

EXCERPTS FROM

“While I Live, I Must Work: Memoirs: Writings of Ernest Hutcheson”

Edited and with an introduction by Thomas W. Hutcheson

MEMOIRS

CHAPTER ONE

I was born in Carlton, a suburb of Melbourne, Australia, on July 20, 1871, the oldest of five children, of whom only one other, a married sister, is still living.

At the early age of three years and a half it was accidentally discovered that I possessed the faculty of what is called "absolute pitch." A lady was singing at our home and hit a wrong note, say an E natural instead of an E flat, whereupon I promptly corrected her—how, I scarcely can tell, for I did not yet know my notes by name. The impertinent infant was about to be properly rebuked when one of the visitors suggested that he might possibly be right.

Examination disclosed that he was right, and that he could place accurately the pitch of any tone played or sung to him. In that musically primitive society this was regarded as little short of marvelous, and from that moment I was destined to become a musician. I began to practice the piano, at first just a few minutes at a time, but often through the day I taught myself the notes by cutting out capital letters from newspapers and pasting them on the keys. Absurd as it may seem, this unorthodox method worked perfectly satisfactorily. I used to play standing, not sitting. This had two advantages: I could reach the highest and the lowest keys by stepping from side to side, and I could use the pedals. Later my father, mechanically as well as musically apt, rigged up a contrivance that enabled me to use the damper pedal while sitting. Imagine my delight!--for it is

the heart's desire of every child to reach the pedal.

No one forced me to practice, but everybody encouraged and flattered me, and my early attempts at composition were hailed with immense applause. Probably I was sensitive to music from the beginning. I can dimly remember bursting into tears when I first played "Beethoven's Adieu to the Piano." The idea of the great master bidding his instrument farewell overpowered me emotionally, and not long afterwards did I find out that the affecting piece was not composed by Beethoven at all, but by [?].

For a while I just "grewed" like Topsy. My first public appearance, at the age of five, was at a concert at the Melbourne Town Hall, when I played "God Save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" on the great organ of the auditorium. It must have been a ludicrous performance; no wonder that a newspaper compared my appearance to that of a "fly at the organ." It could not have been long after this that I began to tour Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, as an infant prodigy. I wish I could remember what I played, but all I can answer for is that the programs would include my own exceedingly doleful "Adieu," Edward Dorn's "Glittering Spray" (my great show piece), and a display of my powers of absolute pitch. The unwise exploitation was accompanied everywhere by liberal presents of candy, and the audience would even throw gifts of money to the stage in their enthusiasm. Though musically I was still not forced and physically very well cared for, the effect on my poor little unformed character was disastrous. After a few years of prodigy life I had become a terribly spoiled brat. In public I had some sense of obligation to the audience and a natural desire to please. But in private I put on great airs and would consent to play only after much preliminary wheedling, flattery, and bribery with chocolates. Throughout Australia I was known as "the infant Mozart," a title lamentably undeserved that

caused me much shame in my later childhood.

When at last I began to receive some regular instruction, I took to it by no means kindly. My first teacher was a Mr. T. M. Guenett, whom I cordially disliked because he gave me nothing but studies and exercises to work on; at least that is my sole recollection of him. Doubtless I must have been a sore trial to him, for conceit and incompetence do not make for serious study. At the same time, I think that a teacher of discretion should have been able to arouse and hold the interest of a youngster as keen to learn piano-playing as I was. Under the froth and frippery of those prodigy days there must have been some germ of talent. In any case, I was fortunate enough at the age of nine to attract the kindly notice of a group of gentlemen who formed a fund to provide for my proper education. They induced my parents to withdraw me from public playing, and by a most happy choice to put me under the guardianship of the Reverend Dr. Torrance, the best musician in Australia—if he would accept the charge.

One evening, accordingly, I was taken by a friend to play to Dr. Torrance. We arrived at his home in the suburb of Balaclava in good time for the evening meal, and were hospitably entertained. Then we adjourned to the living room, and after some conversation our host raised the lid of the upright piano and said, "Now, Ernest, will you play something for me?" Following my usual detestable tactics, and fully expecting the subsequent cajolements to which I was accustomed, I promptly demurred. Dr. Torrance said quite calmly, "Very well," and closed the piano again. Completely nonplussed, I hesitated, then took a step forward, saying, "Yes, I'll play." But a firm hand still held the lid down—and down it stayed, while the general conversation was resumed. In the end I was taken home unheard and abashed, greatly troubled by an experience altogether novel and disconcerting.

My fate trembled in the balance, but intercession was made for me. Dr. Torrance relented and heard me some days later at the music warehouse of Allen and Co. in town, and this time I knew better and played as soon as I was invited to. (I realize now that in my guardian's philosophy of sin there were five normal steps to be taken: Misbehavior, Repentance, Intercession, Forgiveness, To work again.) It was arranged that I should go to live with him and receive proper schooling and musical education.

That evening at Balaclava was the turning point in my life. I received my first and most crucial lesson, and from the moment Dr. Torrance said, "Very well," and closed the piano against me he was my honored and beloved master. His extraordinary goodness and wisdom, his love given and returned, are still the most pious of my memories.

Digression 1. Absolute Pitch and the Human Ear.

"Absolute pitch" is the fixation of a musical tone by its number of vibrations per second; the more rapid the vibrations, the "higher" is the tone. If the middle C of the piano gives 256 vibrations per second (the rate usually assigned in acoustical calculations), 516 vibrations, or double the number, will produce the next highest C, the "Octave" of middle C. Elliptically, the term is used to denote the sense or memory of absolute pitch possessed by certain ears, as distinguished from "relative" pitch, the ability to determine from any given tone the correct place of others.

Pitch, as a quality of sound, is perfectly analogous with color as a quality of light. Both depend on rapidity of vibration, with the difference that sound vibrations are communicated through the air and light vibrations through a hypothetical ether. Some painters and women are

able to match a ribbon or other fabric without carrying a sample when they go shopping; they may be said to have absolute pitch in color. I used to think that most women could match a color in this manner, but I have learned that this is not the case. On the other hand, a large number of musicians possess absolute pitch in tone, and this is particularly true of talented children. I have come to believe, too, that absolute pitch can be acquired by persons with good ears who were not born with it.

Absolute pitch has one possible disadvantage: it may be a hindrance in transposing music at sight. Yet it is no drawback to the conductor, who constantly has to translate the sounds given by what are called "transposing" instruments.

The human ear is an extremely complex organ, in many respects more complex and more competent than the eye. The eye has a range of only one octave of light, whereas the ear perceives about eleven octaves of sound. The eye has no power to analyze a ray of light like a spectroscope, whereas the trained ear can not only separate all the notes of any chord, recognizing at the same time the qualities of different instruments, but can also resolve a single fundamental tone into at least some of its "overtones" or component parts. Its sensitiveness to musical pitch is associated with the basilar membrane, situated within the cochlea. Though this membrane is only an eight-thousandth of an inch [thick] and an inch and a half long, it contains about 24,000 fibers from a fifteenth to a 170th of an inch in length, each fiber corresponding and apparently vibrating to a particular pitch, the whole system acting as a series of resonators. Although the "resonance theory of hearing" is not fully established, it is accepted almost without reservation by Sir Kames Jeans (1), who compares the extraordinarily

(1) See Science and Music, The McMillan Co., New York and Cambridge, England, 1937; pp. 245-250.

intricate structure of the basilar membrane to that of a grand piano reproduced on a very minute scale.

We can now understand the well-known fact that many deaf persons hear music quite easily. The general hearing may be impaired or even destroyed, so that ordinary sounds or noises (caused by irregular aerial vibrations) become inaudible, but if the fibers of the basilar membrane remain uninjured, musical tones will still be perceived. Hence, concerts are frequently given for the inmates of deaf and dumb asylums. I have known totally deaf individuals whose enjoyment of music was keen. It is theoretically possible, on the other hand, that a person might be strictly "tone-deaf," that is to say, capable of hearing noise but not music, though I have never heard of an authenticated case of this defect. As ordinarily used, "tone-deaf" merely indicates a very bad ear or an insensibility to the beauty of music. Dr. Johnson, to whom music was "just an unpleasant noise," seems to have been tone-deaf in this sense. It is related of him that on one occasion he was observed to be pishing and pshawing at a lady's piano solo, whereupon a friend, attempting to excite his admiration, informed him that the piece was very difficult. "Sir," rejoined Dr. Johnson, "I wish it had been impossible!" And Charles Lamb, in his entertaining "Chapter on Ears," puts himself in the musical dunce class with Johnson.

The eye has one advantage over the ear: we can avoid unwelcome sights simply by closing our eyes, while it is much more difficult to "shut our ears" effectively, even by deliberate attention. True, the ear has lids (the external parts), but they are as a rule immobile; few of us

can wiggle them, far less close them.

"Mental" vision and hearing vary greatly in different persons. Most of us can close our eyes and still see the object of which we are thinking more or less distinctly, and in studying music, we find this a great aid to memorization. Mental hearing is, I believe, less common, yet every musician has it to some degree, and the conductor reads without effort a complicated symphony or opera, supplying in imagination every sound and inflection of the score.

Human's eyes and ears are alike fallible and subject to occasional delusion. We see and hear better or worse according to our state of health or emotional excitation. I know of individuals who have perfectly reliable absolute pitch within a limited range, say four octaves, but who beyond that can only guess wildly. It seems absurd that certain persons should have absolute pitch on Monday but not on Tuesday; yet it is an undeniable fact. One freak case has come to my attention: a girl who made no pretension whatever to absolute pitch undertook confidently to tell whether any note struck on a piano was a white or a black key--and successfully passed a searching test! This is utterly ridiculous, illogical, and incredible, and I am at a loss to explain it unless she did have some sort of misguided sense of absolute pitch. Visual fallibility is easily observed in the conflicting testimony of eye-witnesses in courts of law, though doubtless such divergences might be accounted for by errors of memory.

Both sight and hearing may be amplified or diminished. Visual impressions are magnified by the telescope, the microscope, and in screen pictures, or minimized (in the most familiar instance) when we look through the wrong end of opera glasses. Sound is heightened or reduced in the ordinary radio set at the turn of a knob, and large auditoriums are often equipped with amplifiers.

Both light and sound are easily reflected, light-waves by mirrors or by opaque surfaces like that of the moon; sound waves by walls or natural formations of cliffs and mountains, giving rise to echoes. Light-waves are also bent or refracted when passing through the earth's atmosphere, through fluids (as we see in the apparent distortion of a stick held under water), and through prisms and magnetic fields. True refraction of sound occurs less often, though in general waves of all kinds are subject to bending on encountering a new medium or density.

The velocity of light is about 186,000 miles per second, so that we see things practically instantaneously at any terrestrial distances. Sound lags through the air at a snail's pace of 1,100 feet per second, or twelve miles a minute--somewhat faster and much farther when carried by a high wind, and varying slightly at different temperatures. It travels through water about four times as fast as through air, and through solids faster still.

CHAPTER TWO

George William Torrance was born at Rathmines, Dublin, Ireland, in 1835, and received his early musical education as a chorister at Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, and as a pupil in organ and composition of Sir Robert Stewart, then the acknowledged leader of Ireland's musical life. While still in his teens he was engaged as an organist at various suburban and city churches, and an early Te Deum and Jubilate attracted attention, being sung at Christ Church Cathedral. His talent was conspicuously shown in the oratorio Abraham, written at the age of nineteen and performed in 1855 in Dublin by the best musicians of the city, Sir Robert Stewart at the organ, and the composer conducting. So great was the success of Abraham that it was given four times in two years.*

* Of this work Grove's Dictionary remarks: "It was rightly deemed a wonderful work for a mere lad to produce; the airs were written after the manner of Beethoven, the choruses followed that of Handel: of plagiarism there was none, and if the work was lacking in experience, it was yet a bold and successful effort for a boy in his teens."

At that period it was already considered necessary to put the finishing touches to a musical training in Germany. Mendelssohn, only recently dead and still at the height of his fame, had, through his leadership of the Gewandhaus Concerts and the Conservatory of Leipzig, made that town a Mecca for British musicians and students. In 1857 Torrance went to Leipzig to continue his work for two years under Moscheles and other teachers. The stay in Germany had a profound effect on his thought and temperament, though it was destined to become a nostalgic

dream of partly unfulfilled aspirations. He returned to Dublin with the score of an opera, William of Normandy, which received a performance in concert version.

For reasons I have never known, Torrance's family, apparently acquiescent so far to his chosen vocation, and when every augury predicted a brilliant future in music, now insisted strongly on his entering the Church. Yielding to their injudicious pressure, he prepared for the ministry at the University of Dublin, graduated in Arts, was ordained deacon in 1865 and priest in 1866, and received his first curacy in 1867, when he also took the degree of Master of Arts. I can only conjecture, from related hints dropped in conversations with me, that the decision brought some pangs of regret to him. Yet, though undoubtedly music was his first love, it cannot be said that the change wrecked either his happiness or usefulness in life. A man of purest integrity, no conceivable stress could have forced him into a calling for which he felt unfit. A simple piety, a steadfast faith, were as natural to him as his mental and artistic gifts. Add to this that, with the exception of his sojourn in Leipzig and the single experiment in opera, all of his musical life had been closely associated with the Church of England and its services. Doubtless this aspect of his early training helped to reconcile him to the new career. In any case, he assumed the cloth with grace and wore it with honor and dignity. At times, too, with power, as for instance when he delivered an effective series of sermons attacking civic abuses. On this occasion the Melbourne Punch published a cartoon depicting him in clerical attire, wielding a broom to sweep out the Augean stables.

Very happily, too, it never became necessary for him to abandon musical activity. Indeed, it is the most striking circumstance in his life that by untiring energy he succeeded to a remarkable extent in combining the roles of priest and musician. He certainly studied divinity

assiduously at the University of Dublin, but he also found time to finish a sacred cantata, The Captivity, in 1864. One wonders if there may not have been a melancholy sub-current of thought in this choice of subject.

In 1869 Torrance received a call to Australia. The colony of Victoria was less than thirty-five years old; he was exactly the same age. He was first appointed to a suburban curacy at Christ Church, South Yarra, where he met and married Julia Vaughan, and then became incumbent of All Saints at Geelong, a town only a few miles distant from Melbourne. These posts were followed by one of far greater importance, the incumbency of Holy Trinity at Balaclava, one of Melbourne's most flourishing suburbs. The church, however, was a small, ugly frame building, depending for its music on a ladies' choir and a pitiful little organ. Torrance immediately began to collect funds for a new church. His enthusiasm carried the parishioners away; contributions poured in from rich and poor, and in time a new church, one of the finest in Melbourne, was dedicated. A special fund provided for a three-manual organ built according to his own specifications; the organ itself was placed on the left side of the church, but it was played from a console on the right by a "tracker" system. This arrangement not only allowed the organist to hear his effects from a distance, beyond the choir, but also permitted Torrance to play a large part of the service himself, slipping from lectern to organ seat. (It seemed impossible to find a reliable organist.) I was his assistant, taking over when he had to cross to the pulpit and for the "responses." In fact, he trained me so that I was perfectly capable of taking the whole service, and whenever he exchanged duty with another minister I did so. I shall never forget that organ, partly, no doubt, because it was the only fairly large one that I ever mastered. It had few fancy solo stops but was rich in diapason tone. The swell was particularly beautiful, as it always

should be, for the swell is the soul of the organ; the swell box was placed very high, with ample shutters for control of volume.

Long before the new church was opened, Torrance was busily training a choir of boys and men, in which I sang alto. It is characteristic of his indefatigable industry that he compiled an entire psalter, writing it with his own hand, copying single choral parts, and composing many new chants for it. The old psalter, hideously badly "pointed," was then still in general use; the improved Cathedral Psalter, which he largely anticipated, had not yet been published.

The parish, while building the church, had liberally added a commodious stone parsonage with grounds for a large paddock and garden. We now moved into the new house. Mrs. Torrance tended the garden lovingly; my guardian took pride in his lawn, weeding it jealously and rigging up an amateur pipe line to carry surplus water to it from the bathroom in drougthy weather. One weed with a deep taproot was his special bane, and he bribed me to assist in its extermination by giving me a penny for every dozen that I dug out. While we worked together on the lawn we talked of music or he told me stories; a favorite game was to select a composer and name all his works we could recall.

Balaclava was a large, scattered parish, but Dr. Torrance was a fast and tireless walker, making his rounds with clerical coat-tails flying. Often, when I accompanied him on his visits, I would have to break into a dog-trot to keep up with his pace. His genuine kindness and native Irish humor brought smiles wherever he called. Visiting a patient tossing in distress from an attack of hives, he would be more likely to open the conversation with "Isn't this beastly?" than to offer the less immediately appropriate consolations of religion. Parochial life abounds in quaint and humorous episodes. I remember a couple who appeared at the parsonage one day to ask

immediate marriage. A little questioning divulged no impediment but revealed that the two had taken a friendly drive, coming to a sudden decision on their way home without the slightest previous courtship. So unprepared were they, their combined resources could barely scrape together five pounds for a license, and Dr. Torrance had to round up two witnesses at an hour when the church was deserted. Then there was a woman who had given birth to an exceptionally ugly baby. Friends and neighbors were so unanimous in their failure to admire him that even her mother heart slowly realized the unwelcome truth. Holding the baby for Dr. Torrance's inspection, she said rather pitifully, "Isn't he ugly?" Taken unawares, he admitted with unwise candor a possible lack of beauty in the boy. "She never forgave me," he said ruefully. Again, calling somewhat belatedly on an Irishwoman who had recently lost her husband, he asked her when her good man had passed away. The answer almost upset his gravity. "Well, sir, if he'd lived till tomorrow he'd have been dead a fortnight."

Torrance was a very handsome man, high-browed, keen-eyed, with aquiline nose and fine curly hair which turned white in his middle age. He held himself straight and was a distinguished figure in any company. One of his most engaging characteristics was the power of giving his whole attention to any person with whom he talked.

He had brought with him from Ireland a small reed harmonium of limited sonority but sweet quality. At this tiny instrument he composed, preferring it to his Collard and Collard upright piano of ampler range but non-sustaining tone. Many of his songs and anthems were published by Novello and Company. The larger works produced in Australia were a cantata, The Argonauts, and his masterpiece, The Revelation, an oratorio printed in vocal score by subscription. As is often the fate of composers, however, he was best known for a very minor

work, the hymn tune Euroclydon (Song of the Greek Church). This was reprinted over a long period of years in every British hymnal. The inaccessibility of his position in Australia precluded any wide circulation of the greater compositions. How should the rumor of his successes under the Southern Cross arouse echoes in Europe? Yet the prophet was not without honor either in his native or in his adopted country. On the recommendation of Sir Robert Stewart the University of Dublin conferred on him the degree of doctor of music *in absentia* in 1879, and the University of Melbourne honored him similarly, granting its first degree in music. The Australian musicians gave him their ungrudging appreciation and respect, recognizing in the clergyman a musician of solid background and brilliant talent. His local reputation reached its height with the performance of The Revelation in 1882. "Torrents of admiration! Torrents of applause," exclaimed the Melbourne Punch, playing on the composer's name.

It is difficult for me to refrain from expatiating on the beauty of The Revelation. It far surpassed Torrance's other works in inspiration and workmanship, and in happier circumstances might well have become popular in oratorio-loving England. It deserved to live, but it would be idle to eulogize a work totally unknown to the reader. As a matter of personal record, its composition was a notable event in my life, for I followed its genesis, growth, and completion with absorbed interest. Many happy evenings were spent at his little harmonium, Dr. Torrance's devoted friend, Dr. Fishbourne, sitting by his side while he played, revised and corrected. Chorus by chorus, aria by aria, we followed the process of creation, and I like to imagine that the sympathy of the mature physician and the eager, open-eyed boy encouraged and stimulated the lonely composer, writing from pure urge of heart. Dozens of themes from The Revelation haunt my memory to this day.

