

After Midnight Thoughts on Leopold Godowsky, etc. By Paul Howard.To The Members of The International Godowsky SocietyThursday, 7th, March, 1946

Dear Apostle,

Many thanks for wonderful evening last night. No need to say how much we all enjoyed it. The Pavane (Ravel), and the Balakirew (Au Jardin) were inexpressible beautiful - they open windows in the soul that otherwise remain closed. Your and Mary's Impromptu - "Days of Yore", (Godowsky's Miniatures) can't be described.

Sorry that duty calls me tonight. But I have collected here some letters which you might use for Instalment 9. I think they are among the best of your letters - and stress important points - (and are co-related, e.g. Pavia, Austin), and you can intersperse with comments.

I have been working on the 4 Poems which could be Instalment 10; eh? Hope you will be able to get me that copy of letter to Leonard re. 4th Poem. Another Instalment we can get up is "The Story of Delia Portham" "Lavender and Old Lace" - not Arsenic. (Although I think we had better do "Transcendentalizations" No. 11. abd No. 12 be Delia Portham and Rose Widder?).

Till next Thursday then, God bless you.

(Sgd). Mountain.

P.S. Some parts of the letters I have queried. You may or may not wish to omet these parts.

(If it weren't for Mountain nothing would get done. Mohammed - that's me)

Instalment 9.

Many Letters - some blisters.  
Supplement re. Wrong Addresses.

Dr. Clarence Adler to Paul Howard.

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

My dear Paul Howard,

Perhaps I appear to an ungrateful wretch in your eyes, for not writing to you sooner, for your letters have given me an unlimited amount of pleasure. Though we are separated by many thousands of miles, and though I may never have the pleasure of meeting you or your family face to face, I feel that there exists a communion between us and that I know you very well.

We both have the same devotion and humility to the great master Leopold God<sup>o</sup>w<sup>o</sup>ski, but you do more about it. You have my greatest admiration and respect for the marvellous work you are so unselfishly carrying on. I am amazed at your energy and cannot understand that you can find the strength to do it all. 2

Godowski constantly sought contact with the unknown and he most assuredly believed in an after life. Godowski was born a Jew and remained one as long as he lived, though he was not a firm believer in rituals. He carried his religion in the house in which he lived and the milk of human kindness never flowed more abundantly through anyone than it did thru him. I am also a Jew but the essence of my religion which I try to live up to is, do unto others as you would have done unto you. A number of my most devoted friends are devout Catholics. I sent my sister to a catholic school for a number of years. While I was a boy one of my dearest friends was Father Mackay (Cincinnati, Ohio). I used to visit him very often at the cathedral and he was responsible for my interest in the organ. The influence which Father Mackay exerted on me was very helpful and lasting; I feel it today. I knew Cardinal Hayes quite well and he was a wonderful man.

Regarding your friend Rosa Widder of Cleveland, I only know of her. She heard my pupil Marilyn Mayer a year or so and was very enthusiastic about her playing.

I am not very far, as yet, with the broadcasting of the entire works of Godowski. It is a terrific undertaking and not easy to interest artists in this work. I will not give up, but some day I hope to be able to write you that the work has begun.

Last Thursday evening I played Mozart's Concerto in C Minor with orchestra and used the Godowski cadenzas. At one of the rehearsals the conductor tried to persuade me not to use this number as he thought it was out of the frame of the Mozart style. Just to please the conductor I looked through the Beinicke Cadenza, but it was too insipid. I cannot stomach it after knowing Godowski. Do you happen to play this particular number?

I would love to hear you play - will that ever happen? Would it be possible for you to visit the U.S.A. sometime?

You ask about Godowski's version of the "Invitation to the Weber Waltz". I have played the



version for two pianos and three pianos in public, and played it for him hour after hour under his battalion of damaging criticism. He was finally delighted with it. As far as ensemble is concerned, it is one of the most trying things I have ever played.

I want to thank you for your photographs of yourself and your beautiful and charming family. I wish I could peep in on you and share some of that happiness. As soon as I get some photographs of my wife and boy I will send them on. I have not been married as long as you. I believe you have a five year edge on me, but on april 25, 1941, we will celebrate our twenty-fifth anniversary. To give you an idea of how well my wife looks she gets frightfully insulted if anyone thinks that she is over twenty-eight.

Our boy is nineteen and is now home from college, spending his vacation with us. He is doing exceptionally well at school and has the highest average of anyone in his grade, and there are eight hundred and fifty boys in the same class. He is very handsome and likes the girls, in turn they reciprocate. He was very much impressed with Mary's picture, and he said he wished he had an aeroplane.

Perhaps you would like to know a little bit of what I am doing? I am teaching a class of very gifted and promising pupils. I have been broadcasting every Sunday evening (sonata for piano and violin) since October, and will continue during the winter. So far I have played all the Brahms Sonatas, Richard Strauss, César Franck, Grieg, and all Beethoven's.

This keeps me busy with the amount of teaching I have to do. It is hard for me to find time to practise, but the practicing and playing keep me from becoming a piano drudge.

Mrs. Adler and Richard join me in wishing you, your soul mate and your various opuses the best of health, happiness and prosperity in the coming year and for many more years. Believe me,

Faithfully yours,

(Sgd). Clarence Adler.

oOo

Here is a letter I wrote concerning the disadvantages of broadcasting, etc., and some hints on pedaling.

1st. March, 1940

Dearest Louis, (L.G. Austin, alias Louis XIX)

Re. playing for A.B.C. - a few years ago when the A.B.C. wrote asking me to play again, I declined. My previous experience had been unpleasant. Small piano without sufficient range of tone, etc., and the way the stuff goes over is to my mind not attractive. Only a 9 ft. grand of the very best kind, and in a condition of absolute perfection is adequate for perfect playing.

