Library of

The Harvard

Musical Association

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Library Committee

HUGH W. BABB — WERNER MUELLER
HUGO LEICHTENTRITT — QUINCY PORTER
CHARLES R. NUTTER

Director of the Library and Custodian of the Marsh Room	*Library and Marsh Room*	*Marsh Room*
CHARLES R. NUTTER	MURIEL FRENCH	FLORENCE C. ALLEN

To the Members of the Association:
Your attention is called to an article in this issue by Heinrich Gebhard.

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Future bulletins, provided the writer continues to prepare and to issue them, will deal with matters pertinent to the Association or matters more or less allied to it. One subject will be a more detailed account of the Harvard Orchestra than appeared in Bulletin No. 5. For general purposes that historical account may be sufficient. On the other hand, certain written material exists not included in that bulletin which, for the purpose of record, should appear in print, less perishable than the drying, cracking pages and fading ink of old, written manuscripts. There will be other subjects, some now foreseen, others probably to appear when the time comes. The list of accessions alone would be reason for at least a leaflet. The chief reason for publishing these bulletins, as the writer has stated, is to record those facts which are of historical value and which, incidentally, at some future time may be the source for a more ambitious publication. Their effect on present members is conjectural but incidental, and at times amusing.

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For the benefit of various members it may be stated that the portrait over the platform in the Library is not that of Bach but of Ritter von Gluck (1714-1787). It is a copy of a painting by a noted French artist and reported to be an excellent likeness. Its acquisition by the Association was stated in Bulletin No. 1.

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At the annual meeting of the Association last January a motion was made and seconded to print the Librarian's report for the year 1944 and send copies to members. The Librarian, however, suggested that the report might well be included in the next (or present) bulletin, although at that time the bulletin was well below the horizon. This suggestion was welcomed with relief by a momentarily perturbed Treasurer. Considerable water has gone over the dam since that remote date but now that the bulletin has painfully clambered above the horizon the report is included in accordance with the agreement. The Librarian was heard to whisper that he saw no reason for making public this particular report, especially since several previous annual reports had been more interesting and more informative.

REPORT ON THE LIBRARY
AND ON THE
MARSH ROOM FOR 1944

To the President and the Board of Directors
of the Harvard Musical Association:

On my part I am pleased to state that both the Library and the Marsh Room are in a healthy condition, and that the overhauling of the former is progressing satisfactorily. On your part you will be pleased to learn that this report will be shorter than recent reports.

The list of accessions, by purchase and by gift, will appear in the next bulletin. As this statement was made in my last two reports and no bulletin has yet appeared, you may reasonably infer that this is an amiable and meaningless gesture. This inference would be incorrect. I expect to issue the thirteenth bulletin before the sun has reached the equator. There is still available pertinent material for bulletin publication. I sometimes wonder, however, whether the product produced by considerable mental effort and much research is worth while. On the other hand, while I continue as Librarian, there are certain matters, most of them directly pertinent to the Association and a few indirectly pertinent, that I would like to discuss on paper. If I can keep out of the clutches of the thief of time, I shall succeed.

I should, however, register here another gift from William Dietrich Strong. In 1942 he presented the Library, as I noted in my report that year, with 90 compositions for 2 pianos, 20 volumes for piano solo, several Chamber music compositions, 3 scores. To that admittedly munificent gift he has this year added 22 compositions for 2 pianos, and 7 literature books. This gift has again enlarged our circulating library of 2 piano music and increased the amount of 2 piano music in the Marsh Room for the use of players there. All this new music has been enjoyed by those players who have been weaned from such old war horses as Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, in the rendering of which many of them confuse the piano keys with anvils.

I mentioned in my last report most of the framed pictures, photographs, and other mementoes displayed in the Library. It is somewhat curious that, though we have on the walls or in storage large framed photographs of composers, these composers are all of foreign birth and not an American is among them. It seemed to me worth while to remedy this situation, and I have consequently obtained photographs of three representative American composers: Arthur Foote, through the cooperation of his daughter, George Chadwick, through the kindness of Mr. Wallace Goodrich, and Edward MacDowell, through the kindness of Mrs. MacDowell, who I think still suffers the delusion of having presented the photograph to the Music Department at Harvard University. These photographs will help a little to create the atmosphere of an old library.

The revamping of the Library continues and at a satisfactory pace, other things being equal. In a previous report I stated at some length what this entails in the consideration of each old book or volume of music as a new acquisition, and the notations in regard to each to be entered on the various records. I will not repeat this. I will, however, remind you that the shelf list is of the greatest importance. For it is the only means for computing financial loss on the contents of the Library and of the Marsh Room—exclusive of paintings and furniture—for insurance or any form of remuneration in the case of damage or total loss by fire, explosion, or the acts of God. Miss French reports that practically all of the literature has been revamped, only a small amount remaining to be done. In several instances where occasion required some change in a classification of music, that section has been revamped. So an inroad on the music has begun. Certain collections of music or books, received as gifts, have been properly registered and placed on the shelves. There are, for example, a number of books presented by the late Philip Hale in 1927. They had not been recorded until recently. A year ago his widow completed the Hale collection with a number of other books belonging to him. Another important collection is that of chamber music filling 25 filing boxes, consisting largely of combinations of wind instruments, given in 1932 by Mrs. Frances G. Lee. This year has seen a beginning on the cataloguing of this valuable gift. A collection of old concert programmes, covering well over a hundred years, has been arranged chronologically in book form. Miss French and I have gone over another large collection of old programmes, long housed in the store-room, of musical entertainments of a varied nature, some of these programmes dating back to the 1830's. They have an historical value and should eventually be filed in a form that will keep them intact. Occasionally a book or piece of music is found in circulation which for good reason should not be circulated. It is then removed from circulation but is available to visitors for reference. I mention only a few of the items in reconstruction.

The resignation of Miss Barbara Newton as Marsh Room Attendant which occurred last spring deprives the Library of an unusually intelligent, cooperative, and efficient worker, possessed in addition of an attractive personality. We have been very fortunate in our Marsh Room Attendants since I took up this job. Mrs. Gordon Maltby became the Attendant in May, 1944, and bids fair to become as efficient and satisfactory as her late predecessors.

The use of the Library and of the Marsh Room is about as last year and that means less than normal for obvious reasons. Miss French reports that 37 members and 11 guests of members borrowed 317 volumes of music and 22 books. Preference for a certain classification of music varies from year to year. A year ago the heavy raid was on opera scores. This year the heavy raid has been on piano scores, although chamber music and vocal music, in that order, followed close. In literature the preference is for biography. There were 506 visitors to the Library.

Mrs. Malthy reports for the Marsh Room that of 1220 available periods 421 were used; that 101 individuals, totalling through repetition in visits of 829 persons, have used the Room. In addition to the customary 2 piano players, the Marsh Room was used 13 evenings by five members and their guests; 7 evenings by 3 men in the Service; two evenings for dramatic readings by a group chaperoned by Dr. Wood; one evening by ten members rehearsing for the annual dinner; one evening by 10 members to make recordings; 3 evenings for recitals; one evening for the annual dinner.

In conclusion I will state that while the Library and the Marsh Room are quiet—except for the activity of strong muscled piano players—there is much satisfactory activity.

Respectfully submitted,

CHARLES R NUTTER.

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The writer of these bulletins likes to include in them from time to time contributed articles, in spite of certain obvious risks, by certain of our members. To ask for such contributions from non-members would be impolitic and also would undoubtedly be met, quite reasonably, with a polite declination. In previous bulletins have been articles both of interest and of historic value by Arthur Foote, Walter R. Spaulding, Leo R. Lewis, Wheeler Beckett, and Courtenay Guild.

It is no exaggeration to state that the writer of the contribution in this bulletin is not only a musician of wide musical knowledge and of high technique as a pianist but also a noted member of this Association (since 1924) and much beloved by those who have the privilege of knowing him. Mr. Gebhard's career in his profession has been wide, unusual, and varied. His willing consent to write for this issue is appreciated by the writer as it will be also by other readers of his interesting article, which follows.