The Torrances had three children, a boy and two girls. The boy was killed in a carriage accident at an early age, before I went to live with them, and the first girl died, only six years old, some years later. Kathleen, with whom I grew up, lived to the age of eighteen and then fell a victim to meningitis. This occurred while I was at Weimar and when they had left Balaclava for a new call to St. Joh's Church, Melbourne. The loss of the first two children was misfortune grave enough; that of Kathleen, on whom they concentrated a three-fold love, was stark tragedy. Dr. Torrance grieved so heavily that doctors feared for his reason; he was ordered to Europe for a year, and never returned to Australia. After some time spent in travel he retired to Kilkenny, Ireland, where he was appointed canon of St. Canice's Cathedral and put in special charge of its musical services. There he lived quietly, recovering his health and a measure of his natural cheerfulness. But I knew him for a broken-hearted man. He died at Kilkenny in 1907, and Mrs. Torrance died three days before, both so ill that neither knew of the other's passing. So ended a noble life in affliction, and I reflected bitterly that I had seen the righteous forsaken.

CHAPTER THREE

It came to me gradually that I had been born in a pioneer country. As a boy, I took it for granted that the rest of the world must be very like the Melbourne I knew. This Melbourne, though already a flourishing town of 100,000 inhabitants, had not been settled and named until 1837. In the year 1835, when Wagner and Liszt were very young men, one John Batman explored the commodious harbor of Port Phillip (1) in his thirty-

(1) Port Phillip is the bay on which Melbourne is situated and the name originally given to the settlement.

ton schooner, the Rebecca. He took the Rebecca's boat six miles up the river Yarra, where he found "all good water and very deep," and penciled in his notebook the historic words, "This will be the place for a village." It is a curious fact that of the six Australian state capitals only Melbourne was actually built on the first site selected. No choice could have been happier. On his highly irregular expedition, quite unsanctioned by the British government, Batman bought about 300,000 acres of land from the aborigines, probably with even less comprehension by the natives of the nature of the "sale" than in the transactions between the early settlers of America and the Indian tribes.

Batman's "village" was named after the British premier, Lord Melbourne, in 1837. By 1842 it had become a municipality, by 1844 a sturdy little town of 10,000 persons. In 1851 Port Phillip, separating from New Wales, was constituted a colony under the mane of Victoria. Development of the infant colony, however, was retarded by the attempts of the crown to settle it with convict labor from Botany Bay, by the lawlessness of the early "bushrangers," prototypes of our Western bad men, and by various other causes operating to create a period of depression.

The town was startlingly awakened from the threatened decline by the immensely rich gold discoveries of 1851. After this, the prosperity of Victoria and its capital increased by leaps and bounds. Melbourne was the natural port of entry to the new gold fields, and in five years its population rose to 388,000.

Melbourne's leading newspaper, "The Argus," was first issued as a daily in 1849. The first Australian railroad was opened in 1854. Schools, colleges, churches, hospitals, and bridges were founded or built. In 1855 Victoria receives a constitution with responsible government. One year later a movement for an eight-hour labor day was initiated. In 1857 Melbourne was lighted by gas. Telegraphic communication between Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney was established in 1858 and cable communication to Tasmania in 1859. The great Australian sports, horseracing and cricket, got into an early swing, the celebrated Melbourne Cup making its initial run in 1861 and the first cricket matches between England and Australia being played in the following year. Cable cars replaced the old buses in 1885. Melbourne depended on horse-drawn carts to distribute water until 1849, and not until 1905 did it have a really sanitary supply. In my boyhood it was quite unsafe to drink unfiltered water.

Culture is usually slow to follow a gold rush, yet the University of Melbourne opened its doors and a public library was established as early as 1885. The first choral society, the Philharmonic, began giving concerts in 1853, inevitably opened with The Messiah, on which occasion David Mitchell, father of Nellie Melba, sang in the chorus. A Musical Society, devoted chiefly to chamber music, encouraged the art from 1861 on by concerts and lectures, and in 1869 the German community organized a Liedertafel with Julius Siede as its first conductor. There were several operatic ventures, none of long existence. The opening of the Town Hall in 1870

provided Melbourne with a fine auditorium for concerts on a large scale. A great impetus was given to music when Sir Frederic Cowen was brought from London by the Victorian government to conduct the orchestral performances at the Exhibition of 1888. A year earlier, Francis Ormond gave £20,000 to endow a chair of music at the University after a long delay Marshall Hall was appointed Ormond professor, and in 1894 a conservatory of Music under his direction became associated with the University. Melbourne had the distinction of being the first city in the world to possess a chair of music affiliated with a conservatory.

Marshall Hall was a peculiar man with a strong capacity for making enemies. His books Hymns Ancient and Modern, containing a good deal of erotic poetry, aroused a storm of controversy, free thinkers hailing it as a word of genius, and others condemning it as blasphemous and indecent. He founded a symphony orchestra in 1903, resigned the Ormond chair, was reappointed to it in 1914, and continued for many years to be an active and disturbing influence in musical affairs.

Meantime [...] was producing artists of note; Melba, Ada Crossley, and Florence Austral among its singers; the violinist Johann Kruse; and the pianists Percy Grainger, William Murdoch, and George F. Boyle, all younger than myself.

For about a year my work with Dr. Torrance was supplemented by lessons from the Austrian pianist and composer Max Vogrich. Vogrich had come to Australia on tour with the violinist August Wilhelmj, and liked the country so well that he made Melbourne his home from 1882 to 1886, marrying an Australian singer, Alice Rees. He became friendly with Dr. Torrance and interested in me, offering to teach me and in the goodness of his heart refusing any payment

for lessons. Dr. Torrance was delighted to have me study with a professional pianist, yet Vogrich bothered not at all with technical matters and but little on formal pianism. His teaching centered on interpretation, and I think his aim, as far as I was concerned, was to broaden my conception of music and to deepen my feeling for it. One day I found him lying on a sofa, suffering from an injured knee. After he had heard my pieces and made his comments he began to talk of the study of art, comparing it to the ascent of some giant range of mountains like the Cordilleras. You see a height before you, he said, and toilsomely you reach its crest, only to find that a loftier peak hitherto invisible is disclosed; and this process is indefinitely repeated. When he finally dismissed me, we were both astonished to find that the lesson had lasted three hours; there was a miniature Cordillera range of cigarette butts near his right hand.

Vogrich played in the grand manner, perhaps with some disdain of minor detail and orthodox tradition, though he had studied at the Leipzig Conservatorium with the classicists Mendelssohn and Moscheles. In later years he lived in New York, Weimar, London, and then again in New York. He turned increasingly to composition, producing operas in Florence, Leipzig, and Weimar and writing many other works. His oratorio The Captivity was given at the Metropolitan Opera House of New York in 1891, and a violin concerto entitled "E pur si muove" was played by Mischa Elman, to whom it was dedicated, in Berlin (1913) and New York (1917).

I have good reason to remember Max Vogrich with affectionate gratitude. We met again, though at long intervals, in America and Germany; I remained devoted to him until his death in 1916, and he continued to show me the utmost kindness and friendship. He was one of the truest cosmopolitans I have known, adapting himself easily to the most varied living conditions. He had several amiable hobbies, among them numismatics and amateur photography. Dr. Torrance

pleased him immensely by the gift of a book of coins from his heterogeneous library. Once Vogrich surprised me by speaking of photography as a fascinating and dangerous pursuit. The idea was strange to me, and I repeated wonderingly “Dangerous?” “Why yes,” he replied, “an enthusiastic photographer will take heavy risks, especially in mountain scenery, to get a good picture.” I thought of the Cordilleras again; surely he must have loved mountains and their lure.

I had attended two different grammar schools, doing fairly well at them except in algebra, of which I never had any understanding. Afterwards I had a tutor for general education and teachers for French and German. The tutor was not very good and I learned little from him; my most vivid remembrance of his instruction was a scolding for spelling a certain Alsatian town “Aix-les-Bang”—but I had never heard of the place and based my orthography literally on his own pronunciation. I remember too that he was the author of a successful detective story called, The Mystery of a Hansom Cab; in its day it was an Australian best-seller, and I read it with more attention than I gave to his lessons. I liked French and German—I liked and respected the lady who taught me French; I liked and made fun of the one who taught me German. The German lessons were shared with a very beautiful young girl, Mary Chomley, who bloomed to so early a maturity that she received a proposal of marriage when only thirteen years old. Mary conspired with me to tease poor Frau Gorte; in order to prolong the lessons I would play to them, for they were both very fond of music. The German was soon to be very useful to me, but for the time being pretty Mary was a greater attraction than separable verbs.

My guardian had a fairly large library, in which I browsed (sic) at will. I read such diverse things as Massey’s Life of Chatterton, some volumes of Mark Twain, who was popular in Australia, Michelet’s The Bird, a little Shakespeare and Tennyson, and all the books on

astronomy I could lay hands on. My favorite author was Jules Verne. After reading Thirty (sic) Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, I used to contend vigorously with my elders and betters that a submarine boat like the Nautilus was entirely possible, and in this instance I laughed last, though at a rather long last. I paid little attention to books on music and musicians, preferring to get that information more agreeably from Dr. Torrance's conversation. Mrs. Torrance was an inveterate novel-reader, but I took no interest in the books she was eternally exchanging at Mudie's library. Those were the days of the Victorian three-volume novel, and a flood of trashy, ephemeral fiction poured out from the printing presses. I liked much better some of Kathleen's childish books. One of these, Fairy Gifts, or a Wallet of Wonders, lingers in my memory as a charming volume of Irish folk-lore. I have tried vainly for many years to find a copy of it, for it had something of the delight of The Crock of Gold. My most depraved taste was for the page of "Random Readings" in The Family Herald, a page given over to jokes, conundrums and anecdotes. Whenever I saw a chance, out I came with one of these jokes, whereupon the Torrances, including Kathleen, would point their fingers at me and cry accusingly "Family Herald!"

I played a little cricket and football at school. My chief outdoor diversion, however, was riding. My guardian had agreed to house and teach a boy named Horace Gleason, several years younger than me and with talent for the piano. Horace's father gave him a Shetland pony with the understanding that I was to ride it too. But Horace was afraid of "Humbug," as we called the pony, so no one rode him except myself, and when after a year or two Horace left us Mr. Gleason very good-naturedly left it to me. I used to scour the country on Humbug and we became good companions and friends. He was an intelligent animal who could always find his own way to any

house he had been to before. He was very hardy and lived in the paddock, going into his shed (we had no stable) to shelter from the sun but standing out in the rain with his tail to the wind, enjoying the bath. Humbug was a humorist; he watched for any slackness in my riding and took instant advantage of it by cutting up and trying to throw me. He loved to be shod, and I invariably had a tussle to get him past the blacksmith's shop when his hoofs required no attention. He would eat anything from oats to mutton pies and once gnawed a chunk out of my cricket bat. After I left Melbourne in 1886 he was sold to a man who did not provide him even with a shed, and the poor little animal died of sunstroke.

To return for a moment to Horace Gleason. The boy was no genius, though he did ultimately take up music as professionally. Part of the duty of teaching him devolved on me. As he was my first pupil I was far too inexperienced to handle him wisely, nor was he particularly docile, so the lessons often ended in tears and the intervention of Dr. Torrance. Apart from this we got together admirably. He was a chubby youngster with a face so round, open, and smiling, that by one consent we called him The Sunflower.

My best friend in those days was Walter Sellar, a young man my elder by eight years or so. His father was a retired business man, something of an invalid, his mother a very kindly and hospitable lady, and then there were two brothers, Douglas and Charlie, and a sister Ella. The Sellars lived several miles from Balaclava, but I was often permitted to ride over to spend weekends with them. They owned a large rambling one-story house with ample grounds, an attractive garden, and almost every conceivable variety of fruit trees and shrubs. There was a grass tennis court bordered by a grove of orange trees. Charlie Sellar, about my own age, and I used to ascend an orange tree, each armed with a spoon, scoop out the fruit, and annoy the tennis payers

by bombarding them with the empty shells. There were high pines to climb, guns and pistols to fire, chemicals to experiment with, horses to ride. Altogether a boys' paradise. There was a grand piano too, owned by Walter, and on Sundays when I was at Pine Hill he and I were sure to spend a morning or an evening at it.

Melbourne could boast of some interesting personalities besides its musicians. Bishop Moorhouse, a great Anglican ecclesiastic and a most eloquent preacher, afterwards became Bishop of Manchester, England. Baron Ferdinand von Muller, German botanist, explorer and author, emigrated to Australia as a young man and lived for many years in Melbourne, taking a prominent part in the exploration of the new country and bringing many European plants to Victoria. It was he who made the fine qualities of the native blue gum tree (*Eucalyptus globulus*) known throughout the world, especially in California and the tropical portions of South America. In his person I first met the admirable type of German scientists who combines scholarliness with practical activity. Lord Loch, governor of Victoria, in my youth, and Lady Loch, were universally popular, giving their patronage liberally to public events, including concerts, and entertaining regally at Government House. They were an extraordinarily handsome couple. The wealthiest man in Australia and one of the most public-spirited was Sir William Clarke. His gracious wife was always very kind to me. Poor Sir William was obliged to attend many concerts—a trial to him though a pleasure to Lady Clarke. He was reported as saying that he knew only two tunes—one was “God Save the Queen” and the other wasn't. One suspected, moreover, that he recognized “God Save the Queen” merely because when it was played the audience rose to its feet. Alfred Deakin, Victoria's most able statesman, served many years as Attorney-General and Premier of the Commonwealth. His clear vision and polished oratory

guided Australia on its path to federation and successfully launched badly needed irrigation projects.

As a very young child I had heard Henri Ketten and Henri Kowalski. Ketten, a Hungarian pianist who made an early success in Europe, came to Australia, hired a theatre for a month (at least so I was told) and gave nightly concerts to good houses. I was too young for piano recitals, and disgraced myself by dropping off to sleep early in the program. I have a slightly better remembrance of Kowalski and his March in D flat, a salon piece with effective octaves, extremely popular in its day. My first experience of drama was a stage version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The shooting on the stage terrified me so that I crept under my chair to be out of danger. After I went to live with the Torrances I heard the violinists Wilhelmj and Eduard Remenyi (real name Hoffmann) and many good singers. Australia has always produced good voices, and its audiences will not tolerate off-pitch singing. Besides Melba, there was an excellent contralto, Miss Christian, a good tenor, Armes Beaumont, and a respectable basso, Gordon Gooch. Remenyi was a distinguished violinist though a good deal of a charlatan. He created some stir by issuing a statement claiming that he was the real author of Brahms' Hungarian Dances. Now it is perfectly true that Brahms first heard the themes of these well-known pieces from Remenyi; Brahms made no secret of it and gave due credit to Remenyi. I had one curious experience of Remenyi's eccentric talent. Every now and then I was honored by an invitation to play at Government House, and on one of these occasions Remenyi too had been asked to perform. He arrived, notwithstanding, without his violin, and an orderly had to be dispatched to his hotel to fetch it. When the instrument came, its owner complained that the heavy yellow hangings of the ballroom were bad for sound, and insisted on entertaining the company in a cold, bare anteroom.

Pleased with the rather ambiguous impression he was making, he made a little speech to the guests and then struck into a long improvisation. I had already played a few pieces, including Chopin's Fantasia-Improvisation, and now he complimented me by introducing the middle section of it as part of his extempore. The grand finale was a freakish performance of "The Campbells Are Coming." Perhaps he indulged his wayward temperament more buoyantly in the Antipodes than elsewhere, for in Europe he was taken seriously as a great artist. He toured in America with Brahms in 1852-3 and enjoyed the friendship of Liszt. He died while playing at a concert in San Francisco in 1898.

Miss Christian was very kind to me and I remember her with affection. Once I was staying at her home in a time of deep distress to me, and she found a sure way to comfort me by putting me at her piano with a copy of the "English Nursery Rhymes." I quickly forgot my troubles, absorbed in the charming texts, music, and illustrations of the book, and I have never forgotten the songs or the dear lady who introduced them to me.

As I grew a little older Dr. Torrance took me oftener to the best concerts given in Melbourne. I heard Beethoven's Fidelio in concert form and the Ninth Symphony twice; the latter I knew almost by heart, having studied it from Novello's excellent vocal score. Other choral works were Dvorak's Stabat Mater, Reinecke's Hakon Jarl, Brahms' Rinaldo, Félicien David's The Desert, Handel's Messiah, Gaul's Holy City, selections from Wagner's Flying Dutchman and Tannhauser, and in lighter vein Sullivan's Patience and Iolanthe. Of course, too, I had been present at performances of Dr. Torrance's own works. Very little symphonic music was produced: I can speak with positive recollection only of Dvorak's D major symphony, Beethoven's Egmont Overture, Bruch's violin concerto, played by Wilhelmj, and Weber's piano

concerto in C, played by Vogrich. There was also a scattering of chamber music, and I had a welcome chance to hear the Beethoven quartet (d'apres la quintette) with members of the Zerbini Quartet. Zerbini was a first-rate viola player, once famous in London; he got into some sort of trouble there, I understand, and sought escape from it in Australia.

My own playing was at first strictly limited to a single annual private recital. My guardian, however, had always foreseen the necessity of sending me to Europe at an early age, and as the time approached (in 1885) I was allowed to appear more frequently. The culmination of this period of study was a "grand benefit concert" in the Town Hall to which the leading artists of Melbourne, including Nellie Melba (then still Mrs. Armstrong), Miss Christian, the Zerbini Quartet, my old teacher T. H. Guenett, and others gave their services.

How well, at fourteen, was I prepared for European study? Only fairly, I suppose, yet at least I could easily have passed the entrance tests of any Conservatory. I had learned many of the preludes and some of the fugues of Bach, using an old Peters reprint of the Forkel text of the Well-Tempered Clavier, with the original shorter form of the preludes. I had studied a good deal of Mozart and Mendelssohn, a little Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, and Liszt. I knew the sonatas of Schubert and Weber pretty thoroughly, incapable as I was of playing more than isolated movements properly. I had played a lot of music with my guardian in four-hand arrangements. I was well on in harmony, which came to me quite naturally; from Dr. Torrance's skill in counterpoint I had acquired a good sense of voice leading; and I had a modest talent for composition. My experience as chorister and assistant organist was invaluable, though even as a boy my voice was no better than average and my organ playing extremely amateurish; the chief advantage of the latter was that it taught me to improvise confidently—an art I have now almost

lost for lack of practice.

CHAPTER FOUR

One's first long sea voyage is an experience to be remembered. The modern Atlantic liner, to most travelers, might as well be some luxurious metropolitan motel; the ocean is often totally disregarded, the four to six days of the trip being spent in the dining-saloon, the smoking room, or at private cocktail and bridge parties. But when one is on a boat for six weeks and a half (the scheduled run between Melbourne and London in 1886) the ocean can hardly be ignored. Perforce one sees it, feels its mood and majesty, suffers from it and is enthralled by it. There is no monotony in the sea. The land is always the same, despite the varying aspects of light or cloud, wind and season. But the element of water, unstable and infinitely fascinating, changes in its every drop from moment to moment. Its only complete repose is when becalmed, but rare indeed are such hours of sleep.

One may stand at the ship's bow for an unweary hour watching the cutwater throw out sideward showers of white spray to leave belts of deep glistening ultramarine between the foam and the vessel's side. On soft tropical nights the whole expanse, from horizon to horizon, may be aglow with phosphorescence, as if lighted from below by electricity. Anchored at Colombo, you gaze forty or fifty feet down through crystal green to a hothouse-like luxuriance of plant growth. I have had the good fortune to see a huge waterspout spiraling dizzily into the clouds; we gave it a wide berth, for though not dangerous it would have given us a fine sousing had it collapsed near us. The sea runs a whole gamut of motion, too, as variously agitated by breeze, gale, or storm. Then one hears its voice, murmuring, talking aloud, or roaring.

Nor is the sea lifeless; its whales rise to spout, its porpoises gambol clumsily on the surface, its flying fish describe their eccentric curves and sometimes end on board, while greedy

sharks haunt the wake, alert for the kitchen's leavings.

On a long voyage one becomes far more conscious of cloud formations and progressions than by land, where we usually look ahead, not above. The only time I ever saw a lunar rainbow (no mere halo, *nota bene*) was at sea. And who can describe the amazing glories of a tropical sunset across the waves, a reckless expenditure of a week's color in fifteen minutes?

