

The Baton



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

Before the Public

The Institute of Musical Art presented its annual concert at Carnegie Hall on March 6. The program included Berlioz' Benvenuto Cellini Overture, by the orchestra; "Ah, fors' è lui" from La Traviata by Verdi, sung by Evelyn Schiff; Boëllmann's Variations Symphoniques for violoncello with Harvey Shapiro as soloist; Variations Symphoniques for piano by Franck, with Jeanne Mills at the piano; and Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C minor by the orchestra.

Mischa Levitzki, probably the most famous of the Institute's former students, created such a sensation when he appeared as soloist at the Roxy Concert on March 1, that the "no encore" rule was broken. He played two! "He gave a superb rendition of the Liszt E flat concerto."

Mr. Levitzki left New York two days later for the Pacific Coast and sailed from San Francisco on March 11 for Australia, planning to give two concerts in Honolulu on the way. This will be his second tour of Australia and New Zealand. At its conclusion in August he will go to Egypt; in October he will begin a series of concerts in the Near East and Europe, after which he will return to the United States.

Naoum Blinder, violinist, Evsei Beloussoff, 'cellist (both members of the Institute's Faculty) and Emanuel Bay gave a chamber music concert at Hunter College on March 11.

Georges Barrère, who teaches flute at the Institute and who leads the Barrère Little Symphony Orchestra, gave a flute recital at Hunter College on March 4.

Lorenzo Sansone, teacher of French horn at the Institute, Milton Prinz, 'cellist graduate, and Evsei Beloussoff were among the assisting artists at the Beethoven Association Concert at Town Hall on March 16.

The Musical Art Quartet, of whom Sascha Jacobsen, Louis Kaufman and Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff are Artist Graduates of the Institute, gave their fourth concert of the season on March 24.

James Friskin, of our piano Faculty, gave the fifth Artists' recital at the Institute

on March 7. He played a program of Beethoven's sonatas.

George Boyle, also of the piano Faculty, presented the sixth Artists' recital on March 14. He played his own Concerto in D minor, his wife, Pearl Boyle, giving the orchestral part on a second piano. Phyllis and Karl Kraeuter, both Artist Graduates, gave the seventh Artists' recital on March 27. Miss Kraeuter is a 'cellist and her brother a violinist. They were assisted by Emanuel Bay at the piano.

Samuel Gardner, of the violin Faculty, led a program of ensemble music given by his class at the Institute on March 25. Members of the class, which is voluntary, are:

First violin, Samuel Carmell, Sidney Brecher, Mary McIntyre, Robert Gross, Emery Erdelyi.

Second violin, Louis Kievman, Susan Ripley, Arnold Clair, Louis Entin, Dvera Weiss.

Viola, Irving Kolodin, Keith Davis, Jane Stoneall, Sandy Jones.

'Cello, Ralph Oxman, Walter Potter, Geraldine Widmer, Helen Taylor.

Piano, Henrietta Holtzman, Eugene Kuzniak. Flute, Robert Bolles.

Bernard Wagenaar's Divertimento was performed on February 21 at the second of the American Composers' Concerts of the present season, and the twentieth of the six seasons in which these

concerts have been sponsored by the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Wagenaar, who is a member of our theory department "has put together four movements which he calls Cortège, Paspy, Pastorale and Rondo. The Paspy is a sort of satire on the passepied and contains light humorous suggestions."

Sidney Sukoëig, Artist Graduate of our piano department, has appeared in five recitals in New York City and vicinity recently. He is planning to give two Carnegie Hall concerts early next fall.

Lamar Stringfield, Artist Graduate in the flute department who has contributed articles to THE BATON, has written a

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The Art of Melba

A Great Career in Retrospect

By W. J. Henderson

WHEN the news of Nellie Melba's death was published February 23rd some authorities could find no way to speak of her except to compare her with Adelina Patti. But as they had already done the same thing with Marion Talley and Lily Pons, the comparison had little value. Nor did any one first establish the premise that Mme. Patti was the standard by which all other singers were to be judged. Doubtless when some of the obituary writers went back to the 1893 files of their own papers they were amazed to find that Mme. Melba's debut was treated in from a third to two-thirds of a column. Marion Talley received six times as much space and Miss Pons from three to four times as much. The art of ballyhoo had not been fully developed in the gay nineties. Nevertheless Mme. Melba enjoyed a long and famous career.

Old operagoers can remember her in the zenith of her glory. Her latest appearances in New York were not to the advantage of her reputation. Mme. Melba made her stage debut at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, October 12, 1887, as Gilda in "Rigoletto." Dubious statements have been made about her age. It was said at the time of her first appearance to be 26. Agnes Murphy wrote a biography which bears out this assertion by giving the year of her birth as 1861. Thus she must have been 32 when she came to the Metropolitan. Whatever the number of years, the voice was in the plentitude of its glory and it was quickly accepted as one of the great voices of operatic history.

The quality of musical tone cannot be adequately described. No words can convey to a music lover who did not hear Melba any idea of the sounds with which she ravished all ears. Maurel used to say of the voice of Tamango, "C'est la voix unique du monde." One could equally as well have said of Melba's: "It is the unique voice of the world." This writer never heard any other just like it. Its beauty, its power, its clarion quality differed from the fluty notes of Patti. It was not a better voice, but a different one. It has been called silvery, but what does that signify? There is one quality which it had and which may be comprehended even by those who did not hear her; it had splendor. The tones glowed with a starlike brilliance. They flamed with a white flame. And they possessed a remarkable force which the famous singer always used with continence. She gave the impression of singing well within her limits.

Her voice was of the full range needed for the colorature and light lyric rôles of the modern repertoire. It extended from B flat below the

clef to the high F. The scale was beautifully equalized throughout and there was not the slightest change in the quality from bottom to top. All the tones were forward; there was never even a suspicion of throatiness. The full, flowing and facile emission of the tones has never been surpassed, if matched, by any other singer of our time. The intonation was preeminent in its correctness; the singer was rarely in the smallest measure off pitch.



(Courtesy of Musical America)

W. J. Henderson, when photoviewed and interviewed in 1911—"Except for the fact that I consider the operatic taste here lower than it was twenty years ago, when there were many more great singers, the musical advance of New York has been very great." Mr. Henderson is now the Dean of American music critics, probably the greatest living authority on singing, and a marvel of open-mindedness on all musical matters.

The Melba attack was little short of marvelous. The term attack is not a good one. Melba indeed had no attack; she opened her mouth and a tone was in existence. It began without ictus, when she wished it to, and without betrayal of breathing. It simply was there. When she wished to make a bold attack, as in the trio of the last scene of "Faust," she made it with the clear silvery stroke of a bell. Her trill was ravishing. On the evening of her debut at the Metropolitan she sang in the cadenza of the mad scene a prodigiously long crescendo trill which was not merely astonishing, but also beautiful. Her staccati were as firm, as well placed, and as

musical as if they had been played on a piano. Her cantilena was flawless in smoothness and purity. She phrased with elegance and sound musicianship as well as with consideration for the import of the text. In short, her technic was such as to bring out completely the whole beauty of her voice and to enhance her delivery with all the graces of vocal art.

She was not a singer of what is called "dramatic" manner, though not devoid of sentiment or the ability to express a gentle pathos. But her interpretative power was superficial. She conquered rather by the sensuous spell of the voice, by the brilliancy and fluency of her ornamentation and the symmetrical lines of her delivery than by the awakening of feeling in her hearers. Her limitations did not prevent her from undertaking a wide variety of roles. Immediately after her first Lucia she sang Nedda, Semiramide, Juliette, Gilda. Comment at the time was that she was deficient in sentiment in the last named part. But it must be borne in mind that much more was expected of singers then than now, and that Mme. Melba surprised her hearers in later roles.

In her second season she sang Micaela, Marguerite, Elaine in Bemberg's opera of that name, and the Queen in "Les Huguenots." It may mean nothing to contemporaneous operagoers, but the cast of that production of Meyerbeer's masterpiece is historical—Nordica as Valentine, Scalchi as the Page, Melba as the Queen, Jean de Reszke as Raoul, Edouard de Reszke as Marcel, Plançon as St. Bris and Maurel as de Nevers. There was without doubt never before or since such a star cast. Present day operagoers may get a hint of its caliber from the statement that every member of the roster could be ranked with Caruso.

Mme. Melba did not sing Violetta in "Traviata" till December 22, 1896, when she astonished her public by the degree of pathos she developed in the second act. It was, however, all in the singing; the action throughout the opera was unequal to the musical exposition.