REMINISCENCES OF A BOSTON MUSICIAN

From the age of ten to the age of eighteen I studied the piano here in Boston under the excellent tutelage of Clayton Johns, the well-known musician and composer of charming songs. He gave me a most thorough foundation in the classics for which I am ever grateful. He also taught me harmony, counterpoint, and composition. During my last year with him I wrote a sonata for violin and piano. In that same year, 1896, Mr. Johns took me to Paderewski (who was then touring the U.S.A.) to play to him. Paderewski was very kind and generous in his praise of my playing and of my fine teacher, and when the latter asked him to whom I should go to finish my studies he emphatically recommended Leschetizky. Right then it was decided that I should go to him.

However, before I left for Vienna, Mr. Johns wanted to present me to the Boston public as his pupil. So in April, 1896, a concert was arranged in Copley Hall, where I played before a large representative audience a program of two groups of solos, my violin sonata, together with Isidor Schnitzler of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Schumann Concerto accompanied by sixty-five players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Franz Kneisel. Mrs. Jack Gardner, that wonderful and brilliant woman, who so often was a benefactor to young promising talents, in her great generosity footed the bill for this expensive concert.

In August of that year I went to Vienna, where I studied for three years under that greatest of all piano-pedagogues, Theodor Leschetizky. His magnetic and inspiring personality opened up to me the beauty and grandeur of artistic piano-playing. While in Vienna I also continued my studies in composition with Richard Heuberger.

I returned to Boston in the summer of 1899. Mr. Johns, who not only had given me splendid grounding in music, but also was the kindest of friends to me, took me at once to Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, the man who was then the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. I played to him parts of the various concerti I had studied under Leschetizky, and after several visits he engaged me to make my first appearance with the orchestra under him in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge (where new talents are often tried out) in November of that year. I played the Beethoven C-minor Concerto, with a cadenza of my own, with fine success.

Mr. Gericke evidently was pleased with me, for in February, 1901, I had my second appearance with the orchestra in the *new* Symphony Hall (which had just been built) which greatly thrilled me. I played the Saint Saëns G-minor Concerto.

After the "free" and highly emotional training of Leschetizky it was very beneficial to my development to play for a number of years under Mr. Gericke's strongly controlled but extremely musicianly leadership. From now on I played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra almost every year for twenty-five years, either concertos or concerted pieces, and it brought me into close contact not only with the various conductors but with many of the finest musicians of the orchestra.

First and foremost among these were Charles Martin Loeffler, Franz Kneisel, and Georges Longy. Mr. Longy, the wonderful first oboist of the orchestra, during these first years of my career formed the "Longy Club", an organization somewhat similar to the later "Flute Players' Club", a wind-instrument ensemble, with himself at the head. He asked me if I wanted to be the regular pianist of the club. I was delighted to join and played with them for four years. I did all the standard works for piano with Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, and Horn, and many pieces which then were novelties. It was a great experience for me, and I learned much that was new to me. Leschetizky's specialty was brilliant, artistic solo-playing, for which he had trained me. Chamber-music was new to me.

How well I remember the arduous but fascinating rehearsals, and how dear Mr. Longy exhorted me to adjust my piano-tone to that of the wind- instruments, and above all not to use too much pedal. His wonderful dog, "Marouf", a magnificent St. Bernard, whom he had taught several tricks, loved music so much that he always squatted down under the piano while we played. And he even took such an interest in his master's warning about the damper-pedal, that every so often he put his heavy paws on my feet preventing me from using it! We gave three concerts in Boston each year, and played in many New England towns, and a few times in New York.

About this same time Mr. Kneisel, the concert-meister of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who had heard me in my concerto-performances, suggested that I study the Schumann Quintet, and that he would "try me out" as assisting artist with his wonderful quartet (the "Kneisel Quartette") in one of his Boston concerts. I eagerly practised the Quintet all summer. The three rehearsals with the Quartette in the following October were a revelation to me, just as my work with the Longy Club. From many things Mr. Kneisel pointed out to me I learned how to regulate my "shadings" to make them blend well with those of the strings, and how to get a perfect ensemble. It was all an inspiration to me.

My performance at the concert pleased the Quartette, the public, and the critics. From then on (1901) Mr. Kneisel had me play with the Quartette almost every year in Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington, until they disbanded in 1917. I did, of course, the piano-quintets of Schumann, Brahms, Franck and Dvorák but also the Brahms piano-quartets, Trios and Violin Sonatas, and some first performances in Boston, such as the Smetana Trio, Fauré G-minor piano-quartet and the Rubin Goldmark Violin Sonata. It was all a great joy to have the wonders of chamber-music opened up to me, while working with the finest musicians imaginable: Franz Kneisel (first violin), Julius Theodorowicz (second violin), Louis Svecenskj (viola), and Alwin Schroeder (cello). My personal as well as my musical contact with them during all those years will always be a wonderful memory to me.

Soon after my friendship and collaboration with Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Longy had started, there began for me another friendship which had the most far-reaching influence over my artistic development and even my material welfare. This was my association with Charles Martin Loeffler. Also with him I became acquainted through my playing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

During my second summer in America (after Vienna) he very kindly invited me a number of times to spend a few days with him in Medfield, Massachusetts, the charming, quiet little town lying between low hills and long meadows on the road from Dover to Millis. Mr. Loeffler had been "second concert-meister" (so to speak) in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, sitting for many years next to Mr. Kneisel at the head of the first violins, He was a

violinist of top-rank, trained in France and Belgium, and a marvelous violin teacher with many distinguished pupils attached to him, and as composer he was one of the most outstanding in America during that period.

Where Kneisel was a violinist of the "solid" German school, Loeffler in his playing had all the charm of the French school, a tone like fine-spun silk yet rich, impeccable technic and intonation, and a style so elegant and polished that it could only be called aristocratic. All this, however, was backed by the most thorough musicianship. His taste was the most catholic possible. He loved all the great German masters from Bach to Brahms; admired the Russians, the Spanish and the English composers, and adored the French masters. That was the artist. As a man he was one of the most distinguished persons in this country. He had a marvelous mind, was well-read in English, French, and German literature, not only the classics but the newest books, including the so-called "decadents." His bearing was aristocratic, sometimes even a little aloof, yet under this exterior these was a warm heart. During my first few visits I approached him almost with awe. But he treated me with such kindliness that at the end of that summer we were the closest friends.

Every other summer I sojourned in Europe, but the summer between I always spent in Medfield with him. When he married Miss Elise Fay in 1906, he bought a. farm of one hundred acres in a lovely spot between Medfield and Norfolk, facing "Noon Hill" and over-looking a beautiful stretch of meadowland. There were two old farmhouses on his land, one on each side of the road. One of these he had made into a lovely home for himself and his wife, containing some fine antiques, some rare Japanese prints, wonderful etchings by Zorn and Benson, and lovely water-colors (mostly snow scenes) by Dodge McKnight. The other house was reconstructed into a fine spacious music room, with a splendid Mason and Hamlin Grand at one end. They kept three servants: a cook, a maid, and Mr. Reed, the faithful, efficient chauffeur, factotum and general chore-man. The whole estate was named "Meadowmere Farm".

At this time I bought myself a smaller farm in nearby Norfolk, which I had "fixed up" into a comfortable summer home, where I spent a number of summers with my mother and two sisters, later with my wife and child. Every other afternoon I went over to the Loeffler's, and Loeffler and I always played two or three hours together. We began to study seriously the literature of sonatas for violin and piano. Gradually we learned the violin-sonatas of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Strauss, Grieg, Franck, Fauré, Debussy, D'Indy, St. Saëns, Ropartz. We practised hard and finally moulded ourselves into quite a "team".

Under the spell of Loeffler's wonderful personality and artistry I learned further secrets of subtle rubatos, exquisite shadings, and great finesse in style. At the same time I had the great privilege of watching him compose and orchestrate. It was, of course, the most wonderful thing in the world to be so many years in intimate relationship with this great artist and extraordinary man. Later, I shall tell more of our doings together.

While I was plunged in all these happy activities with Mr. Loeffler and the Kneisel Quartette, my appearances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra continued, either in concertos or concerted pieces for orchestra and piano. The latter were all first performances in Boston.

