, May 11th. Frank Hunter, also an Institute graduate and now a teacher in our Piano Department, officiated at the organ during the ceremony. The church was a veritable bower of flowers. The bride's home in Fieldston, with its beautiful garden, was a charming setting for the reception. The couple are spending a three weeks honeymoon in Bermuda, after which they will reside in New York, where Mr. Wilson, a Yale graduate, is a civil engineer and a deputy manager of the Port of New York Authority. Miss Hamilton will continue her musical career. News of her professional activities appears elsewhere in this issue.

* * *

A letter written aboard the Colorado Express bound for Denver, brings news of Walter Edelstein, violin graduate of the Institute. "We, the Hartmann String Quartet, are on a six weeks tour. It is proving a successful trip for the Quartet and a most interesting journey for me,—my first view of the Rockies. We are playing in a different town every night." The violoncellist of the Quartet is Julian Kahn, artist graduate of the Institute.

* * *

Institute sons are found in every walk of musical life. Milton Rosen, who attracted attention with two amateur musical comedies produced at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1927 and 1928, now finds his name on Broadway. A recently published song, "Days," has been featured by Helen Morgan, of "Show Boat" fame, who nightly exuded personality in the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic" atop the New Amsterdam Theatre.

* * *

William Tuchman, a recipient of the Certificate in Practical Composition in 1925, had the thrill of hearing his Concert Overture played for the first time. It is called, "King David and Bathsheba," and was performed by the Institute Orchestra conducted by Willem Willeke who was enthusiastic about the work.

Chinese Optimism

Lawrence Evans, who, as we remarked earlier in the year, took considerable joy out of life for us when he departed on a five months' tour of the Orient as manager for Galli-Curci and left us only with envious imaginings of Eastern temples, pagodas and 'rickshas, sends a clipping from a Shanghai newspaper. The advertisement, which, with true New York cynicism, he has labeled "Greater faith hath no man!" says,

Personal

Will the person who was driving down Stubbs Road at 12.15 on the night of March 18th and who narrowly avoided collision at the corner below "Bergslien," have the courtesy to communicate with F. A. Mackintosh?

More Letters from Radio Listeners

Mr. Walter Damrosch has become such an interesting figure in the radio world that he is constantly besieged by hundreds and hundreds of letters of appreciation. We have a few more letters for your delectation which, because of lack of space, we were unable to print in our last issue.

Here is one from a little tot somewhere in the vast spaces of the middle-west:

Although I have never seen you or been where you are, I feel as if I know you very well and like you very, very much.

Last Friday our whole school of three hundred pupils listened to both of your concerts. We shall never forget

them or your musical family. It was raining and we did not like it because we could not use the playground. And then you played "The Dance of the Raindrops." They seemed to patter right into the room. We clapped and were glad that it rained.

When the flowers whispered to each other I thought I heard them say "All the fairies and all the children of America love you Mr. Damrosch."

The three hundred children of the Jungman School want me to say thank you.

And this from a mother, is very interesting:

Although I am a child of forty I enjoyed your animal concert as well as the concert for the older children, and found food for thought in both. It is wonderful of you to open the children's eyes and ears to the beauty and music and rhythm around them. A child's life is so much richer when he appreciates and notices the natural world about him, and the memories of childhood often exert a steadying influence upon us grown-ups.

Some of my fondest childhood memories are the times when my father would wake me at four a. m. and take me for a walk through a grove of sighing, singing pines. And there we would listen to the wind in the branches as it gradually increased in volume with the rising sun. In after years when for a time trials and troubles overwhelmed me I used to walk alone at night through this pine grove and there find solace and comfort and strength.

When the children of today are grown I'm sure they will often think of the Damrosch concerts and be grateful to you for the beauty you brought them over the radio. I am certainly grateful to you and to the R. C. A. for bringing this educational program to the children.

Shortly before Christmas my seven year old son came home from school one day and said earnestly:

"Mother, I think music is just *wonderful*. Why, it can tell you all sorts of things. I didn't know music could do that until Mr. Damrosch told us. Today I could almost see butterflies flitting around in the school room and when they played that piece about the mosquito I just felt like swatting one. It seemed to be buzzing right near my ear."

Both of our children, although entirely different in temperament, asked for a radio for Christmas. We explained to them that this year we would not be able to get them a radio and also toys so let them choose. They thought it over for weeks but each concert at school made them forget the bicycle and electric train and long more for a radio. For next Christmas they want not only to listen to others playing but want to make music themselves. My little son with his lively emotional nature wants a violin and my ten year old daughter with her practical nature and passion for doing things wants "some kind of a horn." And this brings me to the last part of my letter.

I had never realized until today when I listened in on your concerts from 11 to 1, how certain musical instruments fit certain natures. Ever since she was six years old, our daughter has longed for a horn. Her father and I have tried to convince her that piano lessons would be better for her; and when she uses the bath spray for a trumpet and plays tunes by the hour on it, we have told her that it doesn't look ladylike to play on a trumpet or a horn. We have been perfectly willing to let her be an engineer when she grows up as she wants to be, but in music we have tried to force her into the way we wanted her to go. But after hearing your talk on the trumpet and horn today, I can see that it is best to let a child choose the instrument or instruments he should play. Luella has just returned from school and says, "I'm going to have a horn of some kind, if I have to earn the money myself." I expect she'll be looking for a job after your next talk on brass instruments!

Walter Damrosch Describes Amusing Incidents

Mr. Damrosch's book, "My Musical Life," has also proven to be very popular. While browsing through it the other evening, we discovered these two very delightful bits:

Jean De Reszke's return to the opera was like the triumphant entry of a victorious monarch. He was a marvelous mimic, and used to give us delicious imitations of the various artists of the company coming into his dressing-room to offer their congratulations after his first appearance.