The Peninsular and Oriental S. S. Carthage, on which I sailed, was a terrible tub, rolling outrageously on the least provocation. We had, on the whole, a bad voyage; first in the great Australian Bight between Melbourne and Perth, then through two weeks of monsoon between Perth and Columbo, and finally for five days of unexpectedly heavy weather in the reputedly smiling Mediterranean. I was a very poor sailor, and unlike most persons did not cast off seasickness after a few days. During the first week the porthole in my cabin leaked, water penetrated freely and I lay in bed in damp misery, too listless to call the steward and have the screws tightened. (He must have been a careless or incompetent fellow not to notice my condition and help me.) But there were spells of fine weather and days when we touched port, and after a while my sickness when the Carthage rolled its worst abated to a bearable queasiness. The most discomforting storm we encountered was the monsoon. This is a periodic wind blowing especially in the Indian Ocean, accompanied by torrential unrelenting rain. Though not a violent storm, the sea is so rough that the portholes cannot be kept open and the air so hot that life is unendurable with them closed. Such is the churn of foam and lashing rain that it is difficult to see a dividing line between sea, air, and sky. The "fiddles" (trays to hold plates, cups, and glasses on the tables) were set up at every meal.

I may deny monotony in the sea as an element without contesting the possibility of

boredom in shipboard life. Cooped up in a narrow space for many weeks without serious occupation, the passengers see too much of each other and are driven to seek distraction in trifles. Exaggerated friendships and intense dislikes are lightly formed, only to be forgotten as the landing gangway is crossed. Pools on the day's run and deck games offer diversion to some; quiet souls resort to chess, draughts, or cards. There are to be sure a few men or women born with a passion for organizing entertainments, concerts, and dances. The ship's band, recruited from the small army of stewards, provides music for the dances and gives concerts of its own. On the Carthage the band's concerts were so evil-sounding that we petitioned the Captain by round-robin to abolish them. He replied that no one disliked the music more than he, but concerts were prescribed by the ship's regulations. No rule, however, stipulated where the concerts should be held, so that he was at liberty to order them given in the engine-room, at the crow's nest, or elsewhere. The engine room was obviously too hot, the crow's nest too inconvenient, so for a few days they were held in an "elsewhere" unknown to us, but the Captain then decided to take a chance, cancel the concerts and fight the matter out if necessary with his Company. The subscription customarily underwritten near the end of the voyage for the ship's band was unwontedly generous.

Shipboard life offers unique opportunities for the observation of character. We had a few persons among us who stood out from the rank and file. One of these was a youth of about twenty, known as "The Jubilee Plunger." He was a ward in chancery, due to inherit a large fortune on attaining his majority, a wild gambler and spendthrift who had been sent to Australia to keep him out of harm's way. The noble Court of Chancery was evidently innocently unaware of Australia's addiction to sport and horse-racing, including the Melbourne Cup. The Plunger

was in his element there; he ran through something like £100,000, having no trouble in raising money on his expectations, before he was recalled to England. He was a weak-chinned, free-handed, very likeable fellow and made friends with all his shipmates, including the boys like myself. He would take a bat at deck cricket with us, offering a pound to any boy who could bowl him out, but we never collected—he was too good for us. There was nothing in the world that he was not ready to bet on or against. Suspecting that his guardians would take him into custody on his arrival, he planned to elude them; they tricked him, however, by sending out two plain-clothes men on the pilot's boat. His last words, mournfully uttered as he waved goodbye to us, were "Beaten at the post by a short neck!" The minions of the law, we were told, conveyed him to the Scilly Isles.

Very different in type was the gentleman and scholar, a handsome Scotsman with the straightest nose I can remember. I found him one late afternoon, an hour before dinner time, surrounded by a group of eager listeners delighting in his eloquent talk of men, books, and places. His voice was rich and vibrant, his language correct and easy. At about ten o'clock I saw him again, still holding forth to an expectant audience. But now his tongue was blurred, his speech confused, his thoughts incoherent. It dawned on me that he was drunk. So he was every day, before dinner a prince, after it a sot to be helped nightly to bed by his room steward. Thenceforth, filled with admiration and pity, I sought him only in his rational hours. The laird (so I think of him) was intolerant of pretension. A vulgar globetrotter was regaling us with a recital of his extensive wanderings; he had been all over Europe, Africa, the Americas, "and now," he finished triumphantly, "I shall have 'done' the East and Australia." The Laird had listened patiently, but now he put it drily, "And pray, sir, what have you seen?" Dumbfounded

silence! The boaster could not find one word of answer.

My cabin mate was Clive Clark, son of the Melbourne millionaire, Sir William Clarke, who later equipped a regiment at his own expense for the Aussie contingent in the First World War. Clive was a quiet, reticent boy, about my own age; we were good friends but hardly intimate. He must have done me a good turn by telling Lady Scratchley how sick I was in the first week of the trip. Lady Scratchley, widow of a high army officer, and her grown daughter Valerie, promptly visited me, fed me orange juice and weak brandy-and-water when I could not eat, then tempted me with suitable delicacies and got me on my feet again. Valerie was a good pianist and a quick sightreader. I had a four-hand arrangement of Mendelssohn's overtures with me, and we played them over and over, with anything else we could lay our hands on. She taught me backgammon too, and flattered me with as much attention as she bestowed on her older admirers.

I had one disconcerting revelation of my own character. One day an unpleasant man, an incessant tease, made some especially offensive remark. I happened to be holding an orange at the moment, and I flung it at him with all my force. As I did so, I realized with dismay that had the orange been a knife, I should have thrown it equally unthinkingly. Thoroughly ashamed, I begged his pardon, and he replied mildly, "Oh, that's all right"—for which I respect him. The incident caused me to keep a better guard on my temper from that time on.

The ports we touched at were Albany, Columbo, Aden, Port Said, Valetta, and Gibraltar. Albany was uninteresting; I recall only aborigines with beautifully fashioned spears and boomerangs to sell. But Columbo was nothing short of a fairyland. In those days the P. and O. [Peninsular and Oriental] ships waited there for boat connections from China, and we had three

days on land. I was entertained by a friend of Dr. Torrance, a busy lawyer who could not see much of me himself but gave me the run of his house and delegated a Cingalese "boy" (servant) to attend me. I slept in mosquito-netted beds and lived in rooms separated only by reed curtains. One summoned a "boy" by clapping one's hands. My particular slave of The Lamp peeled bananas and plantains for me and shimmied up a tree to bring me a fresh coconut, slicing off the green top with a sharp knife, pouring the milk (more like Lemonade) into a glass, and giving me a spoon to scoop out the soft nut, very different from the dry, indigestible substance of the ripe fruit. I went to the Cinnamon Gardens, once famous but now falling into neglect, since vanilla was fast supplanting cinnamon as a flavoring for chocolate.

Columbo is exquisitely clothed with palms, vines, banyans and flowering trees. The temperature remains near an average of 84 degrees the year round. This seems moderate, yet it is unsafe to venture into the sun without a sheltering "puggree" to one's hat.

Aden, a fortified seaport and coaling station, is one of the earth's dry spots. The yearly rainfall is minimal, and water is obtained from condensation, wells, and some old reservoirs. Yet it has pretty botanical gardens, artificially irrigated. There is little else to it but barren volcanic rock.

At Suez we stopped without anchoring, only long enough to disembark passengers wishing to make a side trip to Cairo and the pyramids. We picked these sightseers up again at Port Said. I am sorry that I did not join the party, though the slow progress through the Suez Canal had its compensations. I hope there is no filthier town in the world than Port Said, at the northern end of the Canal. It puts up a fair front in its main bazaars, but a walk round the outskirts opens a view of incredible squalor. It seems unbelievable that human beings should

live in sinks so vile. Children stand about, eyes buried under swarms of flies that they do not even attempt to brush away. We returned from our stroll nauseated by uncleanness and stench.

At these Eastern ports the boat no sooner anchored or tied up than it was invaded by a horde of natives displaying cheap wares to sell—moonstones, catseyes, inferior sapphires and rubies; great bunches of bananas, plantains, and other fruits; carvings in ebony or ivory, ornaments made from tigers' claws, sandalwood boxes, souvenirs of every imaginable kind. If an unwary traveler gave half the asked price, he could be sure of having been roundly swindled. By luck, however, one might pick up a bargain. Tailors came on board at Colombo, took your measurements for a white cotton suit, and delivered it next day, roughly made but good enough for deck wear in hot weather and costing only ten shillings and sixpence. The ship would be surrounded by dusky boys in "catamarans" (uncapsizable boats fitted with crude outriggers), ready to dive for small silver coins. Even the tiniest urchins swam and dived like fishes. Beggars, apparently constituting half the population, were sternly repelled from one gangway to another by watchful quartermasters. On shore their importunate demands for "vaksheesh" (a tip) followed one incessantly; a mendicant would trot beside his quarry the whole length of a street without abandoning hope.

Valetta is a quaint, picturesque city. It boasts an opera house and some interesting churches, including the fine Cathedral of S. Giovanni. I cannot guess how its streets look now, for the Second World War must have wrought great changes, but in 1886 most of them were impossibly narrow, paved with cobblestones, and precipitously steep, ending in flights of steps down to the sea. Across the projecting balconies of the flat-roofed houses friends could almost shake hands. Goats roamed everywhere, providing the only milk obtainable. Valetta had the

distinction of minting a small copper coin worth a twelfth of an English penny. We had much too little time for thorough exploration.

The town of Gibraltar is insignificant compared with the towering Rock overhanging it. Travelers might well forgo a possible hour or two on shore, contenting themselves with the imposing view from the ship. We stopped no more until we moored at Tilbury Docks, a depressing first glimpse of England. The Bay of Biscay and the English Channel had belied their reputation for roughness, so we landed with wobbly sea-legs but sound appetites.

CHAPTER FIVE

IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON

London is too well known to require description of mine. I shall confine myself to recounting some of my musical and personal experiences there.

I stayed first with relatives of Mrs. Torrance, a widowed Mrs. Paine with two grown daughters and a son William. The Torrances were to spend a sabbatical year in Europe; I had preceded them in order to compete for a scholarship at the Royal College of Music. An Australian scholarship had been founded and my guardian had been assured that I could compete for it in London. This turned out to be untrue, and I had to take my chances in an all-English contest, with the result that I received only a meaningless honorable mention. (I may interpose here that never in my life did I come out a winner in a competitive examination.) Nevertheless, I enrolled at the Royal College, headed then by Sir George Grove of Dictionary fame. I remember Sir George, a smallish gentleman with urbane side whiskers, questioning me, asking me to fill out forms, and remarking blandly several times, "There is a fee of half-a-guinea attached to the signing of this paper." The half-guineas collected, I saw him no more except at a distance. Willie Paine promptly dubbed him The Shady Grove, or for short The Shady. My teachers were Ernst Pauer for piano and Sir Hubert Parry for theory. Pauer was a genial master who gave sound advice musically but helped little if at all in technical matters. His son Max carved out a respectable career for himself. Parry I remember with solid respect. His books on music are valuable, avoiding on the one hand dry analysis and on the other hand irresponsible enthusiasm. Required to study a secondary instrument I chose the organ, thinking that my Australian experience would make it easy, but I was very stupid at it and made no progress.

Some of my first concerts in London were important events. I was present at one of Adelina Patti's innumerable "last appearances" at the Albert Hall; she was assisted by Madame Albani, Edward Lloyd, and other notables. After singing the inevitable "Home, Sweet Home" as an encore after her second group of songs, she refused to come on again, whereupon the audience fell into an uproar, applauding, shouting, stamping, and interrupting the concert for a full fifteen minutes.

Liszt came to London early in 1886 for the first performance of his St. Elizabeth in concert form. I saw him then, and later heard him when he played a few pieces at the end of a program given in his honor by students at the Royal Academy of Music. His name, except as a composer, was then almost unknown to me; I was quite unprepared to appreciate his playing and must confess to my mortification that it made little impression on me. What would I now give to have had better ears that evening!

At the London Popular Concerts, managed by Chappell and Co., I heard Clara Schumann play Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata. She was worshipped in England, the audience was apparently as interested to see her mount the stage in long white kid gloves and spend five minutes unbuttoning them as in the subsequent performance. Her style was polished, accurate, and a little dry—an impression confirmed later when she gave a rather unemotional reading of the Schumann Concerto at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig. At the "Pops" I also heard the Joachim Quartet—a better quartet than he led in Berlin, for in London the eminent Piatti lent distinction to the 'cello part. At home, Joachim was too prone to surround himself with sycophantic mediocrities.

When my guardian arrived in London he promptly removed me from the Royal College,

took me to Germany, and entered me at the Leipzig Conservatorium. But for the next twelve years or so I spent most of my Christmas and other holidays in London, and it will be convenient to mention in this place some of the persons I met and heard on such occasions. My hosts were almost invariably either the Forster-Coopers in Devonshire Place or the Miles Mileys at Belsize Park, Hampstead. Mr. Forster-Cooper was a prominent barrister with a great love of literature. He had a well-stocked library in which I delighted to browse, and he did much to guide my reading when I was at a receptive age. When the rest of the family had gone to bed we would sit up, talking books from Plato to Calverly and Peacock over clay pipes imported from Holland and mugs of beer. Mrs. Forster-Cooper was a kind and indulgent hostess, and there were two children, Clive and Winifred, who used to crowd on a long stool with me and listen to my fairy stories illustrated at the piano. Clive became a life-long friend. He won fame as a palaeontologist and eventually became director of the London Museum of Natural History and was knighted for his services. He met another intimate friend of ours, Rosalie Tunstall Smith, in Baltimore while he was working with Henry Fairfield Osborn at the New York Museum of Natural History, married her after a romantic courtship, and lived very happily with her until his death in 19[??].

Dr. Miles Miley might have risen high in the medical profession had not a rich father left him with competent means. He was an amateur 'cellist, played in Mrs. [?] orchestra, and maintained one of those private string quartets that were an outstanding feature of London's musical life. Very clever himself, he could make no allowance for stupidity in others. Yet he had one or two pet prejudices; for instance, he refused to go to Paderewski's recitals because Paderewski charged more for admission than Rubinstein had done.

Lucy Miley was a charming woman, socially gifted, intelligent, and a fair pianist. She liked to entertain, and one was sure to meet interesting people at her table. One of these was her brother Charles Boys, a physicist who wrote a delightful little book on Soap Bubbles. He did me a good turn by choosing a three-inch astronomical telescope for me, picking up an excellent instrument absurdly cheaply at a second-hand store. I spent many happy hours with it, wonders made visible that until then I had only read of in books. It never seemed a small telescope to me. The giant mirrors of Mt. Wilson and Palomar were as yet undreamed, and I may have been inclined to pity Galileo for the meagre one-inch speculum with which he made his observations. I already possessed a microscope. In my opinion use of the telescope demands use of the microscope too; by studying the infinitely great and the infinitely small, however superficially (and I was but a poor dabbler), some idea is gained of the vast range of creation.

A doctor who lived in Birmingham used to time his visits to the Mileys to coincide with mine, for he was passionately fond of music. He believed firmly in the different "characters" of tonalities, which I contended were non-existent so far as the piano with its tempered scale was concerned. One day he agreed to a test, and I maliciously played somber passages in "sharp" keys and the gayest I could invent on the flats. He guessed all of them wrong, and like a true scientist then and there renounced a theory contradicted by a single reliable experiment. I have always been sorry about it, feeling that I unnecessarily shattered a cherished illusion.

CHAPTER SIX

LEIPZIG, 1886-1891

It was in the spring of 1886 that my guardian took me to Leipzig. On our way we stopped over in Brussels and Cologne. We heard a splendid performance of Carmen in Brussels, admired the splendid ascent of the Rue de la Régence to the Palais de Justice, and visited the Musée Wierz, entirely devoted to the work of that morbid painter. At Cologne we spent all our available time in and around the great Cathedral, awed by its grandeur and I, at least, impressed with its long and curious history; though begun in the thirteenth century, it had only recently (in 1880) been completed.

Arrived at Leipzig, the first business was to find a suitable living place for me. Dr. Torrance selected a small boardinghouse run by an eminently respectable Irish maiden lady, Miss Susan Jones. At the time she had only two other lodgers, an Australian girl who studied violin at the Conservatorium and a young man, Wilbraham (afterwards I believe Lord) Tollemache. During the years I spent at Miss Jones's she expanded her establishment very considerably, moving to a better section of the town and finally occupying two large floors of a prosperous apartment house. Her acquaintance with the Conservatorium teachers secured a hearing for me from Bruno Zwintscher, accounted the best piano instructor. Accepted by him as a pupil, I was entered formally at the Leipzig Conservatorium, with the fine contrapuntist Salomon Jadassohn as my theory teacher.

Next my guardian took me to call at the Bluthner piano warehouse. When he presented his card, reading "The Rev. George William Torrance, M.A., Mus. Doc." to a solemn functionary, the man was so overpowered by the titles (dear to every German breast) on it that he made a low

sweeping bow with his hand to his heart and ushered us into the presence of one of the family of noted piano manufacturers. The result of the visit was that throughout my student course I enjoyed the use, rent free, of a first-rate Bluthner grand.

The Conservatorium was in 1886 located in the ramshackle old building where Mendelssohn had organized it forty-three years before. It was enclosed in a cobble-paved courtyard which also housed the Old Gewandhaus, historically famous and one of the world's few acoustically perfect concert halls. The Gewandhaus (Robe Chamber) was actually a hall within a hall, poised in midair, oval in shape, and finely wainscotted; it had a single gallery and seated no more than ten or eleven hundred persons. Larger audiences and the huge expansion of the modern orchestra eventually made it inadequate, and the accommodations of the Conservatorium too were lamentably insufficient for a rapidly growing school of music. In 1888 both institutions moved to handsome new quarters. The change was wholly to the advantage of the Conservatorium, but the New Gewandhaus failed to duplicate the tonal quality of the old building, though the plan of the hall, the proportionate dimensions, the shape, and even the materials of the wainscotting were scrupulously copied.

When I enrolled in the Conservatorium the tuition cost M150 per year, equivalent to less than \$40, with no "matter-of-form" fees attached to the signing of documents as in London. When the new Conservatorium was opened the tuition was raised to M180, but all old pupils were allowed to complete their courses at the former rate. I, of course, profited by this indulgence, and M100 a month provided for all my needs.

I was singularly blessed in my teachers. Both Zwintscher and Jadassohn were kind, understanding, and helpful far beyond the strict line of their duty. All instruction was given in

classes, four students to a class, but Zwintscher generously put me into two of his classes, so that I received double time from him. As for Jadassohn, I was one of his most industrious pupils; many others shirked their theoretical work and brought little to their lessons, so that I often got a great deal more than my fair share of the hour. I am ever grateful to him for having passed me rapidly through harmony, keeping me for a year and a half at counterpoint, merely skirting canon, and making me work assiduously at fugue. He was extremely lenient to irregular but well-sounding progressions, and one of his favorite sayings was “Well, let us emancipate ourselves from the stencil” (Schablone). Jadassohn died in 1902, his last years darkened by the loss of a lifetime’s savings in a bank failure.

Zwintscher was a fine specimen of the old-school pedagogue, giving his pupils a thorough grounding in technique and an intelligent appreciation of the classics. He had never been a brilliant performer, but he knew and loved the art of teaching. A handsome man of rather florid countenance, typically Saxon, he wore a well-trimmed beard, held himself very upright, and always looked as if he had just emerged from a bath. He was hospitable and friendly, often asking students to dinner and once inviting me to spend two weeks of the summer holidays at his pleasant villa on the Elbe. Many a young man owed his start in life to Zwintscher’s recommendation. On one occasion, I remember, he secured a position as proofreader to the Peter’s publishing firm for a penniless boy with an uncanny flair for detecting misprints. His sense of humor never deserted him, and his advice to us was enlivened by amusing illustrations and anecdotes. Offered in a manner so palatable, we received his wise councils all the more gladly. One of my classmates was his son Rudolf, who afterwards made good in London as a concert pianist. Zwintscher moved to Dresden in 1896 and taught there privately until his death

in 1905. I am glad to believe that his life was very full and happy.

