

## GALLI-CURCI AGAIN EXCITES NEW YORK IN DONIZETTI RÔLE

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ance was a very excellent one, scenically worthy, with the exception of unsatisfactory lighting in places, while the principals sang stirringly most of the time and the chorus outdid itself in its share.

It was Miss Fitzu's first performance of the rôle in New York. She had won a triumph in it in Chicago. From her first entrance, walking slowly down the long stairway, she imbued the part with appropriate dignity; she was lovely to gaze upon in her white robes and she acted the rôle with variety and understanding of its changing emotions. Her singing gave even greater cause for rejoicing, for it was of the best from the first scene to the last. We have heard Miss Fitzu a number of times, but never before have we been so deeply impressed and thrilled with the sheer beauty of her voice, one of the most beautiful soprano voices of our day. Her upper register is gorgeous and she had opportunity to display it in this music; further, she sang true to pitch throughout the evening. After the third act she had an ovation before the curtain, receiving flowers in the manner of our own Geraldine from admirers who threw them across the footlights.

Miss Lazzari made her first appearance of the season as *Folco's* old grandmother. Her beautiful voice, which was recognized at once last season and which has been earning her new laurels this year, was an important feature of the two acts in which she had to sing. Her song in the first act was deeply felt and in the final scene she again delivered her music with artistic feeling. From a histrionic standpoint she was also worthy of the highest praise. It seems hardly believable that in one year she has made herself so valuable an operatic artist. Mr. Lamont had a fine success as the young falconer and his song in the first act, in which he has to sing against a "Venusberg-Magic Fire" combination in the orchestra, brought him loud acclaim. Difficult music he has to sing, much of it very unvocal, but he overrode it all heroically and achieved splendid results. He has acquired more poise in his manner, and his singing is also warmer than before. In the third act, where he throws garlands at the disrobed *Isabeau* a-horse-back-riding, he was garbed as *Parsifal*. Are we wrong in assuming that it is the clothing of the guileless? Mr. Baklanoff was an excellent king, though the rôle hardly gives him a chance to do what he is capable of.

The other rôles were ably filled by Constantin Nicolay, Auguste Bouilliez (who sang the music of *Faidit* with distinction), Desire Defrère and Vittorio Trevisan. Myrna Sharlow and Irene Pavloska did their parts as *Isabeau's* companions nicely. Under Giuseppe Sturani's bâton the orchestra played rather too loudly when the singers were at work; the acoustics of the house are probably to blame for this. The Intermezzo (The Ride of *Isabeau* Through the City) Mr. Sturani read with much emotional power. As for the music of *Isabeau*, we had almost forgotten it. It is closely related to the less good parts of "Iris"; it is conscious music, unevenly orchestrated, music that is constantly trying to be something and ends up by being nothing. A. W. K.

### MME. ALDA IN ST. PAUL

Prima Donna Wins Acclaim in Appearance with Minneapolis Orchestra

ST. PAUL, MINN., Feb. 7.—The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra bore an unfamiliar aspect last night when it appeared in the Auditorium without Emil Oberhoffer, its founder and continuous director into its sixteenth season. Adolph Weidig wielded the bâton and will continue to do so during the remainder of the month. The change is a temporary one; Mr. Oberhoffer is visiting musical centers of the East for the purpose of hearing different orchestral bodies in their home environments.

Out of compliment to the visiting conductor Mr. Weidig's Symphonic Fantasia, "Semiramis," Op. 33, was played on the program and well enjoyed.

Frances Alda sang Verdi's "Santo di Patria" from "Attila" and Puccini's "Un bel di." In the latter a fine vital quality in the voice was used in the portrayal of a dramatically sensed situation.

F. L. C. B.

## PIANISTS BECOME PRIME MINISTERS— WHAT NEXT? ASKS MR. GODOWSKY

### Distinguished Artist Sees a Change in Lay Attitude Toward the Musician as an Individual of More Universal Interests—Paderewski Ever a Diplomat in the Eyes of His Colleague—How the "Master Classes" Worked Out on the Pacific Coast

"WHO would have thought, a year ago, that a pianist would become the prime minister of a great republic? This is an era of sudden and significant changes. We must expect anything."

It was Leopold Godowsky who made the remark as he divided his moments among his interviewer, his grape fruit and coffee, and intermittent telephone calls.

It was a breakfast interview, for the great pianist had his few days in New York crowded with engagements, and it was only by manipulation that we managed to arrange our appointment for nine-thirty.

The reference to the era of changes came as an answer to my doubt expressed after Mr. Godowsky's statement that the day may come when every man, no matter how high his station in life, no matter how cultured, how well educated he may be, would be compelled by conditions to learn and pursue some trade. We had been discussing the sociological tendencies of the time.

