The Fine Arts

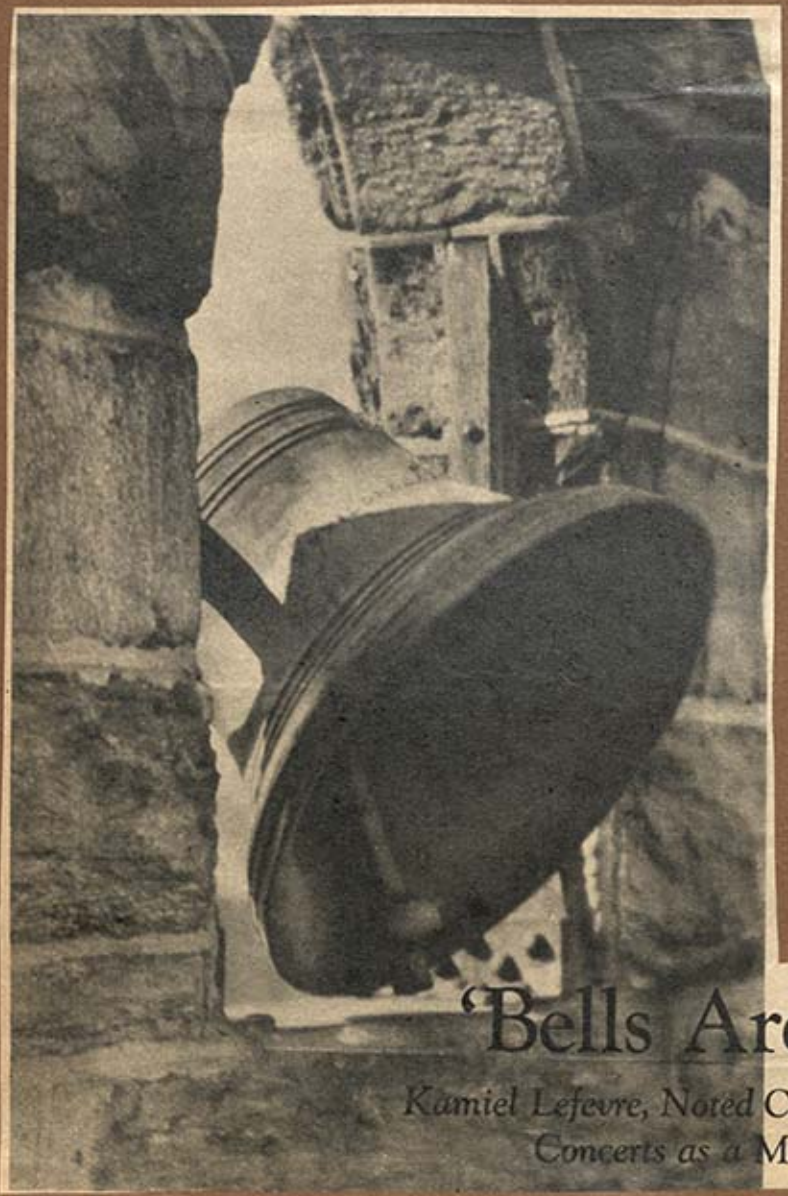
Music

Drama

Literature

Fine Arts Contents 1939 - 1940

Pages



William M. Rittase, Keystone View Co.

PLAYING A MODERN CARILLON

Electrical Devices and Compressed Air Assist This American Carillonneur. M. Lefevre Would Like to See Many More Such Performers in the United States

'Bells Are Music's Laughter'

Kamiel Lefevre, Noted Carillonneur, Outlines His Program for Municipal Concerts as a Means of Unifying Varied Racial Groups

ALTHOUGH NO ONE is quite optimistic enough to suppose such many-sided undertakings can be worked out overnight, it is interesting to note that M. Kamiel Lefevre, resident carillonneur of the Riverside Church in New York City, has started specific discussions as to means by which the wide development of carillon music in the United States and Canada could be made an element in promoting human accord and genuine sympathy among the many racial groups in America.

M. Lefevre, in a way, has been advocating this idea ever since he first came to the United States in 1924. True he has seen more and more carillons erected in various sections of the country but he sees a great deal of missionary work still to be done, both as to the number and the use of the instruments, as they could be, in his opinion, upon the example of the Old World, related to life in the new.

The chief of carillons in the United States is, by the size and scope of its bells, the carillon of the Riverside Church, given by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in memory of his mother, Laura Spellman Rockefeller. Originally the carillon was installed in the Park Avenue Baptist Church. In 1927 M. Lefevre was engaged by Mr. Rockefeller as its carillonneur.

The first carillon in the United States was that in the "Fisherman's Church" at Gloucester, Mass. Perhaps the events surrounding the acquisition and installing of that instrument most nearly approached the feeling of such acquisitions by towns and cities of Europe, for the bells were paid for by the pennies and nickels and dimes of the people of the parish, and such outsiders as they were able enthusiastically to interest in the project. Carillon concerts at sunset of summer evenings in Gloucester came to be something to which people gravitated from far and near. Columns were written about the instrument, different from the bell music familiar to Americans from hearing peals and chimes from their own church belfries. This was a more complicated music, a richer and more varied mosaic of sound. It was a curiosity musically, of course, but there was everything to recommend it to the unjaded musical ear, and not the least of its recommendations was its diversified beauty.

In the early 1920's the Hugh Bancrofts of Cohasset, Massachusetts, arranged for a Memorial carillon to be set in the tower of St. Stephens' Church there and, as in Gloucester, the summer recitals before great gatherings of people became an active public interest. The Bancrofts carried out all their plans with M. Lefevre as adviser.

He started his study of the carillon under the tutelage of Joseph (Jef) 'Denyn, carrillonneur of St. Tombold's Cathedral—the church of the late Cardinal Mercier—in Mechlin (Malines) in Belgium. This was prior to the founding of the Belgian National Carillon school. M. Lefevre later served M. Denyn as assistant. This was before the founding of the Belgian National Carillon school.

While the Riverside Church was being built M. Lefevre returned to Europe to give a series of recitals and to teach in the Mechlin carillon school, as Professor of Technique. In 1931 he returned to New York, inaugurating the Rockefeller carillon in its new location.

He keeps a bond with Belgium as Honorary Carillonneur of Mechlin, and Honorary Professor at the Belgian National Carillon School. The Belgian Government has decorated him, and he has received also the office of Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, for his pioneering in carillon art, and for his dissemination of understanding of the art throughout the world. With the opening of the New York World's Fair he was appointed carillonneur for the Belgian Pavilion. It proved much more than another opportunity to give recitals at given intervals. It was the chance to acquaint many more people with the art of the carillon in a land which is just beginning to know and appreciate one of the great forms of people's music.

In discussing the advantages of using the carillon as an instrument which could speak publicly for the hearts of people, M. Lefevre points to factors that have made its music an integral part of the life of certain countries in Europe, and which could quite well be adapted to the same purpose in the United States.

For centuries, he says, cities like Malines, Bruges, Antwerp, and so on, have given evidence both of their wealth and progress, and of their civic solidarity, by the number of bells in the civic tower. Friendly rivalry sprang up among cities and towns and the result was that there was always at the disposal of the people a fine form of musical art, consistently maintained as a part of daily life. Up to now the underlying impulse of such carillons as exist in the United States has been the giving of a memorial by some wealthy person and, in a sense, this left out the element of community participation which has been such a matter of pride among Europeans in their possession of carillons.

Almost every carillon in Europe—in Belgium, Holland or Northern France—and whether mounted in the tower of a church, cathedral or city hall, is administered by a municipal officer, duly appointed by the people as carillonneur, with the result that all questions as to when to play the bells, and what type music should appropriately be played, were in safe and informed custody. The municipal carillonneur knew the life and customs of the people, and related the music which spread over them from the tower to that life and those customs.

In New York City, M. Lefevre believes, there could be a municipal carillon so placed in Central Park that it would serve the people widely. In such a large area a tower with a 60- or 70-bell carillon could be mounted without the liability that, when they were played, they would send people to the highlands to get away from the deluge of sound.

M. Lefevre would like to see the tower erected by public funds, with WPA labor, as one of the "permanent improvements to life in the municipality." The design could be chosen in a competition between

lish, Bulgarians, Chinese, Japanese,—were able to hear, from a tower in Central Park sufficiently high to convey the music well over the major territory of Manhattan Island and even into New Jersey and Westchester under some wind conditions,—the music of their own homelands.

"Think how it would comfort them, who have loved ones far away, and who themselves feel uprooted from the folk things which bind them to their own countries and which they never cease to love, though they have come to live in a new world? I cannot imagine differences and hostilities existing between people under such conditions.

"Of course we do have bell music in the United States now. Some of it is just chime music, some of it is, happily, carillon music. But the preponderant use that could be made of carillon music, relating it directly to the life of the people, is still to be made. I believe many people are already receptive to the idea, and that, as it was explained and interpreted to them, many more would be. The United States is an ideal country in which to develop such a use for an historically versatile instrument. We have lately had a conference of the Guild of Carillonneurs here in New York, and we talked over ways and means of forwarding the idea. To me it offers an enormous challenge, in the furtherance of one of the most beautiful and effective of the peaceful arts."

SANROMA SOLOIST IN CARNEGIE HALL

Plays Stravinsky's 'Capriccio' for Piano and Orchestra With Boston Symphony

COMPOSER AT CONCERT

Audience Cheers Him, Pianist and Koussevitzky, Who Also Offers Brahms and Mozart

By OLIN DOWNES

The sensation of the concert given by Dr. Sergei Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Cargenie Hall was the performance, with Jesus Sanroma as soloist, of Stravinsky's "Capriccio" for piano and orchestra. This took place in the presence of the composer, who, immensely acclaimed, first bowed from a box and then came on the stage with the conductor and the pianist. Mr. Stravinsky had reason for self-congratulation as the audience had occasion to rejoice an electrical accomplishment.

In fact, and in friendship, one is moved to urge Mr. Stravinsky always to allow Dr. Koussevitzky to conduct his music. It can make an immense difference! What the orchestra, the conductor, the pianist did with the composition yesterday was hardly short of the uncanny, in both technical and interpretive aspects. In fact the performance had such sentitiveness and zest, such humor and nuance and thrust, that it took on a completely creative character. In no small measure the performance was the music, and this is said without desire to be invidious, since the "Capriccio" is certainly one of the most spontaneous and witty compositions of Stravinsky's later period.

First Performed Here in 1931

It was first performed here by the same artists as yesterday, on Feb. 7, 1931. To the loss of this writer the date conflicted with that of the première of an American opera, Deems Taylor's "Peter Ibbetson," which took place that afternoon, and so the music went for the time unknown to him.

It makes a very amusing piece. In explaining the composition Mr. Stravinsky raised his eyeballs to the skies, literarily speaking, and murmured that in writing the piece he found his thoughts dominated by "that prince of music, Carl Maria von Weber, whose genius admirably lent itself to this manner. Alas! no one thought of calling him a prince in his lifetime." One is tempted to exclaim "Prince of Fiddlesticks!" and to remark that we only know Weber by such a petty title as composer of "Freischutz." Mr. Stravinsky might just as well, and quite possibly would, just as seriously, with tongue in cheek, have said that he was going in for Gounod, Bizet or Verdi. He would have written just the same music in these cases. An influence far more obvious in the score is that of Maurice Ravel, especially in the slow movement. And as certain peppery, sardonic dissonances crackle from the orchestra one thinks of a word picture by a colleague of Stravinsky and Ravel seated side by side before a piano, Ravel playing some queer chords, Stravinsky pushing him aside, to play still queerer ones. This concerto is like that—waggish, impudent, sophisticated and extremely diverting.

You asked yourself, as this playful chicanery flew back and forth from conductor to orchestra and soloist, and from instrument to instrument, how they could do it. By what consummate skill or inspired tomfoolery can modern musicians so amazingly disport and complement each other? The rabbit leaps into the hat, and—the hat is empty. A sudden and terrifying hubbub—the bewildered listener turns around—there's nothing there except some insouciant little double notes, very sweet, very shy, being tossed off as innocently as nobody's business by Mr. Sanroma. He isn't even looking your way, but flourishing his paws, and blandly regarding the conductor, with whom he is playing catch!

It was a sort of lively conversation between a group of very clever people with pass-words of their own, only half intelligible to fascinated on-lookers, all of it so quick so mecurial, that every one else was fat-witted by comparison.

It may be said that in music of this sort Koussevitzky, the orchestra, Sanroma, are really unique. Very much of the secret of this species of composition will be lost when they have scattered or ceased to cooperate.

Was Student Few Years Ago

As for Mr. Sanroma, he has grown, by an industry and talent as remarkable as his modesty, from a student of a few years ago to a modern pianist whose performance yesterday could be equaled by a very few and outr-aled by no one. It is also to be said that as he has matured so also has his tone become more many-colored and more mellow. His strength yesterday was equal to everything that the score and the orchestra required, yet not a tone was forced. He played the music joyously and with the confidence of complete mastery. Every rhythmical problem—and there are some rhythms which in themselves would justify the word "capriccio"—found him on the spot, on the split second, sure as a cat that lands on his feet, however you throw him into the air. And what a good time he had of it!

It was all sportive and diverting past compare. It is no wonder that after this jeu d'esprit the audience went wild; that the three fellow creators, the composer, the conductor, the pianist, had to come back again and again in response to the applause.

It was a rare concert, the more refreshing after the curiously dull one of the preceding Thursday. The symphony was Mozart's, the one in C major which Koechel numbers 338. Less celebrated, far less pretentious than such a work as the "Jupiter" in the same key, it is a glowing, singing, pulsing little masterpiece, and was played in the tradition, with abounding vitality and luminousness of tone.

The concert ended with Brahm's Second symphony, a work in which Koussevitzky has always been fortunate, but in which he outdid himself for breadth, poetry, virility of spirit. In fact a lesser performance, great though the music is, would have paled before the snap and glitter of the Koussevitzky reading. This was a noble climax.

Paying Proposition in Radio

Bringing Best Symphonic Music to Listening Public Pays Broadcasters in Coin of Goodwill

By PAUL A. SHINKMAN
(Central Press Canadian Correspondent)

NEW YORK — A thoughtful little man, his halo of silver hair accentuated by the almost jet-black of his bushy eyebrows, sparkling eyes and trim little moustache, stepped briskly into an elevator in Radio City's R.C.A. building the other evening and was just about to be whirled up to the eighth floor. As he turned to face the front of the car, which he was to share with his personal attendant and the operator, his eyes lighted upon a little band of men with violin cases and shrouded 'cellos under their arms.

"Wait!" instantly commanded the little man. "We must take my comrades up with US!"

There was a gasp, but the maestro's word was law. The great Arturo Toscanini, scorning the rule that gives the most celebrated orchestra conductor in the world an elevator to himself in proceeding to and from the broadcasting studio, quietly revealed that he and his men are to be considered brothers, at least in their beloved world of music.

It was not a mere gesture on the part of a great man; it was an affirmation of the mutual love and esteem that have bound the master and his men into the most dynamic cultural force that has yet swept out upon the air waves to carry its music-magic to the American fireside. To the musicians the maestro has become a god for whom most of them play as they never have played before.

There were cynical shakings of heads when it was first announced that the great Toscanini, who had retired in a burst of glory from the leadership of New York's Philharmonic orchestra two years ago, actually had been persuaded to come back to America to conduct a series of 10 (now extended to two or three more) extraordinary broadcasts by a 90-piece orchestra organized expressly for him. More than $600,000 spent by a great broadcasting organization for no more tangible purpose than to associate itself with the exalted dream of bringing the world's greatest symphonic music to a nation's fingertips!

* * *

A KINDLY-FACED gentleman leaned back behind his broad desk in Radio City the other afternoon and smiled when he was asked if the "dream" had come true.

"We are thrilled beyond words," said John Royal, director of programs for the National Broadcasting Company and guardian angel of the Toscanini broadcasts. "The thousands of letters pouring in to us from all parts of the United States, South America, Canada, and even Europe, are all we need to prove to us that the venture is an overwhelming success. I hope the broadcasts will become an annual event."

"But what has your organization to gain in return for bearing the entire enormous expense of these broadcasts, including the $4,000 paid to Mr. Toscanini for each one?" Royal was asked.

The answer was deliberate and positive: "We believe we are gaining the increased goodwill of millions of radio listeners, many of whom are enjoyng their first taste of great symphony music. We believe we are further discharging our responsibility to this vast public by helping them to develop and enrich their musical lives. That is all we are looking for."

Toscanini
. . . Most Expensive Conductor

* * *

A BROADWAY columnist recently volunteered the information that the costly venture had been a gigantic failure, the listener-response throughout the nation measuring 3.2—i.e., of 100 listeners queried by telephone during the course of a broadcast, merely 3.2 per cent, were listening to the Toscanini program.

The answer again was simple and direct: "We do not feel that Toscanini can be measured in decimals. But even if we did, it is only fair to say that the authentic listener-response, as reported to us, is not 3.2 but 6 plus per cent. And if more than six of every 100 radio listeners throughout the United States are attracted by the lofty appeal and admittedly "high-brow" character of our Toscanini symphony concerts, we feel that there is cause for real pride and rejoicing—not disappointment."

Laborers, lawyers, taxi drivers, housewives, farmers, school children, scientists on expeditions, a sailor on a U.S. destroyer, are but a handful of the vast army of listeners who have written in to pour out their gratitude for a new kind of music which has brought them completely under its spell. One of them was even discovered at the wheel of a taxicab which drove Royal and a friend away from the R.C.A. building following a recent broadcast.

"Have youse gent'men got anyt'ing to do with 'at Toscanini and his orchester?" was the startling query from the front seat as they swung into Fifth Ave.

"Yes, I help with the broadcasts," replied the N.B.C. director of programs, quickly noting that the cab was equipped with a radio. "Why? Do you listen in?"

Ull say I do," came the answer. "It's wunerful; but I got one squawk to make. Dis guy Toscanini don't play no henkores!"

* * *

BUT, alas, there is no time for encores, even on the Toscanini programs! As it is, the maestro has exceeded his allotted hour and a half of precious radio time practically every Saturday evening of the series so far. And if the enthralled audience which packs the vast broadcasting studio to the doors each week, and which invariably includes such celebrities as Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Kreisler, Rachmaninoff, Lauritz Melchior, Kirsten, Flagstad, Lily Pons and Geraldine Farrer, could have its way, the unforgettable experience would be extended way beyond the midnight hour.

But the little silver-haired gentleman on the podium, who galvanizes the great band of musicians into a single throbbing instrument with his blazing eyes, his eloquent hands, the flashing baton and the whispered entreaties, is exhausted when the last note sings out across the ether waves.

The fresh collar and dress-shirt into which he was obliged to change during the brief intermission, are now wilted and limp, too, and the maestro has earned a rest—a rest until Monday, when the monumental work of preparing another golden hour-and-a-half of immortal music for the radio listeners of America begins.

Story of Verdi's Opera 'Rigoletto'

The following is the story in brief of Guiseppe Verdi's opera "Rigoletto," which will be staged by the San Carlo Opera Company, Tuesday evening, April 5, in the Grand theatre.

Act I.

"Rigoletto," the story of which was taken from Victor Hugo's "Le roi s'amuse," deals with the Duke of Mantua, a wild youth, who is assisted in his escapades by his jester, Rigoletto, a hump-backed man. We meet him first helping the duke to win the affections of the wife of the Count Ceprano, and afterward the wife of Count Monterone. Both husbands curse the vile Rigoletto and swear to be avenged. Rigoletto has, however, blind love for his beautiful daughter Gilda, whom he brings up carefully, keeping her hidden from the world.

Act II.

But the cunning duke discovers Gilda and gains her love under the assumed name of a student, called Gualtier Malde. Gilda is finally carried off by Ceprano and two other courtiers, aided by her own father, who holds the ladder, believing that Count Ceprano's wife is to be the victim.

Act III.

Gilda is brought to the duke's palace. Rigoletto appears in the midst of the courtiers to claim Gilda, and then they hear that she, whom they believed to be his mistress, is his daughter for whose honor he is willing to sacrifice everything. Gilda enters and, though she sees that she has been deceived, implores her father to pardon the duke, whom she still loves. But Rigoletto vows vengance, and engages Sparafucile to stab the duke.

Act IV.

Sparafucile decoys the duke into his inn, where his sister Maddalena awaits him. She, too, is enamored of the duke, who makes love to her, and she entreats her brother to have mercy on him. Sparafucile declares that he will wait until midnight, and will spare him if another victim should turn up before then. Meanwhile Rigoletto persuades his daughter to fly from the duke's pursuit, but before he takes her away he wants to show her lover's fickleness in order to cure her of her love. Gilda comes to the inn in masculine attire and, hearing the discourse between Sparafucile and his sister, resolves to save her lover. She enters the inn and is instantly put to death, placed in a sack and given to Rigoletto, who proceeds to the river to dispose of the body. At this instant he hears the voice of the duke, who passes by, singing a frivolous tune. Terrified Rigoletto opens the sack and sees his own daughter who is yet able to tell him that she gave her life for that of her faithless lover, the duke, and then expires. With an awful cry, the unhappy father sinks upon the corpse.

The cast who will portray the opera, is as follows: Gilda (Rigoletto's daughter), Lucille Meusel, soprano; Duke of Mantua, Enrico Mancinelli, tenor; Rigoletto (hunchback jester Count's court), Stephen Ballarini, baritone; Sparafucile (an assassin), Harold Kravitt, basso; Maddalena (his sister), Stella DeMette, mezzo-soprano; Monterone (a nobleman), Natale Cervi, basso; Conte Di Ceprano, Egidio Morelato, baritone; Contessa Di Ceprano, Alice Homer, soprano; Borsa, Francesco Curci, tenor; a page, Alice Homer, mezzo-soprano; Marullo, Fausto Bozza, mezzo-soprano; Giovanna, Mildred Ippolito, soprano. Chorus of knights, ladies and pages of the court. Conductor, Carlo Peroni; stage director, Louis Raybaut. Incidental dance by the San Carlo Opero ballet.

The New York Times Studio

In the week's news at the Metropolitan Opera: Helen Jepson as Flora in the revival of Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re" and at left Harriet Henders making her debut as Sophie in "Rosenkavalier."

Jean de Rimanoczy

The young Hungarian violinist, well known in Calgary where he resided for several years, will be heard as guest soloist with the symphony orchestra next Friday evening at the Grand theatre. Jean de Rimanoczy is now concert meister of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra.

A COMPOSER AND HIS NATION

Music of Sibelius Conveys Spirit of Finland—Concert for Benefit of Country Stresses His Work

By OLIN DOWNES

THE program to be given by the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Goossens conducting, and a very distinguished group of Scandinavian and American artists, next Wednesday evening in Carnegie Hall, may well remind us that there has never been a composer whose representative scores were more completely identified with the spirit of his nation than Jean Sibelius, particularly in works to be heard on this occasion. The orchestral compositions will include "Finlandia"—that hymn to liberty—and the early and wildly dramatic tone-poem "En Saga." These heroic tone-poems were born of the spirit and need of Sibelius's land. Today, when Finland defends herself and civilization, and no nation can longer evade fundamental issues, they are revealed as never before as an expression of universal truthfulness and significance.

For art and ethics, music and humanity, had become dangerously separate in the modern world. Allegedly, serious composition had fallen too much into the hands of cliques and snobs. Greatness? Heroism? Sentiment? Oh, go back to Beethoven! From such and similar sources arose the school of thought which found that no special "meaning" was to be attached to Sibelius's symphonies, early or late, than the qualities of music.