It would be worse with the works I play now and the subtleties I have developed, because none of that could go over.

Further than this, their craven fear of displeasing the low taste of so many listeners impells them to allow the pianist 10 minutes, which they call a "recital", when they interpose some disgusting rubbish for a few minutes, when the pianist gives another "recital" of 10 minutes. This is not only degrading to the artist, but degrading to the art and to the station, which means death to any effort to educate the public. It is the same with the A.B.C. in all the States.

Then what is the good? The public does not want perfection. You must not try to make them attentive and thoughtful, to appreciate the beautiful, the exquisite, "to listen to the song of the new voice in music"- (Schwerke). They want a dial twirler's holiday, the sensationalism of the concerto with orchestra, the same old tit-bits played faster and faster, (to the music of the frying pan and the canary), in fact they want to go to the trots, musical trots, just that and nothing more.

Then again the shop window does not attract me; the public exhibition with the spruiker in the newspaper and the billboards is abhorrent. Music played for sale must please the buyer. 2,

Home or the large room is the place for sublime beauty, not the market place. And the large room or the home is the only place where the full value of tone subtleties can be heard. There are no instruments large enough for colour and warmth in upper registers to develop and show their charm in a big hall. Few, if any, have the acoustics.

My 6 ft. Lipp, I have two in my music room 25 th. square, gives perfection of tone, colour, warmth, but would sound like a banjo in the Town Hall. And all the difference between a 6 ft. and a 9 ft. is not much compared with the size of the chamber. But America has some miracle auditoriums for piano recital, miracles acoustically and in sumptuousness.

Re. pianos, even when one is good to start with, it is almost impossible to keep it good, because there is not enough work of the sort demanded to keep in Australia a number of men capable of the fine and exact adjustments.

The pressure of the sustaining pedal must send the dampers up with a precision only known to the most delicate scientific instruments, just as though the whole row of dampers were made of one piece.

Use your foot on the pedal and watch the dampers and you will see they rise irregularly, usually with shocking inaccuracy. Then there must be no lost motion. The touch of the foot on the pedal without any pressure must make a perceptible tremor on the wood top of the damper felts.

The slightest pressure of the foot must raise the wood, but the felts, if they are really the felts they should be, are expansive, and you could send the wood up a 64th. and the felts expand but do not leave the string.

A sharp touch on a note instead of being stacatto, then has a slight warmth, an after tone of perhaps half a second, the slightest additional pressure of the foot raises the weight of the wood a fraction



more, and a sharp touch on a note, leaves an after tone of say a second.

And so you continue to increase the after tone till it is two or more seconds long and then trails into silence.

Still the dampers have not left the strings.

A little more pressure and there is perhaps room between the dampers and the strings for a sheet of tissue paper. That allows for a long after tone.

The foot must be as skilled as the fingers and as sensitive as a seismograph.

To press the pedal right down, lifting the dampers off the strings produces only pandemonium to the really listening ear, just a vulgar noise inartistic and inexcusable as a boy spilling the ink over his homework.

How many pianists in the world trouble themselves tuppence about such delicacy? There is no market for it. The pedal is on or off. On and off expertly, yes, but only in such a way as necessary for old time playing of Beethoven and others who did not write for the subtleties of tone on their instrument which they knew was capable of no subtleties.

And it is the playing with these microscopic shades of overtone from note to note that makes the playing of Godowsky works, that opens up a new world of music, of tinted and misty atmosphere, the glory and charm of the landscape, the softness and hushed beauty of inner thought, thoughts crossing in soft conversation, refined speech, the speech that calls for acute listening, the thrill given by beautiful repartee, innuendo, the sparkling colouring among the pianissimos.

But a public pianoforte recitalist seldom attempts to deal with these things. The traveller's pianissime is a forte, the piano is overplayed, the tone forced and vulgarity is the order of the day.

To make people listen to sensitive playing, or rather to keep their interest, de Pachmann had to add a side-show of monkey tricks. He was one of the few. Borwick was one who would not pander to the hoi polloi, but went his way, played his recitals in a sac suit, and did not care whether they were pleased or not. But he was a rich man; Baking Powder brought his fortune.

I very carefully read your fine article of the 20th. January, and must compliment you on it. New Zealand is fortunate to possess your enthusiasm, outlook and pen.

(Sgd). Paul Howard.

P.S. For a test of damper precision, (not only uniformity of the row in rise and fall, but uniformity of the expansive quality of the felts), is to roll a forte arpeggio or succession of chords from base to middle treble with wide open pedal, remove the hands from the piano, and damp the chord out slowly with the foot. If you can trail out that entire sound, every note equally, it will be pretty good, but you will be sure to get some notes lasting longer than others, some may even squak under



the slow gradual fall of the dampers.

oOo

On the need for perfect damper felts, here is a thought - the quality of tone is influenced by the quality of the damper felt above it.

What? All right, you replace one with a slice of turnip and see the difference, without contact. Of course the same applies to the Nth. degree in the hammer felts, to many of which are little better than turnips. But that's another story.

oOo

18th. November, 1941.

My der Louis XIX. (what a pity I had to guillotine him later)

So many thanks for your praise and publication of my notes a couple of issues back. Just timely for dear Popsy's anniversary, 21st. November. His last letter to Liebling, another copy enclosed, becomes more and more true every day.

Charming letter from Rose arrived yesterday, copy enclosed. Her first line, "The sweetest flower that blows" refers to a gorgeous pansy I enclosed to her, a fabulous bloom from my garden, a new strain out this season, the the one I sent her was the first bloom out; it was on a todody plant, nothing near the size of the bloom, the plant just struggling to not manhood, but pansyhood. That was four months ago.

