

AFTER MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS

ON LEOPOLD GODOWSKY.

etc.

By Paul Howard.

To The Members of the International Godowsky Society.

Instalment 7.

Some Letters

My Letter to The Master, 4th. December, 1937.

My Very Dear Mr. Godowsky,

Saturday evening. All afternoon had people here for collective lessons on the Miniatures. More Sunday morning. Dozens come a few at a time, about once a fortnight, some weekly. Many are making remarkable progress. Ages vary from about 7 to 60 years. No charge, delightful and true beauty of expression. Many are coming to realise that fingers can do more than any gives them credit for, that the principal obstacle to beautiful playing is mental. Implant the thought, grow the idea, and fingers will obediently do almost anything. That is, fingers can do almost anything via the Miniatures because they give the student subconscious development and control. Sorry - I did not mean to bring owls to Athens.

Sunday afternoons and some week evenings have visitors to whom I and the children play your works, and I continue to persuade one or two people a week to buy about one set of Miniatures. The work of getting sales on a higher scale thrives and I am gradually getting them to the notice of examining bodies here and abroad, and ere long I believe you will find your works listed by Trinity College and the Associated Board and other examining bodies.

Dear Sister Cecilia, a Good Samaritan nun at Queanbeyan, N.S.W. scores every year with Miniatures. Had a letter from her today that she had pupils playing some Miniatures among the optional pieces again this year, and delighted the examiners. She also gave them a copy of the letter I wrote which good Leonard put in the Courier. I expect you have heard of my other scheme, an International Godowsky Society, and it is thriving. I have been playing your works to most of the visiting musicians, pianists, violinists, string quartettes, orchestra conductors and others. Did d'Abrevanel call on you? He said if he met you he would tell you that I had lunch with him in town and talked of nothing but you for two hours.

Pianists, Paul Ulanowsky (with Lotte Lehmann), most charming boy - perhaps has seen you since - was very greatly impressed and promised to put works I selected for him into his repertoire forthwith. Gimpel (here with Hubermann) was absolutely thrilled with wonder by your compositions. Arthur Rubinstein sat at the side of the piano and watched some movements of your Suite for the Left Hand Alone with amazement, and to many other works of yours I played him. Said he was going to call on you immediately he arrived at New York and tell you of my wonderful sonority of tone and exquisite touch, etc!! I wonder if he did, or just told you something gelid. He seemed very sincere. Whether I have persuaded him to play some of your works I do not know. He is a very charming fellow and I was very much taken with him. He played Miniatures with each of the children, and they played some to him with each other at 2 pianos, and 2 piano works with me, till the small hours.

Some of the movements of the Suite for the Left Hand Alone are now mature under continual playing so that I can do almost anything with them.

Studying a work, getting it note perfect, and having it thoroughly memorized is only half the game. It takes long acquaintance after that, at any rate with me, to be able to live it, and play it beautifully,

looking right into some artist's eye the while, and driving it home to him note by note. Of course I am not completely successful with everyone. Stupid old dolt ----- for instance, and the ----chaps. Despite their beautiful work, they are far from attractive personally and though I entertained them royally and amiably till the small hours and motored them back to their lodgings, I hope not ever to meet them personally again. They are individually and collectively the "compleat" pig. So opinionated, narrow-minded, materialistic, and in some respects, very ignorant. Still, we cannot have everything and must count our blessings.

Leonard told me of your new enterprise. You will do incalculable good to music and I hope your health is holding good.

Dear old Austin has his limitations and in a letter complaining of the brevity of my communications, disagreed with me on a point or two about you, so I put on knuckle dusters and sent him a letter that, as I told Liebling, left no room for complaint as to length or punch. He answered in 4 columns of the daily paper and I enclose a reprint.

Of course he omits a whole lot that I said of he would not have been able to answer at all. The article, despite some points, nevertheless is very helpful and I am improving him.

You did not tell me whether you received a parcel of pictures of the children I sent you about six or nine months ago. Please tell me whether you got them, if in the maelstrom of your activities you can find time to write me.

I achieved a suavity and command of the first and second beautiful Poems much earlier than the third, Adoration, which I constantly play to people but which still needs more maturing. And there are other works of yours that I delight working at to add to my repertoire. You may guess I have enough to do with always acquiring some new work, and always keeping other works in hand by occasional revivals, such as the Walzermasken, the two Concert Studies, E flat and C major. You never answered my question as to whether the 3rd. Concert Study was published. This week revived the Barcarolle-Valse. It is most wonderful work, and it was, I think, the first one of yours that I came across by chance (about 1908) and which made such a profound first impression that I knew then in a flash what you would become, which is what you have become.