After my debut with the *Beethoven* C-minor Concerto in Cambridge, and the *Saint-Saëns* G-minor Concerto in Boston, I followed it under Gericke with the *D'Indy* Symphony on a Mountain Air Op. 25 - 1902, *Richard Strauss* Burleske - 1903, *Frederick Converse* Tone Poem "Night and day" (which he dedicated to me) - 1905. Under Dr. Muck I played *Loeffler's* "Pagan Poem" in 1907, and again in 1908. Under Max Fiedler I did the *Beethoven* "Emperor" Concerto - 1910, *Liszt* A-Major Concerto - 1912. Again under Dr. Muck in his second term we repeated *Loeffler's* "Pagan Poem" in 1913, and I did *César Franck* Variations Symphoniques in 1916, and *Strauss* Burleske (again) in 1917. Under Monteux I played the *Grieg* Concerto - 1920, *Arthur Shepherd's* Fantasy (dedicated to me) - 1921, and *DeFalla* "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" - 1924. Some of these works I performed with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York and other cities. Finally, under Dr. Koussevitzky I played the *D'Indy* Mountain Symphony once more.

As for the "Pagan Poem", I must enlarge my story somewhat in this narrative, for that is a very important and fascinating chapter in my musical life. I had the grand good fortune to watch Mr. Loeffler create this masterpiece from its earliest inception to the final completion. He began it in 1901, and it went through two metamorphoses before its final stage. First, it was composed as a chamber music piece for piano, two flutes, oboe, clarinet, two horns, viola, double bass, an important English horn solo (especially for Mr. Longy) and three trumpets obligato behind the scenes. It was fine and we played it, but Mr. Loeffler found that as a chamber work it was rather unwieldy, and he rewrote the piece (with some changes) for two pianos and three trumpets behind the stage. Mrs. Jack Gardner

engaged George Proctor and myself to play the piano parts and also the three first trumpeters of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the obligato, and in this form we performed it in 1903 at Fenway Court.

Those were the early days of Fenway Court, when the ground floor of this heavenly place was a huge, beautiful music room with high ceiling. The five or six rehearsals for this performance were rare events. They were all in the evening from 8:00 till 11:00 o'clock. Mrs. Gardner, at the height of her powers, was always present, and there were four or five distinguished guests present each time, while Mr. Loeffler presided over the rehearsing. John Singer Sargent was in America at that time, doing a lot of portraits. And Okakura, the great Japanese connoisseur of art, was here supervising the wonderful new Japanese collection in our Art Museum. Sargent and Okakura were with us at these thrilling evenings, and everybody was much excited over the trying out of the trumpets in various parts of the Palace.

The "Pagan Poem" is of about twenty minutes' duration. In the course of this the trumpets are heard at three different intervals; the first two times playing a hauntingly exotic theme from the distance, and the third time triumphant fanfares close by. Trying these wonderful passages with the three trumpeters far behind the stage, also below the stage in the basement, and finally above the beautiful courtyard from the high balcony, made these evenings most exciting. After each rehearsal Mrs. Gardner regaled us with a late supper in the Gothic Room, and how unforgettable this was in these marvelous surroundings, with the brilliant conversation between Sargent, Loeffler and Okakura, and Mrs. Gardner's great charm of personality, her delicious speaking voice, and her unequalled talent of narrating. The performance before a brilliant audience of high Boston society was a tremendous success.

During the following three years Mr. Loeffler enlarged the "Pagan Poem" still further, and rewrote it for full orchestra with piano, English horn solo, and three trumpets behind the stage. In this final form I played it with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Muck in Symphony Hall, for the first time anywhere, on November 23, 1907. It was an instantaneous success with public and critics. Mr. Philip Hale hailed it as one of the most important works of the decade—a masterpiece. Because here and there Mr. Loeffler has employed some successions of dominant-ninth chords and sometimes the whole-tone scale, a few critics accused him of copying Debussy, a most superficial observation. The work is deeply emotional, passionate, poetic, dramatic, gorgeous in color, and, if influenced at all, it is slightly Wagnerian. It is surely an outstanding work of that period.

Besides the Friday and Saturday performances of the "Pagan Poem" I did it with Dr. Muck and the orchestra in New York that year. The next year we did it again in Boston. During the next twenty years I performed the piece sixty-six times with different orchestras: in New York with the New York Philharmonic under Stransky, under Mengelberg and Molinari, also in New York with the State Symphony under Bodansky, with Damrosch and his orchestra, in Chicago with Stock and the Chicago Symphony, in St. Louis with Max Zach and the St. Louis Symphony, in Pittsburgh with Emil Paur, in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington under Molinari (Philadelphia Symphony), and in Cleveland with the Cleveland Symphony under Sokoloff (in 4 successive seasons) many times in Cleveland and many places in Ohio, in New York and Boston, then in Boston again with Dr. Muck in 1913, and finally here with Alexander Thiede and his W.P.A. orchestra. The various conductors all gave fine performances, but to my mind the most masterly ones were by Dr. Muck and Sokoloff, the latter having been a brilliant violin pupil of Loeffler, in complete sympathy with his idiom. I, of course, love and adore the work, and each performance was for me a glorious experience. The full orchestral score of the "Pagan Poem" was published by G. Schirmer Company, and that Company also published a two-piano arrangement which I made of the score.

During all these years, while I was thus steeped in ensemble playing (in chamber music and with orchestra) I, however, did not neglect my solo work. I gave eighteen piano recitals in Boston, about one every other year, a few in Steinert Hall, most of them in Jordan Hall. At the same time I started teaching, with a studio in the Steinert Building for many years. Through my public playing I soon had a large class. As I gradually developed quite a following among my friends and pupils, my recitals became wonderfully well attended, and I often had a "packed house". The critics, who occasionally took exceptions to some of my interpretations, were on the whole most favorable to me. They also found my programs very catholic in taste.

In those early years, one of the many musicians I became acquainted with was Mme. Helen Hopekirk, the splendid concert pianist, fine musician, and woman of rare refinement and culture, who had studied with Leschetizky long before me. Although she was twenty years older than I, we became great friends. I often went to see her and her delightful husband, the landscape painter, William Wilson, in their house in Brookline, full of interesting

mementos of their former colorful life in London. We had great times talking over our great master in Vienna, with much "Schwaermerei" for music (our tastes have been much alike). We would play to each other, criticize each other's compositions (quite severely at times!) and play two piano arrangements of the Beethoven and Brahms Symphonies, also Wagner. In those years I was an ardent Wagnerite. I could play whole scenes from Tristan, Meistersinger, and the Ring by heart.

Then, about 1903, the modern French school became known in Boston. We both "fell for it" violently at once. We had a. wonderful time playing the piano-music of Debussy for the first time: Clair de lune, Jardins sous la pluie, Reflets dans l'eau, Poissons d'or, La Cathédrale engloutie, L'Isle Joyeuse, etc. We revelled in this new impressionistic idiom—the new harmonies, the new pianistic effects. What fun it was to experiment with the damper and soft pedal, trying to receate the misty, mystic, atmospheric poetry of this exquisite music. At the same time we read together the new literature of that period: the poems of Yeats and Fiona McLeod, the poetic plays and essays of Maeterlinck, Paul Verlaine's poems. Madame still gave recitals in Boston at that time. So from 1903 until 1910 she put three or four new Debussy numbers on her program each time, while I did the same thing on my programs. And during those same years George Copeland, who made a great cult of Debussy, brought out much of his music in his recitals. I believe it can be said that we three pianists were the first ones who placed Debussy's piano-music before the public of Boston.

In my own recitals, outside of piano-pieces of *Debussy*, I did others "first time in Boston", such as *D'Indy* "Poeme des Montagnes", *Bartok* Baerentanz, *Carl Engel* Perfumes, *Arthur Farwell* Navajo Indian Music, and *Leo Ornstein* Wild Men's Dance, which latter piece really sounded so "wild" in those years, that I remember Mr. Philip Hale rocking in his seat with hilarity.