The plants now of course are larger and robust, and sending forth thousands of unbelievable blooms. The amazing thing is the colouring. They attain every conceivable colour, and many colours utterly inconceivable, quite unbelievable. Other blooms will take these bewildering new truths and use them in suffusion, streak and daub. My son Leo says, "When it rains, the colours run."

The most innocent, perfectly white white, such a white as to make Persil blush, will steal another's bonnet of brown or pink, gold, or black, spread out fanwise behind her lovely hed with floppy double-decker effect. The white too, is so soft to look at, and so opaque. Some white with the palest blue faces suggest heavenly innocence. Some are edged with a red thread and the bonnet flushed with azure, and shot over with cerise; a lavender with lemon decorations and golden brown coiffure, the deepest snuff brown dials with gold and magenta parasol; an all blue with so many sorts of blue, deck on deck, that one blinks and wonder what really may be called blue. They all persist in stealing one another's garments, and sometimes a bloom will take something from every card in the pack and look up at you laughingly to say, "Isn't that funny," and some have gathered so many frills and furbelows that they suggest some lovely damsel of a more graceful day hiding in a large bonnet as she hurried by. And some of these blooms are the size of the palm of my hand. For a table decoration I pick a few score of these riches, and arrange them on a floating bowl helped with one of these glass pyramids full of holes. This entrancing sight of a chorus of lovely faces, saucy, pleading, impudent, coy, proud by turn, seeming to be all climbing over each other on the



table centre, is profitable, because last Sunday visitors just sat and stared at them all the time and forgot to eat, leaving us much fodder for the coming week.

Near the 40 ft. semi-circle pansy row in the garden there is a 200 ft straight row of giant Iceland Poppies, pastel-tinted backed by Canterbury Bells, and behind that the same length of cherry-red Larkspurs in full bloom. Diagonally with them is a 30 ft. row, a yard wide of amethyst Larkspurs, bordered by Calliopsis - golden Buttercup-like flowers. The ensemble is inspiring and uplifting in a world where a daily uplift is so much needed. While I am out tending them in the early morning round 6 o'clock, the sweet plump angel within hands me my slightly frugal breakfast, one cup of tea - it is tea - and a little sandwich, or sometimes half a sandwich of crisp toast with a slice of bacon between, and I have it out there with Cerberus attentively and diligently watching so and calculating his chances of getting a bit. I say to him, "Get the newspaper, Cerberus!" and off he flashes to the other side of the house and looks for it under a big tree and brings it along, and disputes my right to take it from him. Then one or another of my turbulent family grabs it from me so I don't see it at all. Then I do a record shave, dress, get some practice in, and catch the 'bus, as the motor has been jacked up for over 18 months.

Godowsky's later works, the Poems, the Capriccio (Patetico), and some of the Java suite, are the ultimate in Pianoforte composition. "They are the quintessence of my lyric muse", the Master told me, and in them he carried musical expression further than any composer carried it in any form.

He has added a third dimension - depth of focus, of stage, perspective - and all this emotionally, technically, polyphonically, and rhythmically, by which power and content of his composition has multiplied to the nth. degree, and it is no wonder that those who have the enterprise, fortitude, and the stamina to learn some of his original works, one after another say, "I find no other music so satisfying". That expression has come to me from all quarters of this "wobbly planet" as the Master called it, and from players and listeners alike.

Earlier composers could not achieve what Godowsky achieved because the instrument didn't exist; even Chopin played on a two-stringed square box. That is why earlier composers, immortal for their string ensemble and orchestral works, are of far less importance in their piano works which are comparatively tiresome and empty, containing superfluency of notes to keep continuous sound, and many scale passages, etc., quite foreign to true musical expression.

Bach did better than any of them because he had the polyphonic brain and was able to write music that plays very well on today's pianos, (in his writings for the Klavier, Bach sometimes seemed to think organ-wise, or even as though he foresaw the piano of today), but no such contrapuntal genius again appeared till Godowsky, who had all Bach's qualities, plus other qualities peculiar to himself, and plus several centuries and plus today's piano. And, oh boy! How he drew upon it.

I give you the Gardens of Buitenzorg, the 4th Poem, and the Capriccio (Patetico) as an utterly incomparable bracket of three.

He who does not know Godowsky and will absorb these three works, will bow down in greatest reverence. He will, with me, say, "Oh Master, let me rest my frayed soul and torn heart upon this



infinite and fathomless loveliness, as though God took my head upon his comforting bosom. God, please rest the soul of Leopold Godowsky, for he was surely Your wonder child."

Love from us all,

(Sgd). Paul.

P.S. I ought to tell you the Pansy seed came from Mrs. Merton G. Ellis at Canby, OREGON.

oOo

19th December, 1941.

My dear friend Pavia,

I am entirely with you in your admiration for Jane Austen, for not only is she an outstanding literary genius, but I think too that she is our greatest humourist. Just fancy in "Emma", after Mr. Knightly's impassioned love declaration, which to Emma was so utterly unexpected, and as it proceeded she decided that she had known it always... "She spoke then on being so entreated. What did she say? Just what she ought of course. A lady always does". and "would she not call him by some other name than Mr. Knightly? ...impossible! but I promise to call you once by your Christian name, I do not say when, but perhaps you may guess where: - in the building in which N takes M for better, for worse."

I think I took about a year to read Emma, using only a few minutes in bed every night and reading every page many times, which is so necessary with Jane to savour her inimitable style. "Pride and Prejudice" took me longer but the advantage is that one really absorbs, and in after years has something left to pay for the time spent in reading.