This was "just music." It was sentimental, officious, and as a plain matter of fact nonsensical and wholly on the side of the imagination, to find in it northern nature, or background, or myth, or any fanciful suggestion of the thing in Sibelius and his countrymen which today is the admiration and the shame of contemporaneous society.

What, as a matter of fact, did the early symphonies, the tone-poem "En Saga," the specifically patriotic compositions such as "Finlandia" and the "Song of the Athenian Youth" speak of, if not of what is transpiring today in Finland's northern fastnesses, where her warriors are fighting a fight which will go down as one of the mightiest sagas of all time?

* * *

WE remember the laugh at a Boston dinner table, and the applause that greeted the sally of a very witty gentleman and a very accomplished composer, sacrosanct among the select of the locality, who said, when asked his opinion of Sibelius's music, that he

It was that essence ever-living, which made Sibelius such a gigantic apparition when he loomed over the musical horizon at the dawn of [illegible]is centu[illegible]. His message was slow in reaching us, if only because of its originality, and because that which was bardic and primeval was no more the fashion in art then than it is today. Sibelius was more than a little uncouth to polite ears and to generally well-bred persons. They did not relish his unashamed directness of musical speech, and his patently absurd belief that the great things that he hymned any longer existed or mattered.

* * *

THAT sort of thing wasn't for the people who were "in the know." To be really in the vanguard was to quote with familiarity from the text and music of "Pelléas." And there was "La mer," the latest Debussy to become known in Boston, the same year as Dr. Muck's first performance of the First Symphony of the Finnish master. Snobism was particularly rampant at the time, and the provincialism of European music, already dying on its feet, was sped sedulously by little people over here. If you knew anything, your gods were Fauré, Chabrier, Debussy, d'Indy, Charpentier—providing you were such an unashamed vulgarian as to relish his opera written about Parisian working people and cabbage soup. Or you were a disciple of

Eugene Goossens, conducting at Finnish benefit Wednesday.

spiration and feeling to his earlier expressions, just as the relinquishment of this birthright insured the sterility of his later attempts. Narrow, self-satisfied narcissism of a singularly weak and decadent period had got him.

Is it any wonder that in these circumstances, and this atmosphere, such a figure as the early Sibelius, striding in his seven-league boots out of the north, should have occasioned only ridicule or annoyance?

Now, and only now, may we understand this music as it never has been understood before. We may understand how utterly real, and not merely legendary or purely imaginative, it is. He meant what he said. His works were fruit of the period when Finland was struggling for freedom and justice, not as crucially as today, but with an intensity and urgency of spirit that Bobrikoff of the old Russian Government had aroused in only less degree than the criminal acts of Stalin and his hordes have invoked it today.

This music was new yet thrillingly old. It was so only because we had temporarily forgotten its verities. There are now signs that the world, as not before, is awaking to its prophecy. When the "Saga" is heard again, with the strange flickering and glintings of the orchestra, the flare of the trumpet, the gigantic theme which strides upward in the gloom and the mutterings and premonitions of the instruments—"ancestral voices prophesying war"—and the chants and the sullen rhythms which are of those who dance with knives drawn; and when, after the runic lament of the muted strings, and to the skirlings and poundings of the immense rhythms, the orchestra girds its loins and rises in Berserk fury—then there will be no need for explanations or program notes to remind us of what is happening now in the fastnesses of Karelia and the wastes and glooms and crashing shores of an unconquerable land.

By LILY PONS

I AM perfectly willing to admit that I love fans and all the excitement that goes with being a public figure, and, confidentially, any motion picture or opera star who tells you that she does not enjoy the excitement of crowds seeking her autograph, or complains of the trouble and inconvenience that fans cause isn't being quite honest. I think, secretly, each one has a soft spot in her heart for fans. And, if the day comes when there are no more eager crowds at the station, no more persistent autograph hunters waiting at the stage door, then she realizes how much these fans have meant to her.

Ever since I came to America, I have considered my fans good friends whose praise and encouragement have helped me in my career. When I first arrived here, I was afraid the Americans would not like me. The letters I received from the people who heard me sing were my greatest comfort, and they made me feel welcome and at home in America. They have been writing to me ever since, these kind fans, so many letters, that I now spend much of my time reading and answering them.

Most of the letters are simply warm, sincere expressions of how much they have liked my singing. But some of them are very, very funny. There is the man who wrote to me from Australia offering me a sheep ranch as a present. And, when "Lilypons" became a city in Maryland, I received a letter from a man in a nearby city in Maryland telling me that he was moving to Lilypons so that from now on all his letters to me would bear my name as a postmark. And, from then on, all of this man's letters were postmarked "Lilypons."

My friend, C. C. C. Thomas, the postmaster of my namesake city, writes to me frequently, telling me of all the interesting things that happen, so that I feel almost as if I lived there and knew all the inhabitants.

Many fans are not content with merely writing letters, and they will often resort to strange methods to express their appreciation. One of the most amusing, and, at the same time, embarrassing demonstrations of fan enthusiasm occurred during my recent southern tour. In one of the college towns, some of the male students, who had formed a Lily Pons fan club, decided to have a ticket-selling contest, and the winner was to have a date with me after the performance! I had not been notified, however, and furthermore, my husband, Andre Kostelanetz, was with me, so I did not "keep the date" with the charming young man, who later came backstage to see me, exactly as was planned. He did, however, join us both for supper.

* * *

IN Newark recently, I encountered a most touching evidence of fan loyalty. I had been singing before an audience of about 26,000 people. After my final number, a youngster of about 12, carrying a huge black book, managed to worm her way through the crowds outside my dressingroom. I could hear her shouting: "I have something to show Miss Pons! I have something to show Miss Pons!" I brought her in my dressing room in time to keep her from being trampled by the crowds. She opened the big black book and showed it to me. It was a Lily Pons scrapbook complete with clippings, starting with 1931, when I made my debut in America, and it contained many clippings which I had never seen before. The child wanted to give it to me as a gift, but I could not take it, and, instead, both my husband and I autographed it for her.

Some of the strangest, and, at the same time, most precious gifts I have ever received have come from fans. When the former king and queen of Siam were visiting New York City, they attended a performance of "Lucia Di Lammermoor." After the last curtain, they came backstage and congratulated me in fluent and enthusiastic French. The next day I received from a member of the Siamese monarch's staff a little ivory elephant, with the accompanying note: "In our country the white elephant is a rare and charming beast. He is to all other elephants what you are to all other singers." That was a charming gift.

* * *

ANOTHER gift which is very dear to me is a small, hand-painted fan which Melba used in "Traviata" and which bears her autograph. In the note which came with the gift, the donor explained how the fan was given her by a great singer. "A great singer has gone from us," the note read, "but we count ourselves fortunate in having another." On a small card attached to the fan was inscribed "To the new Melba."

Last year I used to receive every morning a huge bouquet of lilies. They were beautiful and I wanted to keep them, but flowers in the room absorb oxygen and make me hoarse, so I had to give them away. Finally, I wrote to the sender of the flowers, explaining why I could not accept his gift. The next morning I received a magnificent bouquet of lilies made of white crepe paper!

Many of my unknown friends know that I love animals and birds. This past Easter Sunday, the time of my departure from New York had been made public, and, at the depot, two fans presented me with a box. When I opened it on the train, I found two little Easter ducks with a container of duck feed and full instructions on how to feed them. It was so much fun, that trip, taking care of the ducks, and I was sorry when I had to give them away at Charleston. I have received animals of every description from fans—ocelots and tiger cubs and jaguars. And even, recently—pink kittens! I would have to have a zoo in order to keep them all.

Little-Girl-With-Big Voice and husband, Andre Kostelanetz.

Most of my fans know that 13 is a lucky number for me. Room clerks in hotels always see to it that I am given room number 13 on the 13th floor. Recently, I was going away on a tour and my train was to leave from track 15. At the last minute, to everyone's surprise and my secret delight, the train was switched from track 15 to track 13. This would have remained a mystery forever if it were not that, later on, I received a note from the station master telling me that this was his way of helping to make my trip lucky.

But I think the most exciting experience was the one which I had in Tulsa, Oklahoma, when I visited last fall. Never would I have believed that the American Indian would have an appreciation of a French coloratura's singing. But, when I reached the Tulsa station, Chief Joe Shunatonah and his tribe were there to meet me at the train, and they presented me with a magnificent Indian headdress. Later, in an elaborate ceremonial, to the rhythmic accompaniment of the tom-tom, I was given the pipe of peace and made an honorary member of the tribe. Chief Joe Shunatonah presented the pipe to me and then said: "Henceforth you will be known to our tribe as Atedaltsisibizhihulo." After many months of struggling with this strange, unpronounceable name, I gathered enough courage to have it translated into English. I was delighted to find that it is not nearly as terrifying as it sounds. Translated into English, my Indian name means: Little girl with very big voice.

Menuhin Concert in London Sell

Yehudi Menuhin Aged 21, Compared With Kreisler; Audience of 8,000 Hears Him in Albert Hall

By I. NORMAN SMITH

YEHUDI MENUHIN'S return to London was magnificent. It was not a wonder child of music who stilled 8,000 tongues in historic old Royal Albert Hall. It was an artist —a violinist mature in sympathy and stature.

Menuhin has shed his childhood. The public acceptance of him as an infant prodigy is outdated, thought amazement may abide, that he is only 21. Menuhin playing concertos with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, is something approaching the ultimate in musical entertainment. The artist left his youth and the novelty of his greatness far away in Australia where he retired two years ago.

England's celebrated critics proclaimed this point in their rather pontifical style, but not before the lofty galleries had yelled their bravos until it seemed the haggard old dome of Albert Hall must crash to the soft red carpet under expensive seats far below.

Playing a violin in massive Albert Hall must be like whispering into the Grand Canyon. But there was no effort to catch his subtle tones, no straining to feel his Mendelssohn—no effort in the arena seats, in the spreading orchestra, in the three tiers of boxes, in the two sections of balconies, in the sky-high galleries.

Indulging in no dramatics but rocking slightly from toe to heel as he gave himself to his instrument, Menuhin played with and yet dominated the vast orchestra led by Sir Henry J. Wood. But it was a domination of spirit and skill to which they submitted with enthusiasm, the players joining with their celebrated conductor in feverish applause at the concert's end.

Menuhin's assurance while playing has long been praised. But he has added to it a dignified yet natural bearing in his manner of meeting the audience, of acknowledging applause, of greeting his fellow-artists. He strikes no poses but goes about his work in a genuine sort of way that aroused general pleasure.

* * *

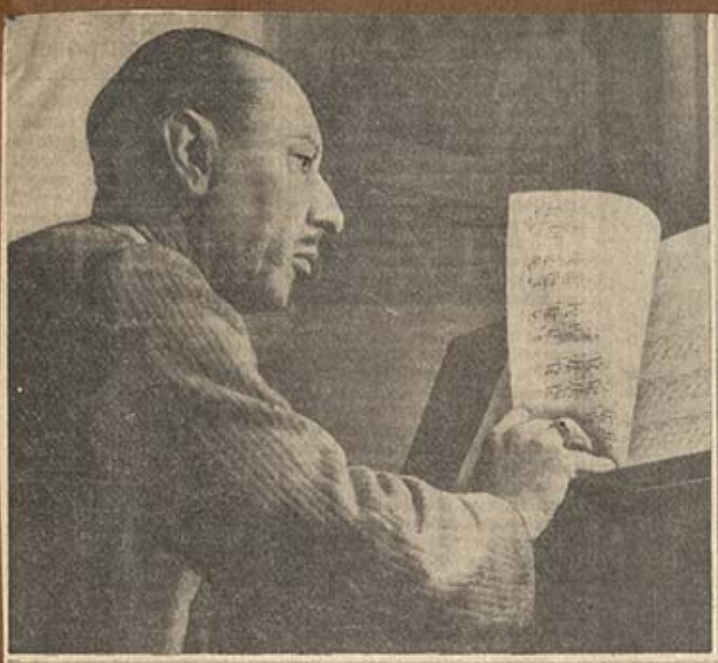
TICKETS for his two appearance here, one with the orchestra and the other a recital with his sister Hephzibah Menuhin at the piano, were all sold long before the concerts. The program with the orchestra opened with the Schumann Concerto in D Minor—now popularly known as the "lost" concerto—and followed with the well-known Mendelssohn Concerto in E Minor in whose second movement the artist gained a mastery of expression rarely heard even in that tender melody. The Brahms Concerto in D. Major concluded the program.

In the corridors could be heard the word "Kreisler" over and again. It may be unnecessary and unfair to compare Menuhin with Kreisler—yet everyone was doing it. There's no telling just how the vote would go—yet that Menuhin at 21 should even rate comparison with the world's best is perhaps a sufficient tribute.

The critics steered clear of this topic that was on every tongue—with the exception of The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post's writer who concluded that if "in the very remarkable performance of the mature Menuhin we do not find a personality as striking as Kreisler's is, or Ysaye's was, that is probably only because we have not heard enough of him. His mastery is beyond question, and his high ideals are shown, amongst other things, by the three-concerto program he gave us."

New York Times Studio

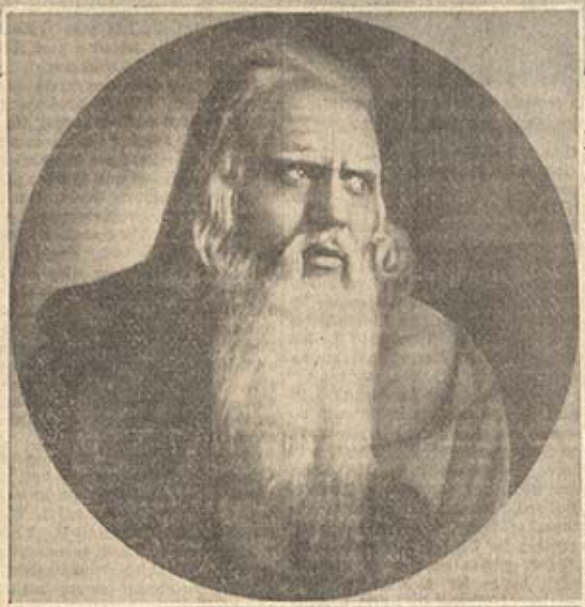
A new American colorature soprano, Jean Dickenson, makes her debut at the Metropolitan as Philine in "Mignon" this week.



Igor Stravinsky will be guest conductor of the Philharmonic this week. Erica Morini will be soloist.

WITH PHILHARMONIC AND METROPOLITAN

Below: Making Metropolitan debuts will be Alexander Kipnis as Gurnemanz and Jarmila Novotna as Mimi.



BACH THE MASTER

WITHOUT BACH THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN NO BEETHOVEN, BRAHMS, HAYDN AND MOZART

BY LEONARD LIEBLING

MUSICAL GIANT SERIES NO. 6

Radio has made it possible for metropolis and out-of-the-way hamlet to share alike when great music is broadcast. This season, more than ever before, listeners everywhere await fine recitals, operas and concerts that are theirs just by the twist of a dial. To enhance every listener's enjoyment of fine music, the editors of RADIO GUIDE *are presenting this series of biographies of Musical Giants, of which this is the sixth.*—Editor.

IT IS May 7, 1747. A powerful king and his ministers sit around the council table after a war recently won by their nation. Financial and economic affairs must be straightened out, political policies changed, the depleted army remanned and newly equipped. It is a serious conclave with vital discussion.

An adjutant enters and salutes the monarch.

"Speak!" he commands.

"Sire, he has arrived."

"Let him enter."

"He is at the inn, after a long ride in the coach. He desires to change his clothes and—"

"It is my desire that he come here at once—as he is. Bring him without delay." The adjutant leaves.

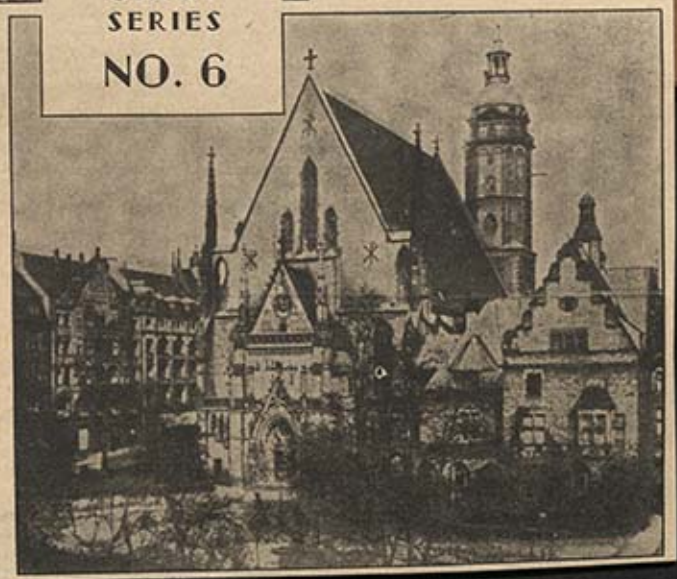
The thirty-five-year-old ruler turns to his ministers and cries out excitedly: "Gentlemen, old Bach is here. The meeting is adjourned. But don't go away. I promise you that you shall hear something." Insincere murmurs of pleasure accompany astonished glances. Are not matters of state more important to a king than the visit of a mere musician?

Not when the king is Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the musician Johann Sebastian Bach! . . .

The latter's son, Wilhelm, in charge of court music for Frederick, often has told him about the genius of his father and played Johann Sebastian's works for the regal music-lover, who himself is a skilled performer on the flute and a composer of some talent. He extends through Wilhelm the invitation to the father to visit Sans Souci Palace in Potsdam . . .

The adjutant returns with the sixty-two-year-old homespun Bach, his clothes dust-stained, his boots unpolished, his wig awry. He is made to stay for the evening concert at the palace, and next morning Frederick has Bach playing the great organ there and trying the new pianoforte just invented by Silbermann to supersede the tinkly harpsichord. The august music enthusiast then drags his guest through Potsdam, makes him test all the church organs in the city and generously presents him with a valuable ring and a purse of gold ducats.

The meeting brings other arresting moments, with conversations between the two, the king an eager questioner and listener and also showing his com-



St. Thomas Church, Leipzig, today. The period during which Bach was director of music for this church was productive of his finest works

ose who seek a serious ap- to the composer can find it in Spitta's volume on the life of kewise J. Fuller-Maitland's. Ex- lso are Charles Sanford Terry's usic of Bach," and "Bach, the " by Sir Hubert Parry. Consult, biographical essays in the vari- sic encyclopedias, notably that e's.

The Andrews Sisters mix rhythm with the music of Glenn Miller's orchestra at WABC Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 10 P. M. Top Left: As "The Strange Friend of the Pilgrims," Walter Huston will perform on WJZ's stage Tuesday evening at 9 o'clock; (Right), Erica Morini, noted Viennese violinist, broadcasts as soloist with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony this afternoon through WABC.

Jean Dickenson, the Metropolitan Opera's latest recruit from radio. Top Circle: Larry Robinson is a busy boy at 10, for he plays the role of Tommy in WABC's serial "Woman of Courage," on the air Monday through Friday at 9 A. M., and he is the youngest of the Day children in the Broadway show, "Life With Father."

Wagner and Freemasonry

By Max Graf

Formerly Professor of Music History at the State Academy of Music in Vienna

The knowledge that Wagner possessed of the symbols and rituals of Freemasonry is so vast that the question arises as to the manner in which he arrived at this knowledge. I am able to contribute to the answering of this question with some unearthed material for which I am indebted to the kindness of friends who complied with my wishes by investigating several German lodges at a time when it was still possible to look into the relation between Richard Wagner and the Freemasonry of his time.

First of all, it has been possible to establish that Richard Wagner, the child, was already surrounded by Freemasons. Wagner's father had been a Freemason. After his father's death, the Masons took care of the bereaved family, and one of Wagner's brothers was educated at the Institute of the Freemasons in Dresden through a scholarship which the Masons procured for him. Wagner's stepfather, the actor Ludwig Friedrich Geyer, who married Wagner's mother five months after her husband's passing, was also a Freemason. On Feb. 29, 1804, Geyer—whom Wagner considered his true father—became a member of the lodge "Ferdinand, zur Glückseligkeit" in Magdeburg.

* * *

It is remarkable that this was the same lodge with which the stepson of Geyer should have become connected 30 years later. In the fall of 1834 the music director, Richard Wagner, aged 20, took over his new position in Magdeburg. In the musical life of Magdeburg, the concerts which were organized by the lodge "Ferdinand, zur Glückseligkeit" were of great importance, and the following notice from the records of the lodge shows that the music director of Magdeburg was interested in the concerts as an auditor: "To Mr. Wagner, one complimentary ticket may be granted."

But Wagner did not remain a listener at these concerts of the lodge of Magdeburg. He conducted some of his own works at these concerts, as for instance, the overture to his opera, "Die Feen," on Jan. 10, 1835, and a New Year's "Overture" to the festival play: "On the Beginning of the New Year, 1835, by Wilhelm Schmale, the music by Director Richard Wagner."

At this epoch the relations of Wagner to Freemasonry were very active, nevertheless I do not consider this the decisive time to account for the interest of Wagner in Masonic ideas. It was later that men entered into Wagner's life who were of such importance that they could interest a genius like Wagner in Masonic ideas, and could fill an artist of Wagner's rank with such an enthusiasm that he was inspired to translate these ideas into poetic pictures.

The greatest man among the Freemasons whom Richard Wagner met was his friend Franz Liszt. Liszt had been admitted to the chapter "Zur Einigkeit" in Frankfurt. The celebrated master of the chair, Kloss, had conducted his initiation. Liszt was promoted to the second and third degrees in the chapter "Zur Eintracht" in Berlin. The great musician was closely connected with the Masonic life. He often gave concerts at the lodges, was a great benefactor, and always exercised a readiness to help according to the laws of Freemasonry.

* * *

One of the most important personalities in Freemasonry during Wagner's time was Wagner's brother-in-law, Prof. Oswald Marbach, the husband of Wagner's sister, Rosalie. In the beginning they were strangers. But later they approached each other, and when we inquire into the sources of Wagner's acquaintance with Masonic ritual and ideas, we may take it for granted that Marbach was his teacher. Marbach devoted his life to Freemasonry. He had been a Freemason since the year 1844. For 30 years he had been master of the chair of the chapter "Balduin, Zur Linde" in Leipzig. He was an honorary member of more than 50 lodges. Professor Marbach published a great many Masonic publications, and dedicated several of his poems to Masonry. We can well believe that a man who dedicated his life to the promulgation of the ideas of Freemasonry, and who was identified with Wagner by mutual ideas on the theater, should have handed over to his brother-in-law his knowledge of Masonic ideas, the paramount interest of his life.

* * *

When Wagner settled in Bayreuth, the leading figure among the Freemasons of the town was the banker, Feustel. This intimate friend of Wagner's, at whose home Wagner stayed upon his arrival in Bayreuth, was, during the years 1863-1869, Grand Master of the Great Lodge "Zur Sonne" in Bayreuth. Feustel was an idealist and a humanitarian. In 1847 he seconded a motion proposed by the Grand Master of the Bayreuth chapter that "The Great Lodge abolish the restrictions preventing the admission and reception of non-Christians into the lodges." The Masonic conviction that "The Architect of the world is the father of all his children" was the religion of Feustel.

Richard Wagner loved Feustel, whose "uncommon and lovable personality" he extols in his letters. It might have been the dignity of his friend that inspired Wagner with the desire to become a Freemason. For a long time he had been full of Masonic ideas. From his home he could see the building of the Great Lodge of Bayreuth, and Feustel was the Grand Master. The poem of "Parsifal" shows what a great influence the ideas of Freemasonry had assumed in Wagner's fancy during the Bayreuth days. Wagner communicated to Feustel his desire to become a Freemason and to be affiliated with the chapter "Eleusis zur Verschuregenheit" in Bayreuth.