De Reszke would first depict the French tenor colleague who in polite, reserved, and even patronizing accents would say:

"Vraiment, mon cher, vous-avez chanté très bien ce soir, très bien, je vous assure!"

Then would come the German baritone in a double-breasted frock coat and punctiliously polite manner, saying:

"Erlauben Sie mir, Herr de Reszke, Ihnen meine grosse Hochachtung aus zu drücken für den wirklich ausgezeichneten Genuss den Sie uns heute Abend bereitet haben."

He was followed by the Italian baritone, who would rush in impulsively and, kissing Jean on both cheeks, would exclaim:

"Caro mio, carissimo!" followed by a flood of Italian words.

Then came the real climax of the scene. Enter the electrician who, thrusting a "horny hand of toil" into that of De Reszke, would exclaim in real "Yankee" accents:

"Jean, you done fine!"

* * *

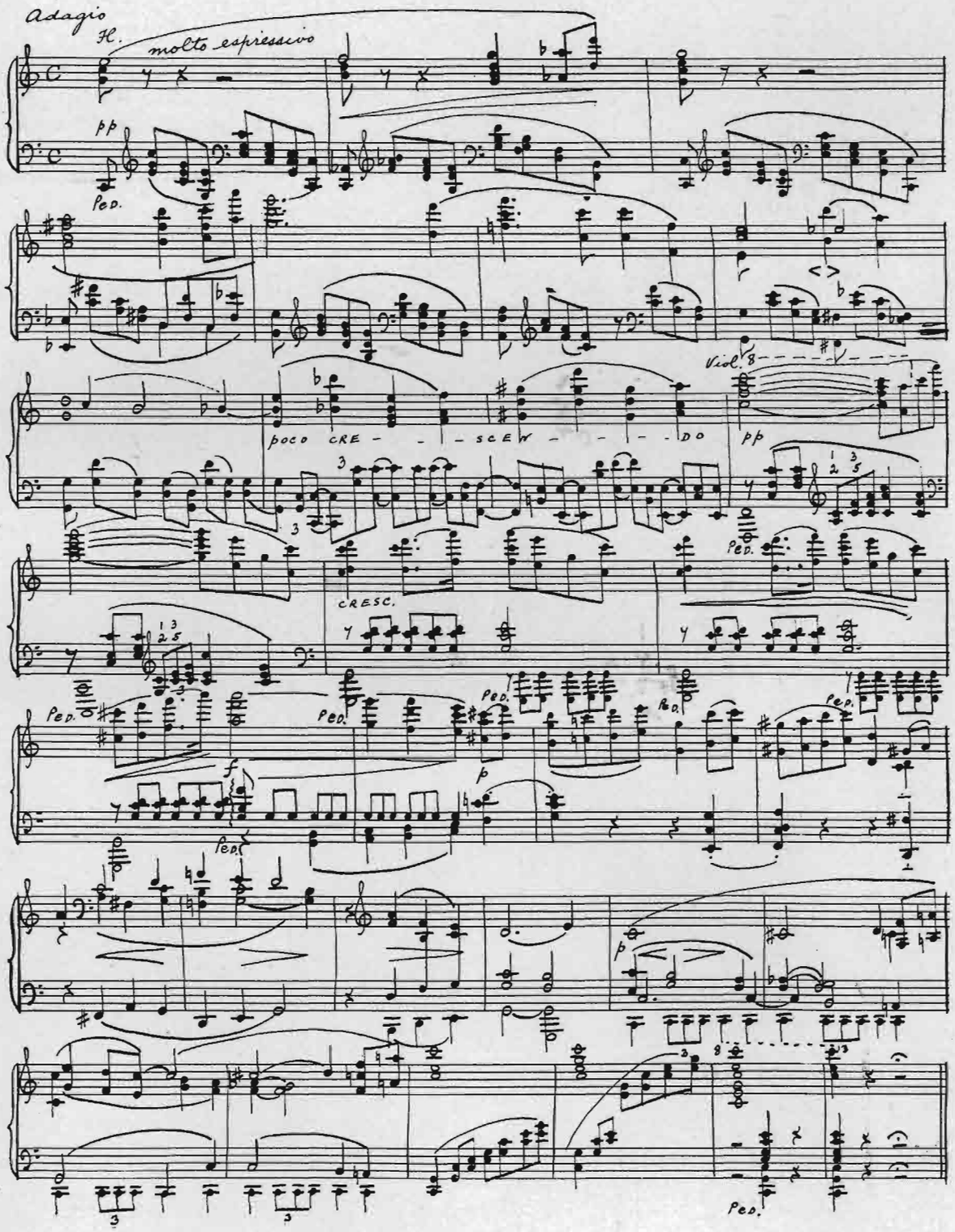
At the close of the third act of "Walküre," when Brünnhilde had snuggled into the artificially deep hollow of the rocky couch which sustained her bulky form and on which she was to begin her slumber of years until the hero, Siegfried, should awaken her, I suddenly noticed, while conducting the beautiful monotony of the last E-major chords of the Fire Charm, that the grass mats just below Brünnhilde's couch had caught fire, and that, just as the curtain was descending slowly on the last bars, a Boston fireman with helmet on his head and bucket in his hand quietly came out from the wings and poured a liberal dose of water on the flames. The thing happened so late and so quickly that there was no panic. The people went mad with enthusiasm and we had to bow our farewells many, many times. Just after one of these recalls I noted the little fireman standing in the wings and saying: "Be jabbers, I ought to come out too."

"So you should," I said, and with that took him by one hand and Materna by the other and thus we dragged him before the footlights where, with true Hibernian sense of humor, he bowed right and left with a delighted grin on his face.

Song of Fate

By JOHANNES BRAHMS

(Postlude reprinted by courtesy of G. Schirmer, Inc.)