I am very distressed over your misfortunes and I hope your present good luck will hold. Through the late fearful depression there was again a touch of the horrors of the sixties and seventies in the midlands so wonderfully portrayed by Arnold Bennett (who, as of course you know, was a jolly fine pianist) in his "Clayhanger family" and "The grim smile of the five towns."

I am delighted to hear of your other compositions and maybe some day shall see them.

It often happens that a man is not a judge of his own works - while I admire your Landler it does not rival your Fandango Triste, and I am still of the same opinion concerning the close of Godowsky's Wein, Weib und Gesang, which you feel after all its delicate tracery and polyphony, should descend to the vulgarity of a fanfare close or bang bang, to bring it down to the very low level of Liszt. Godowsky's mighty Sonata ends with a five page fade out to PPPP, as the soft shades falling over olympic mountains.

And do I understand, dear Leo, that you are "telling me" on the matter of Don Juan? When I was very young I worshipped Liszt, and having some of his works ordered his entire compositions.



They arrived: 1,300 of them! And they all stayed on the floor at one side of the piano, and not any went into the shelves until I had played every note of every page of all of them, including the Oratorios, St. Elizabeth and Christus, and the immortal 13th Psalm, and his incomparable and immortal songs, the vocal parts of which I whistled in a beautiful fluty whistle which I possessed at the time (but I have lost my lip since) while I played the accompaniments on the piano. And I played through all his poverty stricken arrangements (horrid thought) of the Schubert songs - just look at his crude jingle of Das Wandern - which Popsy has since immortalized, and the Don Juan and all the other atrocious paraphrases made up largely of um-tum-tum and repetition of notes and chords very little better than some Beethoven. So you see, dear Leo, I know a darn sight more about Liszt than you do and have given public all-Liszt recitals, including both his Sonatas, and all his Annes de Pelerinage.

And you tell me, "Paul, my dear, you must be too partisan", and "there are spots on our adored Leopold too".

If there are any spots on Leopold, you old Leopard, don't you think I will see them quicker than you, and don't you think I am better qualified to? For one thing, I have an exceptionally intelligent understanding of the artistic and aesthetic content of pianoforte composition (Popsy said that of me concerning my estimates of many composers) and on top of that I PLAY nearly all Godowsky's original compositions, without copy, and have studied each of his six mighty Bach Sonatas, and Renaissance; the incomparable Renaissance works, and I think I sent you a copy of a season of 15 weekly public recitals I gave in the Adelaide Town Hall in 1920-21, 15 entirely different programmes in the course of which I played the 24 Walzermasken and the Sonata, and all the other original works of Godowsky that I had learnt up to that date.

But it is works of later vintage that are of supreme historic importance, - the Suite for the Left Hand Alone, the Java Suite, and many others, which put him in a sphere never held by any human before. I enclose a copy of my letter to L.D. Austin, New Zealand, former London critic - father was editor of the London Daily Chronicle for a generation. You can have a smile about my pansy bods, and on the second page read what I have to say about the Master's original compositions, and here is a paragraph from my last to Clinton Gray-Risk on the point.

"In emphasising the original compositions I am not in the least wishing to detract from his immortal Transcendentalizations, (your patent), Recreations, Paraphrases, Renaissance, etc., but what I feel is that while he has surpassed everyone in such works as these, it is in greater measure still that he has surpassed all predecessors and contemporaries in his original compositions, and that if they are got into vogue, the others will all take care of themselves; but if only the paraphrases, etc., are hammered and battered, the players of them, lacking a true understanding of his idiom, will not understand how to play his original works, which then will not be sought after. Look what happened to Liszt. His tinselly rotten Fantasies



and Rhapsodies killed him, and 'ere the fickle-minded world had had time to find out whether he wrote some good compositions, others had seized the stage, and little that was worth while of Liszt's ever became known.

In case you do not have a copy in your possession I enclose Godowsky's Addendum to the Preface of the Java suite, which I feel is a lesson worth 50 guineas to anyone. Priceless truths, clear definitions, illustration of vital points: in fact he covers the whole philosophy of playing.

Many a student pays 50 guineas fee and gets not a tithe of that value for it. And all for the price of the copy. Just by studying and absorbing that page a student becomes a pupil of Godowsky."

You speak of sounding one note separately in a chord. You take me very arbitrarily in that. I merely said that most travelling artists had not mastered that element in all its ramifications, and spoke of Saint-Saens' Etudes upon it. Speaking briefly of it like that, I thought you understood that I mean it in the light that one would say that the higher calculus was the art of understanding one and one makes two.

As a matter of fact that is only the commencement of a new path that Godowsky blazed in his later original compositions, where every finger becomes an independent soloist as well as acrobat, and where the whole fabric of his weavings voices are crossing each other, falling ones against rising tones, crescendo against decrescendo, with nuance within nuance... I say acrobats as well as soloists because any finger may have to abandon its solo to another finger and take another voice, perhaps a staccato voice speaking against the one that it just passed on legato to another finger, so that no combination of notes coming down at the same time are all of the same amount of tone, or manner of touch. And ever so often as you have two hands full, all the notes therein call for various treatment, for they are each part of a separate voice. It not only calls for an entirely new heart-breaking technique, but a new listening technique of octopus-like mental direction and separate intention to each finger. On the part of the listener also, as said our member Irving Scherke (who three years back lectured on Architecture, History and Music to six different Universities of Europe in their six different languages), it requires a new technique. I might admit that a general public sufficiently intelligent for such listening does not yet exist. As a demonstration of this I just ask you to order through Chappells or someone, from Carl Fischer, Inc., New York, a copy of "Capriccio (Patetico)", (or the Suite for the Left Hand Alone), in which you will find a complete fulfilment of what I have been trying to explain, and enough work to occupy you for an hour or so every day for about 4 years before you will be able to play it, I mean play it with justice to Godowsky; so you see, you cannot get telling me about Popsy's 'spots' when you don't know anything about the particular compositions which give Popsy his supreme standing in musical history.