The best piano students enjoyed the privilege of additional lessons from Carl Reinecke during the last year of their course. I am afraid we did not take the honor seriously enough. Reinecke was easygoing and complaisant, and few of us worked hard for him. Georg Schumann, for instance, later a well-known composer and conductor of the Berlin Academy of Singing, was accustomed to neglect his assignment completely until he read it at sight in the lesson. Being a phenomenally good reader, he got away with this very well, but one day he bethought himself on his way to school that he did not even own the piece he was supposed to play, so he bought a copy at a music store and proceeded jauntily to the classroom. Still all went swimmingly until he made a quick dash to turn a page; the music was uncut and fell to the floor! Then indeed the cat was out of the bag. I met Georg Schumann, who had been my fellow student under Jadassohn, years later in Berlin, and amused him by recalling themes from some compositions of his Leipzig days. To return to Reinecke, when none of us was well prepared to play we would conspire to get him talking. This was doubly profitable, for he spoke of the lives and works of great musicians and attention was diverted from our own shortcoming. On red-letter occasions we persuaded him to play. Once we succeeded in receiving his interest in the piano literature current at the time of his early studies, and the hour passed in his performance of forgotten pieces by Kalkbrenner, Thalberg, and other once-popular writers. At the end of the stimulating lesson I asked how long it was since he had played these things. "Oh," he answered, "about fifty years, I suppose." When we exclaimed in wonder at his perfect memory and pianistic mastery after such a long interval, he said modestly, "That is natural. What we learn in youth we retain long and easily. I should be much more liable to forget a piece I had learned last year."

Reinecke was the musical head of the Conservatorium and had been conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts since 1860. The Conservatorium also had a business director, Dr. Gunther, who was rarely seen within its walls. There was a registrar with two or three assistants and a Kastellan, a man of all work, but no girl secretaries or stenographers. All records and accounts were kept by hand. It may be seen that one of the largest conservatories of music in Europe was controlled by an astonishingly small staff. Clerical work was lightened by the fact that we had no gradings, no marks, no examinations, no credits, diplomas, degrees, and no academic studies except languages and a few lectures. Everyone was expected to attend choral classes. On leaving school we received a Zeugnis (testimonial) reciting our accomplishments, and on special occasions we could apply for an interim report.

It will seem strange to those familiar only with the modern American system of education that so loose a curriculum should produce good results, but good they were for the talented and industrious. Personally, I supplemented my musical studies by a planned course of reading, spending all my pocket money on books and drawing freely on an excellent lending library. Cassell's National Library was a godsend to me—its little volumes of exactly 192 pages each were published at the modest price of sixpence bound and threepence in paper covers, with a discount of 25 per cent, so that I acquired Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" (in uncomfortably small type, to be sure) for the sum of ten cents bound. The German Reklam edition published all the world's literature in units priced at twenty pfennige (five cents) a piece. I still possess and treasure many of these little books.

The worst fault of the Conservatorium was its excessive conservatism. Its taste still approved only of what would have been approved by Mendelssohn. Wagner was the special

detestation of the faculty, and we were solemnly warned against his operas as corruptive of music and morals. Zwintscher, dear bigot, boasted proudly that he had never seen any Wagner opera except Lohengrin “and then,” he said, “I left after the first act.” Liszt’s E flat piano concerto was first played at a students’ concert about a year after I left the Conservatorium.

This reactionary influence was happily counteracted for young, ardent students by the performances of the opera house and the Lisztverein (Liszt Association). Arthur Nikisch, all things considered the greatest conductor I have known, was rapidly making himself famous at the opera, especially in Wagnerian opera. At that time it was not usual to call the conductor before the curtain at the end of a performance, but a group of wildly enthusiastic students took to shouting themselves hoarse until the custom was established.

Nikisch had a supreme command of the technique of conducting and a temperament at once fiery and controlled. He could as easily bring out a delicate nuance by a flick of his little finger as build tonal masses up to superb climaxes. He was so confident of his powers that he was often negligent in rehearsal—a fact that militated against his success when for four years he led the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Others easily surpassed him as a drillmaster. At the height of his career he conducted the Philharmonic concerts in Berlin and held a life appointment at the Leipzig Gewandhaus. In person he was middle-sized, dark, handsome, and a little foppish, with a trick of drawing up his coatsleeves to display a plenitude of immaculate shirtcuff. I never met him intimately, and in large gatherings he was taciturn, revealing nothing of his inner character.

The Lisztverein, founded for the purpose of giving works of modern tendency, encouraged us still more than the opera to resist the narrowness of the Conservatorium’s influence. Here we heard much of Berlioz and Liszt, the earlier symphonic poems of Richard

Strauss, and something of the contemporary Russian composers. French modern music, of course, was still in swaddling clothes. Everything new was entitled to a hearing, but as a matter the modern movement was strangely equiescent after the death of Wagner and Liszt until Richard Strauss reached his maturity. The wiser of us youngsters kept our heads, allowing the sedate Conservatorium to steep us in Bach, Mozart, Chopin, and Schumann and accepting without much grumbling a possible overdose of Mendelssohn. Very little that Zwintscher and Reinecke assigned to me turned out to be useless in later life if I except the Septet of Hummel and the E major Sonata and Andante and Allegro Giojoso of Mendelssohn.

Our opportunities to hear good music were enviable. First there were the frequent student concerts (Abendunterhaltungen) at the school itself and the yearly exhibition concerts (Prufungen) in the early spring, at which the graduating students performed. A small orchestra of strings, assisted by a second piano to fill in the wind parts, was used to accompany concertos at the Abendunterhaltungen; for the Prufungen a full orchestra was available. If we were to play a concerto at an Abendunterhaltungen we could rehearse it three times with the small orchestra at ensemble classes conducted respectively by Hans Sitt, Alwin Schroeder, and Reinecke. Next, all the students were admitted free to the final public rehearsals at the Gewandhaus. (Orchestral concerts in Germany were given not in pairs, as now in America, but in the form of a concert preceded the day before by a general rehearsal at a smaller charge.) Then we took our turn in three alphabetical groups to receive tickets for operas or plays at the New Theatre. Finally, most visiting artists allowed us to attend their concerts at half price or sent a batch of tickets to be distributed among us. At the worst, we could buy seats outright to hear Figaro or Siegfried from the topmost gallery for fifty or seventy-five pfennige according to location, and the most

important concerts were generally accessible for about one mark. When we were in funds we willingly spent a little more for the advantage of better seats.

Leipzig is the second city of Saxony, less beautiful than Dresden, the capital, but commercially far more active. Three small rivers run through and round it. The older part of the town is quaintly medieval, abounding in mazes of narrow streets and courtyards. It contained at this time a large market place, where four of the principal streets converged, with a beautiful Rathaus (Town Hall) dating from 1556; the old Thomaschurch and school, where Johann Sebastian Bach was organist and choirmaster; the old theatre, the old Gewandhaus and Conservatorium; and the Pleissenburg entirely rebuilt. The old city was surrounded by a handsome Promenade which replaced the ancient moat and fortifications. On the east side of the Promenade stood the Augustusplatz, one of the most spacious squares in Europe, with five buildings on all sides: west, the main hall of the University, south the new theatre, east, the post office, and south, the Art Gallery. (I may remark in passing that Germany spent much of the milliard marks exacted from France after the war of 1871-1872 in putting up commodious post offices and railroad stations throughout the country, and that all positions in these services were reserved for veterans of the army.)

In the latter part of the last century the western part of the city was ambitiously developed into an academic and artistic quarter. Here are housed the new Gewandhaus or Konzerthaus, as it was now called, the new Conservatorium, the University library, the Academy of Art, and the Reichsgericht (the supreme court of Germany). The Reichsgericht is a truly noble building, far more beautiful than the pretentious Reichstag (Parliament) in Berlin. Nearby is the charming little Johanna Park, where one skated in winter and fed the greedy carp of its lake in summer. A

statue of Mendelssohn stands before the Konzerthaus, and scattered through the city are other statues of Goethe, Luther, Leibnitz, Bach, and Schumann.

There were many other monuments and places of interest, including battle sites, and I must not omit mention of Auerbach's Keller (cellar), an old wine tavern immortalized by Goethe in a celebrated scene of "Faust."

Leipzig was the world's center for two important industries—the book trade and the fur and leather trade. Annual fairs have been held at Easter and Michaelmas since the twelfth century for the transaction of these businesses. As a book center Leipzig exceeded even London and Paris in importance. Five hundred newspapers and periodicals were published there, some of international distribution. The music publishing firms of Breitkopf and Härtel, Peters, and Kistner had their plants in Leipzig.

When Dr. Torrance had settled me at the Conservatorium he went back to England, but returned with Mrs. Torrance and little Kathleen to spend the summer in Leipzig, renting an apartment in the outskirts of the city. That summer [1886] was memorable, for he took me to the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth to hear Tristan and Parsifal. As I knew his plans some months beforehand, I was able to prepare myself fairly well for this important event. I had the vocal scores and went over them repeatedly, I read the texts carefully, and I analyzed the music with the help of von Wolzogen's "Guides." So I was as ready to listen as intelligently to the stupendous works as could be expected of a boy not yet fifteen and with no previous knowledge of Wagner save a single hearing of Tannhäuser. I need hardly say that I was very deeply impressed by the performances, perhaps even more so than my guardian, who could never quite reconcile himself to the use of leading motives—"Too much like 'Enter Ghost,'" he used to say.

Yet nothing in Wagner's new idiom shocked him as a musician, and unlike some other clergymen he thought the stage representation of the sacrament in Parsifal reverent and unobjectionable.

We found the town of Beyreuth draped in mourning for Liszt, who had died there a day or two before our arrival [July 31]. He had attended the rehearsal and the earlier performances at the theatre.

The autumn of 1886 saw me fully launched on my studies and working for the first time on my own responsibility. The routine was easy and pleasant, and I made steady progress except for one dull period when nothing seemed to go well. I have since become accustomed to take such times of apparent still-standing philosophically. One has to grit one's teeth and plug doggedly along, assuring oneself that honest work cannot be wasted and will inevitably yield its harvest in due time. I have found this philosophy very helpful in understanding my pupils when they encounter phases of discouragement. If I were to formulate an artistic creed, the first article might well be "I believe in the need of initial talent and in the efficacy of work."

During my first winter in Leipzig I took a bad tumble while skating and broke my right arm above the wrist. "Why didn't he break his neck?" said my guardian petulantly when the news reached him in Australia—fearing the end of me as a pianist. It turned out, however, to be only a minor misfortune. The arm was skillfully set by a clever surgeon, who removed the plaster cast after three weeks, substituting a sling and enjoining me to wiggle my fingers. After six weeks I was able to play freely again, and there were no bad after-effects. "Fractures well cured make us doubly strong," says the poet, and I am informed that this is surgically accurate. In the interim Zwintscher have me pieces for the left hand alone, some of which I played at an

Abendunterhaltung, and Jadassohn amiably put himself out to decipher the extraordinarily squiggly counterpoint exercises that my left hand produced for him.

We worked steadily but not to excess. I laid to heart a saying of Mendelssohn quoted to me by Zwintscher that "to practice more than four hours a day is to practice your talent away." It is regularity of work that counts most, I found, and I maintain this in spite of many especially teachers of the older Russian school, who have advised seven or eight hours' daily drill. One should have time for theoretical work, for much reading, for concerts, for relaxation, hobbies, and human intercourse, to become a rounded personality. The Germans had a wiser method of study than I have observed in America. They allowed themselves some leisure every day, every week end, during short holidays at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and in a "long" summer vacation of six weeks, but they put in close to ten months' work per year. My experience of the average American music student is that he works about five and a half [months] in the year, unless he attends (as he now frequently does) a six-week summer session. While he works, it is true, he works hard, sometimes hectically (if that be an advantage), especially if working for a degree. One should not forget, too, inherent differences of mentality. The German Mind is essentially thorough but slow-moving; the American mind is extremely quick and under proper guidance readily acquires the discipline it naturally lacks.

I by no means deny that one may profitably strain oneself to an unusual amount of work for short periods. These intervals of intensity call out hidden resources of energy within us, always thereafter available in emergency, and so extend out power and confidence.

Being a good accompanist, I was sometimes invited by the leading members of the string faculty to play for one of their best pupils. I always enjoyed and learned much from doing this.

Once Adolf Brodsky asked me within a month to accompany the same concerto for two different students. On the second occasion he stopped the piece in the middle to say to me "You see, Hutcheson, the interpretation varies noticeably from the one you heard before. That is as it ought to be; I should be mortified if all my pupils played alike or copied my own performance." "Aha," said I to myself, "here is the sure mark of a great teacher." I hope that whatever I replied to Brodsky showed some trace of appreciation both of his wisdom and of his condescension in explaining himself to a boy.

I accompanied for Hans Sitt also and once or twice did odd jobs at his orchestral concerts, supplying a harp part or filling in some other gap at the piano. Far more interesting, however, was an experience with Alwyn Schroeder, later of the Boston Symphony and the Kneisel Quartet. He was to give the Leipzig premiere of Lalo's cello concerto and asked me to help him in a thorough study of it.

I nearly got into trouble when I played Reinecke's brilliant Concerto in F-sharp minor at an Abendunterhaltung. Reinecke did me the favor of conducting, a thing he rarely did at school concerts. I made an idiotic bet with a few chums that I would play the first line of The Vicar at Prayer while the orchestra was tuning up. I did so, at first softly, and seeing utter lack of expression on my friends' faces thought they had not heard and repeated the phrase louder, so that everyone in the hall caught it. Luckily for me I played exceptionally well that evening. As a result of the escapade I was summoned to appear at the director's home. Dr. Günther affably took his time to congratulate me on the performance. Then he threw in easily, "By the way, what was that tune you strummed?" I apologized humbly for my stupid prank and begged forgiveness. "You realize, I see," he said more gravely, "that it was unseemly and disrespectful to

Kapellmeister Reinecke. I know you will not do such a thing again. What I chiefly wished to tell you" (smiling once more) "is that we were all pleased with your playing." No scolding could have impressed me more, and I left him hardly crediting my good fortune. Gently and effectively he had awakened me to the obligation of an artist to his conductor and orchestra, to his audience and to his job. Of course I apologized to Reinecke too. The dear old fellow made light of it, looking as if he well remembered having been young himself. And a little later, when I had an opportunity to play his concerto with the orchestra of the grand-ducal court of Oldenburg, he wrote a warm letter of recommendation that clinched the engagement. While studying the piece with him I made bold to ask why he had written a certain passage in such a difficult way. He almost grinned. "Yes, my good Hutcheson," he said in effect, "that place has often got my goat!"

Many of my fellow students made distinguished records for themselves. Some achieved wide fame. Conspicuous in this small latter group were Frederick Delius and Ettie ([Mrs.?] Henry Handel) Richardson. Delius, in those days, had just returned from his curious experience as a Florida orange planter. In his early twenties, he was in perfect physical health, gay, friendly, and as handsome as an Apollo. What a pitiful contrast were his later years when a victim of blindness and paralysis, ravaged by pain, bitterly atheistic, yet urged by soaring spirit and indomitable will to the creation of singularly lovely, human, and original [...?]

At the Leipzig Conservatorium he studied with Jadassohn and Reinecke, coming also transitorily under the influence of Edvard Grieg. His talent was recognized, though none foresaw the heights he was to reach.

Ettie Richardson studied music at Leipzig but was destined to make her fame as Australia's greatest novelist. In one of her early books, Maurice Guest, she held a mirror to the

life of the Conservatorium. She became internationally known and on her death in 1949 the New York Times Book Review published an extremely laudatory review of her works. I regret that I had no personal acquaintance with her. Among the brilliant young violinists were Felix Barber, who became concertmaster of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, professor at the Munich Academy of Art and toured the United States in 1910, and Alfred Krasselt, later concertmaster of the Kain Orchestra in Munich. An extraordinary 'cellist was Georg Wille, who after only two years' study with Klengel was put at the first desk of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, later succeeding his teacher in the first chair. He made concert tours in Germany and England.

There were many fine pianists. Philip Halstead of Glasgow had a remarkable musical background. He was the son of a bassoon player in the Glasgow orchestra who formed a woodwind quartet among his boys in which Philip played flute. Together they essayed many of the Mozart and Beethoven string quartets, arranging the parts to suit their instruments. Philip was determined to become a pianist and set himself to earn money enough for study at Leipzig by organizing a band orchestra to play at dances. He added to his resources by borrowing L100, and by great frugality was able to put in three or four years at the Conservatorium under Zwintscher. After graduating he returned to Glasgow to set up his shingle. By this time he was an accomplished pianist and because of his early training a remarkable player of chamber music. Engagements came his way, and pupils flocked to him, for he was also a born teacher. It took him but a short time to pay off his debts and prosper. We had become very good friends, and afterwards he sometimes spent his summer holidays visiting me in Weimar. Anticipating my story a little, I shall tell how on one of these visits he found me in financial straits, whereupon he promptly said, "Ernest, I am completely out of debt now, I have L100 in the bank, and you are

heartily welcome to half of it." I was able to pull through by my own effort, but never shall I forget what was in the circumstances the most generous offer of assistance ever extended to me. I cannot refrain from telling, too, how his little girl of about four fell desperately ill of diphtheria, and nothing on earth would induce her to take medicine unless I played The Washington Post to her. (She disdained her father's performance of the march!) So I used to trot around to Philip's nearby apartment two or three times a day, and invariably she took her dose like a little angel to Sousa's inspiring strains. After some anxious weeks the child recovered, though very probably it was neither the medicine nor music that effected the cure, but rather the tender nursing of the parents.

My dearest friend at Leipzig, and to this day the dearest, was Horace S. Estevan. He came considerably later than I did, but we were congenial from the first. On the evening of his arrival I persuaded him to play to me and was delighted by his talent. He already possessed a clean, pearly technique, a beautiful touch, and a fine sensitivity to beauty of phrasing. In some ways I was farther on in my studies than he; on the other hand, he was easily my superior in knowledge of life, in social savoir faire, in keen observation and critical acumen. We have always found much to learn from each other, and after nearly sixty years of tested affection and experience shared, I think I may truly say that neither of us has ever failed the other.

While I was spending a year in Australia (1891-2; footnote to see Ch. 10) Estevan made his debut in Berlin, giving a very successful orchestral concert followed by a recital. Then we were together again in Leipzig for a year of almost daily companionship. Later he settled in London, playing and teaching until increasing deafness (the great affliction of his life) made him abandon the concert stage. Thenceforth he played only rarely in public, but he was a wonderful

teacher, and kept up a useful activity in that field for many years until obliged by the seriousness of his malady to retire from professional work. He married very happily, and I am grateful to count his wife Molly and his daughter Mary (whose godfather I am) among my steadfast friends. He now lives in Switzerland near Vevey. Although since 1893 we have never lived in the same city, Horace and I have met frequently, so I shall often have occasion to mention his again.

Another fine pianist was Robert Teichmüller, who was completing his studies with Zwintscher when I was entering on them. Later he took Zwintscher's position at the Conservatorium, and became widely known as one of Germany's best teachers. He also did some excellent editing for the Peters Edition.

A talented and interesting pupil of Zwintscher's was the American Albert Lockwood, whose brother Sam was simultaneously studying violin. After leaving the Conservatorium Albert concertized in Europe and London before returning to the United States, where he gave some introductory recitals before settling down with Sam to a teaching career at the University of Michigan. There he seems to have completely lost interest in public appearances. He preferred to lead a very retired life at Ann Arbor. Having a prodigious repertoire, he delighted in giving series after series of private recitals to the college students, playing the entire piano literature rather than only the usual round of concert programs. His Notes on the Literature of the Piano (University of Michigan Press) is a valuable book, the result of many years of intensive study. He chose his own lot and was happy in it—one of those modest, unpublicized devotees who do more good in the world than famous virtuosi.

Ernesto Consolo, Italian, was a man of striking personality and diplomatic gift. After working in Leipzig, he made his debut in Berlin, securing the collaboration of Joachim in a violin

sonata (quite enough to ensure a sold-out house) and enlisting the interest of "Robbie" Mendelssohn, a good amateur 'cellist as well as one of Germany's wealthiest and most influential bankers. Kesteven and I went to Berlin to hear this recital and were regally entertained at a party thrown by "Robbie" Mendelssohn after it. Eventually Consolo accepted a position at the Chicago Musical College where he had taught for some years. Considering the marked promise he had given, his later career in Italy was comparatively disappointing.

With such excellent instrumental instruction, the vocal department of the Conservatorium was incredibly poor. I cannot recall hearing a single good singer in my four years there. Yet there were fine artists at the opera who might well have been engaged for the faculty. Outside the opera and visiting artists at the Gewandhaus concerts, the only good vocal performances were those of the Riedelverein, a choral organization of real merit.