I also did a few "unusual" things on some of my programs. When Loeffler's four songs for soprano, viola, and piano first came out, I produced them in one of my Boston concerts; Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, the gifted singer, doing the voice-part, Nina Fletcher, the talented pupil of Loeffler, doing the viola-part, and myself doing the piano-part. I put the songs, which are full of a strange beauty, at the head of the program, after that I put two groups of piano solos for myself forming the middle of the program, then at the end I placed the songs once more. So the songs were heard twice on the same program. Practically everybody told me that it was a great idea, and that the second time they understood and enjoyed the songs twice as much as the first time.

In this rather novel venture I "doubled" on the music, so to speak. On several other occasions I "curtailed" the music, and was praised again. Once, in playing Bach's French Suite in E-major, I played only five movements out of the eight which Bach wrote. They are all in the same key, and eight of them in a row sound too monotonous to my ears. So I chose the five which I think the loveliest and played just those. Another time, doing Schumann's "Carnival", I left out five of the nineteen numbers, playing the Introduction, the twelve most enticing middle numbers and the Finale. I think every bit of the "Carnival" is beautiful and ravishing, but it is too long. Of the finest dinner you can eat only so much. Of one of the seldom-played Schubert sonatas I found the first movement glorious, but the other movements quite inferior Schubert, so I played only that one movement together with some Brahms, as my opening group. For all these "misdemeanors" I was highly praised by Philip Hale, who in one of his reviews wrote: "Would that other pianists might treat the great Masters with equal irreverence as does Mr. Gebhard."

Mr. Kneisel and his associates and Mr. Loeffler left the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1902. But, as I said before, I played with the Quartette for fifteen years after that. I also played with other string-quartets during these years: the Arbos Quartette, Hess Quartette, New York Quartette, Czerwonky, Jacques Hoffman, the American (four ladies headed by Gertrude Marshall, brilliant pupil of Mr. Loeffler), and the Flonzaley String Quartette.

With the Arbos Quartette (in 1903) I played about a half dozen engagements. One of these was to play at the White House in Washington. It was one of the four annual State Concerts. We were thrilled to play before President Theodore Roosevelt and the stately assembly in the beautiful East Room, containing the famous gold-covered Steinway piano. But little did I dream that through a negligence of mine a most harrowing experience was in store for us, especially for me,—a half hour of awful mental agony. Our program was: first, a long Beethoven string quartet, then a group of piano solos for me, and after that the Dvorák Piano-quintette to finish.

The five of us, headed by Mr. Fernandes Arbos, who was then concertmeister of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, took the train for Washington in the happiest mood. We arrived there about noontime. From the railway station we went in two cabs to the old Willard Hotel. The viola player had charge of the parts of the string-quartet, and I had charge of the parts of the quintet. After lunch we all dressed and drove to the White House, where we were received by the Grand Master of Ceremonies. The concert was to begin punctually at 3:30.

At 3:15 we were ushered upstairs into a small room behind the East Room, where we were introduced to Mrs. Roosevelt, who spoke to us most graciously for ten minutes. Five minutes later it was time to begin the program, and Mr. Arbos casually said to me, "Gebhard, you have the music of the quintet, n'est ce pas?" I woke up as if from a dream. I looked about. I did not have the music! For a moment I was perturbed, but then I said, "You people go ahead with your Beethoven quartet,—that will take a half hour,—meanwhile I'll fetch the music from the hotel, where I must have left it."

I took a cab to the hotel, looked through our two rooms in every corner, but the quintet was not there! Feverishly I asked where the best music store in Washington was. They mentioned a store near the hotel. I ran there like a wild man. I asked a pleasant clerk if he had the score and parts of the Dvorák Quintette. He looked at me as if I were the "man in the moon". He said, "We haven't it, I never heard of it", but in a friendly spirit he added "How many pieces are you?" I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "How many players and what instruments?" I replied, "Two violins, a viola, a cello and piano.""Oh," said he delightedly, "We have lovely music for that combination—you can have Florodora and The Red Mill."

Like a lunatic I ran out of the store, took a cab, and as a last resort drove to the railway station. Miraculously the colored cabman, who had driven me and the cellist to the hotel three hours before, was there with his cab. Wildly I asked him, "Did you find a portfolio of some kind in your cab when you returned here from the hotel this noon?" In his slow southern Negro twang he said, "Why yes—there it is in my cab." Like a maniac I jumped into his cab, grabbed my portfolio and roared, "To the White House!" I must have looked like a mad anarchist, holding tightly onto my "mysterious" bag, for he eyed me suspiciously, but he drove me. Paying him quickly and generously I rushed into the White House and miraculously arrived in the little anteroom two minutes before they finished their quartet. The day was saved! I played my solos and we played the Quintette. And at the end we were all introduced to Theodore Roosevelt, who was most warm-hearted and charming. But I shall never forget the most excruciating half-hour of my life!

From 1903 till 1918 I was under the concert-management of A. H. Handley. Under him I filled many recital engagements in the "provinces", e.g., most of the important cities and towns of New England, playing before clubs, academies, and colleges.

During those years there was also a lively interest in music among the wealthy and high society of Boston. As I mentioned before, Mr. Loeffler and I had "worked ourselves up" into quite a "team", practising sonatas for violin and piano. We had many beautiful engagements, giving sonata- recitals at some of the most fashionable homes in and around Boston. We played for Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Sears at their grand mansion, corner of Commonwealth Avenue and Arlington Street (now an Officers' Club), for Miss Fanny P. Mason at her lovely residence 211 Commonwealth Avenue, for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lee Higginson at their large and charming apartment, for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird, in the exquisite blue and gold music room at "Endean", their beautiful estate in East Walpole, and for Mrs. Horatio M. Slater at her magnificent Manor House in Readville. We played often at these places with munificent fees. The audiences, between one hundred and one hundred and fifty people, were not only brilliant and highly cultured but for the most part truly musical. It was a joy for Mr. Loeffler and me to give those concerts.

At Mrs. Slater's, besides my performances with Loeffler, I had one remarkable engagement. In 1905 Vincent D'Indy, the great French composer, was in America for several months conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in his Symphony in B flat major and other works (and also other orchestras). Mr. Loeffler, who knew practically all important French musicians, invited him to his place, "Meadowmere Farm", where I met him. D'Indy was extremely gracious to me and highly interested when he heard that I had played his "Mountain Symphony" with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He asked me to play some of it to him, and he was very pleased with the tempi, etc. that I took with Mr. Gericke, Then he showed me some extra points in phrasing and coloring, which I treasured. Mrs. Slater, hearing of this, asked Monsieur D'Indy if he would be willing to have me play with him the "Mountain Symphony" at her home, he playing the orchestra part. He acquiesced, and we performed the splendid work on her two wonderful Concert Grands before a brilliant assembly. A great experience for me.

At Miss Mason's there were a few special musical events. Mr. Loeffler had a great admiration for Mr. Longy's wonderful oboe playing. It certainly was extraordinary. He had a tone of the most poignant beauty, and the most exquisite sense of phrasing. So Mr. Loeffler composed (especially for him) his two highly poetic Rhapsodies for

Oboe, Viola and Piano. Since I played everything of Loeffler's that had a piano part in it, I, of course, learned the Rhapsodies.

I have spoken of Loeffler's wonderful violin playing. He played Viola and Viola d'amore equally beautifully. So at Miss Mason's we were engaged to play the Rhapsodies; Longy doing the oboe, Loeffler the viola and I the piano—a rare musical evening for us. Later we played the Rhapsodies publicly in Boston and New York.

When Maggie Teyte concertized in America and showed the musical world how Debussy should be sung she met Loeffler, who showed her his Four Songs for voice with piano "Timbres oublies", "Les Paons", etc. She liked them tremendously and studied them.

I have never played accompaniments publicly except in my own songs and in Mr. Loeffler's songs. The piano-parts of his songs are really beautiful fantasies interwoven with the voice-part. I was engaged by Miss Mason to play these songs for Miss Teyte at her home. That was another lovely event, playing for such a subtle and unique singer. In the rehearsals I had some fine talks with her about Debussy. She knew him intimately, as she had been trained by him in his songs. Among other things she told me that Debussy (in the performance of his works) did not want any freedom of rhythm where it was not indictated by him. He said "perform my compositions with great variety of color, but put ritardandos only where they are written."