Her first "Aida" was accomplished on January 24, 1898, and, although she was not then or at any other time able to create any illusion in the role, her beautiful singing of the music enabled her to retain the part in her repertory for some years. What is more strange is that she first sang Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" on January 28, of the same year. The opera, now a familiar one, had not been given at the Metropolitan since 1900 when the Rosina was Adelina Patti. Mme. Melba's impersonation found favor. To be sure she was not the scintillating, coquettish, enchanting Rosina fashioned with bewitching spontaneity by Patti, but she was sufficiently vivacious to sustain interest and despite hoarseness in the opening measure of "Una voce poco fa" she had a vocal triumph. In the lesson scene she was warmly applauded for her delivery of Massenct's "Sevillana." For an encore she seated herself at the piano and to her own accompani-

ment sang Tosti's "Mattinata," which became inseparably associated with her lesson scene from that time.

Since this is not a biographical sketch, it is unnecessary to follow Mme. Melba through her various opera and concert seasons. But it should not be forgotten that the Metropolitan was not the sole New York stage of her triumphs. In 1907 she sang Lucia, Gilda, Mimi and Violetta with Oscar Hammerstein's company at the Manhattan Opera House. This writer then noted a little deterioration in the voice. It had acquired a slightly acidulous quality. The soprano was 46 years of age and the alteration of the voice was not a matter for wonder.

Those who heard this celebrated singer in her latest appearances here can have formed no true conception of her greatness. That she was not an artist of constructive imagination is undeniable. That she was a mere "diva" of the older type, who walked on and off the stage and enchained audiences by sheer outpour of tones, is equally

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An Interesting Letter *From a Friend in Vienna*

As I had the honor, to be an old friend of your father,—I am also acquainted with your dear mother, Mrs. Crowthers, who will doubtless remember to me,—you may probably be interested to learn, that my younger brother Alban Berg is now well known as composer,—I make free to send you enclosed a photo of him,—that his opera "WOZZEK," already on the repertoire of the opera houses of Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam, Brussels, Leningrad, Darmstadt, Gera, a.s.o., will find its American first performance in Philadelphia, Pa. on the 19th of March this year. "Marie," the female principal part is to be sung by a certain singer Rosell or Rossell or some such name. The opera is subject to different opinions, but I have heard so many performances of it, that I, although I am the composer's brother, can state, that every good performance has also engaged the antagonistic parts of the public. If you are interested, I shall be pleased to write you any details about my brother's work. The photo enclosed, was taken at the time when my brother wrote the opera "Wozzek," about 1918 to 1920.

Newspaper reviews would of course be of great interest for me as well as for my brother.

I would be very grateful to you, dear Miss Crowthers, if you could send some times also a number of THE BATON, separate to me, as I and my brother are highly interested in your journal, which your reader, Mr. Trost, often borrowed us.

With my best compliments and anticipating your reply with interest, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Charley Berg.

Alban Berg's "Wozzeck"

An End and a Beginning

By Irving Kolodin

THE news values attendant upon the first American performance of Berg's opera "Wozzeck" in Philadelphia on the nineteenth of March, have been exposed in endless columns of print, and we may now attempt an appraisal of its salient qualities unhampered by considerations of the latest



Alban Berg

"this" or the newest "that." There is a curious irony in the current furore about this work, for it was sketched during the war years and completed in 1920. It was five years before even adventurous Berlin would produce it, and five years more until even a part of it was disclosed to an American audience, last fall, when Kleiber gave certain orchestral excerpts with the Philharmonic. Now, fully eleven years after its birth, we may hear it in its entirety; that is, in Philadelphia, and no doubt we shall, in due time, have it in New York.

There is no facet of this comparatively brief work (its performance length is about two and a half hours) that is not freighted with novelty . . . text, setting, staging and direction, each offers considerations not previously associated with opera. However, the term *music-drama* is a very precise one. You will note that the *Music* comes first. It always has, and it always will. The primary interest in any

work that employs an orchestra of a hundred and fifteen, a stage band of twenty-five and a singing cast of about fifty must certainly be in what they do as musicians. In a word, what appeal they make to our aural sense. Let us forget the obvious visual perplexities of the score (which a casual examination of any page will reveal). There has been much said about "Wozzeck" being the first opera "freed from the bonds of tonality." Accepted literally, this would indicate an all-encompassing newness, a distinctive departure in technique that would impose insuperable obstacles between us and its comprehension; for we have been reared in tonality, and fed at the twin springs, Major and Minor. Speaking from the slight vantage point of one hearing, there was no moment when this music passed beyond acceptance by the ear. There is about it a quality of verisimilitude, a strange macabre lyricism to which we surrender ourselves at the first brief introductory measures, and in whose spell we remain utterly absorbed through the last faint flutterings of the woodwinds, and far beyond. Of obvious tonality, there is none; for the work begins without a signature. But, then, so does "Tristan." However, there are long passages in which a key is easily discerned, and we may be certain that a point of departure is ever-present. It "listens well" . . . and in the immemorial way, eventually our eyes and mind will draw even to our ears—and so, perhaps, we shall have another "classic."

"Wozzeck" is written in a constant idiom of twelve tones. That is, using all the accidentals between a given tone and its octave. This basically familiar scheme is developed with an elasticity and freedom masterly beyond verbal description, for the use of six and seven different tones as chords results in sonorities and blendings engrossingly unique. But the qualities of inevitability and "rightness" inherent in all great music are present here. There is nothing meretricious or insincere, we feel, in the use of what we call, temporarily, dissonance. There is always the feeling of line and contour, of direction and significance that transcends the limitations which we have grown to respect, and penetrates to us, quietly and inescapably. Considered as a whole, the work is a prolongation, or subtilization, of resources that have been available since the acceptance of the tempered scale; that is, we are all familiar with the use of dissonances (explained as suspensions or anticipations, organ points, etc.) from Bach onward, resolving, or returning to the prevailing idiom. Gradually, as our perceptions have developed we have required less of preparation and technical excuse for such colorings, and have become accustomed to them sufficiently to recognize them as new chords and combinations.

In "Wozzeck" Berg has gone along beyond Wagner and Strauss, and absorbing the nutritive residue of their technique, evolved his own expression and fashioned an even more resilient technique. Despite this apparently complex and involved harmonic background, there is a very definite melodic quality in the quieter passages, that has a distinct kinship with its great predecessors. The work is in type, what we call German music as distinct from the Gallic music of Franck, Debussy, Ravel, and generally speaking, even Stravinsky. Not alone because the text is German but in the very fibre of its conception it is, in manner and accent, inflection and nuance, Teutonic. Many musicians feel that "Pelléas," despite its familiarity now, still remains a foreign work, in spirit and expression. We might compare a listener at "Wozzeck" to a native of a large country, who traveling far from his home, encounters a new dialect and idiom within his own land. Basically, it is the same as his own, and he can, if he will, adapt himself to it. But in "Pelléas" our hypothetical citizen would have crossed frontiers and passed into a realm strange to him, faced with the necessity of learning a new tongue. For a work that is experimental and unexampled, "Wozzeck" is singularly unreminiscent. There are influences, to be sure, not alone of Schoenberg (whose pupil he was), but of Strauss, orchestrally, and of Wagner. But above all there is Berg. The ever receding horizon of music has beckoned to him—and the summons has not been in vain.

The dramatic elements of "Wozzeck" are the commonplace combination of Love, Trust, Infidelity, Jealousy, Murder, Suicide. These emotions are conveyed by Franz Wozzeck, a simple soldier; Marie, his mistress, and a Drum Major. There are many minor characters, but the drama revolves around these. Briefly, Marie, tiring of Wozzeck, becomes infatuated with the gleaming Drum Major. He taunts Wozzeck with her infidelity. Wozzeck, helpless to avenge himself on his physically magnificent rival, accuses Marie, and becoming certain of her deception, stabs her to death. Attempting to dispose of the accusing knife, he throws it into a pond, but fearing it to be too close to shore, he seeks to retrieve it, wanders half-crazed beyond his depth, and is drowned. The plot, with its preparations and elaborations is depicted in fifteen scenes divided in this production, into three acts, each of five scenes. Written early in the nineteenth century, by Georg Büchner, an obscure poet, this work was not published until 1879. Berg came across it in 1914, when he was thirty years old; deeply impressed with the modernity of its spirit, he decided to set it to music. However, service in the German army prevented the immediate realization of this desire, and not until six years had elapsed was the work completed.

The unpretty realism of "Wozzeck" is new to opera. Berg achieves more than the theatricalism of the so-called "verists." Initially, the type of vocalism he has employed has assisted him greatly. For he has completely abandoned "recitative" as we know it, and has substituted a rhythmic declamation

that rests on the rugged simplicity of his text. Also, there are no arias; there are, as in all drama, long speeches and short speeches, but the voice remains a part of the entire conception . . . the orchestra is the chief protagonist. This, of course, is true of Wagner . . . but his background and inhibitions prevented him from discarding the voice as a melodic organ, and his admitted creed was "endless melody." Berg fluctuates between a vocal style based on the normal inflection of the voice, and a more consciously musical style that is a counterpoint to the orchestra. Seldom has the text been so easily understood in an opera house, for the syllables and accents fall where we are accustomed to hear them, and released from servitude to the dictates of a planned melody, the voice is used as another instrument in the orchestra.