Mischa

Piano Virtuoso of

By ELIZABETH

IF every ten-year-old boy who has to be coaxed, bribed, or threatened into practicing his music lesson should become intimately acquainted with Mischa Levitzki it is very probable that the sound of scales would begin to vibrate ceaselessly throughout the land, and a million mothers, more or less, would regard with amazement the footballs suddenly relegated to half-time service. And Mr. Levitzki himself would no longer need to deplore the strange quirk in the psychology of the Anglo-Saxon race which leads its boys and its men and often even its women to consider a man who devotes his life to art to be in some manner deficient in the sterner qualities attributed to masculinity. For there is perhaps no greater ambition in a boy's life than to be just like his hero. Mr. Levitzki would become that hero of the average boy not because of his renown in the realm of music, but in spite of it; his artistic attainment would at first be considered worthy of emulation merely because it was his, and not as an end in itself.

It is difficult to imagine a person of any age who would not be attracted by the vitality of his personality. He is a young man, and appears even younger to the casual observer who passes him on the street. The impression of aloofness, maturity and profundity which his photographs and his appearance on the concert platform produce and which increase one's feeling that here is a man worthy of reverence as an artist, is not obvious in his less sophisticated and entirely unspoiled social manner.

Levitzki entertained by Prince Tokugawa, standing, left. Prince Kuni, brother of the present Empress of Japan, is seated, centre.

Mr. Levitzki runs upstairs, and walks with a long quick stride, as if there might be something very interesting just ahead if one arrived in time to see it. He seems to find the world a thoroughly enjoyable place in which to lead a very pleasant and curiosity-provoking existence. His propensity for making things fun would undoubtedly be worth a dozen home runs and an equal number of touchdowns were it known to a hero-collecting youth. It is one of the reasons why one would like to have him for a friend.

"It is strange," he said, "this attitude toward artists of masculine gender, especially prevalent in America. When I am travelling on the train and become engaged in conversation with men in the smoking room there always comes a point at which I am asked what my business is; and as soon as I reply that I am a musician the atmosphere of friendly curiosity subtly changes. I have talked with boys and have found that a great many of them are ashamed of their natural liking for music or the other arts because they are afraid of being thought 'sissified'; because they feel that the work of an artist is not a man's work. Even if there were any justification for this feeling there would remain the fact that nothing could be more uninteresting than an entirely masculine man or an entirely feminine woman. Every individual is a combination of both the so-called masculine and feminine qualities in varying proportions. It is true that some artists are narrow, that they look queer, that they are even too feminine; but people never seem to consider that the proportion of drug store clerks or street car conductors or bank tellers who exhibit the same characteristics is just as high.

"In Europe audiences are usually composed about equally of men and women. In Italy men often predominate. But here the musician depends upon women for box office receipts. It is trite but true to mention that many of the men who do attend concerts in this country are brought, submissive, by their wives. I once gave a recital at a men's college. About 400 of the 1,200 seats were filled. At the women's colleges, on the other hand, there is much greater interest. It is an enlightening experience to play for a group at one of these institutions," Mr. Levitzki said, smiling at the reminiscence of the honesty displayed by school-girls. "If they think that the artist is not giving his best effort, or if they do not care for the selection he has played, they simply do not applaud. But if they do like the performance and the performer the expression of their appreciation is marvelous." His smile was a tacit, unwitting admission of the tribute paid to him in such circumstances.

"It will take a long time to overcome the prejudice of men against music," he continued, "but it will eventually be overcome. Men are becoming more and more aware of the fact that while art by no means embraces all that makes life worth while, he who does not respond to it is greatly impoverished."

Mischa Levitzki, born near Kieff, Russia, had no delusion that music was only for girls. He knew, on the contrary, when he first heard beautiful harmonic sounds at the home of some neighbors (his parents were not musical and they had no piano)

Levitzki

International Fame

STUTSMAN

that it was decidedly for him. "My acquaintance with music began when I had what could be called my first lesson at the home of these neighbors. Then when I was seven years old we went to Warsaw on our way to America. I heard my first symphony. It was a tremendous experience," he said simply. "We went to New York soon afterward and my parents became naturalized American citizens. I studied at the Institute of Musical Art," he added naively, as if he were entirely unconscious of the pride which all who have been interested in the school feel in his connection with it. "It was down on 12th Street then. My last year at the Institute was the first in the new building on Claremont Avenue, and I studied theory with Dr. Goetchius. (By the way, is there a doorman there now by the name of Spotswood, or something like that? He was an indispensable part of the school for many years.) I studied with Stojowski during my four years—did I play at the commencement exercises and various other functions? A hundred and fifty million times! Alone and with others. Sascha Jacobsen, Elenore Altman—many fine musicians were classmates of mine.

"But after four years I was anxious to become a pupil of the celebrated Dohnanyi, and it was finally arranged that my mother and sister and I go to Berlin. Upon our arrival there I called the master on the telephone but as he was not in, I talked with his wife. I did not mean to deceive her," he said, "but I did not think it necessary to tell her my age because I knew that applicants under sixteen were not accepted. I was told that Dohnanyi's pupils were limited to eight in number; that there were very few vacancies in the whole piano department of the Hochschule, the government institution where Dohnanyi taught, whose total enrolment in all courses was something like 350. Little hope of being admitted was offered me, but I said that I wanted to have Dohnanyi hear me play so that I might know whether there was a possibility of my being accepted another year, and was given an appointment for the next morning.

"Dohnanyi's home was in the suburbs—a beautiful place. I sat in the drawing-room waiting for the master to finish a late breakfast, and my heart sank. I wanted so much to study with him. At length sliding doors at the end of the room opened and he appeared. I shall never forget the expression on his face when he saw me sitting there. I was thirteen and had not yet begun to wear long trousers. But I played for him and he was very kind. He told me that as a matter of formality I would have to perform for a jury before being officially recognized as a pupil of the school."