A set of very unique engagements with which Mr. Loeffler had nothing to do were my engagements to play for Miss Amy Lowell. That wonderfully original and fascinating lady was very fond of music and particularly piano music. She had come to some of my recitals and liked my playing. For four years in succession she engaged me five times each winter at my full price, to play a program at "Sevenels", the beautiful old Lowell estate on Heath Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, near the Country Club. But instead of inviting one hundred or one hundred and fifty guests to the music she had just six or seven people present. Carl Engel, that brilliant, highly sophisticated, and charming man, who was then the Editor-in-Chief at the Boston Music Company, was a regular guest. The others varied, but were always extremely interesting people: a poet, a novelist, an architect, a scientist, and a medical man.

We assembled at 8:00 P. M. when we had a luscious "Lucullian" dinner. During dinner I said very little but listened enthralled to the intense conversation, which often centered around the new poetry, the "verse libre". Miss Lowell's sparkling wit and penetrating thought hovered over the electric atmosphere, while her six huge beautiful Shetland Shepheard dogs were lying in a grand circle around the dining-table. At nine o'clock we repaired to the wonderful library containing hundreds of rare volumes, where we all smoked cigarettes, but Miss Lowell her wonderful, large Havana cigars.

At ten we went to the beautiful Louis 16th music-room, where she and the six or seven guests sat in extremely easy and comfortable chairs to listen to the music. Amy Lowell always contended that the conventional concert in a hall was "the most diabolical invention of modern existence". To sit closely packed in a place listening to one piece of music after another, hardly waiting a minute between them, was "utterly unesthetic and soul destroying". So, at "Sevenels", while the choice little company were reclining comfortably, I played my program. But after each piece I had to pause five or six minutes at Miss Lowell's request, to let us "drink in" the music. Sometimes nothing was said, sometimes the piece or the movement was discussed, and once in a while I was asked to repeat the number. In this way I would go thru Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Debussy, DeFalla, etc. I could have played the entire program thru in one hour and twenty minutes. But in this way it lasted from 10:00 P M. till 1:00 o'clock in the morning, at which hour we had a glass of champagne and little sandwiches served to us. It was "making music" in royal style, a la Ludwig of Bavaria! I loved it. I lived in a happy dream.

From 1903 till 1918 in the winter seasons I spent every other week-end with the Loefflers in Medfield. They were both wonderfully friendly and kind to me, and of course they had my admiration and deep affection. I often drove in the country with Mr. Loeffler or hiked through the woods with him, while we discussed music, art, literature, and the "riddles of the universe". Quite often there was some distinguished guest. A number of times it was John Singer Sargent. The great painter's personality was magnetic, big-hearted, and warm. Outside of his profession he had one hobby—music. He played the piano quite well, and loved to play four hand arrangements of orchestral music. So several times I played with him. He had a pleasing touch and was a remarkably good reader, but he used atrocious fingerings. It was amazing how his fingers could glide through intricate passages with his "impossible" fingerings! And he had such a good time doing it. I loved to listen to him discoursing on art with Loeffler. I remember once his saying how important fine workmanship was. He said, "No matter how God-inspired a work is, it has to be a finished art-work in order to last." How true that is.

Pablo Casals, the exquisite cellist, and his wife, the lovely singer (Susan Metcalf) were at "Meadowmere" several times. Povla Frisch visited there for four weeks once, and I saw a lot of her. Marvelous artist, marvelous personality. Together with her and Louis Bailly, the wonderful viola of the Flonzaley Quartette, I did Loeffler's viola songs in New York in Aeolian Hall. The rehearsals were inspiring. They all took place in New York in the house of Mrs. Gustave Schirmer and in the house of Mme. Sidney Lanier, with those delightful ladies present.

When D'Indy was in America, besides playing with him at Mrs. Slater's, I saw a good deal of him at "Meadowmere". He was one of the few Frenchmen who spoke English and German beautifully (though with a French accent.) Mr. Loeffler once asked him why he had studied those two languages and he answered: "I wanted to be able to read Shakespeare, Goethe and Schiller in the originals, and I also wanted to read the original text of Wagner's Music-dramas, so I could understand the subtleties of the music better." Once he and Mr. Loeffler talked about plagiarism, and I remember vividly D'Indy saying: "If a composer uses a series of notes out of somebody else's melody, or uses a few chords from some other composition, I don't call that plagiarism—all the great masters have done that—but if a composer copies the *mood* of another composer, I call that a *steal.*"

When Richard Strauss was here in 1904, conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra and other orchestras of America, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Sears gave a big party and reception in his honor at which I was one of the invited guests. Everybody had been thrilled by his conducting of his own works. But he in turn was thrilled by our orchestra. I heard him say to Mrs. Sears, "I had no idea that you had such an orchestra in America. The precision of the ensemble and the polish of the nuances are marvelous; in fact, in my Till Eulenspiegel they played almost with too much finesse!" Mrs. Sears then enthused to Strauss over the wonderful orchestration of his tone-poems. Strauss with a gracious smile thanked her, but added "After conducting Wagner's Tristan and Ring at the Royal Opera in Berlin for ten years, shouldn't I have learned something about orchestration?" A charming compliment from one Richard to another!

Among the many musical interests Loeffler had, he was always much intrigued by Gregorian Chant. The "Dies Irae" and several other chants are woven into a number of his compositions. During the years 1908-1914 he was especially immersed in the study of Plain Chant. This is a chapter by itself, and I will only record that Loeffler did minute research work in this fascinating branch of music. In his little town of Medfield he assembled a dozen young boys who had a voice and a musical ear, and laboriously taught them about eight or ten beautiful Gregorian Chants, and had them sing these at the Holy Mass Service of the Catholic Church of Medfield every Sunday, he conducting them.

When I spent six weeks in Europe with him in 1911, we lived for a week in a quaint little hotel in Maria Laach (Rhine Province) near the fine old Romanesque Benedictine Monastery, where the monks have preserved Gregorian Chant in its purest form. Through letters of introduction which Mr. Loeffler had, we were most warmly received by the Abbot, and were shown the inside of the monastery, a privilege granted to few outsiders. Every afternoon from 4:00 to 7:00, in the beautiful chapel we heard wonderful singing of the chants by the monks—an unforgettable experience.

In 1914 came the first World War. During those four years Mr. Loeffler and I played ten sonata-recitals for the benefit of the Red Cross, giving our services free, of course. We performed these ten programs at "Meadowmere", in the lovely spacious music-room (the house on the other side of the road). We charged $5.00 a ticket, and were able to get about eighty people (mostly society) to come to each concert. It was a grand pleasure to send about $4000 to the Red Cross.

Shortly after the first World War Mr. Higginson, Mrs. Jack Gardner, and Miss Amy Lowell died. With the passing away of these three wonderful people a remarkably beautiful era of music in Boston passed forever— the period from 1900 till 1918. To me it was a golden era, and I consider myself fortunate that I was privileged to have been a part of it.

The end of the first World War brought about enormous social and economic changes, changes that effected the arts and music terrifically. It seemed as if over night a new music was ushered in. Since then my musical life has still been eventful and full of fine experiences, but lack of space forbids me to go into detail. I will record only the most important ones.

First of all my friendship and artistic collaboration with Harrison Keller, the splendid violinist, pupil of Auer, head of the violin department at the New England Conservatory of Music, and head and founder of the Boston String Quartette. He came back from the war, where he had been leader of a band in our army in France. We became

great friends and played much together. We gave two sonata-recitals in Jordan Hall, playing Brahms, Fauré and Grieg, and also giving first Boston performances of the Pizzetti Sonata, the John Ireland Sonata, and Carl Engel's "Triptych". All three of these works are strikingly original and unduly neglected. For a number of years Harrison and I filled many professional engagements in New England clubs and colleges, under the management of Anita Davis Chase.