Formally, the opera is designed to include certain conventional patterns. Thus in the first act we have a suite (developed conversationally) and a Passacaglia; in the second act a section in sonata form, and a fugue; and in the third act an invention. At first hearing, these outlines are not particularly apparent; and we may accept them merely as a plan which has assisted Berg's expression, and not become distracted by it, from the music. There are many memorable passages which we can merely hint of here—the orchestral interlude after the second scene in the first act, the biting parody on a Viennese waltz in the tavern, during the second act; and the terrific power and earnestness of all the music associated with the tragic death of Marie, and of Wozzeck.

The scenic production of Robert Edmond Jones approached the work from the indicated viewpoint of the symbolic and the impressionistic, and gave visual expression by means of arresting lighting effects and design, to the disordered thoughts and emotions of the characters. Orchestrally, the performance was superb; and the singing of Anna Roselle, as Marie, Ivan Ivanzoff as Wozzeck, and Bruno Korelle as Wozzeck's Captain, equally good. All the singers deserve a generous measure of recognition for mastering the intricate detail of their parts.

Finally, we must express great admiration for the intelligence of Leopold Stokowski who conducted this treacherously difficult score, and conveyed with deep understanding its mordant atmosphere of relentless destiny. His spirit disciplined the entire performance, and his absorption was truly ideal. In this work of Alban Berg, he seemed to insist that here was not alone a new voice, but a new heart and a new soul.

At the Premiere

"It was raining and snowing and the mud splashed insolently upon trailing finery and flimsy shoes. But no one noticed. Everyone was too busy searching each passing face in the hope of seeing a celebrity; for celebrities were about in astonishing numbers." Among the musical ones were Dr. Walter Damrosch, Lucrezia Bori, Deems Taylor, Artur Bodanzky, Efrem Zimbalist, Josef Hoffman, Edward Johnson and George A. Wedge.

Aloha Oe

A Serious-minded Musician goes Hawaiian

By Eda Cohn

"**T**HERE it is way out there! Do you see it? It's the Molokai light." The resident of the Islands speaks in a voice filled with the excitement and thrill of being home. It is past midnight and the ship docks very early on the morrow, but the friend from Hawaii already considers himself home. He has seen no land, nor yet the bare outline of the coast, but a glimpse of the Molokai light means the Islands and the Islands mean home! With a casual suggestion that the visitor will find dawn in the tropics a worth while sight the islander re-



Diamond Head stands guard over Waikiki.

tires. Worth while! Thrilling beyond words! It is still night; the southern moon full, warm, and golden (as only a hula moon can be) is still high in the west, its beams casting paths of shimmering, dancing light upon the waters. The jagged coastline of Oahu, now visible in the distance, is marked by the twinkling of starry lights on the shore. In the east the sun is already rising; already the stars are paling in the combined light of the moon and sun; and, as the roseate hues of the sun grow brighter the night, in all her tropical glory, gives way to the dawn of a new day. People are up and about, the coast is now in full view and kamaainas, old timers, on board are pointing out familiar landmarks to the malihinis—newcomers. "There's Makapuu Point." And then, "There's Diamond Head!" With her base rooted firmly in the blue-green sea from which she was born and her peak reaching up toward a cloudless sky of azure, Diamond Head stands guard over Waikiki. Then in quick succession come the harbor with its famous diving boys, and the docks where a native band is playing *The Song of the Islands*, a stirring welcome to visitors. Before one has had time to absorb all these new impressions and sensations an acquaintance of the ship, a Honolulu, has been down the gangway to greet friends and is now on deck again carrying a garland

of white ginger flowers. "Aloha," says the Honolulu and places the lei around the visitor's neck. A touching gesture of welcome and one which symbolizes the overwhelming hospitality of Hawaii.

No doubt Captain Cook and the early white settlers found a Hawaii very different from that of today. True, since the occupation of the Islands by haoles, whites, the grass hut has given way to the bungalow; occidental dress replaces the skirt of ti leaves, and the sandalwood and koa (Hawaiian mahogany) forests are supplanted by big business in the form of pineapple and sugar plantations but the spirit and glamour of Hawaii lives on. The few remaining Polynesians have communicated to their white brothers, and to the mixture of races that now populates the islands, not only their joy of being but also their history, mythology, and their music. The Honolulu loves as dearly as do the native Kanakas the Pali (high cliff) up whose steep slopes King Kamehameha forced a beaten army and over whose ledge—where a parapet now stands—he drove them to their deaths on the rocky cliffs. The visitor hears very quickly of Pele, goddess of fire, who was born on the island Kauai and who lives now on the island of Hawaii; and of the Menehunes, the fairy people of Hawaiian mythology; and of Poki, the wonder-dog who came to Oahu from one of the other islands, by rolling in on the rain clouds. He is supposed to have settled in the hills above Manoa Valley where liquid sunshine—the rain that falls from a bright, cloudless sky so light that it feels like the finest of feathers, so clear that it is like spun sugar in its beauty—is a daily visitor.

The native music has changed with the arrival of haole instruments—the ukulele and the guitar. The guitar was brought to the islands long ago by Spanish traders and very recently (1912) a schoolboy ran a comb along the strings of his instrument and liked the sound; he then ran his penknife along the strings, and, this tone being even more to his liking he continued playing his guitar in this fashion. The trick, soon copied by the other boys at Kamehameha School became the style. The present steel piece over the strings of the "Hawaiian" guitar is the evolution from the knife stage. The ukulele is no more native to the islands than the guitar and was brought to Hawaii considerably later. It was introduced by the Portuguese and readily adopted by the natives. It is said by some to mean "bum payment" (for the shells, coconuts, etc., for which it was traded), and by others to mean "jumping flea." The natives welcomed these new instruments and learned to play them.

Serious-minded musicians frown upon the native music of our far island colony and disdainfully pronounce it negligible, but on a warm, tropical night,

when the stars are dazzlingly bright, the air sweet with the fragrance of gardenia, plumeria, ginger, and myriad varieties of island flowers, the strong golden beams of a tropic moon serving as spotlight, the visitor, sitting in the clearing of a cocoanut grove listens enchantedly or watches a hula dance. The old rhythm instruments—the pahu, a large bottle-shaped gourd covered with sharkskin and used to beat out the rhythm; the pu-nui, a dried cocoanut shell filled with pebbles and the small gourd, the uliuli, also having pebbles inside, as well as the puihi, a bamboo stick slashed into several strips at one end and struck against the body when played, and all used to give variety to the rhythm—and to add volume to the already loud tones of the pahu—are combined with the “uke” and guitar. Hips still sway gracefully to the beat of the pahu and arms of golden brown express with rare delicacy the meaning of the mele (chant), but the mele itself is now seldom sung but rather played on the guitar with the ukulele supplying the accompaniment.

The lowliest hut in the islands is surrounded by flowers that are a veritable exaggeration of nature. Flaming hibiscus are everywhere; pale pink ones, and all the riotous shades that come between the two. Hedges of Samoan gardenia that put the New York variety to shame; tall, graceful cocoanut palms that whisper gently in the breeze; these are the usual things in Hawaii, but does the native tire of them or take them for granted? No indeed! When, in Honolulu, the rumor spreads that the night-blooming cereus will open on a certain date people flock by the hundreds to the lava-rock wall of the Punahou School to view this never ceasing wonder.

Modern civilization and modern industry have their place in the Hawaii of today; they are part and parcel of the new Hawaii, but to the departing visitor it is the romance and the glamour of an older day that bids him return. After the ship has glided gently from the quay, after the new found friends on the pier are lost to view, after the last strains of *Aloha Oe*, sung by a native beach boy, have faded in the distance the visitor with a catch in his throat at the thought of leaving such a heavenly land, begins to feel an ever-present longing to return. To assure himself of this return, and in accordance with an old native custom, he bids one last Aloha to a land of dreams, and, as the ship passes Waikiki Beach, he casts overboard the leis with which his friends have laden him in the hope that they will float back to that shore which is Aloha land!

TO MILADY FAIR, THE EDITOR

On the Subject of Cutting My Stuff

Cut, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare the words of this, he said.
'Tis writ in drops of blood deep red,
It hurts to have them discar—dead.

—Joseph Machlis.