The story of this trial by jury is well known; the astonishment of the fifteen examiners when the boy asked to play the Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor and the equal astonishment of the boy when Dohnanyi offered to play the orchestral part on a second piano can easily be imagined. "Dohnanyi was like a father to me, my own being so far away. I went to his home nearly every Sunday and played with his children.

The pigeons in front of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice, flock to Mischa Levitzki, as do all true lovers of music.

"At this time one of the most brilliant men I have ever met was with us. His name was Caffi, and he was half Italian and half Russian. He supervised my general education. I was spending so much time on my music that I could not go to regular school. In such circumstances only the most essential things could be attempted, and Caffi was a genius at selecting those of greatest importance. I remember how he introduced me to Wagner's operas," he recalled, his face brightening. "First we got the score and studied it. He told me all about the mythology of the opera we were to attend, as well as the music. He was a wonderfully interesting man."

Just before the war, Mischa, then sixteen, made his debut in Berlin, and shortly afterward played in Norway, Hungary, and various other European countries. On a trip to London he met Daniel Mayer, to whom Dohnanyi had given him a letter of introduction, and who later became his manager. Soon the war broke out and his family became so uneasy about him (his mother had left him to continue his studies alone) that he had to return to America, where he gave his first concert in this country in Aeolian Hall in 1916. Since then he has made eleven tours of the United States. In 1921 on his first foreign tour he played over a hundred concerts. "From California I went to Australia and New Zealand. It was such a successful and interesting trip! I came home by way of India, Arabia and Egypt, and ended a very thrilling year with a six weeks' vacation in Paris, which I had not seen before. I more than made up for lost time!"

In 1925 Honolulu, China, Japan and Java were visited. "I did not enjoy Java, in spite of its magnificent scenery. It is too near the equator for comfort; especially for concert giving. The heat is terrible. But Japan—Japan is lovely. I am very fond of the Japanese people. We are too apt to judge the race by the laborers who come to California. As a matter of fact it is usually the very poorest class which migrates to this country, a class which has none of the superb characteristics of the cultured people. They are super-sensitive and marvellously artistic—art is everything to them. They flock by the hundreds to railway stations to greet an artist.

"In Japan the customary subservience of women to men assures one that waitresses in a restaurant, for example, will be politely attentive to his wishes, but if they know that the guest is a great painter or musician, he practically owns the place.

"When I go to a strange country I like to acquaint myself with its people and their customs as much as possible. So many of our travellers look for American restaurants and American hotels, and fellow-countrymen! I always asked to be taken to Japanese places to eat. Sitting on the floor before a small individual table about a foot high you watch meat and unknown vegetables being cooked together on little oil stoves before you. An exotic experience for an American!

"I saw many interesting things with my Japanese friends. Once I went with the manager of the Imperial Theatre and several other men to visit a Japanese moving picture studio. Invariably when I called attention to an actress as being extraordinarily pleasant to look at they would exclaim wonderingly, 'Why, we consider her one of the more homely ones.' It seems that our standard of beauty differs widely from their own.

"I had a piano on shipboard during one trip." Mr. Levitzki replied in response to the question of how he managed to get along without an instrument during his long sea voyages. "Steinways very graciously had a piano put in my suite on the 'S. S. Korea Maru' for me on the Oriental tour. I was at sea 23 days on the first lap of the journey. I used to play for hours at a time, while looking out the window at the sun-sparkling water. I shall never forget the night on which we entered the Inland Sea of Japan. The boat had to go very slowly through the narrow passages between islands and as I stood in the bow of the ship in the moonlight, sailing through what has been called the most romantic region in the world, I resolved never to come back again alone."

Mr. Levitzki does not consider himself a composer, though he does compose occasionally. On the return voyage from the Orient he wrote a song, "Ah, Thou Beloved One," which is to be published next August. "I believe it is rather difficult. It is my only work composed on the water," he said laughingly. "But I am not being modest when I say that I am not a composer. I never sit down with the thought, 'Now I will write some music'—though of course facility in writing it, as in doing anything else, comes with practice. I invent little pieces whenever the spirit moves me, because I believe that any sincere expression of one's personality is valuable to one's self. I have never thought it worth while for me to devote long and serious study to composition."

Mr. Levitzki's theory of program selection is decidedly not that if one plays things which the least educated person will understand, they will be understood by all. "I never 'play down' to an audience," he stated. "I often have requests, especially in the smaller towns, to play things of a more or less popular nature, but I do not believe in lowering standards in order to win favor. I play the same type of program wherever I go—Japan, where the audiences are made up largely of native music-lovers, China or Honolulu, where they are 90% European—all countries, all cities where I have given concerts. From now on I shall spend half the season in Europe. Last year I made my first real tour there as a mature musician. I wanted to wait until I felt I had a right to be considered more than just a 'promising youth.' So many young artists play too much in concert and eventually 'peter out.' I have tried to be cautious, to give myself plenty of time to approach my ideal surely and steadily.

In Shanghai, China, between concerts, Mischa Levitzki enjoys a jinrikisha ride.

"I shall enjoy Europe. I always enjoy New York, though possibly it is because I am not here a great deal of the time and never become oppressed or tired from its immensity and the high tension of its life. I have a wonderful time here—I am a gay person, and love parties. And I must have my dancing! But I love too the summers which we always spend at our home on the New Jersey coast. I do my serious work then, practicing five or six hours a day. Can you imagine the exhilaration of a dip in the ocean after several hours of concentration at the piano? It is wonderful."

One of the easiest mental pictures to paint, for one who is acquainted with him, is that of Mischa Levitzki sporting in the waves like an exuberant boy just out of school.