Do you know I have not got a picture of you? I have to be content with little cuttings out of magazines and newspapers. I asked Francis Cooke to get a print of the picture which appeared in the Etude for me, but he said he had only one, affectionately inscribed to him by you, and he would tear his heart out if necessary but would not go so far as to part with that picture.

Everyone can get a picture of you but me. It is sad to have a god who does not love you enough to give you a picture of himself, when you beg for one so many times. This I think is the hundredth time, is it not?

I obtained from Allans all that batch of works you published recently and I afterwards read of in Musical America. They are most charming, the 18th Century Airs, the Schubert Highland Cradle Song, and others. Also I obtained the two-hand arrangement of the Minuet and Gigue from the

Suite for the Left Hand Alone. Most wonderful they are, full of exquisite devices, but I am not learning them because I have the original left hand composition in my system and cannot think of them in the other idiom.

To get this to you before the festive season I will send it by air mail, and with the most affectionate embraces from each member of the family, particularly Mary, Peter, Paul II, and

Your most devoted,

(Sgd). Paul I.

P.S. Do you live alone in the Riverside suite? I hope you have some congenial companionship to look after you. Do you keep a valet? Or some wretch who steals your loose change? Who tickles your nose with a feather to wake you? When I wake I open one eye and look at the ceiling to see if it is standing still or going round and round. In the latter case I shut eye again and try later.

oOo

Going back a little further, 20th. October, 1933, Mountain digs up this one.

My Dear Mr. Godowsky,

No doubt you have received <sup>my</sup> two recent letters - copies of letters to Mr. Fischer. Since then I have been through the Miniatures with friends and children. My daughter Mary, aged 10, who has been working at the first three books, played the first Ancient Dance with me at sight with scarcely a fault. With loving side glance she said, "But how beautiful, isn't it?" She did very well with the second one and others. She has an instinctive comprehension of the Rit., of Nuance, and the delicacy of a well considered and fitting a tempo - she does not have to be taught.

Next morning - she is a very temperamental child - she had a bad leg, she was ill, she could not go to school, and she stuck in bed. I went to the music room about 9 o'clock, 75 feet further down the passage, and began very softly to play the lower part of the Ancient Dance; I did not think it would be audible outside the room, when like a cyclone, down the passage flew Mary, sat herself beside me, with saucy chin well up, loving smile and moist eye, very daintily staccato and pp. <sup>t</sup> picked out her primo notes scarcely looking at the copy. I think she must have been thinking of it all night. She said, "I do not know how Mr. Godowsky can think of so many beautiful things." Ten minutes later she was off to school blythe and gay. What a tonic. Mary will now go fast and far, for these Miniatures have made her madly love music and love overcomes all obstacles. As Thomas a Kempis has it (Chapter 5, Ex.4):

"Love feels no burthen, thinks nothing of trouble,  
would willingly do more than it can; complains not  
of impossibility, because it conceives that it may  
and can do all things.

It is able, therefore, to do anything, and it performs  
and effects many things, where he that loves not,  
faints and lies down.

Love watch<sup>e</sup> and sleeping, slumbers not.

When weary, is not tired; when straitened, is not  
constrained; when alarmed, is not disturbed; but  
like a lively flame, and a torch all on fire, it  
mounts upwards, and se<sup>e</sup>verely passes through all  
opposition."

A young <sup>e</sup>cathedral organist, one Kenihan, Herman and Bill Metz and others will be with me next Sunday, (today is Friday) and will each in turn play through the Miniatures. Last Sunday some visitors, Hugo Bauer and Jack Lovell, played through the seven Modern and Ancient Dances and many of the Miscellaneous. It was an afternoon and evening of exquisite, in fact sensational pleasure. The surpassing beauty of these themes and their treatment bring an elation which nothing else in life gives.

I have on the piano a little picture of you standing with Josef Hofmann at his home. You wear a somewhat sarcastic though kind little smile. Frequently as I play I look at you there and know what you think about it and start to work more exactly. The little picture seems to link you to me and tell me just what you would say of my playing and interpretation of your works. It is a great and valuable check.

I hav<sup>e</sup> done a lot of work already at the Passacaglia. This does not seem to me like the creation of man at all, it is inspired, and that is not forgetting that I have an intimate acquaintance with all the great master works from Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, Liszt, Busoni, Medtner and all the others - no greater monument to the memory of Schubert is possible. Of all the countless pages composed since the dawn of music, your Passacaglia and 44 Variations is the apotheosis.