In those days I became strongly attached to a gentle English girl of lovely disposition called Evelyn May. We walked, skated, and went to innumerable concerts and operas together. I cherish her memory as one of the purest, most idealistic women I have ever known. The dear maid, alas, contracted tuberculosis and eventually died of it.

Through Miss Jones I struck up a very curious acquaintance with a certain Baron von Forcade, a man well beyond middle age. Herr von Forcade was passionately fond of the violin, which he played excruciatingly badly. Like many Germans, his favorite opera was Weber's Freischütz; when I discovered this I set to work and arranged the whole opera for violin and piano by the simple expedient of writing out a violin part to which I allotted all the melodies, keeping the vocal score for my own use. The Baron's delight knew no bounds. I rose mightily in his favor, and Miss Jones and I were invited to spend more than one summer vacation at his fine

"Schloss" (castle) in Waldeck. There he and I played together for an hour or two every morning, going through the sonatas of Mozart and the trios of Haydn and Beethoven, and of course Der Freischütz. The rest of the time was my own, to wander through the beautiful woodlands or join expeditions with my elders. There was a large family: The Baroness, two sons, both officers in the army, and two extremely attractive daughters, who petted and made much of me. The two officers took pleasure in teasing and "shocking" Miss Jones. (All Englishwomen were supposed in Germany to be easily shocked.) They tried hard to worm out of her an English equivalent for their resounding military oaths, until Miss Jones, who was not lacking in a touch of guile, confessed to them that "Raspberry Jam" was one of our strongest objurations. It was amusing to hear them ejaculate "Raspberry Jam" in ferocious tones until Miss Jones' own amusement gave the hoax away.

The Forcades were Roman Catholics. Every Sunday a priest came to the Schloss to conduct a short service and stay to midday dinner. He was one of those plain, quite uneducated men used so effectively by the Church in rural districts all over Europe; to the parishioners one of themselves as a man, an infallible spiritual authority in his office. One prayer that he recited each Sunday, an intercession "for our friends and foes," always moved me. I still know nothing in any Protestant service to equal its spirit of liberality. At dinner his simple-minded but shrewd conversation, salted with occasional broad jokes, often kept us in gales of laughter, and everybody conspired to draw him out.

There were many visitors. One that I remember was a jolly Austrian countess who regularly smoked a cigar in the evening with the Baron in his study, where we congregated for talk. I have never before or since seen a lady smoke cigars, though I believe it was not

considered at all improper in Austria.

In those far-off days when there was no radio, no television, no air mail, no urging from a Western Union not to write but to wire, the arts of conversation and letter-writing still flourished. Suitors came a-plenty to woo the fair sisters. I was present at the wedding of the elder to a handsome officer, a friend, I think, of her brothers. The old castle was gay indeed and gorgeous with uniforms that day.

There were certain features of life in Leipzig with which I had no contact at all. One of these was the social life of the city. I strongly suspect there was very little of it, except possibly in musical circles. Leipzig was distinctly a bourgeois and manufacturing town with almost no element of aristocracy. I cannot remember any social columns of interest in the newspapers. The English and American colonies had their own occasional dances, entertainments, and celebrations of church festivals, in which of course I shared.

The life of the University students, on the other hand, was extremely active and indeed vivid. One heard of all-night drinking bouts at which each student would consume thirty *seidels* of beer. More curious, however, were the strictly regulated customs of the duelling corps. A council determined all questions of challenge and acceptance, and decided when duels should be permitted. At the meeting the contestants were protected by strong paddings except for the cheeks, so that no major injuries could be inflicted. The duelling swords were quite formidable weapons, but all blows were directed solely against the cheek of the opponent. It was a mark of great distinction to receive a wound, and the hurt was treated with gunpowder to form a lasting scar. A badly scarred student was held in high honor in his corps.

The time came when I made my *Prüfung*, playing Beethoven's Emperor Concerto. This

graduated me from the Conservatorium, but I stayed one more year in Germany working privately with Stavenhagen and Reinecke. I had heard a number of famous pianists in London during the spring of 1900 and had chosen Stavenhagen as my favorite. Calling on him, I received permission to attend his summer classes at Weimar. A few weeks later I arrived in that famous town and again called on Stavenhagen. There was a buzz of festivity as I walked up the garden path to the villa, and when I presented my card I was informed that he was celebrating his wedding day. Nevertheless the card was taken to him and he came out to welcome me most graciously. The classes were held once a week in the Liszt tradition, talent constituting the only entrance fee. At that, there were some rather undistinguished players in the group, and one or two who only listened. The majority were good players and (as was proper) I learned as much from them as from Stavenhagen himself. We fraternized agreeably, all using the familiar "Du" in addressing each other, walked and picnicked together and whenever we found a piano played to each other. In the evenings we forgathered at a beer garden with an excellent military band, Stavenhagen joining us for an hour or two. Apart from the weekly classes there was little musical activity, for the theater was closed for operas and plays during the summer months. The town itself, however, was endlessly interesting. Weimar was a small place of about 21,000 inhabitants, capital of the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, situated on the little river Ilm (one of the best trout streams in Europe) and lying on the fringe of the lovely Thuringian forest. Known as the Athens of the Ilm, it is still famous for the great men who lived and worked there: Bach, Goethe, Schiller, Kranach, Liszt. The dominating spirit is that of Goethe. It would be difficult indeed to take many steps in Weimar without feeling his presence, for he planned the grand ducal palace and the theater, remodeled the Museum, and above all laid out the beautiful

park and improved the suburbs of Tiefurt and Belvedere, pleasure resorts of the reigning family. A broad, perfectly straight avenue lined with magnificent old horse-chestnut trees leads from the town to the chateau of Belvedere. It was one of our favorite walks, offering the attraction of a good restaurant and a possible summer theatre performance. Karl August was a ruler who had the wisdom to give Goethe a free hand both in affairs of state and in details of daily life. One of the sights of Weimar is Goethe's Garden House, a simple wooden cottage presented to him by the Grand Duke, prettily embowered in the park; here he worked for months at a time. After Goethe's death his town house was converted into a museum, housing his mineralogical collection and other memorabilia. With uncommon good taste the room in which the poet died has been left exactly as it was at the time: the little pallet bed, the table at its side with a half-empty bottle of medicine on it, are touching in their mute testimony. A remarkable aspect of Goethe's universal mind was his power of focussing it with equal power on problems great or small; one day he might be writing Faust, the next giving minute instructions how to remove a partition or put in a window to display a picture or statue more effectively in the Museum. The littlest things he did were stamped with genius.

Schiller's house also became a museum, though with its conventional rooms and absence of intimate association hardly an impressive one. A better monument to him is the bronze statue of Goethe and Schiller by Rietschel that stands in front of the theater.

Karl August's grandson, Karl Alexander, the reigning Grand Duke in my time, lacked the greatness of his ancestor but had the same wisdom to appreciate it in others. This was shown by his recognition and patronage of Liszt. He founded a school of art in 1848; among its directors were Preller, Böcklin, Max Schmidt, and Thédy. He was a frequent visitor at concerts and opera.

In Vanity Fair Thackeray has given an amusing and accurate description of operatic performances in Weimar, disguising the town thinly under the name of Pumpernickel.

Returning to Leipzig for the winter, I asked Reinecke if I might study again with him. He would not consent to give me regular lessons, but told me to bring him pieces occasionally when they were ready to play—a good way to make me use my own head before tapping his. He would not hear of accepting any fee.

I went to Dr. Günther to enquire whether as a graduate I could still enjoy the privilege of free attendance at the Gewandhaus rehearsals. He assured me that this was impossible, adding that as a director of the Conservatorium it was his duty to see that old students did not receive the privilege. It was quite an important matter to me, so I again betook myself to speak with Reinecke. Reinecke said that while he could not give me a blanket pass, he would get me admitted at any rehearsal if I would meet him on his way to the stage. Not once did he fail to pass me through.

It had always been planned that after finishing my course at Leipzig I should return for a concert tour to let my friends see what progress I had made. In April 1891, accordingly, I journeyed from Leipzig to Brindisi and there embarked for Melbourne. I regretted the non-stop trip from Leipzig, which allowed me to see little or nothing of the wonderful country I was traversing. For instance, the train passed completely through Switzerland by night, and it was many years before I saw any of the glorious beauty of the land.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I made a very short stay in London on my way back to Germany. It was long enough, however, to call on Madame Melba and accept an invitation to hear her in Lohengrin in Covent Garden. The performance as a whole was thoroughly bad. Melba herself was the only redeeming point; she sang beautifully, as always, yet she was ill suited to Wagnerian roles, and this was her only attempt to undertake one. She had the wisdom to recognize her limitations, and confessed to me later that Elsa had imperilled her voice.

When I returned to Leipzig I discovered that my old friend Miss Jones had got into trouble and, on a hint from police headquarters, had hurriedly made her escape to England, leaving a trail of debt behind. Her creditors had seized everything in her apartment, including my own small possessions. What I most regretted was the loss of my fine little astronomical telescope. Fortunately I had left all my books and music in Horace Kesteven's care while I was in Australia, and these were safe, for the Kestevens (Horace, his mother, and two sisters) had taken an apartment of their own during my absence.

My idea was to settle in Leipzig and try to establish myself professionally, thinking that I was favorably known there. But I had made two bad miscalculations. First, while it was true that I was known in Leipzig, it was as a good Conservatory student that I was known and in the way of the world "labelled." Secondly and far more importantly, I was by no means ready to compete with the experienced younger generation of European pianists. In Australia I might shine as a star of some magnitude; in Germany it was very different. The playing engagements that came my way were few and of small artistic or financial value. On the other hand I had little difficulty in getting enough pupils among the Anglo-American colony to pay my expenses. I

found respectable bachelor's lodgings with a large music room and a small bedroom, so that I could receive my clientele without embarrassment.

I called on Dr. Günther to ask if as a graduate of the Conservatorium I might retain the privilege of attending the rehearsals of the Gewandhaus Orchestra. This, he told me, was impossible; it was in fact one of his duties as director to see that such privileges were not granted. Reinecke was less inflexible—while he could not give me a blanket permit, he would gladly pass me into the hall any time I would catch him on his way to the artist's room, and not once did he fail to do so. Again he would not accept me as a paying pupil or promise me regular lessons, but I was still allowed to take a sonata or concerto to him occasionally. Zwintscher had already moved to Dresden, but I saw Jadassohn, who continued to advise me intermittently.

While in Australia I had kept up a regular correspondence with Horace Kesteven and Evelyn May, and now I saw much of them, though Evelyn was often bedridden by advancing tuberculosis.

The year was not wasted musically, for I studied a good deal of new repertoire and heard an astonishing amount of good music. I heard all the Wagner operas again except Siegfried and Parsival, Beethoven's Fidelio, Mozart's Figaro as well as his lighter Bastien et Bastienne, Der Schauspieldirektor, and Die Dorfmusikanten, Bizet's Carmen and Djamileh, Thomas' Mignon, and Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana and L'Amico Fritz. I saw the first performance in Leipzig of Leoncavallo's Pagliacci, and shortly afterward a much better presentation in Berlin; the Berlin stage had had the advantage of Leoncavallo's personal supervision. Of oratorios, I heard Bach's St. Matthew Passion, Handel's Israel in Egypt, Mendelssohn's St. Paul, and Beethoven's Mass in C. Among the plays I saw were Schiller's Die Räuber and Wallenstein's Tod, both parts of Faust,

King Lear (in London), and Grillparzer's Medea. The most important symphonic works of the season were: all of Schumann's symphonies except the Rhenish and his Scenes from Goethe's Faust, a few symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert, the second, seventh, eighth, and ninth of Beethoven, the Symphonie Fantastique of Berlioz, Strauss's Macbeth, Wagner's Faust Overture, and new symphonies of Gade and Gouvy. It was surprising that no works of Mahler or Bruckner were given.

Of course great artists were constantly performing in Leipzig. Some, too, I heard on occasional visits to Berlin and London. Among the pianists were Stavenhagen, Reinecke, Ernesto Consolo, Sophie Menter, Sapellnikoff, Teresa Carreño, Eugen d'Albert, and Anton Rubenstein; also the talented but unwisely exploited boy Raoul Koczalski, of whom one heard little or nothing after his prodigy days. The best singers were Mark, Baumann, and Schelper of the Leipzig opera, Lillian Sanderson, Leisinger, a beautiful interpreter of the German lied, Rosa Sucher and Herzog of the Berlin opera, and Ernestine Heink, not yet Madame Schumann-Heink. Most of these would hardly be remembered now. The baritone Schelper was exceptional in that he sang best when drunk—I have seen him literally staggering all over the stage while singing Pizarro's great aria from Fidelio. The string players excelled the singers—Joachim, Sarasate, Norman-Neruda, Arno Hilf, and Marie Soldat as violinists, Klengel and Piatti as cellists. At a London "Pop" concert Halle, Norman-Nerude, and Piatti gave a faultless performance of Beethoven's Trio in D. I never enjoyed Halle's playing so much; on this occasion it was poetic and temperamental. At the same concert a group led by Norman-Neruda played Beethoven's Septet. They were all seasoned artists and veterans of chamber music, yet that day they joined in a most slipshod rendering, almost as if they had not taken the trouble to rehearse the piece.

The crowning experience of the season was a concert organized by Emil Paur and given by his pupils with a program of composition by Rubenstein in the presence of the great man himself. At the end of the concert the audience broke into a delirium until Rubenstein, too blind to see his way, was helped to the piano by Paur. As a genial greeting he shook both his fists at the hall, then sat down and played six of his own pieces, four of which, including the G major Barcarolle and the E-flat Valse-Caprice, I happened to know. It was the only time I ever heard him. Now, I have always been exasperated by English friends who, when I admitted that I had not heard him, invariably exclaimed in rapture "Ahh—fifty per cent wrong notes!" as if that were an infallible proof of consummate mastery. Even in his decline the "fifty per cent" would have been a gross exaggeration, though in sober truth there were wrong notes galore. Moreover there was an exalted contempt of the accepted conventions in piano playing. But a hypnotic genius spoke through everything, so that one heard what one was intended to hear regardless of the sounds actually produced. Once, for instance, he lifted his enormous hand (it spanned six notes over an octave) and crashed it down on some twenty keys, yet one was clearly conscious of a mighty chord of E-flat. Rubenstein was often willful but always noble, a titanic, compelling artist and personality.

In spite of the rich musical fare, I felt that this had been a year of rather aimless drifting. Most opportunely, my kind friends in London, the Mileys, came forward with an offer of L100 for further study in any city and under any teacher of my choice. Leschetizky was suggested, but I was a little prejudiced against him and very anxious to return to Stavenhagen. The Mileys willingly acquiesced, and to Weimar I went. It was a step that I never regretted. The distance between Leipzig and Weimar was not great, and I determined to keep some of my Leipzig pupils

and make the trip there once a week or so to eke out my resources. This I did for a year; after that the interruptions to study were no longer necessary.

When I returned to Weimar, this time for a stay of several years, I quickly became aware of the town's importance in the world of culture. On my former brief summer visit the opera and the theatre were closed, many of the residents were spending vacations elsewhere, and except for Stavenhagen's little classes little was going on. Now, I was introduced at the Künstlerverein (Artists' Club), became a member, and soon became acquainted with the leading musicians, including Edward Lassen, Richard Strauss, Halir the violinist, Grützmacher the 'cellist, and many of the opera singers.

The Künstlerverein was the most fascinating club I have ever belonged to. Originally it had been founded by a group of painters, to whom the Grand Duke presented an old dis-used smithy for their purpose. With great ingenuity they transformed the unpromising premises into a comfortable den, and as the room was spacious it was not long before they invited musicians and actors to membership. After any opera, play, or concert the place was well filled for an hour or two of conversation and conviviality. Everyone knew everybody else, and all were on the same footing of informal democratic equality. An immense fireplace, replacing the old forge, completely filled one end of the hall; a long table ran down the center, with smaller tables on each side. Opposite the fireplace was a tiny entrance hall and coatroom, beyond it was an enormous kitchen. A side door opened to a small garden.

The only musical instrument was an inconceivably battered upright piano. There were no books or newspapers. Not a picture hung on the walls, but high shelves all round were decorated with curios and quaint, beautiful old German beer-mugs. Of course each member had his private

tankard and no waitress ever made a mistake in distributing them. If you were unsportsmanlike enough or had drunk enough to order "ein Kleines" (a little one), you were penalized by having it served in a common glass.

German drinking customs are marked by an elaborate courtesy. The basic salutation is "prosit," on which, however, one may ring endless changes. It is a compliment to drink a health from a full glass with the words "prosit Blume" (prosit flower) or more politely, "I come forward with my flower." If you wish to be more respectful, you will say, "May I have the honor?" or "I permit myself." If you notice that your friend's glass is momentarily empty, you may still drink "to his special," putting him under no immediate obligation to respond. Only with intimates is it permissible to toast with a heeltap, saying apologetically, "prosit Rest" or more humbly, "prosit the shabby remnant;" and if you are a gentleman, you are likely to ascertain that the other glass too is almost empty. In all cases, response to a toast offered must follow after a decent interval of time, the formula being, "I come after you," or "I allow myself to come after you." Etiquette strictly demands that you look your vis-a-vis in the eye, perhaps with a slight bow, before and after drinking.

Ingenious minds will devise a hundred variations, from the most respectful to the most playful greetings, to convey subtle nuances of admiration, liking, or bonhomie. Even a jesting insult, such as "prosit Büffel" (buffalo) may be indulged in between cronies.

Ordinarily our pleasures at the Künstlerverein were simple; an evening snack of wurst or raw ham (a delicacy almost unknown in America), probably two seidels of beer, perhaps with a cognac to top them off, and talk, endless talk of all kinds, often sparking with wit, most often of all, I think, serious, argumentative, thought-provoking, sometimes abounding in the studied

foolishness of vaudeville, rarely descending passingly to the lewd. As an instance of studied foolishness, I quote the first verse of a song made popular by a favorite clown:

In English, roughly:

The gentle cow

Will sometimes low

And sometimes stay quiet.

Without her, O

What dreadful woe!

Who'd give us the milk for our diet?

Nonsense*, nonsense, thou art my blessing,

Nonsense, nonsense, thou art my joy.

*Stumpsium literally means dull-wittedness.

This, or some equally delectable lyric, might be sung in unctuous chorus on carefree evenings. One of the most idiotic "damn-fool" ditties I have ever heard was another favorite. "Sabinchen" (a girl's name) was its title. Full of impossible grammar, misplaced accents, and distorted sense, it reminded one of Beckmesser's garbling attempt to deliver Walther's song at the contest for Eva's hand.

It was a red-letter day when Richard Strauss sat at the villainous upright to play the slow movement of his violin sonata with Halir or accompany a group of his songs, or when Stavenhagen dashed off his Menuetto capriccioso or dreamed the Romanze of a Mozart concerto.

At the other end of the scale, my friend and fellow student, Akos von Buttykay, and I, unabashed in the presence of such genius, often launched temerarily into four-hand improvisation on themes from Wagner, Carmen, or Hungarian folk-music, while the big-wigs rocked with laughter at our irreverent antics.

On special occasions a master of ceremonies might be appointed, and music or speeches would be drafted as he saw fit. On such nights churchwardens might be called for, though ordinarily few smoked anything but cigars; or an immense, time-honored snuff-box would be brought in—purely for revelry, no one particularly caring for snuff but all dutifully sneezing at it.

When merriment was at its highest, we often adjourned in the wee sma' hours to a cafe only a few steps distant to drink a final "knickebein." A Knickebein consisted of a yolk of egg floating in a mild liqueur, served in a curiously shaped glass with a flaring top. It was a point of honor to down it at one gulp. On our homeward way it was customary to extinguish a few street lamps. These were high, so that one had to shimmy up them with help from below to accomplish the feat. One of our members, Curt von Vignau (son of the intendant of the opera house) was our shinny expert in this diverting enterprise. The police force of Weimar became greatly agitated at our lawlessness; extra officers were assigned to break up the gang, but only on one occasion was von Vignau caught in the act, haled to court, and sentenced to a fine of three marks (seventy-five cents).