To the Ladies

With a Glance at the Men

By an Institute Trumpeter

AT some time during the year we are sure to get out the old horn, polish it up and toot a hymn of praise to Alma Mater. So here we are in full blast again. Having devoted several pages of this magazine to the glories of Mischa Levitzki who was for four years a fellow-student in our midst, we would now like to play a fanfare to the ladies who have carried the Institute banner to high places.

Phyllis Kraeuter, a pupil of Willem Willeke of our Faculty who is violoncellist of the Elshuco Trio, received her Artist's Diploma in 1925, winning at the same time the Morris Loeb Memorial Prize of $1,000 awarded by the Institute. Having been a member of the Franz Kneisel Chamber Music classes, she became for a time violoncellist of the Marianne Kneisel String Quartet.

She next won the Naumburg Prize entitling her to a New York debut which took place in Town Hall in 1927. Following an interesting and active season in concert which included a noteworthy recital in Chicago and an appearance with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, she competed for the Schubert Memorial Prize, considered by many the most important music award in New York at the present time, and won it. This carries with it an appearance as soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, New York, which will occur on December 4th.

Margaret Hamilton, whose notable achievements are adding more laurels to our Piano Department, received her Artist's Diploma in 1922. She owes her entire instruction while at the Institute and since that time, to Elizabeth Strauss of our Faculty. Through the auspices of the National Music League, she won an appearance with the Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Willem Mengelberg in Carnegie Hall, New York, in 1926. Her debut in recital at Town Hall in 1927 was as a winner of the Naumburg Prize. In 1928 she gave another recital in Town Hall and a recital in Boston.

Not only have all of these concerts been highly successful but she is much sought as soloist with the leading symphony orchestras of the country. She has three times appeared with the Cleveland Orchestra under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff, with the Cincinnati Orchestra under Fritz Reiner's baton, with the New York Symphony Orchestra in a concert conducted by Albert Stoessel in Pennsylvania, and this year with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Following a winter of triumphs on the Coast, she has been engaged as soloist with both the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Artur Rodzinsky next November 19th and 21st and with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra directed by Alfred Hertz in the fall.

Katherine Bacon, who received her Artist's Diploma in 1918, is another pianist who has been one of the most distinguished of our Institute representatives in the concert field. She was a pupil of Arthur Newstead of our Faculty and subsequently became Mrs. Newstead. Her contribution to each musical season has been unanimously acclaimed by critics. During the Beethoven Centenary in 1927, she performed in a cycle of concerts the 32 Pianoforte Sonatas of Beethoven; during the Schubert Centenary in 1928 she gave a cycle of Schubert programs comprising the 10 Pianoforte Sonatas and other works. These two series in themselves were monumental achievements and the quality of her art received unstinted praise.

Nora Fauchald, recipient of the Artist's Diploma in Voice in 1922, and pupil of Mrs. Ella Toedt of our Faculty, has been winning recognition in Europe this season. Having been awarded a Juilliard Scholarship for study abroad, she went to Berlin where she became a pupil of Raucheisen, the teacher of Onegin. He was also her accompanist at a recital in Berlin, April 11th, and in Stretin, April 9th, on which occasions her singing of the German lieder was sincerely commended by the foreign press. She has since been guest artist at the Opera in Brün, Czecho-Slovakia, as Mimi in Puccini's La Bohême.

Phyllis Kraeuter
Artist-Graduate of the Institute, Winner of the Schubert Memorial

Notwithstanding her short period of instruction abroad, she is distinctly an Institute product and exponent of Mrs. Toedt's teaching.

And there are so many more! To one familiar with the young artists whose musicianly equipment is bringing them fame in their careers, the mere names Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff, Lillian Fuchs, Clara Rabinovitch, Lillian Gustafson, Genieve Lewis, only a few of the holders of the Institute's Artist's Diplomas among the feminine contingent, testify to the quality of training received within our classic precincts.

To glance at a very few of the masculine names which have been engraved on Institute Artist's Diplomas and have also appeared on the season's concert programs, there are: Sascha Jacobsen, Samuel Gardner, William Kroll, Karl Kraeuter, Joseph Fuchs, Louis Kaufman, Anton Rovinsky, Arthur Loesser, Alton Jones, Lamar Stringfield, William Kincaid, Bernard Ocko and Julian Kahn.

Margaret Hamilton
Artist-Graduate of the Institute, Soloist with our leading Symphony Orchestras

The roster of our Faculty includes a number of names which have appeared on the coveted post-graduate diplomas. George Wedge, whose activities as a teacher and as a writer of widely used text books, is too well known to need any comment upon his work. Samuel Gardner, Conrad Held, Karl Kraeuter, Gladys Mayo and Howard Murphy have also obtained the Practical Composition Certificate.

Six members of the Institute Faculty are holders of both the Artist's Diploma and the Teacher's Diploma. These are: Louis Bostelmann, in Violin; Lilian Carpenter, in Organ; Dorothy Crowthers, in Voice; Conrad Held, in Violin; Karl Kraeuter, in Violin; and Gladys Mayo, in Piano.

Faculty members, aside from those mentioned in the concert group, who have been recipients of Artist's Diplomas are: Lillian Eubank Kempton, Arthur Lora and Ruth Harris Stewart. Those with Teacher's Diplomas are: Edna Fearn, Louise Pott Havens, Harold Lewis, Beatrice Haine Schneider, Belle Soudant and Anna Strassner. In each case, the graduation diploma has been received first. Mary Cooledge, Elizabeth Harris, Frances Mann, Constance Seeger and Howard Talley are graduates of the Institute.

Katherine Bacon
Artist-Graduate of the Institute
Acclaimed for her Beethoven and Schubert Cycles

Then there is Richard C. Rodgers of musical comedy fame and so many others that we might as well stop blowing before our breath gives out.