And don't you get answering back on my fanaticism, as you will call it, until you learn - not merely read - a few of his works that matter.



He did not write for orchestra because he didn't want to, and he was quite right, because there was so much more for him to do for the piano that he had no time to do, though he used his time as fully as any man, and he did not descend the ladder to the lesser world of vocal music, for the same identical reason. He said to me a few months before he died, that he was finishing the Renaissance works, that he was writing two more Poems to be added to the four already dedicated to me, and that he would make the Miniatures up to over a hundred, which would contain everything that need to be known in music... But man proposes and God disposes, and a few days after his last letter to Liebling, copy enclosed, he passed on to Olympus. And at every Mass I pray for the repose of his Soul, and in the glorious church of st. Cecilia in Paris, Dolores has enshrined his name for perpetual remembrance.

Walzermasken. I have only one copy all bound together in one book of now vast thickness through reinforcements and bindings, and I am using it every day all the year round, so I can't lend you that. Sadly enough you probably can't buy one in the world today, copyrights all Lienau - Schlesingers, Berlin, German copyrights, and they paid Popsy no royalties for many years; but you can get all the later works from Fischers or Schirmers, New York.

Pedaling. There has been too little written on pedaling, though York Bowen's book just received is superb, but he misses vital points that Matthay also missed. I am going to write a treatise on pedaling which will fill the gap and help a later generation to play Godowsky, which needs a pedaling command infinitely more subtle and detailed than has been called for by any other composer. I enclose my letter to Austin on Pedaling.

Just received a delightful letter and bunch of latest and lovely compositions, kindly inscribed to me, from Professor Tobias Matthay who is now going to acquaint himself with Godowsky's original compositions.

You say a man can't serve two masters, and that your piano remains silent but for an hour or so.

You can serve two masters, by using your occasional spare moments: I do it by stealing the hours from night. The enclosure, copied from the Reader's digest, an article by Erskine, you will find delightful and helpful.

You are a quarrelsome old thing. <sup>G</sup>od bless you.

(Sgd). aul Howard.

P.S. You havn't commented on my Midnight notes though I have dragged you in, and your name has gone round the world.

P.P.S. Please send me a photo so that I may see what you look like.

Note: Isadore Leo Pavia has composed exquisitely, was a superlative pianist, and finished up as secretary to Agate after Alan dent left him. He died at the end of 1945 just after writing me that he had 25 diseases. Agate says, P. 203, Ego 1, "Pavia is a Dutch-Italian Jew of Spanish extraction, child of parents born in Venice and Amsterdam, and educated in vienna, so I am inclined to think he



speaks the truth about his relationship with Sarah Bernhardt." (Agate's logic may be O.K.)

Pavia was a pupil of Leschetizky and hated him with ferocity. In his Intaglios, quoted by Agate, he begins, "Paderewski was the prize pig in the expensive sty of Les." And he runs on to debunk L. violently and completely. Pavia was a devout worshipper of Godowsky and wrote some fine letters which should have come before my letter preceding, and will appear later.

Forgive, please the mixing up of dates, - there's nothing methodical about me, and Ted is worse, although secretly there is a method in our madness.

A Letter to my adored Rosa Habermann-Widder, the most fervent worshipper of the Master

25th. February, 1942.

Dearest Friend,

Well, things have come to a terrible pass, but what reason is there to stay one's hand in the current tasks? That way leads to perdition. Just carry on, England does that, - is America inclined that way? Please tell me how you find it. I am getting more continued interest and correspondence with England where the Master was practically unknown, than with America, where he lived.

Still, disruption approaches nearer and nearer every day; this place has been an objective for many years. The days and nights have been filled with feverish activity, blacking out windows, trench digging, air raid shelter construction. Stuck in stygian darkness, the streets at night seem the home of the dead.

Not a street light, or a light showing from any building throughout the entire city and suburbs. Imagine workers arriving to their suburb on special busses and trams, all darkened, and special police patrols in evidence to protect girls arriving near their homes at all hours of the night, for munition factories work day and night. (When one special constable approached a young lady to protect her from bus to home, she laid him out with a ginger beer bottle: she trusted no one.)

Some branches of a business die, and other lines spring into life. One has to be an opportunist. Many businesses go out of existence, while others are taken over by the Military Authorities. Certain lines of foods can't be obtained, and many, like salt and sugar, it is difficult to obtain, for although there is ample in the store houses, there are no delivery vans available for delivery, and retailers can't get their stocks. Orchards can't get their fruit picked, and wool and wheat have their difficulties, for so many are called up. So everyone is jolted out of their complacency. For many it is a good thing. So many gravitating from the country to the city has brought about a dearth of houses, and the Government is building thousands of small homes. It is a bad thing, this centralization.

I practice at nights or early mornings the same, and tend the garden, never so beautiful before and wonder how long this beautiful ensemble of family and art life in my home can last. In the garden at one side of the house I will hear Leo playing Bach, or working at a Java Suite number; on the



other side of the house I will hear perhaps Paul in another room working on Godowsky's version of the Albeniz Tango, and Mary at work on some Triakontameron. Mamma calls me to breakfast, outside the kitchen, where I have it, as described in the pansy letter. But the garden is full of exquisite Zinnias and Delphiniums now.