Engel's "Triptych" I had played privately quite a bit with Henry Eichheim, who had been a violinist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, had married a most charming and gifted woman and had travelled extensively in the Orient. With him and Carl Engel I had many an interesting evening, going over the Korean, Japanese, Chinese and Balinese melodies which Henry had written down as he had heard them in the East, and which he later incorporated ingeniously into his two Symphonic Poems, that were done by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Philadelphia orchestra and others. Carl, who was always a good friend, was a man of great fascination. In his incredible mixture of extreme fastidiousness and sophistication and ardent enthusiasm he could pour out the finest kind of talk, born of marvelous culture and natural refinement. Later, as is well-known, he became the head of the Music Department at the Congressional Library in Washington, and after that President of the G. Schirmer Music Company in New York. When he invited you to lunch at his home there you found out his only weakness. Like Rossini, he had a most epicurean palate. He loved to eat. He had a chef who served you and him the most "Olympian" dishes, many invented by Carl himself. His sudden death last year has been a great loss to music.

Another great friendship of mine has been that with Miss Mabel Daniels, the brilliant Radcliffe Alumna, and (to my mind) the most important woman composer of America. Added to her great dramatic talent in music, she has a knowledge of how to write for chorus which is uncanny. She knows exactly how to set a chord for women's voices, men's voices, or mixed chorus so it will "sound". Hence the success of all her choral works, particularly "Exultate Deo", which has been performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Harvard and Radcliffe chorus, by the Handel and Haydn Society and by dozens of choral societies in all parts of U.S.A.; also the superb "Song of Jael", which was done at the Worcester Festival two years ago with outstanding success.

I also became a great friend of George Brown, the gifted artistic cellist. He and I gave two cello-sonata-recitals; one at Brown Hall and one at Jordan Hall, playing Brahms, Beethoven, Pizzetti and Kodaly Sonatas (the latter, first time in Boston), and later we also played a number of times in other cities. George, outside of his work as a cellist and very fine cello teacher, is also an excellent conductor. He has conducted the Melrose Symphony Orchestra with great success many years, besides several smaller orchestras.

During this time I went quite a bit into composing. I wrote my Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, which I played with the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall under Mengelberg in 1925. The following year I composed my Divertissement for Piano and Chamber Orchestra (published by E. C. Schirmer) which I performed in 1927 at Jordan Hall with the Boston Chamber Orchestra (eighteen men from the Boston Symphony Orchestra) under the leadership of Nicolas Slonimsky. This piece I also did with them on a tour of ten New England cities.

After this I wrote four songs: "There was a Knight of Bethlehem", "Ballad for Epiphany", "The Flower's Complaint", and "April", which were beautifully sung by Dorothy George at her recital in Jordan Hall, 1928. Three other songs which I composed the next year, "Charm", "The Silver Cloud", and "The Flower-phone" (published by Oliver Ditson Company) were exquisitely sung by Gertrude Ehrhart at her Jordan Hall concert in 1929. I myself played the accompaniments to my songs in both these concerts.

During those years Mr. Felix Fox, whose fine pianistic art I always admired, and I became firm friends. Under the management of Aaron Richmond we filled a number of two piano recital engagements. We spent a summer at the MacDowell Colony, Peterboro, New Hampshire, composing. In 1941 we gave a two-piano concert at the house of Professor Edward Ballantine in Cambridge, for the benefit of the Colony, and realized $500 for the good cause. During this time I also had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mrs. MacDowell, that marvelous lady of eighty-two with the vitality of thirty-two.

Meanwhile a great friendship also grew up between Mr. Sanromá. and myself. Always thrilled and charmed by his electric and musicianly playing, I joined forces with him for five years, doing two-piano work under Aaron Richmond. Three of our engagements were at the Harvard Musical Association, where we had huge success. Our wonderful, ingenious President, Mr. Courtenay Guild, had two big pairs of boxing gloves laid on the pianos, while in his usual witty way he announced that the great Bout between the two champions would begin. The printed programs had the following headings

GRAND BOUT at TWO PIANOS

"John L." Gebhard versus *"Joe L." Sanromá*

Referee: Mr. Courtenay Guild

"John L." on the Mason and Hamlin uses the right uppercut.

"Joe L." on the Steinway uses the left jab.

Boxing Gloves by Courtesy of Wright and Ditson.

In previous years I had played a number of piano recitals for our Association, engaged by Mr. Ernest O. Hiler, the faithful Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. In latter years I was engaged by the highly efficient and delightful Dr. Nathaniel Wood, our present Chairman. It has always been a special delight for me to play for the Harvard Musical Association, this wonderfully sympathetic and enthusiastic assembly of men.

In 1935 I played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky, doing once more D'Indy's "Mountain Symphony"—another great experience.

It has been tremendously interesting and intriguing to feel and to study my sensations playing under the various conductors during all these years: Gericke, who had the most wonderful perfection and polish, but lacked sweep and abandon, Max Fiedler, who had wonderful sweep, but no polish, Dr. Muck, who had both polish and sweep and was superb interpretor of all the great German masters, but was rather at a loss with the Russians and the French, Monteux, who had perfect technique, and was very fine with French music, but lacked something in the other schools, and finally Koussevitzky, who conducts everything, the Classics, Romantics, Modern and Ultra-moderns, all wonderfully, with poetry, passion, and imagination—the true spark of genius. Most "all-around" of conductors.

During these last twenty-five years "ultra-modern" music has come into existence. It has been exciting to watch it suddenly spring up as a sort of rebellion against the over-mellifluousness of the Romantics and the Impressionists. As a pianist, however, it has been amusing to me to see how the new composers have gone to the other extreme "with a vengeance".

The piano in Beethoven's day was a "Hammer Klavier", true instrument of percussion. Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt devoted their lives to making us forget the percussion-side of the piano, and wrote music that brings out the sensuous side, the richness of tone of the piano, aided by a singing touch and an artistic use of the damper-pedal, showing that the piano is really *a harp laid horizontally* and that you get the *natural tone* of the piano when you let it vibrate. Anton Rubinstein, Paderewski, DePachmann, and Gabrilowitsch in their playing brought out that most beautiful side of the piano. Now the ultra-moderns have discarded all this, and have gone back to the percussion-side of the piano. The quick movements of ultra-modern piano music are all written in the "typewriter, sewing-machine style"—notes hammered out staccato and dry without pedal, rhythmically and harmonically engrossing, but in spirit satirical, cynical, and somewhat disillusioned—and sometimes nonsensical.

As for the ultra-modern symphonic music, I feel that in some future day another Bach or Beethoven may appear in our own America, who will have assimilated the best of Shostakovitsch, of Prokofieff, of Hindemith, and give us another B-minor Mass or another Ninth Symphony.

Meanwhile, as I think of the panorama of my music-life here, I feel deeply grateful to the gods that I was granted the happiness of all these fine experiences in our dear old town. It was all wonderful. But what makes almost tears come into my eyes are the years from 1900 to 1918. To me, that era was particularly the "Golden Age of Music" in Boston.

HEINRICH GEBHARD

Mr. William Lyman Johnson, who has maintained a constant interest in the Library and particularly in these bulletins, remarked some time ago to the writer that undoubtedly there were artists now of note who made their first public appearance in Boston at one of our concerts before they had achieved their reputation. Acting upon a suggestion, he willingly went over our collection of programmes, and the following is his report of his survey.

I made out this list of artists who have come into fame after their first public appearance at the H. M. A. The word *public* may not be exactly correct here, but a performance at the H. M. A. *might* be called that.

Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, March 4, 1927. After her appearance at the H. M. A. she gave recitals, one in Jordan Hall, others in different cities, and her artistry in a wide range of songs was recognized.

Egon Petri, pianist, Jan. 15, 1932. He became very successful as a traveling virtuoso.

E. Robert Schmitz, French pianist, Feb. 4, 1921.

Irene Scharrar, pianist, English, Nov. 18, 1927. She played the Grieg concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and gave a recital in Jordan Hall; also, with her cousin, Myra Hess, pianist, recitals in other cities.