Postscript—Do you blame us for not muting our horn?

NIGHT CLASS

By Edna Bockstein

This hollow room is tired and yellow, and yet
Tall, deep-blue windows purple in the gloom,
A scarlet flower lifts a dusky bloom.
Looking at these, for a little I forget
The dull white pattern of faces carefully set,
The young instructor's voice like the musty boom
Of an organ, with dry responses, from the room,
Of withered counterpoint. And I regret
The swiftness of a rare moment when
His voice was low and shaken, like a star
In a deep pool. We stood in an arch of stone,
And all the world was framed in the archway then—
The dull green sky, and a branch's thin black bar.
He was a poet, and showed me the moon wind-blown.

The Kreutzer Sonata

With Difficulties

By Joseph Machlis

UNDOUBTEDLY the lions of the occasion, —whenever the Thursday Afternoon Whist Circle saw fit to give one of its little musical teas,—were Mrs. Apollonia Reilly Heathering, and Master Julian Le Roy Schlezinger (the child-prodigy). As Mrs. Hennessy was in the habit of remarking, whenever they began the Schubert Serenade (arranged for violin and piano), or The Dying Poet (specially arranged for violin and piano), she could almost feel the tears in her eyes, it was so sweet.

Nevertheless, such is the nature of the artist-soul, shaped to divine discontent, ever aspiring to heights more difficult of attainment,—Mrs. Apollonia Reilly Heathering yearned to do something really grandiose, really worth while; something they should be able to perform at a real concert; that would give the good women of the Whist Circle plenty to talk about for the rest of their lives. It was just then that the Hope of Heaven Lodge of the Benevolent and Mutual Protective Order of Possum decided to hold, for the first time in three years, its Annual Bazaar, Fancy Dress Ball and Gala Concert (all in one, of course). And who should be president of the lodge, and chairman of the Gala Evening Arrangements Committee, but Michael Hennessy, closely related to Mrs. Apollonia on her mother's uncle's side through his first wife.

Apollonia did some quick thinking and heavy talking; then hastily summoned her assisting artist, Master Julian Le Roy Schlezinger. That wonder-prodigy was nineteen; looked fifteen, dressed in the cutest little black velvet breeches, white silk socks, white lace collar-and-cuffs to match, like ten; bleated and simpered cherubically like seven; and played like,—well! Together they proceeded to select their grand piece for the Gala Concert, and decided on the Kreutzer Sonata!

They began practicing immediately. Of course, there were certain obstacles. And certain dangerous places where Mrs. Apollonia found it advisable to clamp down the pedal and keep it down, while Master Julian improvised a tremolo on his fiddle, until they had reached calmer waters. But on the whole the Kreutzer Sonata progressed splendidly in their hands. A few more rehearsals, to slap on the finishing artistic touches.

The first thing to go wrong was the printing of the posters. That donkey of a printer who had forgotten that it should be "Madame Apollonia," and not "Mrs." There were no Missuses on the stage; they all became madames for the occasion. And "pianiste" instead of "pianist"; it was so much more—chic.

Came the Gala Evening at last, and a row of taxicabs depositing their splendiferous charges at the gaily illuminated doors of the Royal Star Casino. But even in that brilliant assemblage, our artists and their entourages were outstanding. Mrs. Apollonia, gaunt and lean, almost purple with excitement, resplendent in her new gown, frosted over with layers of crackling gun-metal. In her wake Mr. Apollonia,—née Thomas Heathering,—carrying his wife's leather music-roll, spectacles, tulle scarf and headache-powder. Then came Master Julian, sandwiched in between his proud beaming parents; Mr. Schlezinger lugging the fiddle; Mrs. S. with the music-roll.

* * *

The next thing to go wrong was Mike Hennessy's brat Elaine, who had busied herself all evening with playing on the outskirts of the Refreshment Counter where sawdust had been sprinkled; and now, with two handfuls of the yellow grains, had climbed up to the piano, lifted the cover, and dumped her treasure with a shout of glee. It remained a mystery how that child had ever got up there. As Mrs. Hennessy sagely pointed out, she might have killed herself. But Mrs. Apollonia, now quite speechless with fury, was interested in, not how she had got up, but how she should be taken down. The sawdust, of course, was quite irrecoverable.

Then the twins, Algernon and Sylvester, who had spent a profitable hour sliding across the slippery floor beneath the legs of dancing couples, and making secret sallies upon the chocolate pies of the Refreshment Counter, now took it into their heads to smear their cute little chocolaty muzzles over the keyboard. They just reached up to it, the dears! Through the vigorous application of hot water and rag, their damage was repaired. Apollonia herself imperiously directed the proceedings. Then the piano had to be moved, so that everyone should be able to see Apollonia's profile and decolleté. By this time Apollonia had one of her nervous headaches, and the powders had to be administered. The ballroom was a steamy dizzy whirl of heat, tobacco-smoke, the gleeful yells of escaped children playing Indians on the balcony; hordes of perspiring matrons discussing the chocolate pie and everybody else not within earshot; and, to add to the general merriment and festivity, Rex Silver's Silvertone Melodians blasting and blowing the ear-splitting cacophonies of "You're the Cream in

My Coffee." Then there was the Charleston contest, and the Broom Dance, and the raffling of a coffee-perculator for the Ladies' Auxiliary Society, and the Waltz Contest, and the good old-fashioned hornpipe and jig. And then somebody beat a tattoo on the drum, and shouted that everybody should please sit down and give their kind attention, for there was to be an intermission in the dancing, because of the Grand Gala Concert.