Stars and a Song

A Woman's Way

By Archibald Thacher

ONE evening the Princess Chinkeepin lay in her bower that floated on the still waters: the pine trees whispered and the stars shone down upon her from above: peered up at her from the purple-black depths like the eyes of lost children.

The Princess Chinkeepin spoke to her lover: and her voice was like the soft dropping of jasmine petals at twilight.

“Bravest of all men, oh lover mine, what are the stars made of? And yonder nightingale—why does he sing with so full a heart when the Sun has for these many hours been at rest in the bosom of our Great Mother, the Ocean, and has left only darkness and fear to us dwellers upon earth?”

He answered: “Beloved, the stars are made of the dew of heaven: in the morning they fall to earth and are broken: the fragments scatter and cling to the grasses and flowers like jewels dropped from the crown of some passing prince.

“The nightingale, Beloved, has no fear of darkness: in his breast lies hid the secret of all happiness: his song tells of it and in the telling his joy is increased a hundredfold: for the power to speak in music brings joy to those who rejoice and understanding to those who sorrow.

“Many years ago, Beloved, there lived a great monarch—”

But the Princess Chinkeepin had grown impatient: the words of her lover pleased her not.

“Lover mine, thou speakest to me of distant, intangible things: I would have none of these.

“The white lotus flowers my women gather and bring to me: I twine them in my hair and dream away the hours in the softness of their perfume.

“The pines, that whisper like spirits in the darkness, my strong men fell: all panting and lathered with sweat they drag them to build my temples and strengthen the towers of my fortresses.

“But thou, thou speakest to me of things I know not of: yonder starlets gleam and twinkle from the depths below and are pleasing to me: the song of the nightingale is balm in my ears.

“If indeed thou art bravest among men, bring to me these things, that I may forever be made happy in their possession.”

He answered, “Beloved, I go.”

The dark waters divided before him: they rushed upon him and closed over the strong smoothness of his body.

For a long time the grasses of the Princess-Chinkeepin's bower made gentle rustlings: she sighed, but the purple darkness answered her not.

Till dawn she waited: wondered what the stars were made of: wondered what was the secret of the nightingale's song and why no man was brave enough to bring to her these things.

Then the Princess Chinkeepin slept.

A Fiddler's Paradise

America's First School of Violin-making

By Elizabeth Stutsman

AN energetically fitful wind sent papers scraping along the sidewalks of that portion of New York's East Side which lies within sight of the Manhattan Bridge, and caused people to duck their heads, blink, and hold on to their hats—those



(Courtesy of Musical America)

Yehudi Menuhin, young violinist virtuoso, is seen with his two sisters, Yaltah (left) and Hephzibah, both of whom are accomplished musicians. Yehudi was recently presented with a violin made in the Instrument Workshop of the Henry Street Settlement.

who had hats. Many were on the streets in spite of the wind, for the low buildings there permitted sunshine to flood them, and the air was laden with the first irresistible odor of spring. Two spectacled men of Semitic origin with gray curling hair and beards, clad in black silk coats and high loosely wrinkled boots, walked slowly by in earnest conversation, verbal and gesticulative. A tiny wrinkled woman, whose pierced ears each bore a spark of gold, drove a swarm of small boys engaged in some game or other, from her doorstep, on which she then sat, pulling a gray knitted shawl closer about her shoulders. Standing armies of baby carriages barricaded the entrance to every house; some were empty, but others contained sooty-faced, peacefully sleeping infants.

A group of little girls leaned against a railing below which a shoe-maker glanced up short-sightedly

now and then from the paring of soles. With a last lick at a lollypop or a ball of ice cream into which a stick was embedded as handle, they crossed the street and entered a building of no greater interest than those surrounding it except for a modest sign: Music School of the Henry Street Settlement.

Its label does not reveal to the uninformed passer-by the building's chief claim to distinction. There is no clue which would lead him to guess that it harbors, up several flights of stairs in a room hung with airy green cotton curtains and containing only a work-bench and a notice to put out the lights, America's very first training school for the making of stringed musical instruments.

The story of its origin goes back some years to an idea planted in the mind of little Hedi Korngold as she trudged to school through a similar section of her native Austrian city. Watching the people who lived there, taking note of their anæmic bodies and starved minds (for there was little food and no beauty in that vicinity) it occurred to her that such people needed to learn a handicraft; something which would not only be a means of support, but an activity entailing the pleasure of creating. The idea simmered in her mind during her student days in Vienna where she became known as a prodigy of the violin. It was still bubbling when at the age of fourteen she returned home in triumph from Vienna, a graduate of the Royal Academy, and was invited by the town's wealthiest citizen to play at his house. He was so pleased with Hedi's performance that he presented her with a violin which he had made himself. In the course of time she learned a great deal about the science and art of making fiddles, an avocation which her new friend pursued with much enthusiasm and considerable success, for he had unlimited means at his disposal and could use the best materials.

Violin-making would be an excellent craft to teach people, thought Hedi, and she kept on thinking it during the years she served as first violinist of the Symphony Orchestra at The Hague, during the first months of her residence in New York as the wife of Leo Katz (a well-known artist), and during her early days as organizer and director of the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement.

Then, on November 28, 1928, she glanced through the *New York Times*, and read the following letter from Leopold Auer:

"A singer's only requirement besides a general musical education is a fine natural voice. Pianists have the free use of the choicest and best concert grands. But what about the poor violinist, viola

(Continued on Page 15)

"**B**UT it is so *inespected*, so ver-r-ry *inespected!*" A group of foreign and American dignitaries smiled in complete subjugation to the charm of Spain's most fascinating señorita. It was between the acts of a performance of "The Tales of Hoffman" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The Spanish Ambassador, His Excellency Señor Padilla, had come from Washington at the request of Marques de Rivera to bestow upon Lucrezia Bori the order of Isabel la Catolica in recognition of her most recent artistic triumphs. She had previously received the decoration of Alfonso XII.

The presentation was made in the star's dressing room which, with the aid of glazed chintz of sunshine yellow flowered brightly, is invariably transformed from a drab interior into a setting properly to frame the sparkling personality it houses on these occasions. In a delightful mixture of voluble Spanish and what she terms her "crooked English," the prima donna voiced her surprised pleasure at the new honor.

"What I do for *thees* one," she asked. "What I *do*?" The gentlemen of importance continued to smile, quite powerless to explain the intricacies of her many-sided art. They found it not at all difficult to prolong the conversation, however, on matters less complicated, which gave them an excuse to feast their eyes upon her loveliness.

"La petite Bori" gives the word *exquisite* its *raison-d'être*,—*exquisite* in its fullest meaning: "characterized by fineness and delicacy; dainty; satisfying to the esthetic faculties; refined; delicately beautiful." Her features are cameo-like; the high arched eyebrows give a touch of hauteur to the face which is offset by the flash of coquetry in the dark eyes. The grace of her slender form and the perfection of her famous hands are of the stuff of sculptors' dreams. There is something exotic about her which is particularly alluring.

Let it not be thought that Miss Bori presents mere plastic beauty. She is volatile, animated; her wit is effervescent,—in fact she is a born comedienne in the subtle, piquant sense. After her operatic appearances, the admirers whom she receives backstage are regaled with varied entertainment. One evening an extremely tall young lady was among the friends who called. Little Lady Bori forthwith stepped up on a chair which made her a trifle taller than the girl. "Now we can talk," she announced with a satisfied jerk of the head.

On another occasion one of the officials of the Opera House, in congratulating her, launched into an elaborate eulogy of the cause and effect of her success, for the benefit of a group of the artist's friends. She was busily removing make-up at her dressing table and gesticulating to attract the attention of the listeners. Then, taking hold of the long eyelashes of her make-up, she peeled them off with a quick movement, whereupon everyone laughed in astonishment, much to the consternation of the talker still absorbed in his subject. "Thees much more *interesling* for them than all that praise," she offered casually in explanation.

After the recent première of "Peter Ibbetson," in which she impersonated the Duchess of Towers, she forestalled bursts of enthusiasm with, "Did you cr-r-ry? Yes? Then it wass a sook-cess." When she undertook a rôle in English, it was feared by those who revel in her rolled r's and inimitable accent that she would perfect herself unduly. So amazingly accurate is her English diction in the opera that it is only once or twice in the second act that one may still note with glee the words, *When I was a*

Lucrezia

"The Ex"

* By Dorothy



Top row: Manon, in Massenet's opera of that name; Giulietta, in "The Tales of Hoffman."
Second row: As herself, daily to be seen in Central Park on horseback or

little gurl, or the sharp Spanish s in *I shall think of you always*.

Fellow-artists enthuse over Miss Bori and then there are the more youthful devotees,—the young girl bringing a treasured scrap-book containing clippings, pictures, souvenirs of her inamorata; the little miss of ecstatic countenance clasping a bouquet of violets for her goddess; another offering rapturous poems dedicated to the object of her adoration.