For all this light-heartedness and froth, it is the long hours of serious conversation that stand out most vividly in my remembrance, most of all, perhaps, for its utter unpretentiousness. This company of artists never spoke of art for art's sake save with a smile; there was not a trace of highbrow in their language. To themselves they were merely honest craftsmen, doing their

daily work to the best of their ability, taking pride in it without any blowing of trumpets. Wagner said once that "it is possible to discuss technique, but of course only among experts." Here were experts in plenty and naturally there was much discussion of technique. The painters would consider media, impressionism, the new secessionist school of German art, Böcklin's painting, and so on. The musicians touched on form, orchestration, program music, vocal production, or interpretation. I cannot recall ever hearing the word inspiration; not that the thing was ever absent from their minds, but because it was insusceptible to profitable analysis. Genius was freely admitted but not attributed to themselves. There was warm admiration for good work, and an unusually fine performance always drew congratulations hearty and generous. Reminiscence came in for its full share, especially reminiscences of Liszt and his achievements at Weimar, all eagerly absorbed by the younger members like myself, keen to store their minds with fact, tradition, and example.

"Gush" was laughed out of court, as is well illustrated by an incident occurring at a private house. An enthusiastic girl met Edward Lassen at a party after he had conducted an opera conspicuously well. "Oh, Dr. Lassen," she exclaimed, "what must be your feelings after such a performance!" "My dear," replied Lassen, helping himself to sandwiches, "I feel extremely hungry."

Whenever a concert artist appeared as a guest in opera or concert, he would be invited as a matter of course to visit the Künstlerverein after the event. On one of these occasions Emil Saur, the pianist, who had played at an orchestral concert, was introduced. Before playing he had entertained his audience by fussing over the chair provided for him; several were tried and rejected, until at last a chair handed over from one of the boxes met his approval. Afterwards I

was told that this was a ritual attending all his public appearances, designed to stimulate a genial mood. At the club he proved to be a remarkable conversationalist. He was a connoisseur of painting, reputed to possess a valuable private collection. In the course of the evening the conversation turned round to Turner. Sauer was passionately fond of color, hence a devoted admirer of the English painter. He embarked on a fervent panegyric of his favorite. The Weimar painters, restive under extravagant praise of a foreign artist, began to demur: undoubtedly Turner was a great man, but after all, was he so excellent? Were there not others? "Well," said Sauer, "tell me what paintings of Turner have you seen?" Uneasy shufflings, timid remarks that of course the reproductions and engravings are well known; from which it emerged shamefacedly that not one of them had seen an original Turner. (At that time this was not very extraordinary.) Sauer struck the table with his fists. "Pardon me, gentlemen," he broke out, "but in that case you have no right to talk!" Followed a discomfited silence, for it was a very palpable hit. The talk was resumed on less contentious subjects, and I, who had sat fascinated through the night, saw Sauer back to his hotel at seven in the morning.

Sauer's love of color displayed itself in his pianism, though his compositions never rose above the level of salon music. He was a conscientious editor, and his reprints of Brahms' piano works in the Peters Edition are almost exactly faithful to the originals.

At one of the gayest meetings, a visiting actor named Hartmann had been brought to the club after his appearance at the theatre. The place was only half filled when he entered, but members continued to drift in. Presently a certain Klimsch came in and stood a moment looking for a good seat. He must have been a striking resemblance to an old friend of Hartmann's, for the latter, after looking fixedly at him, raised his hands and cried "Stemmler!" The quick-witted

Klimsch instantly spread his arms with a joyous shout of "Hartmann!" It took only a minute or two to stage the scene. The long-separated friends were installed at the head of the table; a fellow who knew "Stemmler's" home town sat on Klimsch's other side, prompting him when necessary; while another was posted near the door to intercept newcomers and caution them to call Klimsch "Stemmler" for the evening. So the fun began, to be carried on for many hours with an observance as flawless as it was unpremeditated. Ciceronian speeches on the beauty of friendship, others on the long arm of coincidence were delivered. Easy interludes of general chattiness relieved us from the strain of continuously keeping up our parts. After midnight a goodly contingent accompanied Hartmann to the station, where he still waved affectionately to "Stemmler" as the train pulled out. For many a day it was debated whether Hartmann had been deceived throughout or whether he had at some time detected the impersonation and pursued it on his own account. We never knew, but personally I hope the second supposition was true.

The greatest hoax we ever perpetrated was extraordinarily elaborate, keeping the town in feverish excitement for many weeks. The local newspapers announced one morning without undue flourish that an Indian prince of high dignity, then traveling in Europe, would pay a two-day visit to Weimar in about a month. At judicious intervals other items appeared, giving the prince's itinerary and reporting his presence in other towns successively nearer our own. Headlines began to heighten the tension. The last preliminary announcement bore the caption, "He is in Erfurt!" (the station nearest to Weimar on the Frankfurt-Berlin line). On the morning of the great day one read "He is **HERE!**" On the previous evening one of our best actors, Wegner (a rather lordly-looking person), had quietly slipped over to Erfurt with two confederates. There they made up at leisure, and promptly at the appointed hour the prince with two orientally

arrayed attendants descended from the train, entered the carriage of His Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar that had been sent to meet them, and drove through festooned streets lined with admiring spectators to the Hotel zum Elephanten, where a quasi-regal suite had been reserved for them.

The chief occupation of the Indian prince during his stay was the reception of visitors. Naturally it took "influence" to secure a presentation, but it was understood that the Künstlerverein had assumed charge of the prince's entertainment, and by its intercession, made with a tremendous show of favor, all who sought introductions were gratified. Whenever an aspirant was salaamed in, the prince, with true Eastern munificence, dropped a gold piece into the hand of the first attendant—a display of lavishness requiring but a single coin, restored to the prince's purse by the almost equally gorgeous second attendant between receptions.

The prince, on his part, did not fail to make a visit of state to the Grand-ducal palace; it could not be ascertained, however, by whom he was there received. A slight indisposition prevented the Grand Duke from returning this call in person, but his adjutant dropped appropriate cards (afterward carefully retrieved) at the Elephant Hotel. The noble guest departed on the third morning with all the pomp of his arrival, cheered by Weimar's innocent bourgeoisie. Is it necessary to say that the press, the proprietors of the Elephant Hotel, and the Grand Duke himself had been suborned to the imposition?

Gradually the secret was allowed to leak out. Far from being angry, the townspeople, always proud of their Künstlerverein, laughed their heads off, gleefully recalling the gold coin, the salaams, the other corroborative detail.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I turn now to some comment on the celebrities, who, after Liszt, still held Weimar's musical reputation high.

Bernhard Stavenhagen, under whom I now studied for several years, was then at the height of his pianistic career, his successes being greatest in Germany and England. One of the later Liszt pupils, his playing was distinguished by clarity, refinement, poetry of touch, and great resourcefulness of pedalling. He was astonishingly original in his fingerings and division of passages better the two hands to the better advantage of emphasis and voice leading; in this respect, having, like him, a small stretch, I learned much from his ingenuity. Though one heard fine playing and acute criticism in his classes, he was hardly at the time a great teacher. He could much better show them than tell how to do a thing artistically, but he showed only once, and we had to be quick to catch his subtle points. The less gifted pupils resorted to one Edvard Fatzer, himself a mediocre pianist but possessed of an uncanny power of explaining his material. Stavenhagen was easy-going to the verge of indolence about his career as a soloist. He had not the patience to acquire a large repertoire; the only concertos he played were those of Liszt, the D major ("Coronation" concerto) of Mozart, the C minor of Beethoven, and his own B minor concerto, nor were his recital programs much more varied. After a time, accordingly, it became difficult for him to secure re-engagements with major orchestras. His English fame waned, and in America he had scant success, chiefly because he chose to play the Knabe piano in a season when the Musical Courier, then a powerful organ, was waging a bitter and unscrupulous war against the Knabe and all its artists. In other ways Stavenhagen was far more enterprising. He fell enamoured of chamber music, and in collaboration with the Halir string quartet instituted a

series of concerts featuring the works of Brahms. Strange for an adherent of the Liszt school to inflame himself with Brahms, but so it was. Later he was appointed conductor at the Weimar opera house, making his debut in Lohengrin and specializing in Wagnerian music-drama. His wife Agnes, a leading soprano, took such parts as those of Elsa, Senta, and Eva. After a year or two in Munich he settled in Geneva, directing its symphony orchestra and Conservatory of Music until his death in 1916.

Very handsome and of charming personality, Stavenhagen was universally popular, and inevitably the idol of the German "Backfisch" (schoolgirl in pigtailed to whom life would have seemed almost meaningless without a "Schwarmerei," a "rave"). Older women were also fascinated by his Nordic good looks; a comic paper, picturing him at the piano surrounded by spellbound beauties, hinted that he too bid fair to become an abbé—a sly allusion to a common rumor that Liszt had taken orders to elude feminine pursuit.

Eduard Lassen, an old man when I knew him, was senior conductor at the Weimar Opera. He had a long and honorable record as a composer; his songs were justly famous, and wherever Goethe's Faust was given his incidental music to it was used as a matter of course. His conducting did not greatly impress me, and I believe that it was generally accepted with respect but only moderate enthusiasm. He seemed shy and retiring, though he often frequented the Künstlerverein, sitting at a side table, talking very little, and slowly sipping a glass of hot grog. Sometimes he joined in a game of poker, and on one occasion I won a big pot, holding four fours over his four twos. One evening at the club the celebrated hypnotist, Cumberland, took Lassen for a subject. After a few rather mild experiments Cumberland said, "I shall now give you an example of post-hypnotic suggestion. I shall awaken Dr. Lassen, but he will be unable to recall

the name of any Wagner opera." We tested this by leading the conversation to Wagner, humming motives and casually inviting Lassen to identify them. To his intense chagrin he failed to name a single opera until released from the spell.

Cumberland had traveled extensively. We inquired about Indian fakirs and their tricks of vanishing ladders and murdered boys. He explained that the fakirs dealt with a simple folk and were past masters at mass hypnotism. Photograph the proceedings and the camera shows nothing of the marvels described by eye-witnesses.

Richard Strauss at that time held the modest position of second conductor to the Weimar Opera at an annual salary of M2,000. When later he asked for a raise to M3,000, the authorities let him go rather than grant it. This, be it noted, when Strauss had produced the magnificent series of tone-poems up to and including Till Eulenspiegel and his earliest operas, Feuersnot and Guntram. So little honor had the prophet in his own town. The scene of his activities, greatly to his advantage, was transferred to Berlin.

I was singularly fortunate in hearing the first performances of almost all of Strauss' tone-poems—Macbeth, Tod und Verklarung, and the youthful Symphony in F in Leipzig; Don Juan and Till Eulenspiegel in Weimar; Ein Heldenleben, Also sprach Zarathustra, the Sinfonia domestica, and the Alpensinfonia later in Berlin under Nikisch's direction. The opera premiere I was privileged to attend was that of Guntram in Weimar. Guntram was a splendid failure; years afterwards Strauss buried the score in his garden at Garmisch and marked its grave.

Unwittingly, Richard Strauss once gave me an illuminating and memorable lesson. In the year 1894 Hans von Bülow died, and a memorial concert was arranged in Weimar. Strauss organized the affair, and I was to play. But what was I to play? Stavenhagen took a hand,

unearthing from his library a short piano piece by von Bülow entitled Lacerta (the lizard). "And then," he said, "of course you will play the Bülow edition of the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue." I demurred that I could only play the Fantasia and Fugue as Bach had written it, to which Stavenhagen retorted, "That does not matter a bit—it will go on the program as the Bülow edition and no one will know the difference." So far so good, but a second piano group was needed. Strauss suggested the piano redaction of an orchestral overture by Bülow and gave me a copy of the music. I literally slaved over that overture; it was execrably arranged and in my woeful inexperience I could not make it sound even half-way decent. The program had to be prepared in five days; by the third afternoon I was desperate enough to betake myself to Strauss' home, confessing shamefacedly that I could do nothing with the overture. "Never mind," he said amicably, "I'll play it myself."

I made my escape with alacrity, thankful for his good nature. He must really have thought me a pest. At the proper time on the night of the concert Strauss took the piece from his briefcase and said to me, "Will you turn the pages for me?" On the platform, I sat gaping as he played. There was only a remote resemblance between the printed pages and the notes he actually struck; I turned, so to speak, by dead reckoning. He was playing an orchestra, not a piano, and like an orchestra it sounded! Stumbling back to the artists' room after him, I asked, "Herr Kapellmeister, do you mind telling me if you looked at the overture since Tuesday?" "No," he grinned at me. "I hadn't time." In a flash I understood how a good conductor needs a piano score, simultaneously imagining the orchestral version and making his own arrangement of it; literalness goes by the board, but the effect is produced without fail. The experience bore good fruit; I began at once to study The Ring of the Nibelung at the piano, later gave many lecture-

recitals on the Wagner operas, and very much later tackled Strauss's own Elektra, giving thirty lecture-recitals on it in one season besides writing a short guide to it. I might gradually have learned the art of transforming a keyboard into an orchestra without this lesson; as it was, Strauss revealed it to me in eight minutes.

Strauss, as the acknowledged protagonist of program music, was quite willing to talk about it. Admitting that the direct imitation of natural sounds was unimportant, he asserted nevertheless that any sound whatever could be expressed musically. He went far to prove his point with the windmills and bleating sheep of Don Quixote, and again with the wrangling Jews and the beheading of Jokanaan in Salome. His creed, however, was better expressed some years later in Berlin when a group of musicians, meeting convivially after a concert, questioned him about his views. In those days, remember, we were apt to draw a hard-and-fast line between "absolute" and "program" music.

Question: "How do you define Program Music?"

Answer: "Program music is music that has a meaning."

Question: "What, then, do you call the music of Beethoven?"

Answer: "Almost exclusively program music."

Question: "Unterhaltungsmusik" (Entertainment music.)

Here the violinist Willy Burmester, an ardent admirer of Tschaikowsky, struck into the conversation.

Burmester: "What do you call the music of Tschaikowsky?"

Strauss: "Pure Unterhaltungsmusic."

Burmester: "But the Pathetic Symphony?"

Strauss: "That above all. It isn't pathetic, it is elegiac."

Burmester: "Well, does the title matter so much?"

Strauss: "It matters everything in this case, showing that Tschaikowsky didn't know his own meaning."

I vouch for the accuracy with which I report this interchange. Strauss's answers came like the snap of a whip, biting deeply into my mind.

With all his brilliant qualities, Strauss was a man of simple life and simple tastes. It was indicative of this trait that he always preferred a glass of beer to a bottle of champagne.

It is the fashion nowadays for American composers to speak patronizingly, if not rather superciliously, of Richard Strauss. But until we have originated more powerful symphonic poems than Tod und Verklarung, more thrilling operas than Salome and Der Rosenkavalier, let alone comparably lovely songs, our attitude toward him might gracefully be more deferential.

The violinist Willy Burmester lived in Weimar for two or three years while I was there. Still a young man, he had made a solid reputation as concertmaster under the noted Finnish conductor Sibelius. Coming to Berlin, he astonished the critics by reviving the feats of Paganini, such as playing harmonics in double stops and with vibrato. Not that he lacked more musical qualities; his style was broad and dignified, his tone big if not especially warm, and he paid great attention to naturalness and beauty of phrasing. He excelled in the unaccompanied suites of Bach; he had profited by studying Beethoven's violin sonatas with Bülow.

For some time I traveled with Burmester on his tours in England, Germany, and Russia. He was intelligent, well-read, a good companion and conversationalist, but displeasingly arrogant. He offended his English friends by losing no occasion to belittle their idol Joachim,

who had been his teacher at the Berlin Hochschule der Musik. This was at best undiplomatic, and he made himself further unpopular by his unsmiling haughtiness to his audiences. At one of our provincial concerts a heavy snowstorm had kept most people at home, so that we had a very poor attendance. Burmester scowled all through the first part of the program, until I remarked that his ill-temper was undeservedly vented on the music-lovers who had come to hear him; this struck his sense of humor and from then on he exerted himself to play his best and be gracious.

In later life Burmester tended to neglect the classics, filling his programs largely with his own light, elegant transcriptions from the vocal and piano literature. His style lost its noble sweep, his tone grew small. While he remained a public favorite, his artistic standing waned. When I last met and heard him, I was bitterly disappointed by the obvious lowering of his ideals.

The chief ornament of the Weimar stage was Paul Wiecke, a highly gifted actor who established his fame throughout Germany. Extraordinarily handsome, of most ingratiating personality, and blessed with a beautiful and moving voice, he was an ideal impersonator of heroic and romantic parts. The purest German is demanded by the German classic stage; it is, indeed, the accepted standard of German speech, as the Academie is the recognized arbiter of the French language. Wiecke's diction was a joy in itself, like that of Forbes Robertson.

To Otto Wagner, a talented and reliable though hardly brilliant actor, I was indebted on many occasions for valuable advice. Much my senior, he adopted a kindly, quasi-paternal attitude toward me that I was quick to appreciate. Once he peacefully arranged a quarrel in which I had been challenged to a duel that I had not the least intention of fighting. I well remember his reply when I ventured to criticize the crude gesturing of mediocre German actors—right hand up or out, left hand up or out, both hands extended to make supreme moments. He

agreed that this semaphoric action was all too common, adding that the art of gesture was acquired by close observation of movements actually resulting from emotional states plus a slight intensification to bridge the space between actor and audience. The hands are infinitely more communicative than the arms or body, but the direction and expression of the eyes and the mobility of the mouth excel all other means of conveying emotion. Today this may sound mere commonplace, but I had thought very little about acting and it was very instructive to me. The intensification of every means to cover the physical and mental distance between artist and public, of which Wagner spoke, I found to be a cardinal point of musical interpretation. To warm others, it has been said, you must be innerly red-hot yourself.

I have already spoken of the violinist Karl Halir, whose quartet regularly played in Berlin and other cities, vying with the Joachim quartet. Halir, I think, never won fame as a soloist, but in his chosen field he was altogether admirable. His cellist was Friedrich Grützmacher, who edited many volumes for the Peters edition.

The concertmaster of the Weimar orchestra was Arthur Rosel, a good musician who wrote an opera. He was invited to give a reading of this work at Dresden, and to make a suitable impression took a tenor from Weimar with his to sing the leading role. The audition resulted ironically in the rejection of the opera and the engagement of the tenor!

Stavenhagen, besides guiding my musical footsteps, showed me in all ways the greatest kindness imaginable. When the small fund I had brought with me to Weimar ran low, I told him that I must begin to earn my way and shyly asked if he could recommend me as a teacher. "Certainly," he said readily, and within a month he had sent a number of pupils from his own class to me for supplementary study. From that day on until in quite recent years I have seldom

been seriously embarrassed by lack of money. Stavenhagen also secured for me some of my first orchestral engagements and found a publisher for my earliest piano pieces. Long after the Weimar days I sought him out one evening when he was conducting a guest concert in Berlin. He received me with utmost cordiality and immediately invited me to play with the Geneva Symphony. He arranged, too, that I should make the piano redaction of the orchestral part of his second concerto—a monumental work formidably scored. I mailed the manuscript to him before sailing to the United States in June, 1914, but alas! The First World War intervened and the concerto was never published; I do not even know whether my labor of love ever reached him.

Though I heard Pablo de Sarasate often, I met him only once in an intimate circle. This was at a supper given to him at the Hotel Erbprinze in Weimar. He had given a concert that evening, playing with his customary skill and success, so that he was in a genial mood. Sarasate was a violinist of astonishing technical perfection and ease of performance. Friends and pupils delighted in selecting the most difficult pieces or passages they could place before him, only to have him toss them off with negligent ease and the remark "Mais c'est tres facile." He was known as the possessor of the best wig in Europe (I sat very near him and could not detect its artificiality) and one of the finest watches in existence, and English hunting repeater which he lost no opportunity of exhibiting. His unvarying advice to young musicians was "Ne te marie jamais." As a player, his style was brilliant and violinistically idiomatic, quite the opposite to the grave musicianship of Joachim. Today the perfect technique and impeccable intonation of Sarasate are reincarnated in Jascha Heifitz, who moreover is a better musician than Sarasate ever was.