First Mike Hennessy's brother sang "On the Road to Mandalay"; well, it was no worse than usual. Then little Elaine was perched on a chair and bleated "My Sister's Beau." And then came the five-minute introductory speech, the upshot of which seemed to be that they didn't really have to be told about the artists of the evening, since on so many previous occasions and so forth. . . Amid thunderous applause Mrs. Apollonia Heathering jabbed a long bony finger on the A, and Master Julian began to tune.

It must have been a little after midnight when, into the hushed, awed, expectant silence of the main ballroom of the Royal Star Casino, floated forth the opening chords of the noble Kreutzer Sonata. A silence which, sad to relate, was not destined to last very long. . . .

Just at the divine spot where Beethoven begins the transition to the second theme, little Sylvester began to feel the effects of the chocolate pie, and had to be carried bodily from the hall amid a flutter and hiss of "sh. . sh. . sh. ." Apollonia, with her back to the audience, couldn't fancy what was happening, and took it to be a flurry of ill-timed applause; she had known all along they'd applaud at the wrong place. She therefore interpolated a sudden crescendo. But getting louder always meant getting faster with her; and before she had realized it, she was galloping along at twice the speed of Master Julian; who, imperturbable and calm, had shut his ears, glued his eyes on the music, and was scraping away with all his might, energetically thumping his right foot to keep the beat.

The audience would certainly have received a very misleading impression of Beethoven's knowledge of harmony, had there not, at this state of affairs, arisen another diversion in its midst, in the shape of Mrs. Hennessy's mother, who, suddenly succumbing to the heat, smoke, stuffiness and weird Classical Music, dropped off into a faint. While she was being brought to with liberal douses of water, much advice, and lots of shoving, Apollonia came to the end of the first movement. Seeing that Master Julian still had some way to go, she hit upon the clever idea of rolling a tremolo in the bass with one hand, until he should catch up; while with the other she resolutely mopped her heroic brow, and prepared for the second movement.

It was during the exquisite Adagio that Betty Kane, who had been sitting in a corner with her boy-friend, sulking because there would be no fox-trot for the next fifteen minutes, suddenly had an inspiration; she whispered to her companion; together they departed for the floor below, where the Joe McCarthy Association was holding its Annual Spring Dance without a Concert. Soon there began a general tip-toe, stealthy exodus of all the younger couples. And through the swiftly opened-and-shut door at the end of the ballroom wafted the strains of Teddy Gold's Serenaders tooting away down below at, "Fish got to swim, birds got to fly"; and mingled with the intricate melismas of the Sonata. The audience would surely have perceived the irony of the combination had not its attention at the moment been entirely given over to little Elaine, who, having slipped in one of her sliding spurts across the end of the hall, was now adding to the general melange of harmonies the low whine of her ululations.

As the chords massed themselves majestically for the glorious coda, with Apollonia and Master Julian thumping and whacking and thundering, under full sail, their combined efforts accompanied the hum of conversation amongst little groups in various corners of the room. One busily engaged around the Refreshment Counter. One around Mrs. Hennessy's mother, who had already been revived, and was now industriously comparing past and present symptoms; one about energetic Elaine, who was leading a new band of sliding Indians across the waxed floor.

Then came the supreme triumphant moment when both performers finally banged united and together once again, the final chords of the Kreutzer Sonata. At that magic signal, all the buzz of conversation ceased, and gave way to a burst of prolonged enthusiastic applause. Apollonia, very red in the face, blew ecstatic kisses of thanks on the tips of her damp fingers; and Master Julian smiled and bowed. All agreed that the Gala Concert had been a great artistic success. Apollonia was presented with a bouquet of red roses. And the infant-prodigy received for his pains a beautiful big box of candy. So that happiness reigned over all as Rex Silver's Silvertone Melodians clattered back onto the stage.

On the morrow appeared, in the Bronxville Home News, two and a half columns of glowing tribute, chock-full of eloquence, to the artistry and popularity of Mrs. Apollonia and Master Julian,—written, the more malicious among the Thursday Afternoon Whist Circle insist, by Apollonia herself, and insinuated into the paper through the influence of the advertising manager of the Home News, who, you will remember, is first cousin to Apollonia on her father's side. However that may be, the detailed and colorful report of that one and only public appearance still hangs, framed, directly over the piano in Mrs. Apollonia Reilly Heathering's living-room; where, should you have the good fortune to be received by the lady, you will surely see it.

An American Singer Honored

Lawrence Tibbett, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was invited by President and Mrs. Hoover to give the first concert at the White House during the new administration. It took place in April and was preceded by a luncheon for a number of the opera stars.

Lawrence Tibbett as the The King, in "The King's Henchman"

Malipiero at Work

(*Continued from Page* 4)

dies (1707-1793), I have tried my best to transform the scenic pretext into a purely musical one. For instance, in the first of these comedies by Goldoni (*La Bottega da Caffe*), the character of Don Marzio, the slanderer, instead of simply speaking his slander, is made by me to be a song-maker and he invents songs about everyone he wishes to criticize and slander. This is a dramatic pretext that absolutely demands music and could not exist without music.

"With regard to my musical predilections, I have a living hatred and horror of conventional melodrama in music (opera), and even when I am confronted with pages of music the musical value and power of which impress me thoroughly, I must close my eyes not to see the stage for which they have been composed. It is logical that I should be repelled by the nineteenth century, but this does not imply that I condemn it 'a priori'; it is a kind of physical repulsion, stronger than my will for which I must not be judged nor condemned. In the same way, one cannot condemn one person for hating some perfumes that give joy to others; I am not stating that the perfume is nauseating, but that to me it is very unpleasant. Claude Debussy, who is a sort of parenthesis in the story of music, exercises a potent charm over me and for him I have a strong preference. Stravinsky's *Sacre Du Printemps* takes complete hold of me, and many other of his compositions move me to enthusiasm.