How amazingly close did Wagner come to being a Mason, as were Goethe or Mozart and so many other great Germans! But Wagner's personality had been attacked for many years, and inquiries among members of the lodge showed that Wagner had opponents among them, too. There were members of the lodge who reproached Wagner for his personal life. Two negative votes would have been sufficient to reject Wagner's application for admission to the lodge. This was the reason why Wagner did not apply officially for admission, particularly as Feustel dissuaded his friend from making a formal request. Feustel pretended that Wagner might strengthen the opposition of the Bavarian clericals if it were known that he was a Masonic member, and that he might jeopardize the festivals of Bayreuth.

Wagner's wish to become a Freemason was not granted, but the personality of Wagner is replete with the Masonic spirit, and in the history of Freemasonry in Germany, Wagner may be found beside many great men attracted by the symbols and ideas of the covenant. Wagner stands in the midst of humanistic Germany, not less attracted by the ideas, the symbols, the doctrines and the mysteries of Freemasonry than was Goethe. It was knowledge of wisdom and of the noblest humanity that Wagner was seeking.

(This is the second of two articles. The first was published on Oct. 7.)

CONCERT AND OPERA

Efrem Zimbalist Is Busy as Composer—No Word From Missing Italians

HOW he does it is his own business, but Efrem Zimbalist somehow gets time to compose music besides giving nation-wide tours, holding marathon sonata recitals, teaching, collecting first editions, prints, manuscripts, old violins and bows and sundry objets d'art. At his Carnegie Hall recital on Jan. 30 Mr. Zimbalist is going to play, among other things, his G minor sonata for violin and piano, and a Fantasy on Themes from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or."

These are just two works that have been occupying the violinist's off-stage time. He has just completed the settings of three poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay, who happens to be a friend of his. These will soon be published by Schirmer's. He has also been revising his "American Rhapsody," which, as composer-conductor, he introduced in Chicago a few seasons ago. His string quartet has also been recently published.

Mr. Zimbalist's first published works were the Slavic Dances, written at the age of 17. Among his own music are many songs written for the late Alma Gluck, and a symphonic poem "Daphnis and Chloe," which Leopold Stokowski played for the first time eight years ago.

What with musicians like Mr. Zimbalist, Albert Spalding and Georges Enesco busy writing music, there seems to be a revival of an honored line of violinist-composers who trace their origin to masters like Tartini, Corelli, Nardini.

The Metropolitan Opera goes into its sixth week tomorrow, and has quite given up hope of seeing—at least this season—those nine Italian singers it had engaged for 1939-40. Six of them had appeared in past seasons at the Metropolitan, three were new. Only one Italian managed to arrive — Alessio de Paolis. The missing are Mafalda Favero, Ebe Stignani, Alessandro Ziliani, Galliano Masini, Giuseppe de Luca, Carlo Tagliabue, Salvatore Baccaloni, Lina Alvarez and Maria Caniglia.

You will remember that shortly before the season opened it was reported that these singers "were detained" in Italy, reasons not given. As the weeks went by it was rumored that they were really "being detained" and many speculations arose on the whys of the situation. At the urgent request of the Metropolitan, the State Department communicated with the Italian Government, but no satisfaction was obtained. Hoping against hope, the thought exist that, with the shake-up of the Italian Ministry then taking place, the singers might be released—if, indeed, they were being detained. But the shake-up had no effect on opera singers.

With no clues at all, Broadway gossip has ferreted out some explanations that are offered here for their plausibility, not for their authenticity. It is said that the singers were, in fact, detained by the Italian Government. Italy, surrounded by the rumble of war and anxious to keep its people assured of its peace policy, is trying to keep a happy front. Its theatres are going strong and its many opera houses are giving shows almost daily. For this activity singers are needed and Italy cannot afford to let its best artists go to other lands. Particularly since, in these days and possibly for like reasons, other countries cannot afford to farm out what singers they have.

Through this corner's department of intelligence comes the report that several of the Italian singers constituted themselves into an impromptu delegation and visited one of the highest dignitaries of Italy to ask that they be permitted to fill their American engagements. Our D. of I. tells us that the delegation enjoyed a comparatively brief audience and emerged from the room of state with somewhat longer faces than diplomatic propriety required.

Well, whether they were turned down or not, the undeniable fact is that they have not appeared so far this season on the Metropolitan Opera stage. Our spies [illegible] of that. But [illegible] makes no [illegible] tried to solve [illegible] particularly [illegible] American Ambi[illegible]

Can you blam[illegible] a little jittery [illegible] who are not se[illegible] There's Giacom[illegible] noted Italian te[illegible] second half of [illegible] present living [illegible] lencia, Spain. [illegible] the Met heard [illegible] Lauri-Volpi; [illegible] ever, the Met [illegible] way to count [illegible] tenting itself [illegible] taking no mo[illegible] than keeping [illegible]

The Metropo[illegible] to get along [illegible] these Italian [illegible] had its heads[illegible] contingent. [illegible] singers arr[illegible] knetter. His [illegible] somewhere at [illegible] of-war and h[illegible] nomination. A[illegible] Lauricsetter [illegible] to a dutiful sc[illegible] however, he [illegible] thought to sh[illegible] Metropolitan [illegible] his engagem[illegible] respected.

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"Believing [illegible] will not fal[illegible] can musici[illegible] ently and [illegible] meister, the composer, [illegible] an ensemble of six voices to be known as the American Ballad Singers. The repertory will consist of some 250 items from American folk and art song, much of which has never reached the concert stage. The group will be heard at Town Hall on Feb. 18.

The Composers' Forum-Laboratory has received thus far this season manuscripts from fifty-eight composers who have never been represented at its meetings. In addition to these, some two hundred other composers have asked for return hearings, despite the rigorous grilling by the public at the conclusion of the sessions.

Due to this response from native composers, the laboratory has decided to give an experimental program next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Lenox Gallery of the New York Public Library, Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. "If this matinee performance meets with a good public response, at least one such matinee will be given each month.

Hemidemisemiquavers: Muriel Dickson, Scottish soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, has received her first American citizenship papers. . . . Ralph Stone has been added to the conducting staff of the Ballet Theatre, sharing the podium at the Center Theatre with Alexander Smallens and Harold Hyrne. . . . At his Town Hall recital next Sunday Sigurd Rascher, Scandinavian saxophonist, is going to play four works written for his instrument and dedicated to him. The composers are Edmund Rork, Wolfgang Jacobi, Irwin Dressel and Freda Swain. . . . Of the 586 events housed in Town Hall last year, 310 were musical. Vocal recitals led with a total of 82. . . . Leopold Stokowski says he wants young musicians under 25 for the orchestra with which he will tour Latin America.

Efrem Zimbalist, great violinist, who will open the Canadian Concert Association series in Calgary this season with a program at the Grand theatre on Monday evening, November 13.

PIANIST RETURNS AFTER ABSENCE

Horowitz Back in America —Was Away Four and A Half Years

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, returned to America after an absence of four and a half years from its concert platforms, remarked to a TIMES representative that he had not lost girth in the interim (and he is a trifle stockier than of yore), but hoped that he was a better artist. "Five years ago," he said, "I had an appendicitis operation—a serious one, a long recovery. I needed to regain not only health but strength. It is useless, for me—for any one—to expect to play well without it. I do not mean that in order to hammer a piano loud enough it is necessary to be a giant. There are even brawny persons who only have a small tone, and small people who draw a big sonority from the instrument. But it must be your tone, born of your special strength, physique, temperament, and unless there is the reserve of health back of it you cannot carry your intention to your audience.

* * *

"I rested two years from the concert platform, after working very hard. Then I began my concerts in Europe two seasons ago. I have played in the West and I soon begin here, as you know. I do not wish to influence a newspaper critic when I say that I hope a new quality will be in my playing. Personally, I believe it is there. Or let me put it differently. I see my music, I think, more clearly and in a more comprehensive way than I did. That happens anyhow if an artist is sincere, and works, and has a capacity for growth.

"But there is something more. You New Yorkers should agree with what I am to say now. In fact, you have agreed with it, in the person of more than one busy American who has told me that actually he was happy when taken sick. Then he had time to rest not only his body but his mind. He was encouraged to sleep, to take it easy, to stop thinking of difficult and distracting things, to read entertaining books in the hours of convalescence. And so, when the sickness wasn't too bad, he came out of it something like a new man. I will say that in the many months when I didn't play I learned a great deal about music—perhaps more than I could have learned if I had been forced to practice every available minute, then jump on a train and give a concert.

"Of course, one grows through experience, and the problems of interpretation which one is constantly solving through frequent performance. But this was something else. I could get outside, mentally speaking, of my music. I could contemplate it from a new point of orientation, and I could see things about the forest, which, so to speak, I had not been able to perceive on account of the leaves."

* * *

And what music had engaged his interest in this time? What were his tastes in piano music? What of the modern field? Had he found some new music worth playing?

"I will answer the last part of these questions first," said Mr. Horowitz. "And perhaps I shall run the risk of much condemnation when I say that I have found very little piano music since the Debussy-Ravel period that is attractive to me, or that seems to me particularly worth playing. The first reason for this is that the new music is seldom conceived in terms of the piano. It seldom has the conception of either practicability or beauty of tone. It is, for the most part 'linear,' as the composers like to say—'geometric' if the word fits better. It now affects either the contrapuntal style, frequently on a polytonal or atonal basis, or it considers the piano as an instrument of percussion.

"Now, I assure you, the moment I conclude that the piano is nothing but an instrument of percussion, to be beaten or whacked in order to make rhythm or some hard percussive sound, and not as an instrument on which to sing, and not as an instrument with the unique and divine resource of the pedal—in that moment I shall lock up the instrument, and certainly never again play!

"And that is the fundamental reason why we have so little good piano music today. Some of it follows the older and more impressionistic methods, or occasionally the piece pops up which has within its measure a lyrical thought or conception of beauty. This is rare. And you have to create, even when you write for the piano. It is not only an instrument, as the vast majority of modern composers here and abroad consider it to be, for toccatas! Why toccatas? I can't tell you. But they write them, by the dozens and hundreds—toccatas.

* * *

"They also seldom write in a big form, which, artistically speaking, is a mistake. They write short pieces, in very many cases, of course, because the publishers asked them to. The short piece is agreeable and necessary, and much easier to write than a longer work which essays the enchained development of many ideas. But I think almost any artist will tell you that he must have something more than a sublimated parlor piece or the like to get his teeth into. That, we may note parenthetically, is the characteristic of the piano music that appeared, from Beethoven on, in the nineteenth century. The two centuries which produced the most and also the best music for the piano were the eighteenth—when the keyed instrument was at first a precursor of the piano, the harpsichord—and the nineteenth. The nineteenth, above all, for the modern audience and concert hall! The nineteenth-century piano composers asked for a big hall, and a powerful instrument, and they wrote proportionately for these things. They wrote in grand forms and the romantic style. Therefore it is their music which, above all, is available, for practical reasons, for the big concert hall. The smaller pieces of the eighteenth and later twentieth century would not, on the average, either fill a hall from the standpoint of effect, or prove sufficiently attractive to the audiences.

* * *

"It is true that a master like Chopin writes short pieces as well as great ones, so wonderfully conceived, so pianistic and individual in essence that they can be played between greater pieces. But do you think a modern audience would tolerate a program made only of the Preludes, Mazurkas, and smaller Etudes? Think even of a work like the Schumann "Fantasia," which is one of the noblest creations that the literature of the piano knows. The first and second movements are for the great piano and the great hall. The third ought to be played in a small room with twenty persons present. Only then can it reach its full effect. In concert it is only carried by the two movements that precede it. You should not play it separated from its context.

* * *

"As for my present tastes? Tastes certainly change. If you ask me the name of the greatest concerto for piano, I will answer at once: Brahms's, in B flat. As for the composers that come nearest one? In late years the later Beethoven sonatas have drawn me very much, though I would seldom try to play them in public, since the musical thought, partly on account of Beethoven's bad piano writing, remains inaccessible to the majority of listeners. Brahms, in other works, including small ones in the form of the intermezzi and other small pieces, becomes always more appealing. I suppose it is not unnatural that today I do not willingly play Liszt, whom in former times I worshiped and adored. I will play him, but not from the approach that was mine only a few years ago.

* * *

"This confession may amuse you: I was a long time in reaching Beethoven, but was simply captivated, at the start, by the piano music of Grieg. But one must develop in one's own way, without apologies and certainly without the attempt at taking an artificial position, and claiming to admire what one does not. Every year of my life I discover new vistas of music, or new aspects in which older creations now appear. And that is as it should be. These are the adventures of an artist among masterpieces."

Barbirolli and a Premiere

By Pitts Sanborn

New York

Dedicated to the Philharmonic-Symphony Society and its conductor, John Barbirolli, "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," by Jaromir Weinberger, a native of Prague and now a resident of New York, brought a world premiere to the Philharmonic-Symphony's opening concert of the season, on the evening of Oct. 12, in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Weinberger, who is best known in this country through the Polka and Fugue from his opera "Schwanda," was present to listen, to applaud Mr. Barbirolli and the orchestra, and to bow repeatedly in response to the ovation that followed the sonorous concluding section of the new work—a fugue that falls little short in effectiveness of the one that adorns "Schwanda."

"Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," related to Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" only, it seems, by coincidence, consists of a theme, seven variations, and the aforesaid fugue, and it all testifies to Mr. Weinberger's skill in counterpoint and command of orchestration. But the theme itself, a commonplace tune that has known long and varied service and must have haunted George Gershwin when he wrote "I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'" for "Porgy and Bess," is about the last thing one would expect as the basis for such a greatly pretending composition as this.

* * *

However, Mr. Weinberger heard it at the movies in the course of a newsreel where the King of England and some of his young subjects at a Boys' Camp sang the jingle that goes with the tune and danced and gesticulated to its easy measures. Whence the variations and fugue. Perhaps the composer is not aware that some little time ago, an effort was made to introduce the jingle to local ballrooms as what he has called a "gesture song," but without catching the fancy of the dancers.

The best of the work is undoubtedly the fugue, though the variation dedicated to the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnets, which is rich in sentiment, and the lively one imitating the skirling of Highland bagpipes deserve special mention.

The character of the other variations is plainly indicated by their titles—"Her Majesty's Virginal," "The Madrigalists," "Pastorale" (a tribute to the English landscape as depicted in a painting in the Louvre), "Mr. Weller, Sr., discusses widows with his son, Samuel Weller, Esq.," and "Sarabande for Princess Elizabeth, Electress Palatine, and Queen of Bohemia."

* * *

Between these two sections of the program he sandwiched in a group in English, which, to put it mildly, increased in no wise the distinction of the occasion. The basso's fine powers as an interpreter, however, were impressively set forth in the Dvorak songs and again in the lyrics by Wolf and Moussorgsky. The Mozart airs he delivered with abundant humor. Yet his treatment of them belonged rather to the theater than to the concert room. He had an excellent accompanying pianist in Celius Dougherty.

Violinists have lately been much to the fore. While Mr. Kipnis was singing in the Town Hall, Kato Havas, a very young Hungarian girl, made her American début in Carnegie Hall, proving to her hearers a genuine, if still immature, talent. In the late afternoon of Oct. 14 Efrem Zimbalist, assisted by Vladimir Sokoloff, continued his series of programs devoted to sonatas for violin and piano, and in the same hall on the following afternoon, early and late, Arnold Belnick and David Sackson held forth successively.

Maurice Seymour

Marie Jeanne and Lew Christensen with the American Ballet Caravan at the St. James Theatre.

NOTES OF MUSICIANS HERE AND AFIELD

THE next festival of eighteenth century chamber music sponsored by the Restoration in Williamsburg, Va., will be held at the Governor's Palace, April 15-20, in that city. The concerts will again be directed by Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichordist, who will be joined on the programs by several assisting artists. Each of the concerts will be concerned with further revivals of significant music identified with Williamsburg and Virginia during the colonial period. Detailed information regarding the festival may be obtained from Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., Williamsburg, Va.

David Mannes, conductor of free symphonic concerts at Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, assisted by Hildegarde Donaldson and Lois Porter, violins; Quincy Porter, viola; Aaron Bodenhorn, 'cello; Lois Wann, oboe, and Pauline Pierce, mezzo-soprano, will hold a festival of eighteenth century music Thursday, Friday and Saturday in New Haven, Conn., under the auspices of the Yale University School of Music. The concerts, which will be presented in Sprague Memorial Hall, will feature numerous rarely heard works, such as the "Salve Regina" and excerpts from the opera "Narciso" to be included in the program devoted to creations by Domenico Scarlatti, scheduled for Friday's event. Other infrequently offered examples of early music listed are the Tessarini sonata for oboe and figured bass, a sonata for harpsichord and strings by Charles Avison, a sonata for oboe, violin and figured bass by Pepusch, and the Abel harpsichord concerto in E flat major.

Bach's "Musical Offering" will be presented in its entirety by the Bach Circle for what is believed to be the first time in this city, Jan. 20, at Town Hall. The edition of Dr. Hans T. David will be used and the performance will be directed by Yella Pessl at the harpsichord. The program also contains the Bach cantata "Liebster Jesu, mein Verlangen."

Wilhelm Fiedler, son of the late Max Fiedler the well-known conductor, is now director of the chorus and orchestra at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

"Madama Butterfly" will be given by the Newark Civic Opera Company Friday night at the Newark Opera House, Newark, N. J., with a cast headed by Anne Roselle, Rolf Gerard and Giuseppe Interrante.

Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" will be presented by the Philadelphia Opera Company, under Sylvan Levin, Jan. 16 at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, as the third production of its current season.

A series of free concerts, under the direction of David Rabinowitz, opens next Sunday afternoon at the Ferguson Public Library, Stamford, Conn., when Frank La Forge, composer-pianist, will be the soloist.

The London Musical Association's new bulletin announces a paper on "The Literature of Conducting" by Benjamin Grosbayne, New York conductor, which will be read before the association during the coming Spring.

Cecil Arden, mezzo-soprano, formerly of the Metropolitan, returns to the concert stage this season after an absence of several years. She opens an extended tour in Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 10, and will give a Town Hall recital at the conclusion of the trip.

Herbert Mitchell

Scheduled to give recitals this week are Margaret Sittig, violinist, and Nicanor Zabaleta, harpist.

OPERA SEASON BEGINS IN ITALY

Bologna and Turin Launch Their New Lyric Years Early

Rome.

ITALY'S major Fall opera season was inaugurated at the Teatro Comunale of Bologna, with a series of broadcast productions conducted by Giuseppe del Campo. Simultaneously a season was opened at the Teatro Carignano of Turin under the batons of Dick Marzollo and Giulio Gedda. Owing to the engagements of the best

lerina of La Scala; the fine singing and stage play of Margherita Carosio in "Don Pasquale" and of Agostino Casavecchi in the Massenet

VIROVAI THE ORCHESTRA'S GUEST THIS WEEK.

The newest big name in the violin world is Robert Virovai, Hungarian youth, who at 18 has become an international sensation. He will play the Brahms violin concerto with Karl Krueger and the Philharmonic Orchestra next Thursday and Friday nights.

Nina Stroganova, with Ballet Theatre at the Center Theatre.

RECORDS: 1940 PREVIEW

A Glance at What the New Year Will Bring Forth—Recent Releases

Beginning today, a new and extended department covering the field of phonographs and records will appear each Sunday on these pages of The New York Times. It will interest all groups of record-buyers and record-users—the seasoned collector, the newcomer ready for the acquisition of a hobby and the music-lover in general. The department will present news of the field and will provide a practical guide for the development of record libraries. It will include a section on popular music of the day.

By GAMA GILBERT

THE record industry is bracing itself for a 1940 deluge. After the dark days caused first by the radio, then by the crash, it has undergone such a rapid resurrection that it can hardly keep up with itself. In recent seasons factories have learned that they are far from ideally equipped to handle a rush demand, while the day-to-day trade is keeping them on the jump. The industry is determined not to be caught short in the coming year.

It is planning a production determined, naturally, by what it thinks the buying public will want. Jazz, from radio, movies, Broadway musicals and Tin Pan Alley, will continue to be the major output.

The policy of "classical" recording is altogether more difficult, for this market is compounded of many musical tastes and the problem of selection is paramount for manufacturers. This involves selection of the artist and the music to be recorded, and both must be carefully timed in relation to competitors' releases. Unless the performer is a big name with a faithful following, a competing release by a lesser artist can eat the heart out of a market inside of a two months' advantage. You would think that companies would seek to protect themselves by monopolizing big-name artists; but, happily, there are other big names that have an increasing public appeal and are not subject to monopolization. They are names like Beethoven, Wagner, Schubert, Mozart, Tchaikovsky.

New York Times Studio

Wilfred Pelletier.

"Classics" Chief Stimulants

These so-called "standard" composers are the chief stimulants of the phonograph revival, and to them the major companies are directing their greatest efforts. An old and continuously working firm like Victor is still renewing its enormous catalogue of masterworks for a wide and boisterous public demand. Reborn a year or so ago, Columbia is replenishing its lists of "classics" with particular zeal.

Smaller concerns are taking care of advanced and specialized tastes. Musicraft will continue its albums of rarely heard solo and chamber music and various forms of Americana. Decca will go on making records with the eclecticism of business sense, whether it leads to Mussorgsky, Gershwin or tunes from Tahiti. A dark horse in the field is the new United States Record Corporation, which is spreading itself in all directions.

Future Releases

For most readers the big news about specific future releases will be Toscanini's Beethoven cycle with the NBC Symphony in Radio City. Though the cycle has precipitated the lyric flights of music critics and a flood of happy mail, neither of these facts guarantees the release of the records. That waits the decision of Toscanini.

Other major Victor releases will be Toscanini's Mozart G minor symphony; the Beethoven "Missa Solemnis" by Koussevitzky, the Boston Symphony and the Harvard-Radcliffe chorus; the Mozart Requiem Mass, with the Philadelphia Orchestra and a local choir under Harl MacDonald; excerpts from at least "Tristan and Isolde" and "Goetterdaemmerung" by Kirsten Flagstad, Lauritz Melchior, the San Francisco Opera Orchestra under Edwin McArthur, and several hitherto unrecorded Rachmaninoff works with the composer at the piano, the Philadelphia Orchestra and Eugene Ormandy.

Seeking mainly the standard orchestral repertory, Columbia has engaged the Cleveland Orchestra and Artur Rodzinski, the Chicago and Frederick Stock, and the Minneapolis with Dimitri Mitropoulos. Newly engaged chamber groups are the Roth, Curtis and Dorian String Quartets.

REVIEWS

Verdi: "Otello," Abridged Version. By Lawrence Tibbett, Giovanni Martinelli, Helen Jepson, Nicolas Massue, Herman Breeben, members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus, Wilfred Pelletier conducting (Victor - $12). "Abridged version" means a dozen twelve-inch sides, about fifty-two minutes' playing time. The album does not give dramatic continuity, but, heard without interruption, the sheer force of the music engenders a cumulative effect. It offers some of the big moments of the drama: Iago's Drinking Song and the Love Duet, Act. I; the Credo and the duet of Iago and Otello (three sides), Act. II; Otello's Monologue and the trio, Act. III; Desdemona's Willow Song, Ave Maria, and Otello's Death, Act. IV. The performance is not of even quality, but in sum, very satisfying. Mr. Tibbett sings with gusto, Miss Jepson is a somewhat mild but well-sounding Desdemona, and Mr. Martinelli is better in the dramatic measures than in the lyric, where the voice is pale. Mr. Pelletier's orchestra is trenchant and vigorous.

Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 5, D major, "The Reformation." By Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, Howard Barlow conducting. (Columbia, eight twelve-inch sides—$7). Sound and straightforward performance of a work that is not often brought to the concert halls. The mechanics of recording are not altogether satisfactory, particularly in broad massed effects of strings, brass or both, though Mr. Barlow does not stress noisy pomp. Volume restores clarity and fidelity, but then, like the "Otello" records, it is often too loud for the ordinary-sized room.

Chopin: Mazurkas. By Artur Rubinstein, pianist. (Victor—$10.) Twenty mazurkas from Op. 6, 7, 17, 24, 30 and 41; ten twelve-inch sides. Played with exquisite appreciation of their characteristic poetry and with consummate technique. A must for any collection and a rare object-lesson for students. The recording misses nothing. If you want to sample the release try the A minor mazurka, eighth side. The album, called Volume I, happily infers a second.

Roland Hayes Song Recital. (Columbia—$5.) The eminent Negro tenor sings ten selections on as many ten-inch sides, ranging from Monteverdi to spirituals. He asks that they be accepted as a recital in miniature and as "a study in the evolution of the art song." The album is disappointing as a recital. Though it contains evidences of the tenor's sensitive art, it stresses his technical limitations and minimizes the influence of his rare artistic personality. As a study of the art song of three centuries, why should it include second-rate Roger Quilter, a Massenet aria, even Beethoven's "Adelaide" (sung in English), and omit the great Lieder?

In the Popular Field

Highlights from Friml Operettas, Rudolf Friml "In Person" at the piano. (Schirmer, ten twelve-inch sides—$7.50.) For Friml fans these records should constitute the tablets of the gospel. The composer sits at the piano and reminisces in flowery style on tunes from such of his hits as "Firefly," "You're in Love," "Glorianna," "Katinka," "High Jinks," "Vagabond King" and "White Eagle," representing the era 1912-28. Rudolf Jr. is the announcer.

Moods and Fancies, Mr. Friml again at the piano, with Junior announcing. (Schirmer, ten twelve-inch sides—$7.50.) This time Mr. Friml plays eight of his 2,000 published piano pieces and adds two improvisations. "I write music in any place I happen to be—in bed, in the boat, even when I am taking a shower," he says. Here are some of the results: "Chanson," "Valse Poetique," "Amour Coquet," "Valse Lucille," "Adieu," "Drifting," "Egyptian Dance" and "Melodie." Mr. Friml plays his music as it should be played.

From "Dubarry Was a Lady": "Do I Love You" and "Katie Went to Haiti," Leo Reisman's Orch. (Victor). Lee Sullivan does the vocal in the first, Gertrude Nelsen in the second.

"When Love Beckoned" and "Do I Love You," Artie Shaw's Orch. (Bluebird). You'll recognize both tunes.

"It Was Written in the Stars" and "Johnson Rag," Glenn Miller's Orch. (Bluebird). The first is second-rate Porter, Ray Eberle singing in a straight version. "Johnson Rag," rather heavy swing, is not in the show.

"Do I Love You" and "It Was Written in the Stars," Chick Bullock's Orch. (Vocalion).

(Victor is 75 cents; Bluebird and Vocalion 35 cents.)

...rk Times Studio

Rudolf Friml.

George Bernard Shaw, Best Known Dramatist of Modern Times, Rounds Out Years Picturing World 'on the Rocks'

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw at San Francisco, on 'round-the-world voyage, with a side trip to Grand Canyon, in 1936.

At his revolving study in the garden of his summer home in Hertfordshire, England—1929.

A late photo—Shaw, left, talking with Joseph P. Kennedy, U. S. ambassador in London.

Shaw in 1891—a blond Mephistopheles—at 35.

At his desk in 1928, and, above, a portrait study made in 1927.

Shaw interviewed by reporters in Los Angeles on 'round-the-world voyage in 1936.

(By Central Press Canadian)

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, who may be known in the future as the greatest dramatist of our time, is suffering from the fatigue of age at his home in London. Physicians term his ailment as "a form of anemia."

Shaw will be 82 on July 26.

Some years ago the commercial theatre ceased to produce new efforts from his pen. The plays had become "an old man's expressions on philosophy and politics"—rather than drama. But had they?

Merely a few weeks ago, the United States Federal Theatre Project produced Shaw's "On the Rocks" in New York. It has been written in 1933 while on a world voyage. Aside from a few Little theatre productions in London, it had lain on the shelf.

It was to run merely a few weeks.

The Federal theatre, however, found it so vital and so interesting to the public at large, that it will reproduce it in the autumn for a run. Its players had to depart for previous engagements at summer theatres for the intervening months.

Another, later play—"Geneva"—is to be produced by a small group in England on August 1. Shaw was to have directed rehearsals.

A Tired Mind?

In "On the Rocks," Shaw pictures England on the rocks before all the quack panaceas and forms of government—not merely England, but the world. It is alive with intense, vital discussion of the crises the world is meeting today—although it was written five years ago.

Critics have said it is the work of a tired mind. Rather, it is the work of a mind that visions the future and refuses to paint it in brighter colors. It is of a tired world, not a tired mind.

Naturally, age does tell on any mind. "On the Rocks" is no such brilliant play as "Candida" nor such a classic as "St. Joan." But it may contain more essential political truths. And the theatre has become a forum of political debate, whether we like it or not. It could not be otherwise, for the drama of our lives, indeed our existence, is bound up in the political and social evolution that is sweeping the world today.

A Struggle

Shaw will die a wealthy man. And virtually every country in the world will honor him.

Thus it may be overlooked that he had to struggle for some 40 years for real recognition as a dramatist. The "successful" men of that period are forgotten.

"Candida," written in 1894, could find no production till 1897. Actually, it found no success till a quarter of a century later.

That had been prophesied by Charles Wyndham, successful actor-manager in England. To all importunities to write a "popular" play that would "make money," Shaw turned a deaf ear. He wrote his American literary agent, the late Elizabeth Marbury, that he would continue writing as he was—and that in 10 years he would wallow in gold.

The 10 years became 20 years, and he did "wallow in gold."

Shaw, it may be recalled, began as a journalist in London after coming from his native Ireland. And as a journalist he became a music critic. And as a music critic he "discovered" Richard Wagner for England.

It will be recalled, too, that this master-composer also was told by contemporary managers in Europe to compose for the box-office to prevent starvation. But he could not—and for that all posterity owes thanks. Today, the Wagnerian music-dramas are the most popular in the opera repertoire of the world.

A Political Force

Shaw is, of course, more than a playwright or a lecturer. He is a political force. His early social-economic thought was dominated by Henry George, the American economist, the Single Taxer. Shaw went far beyond, to Marx and Engles, and, completing an orbit, in his later days to the abnegation of all. From a Fabian Socialist to a disbeliever of everything except the development of man himself may not be such an orbit, after all, nor may this change of development be the thought of a tired mind so much as that of a mind which has sought for three-quarters of a century to find a better means for man to govern himself.

As a political force, Shaw has had the largest influence through his laughter and irony, his showing up of the follies of politicians, thought. His thrusts at England have been thrusts at every nation.

He has dared to be anti-war even when it has meant isolation and almost ruin. But how true his world war words sound today—and empty those of his detractors! And how poignant his words of today sound concerning present-day situations! But how they differ from the popular temper! Except, today, they are passed over as the murmurings of an outworn mind. But are they, are they?

Peasant and Poet

Robbie Burns will for all time occupy a warm spot in the hearts of most people. He came from lowly peasant stock, he spoke the language of the common people and more than any other writer of his time he spoke for them. In his poems, epistles and epigrams are contained bristling satires and indignation about those conditions which twist and warp the lives of the poor.

Burns was born in a mud hut, on January 25th, 1759. He died of rheumatic fever and tuberculosis at the early age of 37. He grew up during an intensely stormy period of the world's history, when the great struggles against feudalism and intolerance were surging. The year he was born, Quebec was conquered by Wolfe. When he was a child, Britain was at war with France on two continents. When he was 17, the American Declaration of Independence was proclaimed. Seven years before his death, the Bastille had fallen and the revolution had triumphed in France.

Burns hailed the French and American revolutions, and was deeply saddened by conditions in Scotland. There the peasants were driven from the crofts and landed areas, many of them to die in cities or in shiploads on the way to America. Reformers or anyone who voiced opposition to the small, remote governing class were called Jacobins, dangerous revolutionaries and seditious plotters. Burns saw an extensive spy system by which the government tried to weed out all sympathizers of France or America. Liberal-minded people were arrested, accused of treason and sentenced to death or to penal colonies. In this procedure history is being repeated today.

Thus Burns wrote from the fulness of his own experience and from the depths of his understanding and emotion. He uttered the despair of the Ayrshire peasants and his was a defiant shout in a most reactionary period in Scottish history. He was the champion of the oppressed and of liberty. He spoke with curling lip about the princelings of pomp, "the knights wi' garters." But he also could sing sweetly, with infinite tenderness and lyricism of nature's beauty and his beloved Ayrshire.

The poems of Robbie Burns will never be outdated so long as the human heart will respond to love, justice, tolerance and brotherhood. Apt indeed for conditions today is his poem in defence of the liberal and reformer:

"A man is thought a knave, a fool,
A bigot plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his kind
Is wiser than his time."

Samuel Pepys Reforms the Navy, Founds a British Tradition

SAMUEL PEPYS, The Saviour of the Navy, by Arthur Bryant; Toronto: Macmillan; $4.

By W. L. MACDONALD

THIS is the third volume of the life of Pepys, originally intended to be complete in two; and it will take at least another volume adequately to record the fourteen years still to be accounted for. The present admirable book depicts Samuel Pepys at the height of his career. President of the Royal Society, he was in all but name what would now be called First Lord of the Admiralty, and as foremost Baron of the Cinque Ports, one of the four canopy bearers in the coronation of James II.

The phrase "dramatic story," which appears on the dust cover, is judiciously used. The volume begins with Pepys, out of office for half a dozen years, accompanying the fleet when it goes to demolish England's ill-chosen naval post at Tangiers. This expedition gives the future secretary of the admiralty an opportunity of observing the lamentable state into which the navy has sunk five years after his guiding hand has been withdrawn.

Discipline gone, naval officers during these years have made a racket of carrying merchandise at exorbitant rates, making huge rake-offs from alleged protection of merchant ships, carrying passengers and bullion—and sometimes deliberately falling down on the contract. Captain Herbert, one of the worst offenders, is recalled home, not to be cashiered but to be made rear admiral of England and later, after the revolution, head of the new Admiralty Commission.

Then in 1684 Pepys is recalled to the admiralty and the scene rapidly changes. Pressing upon the King the necessity of drastic reform, he carries his scheme of a special naval commission, and by ceaseless pressure and insistent vigilance, in three years he literally remakes the English navy and places it upon a firm basis—the foundation of Britain's modern sea-power. And the end of the tragic story is that just when the navy is ready for service, through incompetent handling it stands by to allow the English revolution of 1688 to take its unobstructed course.

Regulations Still Operative.

With the advent of William III. Pepys withdraws officially from the scene, his work done; the navy not only rebuilt, but furnished with a set of regulations which are still operative, and the materials for the Memoirs of the Navy (published in 1690), the basis of all future histories of the navy, collected and arranged in his files.

"The navy was in dire need and he knew that only he could save it," says Mr. Bryant of the man who for so long was known as the fussy diarist and admiralty clerk. It sounds fantastic, this phrase, reminiscent of the Great Pitt, and yet it was literally true. One reflects that other branches of the national service must have had from time to time a Pepys; how else can we explain Britain's "muddling through" to the supreme world position she ultimately attained, and, until recently, held?

Farewell to an Irish Poet

by JOHN COULTER

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, *famous Irish poet, playwright and senator, who died Jan. 28, and about whom John Coulter, now living in Toronto, writes this interesting intimate sketch.*

He is gone—the man whose verse was like the sound of a woodland stream flowing quietly under the moon

I HAD but lately come to live in Dublin, and was still young enough for that wondering and affectionate admiration of great men which is hero-worship. And some of my heroes were about.

John Synge was dead, but I had read his printed works and had seen "The Playboy of the Western World" and had been deeply moved by "The Riders to the Sea," the first play I ever witnessed at the Abbey theatre. George Moore had returned to Ebury St., London; but Dublin was still laughing at the mischievous barbs he had shot at the town's literary celebrities.

One sunny but coldish spring morning I was strolling down Dawson St. with a friend when he suddenly stopped talking.

A tall gentleman in a well-cut light gray overcoat and soft gray hat was advancing up the street. I noticed the broad strand of black ribbon floating from his pince-nez, and the big soft black tie, such as painters wore, knotted at his throat in a double bow with the ends flowing. He was passing a book shop.

"Know who that was?" my friend asked. "That was the great W. B."

I knew. It was the first time I'd seen him, but there was no mistaking him.

With the frindly malice of the Dubliner my friend spoke up. "Yeats was lost in his dream, but he spotted that book shop; and I'll bet you he spied just which of his own immotal works are on display in the window!"

"But why so? The popular notion that poets are necessarily fools about poetical things is idiotic. Poets are impractical only when being practical bores them."

And certainly Yeats could not have succeeded in founding the Abbey theatre had he not possessed, in addition to inspired vision, tenacity of purpose and practical judgment, the special attributes of the successful business man. And in that first glance at him as he passed by, I saw that he had his full share of those qualities; the grave but alert countenance; the short, aggressive nose, the small, firm mouth, the quick, penetrating eyes, and the proud, even arrogant poise and carriage—there, surely, were the features of a man not to be frustrated. But also there was about him an authority which made it possible to say of him without fulsome deference or sentimentality, "the man is noble."

I have heard people talk of Yeats as being inhuman, without humor. "His laugh was the most melancholy sound on earth!" Yet there are amusing "human" stories about him. I was told by one of the two actors concerned: Arthur Sinclair, the Abbey's greatest comedian, and Sidney Morgan, also of the original company: I was told that once when they were rehearsing a scene on the Abbey stage, Yeats was out there at the back of the theatre, reclining with his long legs stretched out and his eyes closed as though he were far away in a dream and unaware of what was happening round him. At a break in the rehearsal Morgan half - whispered to Sinclair, "Arthur, Yeats is sleeping. We'd have time to whip out for a quick one." They went along the aisle and were tip-toeing past Yeats in hope of not waking him. As they passed, W. B., without opening his eyes or stirring at all, said in a half-whisper, "And bring one in for me, please."

But such stories are the least characteristic of a man who was the High Priest of Letters, dedicated to his art and impatient of fools' company:

"I know what wages Beauty gives,
How hard a life her servant lives:
Yet praise the Winters gone,
That not a fool can call me friend
And I will dine at Journey's end
With Landor and with Donne."

That was the Yeats whom I had a unique chance of observing in the very act of composing one of his works. It was a Sunday afternoon. I was living in Stephen's Green, and so was Yeats. He had but lately married, and had brought his wife to stay for a while in one of the old gray 18th-century houses near the southeast corner of the Green. I was eager to see what manner of woman Yeats had married, for he was now middle-aged and many had come to think of him as a dedicated celibate in love only with his muse.

A Poetic Seance

I WALKED along to the house in some excitement. I was the only visitor, and when I had talked to Yeats for some little while, his wife came in. A beautiful woman, but with some strange power of divination which affected me the moment her eyes met mine. Her manner was gentle, warm, unaffected, yet it did not obscure that incalculable potency of spirit.

Physically, her appearance reminded me that Yeats had been associated with William Morris and the pre-Raphaelites, for I thought, as I looked at her, of the shadowy beauty of the woman in Rossetti's paintings and in some of Yeats' own poems. "... the long, heavy hair that was shaken out over my breast," —, and here was such a woman, the living embodiment of that beauty.

We sat down, and while Yeats talked Mrs. Yeats and I were silent. His soft Dublin brogue glided on and on in cadences that fell upon me lullingly like the sound of a woodland stream flowing quietly under the moon. I wondered what it was all about, but knew only that the words evoked image after image in metaphoric allusion to some occult influence of the moon, changing in its successive phases.

Sometimes during the seance I saw how his eyes kindled as his swift thought, ranging in pursuit of an illuminating image, soared, poised, and then struck like a hawk. It was an enthralling performance. I was excited. Intellectually elated. . . . Until the spell was broken, as by returning consciousness in which I was aware again of that "influence" at play upon me. I am not making concocted melodrama of what was no more than a whim of fancy, when I say that for a moment I feared I was being hypnotised.

Then there was the other Yeats. When I discussed with him a practical problem of financing a repertory theatre he was completely objective and realistic. My impression was that few of those theatrical business managers, who like to call themselves hard-boiled showmen and are often no more than stuffed boiled shirts, could have taught Yeats much about the hard-boiled details of the repertory business. He could be a man of action, though not deluded into thinking of action as a value in itself: he called it "the struggle of the fly in the marmalade."

About his own plays I should have a lot to say were this an essay in criticism, for there are people who speak of them as being no more than precious trifles for highbrows only. There are people who say that Yeats could write nothing else but such trifles and had no practical grasp of the job such as is needed by playwrights with the general public out there to be pleased. But I can tell them of an evening on which I saw the hobbledehoys and working men from Dublin's back streets sit on the pit-benches, watching, in the open-mouthed wonder and silence of complete absorption, Yeats' political stage-parable, "Cathleen ni Houlihan." The play is far from being the best of Yeats' work, but after its performance I watched those men drifting out to the street with a light of awakened vision in their eyes. And if I were asked to name any one single cause of the regenerated patriotism of Dublin I should name, among creative works at least, "Cathleen ni Houlihan."

I come back to that spri... morning when I first saw Ye... in Dawson St. My friend ... to me, "W. B. has cast hi... for the part of Ireland's ... poet!"

I retorted, "How m...

I gaze upon them as the swallow gases
Upon the nest under the eave, before
She wander the loud waters. Do not weep
Too great a while, for there is many a candle
On the High Altar though one fail. Alecl,
Who sang about the dancers of the woods
That know not the hard burden of the world,
Having but breath in their kind bodies, farewell!
And farewell, Oona, you who played with me,
And bore me in your arms about the house
When I was but a child and therefore happy,
Therefore happy, even like those that dance,
The storms is in my hair and I must go.
The light beats down; the gates of pearl are wide
And she is passing to the floor of peace.
The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet."

Has poetry of that quality been written by anyone else in our day?

I think we have lost, in William Butler Yeats, the greatest Irish poet of all time. • •

Canadian
More Pop
Than In

WRITERS share th
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without honor in their ov
Mrs. Flos Jewel Will
members of the Women
club at a meeting held
lic library on Tuesday

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doubted that many
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Discussing the reaso
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because the bulk of our
was peasant in origin.
farming, lumbering,
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The book loving publi
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a large extent, the speak
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able in cheap editions.

Lucas & Monroe

At the top is Mobley Lushanya, American-Indian soprano in her first New York recital. Above is Maurice Eisenberg, 'cellist, who appears in Town Hall recital. At left is Hermann Adler, who will conduct Czech benefit program.

'LOUISE' PRESENTED AT METROPOLITAN

Charpentier's Opera Is Given First Time This Season for French Society Benefit

GRACE MOORE IS HEARD

Her Singing Direct and Moving in Title Role—Maison and Pinza Also on Program

LOUISE—Opera in French in four acts. Text and music by Gustave Charpentier. Presented at the Metropolitan Opera House. Stage director, Desire Defrere; chorus master, Fausto Cleva. Conductor, Ettore Panizza.

Louise.....Grace Moore
Julien.....Rene Maison
The Mother.....Doris Doe
The Father.....Ezio Pinza
Irma.....Maxine Stellman
Camille.....Thelma Votipka
Gertrude.....Irra Petina
The Apprentice } .....Natalie Bodanya
A Street Arab }
A Noctambulist } ....Alessio De Paolis
The King of the Fools }
First Philosopher.....Norman Cordon
A Rag Picker.....John Gurney
A Junkman.....Louis D'Angelo

And other characters by Annamary Dickey, Maria Savage, Helen Olheim, Lucielle Browning, Anna Kaskas, Edith Herlick, George Hasely, Giordano Paltrinieri, Nicholas Massue, Anthony Marlowe, Wilfred Engelman, George Cehanovsky, Carlo Coscia.

By HOWARD TAUBMAN

The season's first "Louise" at the Metropolitan Opera House last night was not only a gala occasion but a delightful performance. It was a benefit for the French Benevolent Society and Hospital, and there were reminders of France not only on the stage but in the auditorium. Boxes were draped with the American flag and the tricolor; diplomatic officials were in attendance, and between the scenes of the second act the orchestra played "La Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner."

On the stage was the Paris of 1900—Paris, the enchanted city of Gustave Charpentier's life and imagining. The composer is still alive, but Paris is dark with blackout and war. Not only Charpentier but generations of French men and women must look on and listen to this opera with nostalgia and with perhaps the momentary relief of living in the fragrant days that are gone.

The Metropolitan Opera does well by "Louise" in the current revival. The work was restored to the repertory last season, undoubtedly for Grace Moore, and it was Miss Moore who was back in the title role. It is, by and large, her most satisfying impersonation. She does Louise with sincerity and with affecting feeling. She resorts for a moment here and there to sophisticated gestures, but they are temporary falls from grace. Her voice last night was in good estate and

CONCERT AND OPERA ASIDES

DEPEND on Leopold Stokowski to be experimenting with new ideas and techniques.

For some time now he has been working with an electrical orchestra out in Los Angeles. He has fourteen instruments in this ensemble; he and his players have been considering the possibilities of this combination of instruments.

It will be recalled that Mr. Stokowski was one of the first conductors to give the electrical instruments a sympathetic ear. He even invited one or two to join with the Philadelphia Orchestra in public performances some years ago. His curiosity was aroused and it has remained enlisted in the quest for more knowledge of the electrical field.

What does the conductor plan to do with his electrical ensemble? There is no definite program yet. The reason is that the orchestra is slowly working toward the perfection that Mr. Stokowski hopes for it. Furthermore, Mr. Stokowski is at work on an electrical instrument of his own which, he said the other day, was needed to fill in certain gaps of his present fourteen-instrument ensemble. When that instrument is perfected, Mr. Stokowski may be ready to take the world into his confidence.

He was observing last week that a tour throughout the country might be undertaken. It would not be merely preaching the gospel of the electrical instrument; it must stand on its feet as music.

A few weeks ago this column was glad to report that of sixteen benefit performances scheduled for this season at the Metropolitan Opera, fourteen were German—possibly all Wagner. Now, since benefits are freely chosen by the beneficiaries, the choice seemed to indicate that wartime antagonisms would play no part in the opera's repertory for this season at least.

But now the air seems burdened with a rumor that certain folks have objected to the Metropolitan's performance of "The Bartered Bride," Czech opera by Smetana, in the German language. It so happens that the only important Czech member of any projected cast of the Metropolitan's "Bartered Bride" is Jarmila Novotna, the new soprano, who is especially known for her part of Marie, the principal female role. One of the expected features of the season was her appearance in this opera.

Opera officials say that no word of this rumor has come to their ears, and they are therefore making no alterations in their plans. Assuming these rumors are true, and that they will become strong enough to come to sway the public's mind, the Metropolitan will not be up a tree, though they might find themselves temporarily out on a limb.