Whatever the situation Miss Bori is never at a loss to meet it. Both old and young feel a sense of elation in her presence. What of the cavaliers? It is of course inevitable that there should be many who pay court and she may sigh, "I am so r-r-ro-

a B o r i

quisite"

Crowthers



her most famous rôles. of Hoffman"; The Duchess of Towers, in "Peter Ibbetson"; Nedda in "Pagliacci." talking with Rowdy; Mimi, in "La Bohème"; Magda, in "La Rondine."

says by way of indicating the importance of the maid who has been her faithful attendant for fifteen years. Lucia can be as non-committal as the Mona Lisa, but she is swift of perception, shrewd, intelligent and affable.

Miss Bori has a brother whom she deems her most severe and helpful critic. He is always present at her performances at the opera and although not a musician, he has a keen ear for beauty of tone and phrase and a quick eye for dramatic values and perfection of pose.

From the seventeenth floor of a hotel, the prima donna's windows command a wide vista of mid-town Manhattan stretching to either side of Madison Avenue. Her apartment reflects the individuality of the occupant, in the elegance and refinement of its appointments. One has the impression of pastel hues blending restfully in the decorations, with a more vivid touch of color in the Spanish red gown and black lace mantilla worn by the Señorita in a large painting of her which hangs above the divan in the living room. On the grand piano are autographed pictures of the King and Queen of Spain; on a corner table are grouped photographs bearing messages of admiration and affection from such celebrated friends as the Infanta Don Alfonso of Orleans, cousin of the King, and the Infanta Dona Beatriz, sister of Queen Marie of Rumania; Count di Torino, cousin of the King of Italy; Cardinal Hayes; D'Annunzio; Toscanini; Puccini, signed, "as a grateful souvenir of the superb Manon of Paris"; Richard Strauss, addressed "To the best artist Lucrezia Bori, to the charming Rosenkavalier, with great appreciation and admiration"; and Gatti-Casazza, with a tribute of particular significance: "To Lucrezia Bori, the ideal artist for the public and for the director, with admiration, esteem and sincere affection. Her friend, Giulio Gatti-Casazza."

How few artists, especially of the feminine persuasion, could hope to be termed the ideal artist for the director! One other picture which is missing from Miss Bori's collection would bear testimony to the same fact. It is that of Louis Eckstein, owner and impresario of the Ravinia Opera Company near Chicago, of which she is a member during the summer months. The gentleman will not be photographed but he pays verbal tribute in unstinted praise of this artist's cooperation in the enterprise which is his hobby; her enthusiastic support of his ideas, her unflinching spirit of helpfulness and tireless energy in carrying them out. She, in turn, recognizes in the genius behind "The Opera House in the Woods," brains and ideals eminently worthy of the artist's admiration and collaboration.

Miss Bori's apartment seems a veritable bower of flowers at every season and most recently it was like a promise of spring in our cold, gray city. Sprays of dogwood and apple blossoms, azalea and yellow roses graced the living room and in her own room a lily-of-the-valley plant was as white as the ermine coverlet on the chaise longue, and a cloisonné vase of orchids contrasted charmingly with the amber of her dressing-table ornaments. On a tiny table beside her bed is a double velvet case containing miniatures of her mother and father and a jeweled crucifix. Photographs of intimate friends, Mrs. John W. Garrett, —wife of the American Ambassador to Italy,—Mrs. Tracy Dows of Washington, and Miss Nanette Ehrmann are placed on the bureau, the center ornament of which is a handsome silver bowl from which radiate necklaces of various colors ready for selection in competing the ensemble of the day.

In this setting dwells the last of the Borgias, whose name in

mahntec," but literally she is wedded to her art.

Her household consists, besides herself, in her personal maid who glories in the name of Lucia and in a wire-haired terrier called by his mistress, "R-r-r-rowdy," with an initial rolled R that must be the joy of his wee canine heart. If his lady fails to notice him, Rowdy tries all his blandishments upon her in his repertoire of tricks and ends by climbing up on the divan where she is sitting and poking her on the arm with his fuzzy paw to attract attention. His mistress merely tilts her head and remarks archly, "Iss not love, that. Iss those leetle cakes on the tea table, R-r-rowdy. No?"

"If Lucia sick, whole house is sick," Miss Bori

reality is the same as her notorious ancestor, Lucrezia Borgia (except for the Spanish spelling—Borja), though her career has been quite different! "Those were so wicked people those Borgias. I not like that," she hastens to assure one. Aristocrats for six centuries were her forefathers. Her parents, both Spanish, lived in Valencia. There, on Christmas eve forty years ago, Lucrezia began an eventful life. Her childhood home was situated opposite the Pizarro Theatre, where each evening operas were given to which her family paid little heed. Not so the baby when she had reached the age of four! Every night when the family thought she was safely tucked in bed and asleep she was becoming a regular acrobat, for she simply had to hear that music. She managed to climb out of her little bed, and, dragging a towel with her to spread upon the balcony to protect her from the cold stone, she would lie there every night until midnight absorbing the melodies; then when the opera was over she would quietly climb back to bed and her parents were none the wiser. During the day she used to sing the arias she had heard at night. As no one could imagine where or how she had learned them, everyone was quite stupefied and realized that she was a prodigy!

The little Lucrezia had a delightful voice, a rare musical intuition and a great love for dancing. She would stand for hours before a mirror gesticulating, dancing and singing. When she was six years old she appeared at a benefit for the wounded soldiers of the Spanish-American war and sang a French and an Italian song. Not being an expert in either lan-

a Mass. Through his intercession her family tolerated the idea of her receiving vocal instruction. Such is the social tradition of Castile that an aristocrat may not follow a stage career. Through her girlhood years Lucrezia went dutifully to her stern Italian maestro, Farvaro, who had been chosen by the Spanish don to give his daughter the grace of music.

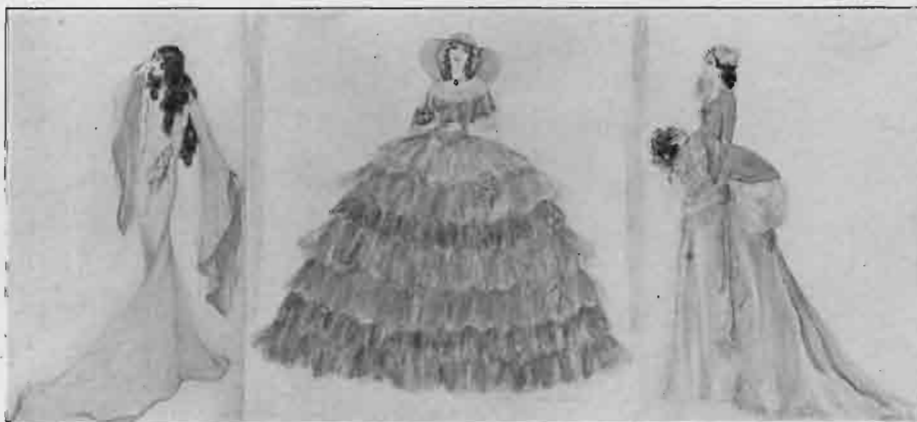
A Raquel Meller can spring from the people to instant fame. A Borgia did not know how to spring—or where. All she could do was to wait. Impulsive action would have brought strict discipline. She used strategy. Her father became her "accomplice," as she puts it, and was persuaded to take her to Italy. The mother did not know it was to further Lucrezia's vocal studies. She thought Switzerland was their destination for the sake of her daughter's health.

She and her father settled at the Pension Bonini opposite the noble cathedral in Milan, an abode without due mention in musical history. The great, near-great and never-to-be-great lived there if room could be found. At two long dining tables sat musicians of all talents. In this atmosphere the budding diva applied herself diligently to her tasks. She went through her studies with military precision, acquired a sound musicianship and astonishing ability for concentration. Whereas her instructor in Spain had been an Italian, her teacher in Italy was a Spaniard.—Señor Vidal. And, incidentally, these are the only two with whom she has ever studied.

After six months of intensive training, a vocal lesson every day,—she

made her début as Micaela in Carmen at the Adriano in Rome. The only concessions she made to the conventions of her country and social standing was to change her name from Borja to Bori. And although she has since conquered many countries with her art, she has never sung in public in Spain. This was in October, 1908. There followed appearances in Piacenza, San Remo, Genoa, Naples and at La Scala in Milan.