As a lad in Australia I had frequently heard Wilhelmj and had been honored by an

introduction to him. In Weimar I had a fortunate chance to meet him more personally. My friend Kesteven was visiting me, and Wilhelmj and his wife happened to spend a few days in Weimar at the time. Kesteven knew the Wilhelmj's far better than I did, and he invited us together to a small dinner. The conversation was chiefly interesting because Wilhelmj had abandoned public playing for several years and it was something of a mystery in the world of music, for he was still in his prime. Very discreetly we tried to worm the secret out of him—was it increasing nervousness, or distaste for the concert platform or what? But very goodnatured, not resenting our curiosity, he evaded all questions. A curious thing about it was that quite evidently even his wife was not in his confidence on this point, or if so she was an accomplished actress, going so far as to join in our inquiries. Wilhelmj was a fine, serious artist, approaching Joachim in dignity, and long ranked among the great violinists in his day. His travels took him all over the civilized world. It was he who induced Wagner to conduct a historic festival at the Albert Hall in London. He led the violins at this festival and afterwards organized two further concerts for Wagner.

Among my best friends in Weimar were the composer-pianist Akos von Buttykay and the American painter Orlando Rowland. The three of us were inseparable companions and were sometimes dubbed "The Three Musketeers." Buttykay, after completing his studies under Stavenhagen, returned to his native Hungary and in course of time became a composer of operas and conductor at the opera house of Buda-Pesth. He married a singularly beautiful and attractive operetta singer whom I met much later in America, where she made several tours, appearing, however, only before the various Hungarian societies in this country.

There were celebrities in Weimar who seldom or never showed themselves at the

Künstlerverein. Friedrich Nietzsche, hopelessly insane, the void shell of a once commanding intellect, lived with a devoted sister on the outskirts of the town, seldom visible to his oldest friends. [] and [] von Milde, retired except that Frau von Milde still taught a few pupils, were universally honored as the creators of the roles of Elsa and Telramund at the first performance of Lohengrin under Liszt in []. Their son Rudolph, inheriting his parents' talent, sang usefully at the Hoftheatre. Fraulein Schoder, afterwards better known as Frau Schoder-Gutheil, possessed a contralto voice with rich low tones. (I can still mentally hear her E below the treble staff), contrasting effectively with Frau Stavenhagen's lyric soprano. The pianist Conrad Ansoerge, outshone by Stavenhagen, led a double life as a concert artist and proprietor of the Hotel zum Elephanten. Hans Sommer, a composer immersed in work creditable but not outstanding, rarely emerged from his studio.

Then there were many transients, visiting artists like Emil Sauer and the actor Hartmann, who came and went. Perhaps the word transient applies badly to Eugene D'Albert, for he conducted at the Hoftheatre for a whole season. His engagement there was resented by Stavenhagen and his following, the two [were] divided into two hostile parties, and [in]tendent Herr von Vignan of the opera suffered considerable embarrassment. The unfortunate episode, doing honor to nobody concerned, ended in D'Albert's withdrawal and a rather bitter circular letter headed A Year in Weimar that he made public.

Orlando Rowland did little more than make clever sketches while at Weimar. Afterwards he studied in Paris, and on his return to America set up a studio in New York, where he made a solid reputation as a portrait painter. Among his subjects were Theodore Roosevelt, Edison, Richard Mansfield, and John Burroughs. He and his wife originated the idea of Christmas trees

on Park Avenue. One year they bought and decorated a large tree, obtained a permit from the city, and set it up anonymously. The novelty attracted a good deal of attention and developed ultimately into the shining vista of Christmas trees which we now see year by year. In old age, alas, Rowland fell into obscurity and died miserably poor. He was the last person to call me by my old Weimar nickname of "Missouri," and I remember him with deep affection.

It was a happy day for me when I made the acquaintance of George Ainslee Hight and his clever and charming wife. Hight was a man of great versatility and learning who had retired rather early from the Indian forestry service to devote the rest of his life to cultural pursuits. He had dipped deeply into German philosophy; one of his first books was largely a discussion of the theories of Schopenhauer and this was followed by an original treatise on The Unity of Will. He was an ardent student of music, though no performer. He translated Houston Chamberlain's Life of Wagner into English, and later brought out a work of his own in two volumes on Wagner and his Works. Those were by no means his only hobbies: he studied Icelandic under Magnusson, and on the death of that distinguished scholar succeeded him as president of the Icelandic Society of England. At an advanced age, when living in Cambridge, he took pleasure in reading the Greek classics to a circle of young friends and admirers.

Florence Hight studied singing with Frau von Milde, piano with me, and assisted her husband in his literary work. I had the pleasure of starting their son Harold, when a small boy, on a musical career by giving him his first piano lessons. He made exceptionally rapid progress, later took up the organ professionally, and was for many years organist, choirmaster, and lecturer at Winchester, England, where he and his mother now live. It makes me sadly conscious of my age to think that he is on the point of retiring from his position.

The Hights were almost extravagantly generous. Not over wealthy, they pinched themselves to help and befriend others. When I moved to Berlin they "lent" me over one hundred pounds to set myself up there, and on the following Christmas they returned my note of hand torn into wee fragments. When I was writing a book on Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung, Harold insisted on presenting his father's orchestral scores to me, not only of the Ring but also of Die Meistersinger and Tristan. These were first editions, as originally published by subscription. (The miniature scores are readily available, but conductor's scores are sold only to opera houses.)

Not the best of the Hight's benefactions to me was an invitation to attend the Bayreuth Festival of 1896 with them. We heard the entire Ring, with Lilli Lehmann taking the role of Brunhilde, [] that of Loge, Schorr that of Wotan, and Richter conducting. The tetralogy had been re-studied, and scenery and costumes were new. Much of the scenery was extremely beautiful; I cannot forget the gasp of wonderment from the audience as the curtain parted on the first scene of "The Rhinegold" on the bed of the River. Some of the costumes, on the other hand, were garishly ugly. It may interest those who have not visited Bayreuth to know that the immense stage is duplicated in its full dimensions above, below, and to both sides. Hence the transformation scene from the hall of Venus to the Thuringian forest in Tannhauser and that from Klingson's palace to the garden of the Flower-maidens in Parsival can be effected simply by dropping the stage instantaneously, and the entrances to the temple of the Grail in Parsival, when the characters walk slowly through woodland into the great dome, are enacted by revolving the stage as in a panorama. The portion of the sunken orchestra pit seating the brass and percussion instruments is covered by a shell, subducing the blast of Wagner's tremendous scoring at its heaviest or again permitting entrancing colors (so faint as to be) hardly audible.

CHAPTER NINE

It was at Weimar that I first met my future wife, Irmgart Senfft von Pilsach. One day I was practicing Tausig's Etude in F sharp when my landlord brought in a note from the floor above. It might, not without precedent in my student experience, have been a complaint of the intolerable noise I was making. But no, it was a polite note from a lady informing me that she had studied the etude with Tausig himself, expressing kindly interest, inviting me to call on the writer, and signed Henrietta Senfft von Pilsach. I paid my respects within a day or so, was received with great amicability by the Frau Baroness and introduced to two daughters, Cäcilie and Irmgart. Other visits followed, and before long I was established as a family friend and giving piano lessons to Cäcilie.

Weimar lost a good part of its attraction for me after several of its most illustrious artists moved away—Stavenhagen to Munich, Strauss and Burmester to Berlin, Wiecke (I think to Dresden). Already I had played repeatedly in Berlin and concert engagements were coming my way through the celebrated agency of Hermann Wolff. It seemed time to try my luck in the metropolis, and accordingly at the summer's end of 1898 I established myself in a commodious but inexpensive bachelor's flat in Berlin, then considered the musical center of the world.

DIGRESSION

THE SENFFT FAMILY

Baron, or Freiherr (the titles are to all intents equivalent in Germany) Arnold Senfft von Pilsach, who died in [date], had been famous as an outstanding amateur of lieder and oratorio. Such trying parts as the Evangelist in Bach's St. Matthew Passion were especially suited to his

flexible tenor voice. He was instrumental in bringing the songs of Robert Franz to public attention, and there exists a volume of correspondence between him and the composer. With the singer Gura he shared the honor of introducing Carl Loewe's ballades to the musical world. When I traveled in Germany and Russia I found that he was everywhere remembered as a guest artist. His biography was written by [].

Unlike most amateurs, Herr von Senfft always asked fair remuneration for his engagements and invariably turned the earning over to musical or charitable organizations. It can easily be imagined how sincerely I regret not to have known him.

Baroness, of Freifrau von Senfft, half Polish, half German by birth, was known as a talented amateur pianist. Bülow had called her the best woman Chopin-player he knew. She played, however, only privately. She was extremely witty, often caustically so, and I had many opportunities of enjoying her sharp sallies. She liked to gain her end and exercise her influence, which was not inconsiderable, by the most devious approaches, and it was only on leaving her after a meeting that one began to perceive whither her nonchalant conversation had actually tended.

Clara von Senfft, whose acquaintance I made later, was the oldest of three sisters and the only one of them to reach artistic and professional eminence. She had a glorious contralto voice; to hear her sing the grander songs of Schubert, like Die Allmacht and the Gruppe aus dem Tartarus, was an unforgettable experience. At the time of which I am now writing she was living in Berlin and appearing in the leading German cities as an outstanding interpreter of the Lied. Almost at the beginning, however, of what promised to be a great career, she developed an unconquerable aversion to the public stage. Her teacher, Amalie Joachim, begged on her

deathbed that Clara would abandon the idea of retiring, but she had the firmness, though it went to her heart, to withhold the promise. She even rejected invitations, tantamount to royal commands, to sing at the court of Kaiser Wilhelm II. She settled down as a teacher, marrying Wilhelm Klatte, music-critic and teacher of composition, writer of books on Schubert and Program Music, and authority on the works of Richard Strauss, with whom he had studied. Klatte died suddenly in [?].

Clara was a splendid person, strong, capable, affectionate, and with a lusty humor (quite unlike her mother's subtlety) tempering all the petty annoyances of life. We all leaned on her as on a rock or tower. In the end she fell victim to the Second World War, dying at the country house of relatives a day before the Russians overran it in their advance on Frankfurt-an-der Oder. A cousin buried her secretly by night before fleeing his home. I had long been cut off from all direct communication with her, but mail was released when the Allies occupied Berlin, and by a stroke of melancholy irony letters that she had written came to me regularly for several months after her death.

Cäcilie, who still lives at Zurich, was admired for her beauty and noble charm. She was faithful, generous, and strong in kind, unobtrusive common sense. Of more placid temperament than either of her sisters, she was the link binding the family together—an essential mediator, for the Baroness was often erratic and irresponsible in the treatment of her children. Cäcilie had such a reputation for propriety of conduct that she could and sometimes did, disregard all conventions with impunity; no one ever dreamed of questioning her actions. She married Francis Neyret, teacher of French at the Berlin Academy of War and private tutor to the Emperor's sons, and survived her husband by many years.

Irmgart, the youngest daughter, was at the time of our first meeting a girl of fifteen, studying at the Soppienstift in Weimar and in the "Backfisch" stage of life. For the present I shall speak of her only as I knew her then. She had been an unusually precocious child. Her father had delighted in making her recite and sing for him, somewhat as Sir Walter Scott encouraged little Marjorie Fleming. Her musical talent showed an aptitude for violin and piano, but she worked at them fitfully and without much ambition. Her sense of melodic line and inflection was so keen that she could always give valuable advice to students. Growing up in a household frequented by Liszt, Bülow, Tausig, and Moszowski and regarding their playing as a matter of everyday routine, she was bitterly disappointed when first taken to a public piano recital. She had expected to hear a real, professional performance, something much better than Liszt or Tausig could offer!

Part of Irmgart's education had been received at the Moravian school of Montmisail, Switzerland. She had been for a year or so in Italy. She spoke French, and of course, German, perfectly, English at that time only fairly well, and had a (small) smattering of Italian. Her social savoir-faire was remarkable, owing to the fact that the Baroness, whenever indisposed or unready to receive visitors, delegated the duty to her or Cäcilie.

CHAPTER TEN

ANOTHER YEAR IN AUSTRALIA

I joined the S.S. [] at Brindisi, whence it was only a four-week run to Melbourne. The passage was calm and uneventful. My usual luck held, for I was seated at one of the junior officers' tables and Sir Charles and Lady Halle, who were going to Australia for their first tour there. With them was the vocalist of the company, Miss Fillunger, a good singer but a hopelessly neutral personality. Lady Halle was excessively reserved, spoke but little, and struck me as a bad-tempered woman, though on the stage she was gracious enough. She was reputed to have the most beautiful arm in Europe. It was a pleasure to see her use it in playing, and she was probably the greatest of women violinists—a much finer artist than her husband. Before her marriage to him she had made herself famous as Madame Norman-Neruda.

Sir Charles made up amply for the silence of the ladies. He was an excellent conversationalist and loved to talk. He had a large stock of anecdotes, good stories that he told well, and during the larger part of the voyage he never repeated himself. I was surprised when at last he told a story we had heard before. Next day there were two of the old jokes, and in the last week of the voyage he drew entirely on the basic stock, as nearly as I could judge quite in the original order. We continued to show interest and to laugh at the right places, though a little bored by his over-frequent emphasis to Queen Victoria and the royal family.

The officer asked Sir Charles if he intended to play at all on the trip. "No," was the reply, "I shall give the ship's piano a very wide berth." As for me, I felt very differently; any keyboard was welcome to me. A day or two after we left Brindisi I was racing, far too fast, through a Mozart sonata in a mood of sheer exuberance. Suddenly I was aware of Halle at my side. "Why

do you play it so fast?" he asked. I admitted the excessive speed, pleading that I was just feeling my oats. He could not understand it at all, and later in Melbourne told my guardian about it with solemn head-shaking. He never played too fast; I have heard him take forty-five minutes to perform Weber's Sonata in A flat! Perhaps I might have been downcast by his poor opinion of me had I admired his own playing more, but it always seemed to me dry, formal, and pedantic.

Another pianist of very different caliber sailed with us. This was a little man called Jude, a very superficial musician but clever in exploiting his small resources. He was a general favorite on board and foremost in all the customary entertainments. By acclamation he was elected choirmaster and organist, and I still remember the amazingly secular flourishes and arpeggiations of his accompaniment to the Sunday hymns. He also sang popular songs, and was on his way to make a one-man tour featuring "Jude's Merry Musical Evenings." The programs had all been printed beforehand in England and he distributed them freely to the passengers. With his bluff good nature he made friends with everybody except the Halles, who pitilessly rebuffed his attempted advances. Alas! the "Merry Musical Evenings" turned out to be a complete flop, and Jude disappeared without a single ripple to mark his place. Sir Charles had a shock of another kind on arriving at Melbourne; he found the town and suburbs decorated with enormous posters advertising

LADY HALLE, THE QUEEN OF VIOLINISTS

SIR CHARLES HALLE, THE KNIGHT OF THE PIANO

Quite properly, though I fancy at considerable expense, he ordered his manager to have the placards immediately destroyed and replaced by others more tasteful.

It was a joy to be at the Parsonage at Balaclava again. Doctor and Mrs. Torrance seemed

to me quite unchanged, though Kathleen was now a girl of about thirteen, naturally much taller than I had known her and pretty though in the gawky age of girls. The old home life was resumed but now with many interruptions due to concert trips. I made some new friends who became frequent visitors. One of these was Stephen Tulloch, son of the general commanding the Australian forces, a gay companion with whom I often went to theaters and dances. Once when I was in Melbourne for several weeks we decided to go out to some gaiety every evening for two weeks. We easily secured invitations for twelve nights out of the fourteen and filled in the other two by inviting each other to current plays. I lost sight of Stephen entirely after that year in Australia, for we never started a correspondence. In speaking of me he always called me the "Y.A.P.," short for young Australian Pianist.

A more permanent friendship was one with Hamilton Russell, a clever and afterwards a famous surgeon who had studied with Lister, father of antiseptic surgery, and a Fellow of the English Royal College of Surgeons. When still a young man, he was threatened with tuberculosis and was ordered to go to Australia on a sailing vessel taking the route round the Cape of Good Hope, then a voyage of four months. On the way out he performed an extraordinary abdominal operation on a desperately ill sailor with no facilities whatever and no assistance except the untrained help of a pal of the sick man. A report of this feat was published in the British Medical Journal, adding considerably to his fame. Later, in Melbourne, he invented a new technique for operating on hernia and became attached to Melbourne Children's Hospital. On his death he was greatly honored, and a monument was erected in his memory. He attracted the attention of the brothers Mayo when they were in Australia, and they invited him to go to New York to be inducted in to the American College of Surgeons.

When I first knew Russell he was about ten years my senior, and the special bond of union between us was the love of music; he was an exceptionally good amateur pianist. I visited him frequently at his rooms in town and he often came to the Parsonage, sometimes for dinner and the evening, sometimes for a few days, becoming very friendly with the Torrances. For some inscrutable reason we always called each other "Tommy." It was he who introduced me to Percy Grainger, then a boy of about fourteen, taking me out the Grainger home to hear him play. Young Grainger already showed much of the talent which was to make him famous. Of course I also took up again my old friendship with Walter Sellar, who also knew Russell well. Walter bought one of the concert grand Broadwood pianos used by Sir Charles Halle in Australia. It must have cost him a pretty penny, but I always thought it an abominably dry, unresponsive instrument.

I played some fifty engagements, large and small, in those twelve months. Many of them were private At Homes or engagements to play a few solos at Ballad Concerts in the huge Exhibition Building. The financial success was extremely variable. The concerts in Melbourne and some other places turned out very well. Two recitals in Sydney, however, were a complete failure. The time was very unpropitious; unusually exciting elections were being held in the city and a large convention of some kind was meeting. At the first recital I think there were about fourteen persons in the hall. In the intermission my manager, Charlie Huenerbein, an imperturbably merry little fellow, came to see me in the artists' room. My attention was attracted by a rolled-up paper in his hand which he tried hard to conceal from me. At last he handed it over saying, "It's just the advertisement for tomorrow's papers." It proclaimed in large capitals:

"BRILLIANT AND UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

BRILLIANT AND UNPARALLED SUCCESS

BRILLIANT AND UNPARALLED SUCCESS

Ernest Hutcheson holds his audience spellbound by
his masterly interpretations of the great masters."

We both roared with laughter, Charlie's silk hat tilted precariously at the extreme back of his head.

I may as well tell here of the most dismal venture I ever undertook. I planned to make a short tour of some Victorian provincial towns and assembled for the purpose a small company consisting of Isobel Webster, soprano, Alfred Carrodus, flutist, son of a well-known English violinist, and Fisher, manager. Fisher had a very poor tenor voice, and in the smallest towns we visited he was allowed to sing a solo, which pleased him immensely. On these state occasions he donned a dress suit of incredible shabbiness. The innocent inhabitants were probably unable to distinguish any defects of voice or tailoring. The tour started off quite auspiciously with two concerts in Warrnambool, a larger place where I was well known. After that it drifted from bad to worse, the audiences growing smaller and smaller. The last and most distant point we touched was Echuca, a town almost on the border of New South Wales. Here we found that news of our failures had preceded us and our creditors, the owners of the concert hall and of the hotel and so on, swarmed in on poor Fisher before the concert demanding prepayment. To add to our discomfiture, the railways company, which we had understood would extend the not unusual courtesy of free passage for our grand piano, suddenly presented a bill for the entire trip. Fisher came to me with a very long face asking what he should do. "Pay them all," I said, "and buy our tickets back to Melbourne," fully aware that we should hardly have anything left for incidental

expenses on the all-day journey. We all turned out our pockets and found that our total resources would carry three of us home, but not four. Carrodus, who was rather a gay dog, had found some boon companions in Echuca and was quite content to stay behind, trusting us to rescue him from too long a rustication. In the train next day Isobel Webster, Fisher and I again counted our pennies. We set aside ninepence to pay our carfare home from the Melbourne station, and then found that we should have one shilling and sixpence left for a midday meal. It happened that the train made a three-hour stop in Warrnambol, the scene of our initial success.

We were ashamed to show ourselves on the streets, so Fisher was dispatched alone to lay in supplies. He returned triumphantly with what we called in Australia a German sausage (a kind of balogna) which cost ninepence, and a sixpenny loaf of bread. These provisions we carried to a park outside the town where we found a grassy slope with a spring of clear crystal water at hand. I don't believe that I ever enjoyed a meal more. For the life of me I can't remember what we did with the superfluous threepence.