With affectionate regards,

(Sgd). Paul Howard.

A P.S. to a <sup>L</sup>etter to the Master 27th. April, 1934

"Mary has done nearly all the Miniatures. When she came to "The Scholar" one of the most difficult of the Miscellaneous, she was more thrilled than ever, and took to its polyphony like a duck to water. She is learning the lower part of several of the Miniatures now and learning very assiduously the delicate use of the pedal. She is very capable of hard work, and while I teach her it is she who constantly says "again from the top page", "that measure again please Dad", "again please will you", "from the third beat" - "oh sorry - again". Without me she works just the same. You would love that little one if you knew her, she is so full of life, gaiety, and tears of vexation sometimes. You ought to see her get wild and wallop into a passage she cannot manage. I do not

think she has ever stopped speaking once since she was born except while she is playing, and then she stops every now and then to throw her arms fervently around my neck and early chokes me. Really, "the Count giving Rosina a music lesson is nothing to me giving Mary one."

oOo

Letter from Godowsky, 2/5/33.

Hotel Martinex,  
CANNES.

Dear Mr. Howard,

It gave me great pleasure to receive your kind letter of March 6th. Each letter of yours travels half around the world before it reaches me finally. I welcome it like a rare friend coming from a great distance.

I see by your letter that you have received my left hand pieces only. The same six compositions have two hand versions which I find vastly superior. The version for two hands of the Suite is still in manuscript. I have quite a number of works for the left hand and both hands still unpublished. Please let me know whether Schirmers failed to send the same pieces for both hands.

Have you the six Waltz-Poems for the left hand published by <sup>F</sup>fischer? Three of them are for both hands also. And have you my four poems for both hands? They are the quintessence of my lyric muse, while deep tragedy is the keynote of my Passacaglia (44 Variations, Cadenza and Fugue). Were my Miniatures for four hands sent to you by Fischer? They comprise three Suites, seven ancient and seven modern dances, and twenty miscellaneous works. If you like the works of mine in your possession, I am certain that you will be interested in my compositions just mentioned to you. My compositions have such a personal idiom, involved inner voices, complicated contrapuntal and polyrhythmic devices, sonorities of a new kind, that the hoi polloi of pianists keep away from them.

They are too indolent mentally and physically to make the supreme effort. It was not my intention to be involved. The technical side of music, though it interests me, is not the one to attract me at the expense of the emotional. I am convinced that emotion is the prime requisite of art, though it must be tempered by knowledge and intelligence. I have never written a note that I did not feel. My music is my self divulged through sound...

I received all the pictures and letters you kindly sent me in New York. During that time a terrible tragedy happened to me and I was too upset to think of anything. Fate is cruel to me: I experience one misfortune after another.

I hope that you and yours are well and happy.

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd). Leopold Godowsky

16th. June, 1933.

My dear Mr. Godowsky,

So many thanks for your letter from Cannes. It is an epistle to Paul of historic interest and importance. I humbly add my endorsement as to emotion as the saving grace of art, and your work exemplifies and proves the contention. Your Capriccio Patetico is a wonderful creation. I have now reached the stage, after much work, that its tones travel with me, phrases of it constantly pass by with the sweeping fullness and colour of a great orchestra. That's it, colour is what you have achieved through your constant penetration of previously unplumbed thought, affording surprise after surprise and beauth and deeper beauty, and these tones find their billet and give hearers a deeper and fuller consciousness, revealing to them their possession of unsuspected depths, and they are better for it...

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...All these works must be studied with great concentration, calmly and unhurriedly, (hence many works can be studied at the same time and kept in rotation)/so that your most careful and illuminating fingering indications can be habituated. Your fingerings, if carefully observed and acquired, cause even subconscious playing almost automatically to illumine the many voices, resulting in life-giving inner sparkle. I stand agape with amazement at my deduction from the dates and locations at the foot of each movement of the Suite for Left Hand that you composed, wrote and polished the Immortal Minuet in two days. If you reply that you did it in two hours I will turn up my toes. I couldn't have done such a thing in 200 years. I have several of your gramophone records. Have you made records of any of your own work? If not, I hope you will. It should be done. Your health is, I hope, improving.

Yours most sincerely,

(Sgd). Paul Howard.

oOo

270 Riverside Drive (Apt. 104)

New York City.