It was Ricordi, the music publisher, who was so impressed with her in Milan that he sent for Puccini to come and hear her. The composer decided immediately that she was ideal for the rôle of Manon in his "Manon Lescaut" which was soon to have its Paris première with Caruso as Des Grieux. Toscanini, who was to conduct the performances, came also to Milan and arrangements were completed for Miss Bori's Paris début in 1910. Gatti-Casazza forthwith engaged her for the 1912-1913 season at the Metropolitan Opera House. W. J. Guard, Publicity Director of



Sketches of the costumes worn by Lucrezia Bori in the last scene of "La Traviata," and in the dream scene and scene of the meeting in "Peter Ibbetson." The designs are by Betty Roraback, a protégé of Miss Bori's, who creates all of her costumes except those made in Paris.

guage she mispronounced the first few words of the French song, realized it, and promptly ordered her accompanist to begin over. This authoritative act brought forth a roar of approval. "I wore a dress of organdy transparent, white and green," she tells. "Shoes in black satin and the curled black hair on the shoulders. I look like leetle lady of the court of Napoleon first, they said."

The only person in her immediate family who was known for a good voice was an uncle, a monsignor of the church. People would throng to the cathedral in Valencia when it was known he was to sing

the Metropolitan, recalls vividly "la petite Bori" of those Paris days.

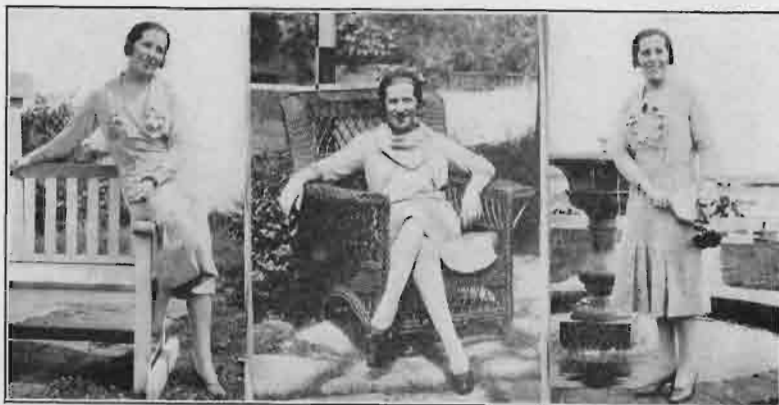
"She was a mere slip of a girl with two black pig-tails and not being able then to afford an extensive wardrobe, she dressed always the same, effecting a sort of black and white ensemble which was very chic and made her an entirely individual 'type.' It was quite similar to the tailored costume she wore in the second act of 'Louise' last year,—black and white checked woolen skirt, black velvet jacket with a gardenia on the lapel, black shoes and stockings and black sailor hat. It all served to emphasize the whiteness of her skin and the blackness of her eyes and hair."

Miss Bori tells that she was one of the first to have a bob nineteen years ago when she sang the part of the Rosenkavalier. And she will always keep her hair bobbed; it is a great comfort under the wigs she must wear in the theatre.

Another rôle in a Puccini opera she sang at that time was Mme. Butterfly which, alas, she will not sing nowadays, although she is so admirably suited to the part of the little Japanese maiden. One incident of which she is more proud than any other perhaps, is that she was able to learn a rôle in less than twenty-four hours and perform it without a prompter. This emergency occurred in South America when the soprano to sing Marguerite in "Mefistofele" was taken suddenly ill. Toscanini, who was to conduct the opera was disabled with rheumatism but he sent for Bori to come to his apartment at six o'clock the evening before the scheduled performance. The other principals were summoned and Toscanini, in stinging pain, drilled them for twelve hours. Then they went to their rooms to rest, except Bori who struggled to master the part before the curtain was to go up at eight o'clock. The prima donna pronounces it the worst ordeal she ever had to go through and she believes she survived only because she took courage from Toscanini sitting there in torture and conducting with splendid energy.

Tragedy entered the life of this youthful singer in 1915 when, for a malady which did not seem serious,—nodes on the vocal cords,—she submitted to an operation in Europe before returning to resume her duties at the Metropolitan. She emerged unable to sing. She says she knows what the feeling must be for an active man to be suddenly stricken with paralysis. In New York she continued strenuous treatments for six months during which time Mr. Gatti was promised that she would soon be able to rejoin the Company. Matters grew worse, however. She was ordered by specialists not even to attempt speech and to make no other use of her throat than to swallow food. What must have been her sensation to set sail for her home in Spain while the Metropolitan Opera season was at its brilliant height.

Mme. Melba was in town at the time and hearing about the plight of this young artist whom she had never met nor even seen on the stage, she called on Miss Bori to tell her to have courage. "Look at me," she said. "I am old now and as a matter of fact I am older than I look. I, too, lost my voice at one time and retired until it came back. Since then I have had a long career. Do not lose heart, little Lucrezia Bori. You are scarcely more than twenty. Have patience; wait and watch and work mentally. You will have a great future one day when this temporary malady has passed." Melba was a prophetess.



Lucrezia Bori enjoys the summer country life of Chicago's North Shore during the Ravinia Opera season.

In the mountains beyond Valencia, overlooking the blue Mediterranean and the countryside where Don Quixote and Sancho Panza rode on their fantastic quests, Bori spent long months. When she conversed it was with pencil and pad—even to the ordering of her meals. Never did she lose faith that her voice would return. "I believe in God," she said simply. "It was my faith in Divine Purpose which gave me the strength to go on." Religion was her solace and she went again and again to the shrine of St. Francis of Assisi in Umbria to pray. The war was on. She nursed the wounded in Italian hospitals.

Finally, when it was necessary to undergo another operation, she sought out eight specialists in Italy and not one would take the tremendous responsibility until Dr. Della Ve Dova of Milan agreed to perform it. He would not set any fee for his services, arranging instead that if her voice returned, proving the operation to be successful, he should then receive \$4,000.

Do not think there are no miracles today. In 1918 she came back to the operatic stage in Monte Carlo, singing Mimi in "La Bohème." Melba was there and sent flowers of welcome.

The night of Bori's return to the Metropolitan in 1919 was a memorable one: a packed house, hopeful and curious; the breathless waiting for the test of the aria in the first act; the deafening acclaim; the shower of violets; the tears of happiness on both sides of the footlights. The rest is history. The diva now regards the years of silence as a blessing, a

period in which to grow spiritually, emotionally, mentally beyond what she might otherwise have done.

Last year she sold her home in Valencia, virtually severing the last link with the continent except for short visits. She is the only one of the leading sopranos who is engaged for the entire Metropolitan season and her popularity is attested to in the fact that she is chosen by more organizations for their benefit performances at the Metropolitan than any other singer. Last season there were eleven benefits in her schedule.

Of her artistic achievements, it is almost superfluous to add any comment. W. J. Henderson claims that "her Manon, Mignon and Fiora have something that no other singer within the memory of this writer has brought to the rôles. The spell she weaves is created partly by her personality and partly by the quality of her voice, backed by her admirable vocal art and her command of the resources of operatic acting."

This season Olin Downes wrote of her Violetta. "Patrons of the Metropolitan Opera Company had the precious privilege of hearing Lucrezia Bori in 'La Traviata.' She is not excelled, indeed is not equalled, in the interpretation of this particular rôle by any artist of whom we know today. This is ideally her metier. By her last act alone, which is the greatest act of the opera, she would be acclaimed a great singer and dramatic interpreter."

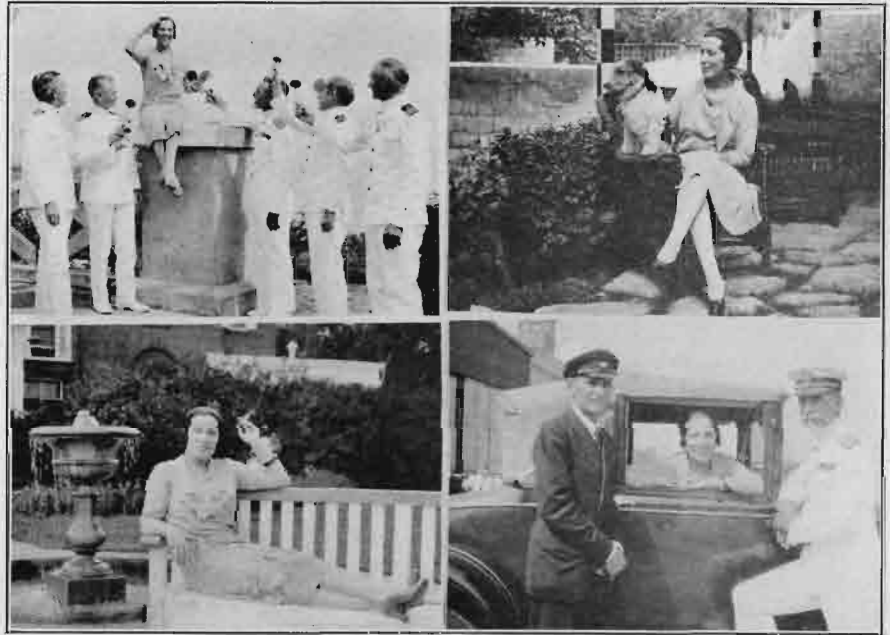
Miss Bori endorses Chicago's north shore, of lake and wooded bluff as a place for summer residence. She declines contracts in London, on the Continent, and in South America in order to go to "my Louis" as she affectionately terms Mr. Eckstein of Ravinia. She revels in the outdoor life—tennis, swimming, horseback riding, golf, motor-ing, and she is now interested in aviation. She rents a charming house connected with one of the fashionable country clubs and thus combines play with work in her art.