Life sure has been an idyll. The little children each so lovely in their time and turn, with the problems and joys they have brought. And now grown, each with their problems, studies and enthusiasms. Leo's brilliant achievements in the University - he added distinction in Greek to his laurels - Paul with his medicine, etc. Everything seems so lovely, and ever beyond the horizon one can feel the threat. Oh God, what a terrible world!

I suppose in your country you have no black-out preparations yet, you don't yet expect air raids? Hope civilian and Military authorities are not asleep like the Naval and Air Forces at Pearl Harbour and Singapore. That was shocking. We are all making the most damnable blunders. Your Dorothy Thompis is a wonderful woman.

But what's this: me croaking, let's cut it. Perhaps, indeed no doubt the yellow vermin will be checked, and maybe ere you get this.

Affectionate regards,

(Sgd). Mohammed.

oOo

I shall devote an instalment to the epic letters of Rosa and the beautiful Delia Portham shortly. Rosa is mine - I found her in the columns of the Courier in an article she wrote bombing the Pianists for not playing Godowsky. I wrote her and secured an eternal friendship.

oOo

28th. January, 1943.

Very dear Carl, (Sauer)

Re. X speaking of my playing as rough, etc., he is probably quite right. As I remember it when he heard me about 25 years ago it did not compare with my standard now.

It was at LeFevre Terrace, North Adelaide, that he visited me together with the late Mrs. Y. We have been in the present house 15 years, we were in Redfern 10 years, he never came there, and we did not leave LeFevre Terrace till some time after his visit.

First I would like to say that I feel the most tremendous indifference as to whether anyone thinks I can play or cannot play, as the ego is entirely absent; I only wish to convey Godowsky's works, and if the listener is listening he will be absorbed in that respect and the other question will not arise



nor matter.

Secondly, when one plays to a visitor it is not a rehearsed programme, tailored, Marcel-waved. The visitor has not paid 10/6 for a seat and the purpose is not to gain his plaudits for one's self. The ridiculous artificiality of the public recital is absent where one may not speak with the artist who has so carefully prepared his little piece and must not be disturbed by conversation.

It is on the contrary a friendly intercourse, and how one plays does not matter as long as it is interesting by being new, just as in general conversation one is not stage acting or elocuting. In fact to do so would be ill-mannered. One may and does under the circumstances play many things which he has not touched, practised, or rehearsed for months or perhaps years. What should be more important to the listener is whether I think he is intelligent enough to be worth playing to.

Last night to a visitor I played the Prelude and Fugue, 13 of the 48, and recalled it without copy although I had not even thought of it for many years, pieced it together slightly hesitatingly, and the listener was so pleased that he took particulars, so that he might obtain a gramo. record of it. So that did good. The playing of it also gave me pleasure and a feeling of impromptu charm.

X did not hear me in a recital as he alleges, as I was giving none at the time he visited Adelaide. On the contrary, when X heard me, it was as my guest and he was eating my salt. To look the gift horse in the mouth...shocking! To fail to appreciate what was unquestionably given on the occasion and worthy of appreciation, also was bad. But would he risk playing to me? No fear, not a note. He was resting! Ah!

(Still why should that trouble me when the greatest suffer more. Vera Kaplun told me she found fault with Godowsky's playing, and Maurice said that the Master was nothing like the composer I hold him out to be.)

Well, all that was a lifetime ago. Many have been born, educated, become immortal, and died in the same span of years. So, as I have been working hard and unremittingly during every day of the whole period, I may have improved. That is, as far as I am concerned. So far as X is concerned, I do not know really whether he ever started at all, or acquired enough knowledge of music to know whether any playing is good or bad.

In common with all pianists, I have my faults, but I know many distinguished pianists whose faults are greater, but I do not know any pianist who does or can play to anyone, unprepared at the time, as I can and do, a number of important works that they do not already know to repletion.

I am, dear Carl, as ever.

(Sgd). Paul.

oOo



23rd. February, 1944.

My very dear friend Harrop where the devil are you and why haven't I heard from you Alexander Hmelnitsky that is the senior came over to Adelaide I got him 4th priority and stayed with us for about 10 days and we played all night every night and he brought a bottle of Vodka with him that would knock a marble statue off the top of a cupboard he plays exquisitely he has that sense of subtlety of the softly rising incense of certain polyphonic and polyrhythmic passages of the Master which are not comprehended by some other friends of ours and his personal manner is most charming and he would go to town and buy rare cheeses and fruits etc and come home staggering under parcels from his waistline to his eyebrows on some occasions he seemed to think that he was the host and we were the guests enclosed is some correspondence with frank Lappin age 16 which resulted from my sending a number of Godowsky papers to a newspaper editor who replied that he was a philistine himself but he did know of a boy who had just matriculated and his principal hobby was music at which he was very good our Secretary Ted McMahon when he read my first reply said why this mildness and I recounted to him the story of the young curate who got a sock in the jaw remembering the biblical instruction turned the other jaw and not being able to recall any further instruction in holy writ concerning subsequent procedure and being himself a pretty good pug turned round and cleaned the other fellow up I was just preparing to send Lappin a copy of Mason's letter and my reply when to my delight and surprise Lappin's second lwrrwe arrived which I have only been partly able to answer because I work all night and all day and am short of typists and don't get time to punctuate so to hell with the dots which you might think is almost as good as Mehitabel the Cat and Archy the Cockroach but if you would prefer this arranged as blank verse I will do it all again the main purpose of this correspondence which I entirely forgot was to wish you endless happy returns of the 27th and to hope that the evenings revelry will bear the morning's reflection I send you my love your devoted

(Sgd). Paul.

(It was naughty of Ted to make me put that one in. P.H.)

oOo

A beautiful letter from a beautiful lady.