September, 1936

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY

Dear Mr Howard:

Please forgive my long delay in writing to you. Your devotion and fanatic interest you show for my works should and does find my profound appreciation and gratitude. To write you is a labour of love for me. But, unfortunately, I was not well and in a deplorable state of mind. The world conditions and my philosophy of life are so disturbingly gloomy that I find not the slightest joy in living and am apathetic. Whatever I do I do it from a strong sense of duty and an irresistible urge for perfection. And so I am revising, editing, correcting and improving all my compositions at

Schirmer's and Fischer's. It is a big task, having so many works published there. I am not in touch with my German publishers (Schlesinger, Craz, Hofmeister, etc) owing to the political situation. Nor am I given any royalties from the sale of my works. At Schlesinger's I have about one hundred numbers from which I get no royalty whatsoever. From every angle my deep depression is more than justified; from every standpoint my unhappiness is a reflection of past sorrows and tragic events of my life...

I cannot express to you adequately how intensely grateful I am to you for your so utterly unselfish and idealistic interest in my compositions. You are the only one who demonstrates actively by getting results from your enthusiasm. I have numerous friends who believe firmly in my pianistic mission, yet fail to help in a practical way to widen the sphere of my life-work. You are the most successful, persistent, indomitable and efficient propagandist of your dogma. Had I other Howards in all the civilized countries of the world, my works would spread like wild-fire.

I am having some new compositions published at Fischer's and Schirmer's. It will take some time before they will be out. I shall send them to you without delay. By this mail I am posting to you my own copy of "Wein, Weib und Gesang" paraphrase. I hope you will enjoy the piece. Leonard sent me your two letters to him, dated May 15th and June 16th. I shall endeavour to answer all your questions put to him.

Skolovsky is a big, healthy, good-looking and sympathetic youth of twenty. He is straightforward, pleasant, unsophisticated, natural and serious. He is an earnest student, with good fingers, adequate mind and unperturbed heart, though not heartless. He lacks sensitiveness and a finer feeling for nuances within nuances. And his playing expresses his personality. He played my L.H. Suite without the music and fairly accurate, though its musical content was far from being exhausted. This composition is not a piece for display, although I have written it for the left hand alone - it is a deeply felt expression coming from within me. Skolovsky is a piano graduate of the Curtis Institute.

I have written five Concert Paraphrases on five Johan Strauss Waltzes; "Wein, Weib und Gesang" is the third of the series; the other two are still unpublished. The fifth of the paraphrases is my most ambitious work for the left hand alone, not excluding my Prelude and Fugue. It is now in the hands of Schirmer's engraver.

Shostakovitch, like all Soviet composers, is published by the Soviet Government. His music is unbearably ugly and meaningless to me. I met him last year in Russia and found him as insipid as his music - though he is seemingly modest and timid, his music is incredibly impudent.

I know Medtner over twenty years. I consider his compositions very unequal. He has at times very fine ideas and some of his works are surprisingly good in spots, but he lacks the right feeling for piano sonority. He is verbose, unsensuous, unspiritual. He has no humour - he takes himself too seriously. As a man he is like his music. He is naive and most provincial.

Isidor Philipp is a most lovable individual; intelligent, alert, spiritual, witty, kind and tolerant. He wrote innumerable exercises and studies. I do now believe in mechanical devices. His address is:  
24 Place Malesherbes, Paris.



Yes, I have many very interesting ideas to complete my Miniatures. From 46 they would grow to over hundred. Every form and all that would need to be known about music would be found in the Miniatures.

Though my reception in Soviet Russia was very hearty and cordial, I felt during my last year's visit there the lack of individual freedom to a painful degree. The living conditions were unpleasant. The Music Festival at Leningrad which lasted from the first to the eleventh of June was very mediocre.

I believe that the general conditions are considerably better now. I could tell much about this social, economic and political laboratory of the world, but it would take pages.

I send you and all the members of your genial family my most affectionate regards.

Your friend,

(Sgd). Leopold Godowsky.

30th. October, 1936

My Dear Mr. Godowsky,

A thousand thanks for your letter containing so much that I wanted, so eloquent, illuminating and authoritative. You can give much wealth of information, light and help in so few words. You are as wonderful in word as in tone if that be possible. You quite over-rate my virtues. Think what a joy it is to have a mission in life, such a mission and such a reason for it. Words are a poor medium to say how much I feel for you in your sorrow at the state of everything. I know the thousands of things that contribute to the gloom you feel. All these beautiful places in the world where you have composed so many of your great works, here, there, and everywhere, now scenes of carnage or potential carnage. It is all too horrible to think of, that way is unhealthy. Try to be entirely absorbed in your important and beloved work, that will help you. Your labours are the antithesis of evil, and the more you do, the greater will be the ever-widening circle of your good influence.