A trip to Beechworth, the loveliest country town I have ever seen, afforded a more pleasant experience. I gave two recitals there and Dr. Torrance was able to accompany me for a stay of a few days at the home of a brother clergyman called Cross. Mr. Cross's wife was a popular novelist who wrote under her maiden name of Ada Cambridge. I am afraid her books were not on a very high order of literature. In the course of my omnivorous browsing I had read one of them, but Dr. Torrance was at a disadvantage, feeling rather ashamed to visit the celebrity without knowing any of her work. So he bought one of her books in Melbourne and read it (with many pishes and tushes) in the train. Thus prepared, he was able to offer some polite phrases of commendation; but I am afraid the praise was rather faint-hearted, for he was an exceedingly

poor liar. The Crosses had a very beautiful daughter of about thirteen years and an intelligent son of ten or eleven who was a very clever whist player.

While in Beechworth I received a request to play for the nuns at an extremely strict Catholic convent. My guardian and I, presumably, were two of the very few men ever admitted within its walls. The nuns had their favorite pieces of music and very fortunately they all happened to be in my fingers. I was almost stumped when they finally asked if I would play something for the left hand alone, but I bethought me of three pieces by Rheinberger that I had learned in Leipzig when my right arm was broken. I have seldom had so strong a feeling of giving real pleasure. As I was leaving, I said to the Mother Superior, "What a beautiful town Beechworth is!" What was my emotion when she answered in perfectly natural tones, "Yes, so I am told." The terrible seclusion of such lives was overwhelmingly brought home to me.

My last concert in Melbourne was to a great extent organized by Hamilton Russell and Stephen Tulloch. Russell, besides making vigorous propaganda for it, accompanied me in Chopin's E minor Concerto, the grand finale of the program. Stephen Tulloch adopted more direct methods. He called on all his friends, chatting for a while and casually dropping a few tickets for the concert as he left, with the remark, "By the way, I'm leaving some tickets for the farewell performance of the Y.A.P. I'm sure you'll want to go to it." A week or so later he repeated the round of visits to collect the money for the tickets. His artless method proved strikingly successful.

It is surprising that I heard remarkable little good music during this year. I went to three of the Halle concerts, performances of The Barber of Seville, Sullivan's Gondoliers and Mikado, and a very bad production of Bruch's cantata Frithjof.

The voyage back from Melbourne to London again was again calm and uneventful. Owing to my guardian's clerical status, I traveled first class at second-class rates. This time, however, I could find no interesting companions among the first-class passengers. I therefore frequented the second saloon, where I found some good whist players, quite a number of companionable Scotsmen and a good pianist who had studied music with Siegfried Wagner. I joined an informal whist club, and we used to play every day from after lunch until the bar reopened at four-thirty; the losers then paid for drinks. By a rough calculation made near the end of the trip we estimated that not more than about half-a-crown had changed hands. My Scotch friends invited me one evening to a celebration of some patriotic anniversary. I found that every man jack of them was ordering not drinks, but a bottle of whiskey apiece. Not to lose face, I ordered my bottle like the rest. At first I made a great pretense of drinking deep, but I soon found it easy, especially as their merriment grew, to dispose of large quantities of whiskey under the table or in a convenient flowerpot. By the time we broke up, I had acquired an unshakeable if wholly undeserved reputation for being able to carry my liquor like a native.

PART TWO

ADDRESSES AND MISCELLANEOUS SHORT WRITINGS (LIST)

- 1) [Devout]
Music may be devout or adventurous. At its best it is both.
- 2) I.M.A. Commencement, May 29, 1940
Last year, I think for the first time,
- 3) Luncheon to Stowkowski, May 31, 1940
For many years I have had vivid personal experiences....
- 4) [Disposition]
Disposition to _____ music....
- 5) For the Greenwich Music Settlement School (Radio)
The United States of America is rapidly becoming a musical country.
- 6) Beethoven Association Annual Dinner, 1930
I have listened with deep attention and interest....
- 7) [Honoring Paderewski]
Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: In the history of every art....
- 8) To a Woman's Club
There has been a very remarkable awakening of interest in music....
- 9) The Holiness of Beauty
I think it was John Erskine who said some time ago....
- 10) Broadcasting: A Personal Experience. By A Pianist.
Probably most artists who sing or play frequently for the radio....
- 11) Sketch
My aim in [these Readings] will be to tell you, as briefly....
- 12) I.M.A. anniversary dinner
It is entirely right and natural that on an occasion....
- 13) Riverdale Concert, Hechscher Theater, May 1931
It has often struck me that if we could educate our hands,
- 14) Broadcast on "Music in the Air" hour, April 28, 1931
The love of music is a beautiful gift which we all may possess....
- 15) Carnegie Hall 1/21/32 (Musicians Emergency Aid)
By the courtesy of the management I am permitted to say a few words...
- 16) [Questionnaire answers for "Singing and Playing"]
I take pleasure in answering the Questionnaire submitted to me....
- 17) [Honoring] Harold Randolph, November 1927
Music is above all a service, first of art itself,
- 18) For the "Yale News"
Since the beginning of the century, and especially within the....
- 19) [Introduction to Vaughan-Williams talk November 22, 1932, Juilliard]
Three times England has raised a proud head among musical nations:
- 20) May, 1929
We who engage ourselves in the spread of musical education....
- 21) Bennington College, Feb. 6, 1930

- I am one of those who are not content with believing that the arts....
- 22) Bohemians, Dec. 17, 1939
It has often been asked: "What is home without a rubber plant?"....
- 23) Amateur Playing (for the Steinways) November 1930
In the past ten or fifteen years we have witnessed a striking....
- 24) [Bohemian Club, introduction to Edward Johnson]
We meet this evening, as you know, to celebrate the thirtieth....
- 25) National War Fund Rally Speech 1943-44 Oct. 1943 [Juilliard]
This meeting is a rally in support of the National War Fund....
- 26) Dedication of Mailamm Library, March 21, 1938
I feel highly honored to have been asked, as a musician and a non-Jew...
- 27) [introduction to Pictures at an Exhibition]
The Pictures at an Exhibition by the Russian composer Moussorgsky....
- 28) [scholarships, May, 1929]
Scholarships are necessary because the best talent is almost....
- 29) [Series of notes on composers]
II. Ludwig van Beethoven
III. Robert Schumann
IV. Frederic Francois Chopin
V. Franz Liszt

PART THREE

BRIEF EXCERPTS FROM THE JOURNAL

[These were written as letters to his wife, Irmgart, who died in 1941. The entries have virtually no corrections but still seem completely original from some textual evidence (repetitions, etc.). What is here is a first draft, just what EH thought, in order.

The entries are full of both family matters, omitted here, and musical matters—who played what where and how they did, and the musical politics of the time. These few entries—in sequence but with large gaps—should give some idea of the style and range of the entries. Topics covered include the Juilliard, Chautauqua, World War Two (and some of its effects of the musical world), and New York events in general.

The dateline unless otherwise indicated is New York City, "The School" is the Juilliard. A few annotations are included in brackets.]

Chautauqua, June 27, 1942 (Saturday)

Today I finished moving my things to the Chautauqua Lodge and slept here. Windy and I had dinner in the evening with the Williamses. In the afternoon Mary L. Williams had taken us shopping in Westfield. On the way, in Wahmeda, I ordered some Celotex (or Acoustex) brand panels, to be put in my studio and the room that used to be Eliza's. Gordon has stirred me up to a realization of how I have left things to deteriorate since you have not been able to take care of

them. Now I am trying to make up for lost time. I am badgering poor Pierce to get duplicate keys made for all the rooms at Sherwood Memorial (most of them are lost) and have insisted on having the ceiling in the Interpretation Class room painted over. Mrs. Munger, dear arbitrary lady, had a man do up that room to cure the reverberation, and he overdid it so badly (you heard it for yourself three years ago) that it is as dull now as an old-fashioned broadcasting studio. Three years I have suffered from it! Now at last I have conquered my inertia, and Mrs. Munger will just have to put up with a little more good piano tone. Incidentally, it is doubtful whether she will come to Chautauqua at all this summer.

Tuesday, December 1, 1942

There was a rather eventless meeting of the [Juilliard] Board of Directors today. All went well.

The Boston Symphony has at last joined the Union. Very sensible concessions were made on both sides, and for once Petrillo seems to have handled a musical affair with some intelligence.

The draft board is trying to induct Ivan Baketoff on December 12 (?). He recently won an important award offered for conductors by the Ditson Fund, which gives him a concert in Town Hall, with an orchestra and program of his own choice, on December 13. The invitations for this concert have just been issued by the Ditson Fund. Besides, he is wanted by a special branch of the services because of his knowledge of literate Russian. Protests are being made, and I think he is sure to get a deferment.

Sandwich [Mass., summer home], July 31, 1943

News from Chautauqua has been very good. The piano department is bigger and better than last year. I think that people are now expecting the war to end soon (Mussolini resigned a few days ago, and everything is going well with the Allies), and are getting confidence to think of resuming normal life. Olga's classes have been good, and Windy, Igor, and Mary Louise have more pupils than last year. Willeke had a very great success as conductor of the orchestra during his two weeks there. Dick played finely on the 21st at the memorial concert for Albert Stoessel.

I forgot to tell you that a few weeks ago Mrs. Curtis Bok married Zimbalist! Of course it caused a sensation. He is 56 and she 64.

Chautauqua, Wednesday, August 18, 1943

Yesterday being Old First Night, we all went to take part in the silent salute to Albert Stoessel (and others). We had Julie [Stoessel] and Fritz to dinner at the Lodge before going to the Amphitheater. (The "bunch" at the Lodge now consists of the Evanses, Baketoffs, and Windy.)

Today Felix Salmond came to Chautauqua for the first time and played the Elgar Concerto. I took him to see the golf course, and after the concert we first looked in at the Bestors' to cut a slice of Jeanette's birthday cake and then went on to the Lodge for a glass of beer. Georges Miguelle was there, and he reminded me that he had first come to America with the French band in 1918. Evidently he was one of those who used to visit us at Root Avenue, but he knew them well, especially Magris the trumpeter, who has been for many years in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. I'll never forget how, in their French politeness, those fellows just couldn't

think how the second verse of the Marseillaise went! In those days Miguelle played saxophone, not cello. To return to Felix, at the rehearsal it seems that Golschmann was very rude, even insulting to him, so that the men of the orchestra were quite outraged. At the concert, however, I was shocked to see Felix pointedly omit the customary handshake with the conductor, and make the affront worse by shaking hands with Mischekoff! I couldn't quietly stand by and see Felix put himself so hopelessly in the wrong, so I told him how badly he had behaved and made him come with me to make it up with Golschmann at the end of the program. I told Golschmann that he must let me be peacemaker. The Lord knows we have fighting enough in the world! Well, they both behaved very handsomely in the end—and Felix may yet play with the St Louis orchestra.

I have been having some golf lessons from Cameron, first hitting only very short shots and gradually going on to a few with the longer clubs.

Monday, November 1, 1943

Yesterday I went in the afternoon to the Victory concert at the Museum. It was an ideal program, the Roth Quartet playing two quartets, the F minor and the F major, op. 135.

This evening I went to the monthly Governors' meeting of the Bohemians, but did not stay for the general meeting or the program afterwards. Jackie came to lunch with me at the School. He is to play the Brahms B flat concerto with the National Symphony Association in Carnegie Hall on December 6.

There has been a highly important conference in Moscow between Cordell Hull, Anthony Eden, and Molotoff. The decisions were published today, and they are better than anyone had

ventured to hope, indicating a positive determination to work together both for the duration of the war and later in securing a world order with some promise of permanence.

Today the dim-out restrictions for New York and the Atlantic Coast were very greatly relaxed. It made an immediate difference, as I noticed coming out of the Harvard Club on 44th Street and walking to 5th Avenue to get a bus home.

Saturday, March 4, 1944

Yesterday Josef Hofmann played the Rubinstein G major concerto at a Philharmonic concert. I said to you a little while ago that I regretted having lost touch with him, so I made up my mind that nothing should prevent my hearing and speaking to him this time. I managed to do it, and it cheered me up considerably, for he was extremely cordial--and played splendidly, too. I can never forget when you and I were together when he played the same terribly empty concerto. We saw Josef--in the artists' room afterwards and you said to him "You certainly put a lot into that concerto." And he answered "Somebody had to—Rubenstein didn't!"

Sunday, June 18, 1944

Today I went to the Victory concert at the Museum. Leonora Cortes played and Brenda Miller sang. Leonora has not played at all for a long time, but is taking it up again now. In the evening Jerome [Rappaport] came to dinner with me at the Century Club. He is still stationed at New Haven, but gets to Brooklyn quite often for week-ends. He has improved very much in his personality, and while he is as thoroughly likeable as ever he is more grown up.

The war is taking on more and more fantastic aspects. Last Thursday (June 15) American

Superfortresses, operated from Burma, bombed the mainland of Japan. These new monsters of the air can fly to any part of the earth and bomb it. Next day (the 16th) the Germans began a bombardment of England with robot planes. This new device is destructive but inaccurate; it is not radio-controlled, but is steered by a compass and falls to earth and explodes when its gasoline is exhausted. Both distance and direction therefore can be determined, but subject to deviation caused by winds and air currents. Already the British are developing a defensive technique against them, shooting them down in mid-air.

The invasion news coming daily now from the French Coast between Cherbourg and Le Havre reminds me of our trips to Europe in the happy days. We called at Cherbourg often, and I particularly remember our landing in Le Havre very early one beautiful morning and taking a walk round the still sleeping town. From the accounts we read it would seem as if all Europe would be a mound of ruins before peace comes. But fortunately the genius of man can build and build again as well as destroy. When I think how San Francisco and Baltimore rose from their ashes in our own experience I am encouraged to think of the great restoration that may come in a few years of effort in the right direction.

Saturday, July 7, 1945

The first week of the Juilliard Summer School is over, and everything has gone very well. The classes are differently named: the old I. C. [Interpretation Class] is now a class in Piano Literature; the C.C. is a Criticism Class instead of a Concert Class, and the old T. C. [Theory Class] is Principles of Piano Playing. The last name is an improvement, but the "Piano Literature" has led people to expect a course of lectures instead of recitals, and I think that has

hindered the enrollment....

Saturday, December 8, 1945

On Thursday Harold [my father] and I went to the Metropolitan Museum to hear a harpsichord recital by Landowska. It was very good, but she takes altogether unwarranted liberties with the old music. She has cultivated an extraordinarily reposeful manner, coming on, going off, seating herself, and bowing with an exaggerated "grand lady" effect. However, when I went to see her after the concert she was very sweet to me, made me sit down beside her, and talked for quite a long time. There is no doubt of her artistry. But it is a contrast from her old very animated spirit. Yesterday, after giving five lessons at the School, I was tired out and had to miss the first performance of "The Inquisitive Woman," our first opera production of the season and the first under Pelletier's contract (though he did the "cosi fan tutti" for us last year).

Siloti died today. Kyriena called to tell me about it. He was 82 years old. The only surviving Liszt pupil is now Rosenthal, who has nothing of Siloti's greatness and magnanimity. Siloti was an unforgettable character.

Memory of the Meyerling legend has been revived by the death in Norway of the lithographer Hugo Köhler, supposed to have been the Archduke Johann of Tuscany....

Wednesday, March 6, 1946

President Schuman's latest move [at the Juilliard] has been to order a general examination in Sight-reading, Theory, and (for piano pupils) Keyboard Harmony to be held in April. The examination papers are to be set by Miss van Doren, Wedge's lieutenant in theory at the Institute

[of Musical Arts--the undergraduate wing of the Juilliard], and the purpose is to classify the students for their next year's work. Now to Miss van Doren harmony is not harmony unless it is Wedge harmony, with all its absurdities and strange terminology. In effect, the students are to be examined by alien judges on books which they are not supposed to have studied. Could anything be more ridiculously unfair? Nothing easier than to flunk a pupil doing the most advanced work because he does not know the Wedge name for a dominant seventh and so answers a question "wrongly." No information about the examinations has been vouchsafed to the teachers or students of the Graduate School. It is only by accident that I know that Miss Van Doren is to set the papers.

Friday, July 11, 1947

I gave my summer school recital (broadcast) in the big hall today, playing the "Moonlight" Sonata, some pieces of Debussy, and the Schumann Phantasie. It went very well, including the Phantasie, which of course was the big piece. Muriel [Kerr] came, and I brought her to 1107 [EH's apartment] afterwards for a drink. She is going to take advantage of the seven weeks interval in teaching under the new schedule (in January and February) to make a short trip to Europe and play in London and Holland. She is the only person I have yet heard of to whom the "vacation" will be the slightest benefit. Well, I'm glad it's Muriel!

Bronislaw Huberman the violinist died in Geneva on June 16. You will remember him as one of our performers at the Beethoven Association in the old days.

It is still very hot--unlike the last two summers in New York.

Sunday, October 5, 1947

This afternoon I went to Ruggiero Ricci's concert in Carnegie Hall. On the whole I was rather disappointed, having heard him play beautifully a few months ago at the Bohemians. He is a very accomplished violinist, but his program was poor and his intonation imperfect. Nobody except Heifetz plays always in tune, even in the most rapid technical passages. He seems, too, to have adopted from Persinger (who has fallen off lamentably as a player) a thin wire-drawn tone. I'm afraid the program was due to Persinger too; there was not a single really big piece on it. Ricci is so young still that he ought to be concerning himself with the great masterpieces instead of playing "dinky" stuff.

Saturday, December 20, 1947

I gave my lessons at the school on Thursday and Friday. The major teachers [as opposed to Theory] are now supposed to stop teaching piano, violin, cello, and voice for seven weeks, so that the Juilliard students can devote themselves entirely to theory (now called Literature and Materials of Music) for that time. To make up for it, we had to begin the school year some weeks earlier and have to go on several weeks later than before. The unfortunate pupils, too, have to pay board and lodging in New York for 37 weeks instead of 30. It is a thorough Kateridee, and I have yet to hear one good word for it from a single student or teacher. But Mr. Schuman thinks it a brilliant inspiration. I wonder why pupils are supposed to master their major subject with one hour's tuition per week but require six hours per week plus seven weeks exclusive work for their theory work? One might think that the "major" teachers know their business many times as well as the theory teachers! Of course I can't let my poor pupils go

without lessons for seven weeks in the middle of their season, so I shall have to give a good deal of extra time to them. (Pity his "poor" students!) I think I said before that Muriel is the only teacher I know of who derives any advantage from the new schedule. It enables her to take a flying trip to Europe and play in London and Amsterdam.

I had a pleasant experience today. (First) Mona Bates brought a pupil to New York to compete for the Leventritt award. It was a frightfully mismanaged affair; the girl had been most positively informed that the requirements were two concertos and nothing else. So she prepared the MacDowell D minor and the Liszt E flat. But when it came to the audition the judges refused absolutely to listen to one note of the MacDowell. They heard the first movement of the Liszt concerto, then stopped her and asked if she had a Beethoven sonata. No, not prepared, she said. Then they asked for something in contrapuntal style and she offered the Rheinberger Toccata, but not one of the judges knew the piece so they would not hear that. Finally they heard her play the little B minor prelude of Chopin, and then expressed great admiration at her playing but rejected her because she had not sufficient repertoire! The girl has played very extensively in public and could perfectly easily have had a whole recital program ready as well as the two concertos. I told Mona to write a letter of protest—not that it will do a particle of good. Well, now comes the pleasant part of the experience. Mona brought the girl to play to me, and of course I did hear the MacDowell concerto and some of the Liszt, and I did hear the Rheinberger Toccata (an excellent contrapuntal piece) as well as the Chopin prelude and one or two other things. She turned out to be one of the most brilliant talents I have heard in a long time, and I amazed Mona by advising a New York recital next year.

The Kleibers are here again, and Erich is conducting four broadcasts at the N.B.C. I went

to the first this afternoon. Though I liked his conducting as much as ever, I was greatly disappointed with the program; its pièce de résistance was the very slight and unimportant B flat symphony of Borodin. I saw Pelletier and Rose Bampton there.