EVA LIPS  
640 Riverside Drive,  
NEW YORK 31, NEW YORK.

September 17th, 1945.

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

Dear Mr Howard:

It takes a great soul as yours to forgive a silence like mine after so animated a correspondence which once was ours. May I hope that you still remember Julius Lips, the anthropologist,



playwrite, specialist in primitive law and occasional author of children's books? And can you still recall the name of its lesser partner, Eva, who has also the bad habit of writing books? Both are friends and admirers of you, your Godowsky-crusade, your wit and charm; friends also of your friend Mr. Keith Sheard - and both are citizens of the visible world as well as of the world of beauty and of discipline, that world we call art.

Having brought us back to your memory - I hope - I did the same with you. We are so ashamed to have lost track of you during that great avalanche of destiny which again rolled over this poor globe, and I am afraid it was our fault our lively exchange of thoughts stopped somewhere along the road. We re-read your delightful and wise letters, and for a more intimate glance we consulted "Strippers" description of his visit in your home.

There were two passages which impressed us especially. Julius repeated dreamily: his taste in cigars is exquisite" and "...a brown liquer which looked like tea, but tasted like a sonata", while I hoped for your forgiveness in view of this: "Throughout the most tremendous passages Paul remains as placid as a cherub..." Then we looked at your dear trio: Peter, Paul and Mary (photographs of 1941) and we knew that the long pause hadn't done a thing to our closeness and intimacy as brethern of the same spirit.

The fact is that during wartime our duties gained such a voluminousness that we had to deny ourselves the pleasure of most social intercourse and also of that type of correspondence which, by its all-embracing nature, somehow does not fit the many anti-artistic activities which were pressed upon us.

As good American citizens we put our specialized knowledge of certain languages and mentalities fully at the disposal of our government. Julius wrote and spoke wherever he was needed, and I accepted a very fascinating and very strenuous job in one of the great American war agencies (eight hours a day six days a week) which now fortunately, has closed its gates and restored me to my original position not of a "lady of leisure", but of a lady (period) who can do with her hours just as she pleases

! In this great hour of relief, sorting my papers, indulging in new great plans and refinding my good old typewriter in silent and efficient docility, I give myself the great pleasure to tell you that we are still here, "toujours les memes", as our french friends say, happy about peace and victory and the death of the snake that drove us from Europe in 1933, and ready again to tie the knots of friendship which had become loosened during the years of war.

Please tell us whether you are still happy and healthy and what has become of Peter, Paul and Mary. If you are still there we shall be glad to send you some lighter products of our "loom": Julius' children's book, TENTS IN THE WILDERNESS, which he wrote for his own relaxation between two "heavies" and which is, as many grown-ups' letters have shown us, quite pleasant reading also for people above 21; and my own REBIRTH IN LIBERTY, the story of my discovery of America.

And do give our regards to Mr. Sheard. How are you? How is Australia? How are the Koala



bears? Do not torture us by letting us wait too long for your answer.

With our heartfelt good wishes and kind regards,

Sincerely,

(Sgd). Julius and Eva Lips.

oOo

Carl Engel enrolled as a member early in the piece, but later I found it impossible to get an answer from him for a couple of years. At last he wrote on the 24th. April, 1941:-

24th. april, 1941.

Paul Howard, Esq.,  
International Godowsky Society,  
Box 919, GP.O.  
ADELAIDE. SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

My dear Nr. Howard:

~~I~~ It is not because of lack of interest in your admirable efforts to spread and increase the appreciation of Leopold Godowsky's music that you have not heard from me before in reply to your various letters. I have been ill a good part of the time and absent from the office.

Moreover, I must confess that in discussing your activities with Miss Dagmar Godowsky, it seemed to us both that the first requisite for the success of your movement in this part of the world would be the formation of a United States Godowsky Society, as part of the "International Godowsky Society". And such an American branch would greatly benefit by having at its head a person of world-wide reputation, such as Rachmaninoff or Josef Hofmann. I have asked Miss Godowsky to approach one or the other of these men to sound them out and see whether they might be willing to lend their names to the cause. I have heard nothing about the matter.

Any propaganda in the form of leaflets or thematic booklets or complimentary copies to performing artists could only be carried on after the membership in the United States of America has become sufficiently numerous.

2 However, for the present I do not seem to find in our recStates branch could be patterned. I know nothing of the dues, I know nothing of what is expected from the members, and what they may expect from the Society. If it is to be only a glorified publicity campaign, I think that such a campaign can be carried on without the formation of any society (My Underscore, P.H.). As a matter of fact we never have ceased and do not cease now to engage in publicity for Godowsky's compositions, naturally restricted to his works that have been published by our house. If a campaign on a broader scale shouFischer of New York and Lienau of Berlin. Under the present



conditions it is unlikely that Godowsky's works will continue to be printed or played in any part of Europe under Nazi dominion. Before Mr. Godowsky died, I had some talks with him about Schirmer's taking over the works published abroad. But nothing came of it, because of the rather unreasonable demands made by Lienau. Perhaps we could come to some terms when the war is over...

Faithfully yours,

(Sgd). Carl Engel.

To which I replied:-

28th. May, 1941.

Dear Dr. Engel,

By Laws, constitution, Dues. There are none, and the whole scheme was fully explained in the two page leaflet from which you cut off the membership slip at the bottom and sent in your entry in 1939 joining as composer, critic musicologist - copy attached marked 1.

If you want dues and election of officers, and all the jingling sterile formalities and money, you will get precisely nothing. Love is the banner.