One obvious solution is, of course, to give "Bartered Bride" in English, as it was done in a Spring season, when Muriel Dickson scored in the role of Marie. Then what about Jarmila Novotna, whom the Met wants to feature in the role? She can sing it in German, as she has done in old Austria and Germany, or in her native Czech, which she has always sung in Prague. But, although she speaks English, she has never studied the role in that language. But, even in that case, the Metropolitan can get off the limb by letting her sing Marie in Czech while the rest of the cast sings in English. No opera-goer need rack his brain for a precedent for this procedure. It is just one of those things that can happen only in the fantastic realm of opera.

Local-boy-makes-good department: Max Goberman, 28-year-old conductor, has been appointed one of the musical directors of the Ballet Russe of Covent Garden. His first engagement with the company will be an eight-month stay in Australia, where Mr. Goberman will be bound on Friday. Due to the American engagement of Antal Dorati, conductor of the company, Mr. Goberman will assume full responsibility for the first eight weeks, at least, of the Australian season.

Mr. Goberman, a former student at the Curtis Institute of Fritz Reiner, will be remembered as the conductor of the New York Sinfonietta, with which he has recorded unusual music of William Boyce, Pergolesi, Stamitz, John Dowland and Shostakovich for Timely. He also conducted the score which Aaron Copland wrote for the film "The City."

Hemidemisemiquavers: Standing-room tickets for the NBC Orchestra Beethoven concert with Arturo Toscanini in Carnegie Hall on Dec. 2 will go on sale tomorrow at the box office. There are only three first-tier boxes still unsold. . . . The Dallas Symphony Orchestra is hoping that Leopold Stokowski really meant it when he said he would like to see how his protégé, Jacques Singer, the orchestra's conductor, was getting along, and that he would even like to try his hand with the orchestra's baton. . . . The average age of the 103 members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony is 43. . . . Helen Traubel, who scored a success in recital and with the Philharmonic-Symphony recently, will sing Sieglinde at the Opera next month.

APPEARING IN THE OPERA'S FIRST WEEK

Lawrence Tibbett as Boccanegra

Risé Stevens as Mignon

Friedrich Schorr as Hans Sachs

Irene Jessner as Euridice

Ezio Pinza as Boris Godunoff

Bruna Castagna as Amneris

Richard Crooks as Wilhelm

Annamary Dickey in her debut

The New York Times Studio

The Metropolitan Opera opens a new season tomorrow night, Edward Johnson's fifth as general manager. Here is the scene that the first-night audience will see when the curtain goes up—the square before the cathedral in the prologue of Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra."

RUSSIAN ARTIST IN TRIPLE ROLE

By OLIN DOWNES

IN the course of the three orchestral concerts to be given in this city, beginning this evening, in commemoration of the thirtieth anniversary of his first American tour, Sergei Rachmaninoff will appear in the triple role of pianist, conductor and composer. He has been intermittently active, through many years, in all these capacities—less often, it is true, as a conductor than as a creative musician and virtuoso. There were years when Rachmaninoff was undecided as to which of these activities to pursue.

For a long time he practiced interpretation only as a means of presenting his compositions. His American tour of 1909 presented him from this viewpoint. He played and he conducted his own works. His appearances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, when, among other performances, he led the band in the performance of his "Isle of Death," were unforgettable. That was the period of the tone poem after Boecklin and of the Second symphony, two of Rachmaninoff's most popular orchestral compositions. They represented a past but significant phase of the evolution of the composer. The influence of Tchaikovsky was at that time still strong upon him, though not strong enough to conceal the fact of another and highly significant musical personality.

Rachmaninoff's position in modern art, and among other Russian composers, is that of a conservative. But conservatism does not mean academism. The conservation of a great tradition may be an act of special sincerity and power. In any event, Rachmaninoff has from the beginning gone his own incorrigible way; yielding to no major influence with which he came into contact; never seeking for a moment to follow a musical fad or "ideology" to which he was not drawn. He was pitted against Scriabin by the Russian public at the turn of this century. We know now that he cherished a friendship for Scriabin and an admiration of his original qualities, upon which he acted, as pianist and conductor, to make Scriabin's music familiar to the public.

* * *

THIS is remindful of a conversation that Mr. Rachmaninoff would not recall, held between him and a young reporter when he came to America for his second tour in 1916. This young man was considered modernistic by his friends. Scriabin's "Poème d'Extase" had recently been performed for the first time in America. The music was then new. Much of Rachmaninoff's music, and not only the Prelude in C Sharp Minor which had cursed his waking hours for many years, was already known to our public. Also Rachmaninoff was conceded to have become popular and a world figure on both sides of the water. As a player he stemmed from Rubinstein and as a composer from the supreme figure in Russian music of the Eighties and Nineties, Tchaikovsky.

At this juncture the young man launched a question which he believed he phrased in a manner both crafty and subtle. He asked Rachmaninoff, "Do you believe that a composer can have real genius, sincerity, profundity of feeling, and at the same time be popular?"

Rachmaninoff: "Yes, I believe it is possible to be very serious, to have something to say, and at the same time to be popular. I believe that. Others do not. They think—what you think," with a long indicating finger and a look of such evident comprehension that Mr. Rachmaninoff's questioner was suddenly high and dry, with not a word to say!

Rachmaninoff wore the mantle of the Moscow school, as opposed to that of St. Petersburg—the Balakireffs, Borodins, Cuis, Mussorgskys of the then Russian capital. He was a melodist, too, and in this respect as others the inheritor of Tchaikovskian lyricism.

* * *

OBSERVE the conservative's progress. Reflect, also, on the evolution of public opinion regarding Scriabin. It is with no effort to underrate him that one remarks upon the gradually lessening effect of Scriabin's romanticism. In the meantime Rachmaninoff continues, though with an energy tempered by other demands upon his strength and time, to compose and to strongly hold his own. Whether his late works will appear as salient to us as his earlier ones is to be seen. But he has never changed his course. He has never forsaken the truth as seen by his spirit. Perhaps there is another purpose in the industry and tenacity with which he composes. Perhaps he feels that he had a very solemn duty to his contemporaries in keeping intact, in his works, that which he feels to be the essence of Russian music.

With the principal exception of the early operas, "Aleko," "Francesca da Rimini" and "The Miser Knight," Rachmaninoff has kept consistently to the main line of divergence between the former Moscow and St. Petersburg groups. He has continued, in the larger forms, a symphonist. Up to the present time he has produced no ballet—a field which has attracted practically every Russian composer of prominence before him, and a field in which, owing to their color sense, love of fantasy and spectacle, and instinct for the scene, Russians have been singularly successful. But Rachmaninoff has avoided the stage and has not depended upon the legends and folklore which formed the basis of so much of the music of "The Five," and indeed signalized the development which was principally associated in the Western mind with the evolution of the Russian national school.

* * *

NOT for him the diet of fairy tale and the prevailing orientalism of the famous colorists that Borodin and Mussorgsky and Balakireff and Rimsky-Korsakoff came to be. The folk-element, melodically speaking, is strongly present in many of Rachmaninoff's scores, but as an essence rather than a quotation or a means toward a pictorial-musical effect. He leans enough upon the German symphonic tradition apparently to feel that the surface idiom of music is not the guarantee of its nationalism; and the example of Tchaikovsky, in this respect, with the latter's clear indebtedness to great symphonic line and the ideals which animated Tchaikovsky, he would best serve his art, his patriotism—a much-maligned word—and thus keep bright, in a world gone dark and insane, the fire around his ancestral altars.

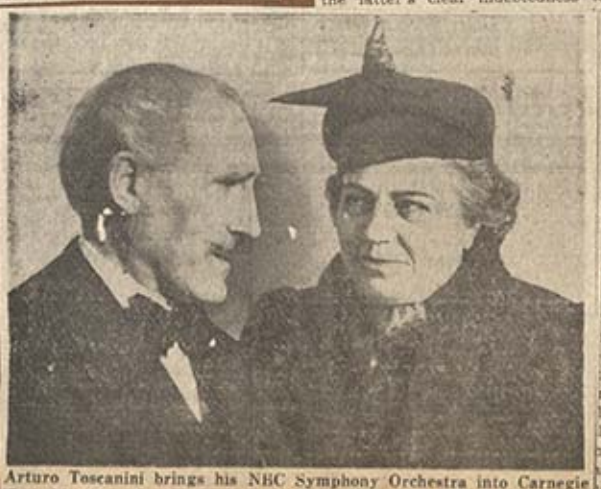
Be it understood that we are not quoting Mr. Rachmaninoff. We have never discussed this matter with him. He is, anyhow, a man very averse to discussion of the things he holds nearest. We are speaking on the basis of the plain evidence of his music and career.

* * *

THAT career has the background of the spaciousness of another epoch, which knew the internationalism of the great cities and the glory of the Russian soil. The life in the Russian country, the brilliant intellectual and social aspects of Moscow in the greatest days of Russian art, a culture compounded of national currents and the most significant thinking of Europe, was the life of his youth. He has witnessed all the changes which have come over Russia and the world since that time. He has moved through it all, a tragic consciousness, a world-figure, one which has kept intact its own inner power and integrity through a generally disintegrating metamorphosis.

He remains what he is and what he was, with a creative personality which has lost not a whit of its effect upon the public, and a character by grace of which he remains a wholly independent agent in life. Whether you agree with him or not is wholly immaterial and unimportant. He is himself.

Once he was asked for an aphorism concerning music which might be published. He did not hesitate an instant, but picked up a pencil and scrawled on the piece of paper nearest at hand these simple words: "The greatest thing in art is sincerity." His own sincerity, his own diligence and conscience as interpretive and creative musician have made him what he is and what he will remain to the end of a career which is in the highest sense influential. "Hier stehe ich. Ich kann nicht anders."



Arturo Toscanini brings his NBC Symphony Orchestra into Carnegie Hall this Saturday for Beethoven's Ninth. Here he is in a rare photograph with Mrs. Toscanini.

PARIS ORGANIZES A SEASON OF MUSIC

By HERBERT F. PEYSER

SOME time ago it was foretold in these columns that, war or no war, Paris would undoubtedly organize a music season of a sort. Such a season has now got under way, and if the character of the conflict remains anything like what it has been so far, there is cause to believe that musical activities will increase and ramify. So far they have been limited and tentative, subject naturally to the exigencies and regulations of the moment. But the main thing is that a beginning has been made.

Twice a week it is possible to hear opera. All performances are given at the Opéra-Comique on Saturdays and Sundays by the artists of both houses. Instead of beginning, as they normally do at 8 or 9, they start at 6 and last no more than three hours. Only a part of the auditorium may be occupied, and the consequence is that every available seat is taken. One reason the Salle Favart is used rather than the big Opéra is that it has the better bomb-proof "abri" and is less of a target for flying missiles. The early hours are accounted for by the "blackouts." Is it too much to hope, however, that when the war is over, operas and concerts may begin a little earlier than they have heretofore, so that people do not have to break their necks to catch the last Métro or bus?

Despite War, Performances Of Opera Are Sung Twice a Week

time concert are still talking about it.

As these lines are written, there are a number of other recitals in prospect. Some of these are going to be benefits for the "Association Franco-Américaine pour les Artistes," an organization under the patronage of the President of the Republic, Albert Lebrun. Among those who are to give concerts for it are the pianists Alfred Cortot and François Lang.

The orchestras are still holding back, possibly because so many of their members have been absorbed into the army. At the moment the only one carrying on is the Société des Concerts, at its snug little Conservatoire Hall in the Bergère quarter, under the leadership of the Strasbourger, Charles Muench. It holds its "public rehearsals" on Saturday mornings at 10 and its concerts on Sundays from 4 to 6 P. M.

* * *

It's a mad war, my masters, and in the midst of its anomalies and paradoxes what music do the people of Europe prefer to listen to? The answer is probably contained in another question: What music have most Europeans preferred to listen to for the past decade or ? Decidedly, not the usic, which, in the Roarties, was supposed to d express the "spirit of How far behind us, how

to it. But such throw-backs are like all more or less vain repetitions and futile survivals. Cataclysms like the present always show them up in all their hollowness.

It is a waste of time and energy to split hairs in inquiries over the kind of music Europeans now prefer to hear; or, indeed, over their preferences in the years preceding the present war. All new philosophies and pseudo-esthetics to the contrary, their allegiance is, first and last, to the great classics of the literature. Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Brahms—these continue to form the heart's desire of the public, with here and there allowances for certain national predilections.

Thus France insists on its Gabriel Fauré and its Albert Roussel, and is cultivating Ravel—whose stature seems to be steadily increasing—with greater and greater assiduity. By contrast, in Germany the Bruckner cult, officially encouraged, persists. This music is hailed from one end to the other of the Reich as a product of plenary inspiration. People listen to it a few times with such respect as they can muster. Then they forget it to return to Mozart and Brahms.

If a Strauss "Friedenstag" has a temporary career, the real reason lies in the ideology it embodies, which serves as a lightning rod for pent up feelings. During the last war the most popular piece of music with the German public was Beethoven's "Eroica." The population has returned to the same rock bottom today. The significance ence is unmistak- ou, for one thing, validity is in most ten during the last nd it shows what art must contain the ages and en-

ROCCA'S NEW OPERA

ROME.

LODOVICO ROCCA, whose "Dibuk," widely successful in Europe and America, placed him in the front rank of contemporary Italian opera composers, in an interview here has just given information on his new three-act lyric drama, "Monte Ivnor," soon to have its première at the Royal Opera under the baton of Tullio Serafin.

As in his early works, the libretto is again by Rocca's close literary collaborator, Cesare Meano. The subject is imaginary; no specific historical episode or background is evoked and no symbolical meaning is to be seen in the characters or drama. The substance of the conflict finds parallels in the history of various peoples, Rocca says, but in the conception and development of the plot no program entered. The sole factors were the author's poetic fantasy and the aim to achieve living art.

The action is vaguely located on the shore of the Caspian Sea, where a mountain village is threatened with invasion. A chieftain, Vladimir Kiriatòs, rallies his people and leads them to fortify themselves on the neighboring Mount Ivnòr. Within the drama of the besieged folk is woven the personal plot of Edali, a young woman who is betrothed to Imàr but secretly loves the heroic leader. The jealous Imàr takes revenge by betraying the fortress; the enemy bursts in and during the fray the motherless child of Kiriatòs is killed. The chief is overcome with grief but rouses himself to a last desperate defense. The arrival of friendly ships saves the population, which retires. Kiriatòs remains on the mountain to pine over his lost son. Edali offers him her love, but, his mission ended, he wants only solitude and communion with God. He dies heroically.

In setting the story, Rocca declares that he, too, was unconcerned with esthetic programs or theories; let whoever will discover such trends in his score. He simply followed his instinct, seeking above all, here as before, to make his characters deeply human. He has delineated each with a particular musical expression, rhythmic, melodic or instrumental, but without attempting any definite thematic system. As in "Dibuk," the chorus in "Monte Ivnòr" has a complex and important role.

The Turinese composer further states that his new opera differs radically from "Dibuk" in dramatic conception, musical structure, atmosphere and orchestration. He has used bold harmonies and colors, but aimed always to be expressively incisive and clear, and free from all abstruseness.

R. H.

ed Cottage" Helen Hayes will co-star with the "Screen Guild's Theatre," which opens through WABC's network at 7:30.

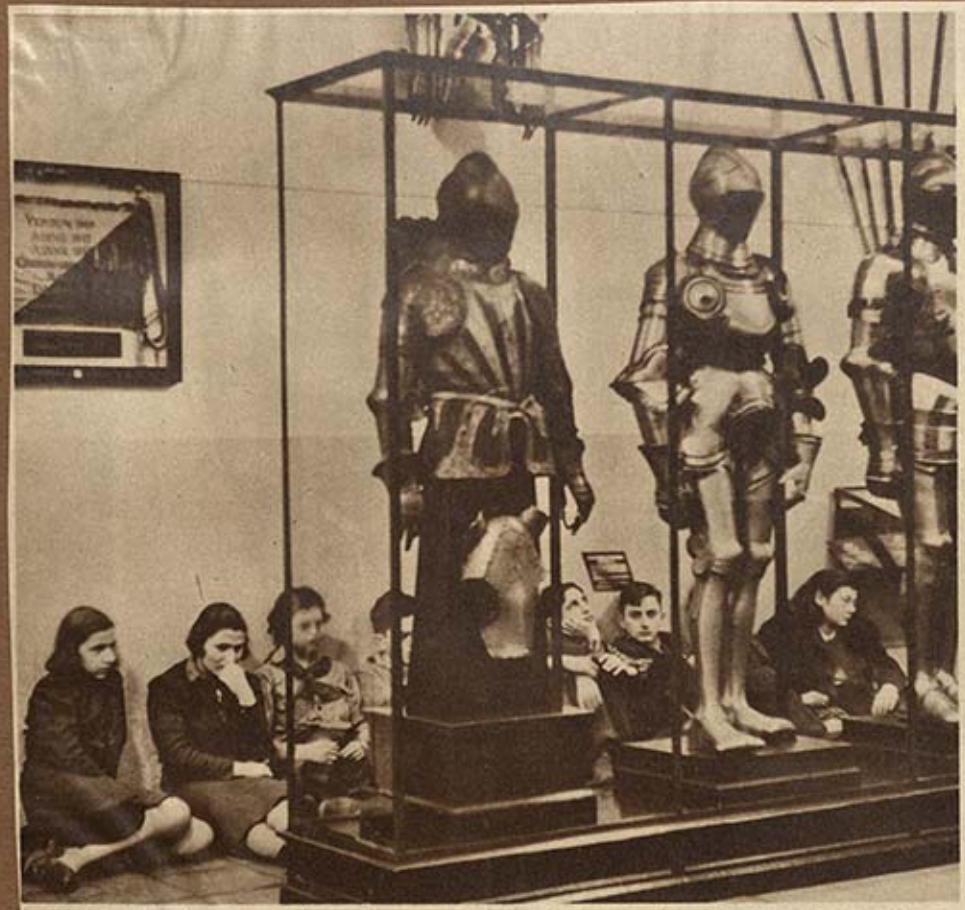
MUSIC AMID ART

The first of the four free concerts to be given this season in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, under the direction of David Mannes, filled the building with an audience of 12,000 persons. The crowd sat on the stairs and on the floor throughout the museum's galleries when the supply of chairs was exhausted.

Surrounded by the great works of art of the museum, the audience in the entrance hall faces the orchestra in the balcony.

Balcony seats for the audience in front of a Chinese rug, one of the finest in the Morgan collection, and a Buddhist stele.

"Reserved seats" on the stairs to the Roman garden.



A row of children, in a gallery of armored warriors, listens to the music from the amplifiers.

Grouped around statues of St. Peter and an Italian madonna in a gallery near the Riggs armor collection, the audience sits and stands.

BACH'S 'MUSICAL OFFERING'

By OLIN DOWNES

THE Bach Circle, now in the third year of its existence, with Yella Pessl, harpsichordist, in charge of its programs, will perform next Saturday night one of the master's most celebrated and least known compositions, the "Musical Offering" ("Musikalisches Opfer"), to be given for the first time in its entirety in this city.

This is the score that Bach sent Frederick of Prussia after he had visited that monarch at Potsdam in May of 1747. Frederick, himself a passable flutist, and even composer of symphonies with flute parts which he himself played, was by so much a cultivated amateur and enthusiast of music. In his employ was Bach's second son, Carl Philipp Emmanuel. A call upon Frederick by the distinguished parent was arranged.

When Bach, travel-stained, was ushered into the kingly presence he was made much of and asked to improvise on a theme that Frederick gave him. Bach, to the King's admiration, extemporized a three-voice fugue on this motive. Frederick, interested to discover to what lengths the master could carry his skill, then asked him to improvise a six-part fugue upon the same material.

No doubt Bach immediately perceived the special difficulties that would ensue with a strict six-part fugue on such a subject. He remarked tactfully that some themes, however good, did not readily lend themselves to a fugal treatment so elaborate, and therefore substituted for the King's theme one of his own, which he developed in the desired manner.

* * *

OVER the fourth canon, which is in augmentation, is the motto "Notulis crescentibus crescat Fortuna Regis"—"As the notes, so may the King's welfare increase"; and over the fifth, a "perpetual" canon ascending a whole tone at each repetition, the words, "Ascendetque modulatione ascendat gloria Regis"—"May the King's glory soar with the ascending modulation."

So much, apparently, for the first installment. Bach sent to Berlin a second consisting of the great six-voiced "ricercar" — substitute for the improvisation he had dodged at Potsdam—and two more canons.

Here it should be said that the "ricercar" of those times was a composition of a highly recondite sort, with the most complex contrapuntal devices but freer in its form than the more systematized and concentrated fugue. And this may well be the reason why Bach used the term "ricercar" instead of "fugue." Observe that his three-voiced "ricercar," which is a comparatively light and prelude-like composition, is relatively a simple fugal proposition, while the colossal six-voiced piece is of such a nature, consequent upon the character of its musical subject, that the fugue is not as strict or tight in its facture as it might have been with a more adaptable theme.

Upon the receipt of these pages in Berlin it might have occurred, or been indirectly conveyed to Bach, that His Majesty would appreciate a piece of a little simpler nature, perhaps one more practicable for the amateur flutist. For Bach added to the foregoing a trio sonata in four movements for flute, violin and "continuo" upon a keyed instrument, and another canon scored for the same instruments for good measure. The trio sonata con-

* * *

IF, however, the "Musical Offering" is of a more episodic nature than the "Art of Fugue," it may well gain by that fact as music admirably adapted for the highest purposes of entertainment. Spitta calls it "a monument of strict writing that will survive for all time." No doubt it will so survive, notwithstanding the fact, again to quote Mr. Terry, that Bach "was deflected from a symmetrical design by consideration for the exalted audience he was addressing. Had the victor of Mollwitz not been the most distinguished flute-player in Europe, the 'Musical Offering' would have been planned on stricter lines." Mayhap, mayhap! But must we insist upon our Bach being always on stricter lines?

Why not listen to the "Musical Offering" from a less exigent standpoint, and as another of the adventures of Bach's universal genius in a fresh field? Dr. Hans David, whose edition of the "Musical Offering" will be used next Saturday night, remarks that "Although Bach had written a monumental amount of music before this time, one type of music was still missing: chamber music for a small ensemble of solo instruments. The 'Musical Offering' filled this gap." And, of course, Bach's material is ideal for intimate performance by and among cultivated musicians and listeners.

What of the instrumentation of this music? Bach has given but few indications in his score of specific instruments to be employed. David, using various instruments available from a small chamber orchestra, keeps carefully to instruments of Bach's period.

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As it stands, the "Offering" has been called the "vestibule" and the "antechamber" to the "Art of Fugue." By so much the more has it, in all probability and in the highest sense of the word, entertainment value. Astounding as the craftsmanship of the smallest canon may be, the expressive element of the music is invariably uppermost. There is remarkable variety of style, mood, form. Bach's astonishing counterpoint, especially in his last decade, was wholly at the service of his idea, and it is hardly too much to say that within the forms which he practiced, some of them now considered archaic, his versatility of expression is Shakespearean.

Whether it is the first of the five canons from the theme—a "mirror canon" of its inversion; or the canons for two voices in retrogression — "cancrizans"; or the canonic fugue "epidiapente," with the canon of the upper fifth, it is music that he is making. Sometimes he is in the lighter vein. Anon he cultivates the style of the trio sonata, the most popular form of chamber music of that period, and one which appears as a link between the polyphonic and classic periods of composition.

We should listen to this as music. We can forget technical details, confidently relegating them to Bach. For the mechanism of the score is his affair. We have only to listen with open mind and enjoy it.

In the Town's Concert Halls

The New York Times studio

Patricia Travers, soloist with the National Pesal, director of the Bach Circle of New ; and Genia Nemenoff, two-piano team.