The emperor becomes a private citizen, the virtuoso becomes a prime minister. "And what effect will this exaltation of a Paderewski have upon the lay attitude toward musicians in general?" I asked.

"Obviously it offers an entering wedge for a change of sentiment. Among his colleagues the great Pole has always been admired, particularly for his diplomatic talent. It was no reflection upon him as a virtuoso that we valued particularly his uncommon genius for doing always the tactful thing at the psychological moment. He was indeed a skilful player in the chess game of human affairs. Certain moves would bring certain results—they must be carefully designed to meet impending situations. In such affairs Paderewski was ever brilliant.

"But his appointment to a high place in international matters should react on the whole musical profession. It will show the world that the musician is something more than a mere specialist. He is a student of everyday affairs whose culture, while it may result from intellectual pursuits in one definite groove, does not disqualify him from participation in universal subjects.

"And I am persuaded that this change of public sentiment has been going on for some time. The Paderewski incident provides conspicuous proof of its justification although by itself it would be insignificant. I have noticed in recent conferences that I have had the privilege of enjoying with certain prominent United States Congressmen, that the old-fashioned idea that the musician is merely a troubadour, a roaming minstrel, has passed. I am persuaded furthermore that the legislative attitude toward such a proposal as a national conservatory of music is undergoing a change, and I believe that the project will be realized before many years."

Mr. Godowsky expressed himself with enthusiasm over the outcome of his master piano classes on the Pacific Coast last summer. These classes were given for periods of five weeks in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland, Ore. "They accomplished not only what I anticipated they would but a great deal more," he observed. "Even now I have enough applications from other cities throughout the country to keep me busy all through the year conducting such classes in various cities. Obviously I cannot spare the time to do this. But it is gratifying to me that the plan worked out so successfully. I believe it opens up a promising field for other pianists, violinists and singers.

"Fundamentally, the idea of the master class is to have a limited number of active pupils who come to the sessions pre-



Leopold Godowsky, the Eminent Pianist, Who Predicts That the Governmentally Controlled National Conservatory Will Be Realized in a Few Years

pared to play certain compositions. The playing of these students is criticized analytically for their benefit as well as for the benefit of the unlimited number of 'listening pupils' who attend the sessions. The demonstration is not merely to find flaws, but to point out proper methods, to detail questions of rhythm and style, to elucidate problems of interpretation of technical difficulties.

"How interesting and valuable these classes may become is illustrated by an incident which occurred in one of my Western sessions. The dean of a certain university, a teacher of piano in the music department, desired to enroll as a listening student. As his own collegiate lectures made it impossible for him to attend all of the sessions, he arranged to take in alternate meetings, providing

a substitute for his lectures at the university. At one of our meetings the dean would be present; at the next his substitute attended. That plan worked for one week, after which both professors decided that they couldn't afford to miss the alternate lessons, so they shifted the hour of their lectures at the college and both attended the master classes.

"The master class idea is bound to have a significant reaction on our educational life. If it is properly developed it will obviate all necessity for the wholesale exodus of American musical students to foreign shores, for by the master school system they can bring to their own doors, almost, the world's greatest instructors with all the advantages that would attend study in the big musical centers of Europe." P. K.

### NEW YORKERS BOW AT HEIFETZ SHRINE

Jascha Heifetz, Violinist. Recital, Carnegie Hall, Afternoon, Feb. 8. Accompanist, André Benoist. The Program:

"Devil's Trill," Tartini; "Siciliano," Presto, Bach; Concerto in F Sharp Minor, Ernst; Nocturne in E Flat Major, Chopin; Dances, No. 1 and No. 2, Brahms; Andante Cantabile, Tchaikovsky-Auer; "Souvenir de Moscou," Wieniawski.

"Gracious Heavens, is the house on fire?" queried a nervous lady from Philadelphia at the end of the postponed Heifetz concert. It wasn't; it was only the flying squadron rushing down to the

crowded stage with the intent of tormenting a young, frail-looking lad into giving them more than an already gigantic program called for. It had been played with such a marvelous witchery, with such a sheer perfection of technique as brought the unaccustomed tears to the eyes of those to whom perfect beauty is a thing tragic in its divinity; one might have supposed they would have been content with that. But no. The "Devil's Trill," in its breath-taking brilliance, was not enough; the Bach numbers, unaccompanied, with their silvery tone, their magnificence of conception, were not enough; the Ernst Concerto, which aroused wonder even in those who had heard this young marvel before, was not enough; nor were the smaller numbers that followed, each like a rounded, exquisite pearl in its beauty. Nor could the "Souvenir of Moscow," nor the haunting sweetness of the "Andante Cantabile" satisfy them; encore after encore they forced from that pale boy, until the "Vogel als Prophet" and the lights died away together.

Some people are like that.

C. P.