"By what I have explained to you it must be clear that, in regard to Italian music, all the masters of Italian polyphony are very dear to me. I have also a great love for Domenico Scarlatti (1683-1757), a few of the masters of the eighteenth century, and an enormous love for John Sebastian Bach (1685-1750), while there is much of Richard Wagner that holds me under its charm.

"As for my ambitions, I must reply that I have none, because I have too many. I find there is a total incomprehension of music and that it is difficult for me to interest myself in trying to open closed doors. Music is listened to by a special process. The ears of the so-called public are like locks and the key must be found to penetrate the brains that are constructed on prejudices. Therefore, he who makes the key for an already existing lock, fulfils the function of burglar, while the artist should be the one to make the lock, and at the same time be possessed of the key which bears a likeness to that of St. Peter's keys of Heaven. My outlook is very simple. I can wax more enthusiastic over the life of a fly than over that of an artist whose strongest ambition impels him to become a manufacturer of false keys.

"My personal life is the constant cultivation of that spiritual flowering that one loves, and by which one yearns to be surrounded. My great love for animals is too often spoken of. I love them because they never contradict me, nor do they make foolish statements. They have always given me much joy and have never made any demands upon me in return.

"My favorite piano pieces of my own creation are, *Poemi Asolani*, written in Asolo and dedicated to Asolo; *Il Tarlo, Tre Preludi a Una Fuga, Risonanze* and also *Barlume*. All the ideas I have tried to make clear about music in general are exemplified in my compositions, and in my piano music in particular. Of my favorite works for the voice, I may mention *Tre Poesie Di Angelo Poliziano, 4 Sonetti Del Burchiello, 2 Sonetti Del Berni* and *Le Stagione Italiche*."

Malipiero is editing the complete works of Monteverdi in exquisite style and this will constitute his life's contribution in the field of musical research. The publication is in sixteen volumes, the ninth of which is in press. The edition is limited to two hundred sets, one of which has been donated to the Reference Library of the Institute of Musical Art by Mrs. Elizabeth S. Coolidge, through whose benevolence this colossal task has been made possible, and who has often been called "The First (Musical) Lady of the Land."

Dr. Gibbs gave a Lecture-Recital on Malipiero at Steinway Hall on Monday, April 29th, assisted by Stuart Smith.

Annual Composition Recital

At the Institute of Musical Art, Saturday Afternoon, May 18th

Composite Songs ..... *Preparatory Centers*
"To the Summer Sea"
"The Three Bears"
Preparatory Center Children

Small Forms — Grade I-B
Melody ..... *Pauline Vlotkofsky*
Chord Study ..... *Laurence Dill*

Small Forms — Grade II
Allegro ..... *Clarice Helmer*
Moderato ..... *Marjorie Sammond*
Allegretto ..... *Jacob Merkur*
Jeannette Epstein

Suite for Piano — Grade IV
Allemande ..... *Alice Peterson*
Courante ..... *Gerald Tracy*
Sarabande ..... *Marion Olive*
Gavotte ..... *Sarah Terapulsky*
Polonaise ..... *Charles Posnak*
Bourrée ..... *Ralph Travis*
Minuet ..... *Libbie Lewis*
Gigue ..... *Gerald Tracy*
Jeannette Epstein

Polyphonic Forms — Grade V
Canon for Soprano and Tenor ..... *Philip Miller*
Round for Four Sopranos with Piano accompaniment ..... *Jean Montague*
Mary Woodson — Margarette Wright
Genevieve Main — Mary Ramstedt
Royden Susumago — Jean Montague

Homophonic Forms — Grade III
The Bells ..... *Violet Rubinoff*
Mazurka Grotesque ..... *Dorothy Wagner*
Andante espressivo ..... *Elizabeth Ford*
Vivace ..... *Elizabeth Garrett*
Nocturne ..... *Anna Auerbach*
Dance ..... *Constance Weaver*
Sidney Sukoenig

Homophonic Forms — Grade III
"At Even" ..... *Edna Bockstein*
"To Music" ..... *Alton O'Steen*
Mildred Kreuder

Sonatina Forms — Grade VI
I. Allegro
II. Moderato } ..... *Domenic Tranzillo*

Prelude ..... *Elizabeth Parker*—Grade IV

Etude in G minor ..... *Eugene Kuzmiak*—Grade VI
Eugene Kuzmiak

Polyphonic Forms — Grade V
Canon for Violin, 'Cello, Piano ..... *Mary Jean Cash*
Canon for Two Violins and Piano ..... *Elizabeth Thode*
Fugue for String Quartet ..... *Max Hollander*
Max Hollander — Harold Levinson
Samuel Carmell — Ralph Oxman
Jane Dudley — Mary Jean Cash

Motet for Five Mixed Voices ..... *Maurice Goldstein*
"O Traurigkeit"

Three Partsongs for Women's Voices with accompaniment of String Quartet ..... *Louise Talma*—Grade VII
(Words by Thomas Wyatt, 1503-1542)
"The Appeal"
"The Careful Lover Complaineth"
"A Revocation"
Madrigal Choir of the Institute
David Mankovitz — Henry Brynan
Aaron Hirsch — Olga Zundel

Fugue in E major ..... *Mary Jean Cash*—Grade V

Fugue in A major ..... *Catherine Carver*—Grade V
Catherine Carver

String Quartet ..... *Louise Talma*—Grade VII
Andante—Doppio, movimento agitato
Con malinconia
David Mankovitz — Henry Brynan
Aaron Hirsch — Olga Zundel

Concert Fugue for Two Pianos ..... *Michael Brodsky*—Grade V
Michael Brodsky — Estella Levisohn

Piano Quintet in G minor ..... *Sidney Sukoenig*—Grade VII
Allegro con brio
Wladimir Selinsky — David Mankovitz
Joseph Knitzer — Jean Allen
Sidney Sukoenig