Ethel Leginska, pianist, English, Jan. 16, 1914. Her name was Leggins, but as that did not sound artistic it was made into Leginska. I do not blame her for so doing. Her recital was startling in the brilliancy of her playing, and I remember that the speed and the power of the run (not in the leggins) near the end of Ravel's "The Fountain" brought spontaneous and enthusiastic applause. She became a traveling virtuoso, and later became the conductor of the People's Orchestra in Boston.

Emmanuel Feuermann, Dec. 21, 1934. A much lamented cellist of the highest powers in tone, technique, and feeling; he became the highest ranking cellist of the world, higher, in the estimation of many who were authorities on cello-playing, than Piatigorsky. His death a few years ago was lamented by thousands.

Madame Wanda Landowska, Nov. 23, 1923, the most famous of all performers upon the harpsichord. She made her first appearance in America, I think, at the H. M. A.

The Griller Quartet, Feb. 16, 1940. Their playing was memorable. Shortly afterward they played in Jordan Hall, and appreciation by the critics was equal to the appreciation of those who heard them at the H. M. A. They were equally appreciated in other cities, but their tour ended when England called them to arms. [Dr. Wood notes—"Perhaps our greatest quartet"].

On the suggestion of Mr. Johnson an appeal for assistance was made to Dr. Nathaniel K. Wood, the efficient Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. In his usual accommodating and cooperative spirit Dr. Wood added the following names of artists who have appeared at the H. M. A. since he took office in 1932. Not all on this list made their first appearance at the H. M. A. but he thinks that those who did not deserve mention because of their high reputation.

Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, Feb. 21, 1902. Mr. Gebhard needs no explanation.

The Compinsky Trio, first appearance Dec. 6, 1929, and played again Mar. 4, 1932. They are accepted as the finest trio in America.

Jan Smeterlin, pianist, Nov. 14, 1930.

John Goss, English baritone, Jan. 9, 1931. Olin Downes, in the *Times,* wrote of him "We do not remember such an original and interesting program given for a long time in this city."

The Swastika Quartet, Nov. 6, 1931. This quartet was organized by four young musicians of the Philadelphia Orchestra. They made their Boston debut at Jordan Hall the previous evening. Later the name was changed to the Curtis Quartet.

Sadah Shuchari, violinist, April 29, 1932. She was a pupil of Auer, and won the Schubert Memorial Prize in 1928. She had appeared as soloist with several orchestras.

Jacqueline Salomons, a twenty year old French violinist with a tone of singular purity and warmth. Her first Boston appearance was at the H. M. A. Jan. 6, 1933.

Jesus Maria Sanromá. and Heinrich Gebhard in a piano recital, "Music for Two", April 15, 1932. Their first appearance as duo-pianists.

Beatrice Harrison, Mar. 20, 1936, had established, wrote Mr. Ernest Newman of the London *Times,* "her right to be regarded as the best English cellist." She had toured Austria, Hungary, France, Holland, Scandinavia, Russia, and America. After a concert in Warsaw the audience became so jubilant that they seized her carriage, removed the horses, and insisted upon dragging her to her hotel.

The Stradivarius Quartet, the first appearance at the H. M. A. being on Jan. 22, 1937.

Karl Ulrich Schnabel, pianist, first Boston appearance at the H. M. A., Feb. 5, 1937. Son of the distinguished Arthur Schnabel, he had achieved a notable European success.

Zlatko Balokovic, distinguished Yugoslav violinist, Nov. 5, 1937. Graduating from the Conservatory at Zagreb at the age of sixteen, he had toured extensively in Europe, Egypt, Australia, and the United States.

Pierre Luboschutz and Genia Nemenoff, Nov. 26, 1937. Probably the finest duo-piano artists before the American public. They state openly that they owe their success to the appearance at the H. M. A.

Maurice Marechal, French 'cellist, Jan. 28, 1938 (at the annual dinner). His American debut was made in 1926 with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Since the retirement of Pablo Casals from the active concert field few greater 'cellists can be found.

Isaac Stern, violinist, Feb. 10, 1939 (at the annual dinner). Ranks among the most important violinists to be heard today.

Maurice Eisenberg, 'cellist, Feb. 24, 1940 (at the annual dinner). An eminent cellist who lived with Pablo Casals for ten years. Of Russian-Polish parents, he became a naturalized American citizen. He occupies the Pablo Casals chair of 'cello teaching at L'Ecole Normale de Musique de Paris.

Raya Garbousova, 'cellist, Nov. 28, 1941. Without peer among female 'cellists.

Jorge Bolet, Cuban pianist, Mar. 27, 1942. So much enjoyed was his playing at this concert that, by request of many members, he came again, Dec. 23, 1943.

Polyna Stoska, soprano, Nov. 20, 1943. She studied under Mella Sembrich. Among her other engagements were three appearances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Carroll Glenn, violinist, Nov. 3, 1944. In three years she won four major musical awards in open competition, has appeared as soloist with nearly every leading American Symphony Orchestra, and been listed on many celebrity series.

Royen Quitral, coloratura soprano, Jan. 5, 1945. For the past four seasons the leading singer at the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. She will rank as one of the greatest singers we have ever heard.

* * * * *

There has been no successor to the Rev. James Reed as Poet Laureat to the Association. More's the pity, since we must possess poets and a good poem adds much to the enjoyment of an occasion. There are no more of his poems unpublished in the bulletins except one or two short poems on special occasions not important enough, perhaps, for the bulletins. We have on file, however, one poem by Nathan Haskell Dole, read at a dinner. For the dinner in 1929 he composed and read "The Forest Shrine", of which we have no copy, but if he composed and read others at dinners the writer, whose membership covers a lamentable number of years (which statement is no reflection on the Association) has no recollection of them. Mr. Dole's effusion follows, written in the lingo much cherished by him and read at the dinner of 1904.

The subject is the playing of the brass bands of four or five performers, who played on street corners in the hope of financial reward from the nearby houses. Mr. Dole's allusions to their playing possess humor and truth. It may be remembered that Mr. Reed wrote a poem on a similar subject (see Bulletin No. 11).

DER SHERMAN PAND

BY Hans Pickel

Oh vere is vent dot Sherman Pand

Dot used to vake our Subu'bs,

Undt vander spielend tro die Land
        Mit togs' undt schildren's hubbubs?
I sees dem mit mine invard eye
        Mine ear schtill seems to hear 'em—
Dose tones dot rose zo shrill undt high,
        Dose Poys dot used to jeer 'em!
'M-pa-pa-pa='M-pu-pup!
How could dey keep sooch tempo up?

Dere vas der tall Mann mit dem Flute,
        Der short Mann mit der tuba,
Der schtout Mann who vas sure to toot
        His *boo-baboo-ba=boo-ba.*
Dey alvays gaddered auf der lawns,
        Befront die qviet houses:
Denn mit ein outboorst all zu vonse
        Ein blast die Town arouses :—
'M-pa-pa-pa='M-pu-pup!
'Tvas zo dey vaked die subu'bs up.

Not von off all dose Instruments—
        Der Vood-vind or die Brasses,
Die Horns, die . . . Schnakes? . . . No, die *Serpénts*
        Dot shook die vindow-glasses—
Vas effer known to be in tune; ;
        Each blayed its own key schtoutly,
Undt gaused die togs to bay der Moon,
        Vile Parsons schvore dewoutly!
'M-pa-pa-pa='M-pu-pup!
Dey overflowed Wrath's primming cup!

Die Papies schlummring in deir cribs
        Vould vake undt call deir mudders,
Who'd haf zu leaf deir schteaks or ribs
        Undt calm dose shrieks undt shudders.
Der Boet shtriving hard to write
        A sonnet zu his Meestress
Vould haf zu come down from his Height
        Undt plug his ears in deestress.

‘M-pa-pa-pa=’M-pu-pup!
Sooch schtrains yoost preak a Boet up!

Der Vedder made kein Difference;
    In Vind undt Rain dey pellowed;
Deir Zeal vas immer zu intense;
    Kein Schpace deir harshness mellowed!
In Vinter mit deir Kloves dey blayed—
    Or on deir Hands tick Mittens—
Undt denn der Horn undt drumpet brayed,
    Der piccolo mewed like Kittens.
Der tuba all der Time kep’ up: —
‘M-pa-pa-pa=’M-pu-pup!