Several summers ago, Miss Bori, not content with all the things she already knows, bought a little car. After three lessons in New York she decided she would drive in the country around Ravinia. The night of her first performance, like a warrior bold she sallied forth early when she thought the roads would be clear. All went well for a short space, then, a star saw many other stars, the pert little Ford snorted menacingly and a prima donna picked

herself up gazing sadly at her crumpled front fenders. What consternation when she was seen arriving in the opera enclosure in such a dismal plight! But to all solicitous questions the plucky driver smilingly retorted, "I no keeled yet!"

Implored by friends and officials, she finally consented to have additional lessons before doing another solo automobilesque. Day after day she went through the manœuvres. There were hairbreadth escapes, a few trees lost their bark and not a few irate chauffeurs hurled choice American adjectives at the unconcerned Señorita.

Ere long however, there was no more grinding of gears, no hesitancy in steering, and, with sure eye



Officers of the Great Lakes Naval Station hail the Spanish prima donna during a visit at the home of Admiral and Mrs. Walter S. Crosley, between appearances at the Ravinia Opera. Rozedy poses with his mistress at her summer residence in Lake Forest, Ill. Miss Bori enacts the famous cigarette scene of "The Secret of Suzanne." She pauses in her car to chat with Captain von Gronau, who had just arrived in Chicago after his transatlantic flight last summer and was received by Admiral Crosley, commanding the Ninth Naval District. The snapshots on pages 13 and 14 were taken by the Editor.

and steady hand Bori sped through the heat of Chicago traffic with all the aplomb of a professional until—!!

One day the faithful instructress entrusted her with a high-powered car alone, volunteering to be the rear guard in the singer's Ford. Rear guard? A mile or two and Bori was but a speck in the distance, while the Ford bounced merrily after. A traffic cop rounded a corner, caught sight of the speck and flew after it. The officer turned round,—a disappearing dot ahead, and a little red beast charging down upon him from the rear! He decided to stop and see what it was all about.

A few words of explanation and the officer was off like a rocket. Five miles further on "La petite Bori" was having quite other frights than those of the stage as she endeavored to explain to the officer

that, "I no go fast; he ride so beautifooly this car, and he give me so much emotion!"

Indeed she is never satisfied to do things half way. Last summer one could have seen her on the golf links near Ravinia looking as sombre as an owl, brows knitted, practising pose, stroke—all the technique of the game as though her life depended upon the next shot. How much turf she at first cut up isn't recorded; but by the end of the season the determined little lady had practised with such zest and so well that the Chicago papers wrote, "Lucrezia Bori has been observed diligently practising on the links. Yesterday she drove down the course in two good strokes, but the third sent her ball wide of the green. An annoyed stamp of her tiny foot, a glare at the offending ball, the impatient whack of her stick and like a meteor the ball went home. Dignified old golfers suddenly found themselves applauding and shouting bravo, and the astonished prima donna (she hadn't even looked in the direction of the cup as she swung her club), was the recipient of many congratulations upon the speed and accuracy of her shot."

Lucrezia Bori is a linguist. She sings, speaks and reads four languages. But does she feel that she knows them? Not at all!

One day a figure appeared on the beach near Ravinia; it resembled that of Bori but it carried a load of books in a regular school-girl bag. We accosted the blithe star and registered amazement when we observed that the books in question were text books—Spanish, French and Italian—the primers, in fact, of these languages. "Why?" we asked. With a perfectly serious face Bori answered, "You see I really don't know any language well; so I thought I would begin at the beginning and *learn* them." She had for weeks been betaking herself to a secluded spot, spending hours writing out in her notebook such choice morsels as, "C'est un chat, Dos y cinco son siete, and Quanti cavalli ha il re."

But beside these student activities, Miss Bori is an omnivorous reader of classical and modern literature. One seldom visits her without finding her with her nose buried in a book. Naturally she knows Ibanez, Calderon, Cervantes; but she is no less familiar with Balzac, Montaigne, Molière and Maeterlinck, while D'Annunzio, the little read works of Michael Angelo, and Barzini are to be found upon her study table. And now that she reads comfortably in English she shyly confessed that she had had "a heavenly time with the poems of Shelley."

Not the least interesting thing about Bori is her handwriting. Josephine Parker, a well known graphologist, says of it, "The most conspicuous thing in the handwriting is that she is well balanced, a fine combination of the practical and the ideal and that though not by nature practical she has made herself so. It shows health, tremendous energy, and the ability to think very clearly. It is that of the sanest, most rational, reasonable person imaginable, one who never goes to extremes. With a mind that is open to conviction, but not easily so, she does not believe everything people tell her.

"Usually even tempered it betrays the fact how-

ever that the Spanish fire is far from lacking and that she could get into terrible rages but is too sensible to indulge in them. It portrays a keen sense of humor which keeps her from doing silly things because she always sees the funny side first. She has plenty of pride but not too much, and is not in the least conceited.

"A very strong character and an equally strong personality are readily discernible. She is careful but never parsimonious and couldn't be stingy if she tried.

"Very straightforward, *very* fair minded, and very gracious, it is evident that she possesses a superlative something beyond tact, finer and more sensitive than tact.

"With a very tenacious nature, what she starts she carries through. Though terribly impatient, when she wants to, she can be the most patient person alive. Nothing is hidden from her: she has gimlet eyes.

"Whimsical, flirtatious, dainty but not finical, Señorita Bori's handwriting shows that she loves beauty and knows how to achieve it."

GOOD ROBIN SPRING

By W. J. Henderson

A robin sat upon a limb
And piped a merry roundelay,
Across the frozen lakelet's rim,
Beyond the shadows of the day.

A blue bird shivered in the cold,
And cried, "Now wherefore came we here?
The winter hath not yet grown old;
It is not yet the spring of year."

The robin laughed with might and main,
And sang anew with clarion voice:
"Who cares for snow? Who cares for rain?
All hail the spring! Come, friend, rejoice."

"The winter blast is rude and chill,"
The bluebird said; "it chains my wing;
The ice is on the willowed rill,
The earth is bare; it is not spring."

The robin laughed, began to dance,
And louder still he strove to sing;
The bluebird looked at him askance
As forth he carolled: "I am Spring."

"Beshrew thee for an arrant fool,"
The bluebird said; "I tell thee nay!
But since thou speakest without rule,
Stay here and freeze. I'll go and pray."

The robin laughed: "Thy tongue is tart;
But now thou shalt this true thing hear:
Who hath a springtime in his heart
Shall find no winter all the year."

Click - Click

In The Spanish Manner

By Albert Kirkpatrick

GENTLE reader, bear with us apace. This is all, or almost all, about castanets. We have been required to divest ourselves of some several hundred words, of which these are thirty-two, inc., about that esoteric instrument. After all, castanets are small and black and go click, or maybe click-click, like that—so then, what?

One Mr. Grove, they told us, has an impressive set of volumes entitled, "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," the same being full of fascinating facts which nobody seems to bother about, except the impromptu author in distress. We being a sort of author, quite impromptu and very much in distress, consulted Mr. Grove's volume A-Ch and there, nicely situated between Castelnovo-Tedesco, who needs no introduction here, and "Casta- lini- ichi- nelli" (we forget which) a once famous opera singer now long since too, too defunct, we found the formal little paragraph sorely needed. Running an anxious eye down the page we struck a line which made us clutch our seat. Were it not in the words of the irreproachable Mr. Grove, we would never have believed it, and far less have dared to print it on these stainless pages, but fortunately the truth will out. "Castanets were introduced into Europe by immodest dancers from Cadiz." Cadiz, you will remember, was one of the two great ancient centers of the art of dancing. Egypt, the other, was earlier and greater in its influence, and has been called "the mother country of all civilized dancing." It is from Egypt that Cadiz borrowed the fundamentals of her technique, along with a few musical instruments, including the castanet.