Murray Korman

Zina Ouzarova in recital tonight at the Windsor Theatre.

Masefield's Poems

"REYNARD THE FOX" and "Right Royal" have much in common. An abundant energy distinguishes them both. They give a sensation of speed, of intense physical exhilaration such as one derives from some exercise that heats the blood. Each lives, by virtue of the writer's zest for all the varied colour and movement, "the pageant of life" which delighted him in his youth. The life and bustle and excitement of the meet; the noise, the glare, the moving crowds on the race-course, are before one as though one saw them in the flesh. The impressions are vivid as life; the raw moist winter day, gleaming with pale sunshine, faintly astir with a sense of coming spring; the valley seen from above with its pastures and ploughland, wood and water, the bare-boughed trees and green of gorse and holly; the short winter dusk, the songs of robin and wren, the sudden flight of starlings, and cawing of homing rooks, lights coming out, and the long note of the owl. "Enslaved" is little more than a sequence of such impressions, stamped on the mind by innumerable strokes of observation or insight. One remembers the nights at sea, the slaves' quarters outside the Moorish city, the sleepers turning to screen their faces from the risen moon, and the tense silence within made more palpable by the cries from the fishing boat in the bay and the flapping of her sail. "Reynard the Fox" has greater achievements. One must go back to Shakespeare for such a pack of hounds, to Chaucer for such a procession of living men and women. . . .

"All writers long to understand the spirit of their race," Masefield said, in one of his American addresses. He had tried to discover the soul of England, which moved in living men and women, and was immortalized in the great works of the past. He saw it as "a shy, gentle, humorous, most manly soul, that stood up for the poor and cared for beauty." This portrait of the huntsman is his embodiment of that vision or conception of the spirit of his race; and here, one feels, he has penetrated beneath the external and accidental to what is true and changes least, an enduring English type.—CECIL BLOGANE in "John Masefield." (Cambridge, England: W. Heffer & Sons.)

OPERA ON THE AIR

So scattered is the action on the wide stage in the golden horseshoe that the twelve microphones in the "Met" will be called into play on Saturday afternoon when WJZ's network picks up Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" for a coast-to-coast broadcast.

Between the opera stage and the audience sits Herbert Liversidge, in charge of production, and Charles Gray, radio engineer, at whose mercy the singers entrust their voices while broadcasting. Announcer Milton Cross is in the background.

In quest of new singers, Edward Johnson, general manager of the Metropolitan, listens to the opera auditions of the air broadcast by WJZ on Sunday afternoons at 5:30.

The opera's voices of distinction are in the hands of a radio technician who takes his cues from the musical score as he manipulates the knobs opening the way for the electrical version of the performance to flow out across the country.

SHADES OF CARUSO

Dr. De Forest's 'Big Idea' for Broadcasting Now Is Called a Priceless Gift

By ORRIN E. DUNLAP Jr.

MASSENET'S "Manon" overspread the continent yesterday afternoon. From the Metropolitan Opera House Grace Moore in the title role and Richard Crooks as Chevalier Des Grieux passed a milestone in broadcasting. Ethereal ghosts of the past stalked the stage with them, and if Dr. Lee De Forest, now living beyond the Rockies in California, listened in, he no doubt had the scenery of thirty years ago in mind; to him this "Manon" was a dream come true.

The day was Jan. 13, 1910. On that day Lee De Forest went down Broadway to the opera confident in the belief that the time would come when songs would be given electrical wings; they would fly out of the four walls of the mid-Victorian musical cage. He was about to flash the songs out of the open end of the golden horseshoe.

Champion of the radiophone, abetted by his famous audion (vacuum tube), which gave the wireless a tongue to sing and talk, Dr. De Forest had won permission to install his electrical contraption backstage of the "Met." Caruso was there; so was Mme. Emmy Destinn and others. They would sing for him. To them it may have been a more or less freakish idea; but to De Forest far more than a noble experiment.

* * *

DE FOREST for one knew it could be done; he was confident the songs would fall to earth to be heard after he shot them into the air. And so they were. The Marconi operator of the S. S. Avon and sea and wireless amateurs as far from Manhattan Island as Bridgeport, Conn., were startled to hear music in their earphones, where up to then only dots and dashes buzzed.

Soothsayers of science got busy to tell what they saw in the new crystal ball De Forest had fashioned out of the opera; editorials were inspired. De Forest had flung back a curtain that opened a vista of the future, not only for music and the opera, but for entertainment in the home. The era of "canned music" was dawning. Others called it "telephone opera."

In preliminary tests it was triumphantly reported that Mme. Homer was heard "miles away from the opera house"! News dispatches told how veterans of the opera "stood in open-mouthed wonder" as they listened to the new-fangled machine. Even the wildest dream of the century was being surpassed. Two hundred and fifty passengers of the packet Avon, having heard the opera in the main dining salon, led to the prediction of cabin musicales, with seagoing travelers listening to a Caruso or a Sembrich, picking up opera from New York until at mid-ocean, then switching to Paris for the eastern half of the voyage.

* * *

tan opera on the air "a priceless gift all for the price of turning on one's radio." Gratefully they write from all parts of the country, and it is apparent that the audience is a very regular one from week to week, ranging in age from 18 to 80. There are old-timers in this unseen audience, many of them living far away from New York, but the broadcasts inspire them to reminisce of the days of Nordica, Emma Eames, Melba, Caruso and De Reszke

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DESTINY did not decree, however, that opera on the radio should have an easy row to hoe. Not until 1931 was broadcasting of the music-dramas permitted. It is an old story how the stars of the "Met" frowned upon broadcasting, and justly so, for early radio was discordant, bellowing and bombastic. Earphones designed for wireless and gooseneck-horn loudspeakers were no true friends of tonal quality. The wonder was that a tune could survive its flight across the Hudson from Newark to New York and still be recognized. Electricity throwing music to the winds could never do justice to voices of distinction. So the operatic tycoons asserted.

The broadcasters counteracted against the opera's snobbish attitude; they retorted that in general opera was too highbrow for the masses. To a large extent that idea still persists both in and out of radio circles. Since it is believed that opera attracts a comparatively limited audience, it has been no easy job to sell the productions to a sponsor year after year. Cigarettes have tried it, so has a mouthwash and radio itself. And even in 1940, despite all radio's excellent work as a missionary in music and as a teacher of music appreciation, the "Met" is on the air as a sustaining program; that is, the performances are not under commercial sponsorship.

Broadcasting has been confined to the opera's Saturday matinees. There is no time to cut a two or three hour slice out of an evening for such a performance, and coupled with this is the fact that all operas are not adapted in entirety to broadcasting.

* * *

IN the very crazy-quilt pattern of a radio day is seen how silly was the old fear that radio would close the opera house; instead, it is more likely to encourage the local opera house idea on a national scale, because it cultivates music appreciation. Listeners' clubs organized by the Metropolitan Opera Guild are increasing in number. Edward Johnson, general manager of the "Met," finds the public becoming opera-conscious, and opera an American institution. He gives much credit to radio, and estimates that 12 to 15 millions tune in the Saturday broadcasts, even far south of the Rio Grande and the Amazon.

Today, in their pen-and-ink applause, listeners call the Metropolitan opera on the air "a priceless gift all for the price of turning on one's radio." Gratefully they write from all parts of the country, and it is apparent that the audience is a very regular one from week to week, ranging in age from 18 to 80. There are old-timers in this unseen audience, many of them living far away from New York, but the broadcasts inspire them to reminisce of the days of Nordica, Emma Eames, Melba, Caruso and De Reszke

Singers as guest stars frequently shine on other radio programs microphoned outside the opera house; Gladys Swarthout is soloist on WABC's symphonic hour tonight at 9 o'clock.

can make the soloist sound the same as in the 'Met,' that is, singing behind the orchestra. Opera is the only show that has this reversible perspective. The change in perspective is gained by skipping around with the microphone.

"It's radio magic, but, of course, the control operator, at whose mercy the artist is, must know the score and the right dramatic moment to do the trick to perfection. Naturally, it is impossible to put the opera in a 30-foot living room and make it sound the same. We can't put Flagstad and a 120-piece orchestra in the living room to sound as in the 'Met.' What we do is to silhouette the sound by selecting what is important at the moment. We do this by quick shifting from microphone to microphone."

Is any opera ideal for broadcasting? said the interviewer.

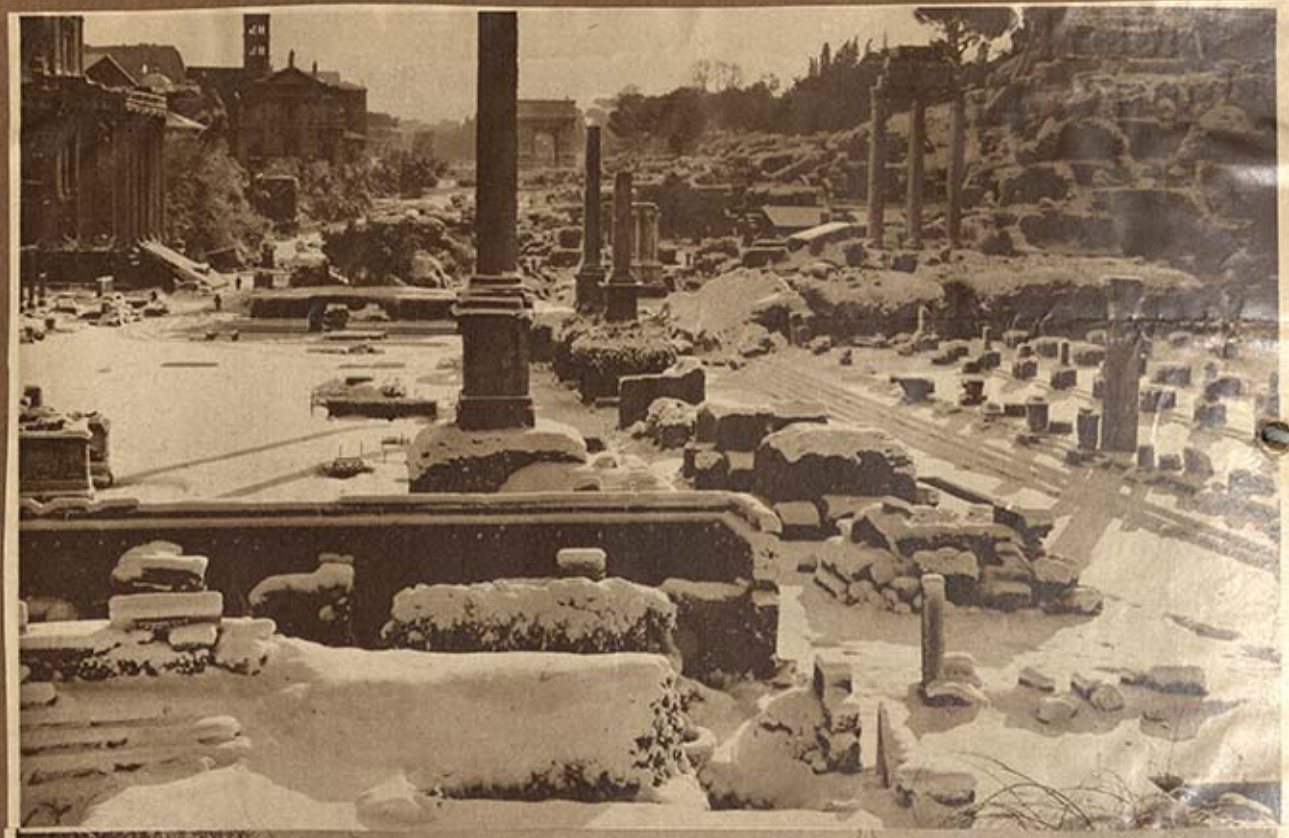
"No, operas were not written for radio," continued Mr. Gray. "Opera is composed for the eye, not only the ear, to which radio caters. The listener must be content with radio's translation of opera into a sound show."

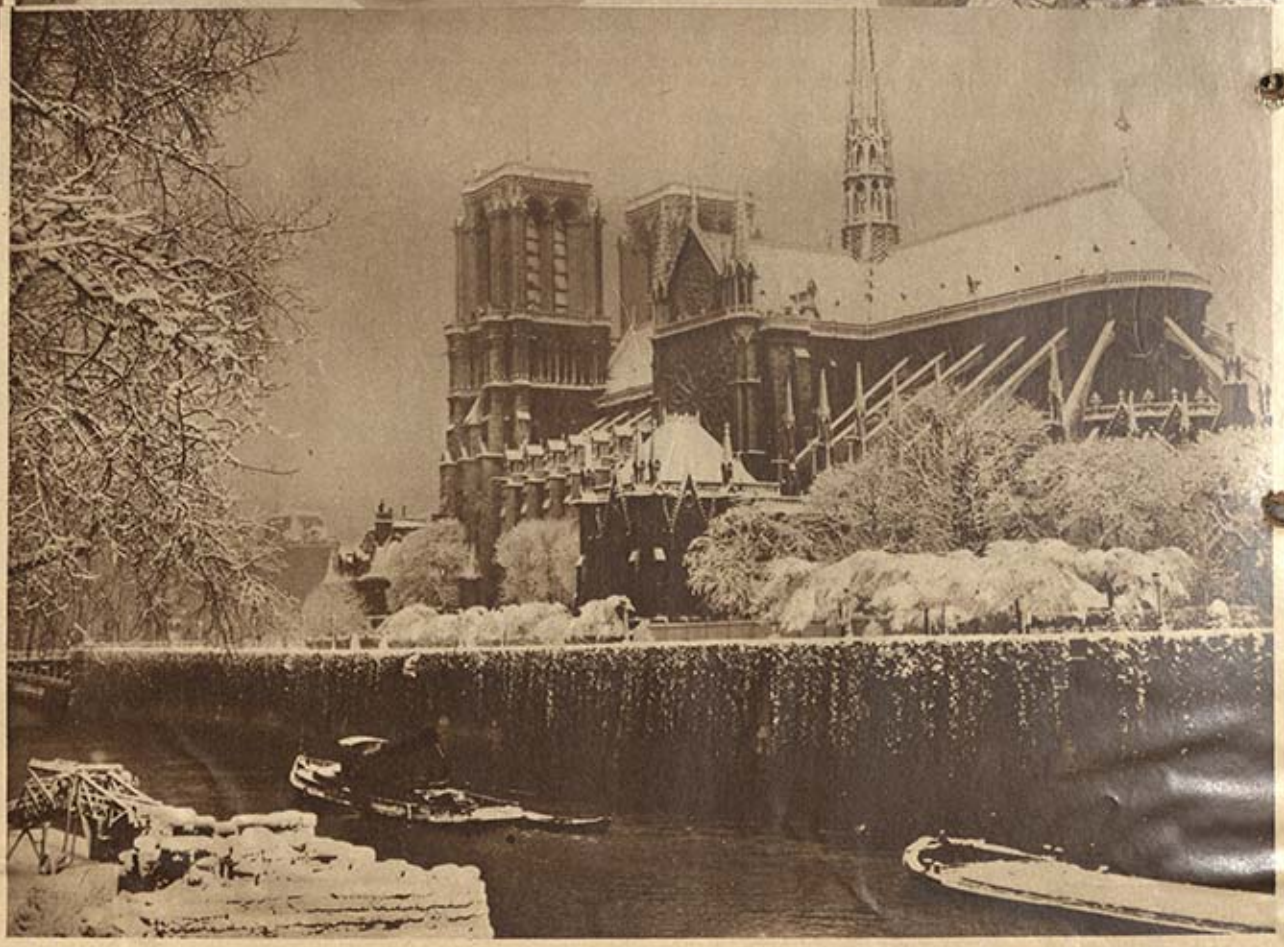
Who among the opera stars are the best broadcasters?

"Flagstad and Ponselle have the best voice production, and by that I mean perfect coupling of the three registers in the human voice," said Mr. Gray. "Tibbett is the most dramatic; he gets a lot into his voice but his radio habits are not always good. He will ruin production to gain a dramatic point, and that is all right in the opera house, not on the air. Richard Crooks has a smooth radio voice but little drama. Each opera and each singer presents a different problem for the microphones."

IN A WORLD OF WHITE

From the summit of Greylock Mountain, its trees encased in ice, the snow-covered Berkshires present a panorama of surpassing beauty.
(© William Whitaker.)





Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris takes on a fresh aspect when Winter accentuates its distinctive architecture and gives it a new setting.

WINTER'S TRACERY

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ROTOGRAVURE
PICTURE SECTION
IN TWO PARTS

NEWS: 1,000 B. C.

Treasures of ancient Egypt rivaling in importance those found in the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen are being removed from the newly discovered tomb of King Psousennes, who reigned in the eleventh century B. C. Shown here are highlights of earlier excavations, together with the first photographs of the 1940 find.

EGYPTIAN 'FINDS'

Scientific study of ancient Egypt dates from the discovery in 1799 of the Rosetta Stone, which helped provide the key to Egyptian writing. A report by Napoleon's savants on Egypt led to the dispatch of many archaeological expeditions.

The entrance to the newly discovered tomb, which contains rich treasure in objects of gold, silver and semi-precious stones.

In 1922 Howard Carter made one of the greatest discoveries in archaeological history when he found Tut-anhk-Amen's tomb

(Photos by Times Wide World, International and Associated Press.)

Professor Pierre Montet, director of the excavations, here is seen bending over the outer of the three sarcophagi to examine a silver sarcophagus sculptured in the likeness of King Psousennes. With the body were found twenty-one gold bracelets inscribed with records of the king's family.

The tomb lies beneath the square of masonry in the foreground. Psousennes had as his capital the Delta city of Tanis and belonged to the Twenty-first Dynasty, about which little has been known.

The clearing away of sand from around the Sphinx in 1818 resulted in important discoveries. Twice since it has had to be dug out again, as the desert tried to hide old mysteries.

RACHMANINOFF GIVES HIS 1529th RECITAL

1. **The great artist, pianist** and composer tours America for the 23rd time. Typical success was his final concert, to a sold-out, excited house at Wellesley College, Massachusetts, in New England's worst blizzard of the winter. . . . Here Rachmaninoff warms fingers in the famous electric pad. Below, charming Wellesley girls go to seats on stage.

2. **Curtain 6:30**—but, three hours before the concert begins, skilled hands tune the Steinway Concert Grand.

3. **Students** greet Rachmaninoff in the Green Room. Above, the famous pianist acknowledges applause for a brilliant Liszt *Tarantella*.

4. Rachmaninoff's hands.

OPERA AND CONCERT ASIDES

'Pelleas et Melisande' Will Be Thirty-third Production of Season At Metropolitan—Repertory for Tour

LAST week's "Figaro" was the thirty-second opera given this season by the Metropolitan. "Pelléas and Mélisande" will be the thirty-third. With three weeks to go and the schedule for the last two to be announced before the end of the season, it looks as if thirty-three will be the season's total.

Of eight revivals promised by the Metropolitan, all but two are accounted for: "Le Coq d'Or" and "The Bartered Bride." There is an outside chance that the first may still be given in the last fortnight of the season. But "The Bartered Bride" is not likely to be seen. You will remember that the company ran into language difficulties: Jarmila Novotna, who was to take the title role, could sing it in German or in its original Czech, not in English; but it was understood that certain local Czech groups resented a performance of Smetana's masterpiece in the German language. So the thing was dropped.

The other revivals seen this season were "L'Amore dei Tre Re," "The Flying Dutchman," "Faust" and "Gioconda."

Considering the uncertain and precarious conditions caused by the war, by the death of Artur Bodanzky and by the present campaign activities, the company has adroitly managed its way through the season. Little could be settled [illegible] the matinee and evening performances for the 20th. The tour winds up in Atlanta, with "Tannhaeuser," "Bohème" and "Traviata" on April 22, 23 and 24.

Although the most vigilant observer has seen no sign of the first robin, the plans for the Robin Hood Dell Summer season of the Philadelphia Orchestra are almost completed. Samuel R. Rosenbaum, president of the Dell Concerts, Inc., announces that the Philadelphia season will begin on June 18, and offers five programs a week for eight weeks, that is, until Aug. 15. There will be forty performances in all, of concert, opera and ballet.

Sixty-five members of the Philadelphia Orchestra have already signed their contracts, and twenty-five more players will be signed in the Spring. Mr. Rosenbaum is confident that his ninety-piece band will maintain the standards enjoyed by Quaker City music lovers last season, when the Dell experienced "a rebirth of popular interest." At least, there was a paid attendance of nearly 140,000 persons.

Features of the season will be the rotation every two weeks of the acting concertmaster, to be chosen by Eugene Ormandy before the season opens; a "distinguished list of conductors and soloists"; four popular operas and a number of special events, and the lowest admission price level yet attempted at the Dell.

Lucie Bigelow Rosen, one of the pioneer performers on the theremin, informs this column that a

sity, and then, like the conventional American singer, went abroad to get her singing experience. She appeared in opera in Berlin, Rome and Paris, then returned to her native country for her debut in Chicago. Her roles include Aida, Leonora in "Forza del Destino," Mimi in "Bohème" and others from the Italian repertory.

Oxford Press has recently published "A List of Books About Music in the English Language." It is edited by Percy A. Scholes, and was prepared as an appendix to Scholes's "Oxford Companion to Music."

One singer engaged for the coming season of the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires is Risë Stevens of the Metropolitan, who will sing the roles of Fricka in "Walkuere" and Eiskoenigin in "Schwanda," and the soprano part of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Erich Kleiber conducting. Others are Judith Hellwig, Hungarian soprano, who will sing Pamina in Mozart's "Magic Flute" and also in the Beethoven mass; and Kurt Baum, Czecho-Slovak tenor, who made his American debut recently in Chicago.

R. Vaughan Williams has written a "Hymn of Freedom," specially composed, says The London Daily Telegraph and Morning Post, "for use in wartime." Canon G. W. Briggs of Worcester Cathedral

The New York Times Studio and Alfredo Valente

Collaborating this wek in the Mayor's and Federal Music Project concert Tuesday night at the Metropolitan Opera House: Gladys Swarthout as soloist, and Maurice Abravanel as conductor.

This is the historic debate between Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas (Gene Lockhart) in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," at the Music Hall. Above, at left, is Ruth Gordon as Mary Todd; at right, three stages in Raymond Massey's portrayal of the great man.

A TOUR ACROSS CANADA

Mr. Colbourne Jots Down a Few Notes on A Visit Along the North

Fresh from a tour of Canada, the Colbourne-Jones troupe is the one which will give "Geneva" at Henry Miller's Theatre.

By MAURICE COLBOURNE

WELL, we have done what we set out to do, I suppose that is something. Barry Jones and I took what has come to be known as the Colbourne-Jones Company across Canada and back on a sort of voyage of discovery to see whether the theatre still existed in territory that was a profitable and happy hunting ground ten years ago.

Let me say at once that we found the theatre. But it was moribund. Frankly, I do not see how the patient is going to survive. It not only cannot afford the drastic new treatment which any sound doctor of the theatre would prescribe but it lacks at present even the will to live. I will mention later some of the patient's more pathetic and irritating symptoms.

* * *

I think no company, certainly no company from across the Atlantic, has made the trans-Canada trip for seven years. Our trip, however, had nothing to do with the war. We conceived it in March, were spurred on by the emotion evoked by the royal visit in May, planned it through the Summer and carried on despite the war. I believe we wanted to make the trip simply because, after seven years' absence, we were homesick for—yes, the wide open spaces, the Rockies and even subzero cold!