My children's lives, and all our lives, are infinitely happier than they would be had not your Miniatures come to them. And so with thousands of others. The thought of 100 Miniatures is like a dream of heaven. You must throw yourself into the frame of mind, relax into it, and find happiness in the task of doing them, for the sake of those you love and have loved, and the many who love you so much.

There is sunshine yet, and we shall presently have better things. If you allow things over which you have no control to keep you sad, you will wrong yourself and withhold too much good from the world. So cheer up, dear Popsy, because there are so many including myself who think of you so frequently every day, and would gladly be with you constantly. Recall the glorious episodes of your life - you have had a wonderful time - and live on them. The records of your progress from boyhood read like a fairy tale come true.

I am most grateful for the copy of Wein, Weib, und Gesang, and so generous of you to send your own copy. The charm and devices you have packed into it have entirely captivated me so that I cannot leave it alone. At Christmas we go away to a distant seaside place for 2 or 3 weeks. While the others amuse themselves I shall finish learning that work, and do nothing but the cooking and practising Wein, Weib und Gesang all the rest of the time. On holiday I allow my wife to do nothing at all but enjoy herself...

...The children, Peter, Mary and Paul, play the Primos of all your Miniatures and many of the Secondos, and they turn about playing quite a number of the works together and find endless comradeship. They each send you the most affectionate messages, and my wife and I send you every kind wish and remember you in our prayers.

Affectionately,

(Sgs). Paul Howard.

The reason the Master sometimes delayed answering letters is revealed by the following from Dr. Hinderer which came last week, December 1945.

The American Guild of Music Teachers, Inc.

(Co-operative - Nonprofit)

Minneapolis Studio

St. Paul Studio

Est. 1926

J. G. HINDERER

Founder and Hon. President.

609 St. Paul Bldg,  
St. Paul, Minn. Sept. 16, 1945

Mr. Paul Howard,  
Box 919, G.P.O.  
ADELAIDE. S.A.

Dear Howard,

Your welcome letter and inclosures received some time ago. I meant to answer sooner but am getting to be as poor a correspondent as was dear old Popsy. And you know from experience what a long time it took him to answer your letters.

Each summer I arrived at the Maestro's home, I would find a stack of unanswered correspondence on a spindle a foot high. Many letters as I went through them (I did much secretarial work for him) no longer needed answering as Popsy had perhaps seen their authors in the meantime and had given them oral replies. When I inquired about one of these, he would say: "Oh, I saw him; no need to bother about that." And with a grin, "you see, if you wait long enough you won't need to write an

answer." That, however, was no good with old friends like Paul Howard, so I always managed during the summers I was with the Maestro, to pin him down to dictating as many replies a day as possible, usually while he was propped up in bed, resting and wooing sleep for his afternoon nap. That is how your last note from him came to be written. When I saw your long unanswered letter I said: "Now Maestro, that one we must answer right away, and enclose an autographed photograph." "Yz, ya," he replied guiltily, "that we will do. You pick some photos and I'll select one to autograph." This I did, and after lunch, to my surprise and pleasure, he selected a number as you know - and autographed them all. That was typical of him. When he did a thing he was very biblical: "What they hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And that was the way with everything he did, which explains why he didn't always do all that he planned. He was so thorough there simply wasn't time for everything.

After your letter and pictures had been neatly packed, Popsy said: "When you go to the post office send them by air mail so Howard will get them as soon as possible." Later in the day after his little sleep, the first thing he said to me was, "Did you mail Howard's letter?" To which I replied that I had. "How much was the air mail?" he then inquired, taking out his purse. "Good friends, you know must keep good accounts." "I didn't send it by air mail," I <sup>quickly</sup> informed him. "What!!!?? said the Maestro, "why didn't you do it?" "A large first class air mail package like that costs \$26.00 to Australia," I said. "Howard won't mind waiting a few weeks longer for his answer when he sees what is in the package." "Twenty six dollars to Australia!! Phew!" mused Popsy, and that is the whole story about your pictures and last letter from him. (I have this story polished up a bit in my Godowsky book.)

Yes, that Swan transcription is a tough one to memorise, as I too can testify. I had a pupil learn and play it for a recital a number of years ago, and it took her some time to get the notes into her fingers and memory.