Venn dey had giv zwei Tunes or zo,
    Round zu der doors dey schcattered
Undt left der Clarinet zu blow
    Some notes vich leetle mattered
For dey vould get some schpotted cash
    From dose long-sovfering neighbors
For Hamburg Schteak or Wurst or Hash
    Zu cheer dem for deir labors;
Undt all der vile der Bass kep’ up
‘M-pa-pa-pa=’M-pu-pup.

But now die City Fat’ers zay
    No Pand goes round die City
Unless peforehand first dey blay
    Zu shuit some pig Gommittee.
Undt venn deir Instruments aindt right,
    Deir schkill aindt qvite sufficient,
Deir hopes of vinning meals dakes flight.
    Ach Gott! der Yudge omniscient!
Midoudt der cash dey can’t keep up
‘M-pa-pa-pa=’M-pu-pup.

Undt zo die subu’bs now is schtill;
    No “Home, Schveet Home” avakes us;
Die Papies schleep yoost as dey vill;

Der Sherman Pand forsakes us;
Dey've found "innoxuous desuetude";
No von I t'inks rekrets 'em
Undt yet howeffer rough and crude
What von of us forgets 'em—
Deir 'M-pa-pa-pa='M-pu-pup
Dot voke die schleepy subu'bs up.

* * * *

Those persons who have heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra under several conductors will consider this or that conductor the "best" according to each person's taste, discrimination, emotional reaction, knowledge and understanding of music and the like. Orchestral conductors vary in many respects—a bromidic remark.

One conductor of our orchestra, however, was widely admitted to be of the "best" in many important respects. That was Wilhelm Gericke. He "made" the orchestra. The influence of his remarkable success in this making, like tradition that Time renders faint, misty, but lasting, filters down the years through changing orchestral personnel and conductors.

To the few among our members who heard the orchestra under Gericke, to those to whom he is merely a name, possibly to those to whom he is not even a nam;e, a few selections from a sympathetic and discriminating article may be of interest. The following extracts, then, are by the pen of John Burk, writing on Gericke in the *Musical Quarterly* for April of this year.

Through the season of 1883-84, Henry Lee Higginson was in Europe looking about for a conductor to take over his three-year-old orchestra the next autumn . . . He knew exactly what he required: a man raised in the best musical tradition of the old world—a conductor solidly equipped and ready to take hold with decision.

Higginson reached Vienna in October. He went to the Opera on his first evening there. Aida was on the bill. "I noticed a conductor with black hair", he wrote later, "whose method of conducting pleased me very much, for his interest and care in his work were striking." This conductor was Wilhelm Gericke. He lost no time in getting an expert opinion on the conductor with the "black hair" (which took the elegant form of an uptwisted mustache and a parted silken beard)…

Gericke, reaching New York and Boston in the autumn of 1884-, was assiduously consulted by the press and asked especially about his musical intentions and preferences. He spoke of having carefully studied the former programs of the orchestra, and said of them in general that the programs in this country seemed longer than necessary. "Having heard a symphony of Beethoven," he said, "the public should not be bothered or troubled with other music." This was a dig at Henschel's typical programs, which disposed of the serious business of the day in the first part and in the second part amused the audience with solo numbers, ballet suites, and the like. "I shall end the program with the symphony, generally," Gericke said. "The public are more elevated if they carry home the impression of a great masterwork than if a musical trifle follows it."

There was nothing trifling about Herr Gericke or his programs, which, true to his word, held their serious level and came to a substantial close…

Gericke's abilities grew on the public week by week. Bostonians became increasingly aware of his entire musical reliability, his just balance and emphasis in the handling of detail, his ability to reveal the beauties of classical music. He was a hard worker who spared no pains and who exacted pains in return from every musician who sat beneath him. The orchestra had no choice but to respect the hand of authority and to accept the new regime of industry and rather rigid domination that went with it. The community, too, had to accept a like severity in the demeanor and programs of the new leader…

He expected (and received) complete silence and attention. "The dark-bearded gentleman in the Prince Albert coat" was a despot whose very glance was a command. A Gericke concert, according to all acounts, could be impressive, brilliant in execution, musically moving. But it was never sensational to the eye or ear. The gestures of the conductor were more correct than demonstrative, more restraining than encouraging, so far as the brass was concerned…

Mr. Gericke has only the improvement of the orchestra in mind," said the periodical *Keynote* in the autumn of his second season, "and he moves forward remorselessly.""Remorselessly" was the word. The axe had fallen, twenty players were dropped, and as many new ones, mostly young men from Central Europe or France, were brought over to take their places. These included a new concertmaster, Franz Kneisel. Kneisel was conspicuously young, like many of the newcomers, very much younger than Bernard Listemann, whom he replaced. The orchestra was being swept of the cobwebs of antique custom and provincialism…

As those of us with long memories will attest, success in conducting can be achieved in other ways than by strenuous arm flinging. The German tradition of the correct, almost motionless leader, exuding a sense of perfect playing perfectly controlled—this became the distinction of the Boston Symphony concerts in the eras of Gericke and Karl Muck…

In September, 1898, Gericke set foot once more upon a New York dock. Neither New York nor Boston had forgotten the leader of nine years before…

Those in the musical current were aware that Gericke was returning to a situation far different from the one he had faced in 1884. There was no longer now a provincial orchestra and audience, but an orchestra at least as expert as the one he had left, and a public seasoned by acquaintance with two not inconsiderable conductors. They had experienced the Hungarian ardors of the romanticist Nikisch and the vigorous onslaughts of Paur. Paur had been insistently up-to-date in his programs…

Gericke faced in October an audience that had grateful memories and lively expectations. He was still spoken of as the "true maker" of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and of the orchestra he had "made" about half were still in the ranks. He had brought a handful of new (and choice) players with him, including the oboist from the Lamoureux Orchestra in Paris—Georges Longy…

Boston continued to be fed a regular diet of Brahms, as it had been in the years of that composer's special friend, Henschel, and of his ardent interpreter, Nikisch. Boston had no choice but to become a Brahms center, which it accordingly did. [This was in marked contrast to the earlier reception of Brahms, as noted by Mr. Dwight—in Bulletin No. 5]…

Gericke said to a reporter that he considered the music of Strauss "very fine indeed," but he made reservations about the later tone poems. "There is too much dissonance . . . You hear too many counter-sounds. It is like three orchestras playing together in different keys. I know that some regard this work as a form of writing. As for me, I say the day may come when we shall accustom ourselves to all that mixture" . . . The orchestra's Pension Fund was instituted at his urging, in 1903…

The Boston Symphony Orchestra had never seemed more completely the creation of one man than on April 28, 1906, when Gericke ended his American career with the tumultuous finale of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the same symphony he had chosen to close his first term in Boston, to begin as well as close his second. Kings and conductors, alas, are quickly forgotten—Karl Muck, succeeding Gericke, would soon be looked upon as if his orchestra were his sole creation; and later still it was to become at least as completely the orchestra of Serge Koussevitzky. The point of view has its justice as well as its inevitability. But in a certain sense the old dusty slogan still holds—"Gericke made the Orchestra".

* * * *

When copy for this bulletin had been assembled, the writer admits—or should he say confesses—to a certain relief at finding it sufficient in volume for the purpose without preparing his own contribution on the Harvard Orchestra. For the research on this subject would have been pushed into the hot and humid if more leisurely summer period. These particular dry bones, as some might designate them, like those of any dessicated, prehistoric animal, will be just as usable at some future if undetermined date.

* * * *

The bulletin preceding this one, issued in October, 1942, included the last accessions to the Library at that date. In the interval to the present issue the writer has rested from these bulletin labors and debated whether he would resume them. The accessions have in the meantime continued. If the list appears long for our Library it is because it stretches over three years.

This list, which follows, contains most of the purchases and gifts since the issue of the last bulletin. The Library acknowledges with gratitude the generosity of donors. An asterisk denotes a member of the Association.

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