We were quite a party. Thirty-nine, to be exact, with three productions wedged without many inches to spare into two eighty-foot baggage cars. Our plays, "Geneva," "Tobias and the Angel" and "Charles the King," were selected for their variety as plays. They formed a sort of gigantic triple bill. We were very proud of our production of them, everything being brand-new and a little bit better, we thought, and still think, than it had been in London. The three plays involve twenty-one scenes and 199 costumes.

We were due to sail on Sept. 30, but the sailings, first of one ship and then another, were canceled, leaving us nothing to do but stand by packed and ready to sail at twenty-four hours' notice. We eventually sailed on Oct. 6. The only thing was to take the delay lightheartedly, in the spirit of the man who objected to the blackout and the closing of theatres on the ground that Londoners could stand being bombed but not being bored. One member of the company threatened to put in for a rise in salary if we were torpedoed and she had to remain afloat for more than a week.

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But all this, as Charles Frohman was fond of saying when anything had happened that he wanted to forget, "is yesterday." Let me come to today when the tour is over; and to "Geneva"; and to Shaw.

The symptoms of decay in the theatre through Canada seem to me, as I look back on this instructive tour, fourfold. First, the theatre is a matter of habit, and in Canada people are losing the habit. Our audiences were mainly of people old enough to have acquired the theatre habit before the almighty film flooded the world, and these people would think nothing of driving more than 200 miles to see the plays. But in the minds of the ordinary person of 20 or 30 years, the fact that a first-class company in a first-class play was in town tonight simply, speaking generally, did not register. As for the growing generation, a party of pupils from the Montessori School in Calgary came to see us, and when the curtain rose they whispered to each other, "Technicolor!" Nor even after the curtain fell finally could they be persuaded that we were real people and not some new film process.

Secondly, not all but the majority of the few remaining theatres in Canada are not only in a state of varying dirt and disrepair backstage but, what is much more important, their auditoriums and general appointments in front are so dilapidated or uncared for that patrons have to overcome a long-established repugnance to their one and only local theatre before they will go and see a play in it. We have heard legitimate complaints from patrons concerning six of the theatres we played in. And we only played in ten all told. Of the remaining four, three are normally now used as picture houses, which is equivalent to saying that they are clean and attractive. The remaining one deserves an honorable mention: it is the Royal Alexandra in Toronto.

Thirdly, there is the competition with the pictures, and the pictures have won. The people one meets are quite sincere when they say that they are starving for plays, but unfortunately they are few in number and speak only for themselves. The rest also are starved of plays. But they are not starving for them. They have found a cheap, handy, comfortable diet of something else instead, the diet of pictures, with which they appear perfectly content and feed on with alarming regularity once or twice a week.

* * *

Fourthly, the harm done to the theatre by the Little Theatre, though incalculable, is, I am now convinced, great. What is wanted from the Little Theatre if it is to justify its existence is a band of enthusiastic playgoers instead of groups of (in the main) astoundingly self-satisfied would-be players-performers. Too often self-expression is only a polite name for exhibitionism. Amateur means lover, and the least a lover of the theatre can do to show his or her love is to go to the theatre on the increasingly rare occasions when the real theatre comes along. But the amateurs are generally too busy amateuring.

Barry Jones was asked to broadcast to some 150 Little Theatre Groups in the vicinity of the city where we were playing. He complied with a very fine talk about the theatre and the Little Theatre. Not only was the effect on our box-office negligible, if any, but the instigator of the broadcast displayed his love of the theatre by wanting free seats. And what is to be said of the lady who drove me to a Little Theatre reception given in our honor and gayly explained en route that she couldn't possibly come to "Geneva" because she was so busy rehearsing, or of the Little Theatre which produced its own play in the very week in which we, the only English company to visit the city in seven years, were due to appear? Nothing printable.

* * *

The trouble with the Little Theatres is that their necessarily inexpert acting alienates even their own audiences, who are kept in heel largely by a kind of social blackmail. The general and unfashionable public instinctively is too wise to be drawn into the pretentious net of Uplift. But the damage is done, for to them a play comes to mean a dull thing to be avoided, like the plague.

Nevertheless the tour all in all was a success. Our business might have been very much worse, and

Continued on Page Two

See back of pictures

at the Booth Theatre on Feb. 5.

Week of Feb. 12

"The Unconquered," by Ayn Rand, with Helen Craig and Dean Jagger in the cast, will open at the Biltmore Theatre on Feb. 12.

Week of Feb. 19

"Reunion in New York," the second edition of last Spring's "From

seen in "The Primrose Path," which Mr. Abbott produced, has been reading the script. It contains what people who have seen it call "a Grand Guignol atmosphere."

There is a play lately come into being called "Woods at Night," and on the author's line is "Irene S. du Pont." Apparently Mrs. Irénée

Reading in the usual order, they are Ernest Borrow, Barry Jones and

pens Tuesday at Henry Miller's.

SIBELIUS—AS HIS WIFE SEES HIM

By ANNI VOIPIO
North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.
HELSINKI.

A LITTLE wh..e-haired woman, with fine features, kindly, —ise eyes and a bright smile, is facing me. She is the wife of Jean Sibelius, the maestro—Mrs. Aino Sibelius, of the old family Järnefelt—who has followed at close quarters the great life-work of Sibelius in the little land of Finland, mostly in the quiet country villa at Järvenpää. Despite wartime dangers, he refuses to leave his native la..d.

What is the great maestro like at home? How d'es he work? What is his favorite hobby? Who are his friends? These questions and many others have rained upon her, orally and by letter, from every quarter where Sibelius's music has captivated the people. It is not easy to come near him.

Many composers are pictured to the world sitting at the piano; one hand rests on the keys while the other writes down the notes. Such a picture does not fit Sibelius. According to his wife, it is characteristic of him that his compositions are born ready in his brain, without consulting the piano, born complete. He makes no rough copies, he writes his works direct on paper, and it has happened that he has sent a copy to the publisher without ever playing it or hearing it played.

* * *

Often in the country, during the Summer, he has written complete works without any instrument at hand. In his home the grand piano is in the salon, and nowadays he has an upright in his study—that does not mean he uses their assistance, but he does sometimes sit at them, playing as if consulting them.

"At home we all know that he is always in the world of music," says Mrs. Sibelius. "I do not usually speak to him in the morning until he speaks to me. We do not like to disturb his thoughts, to spoil his creative work. But when he does address me, then we speak of almost anything—even about the weather, a thing which is very important and interesting to us in the countryside.

"My husband is most disturbed by music," continues Mrs. Sibelius paradoxically. "An air, a few bars of a song, a whistle, may snatch him from his work and then everything is spoiled; he must start it all over again. Therefore, you never hear music in our home; never singing or whistling, at least unless my husband wishes it. I remember very well when once we were having some redecoration done, one of the painters whistled at his work. I had to go and ask him very humbly not to whistle 'because it disturbs the professor.'

* * *

"The man did not quite understand the connection, and I had to find a simple but vivid example. 'What would you say if you had just painted that wall and some one came and drew a brush full of paint across it, spoiling all your work? In the same way the professor is disturbed when you whistle.' The man understood.

"Our daughters have always, from their earliest childhood, learned to be silent in this way. They never sang or hummed at home, nor do the grandchildren, though toward them their grandfather is more indulgent.

"It seems in the evening he does not want to rest; he does not usually know what day it is. He is incredibly alive; he is still as vibrant as when young—there is nothing of an old man's calm in him—often I think he is still as a hopeful young man, and one can still see him striving upwards. He lives at a great pace, intensely, energetically; his capacity for work seems unfailing; he has an inner compulsion to work, even now.

How the Composer Works —A Picture of His Everyday Life

* * *

"His hobbies? He has no hobby! His work is everything to him, even his hobby; but he is interested in very many things. He reads much but he is selective in his reading. Some time ago our nursery had to be turned into a library and it is a great success, for we now have room for many books which were stowed away in different places. I arranged the library and was quite astonished at the interest my husband had taken in world literature. He admires Goethe very much. Old historical works are his favorites. He has a wonderful memory and remembers what he has read through the years.

"How alert is he to world events? It is extraordinary how quickly he grasps what he reads. When I have just started on the newspaper, he has already gone through it and knows what he has read. He is especially interested in the musical world. He is very wide awake to everything connected with art. He does not usually go to concerts. We have a wireless set and he listens to concerts from all over the world, especially when his works are being performed. He is often asked to listen to such performances.

"My husband is the magnetic center of our home. His work is everything—the main thing to us all. I am happy to have been near him. I feel that I have not lived in vain. I will not say that it has always been easy—one has to repress and control one's self—but I am very happy; my fate has been a blessed one and a Heaven-sent gift. It is wonderful for a human being to have her lot cast in such a pleasant place. In the music of my husband there is God's word—its source is noble and it is wonderful to live near such a source."

"Maestro," by Arthur Sasse of the International News. A magic eye series of Arturo Toscanini conducting at an orchestra rehearsal.

MUSIC OF THE TIMES: NEWS AND CURRENT COMMENT

THE GROWTH OF ORCHESTRAS

A Book That Studies the Economic Problems of America's Symphonic Ensembles, Great and Small

By OLIN DOWNES

A STUDY and factual analysis of the amazing growth of orchestral music in the United States, especially since the turn of the century, has long been needed. The results of such an investigation now appear in a volume, "Admiral's Symphony Orchestras and How They Are Supported," by Margaret Grant and Herman S. Hettinger, published by W. W. Norton & Co. The investigation, made possible by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, was undertaken particularly as a study of the economic problems of the American orchestras, great and small, whose remarkable evolution, especially since the turn of the century, constitutes perhaps the outstanding musical phenomenon of this period.

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THESE orchestras are unrivaled in quality and in number proportionate to the population of the cities anywhere in the world. Their numbers are increasing so rapidly that the report's estimate of some 250 to 300 symphony orchestras now functioning in places, great and small, in the country is probably over-conservative. The number is almost certainly between 200 and 300. Yet these orchestras do not and cannot, on the basis of earned income, pay their bills. Proof is put forthcoming that they and even have to do so. To investigate this phase of the problem in the aforesaid purview of the report, which, however, had a broader significance.

The fact that in 1930 America had six major orchestras and that it now has sixteen, with budgets aggregating $5,500,000 and an annual attendance of 3,750,000, is sufficiently impressive. But this is secondary to other findings—namely, that while at the turn of the century seven major and as secondary orchestras had been founded, twenty-nine orchestras, six major and twenty-three secondary, had been organized by 1930; that the following decade produced fifty-five more orchestras, of which two were of the major rank; and the decade since 1929 "has witnessed the formation of eighty-two orchestras, or nearly as many as were founded during the entire previous century."

The major orchestras are listed as the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (1842), the St. Louis Orchestra (1880), the Boston Symphony Orchestra (1881), the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (1891), the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra (1895), the Philadelphia Orchestra (1900), the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (1903), San Francisco Symphony Orchestra (1909), Cleveland Orchestra (1918), Detroit Symphony Orchestra (1918), Philharmonic Orchestra of Los Angeles (1919), Pittsburgh Orchestra (1926)—"this having been preceded by an orchestra founded in 1898 and discontinued in 1910, which was one of the important orchestras of its time"—Rochester Civic Symphony Orchestra (1929), Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra (1930), National Symphony Orchestra, Washington, D. C. (1931), and Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra (1933). In a separate category is put the NBC Symphony Orchestra, organized by David Sarnoff in 1937, and headed by Arturo Toscanini, an undertaking of the greatest importance for the symphonic audiences of the air.

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NOT less impressive, but rather more so, is the number of symphony orchestras of professional and semi-professional status, 300,000 or more, which exist in 42 acts of establishes, and the 30,000 amateur orchestras in high schools, colleges and conservatories, as estimated by Dr. Joseph Maddy of the National Music Camp at Interlochen, which assists themselves to the practice of symphonic music. Furthermore, two-fifths of our symphony orchestras, taken as a body, have sprung up since 1918, and half of them since 1925, the year of the great panic and the catastrophic consequences. In that period orchestral subscriptions fell off less in ratio than the amounts spent for groceries and rentals.

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LEADING orchestras of the country, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the Boston Symphony, have operated in recent years with an average deficit of 11 per cent, while many of the secondary orchestras grappled with deficits of 30 per cent and more. Yet the great majority of these orchestras have continued, and their numbers are increasing. They tend to grow in personnel and improve in quality. The results of the government's excursion into music, at first undertaken purely as a relief measure, are very important, though studied by themselves. In the aggregate the WPA orchestras not only act to work hundreds and thousands of musicians but give an enormous opportunity to American composers and present impetus to the whole development in this field. Some of these WPA orchestras, also, as in the present situation in Buffalo, are turning from government subsidized bodies into organizations developed by private enterprise. Then there is the picture of the endless variety of time and the various methods of maintenance adopted by the amateur or semi-professional orchestras which are becoming an striking a feature of the American scene, in small towns and farming communities as well as civic centers. It is an extraordinary documentary of effort, which matches the experience of citizens in every walk of life.

The radio and the records, as often observed in these columns, have contributed very greatly to these developments. It was found by the record manufacturers, circa 1926, that the radio would rule their trade, at least so far as symphonic records were concerned. The most acutely concerning the influence of the radio was felt regarding the future of symphony orchestras. Symphonic audiences, as also, for instance, those of the Metropolitan Opera House, have considerable scope in the manner in which the hearing of music over the air has increased their interest. As for the records, 1,307,000 "classical" recordings were sold last year, and a large proportion of these was symphonic.

The major goals of the symphony orchestras are those of the personnel. The salaries of players and conductors represent two-thirds to three-quarters of the running expenses. If less to soloists are added, personnel expenses may amount to two-thirds of the major orchestra budgets.

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WHAT of conductors' fees? They average approximately 10 per cent of the personnel cost—approximately $50,000 in the Boston, New York, Philadelphia group; $20,000 in the groups of the secondary bodies. "But even if salaries could be effected by reducing conductors' costs, the question would still remain as to whether such reductions might not also involve loss of public support and the diminished ticket sales. The personality and ability of the conductor, for better or worse, carry much more weight with the average American concert-goer than does the quality of the orchestra or the salary of the player.

"For this reason there is an way of measuring the probability of conductors' salaries in terms of value. They are and must be determined by competition in the open market. This question, together with that of the use of guest artists and soloists, is an inseparable part of the larger problem of maintaining symphony orchestras—adapting symphony concerts to the desires of the actual and potential market and promoting their wider acceptance."

The gain for economical management, "superb" merchandising, the biggest annual wage but not the highest weekly wage for the player, is awarded the Boston Symphony, which employs fewer soloists than any other major orchestra in the land. "But it should be noted that this accomplishment has been largely facilitated by the absence in Boston of the inflexibility imposed by the usual union agreement." And certainly this is a field in which mutual intercourse, in most of our cities, could afford to an opposite with orchestral management as it has not consistently done.

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METHODS of management and of propaganda for orchestral music are considered, and the chapters devoted to these subjects will arouse profitable discussion. If they could result in a concentrated and comparative study of their problems by all of the major orchestral managements and in some actual effort at study of every allied problem, the report would have gone far toward achieving its purpose.

It points out some of the obvious deficiencies of method which still rule in too many places. It advocates a more democratic policy in the constitution of orchestral boards, a more extended survey than has yet been possible of symphonic audiences, the taking of the opposition of vocal and "high-brow-ism" out of orchestral music, methods of intelligent popularization of good music in the community, and the enlistment of all classes of citizens in the building up of orchestra publics.

These are directions in which the investigators would have gone much further than they have if they had had the time and facilities to do so. As a matter of fact, their excellent report, rich and conspicuous as it is, only scratches the surface of a complex and extremely interesting situation. Their investigation should be extended and carried on through years to come.

OLD INSTRUMENT FESTIVAL

The American Society of the Ancient Instruments, Ben Stad founder and director, will hold its twelfth annual two-day festival April 8 and 9 in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Philadelphia. Several compositions will require their premieres on the three programs.

The society consists of Jo Stadt, pardessus de viole; Ben Stad, viola d'amour; Josef Smit, viole da gamba; Marion Stad, basse de viole, and Flora Stad, harpsichord.

Lou Ros

In the concert hall this week: At upper left, the Coolidge Quartet, which plays Tuesday night at Town Hall; at upper right, the Gordon String Quartet, appearing today at New Friends of Music concert, and Rose Bampton, as Aida, at the Metropolitan Saturday afternoon and Eugene Ysaye in Carnegie Hall recital Friday night.

MUSIC OF THE TIMES: NEWS

ON MISREPRESENTING WAGNER

Composer's Fundamental Ideas Are Misinterpreted When Employed to Support and Justify Hitler and His Theories

By OLIN DOWNES

FEARFUL and wonderful, if we read aright Otto Tolischus's article in THE NEW YORK TIMES Magazine of last Sunday, "Wagner: Clue to Hitler," are operations of the German mind. Or it might be more exact to say, the singular misappropriations and misrepresentations of Wagner by the present leaders of the German people. Do they really find inspiration for their course in his works? We assume that in this article Mr. Tolischus was describing a national phenomenon and not advancing an argument of his own. According to his reading of the situation, the present policies of Germany, where "the whole National Socialist regime finds its foundation in the Germanic mythos and cult of the heroic" are "in fact unthinkable without Wagner and all he represents. In that sense the whole present war resolves itself into a super-Wagnerian opera turned into grim reality."

If that is the situation it is extremely paradoxical, but certainly not without precedent in the history of misguided humanity. Most of the leaders of the race—Wagner is one—have had to suffer, often for centuries, from such and similar unwarranted misinterpretations. The musico-dramatic creations of Richard Wagner are the antithesis of Hitler, and crushing condemnation of all that Hitlerism implies. But the world of art is singularly vulnerable to the operations of fanatics or demagogues, and their easy and natural prey is the mass-mind to which Wilde referred when he remarked that some, looking at a picture, caught an effect, while others caught cold.

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AN instance where Wagner is concerned comes immediately to mind. The scene is the Festspielhaus at Baireuth, opening its doors in July of 1924 for the first time since 1914. The theatre flies the flag, not of the German Republic, but of the old monarchy. In the grounds is a monument with a *Nothung* sword, its hilt made of the figures 1914-1918. Over the sword are bay leaves, and under it an inscription to the effect that this *Nothung* sword—the one that Siegmund draws from the tree in "Walkuere"—which has earlier flashed from its sheath, will come forth again in the hour of direful need.

Inside the theatre the opening performance of "Die Meistersinger," glorification of the simple ways, the native art, the inherently peace-loving ideals of the German people, is coming to its end. Hans Sachs rises to deliver his apostrophe to the democratic and artistic ideals of the Meistersingers. Walther, the young knight, has won his prize, Sachs observes, not by his rank or his weapons but through his native right as a poet. Let the German masters and the spirit of the people which they have preserved be held in eternal honor, for as long as the true spirit of the German folk, as exemplified in their art—"die heil'ge deutsche Kunst"—is preserved, so long shall they stand, united and invincible, though the Holy Roman Empire should crumble to dust.

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As soon as Sachs began his peroration the entire audience rose and remained standing till the curtain fell. Every one was moved. Tears were in the eyes of the artists on the stage. It was a moment of tremendous and purifying emotion. And then some fool, fanatic or agent provocateur, in the audience—Hitler, though by no means risen to power, was very active and in high favor at Baireuth—struck up "Deutschland ueber alles," and verses of the song were repeated, with "heils" and cheers between, and a general atmosphere of exhilaration and defiance.

And there you are! What more natural, at that moment, to a German than an enormous comfort, pride and joy in the affirmation of a beauty and thought which represented dear, homely aspects, in their most ideal form, of German existence? And what more insufferable than the political demonstration into which the occasion was turned? The soldiers in the trenches had done better. We have the authentic account of an intimate friend at the front who remembers the afternoon, with the opposing armies yards apart in their trenches, when a young Frenchman, an excellent tenor and a graduate of the Paris Conservatoire, sang in German Walther's Prize Song, and the Germans from their dugouts cheered him.

It was a long cry from that to the atmosphere in and about the very theatre which Wagner, the revolutionist and exile, had built for the perpetuation of his ideals and the art-spirit of his people. There is no denying that Baireuth of today has taken a political stand which is far indeed from that of the author of "Art and Revolution." On that opening day Grafs and Graefins, incognito, met again and embraced with tears. We see again, in a corner, Muck snickering with Ferdinand of Bulgaria. And "why do we fly the monarchist flag?" says the mistress of Baireuth. "Because that is the flag which belongs there!" The republic tolerated that, but Baireuth was in bad odor with the republic, as it is today, by contrast, a very stronghold of Hitler. It is a climax of irony. Nothing in Wagner's checkered, impulsive career is quite so inconsistent—the master who envisioned, above all in the "Ring of the Nibelungs," which he completed in Baireuth's opening year of 1876, a world cleansed of hatred and greed, deception, force and lust of power.

Wagner has political implications in Germany. They are associative and are the reverse of everything he taught in his art. That art, racially rooted, is unquestionably a creative manifestation profoundly associated with an awakening of national consciousness. Wagner's rise was synchronous with the rise and integration of modern Germany as a nation. The year of Wagner's birth was 1813, the year of the battle of Leipzig, when Germany at last united her forces and threw off the Napoleonic yoke. As German armies accomplished this liberation in the field, so did Wagner, following Weber with his "Freischuetz" in 1821, throw off the shackles of foreign art, especially that of the Italians, which had until then overrun the German lyric theatre.

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THIS profound affirmation of German ideals and racial consciousness corresponded in spiritual ways with Germany's whole development. No great artist is to be separated from his period and environment. In a most exceptional degree was Wagner to be identified with the romantic period and momentous events in the history of his own nation and Europe of the latter part of the nineteenth century. In France Debussyism was undoubtedly one of the by-products of the national reactions against Germany of 1870. It can certainly be said that an assertive and virile quality of his people is an element of Wagner's music.

The new Germany of the republic looked upon Wagner as an artist who had fed the national pride and arrogance, which the liberals believed to have led them into the disastrous war. There was a political and an esthetic reaction against

De Bellis and The New York Times

In the leading roles of the Metropolitan revival of "Pelléas et Mélisande": Helen and Georges Cathelat.

Edwin McArthur appears as guest condu

VERDI ON LIBRETTOS

ROME.

AN interesting unpublished letter of Giuseppe Verdi has been revealed on cataloguing and frank character, I may freely say that in the subjects you propose, though eminently dramatic, I miss all the variety my crazy

COMPOSERS A

By CARLOS CHAVEZ

THE folk-music of a country has many and varied points of interest. It is in itself a fund of musical wealth. In its present state, with no further elaboration, with no arrangement of any kind, almost every piece of this music (singing, dancing or in-

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PROFILE OF A PHILHARMONIC CHIEF

By Henry Van Brunt

KARL KRUEGER, Kansas City Philharmonic conductor, says he knows the best restaurant in town. While he likes to do a little dilettantish dallying with his food, his judgment is not based on the matter of cuisine. The restaurant is virtually the only spot in the city where discriminating gastric juices are not subjected to the disturbing effects of music.

Music, to Kansas City's slender, svelteized conductor, must be orchestral or it isn't music, and it must be rendered by artists, or not at all—or that, at least, is the impression he gave his unmusical interviewer, who has a vulgar fondness for "swing," although inoculated with Wagner's entire "Ring" sequence at boarding school.

The thought intrudes that in an era when amplifiers make the very streets cacophonous, Krueger must have a wretched time of it wading around through a slush of dissonance. Music which is just sound, per se, is like the scratch of a fingernail on a windowpane to a man who, year in, year out, as Krueger explains it, is trying to sensitize his ears.