The Spanish name is *castañuela*, either because of a fancied resemblance to the two halves into which the chestnut, *castaña*, naturally divides itself, or because they are sometimes made from the wood of the chestnut tree, *castaño*. The halves really look more like scalloped shells, and are fastened together by a cord whose ends pass over the performer's thumb and first finger. The remaining fingers strike the halves together either in single notes or trills made by using the fingers in succession. The instrument emits a deep, hollow click, which, although not a musical tone, is nevertheless, not disagreeable to the ear. It is most popularly used by dancers who often attain real virtuosity in their playing. A good performer is able with a pair in each hand, to syncopate one hand against the other in a variety of rhythmic combinations, and to produce considerable tone color and carefully graded *crescendi* and *diminuendi*. The castanets are by no means an

easy instrument to play, the musicianship of a dancer being at once revealed by her control or lack of it. The emotional value of the castanet is very great. Anyone who has tried to restrain his fork in a Spanish restaurant can testify to that.

La Argentina wields a particularly potent pair of castanets. We have never seen her dance, but as mute witness to the writhings of those who have, we can state that La Argentina practically makes hers discourse.

When required to be played in the orchestra, it is usual to attach a pair, half on each side, to a flat piece of hard wood ending in a stick about eight inches long. By shaking this apparatus the required effect is produced without the necessity of fitting the castanets to the performer's fingers, as he is generally playing some other instrument and must suddenly pick up the castanets to play a few bars. Another contrivance, used chiefly in military bands, consists of a double pair of castanets held open by light strings and mounted on a frame attached to the hoop of a side drum. In this form castanets are worked by the drummer with an ordinary drumstick.

The field of chamber music is, according to the latest information available, singularly unadorned by any castanet quartet or any similar usage, whereof let the ambitious young composer take note. There is, says Mr. Grove, a drum concerto, and it is, or has been, played! So why not honor the festive castanet?

A FIDDLER'S PARADISE

(Continued from Page 9)

player or 'cellist? Who will furnish him with the indispensable instrument of superior quality for his concert appearances? For scores of years collectors and amateurs were busy buying up most of the masterpieces, leaving on the market but a few examples fit for concertizing artists, and those few at almost prohibitive figures.

"It is a well known fact that the large majority of virtuosos had either limited or no means at all when starting their public careers. It must also be noted that not all of the old Italian instruments made by Stradivarius, Guarnerius, Amati, Guadagnini and many others are suitable for our large concert halls. There remain but a few of those masterpieces that were made some two hundred or two hundred and forty years ago which successfully withstood the ravages of two centuries unimpaired. Most of them have lost their power and fulness of tone; this unhappy circumstance is due partly to careless

handling and partly to willful damaging through the course of years.

"When those instruments were built the makers had in mind the churches and palaces in which they were to be played, and therefore stressed quality instead of power of tone. All sovereign princes of Italy, France and Germany of those days maintained small string orchestras at their courts, the concerts taking place in the intimate circles of their palaces. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, the era of great virtuosos was inaugurated with Paganini in the lead. Theatres and halls commenced to be used for concert purposes just as they have been ever since.

"Every modern virtuoso is the possessor of some very fine Italian instrument more or less well preserved. From year to year the price of good violins



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soars higher and higher. A fairly well-preserved Stradivarius or Guarnerius del Gesu cannot be bought nowadays for less than \$15,000, while one in first-class state of preservation costs from \$30,000 to \$40,000, or even more. It seems strange to us that some sixty or seventy years ago one could buy in London a first class Stradivarius for three hundred pounds.

"The question arises now: What could a débutant do to secure the necessary instrument if there is no wealthy friend to help buy one? Musical history informs us that, with very few exceptions, all great composers and virtuosos come from poor parents. Their musical education has been accomplished under the most difficult and discouraging circumstances. Thanks to the Juilliard Musical Foundation of New York and the Curtis Institute of Music of Philadelphia, the difficulty of the impecunious but gifted student to get a complete musical education has been removed. Hundreds of meritorious and ambitious young Americans receive their tuition under recognized masters entirely free of charge at those institutes. Once more the question looms up in one's mind: How can a suitable instrument be secured for the promising youngster who is starting his career?

"It seems to me that there are but two solutions

to this problem: Either that the above-mentioned two institutes purchase a few of the remaining first-class Italian string instruments—violins, violas and 'cellos—to be had on the American and European markets and lend them to the débutants until they have the means to acquire their own, or else that these same institutes establish a workshop for the building of string instruments based on scientific and artistic principles under supervision of a committee of experienced artists. At the present time the making of new string instruments, with certain exceptions, is largely a commercial proposition. This has created mistrust among concert violinists who, whether justly or unjustly, prefer a second or third rate Italian instrument to a modern product.

Mrs. Katz, joyfully recognizing that the time for the realization of her scheme was at hand, went to Mr. Auer and told him of her dream of establishing an instrument workshop such as he had described, sketched for him detailed and practical plans for its foundation, and was even able to tell him whom she would engage as its first instructor!

Mr. Auer was interested, graciously permitted his name to be put on the committee of supervisors, and before long eager men and boys were learning from Fred Markert, who studied at the famous Mittenwald School in Bavaria, the very intricate and delicate science of constructing instruments pleasing both to the eye and ear. In June, 1930, four violins and one viola had been completed. Each is labeled with an opus number! Isadore Buyers, a youthful craftsman, recently presented Opus 2, of which he is proud parent, to Yehudi Menuhin as a token of appreciation for the latter's concert in the school's behalf.

Perhaps some other spring will usher in a windy day, and pilgrims to 8 Pitt Street, leaning against the gusts and squinting with dust-filled eyes at a shabby building, will say, "Here is the original garden of America's art of violin-making, whose seeds have spread and gloriously blossomed!"

MOORE OR LESS CRITICISM

After a recent performance of "Manon," Grena Bennett, of the *New York American*, wrote of Grace Moore's performance that "she looked very pretty and sang with charm," or something equally pleasant and non-committal. Soon she received a letter such as she has not received before, from an irate man of whom she had never heard, stating, among other things, that such praise only went to prove that women were not endowed with the well-balanced minds essential to fair criticism. The writer continued by inquiring how much graft was involved in order for Miss Moore to obtain such support.

W. J. Henderson, of *The Sun*, who had reviewed the same performance unfavorably, was also the recipient of a letter asking why he couldn't say anything nice about a little American girl. Was he a German? If so, he had better go back to Germany where he would be earning two dollars per week.

All of which only goes to show that the life of a critic is not a happy one or, as Mr. Krehbiel used to say, "Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord," is the critic's lament.

FORTISSIMO

(Continued from Page 2)

brochure, "America and Her Music," issued by the University of South Carolina. It contains a foreword by Paul Green and an outline for music clubs. Chapters are devoted to home playing, music clubs, American school of composition, Negro, Indian and folk music, jazz, mechanical reproductions and similar topics. There are also helpful directories and bibliographies.

Julian Kahn, Artist Graduate of the Institute, is 'cellist of the New World String Quartet which gave a concert on March 17 at the New School for Social Research. The program included works by Isaac, Vecchi, Gibbons, Schönberg and Bartók, all of which were performed for the first time in New York. They played Isaac's Symphonia, the first string quartet ever written.

Frances Blaisdell, who is studying flute at the Institute, took part in an all-American program given by the League of Composers at the Art Center on March 1.

The annual program of original compositions will take place on May 16. Students of all grades may submit compositions for this program. The following requirements must be observed:

1. Permission of theory teacher to submit a composition.
2. The composition must have an original motive.
3. It must be representative of the work done in the grade of theory in which the competitor is studying.
4. It must be legibly copied on folio size music paper. If a song, two copies must be submitted. If for ensemble instruments, score and parts must be submitted.
5. The compositions may be given to Mr. Wedge before Saturday, April 25.

The Isaac Seligman prize of \$600 is open to students of grade VI and VII who show unusual ability in composition.

The Coolidge prize of \$100 is open to students of grade V, VI and VII who present the best composition for chamber music.

THE ART OF MELBA

(Continued from Page 4)

undeniable. Melba had much more than that to give her public, though beyond question the incomparable voice stood before all else. But this singer was a good musician as well as a complete mistress of the technic of singing.

Good musicians are not as numerous on the opera stage as some music lovers believe, for the reason that young persons with voices refuse to go through the labor essential to the mastery of musical theory and practice. All they desire is to learn how to make pleasing sounds with

their voices and then let patient coaches take care of the rest. Neither voice teachers nor coaches can turn out Melbas. They are self-made. They appear only at intervals. One of the remarkable features of the record of the Metropolitan is that the roster of its company once contained at the same time the names of Sembrich and Melba.

The present writer had not the honor of Mme. Melba's acquaintance, but from those who knew her well he heard many stories of her amiability, of her generosity, of her genuine kindness to beginners struggling to get their feet on the first rungs of the ladder she had climbed.

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