I havn't seen Leonard Saxe or Maurice Aronson for over four years now. Travel conditions since the war have been so bad I stayed home, and used my vacations composing and working on my book on Godowsky. I was with the Maestro on numerous tours and vacations as his secretary and companion over a period of twenty years and was a member of three of his Master Classes and I also studied privately with him. During those periods of association I kept copious stenographic notes on all he said in the classes and conversations on music - a bewildering mass of information that I am gradually working into a co-related whole. The Maestro knew I was collecting data for a book about his teaching and often related interesting details saying, as he saw me taking notes, "Ah, that's something you can use in your book."

My work will be mostly about his teaching, compositions, and ideas about music, but will also contain many Godowsky stories and jokes. The Maestro was a great wit and I have most of the Godowsky stories. The book won't be a biography as I don't want to compete with Leonard or Maurice who are writing biographies. Aronson has finished his work but the last time I talked to Leonard he had finished only the first volume - to 1900, the year of Godowsky's famous Berlin debut. He let me read it to check any discrepancies I might find. Leonard is a lawyer and has painstakingly collected all his records and talked with everyone he could find who knew his uncle in his early years. He has made a hobby of the work and it will be one of the finest source books of information about the Maestro.

*7.e ? or HE*

My book will consist of twenty-seven chapters, each covering a separate subject or phase of the Maestro's teaching - Fingering, Pedaling, Dynamics, Mechanics, Interpretation, Agogics, etc.

Though I kept my stenographic notes chronologically - all verbatim information - I found such a scheme would not work well for a book as it would lack continuity. It would be too rambling and too long like this letter is getting to be. My work, which I haven't yet named, will be more boiled down and crammed with meaty information. I am writing it in the packed style you see in my Yat-Sun pamphlet to keep it from becoming too bulky... That is the only way I know how to write. It is the result of six years of newspaper experiences on the Associated Press years ago when I was preparing myself for music.

Have you heard David Saperton's records of Godowsky's version of the Albeniz "Triana", and Strauss "Kunsterleben Waltzes?" They are 12 inch discs numbered M.796-13664 and DM. 796-13666, and cost \$2.50 for the book. David gives a fine performance of these difficult works. He, by the way, plays all the major Godowsky compositions. Saperton was Godowsky's son-in-law, and formerly with Josef Hofmann (for many years) at the Curtis Institute.

Well, Howard, I am going to try to redeem myself the way Popsy did by <sup>enclosing</sup> a few autographed pictures, several of myself and a few of the Maestro. Some of the <sup>latter</sup> I plan to use in my book on his teaching. You mentioned you would like one of me so I am including one for you and your delightful family, and one especially for Peter who sent such a nice one of himself.

How about sending me an autographed picture of yourself and your family too?

The pamphlet is an old story now that the Japs are defeated. They flooded this country with lying propaganda about the Chinese, and I did my ~~low~~ cents worth trying to show what liars they are.

I hope I have atoned for my long silence and that I am forgiven. With all my best regards to you and your family.

Most sincerely yours,

(Sgd). John G. Hinderer.

oOo

(No, I haven't heard David's records, importation still being taboo, and no one sent them to me as a charity, not even David, the brute. P.H.)

I have hundreds of letters to select from, but the above will do for this instalment. In a later one I will include one from Ackley-Brower who sent a wealth of information which I pounced on with avidity, and wrote him at length. After that he went dumb and I can't get another word.

I will later include a photographic copy of some of the Master's letters - they are all written in his beautiful emphatic hand, so precisely completing each letter and word, a thoroughness evident in all

his compositions. The letter from him included above occupied 6 pages, or I would have photographed that, but I have to restrict as far as I can the paper and other materials on this job; its costly.

Instalment 8 will be about the Java Suite, and Suite for the <sup>©</sup>Lift Hand Alone, and a letter answering Gray-Fisk's question: "Is Godowsky Box Office?" No. 9 will be more correspondence.

You will, dear Member, ere this, have received Instalments up to No. 6 on the Walzermasken, and have read them, I hope.

Maurice Aronson on receiving my Walzermasken notes in '42 said he too had written on them, and was amused to observe how they could be approached from so different an angle. He promised to send me his, but didn't. But that's nothing, he also promised to send a copy of his new prodigious work on technique, etc., but it didn't arrive. Perhaps Father Neptune is learning to play the Piano from it.

If no one writes me nice acknowledgements, I'll stop and jump in the lake.

Very sincerely,

Paul Howard.