We found Krueger one morning pulling his coat on after rehearsal of his orchestra at the Musicians' Union club, 1017 Washington street. And, by the way, those of you who sit in awe of the black-coated musicians at concerts ought to hear them wisecracking at each other as, shirtsleeved, they pack up their instruments after a workout. Their leader was on this occasion, interested in a car to take him to his office in the Chamber of Commerce suite at the Hotel Continental, but agreed to walk, with apparent misgivings. We were quite jaunty about the relatively short stroll, but understood the conductor's hesitation when he unloaded from his brief case a bound Wagnerian score which must have weighed as much as a doughboy's pack.

A Way With Gentlemen.

The conductor's relations with the men of his orchestra are completely devoid, we are assured, of [illegible]. "It's a pleasure," remarked one of those artists not long ago, "to work under a gentleman." Probably that sentiment holds with the majority of the eighty-five. Mr. Krueger is, indeed, gentlemanly, exacting, also, gentlemanly conduct from the artists. When a correction is necessary, there is a rap of the baton. "My God, gentlemen!" Mr. Krueger fervently breathes. That suffices.

As a general thing, Krueger conducts his rehearsals in shirt sleeves. He possesses, however, a garment roughly resembling a velvet smoking jacket, which he may wear now and then, frequently adding to the dégagé effect with a carelessly knotted silk scarf. His mannerisms are comparatively few. His eyes are [illegible] over the podium; however, a [illegible] tapping of the slender fingers of his right hand over his heart. That gesture, orchestra, indicates that a bit more "oomph" is called for.

Krueger expressed a generous [illegible] period getting Oscar Levant off his chest. Mr. Levant, the musical genius of radio's "Information Please" program, devotes an article in the November Harper's magazine to the temperaments and eccentricities of Koussevitsky, Toscanini and Stokowski. While it may be granted that the audible and boisterous company of orchestra conductors has amused audiences with a distinguished assortment of "trained seals," Mr. Krueger said [illegible] a [illegible] emphasis on the conductorial mannerisms at the expense of a hard-working, earnest profession; [illegible] and he was [illegible] [illegible] on the subject [illegible] [illegible] by such articles as Mr. Levant's, that conductors are a bunch of [illegible] [illegible] who have been [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible] playing in order to "beat time."

In a subsequent talk, the subject of technique was revived, and we gratefully absorbed the information that the conductor's right hand controls tempo, while the left "molds the phrase." That is an interesting bit of information, with which the children, for whom Mr. Krueger loves to lead his musicians, are no doubt perfectly familiar.

Ah, When He Speaks of Children!

Speaking of children, of the Philharmonic concerts which he has arranged expressly for children, Krueger is apt to get a little emotional. They comprise by far the best audiences, he says—the most appreciative, the most attentive and, believe it or not, the quietest. Krueger believes in "exposing" children to fine music while their perceptions are still plastic, and it seems to be a happy experience, well rewarded by their absorbed reception of his efforts.

Karl Krueger is a boon companion, in the sense of jovial and genial, rather than in the secondary meaning, "benign." Krueger is too keen to be benign, if you get the idea. He has wide eyes of that startlingly light blue which inevitably suggests candor and naïveté. But Krueger will impale you with those blue eyes and tell you amazing things, chattering over and across the lovely effects of innocence with a story of the Chaucerian blend of humor.

With the same blue stare he will ascribe his remarkable memory to the fact that when he was 4 or 5, in Atchison, Kas., he was following his father into the basement and fell from the top step to the basement floor, striking on his head. The child was really severely injured, but, as Krueger tells it, it was a singularly happy accident, as it enables him now to conduct an orchestra without a score, like the famous German pianist and conductor, Hans von Bulow, whose phenomenal memory, Krueger assured us, was due to a "lesion of the brain." When he gets to know you fairly well, Mr. Krueger will show you the scar on his head. Showing the scar is an extremely simple matter because, except for startled-looking grayish tufts at the sides of his head, Mr. Krueger has an avenue of baldness from front to rear, like a fire-break across the top of a mountain. That is another result of the accident, and also a happy one, if you're going to conduct an orchestra, being a hairdo which fits the part to perfection.

Not so much as a conversationalist, but as a talker, Karl Krueger holds your attention. Conversation implies a certain amount of give and take—a verbal bouncing back and forth; with Krueger it's a one-way street and, as far as you're concerned, it's mostly "take." Proposing a subject to Karl Krueger is not unlike cutting a slit in a sack of sand. Providentially, it is almost always worth listening to. And what a childhood he can tell you about! No wonder he's a musician.

Karl, born in New York City in 1894, had a noteworthy father, Carl Krueger, who was not a musician but a distinguished philologist at the University of Basle, Switzerland. He was a man of small stature, extremely stubborn, "set in his ways," as we say; held the whip, literally, over his four sons to drive music into their skulls, but refused to let them become musicians because he disliked what he called "professionalism." In his early 20s, the elder Krueger, a scientific "doubter," "embracing Christianity," as Karl puts it, through the door of German Lutheranism, and wanted to go to Africa as a missionary. But he failed to pass a physical test, so came to America when he was 26 and gravitated to Atchison, Kas., where he married Sophie Sprick, whose father was Henry Sprick, pioneer Kansan and one of the presidential electors when Cleveland defeated Blaine in the "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" campaign of 1884.

Music Forced Upon Them.

The Kruegers settled down in Atchison—in the house where Karl fell down the cellar steps. When the four sons were old enough to say "I won't," the father, who played the violin occasionally for relaxing purposes, decided that the four boys (two older than Karl, one younger) should become passably proficient on that instrument. They said "I won't," but he locked them into separate rooms to practice, and, so keen an ear had he, according to Karl, that, although all might be practicing simultaneously, he could detect a sour "bowing" and visit his wrath upon the culprit whenever that occurred. Karl's own instrument was the 'cello; he later became an organ virtuoso.

Karl's three brothers eventually entered business life, respectively an architect, mathematician and electrical engineer. Karl had decided to become a musician, secretly cherished and fed this ambition while ostensibly bowing to the parental will. Perhaps his stubbornness arose from the fact that he was told by his companions when he was 12 that the shape of his head was "abnormal."

At all events, at his father's behest, he concentrated on business law, taking an M. A. degree from the University of Kansas, studying later at the University of Heidelberg and the University of Vienna. At Heidelberg, his instructor in the history of Roman law aided and abetted him in a plot to forget what he had learned and become a musician.

Krueger's European term lasted from 1913 to 1925, when he returned to the United States, having married, in 1922, Miss Emilie McCormick Jewett, daughter of the late Samuel R. Jewett, Chicago lawyer, and a cousin of Harold F. McCormick. Not a musician herself, but a music lover with a broad cultural background, Mrs. Krueger has been her husband's most devoted listener and most searching critic. She is now in Arizona with their daughter, Therese, 8, who was born when Mr. Krueger was conductor of the Seattle Symphony orchestra. Mr. Krueger reports that Mrs. Krueger is making encouraging progress toward recovery from the injury received when she was shot on a Los Angeles street in the summer of 1932 by her sister's estranged husband.

At luncheon in his comfortable apartment at Georgian Court, which is more or less a temporary home and so is not cluttered up with the sort of memorabilia you'd somehow expect to find, Mr. Krueger talked frankly and modestly about his achievements and his hopes and his interest, not only in his own work but in the progress of the city in its struggle upward and onward with the arts. We knew that he was straightforward, practical-minded and very American, proud of his Kansas associations, but we were a little surprised that he was so doggoned tough in his treatment of subjects, and not in the least "arty"—neither was he "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of an effete Europe, where he had spent the formative years of his career.

We had heard that he speaks four or five languages, for instance, and expected something exotic in speech and mannerisms. But, though possessing the gift of tongues, he seems to be able to avoid embarrassment by filing it away and reverting to the common-change of the vernacular. Here, we found, was, after all, very much of a man's man, and a darned good egg—even if he had once been offered the leadership of the Vienna orchestra, if he would become an Austrian citizen, and had turned down that distinction with the statement that he would as soon change his profession as his citizenship.

After steering us over the apartment—bedroom, living room with [illegible] breakfast nook and, astonishingly, two bathrooms (the quarters had been remodeled from a larger suite and one bathroom had been left behind), we were served sandwiches and soup in the little breakfast room with a boulevard view through trees which, had they been plane trees instead of elms, might have suggested Paris. The layman's usual assortment of stupid questions were produced and strewn across the table, to be answered with commendable patience and fortitude.

You would learn a lot, as we did, talking to Krueger about the work—the sheer labor—of conducting an orchestra, and grasp a faint notion of the physical and mental exhaustion which follows a concert, whether the leader indulges in exaggerated calisthenics or not, and the intensive study of the score required. Krueger mentioned Beethoven, at the height of his maturity, weeping over the piano keyboard with the despairing cry, "I haven't studied enough!" As for Krueger's frequently mentioned feat of conducting without a score, we got the impression from his comments that, blessed with a good memory (with a tumble down the basement steps thrown in for good measure), this is less of a feat than that of following the printed score, turning pages, and trying to lead the orchestra at the same time.

We discover in Krueger a [illegible] tendency which is refreshing—a yen for messing around, picking up gossip and impressions, breathing the same air and smelling the same smells as mortals who are not in contact with the masters. Krueger seems to feel the advantage to a conductor of being able to do just that is a part of the world where the orchestra leader may be approached as a businessman, conducting a business, and is of value in his job as much because of business ability as because of talent as a musician. It is better, he feels, to maintain your position as a conductor on that basis than—as in notable cases in Europe—through the favor of someone from the nobility or [illegible] to the emoluments of the emperor.

His visitor uncovered in Krueger no odd hobbies or unusual methods of relaxation. When the concert season—a grueling period—is over, he reads, and [illegible], he needs it—to lie down for an [illegible]. He finds spots for this purpose like New Canaan, Conn., where roads are maintained [illegible] to keep the [illegible] away. He used to play golf but the [illegible] of the game [illegible] a natural death, as so frequently happens. His favorite sport? Fishing? "What?" and he repeated it. Why? He doesn't explain. He did not become addicted in Atchison, at any rate. There is only one man in the United States, he says, who knows anything about a fish in New Jersey somewhere. Anyway, it's his favorite sport.

The conductor is a chain cigar smoker, through a holder, his consumption about thirty a day—Bahia cigars, if he can get them; finding his favorite brand in Bahia in 1919 made his South American concert tour well worth while. Karl has always smoked. His father, a non-smoker, used to give the boy a licking whenever he found him smoking a fag. Finally, when Karl was 16, the stern parent gave him a cigar, hoping that it would make him sick. It was a mistake and he's been smoking them ever since.

MUSIC, SAYS KARL KRUEGER, MUST BE ORCHESTRAL, OR IT ISN'T MUSIC.

To Mark Golden Jubilee

JOSEF HOFMANN

World renowned pianist, who is the only instrumentalist to celebrate a golden jubilee tour in America. Josef Hofmann, now at the peak of his career and unanimously acclaimed the world's greatest pianist, will give a gala concert on November 28 at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, which was the scene of his sensational American debut November 29, 1887. As all seats for his forthcoming New York jubilee concert have already been sold, chairs have been placed in the orchestra pit to accommodate some of the throng unable to secure regular seats. Insert, as Josef Hofmann appeared at the age of 10 on the occasion of his American debut.

JOSEF H[illegible]ANN MADE AMERICAN DEBUT AT TEN

Proceeds from Jubilee Concert to Go To Musicians' Fund

"JOSEF HOFMANN is an infant prodigy. If we take the trouble to look in the dictionary we shall find that a prodigy is 'anything wonderful or extraordinary; a miracle.'" So wrote the Harper's Young People, September 20, 1887.

On November 28, 1937, the same Josef Hofmann, now at the peak of his career, will walk onto the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, the exact spot his little feet trod on November 29, fifty years ago, and will celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his sensational American debut. The proceeds will go to the Musicians' Emergency Fund.

Announcement of Mr. Hofmann's unique tour, for he is the only instrumentalist to celebrate his Golden Jubilee in America, has brought to light a wealth of mementos of his early concert appearances in this country, when as a boy of ten he literally took the concert world by storm. One of especially timely moment is the the article which appeared in Harper's Young People just fifty years ago this month, as a preliminary to his first American tour. In it, under the caption "A Wonderful Pianist," the article compares the child Hofman to the two most famous infant prodigies of preceding generations: Mozart and Liszt, and the writer makes plain that he considers little Josef's achievements as remarkable as theirs.

Regarding young Hofman, who was then ten years old, the writer adds: "For nearly four years he has been appearing before the public as a pianoforte virtuoso (which is the word used to express 'a player of superior ability'), and lately he has appeared very frequently, and created what the newspapers call a 'sensation.' Never was so much written about a young boy by his contemporaries as has been written about young Hofman. Famous musicians like Rubinstein, and callous old critics like—well, most of the famous ones — have fairly gushed over him. It is a wonder that with all the attention he has received the little fellow has not become very conceited."

It was not until 1886, when Josef was nine years old, that his father yielded to the solicitations of Manager Wolff to bring the boy before the public. The article goes on to describe the child's first appearance outside his native Poland. "The debut took place at a matinee given in the largest concert hall in Berlin, with the Philharmonic Orchestra. At the first rehearsal for this concert, after Josef had played with full orchestra and from memory the First Beethoven Concerto, he went to the leader, Professor Manstadt, and said to him in French (which language he had added to his native Polish), 'The 'cellos were not correct in the last passage; it should go so'—playing the passage on the piano. The professor examined the music, and found that the boy was right."

Concerts in Denmark, Sweden and Norway, under the patronage of the Queen of Denmark, followed; then engagements in Paris and other European cities. Noted composers heard him, and Saint-Saens went so far as to say that young Hofman had nothing more to learn in music; that everything in him was music; and like Rubinstein, declared him "the greatest wonder of the present age."

Perhaps the most engaging part of the Harper's Young People article is its description of the boy himself: "Away from music, he is always a child," the article says, "and his sense of humor is delightful. One day his parents promised to give him twenty-five cents for each concert, and subsequently when he had finished a concert and encores were demanded, he said, 'No,' with a merry laugh, 'the concert is over and I have earned my quarter.'" But he played his encores and upon returning to the artists' room, said, "'Now in the future you must pay me by the piece—two cents each for my own compositions and five cents each for the others.'"

This must be an amusing reminiscence for Josef Hofmann, who is one of the most highly-paid artists in the world today.

OPERA: THREE PHASES

TELEVISION: Metropolitan opera stars in "Pagliacci," the first opera telecast from Radio City: Armand Tokatyan as Canio; Alessio de Paolis, Peppy; Richard Bonelli, Tonio; Hilda Burke, Nedda. Conductor Frank St. Leger is in the foreground.

RADIO: Opening "Rigoletto ... Spring C... Festival ... the direct... Erno Rape... on the a... noon to... through ... network ... Jan Peerce ... Rosemo... Branca... singing l... roles

AUDITIONS: The "big five" of the Opera Auditions of the Air—John Erskine, Edward Johnson, Edward Ziegler, Wilfred Pelletier and Earle Lewis. They will select the winners of Metropolitan contracts to be announced next Sunday at 5:30 P. M., over WJZ's hook-up.

LOOKING ...

WHEN proposals were first made to broadcast the Metropolitan Opera, objectors to the plan argued that to take only arias was to spread a wrong and incomplete idea of opera; scenery and acting were as much a part of the pageant as music. Broadcasters were told that to do justice to music-drama they must wait for television. Now they have it; from the NBC studio at Radio City, "Pagliacci," in tabloid, was televised with amazing realism.

Edward Johnson, managing director of the "Met," with his perfect diction and pleasant personality, proved to be the most telegenic master of ceremonies yet presented by television. Professionally but naturally, he handled the role as if introducing the artists in the home; he did not read the introductions. There was no bobbing of the head up and down or opening and closing of his eyes. Mr. Johnson looked out across the wave lengths with his characteristic smile as he presented singers vocally and visually from the Metropolitan's top drawer. It was, as he said, "a historical event" in music, in opera and in radio.

The back view of the conductor is no more. By television he faces the audience as he waves the baton to start the show, and then the cameras swivel to the artists.

For the quartet from "Rigoletto" the camera moves back for a full-length view, and then wheels forward for close-ups of two singers, full-face or profile. Leonard Warren's vigorous, expressive countenance was ideal for telecasting and he seemed to revel in the new art; he appeared to be looking at the audience for which he has been singing invisibly so long.

The singers, in costume and amid the scenery, now have opportunity to display their dramatic talents. No longer do they sing to a lone, mute "mike." The cameras call for life to embellish the sound; Hilda Burke was a real picture on the air in "Pagliacci."

Radio, it is said, has spread the appreciation of music and opera. Television adding the scenery and the actors visually bring the story to life. It becomes far more interesting than sound alone. One has but to watch televised opera a few minutes to realize that the eye has sighted something it does not want to turn from. Opera by television becomes an intimate performance, a musical play in the home, and, of course, the music is synchronized perfectly with the screen. The viewer sees the performer close-up through a telephoto lens, that affords a glimpse of the artist's personality far clearer than seen from any seat in the Golden Horseshoe. Every seat in television is in the front row.

The opera telecast is more gripping than the sound broadcast; it is held by two forces, eye and ear. And so the curtain has lifted on a new era for opera; the viewer sees the very effort and emotion that goes into the singing of a song, which by radio alone might sound quite effortless. Students of voice have a new opportunity to study great singers face to face.

The face along with the song is now the artist's fortune.

Thursday evening on the radio has regained half of the hour it lost in '39 when Rudy Vallee ended a ten-year run on the air. Trademarked musically as of old by "Your Time Is My Time," the voice behind the melody again calls out "Hi Ho Everybody," this time from Hollywood instead of New York. Mr. Vallee returns in a triple role—crooner, actor and announcer.

As songster he is the Vallee of other days; as a comedian in such roles as Christopher Columbus or Julius Caesar the historic fun falls flat; as a barker he turns vendor for the first time, plugging ice cream strawberry pie. He is the star only in role No. 1. He is less of an actor; not an announcer. Vallee is a crooner, band leader and showman. He has a distinctive voice, and it has been on the air so long in its original role, possibly that is at least one reason why it is difficult to accept him as an actor or a comedian. His fame came through crooning, and that lives on, in the air.

The new program has a musical comedy formula; a theme runs through the show and, typical of musical comedies, the story may sound silly in the end. Whether it's Columbus or Caesar singing "My Time Is Your Time" in this day of the invisible radio, it makes no difference if the show is entertaining. Vallee, with the showman's instinct, brings excellent co-stars to bolster the performance, especially when Mary Boland plays Queen Isabella and Andy Devine King Ferdinand. All's well in the end. The entire ensemble within thirty minutes lands in America and the protagonist assures the audience from coast to coast that "I'm not Columbus, after all; I'm Rudy Vallee." It's a new deal for Mr. Vallee, still insistent on being an actor, although few if any radio tenors have yet been able to accomplish that trick. Actors and comedians are born not made, so perhaps are crooners.

O. E. D. Jr.

OUR AMERICAN FOLK-ART

Some of the Reasons Why the 'Primitives' Have Produced So Much Appealing Work

By RUTH GREEN HARRIS

WHY is the art of American primitives, why is American folk-art, such good art? There are those, of course, who may not think it so. But not a few artists and not a few critics of sound judgment, or judgment that I believe to be sound, find American artisan art and American amateur art of extraordinary artistic quality.

Why, we ask, should professional house painters, sign painters, carpenters, cabinetmakers, shipwrights, wood carvers, metal workers, blacksmiths, tailors, farmers, business men and girls in boarding school (the list is Holger Cahill's) achieve an esthetic goal that many a professional who has spent a lifetime training for falls to reach?

As a matter of fact, an occasional professional can be accused of hurling his own position without any help from those wondering about the source of artisan quality. Frank Jewett Mather, in "Modern Painting," puts it this way: "The academicians did a good business which they were reluctant to impair for anything so vague as the good of American art."

Likewise, the academic primitive can be accused of naïveté for commercial reasons, now that primitive painting has achieved a kind of fashion.

Let us try to ask an honest question honestly, with injustice to none.

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AMERICAN folk-art covers a long span of time. It started with the very beginning of colonial life in America. We saw it at that beginning in "Life in America" at the Metropolitan last Summer. The folk-artist, or amateur artist or artisan artist (a precise term is difficult to find), has made and is making his sturdy contribution to contemporary art. Joseph Pickett, the carpenter and builder, for example, died in New Hope, Pa., in 1918. The house painter John Kane died in Pittsburgh in 1934. Both of these artists belong truly to the folk tradition, though they were painting at a time when fashion for the "folksy" had already begun. Neither artist was self-conscious or pretentious; both seemed to be unaffected by lauding of the naïve, the primitive, the childlike—as if these qualities alone were of esthetic value.

One of our latest primitives, the Brooklyn cabinetmaker Israel Litwak, exhibited at the Brooklyn Museum a couple of months ago. He, too, is in the best tradition.

Curiously, this tradition does not progress. Works can be dated by the actual physical materials used and by the objects portrayed: a horsecar, a streamline train, a city park, a colonial manor house; and by the cut of clothes. The way of observing and recording observation has remained much the same in America during three centuries—frank, unsubtle statement, often beautifully designed in beautiful color.

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WHAT we must keep very clearly in mind is the fact that it is sentimental and false to pretend that work by the run of folk-artists is as demanding and commanding as work by the great artist and profound thinker. But if the frame be narrow, the artisan artist can fill it with esthetic sense. In dealing with a given space he is often very able.

Unquestionably we have been shown selected folk-art from the earlier periods. Objects brought forward may be the best or, for all we know, faulty judgment may have withheld or destroyed the best. The remnant, at any rate, is of amazing quality, finer than much of the work by professionally trained artists of the same period (around the Eighteen Thirties, say, a period illustrated in the Metropolitan's historically fascinating show).

We must be wary of the fascination of history. Folk-art of the past is full of historical information, and we must be careful not to fall into antiquarian error and praise a certain work because it describes more accurately than another the way a scarf was worn or a house was built. We must be equally careful not to be overcharmed by the naïve and the quaint. Folk-art of every period is full of historical information, naïveté and quaintness. Doubtless these qualities increase our interest in it. But they have nothing to do with esthetic values and do not explain the presence of these values.

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EDITH HALPERT has been good enough to allow me access to her collection, and I have spent much time at the Folk-Art Gallery with mid-nineteenth-century portraits. The painters of these portraits had, in common with all folk-artists as we know them, what would seem to be an instinct for design: the spacing of dark and light, the movement of line over a flat surface, a sense of contrasting textures, a fine balance of color—the same abstract qualities found, for example, in a well-planned oriental rug.

The American primitive had an instinct for portraiture that would not necessarily be part of the design story had not the craftsman made it so. To my mind designing a portrait is more complex than designing a rug (though some artists would take exception to this statement).

* * *

IN spite of conventionals, the artisan portraits were strongly characterized. A little girl in a white organdie dress has a prim face. The so-called "Saco Bride" is a scolding woman. There are generous mouths and mean mouths and wandering eyes and grim and smiling lines—differentiations that lead us of a later date to believe that each sitter's face had been pretty well observed.

Sometimes you hear the artisan portrait or landscape or still-life of any time compared with the work of the masters. This, to my mind, is not valid comparison. Similarity is but superficial. It is like comparing what goes into a folksong with what goes into a great complex symphony only because there may be in each the strain of the same tune. Such comparison does not help answer the question: Why is primitive art such good art?

Many answers are presented. I don't know whether they are the right ones. But I do think the whole question is tremendously worth exploring. In the answers may be found material valuable not only to artists but to teachers as well.