American Godowsky Society. Late last year I sent to you, as well as to all members of the Society in the world a four page letter urging the formation of Local Societies in each locality, and I wrote in a pen note on the top of yours, saying that I hoped you thought it a good useful letter, but evidently you did not read it... Copy enclosed marked 2" with special pointers, A, B, C, D, E.

The formation of local societies, and an American Branch of the Society has been my outstanding aim from the very beginning, as you should know had you read the letter previously referred to marked 2", see item C on Page 2 and item D on Page 4...

With reference to the arrangement of Alt Wien as sextette for female voices, Harry Loeb told me about this last year, but I have not been able to find out anything further about nor has Harry Loeb. I could have sold a number of copies had they been available. I feel convinced that every vocal Society in the world would use it.

I have some friends here, each of whom would like to obtain sets of the "Triakontameron", but there are none available, and several in England and Scotland would gladly buy them, but there are none available there.

Complimentary Copies. I cannot find any suggestion in any of my letters asking you to send complimentary copies to anyone, but I cannot understand why you should hesitate to send your lists showing the Godowsky publications to members whose names I specify. Those to whom I have previously requested information to be sent, do not seem to have received it...



In a recent issue of the Courier Leonard Liebling spoke of Hofmann as a regular Godowsky performer, and I would be very glad to see a copy of any programme in which Hofmann has played an original work, and to know what works of the Master he has studied. While Heifetz readily replied, giving me a list of his Godowsky items, and Guy Maier and Ernest Hutcheson and Mirovitch all readily answered in the terms of the deepest friendship, including David Saperton who sends me his programmes; it would be useless for me to ask Hofmann, because his secretary passes everything from me into the waste paper basket.

Of course you can approach Hofmann and Rachmaninoff on the matter, but I doubt if either of them will engage a full-time typist all the year round, and buy thousands of reams of paper, to propagate the cult of the Master's works; maybe Dagmar will, though she has never expressed the slightest flicker of interest since I commenced this Society about 18 months before her father passed on to Olympus.

Glorified Publicity Campaign, as you say. I have thought over that expression all night and cannot for the life of me decide what you mean. It might be that you mean that if you wish to sell Godowsky works, you can do so yourself, and that I am butting in where I am not wanted.

The sentence might be an oblique suggestion that the publicity is form, and though on the face of it, it does lend itself to that interpretation, I may say that I have no ulterior aims or desires for gain either in publicity or money, and being already older than Godowsky was when he died, with not the remotest chance of ever leaving these shores, such publicity is not worth a cent to me.

As you can see at a glance, the Society already includes many names quite as world famous as those you mentioned. There is only one way of achieving our purpose, that is, to get artists to play the works, and teachers to teach the works, and we are succeeding reasonably on both counts. My old friend Benjamin Dale, Warden of the royal College, London, undertook and is carrying out his <sup>colin</sup> Taylor or the Rosebank University, Cape Town, and Ernest Hutcheson who made the same promise, and Beryl Rubinstein, and a great many others all over the world. So your sentence, dear Dr. Engel, that you can do without this Society, is at least inhospitable.

Although I never met him, I loved Leopold Godowsky personally, for 10,000 miles of ocean was not enough to blanket the aura of his greatness of heart and the magnetism of his charming personality, and from a copy of the second page of his last letter to me which I do you the honour to enclose, you will see that he reciprocated. I had many such letters from him, and in many he discussed his works, aims, intentions and troubles.

Because of this, and because of his matchless genius and that I know him to be the greatest composer for the pianoforte who has lived, as evidenced largely by his four Poems, the "Java Suite" and others of his later works, I am determined to carry on.

I will be writing to all the Convents in the world which I can do rather conveniently because being a Catholic, I can approach them on a more friendly footing. I have all the Australian address of course, and Mr. Fischer has kindly sent me lists of many thousands on the Convents in America and other countries. If I had a single page leaflet showing works published by you, as I have of



some others, I could include it in the latter.

When I started this Society in about the end of '36 I did it for the purpose of cheering up poor Godowsky who was so depressed, and to stimulate immediate sales in Adelaide. I taught, without fees, anyone young or old, who bought from the local stores a complete set of the six books of Miniatures for four hands. I had the house full of people every Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning in relays, would have two at one piano and two at another piano with others listening in turn, playing across the room to each other and over a couple of years I caused the sale of about 200 complete sets of the Miniatures at 30/- a set. Of course the net profit to Godowsky on this did not amount to anything worth mentioning, but it was just for the pleasure it would give him that something was done.

This process, however, was like blowing the fire with my head up the chimney, and I reduced it as soon as the Society began to <sup>gain</sup> more members, and people in various countries began to adopt the works.

About German copyrights, surely they won't exist now or after the war, will they? I hope by the time the conflict is ended that none of the houses or their business <sup>records</sup> will continue to exist, and that there will be only accession of holes in the ground where our boys have bombed them.

<sup>2</sup>  
<sup>meaning</sup> Paternoster Row has gone, so why not a few more Paternoster Rows elsewhere.

The notes I have enclosed, "After Midnight Thoughts on Godowsky", have already appeared in New Zealand, and I expect they will appear in 'Frisco, New York and London.

I am glad to have discovered at long last that you are no ghost, and I sincerely hope that you will enjoy continuous good health. You certainly have not the same chance of waking up in the morning dead, that the poor people in England have. A very famous lady there, Mrs. Maitland, said in a letter I received this week:-

"I must say we live from day to day, never going to <sup>b</sup>bed without the thought, "shall we <sup>get</sup> up again", but we are steadfast in faith and courage, and I feel that if I lose my life for the sake of England I consider it well worth the sacrifice. We don't worry but carry on with our jobs. The people are truly marvellous, from the two poor women who come to work for me to the highest in the land, all thoroughly determined to see this through, no matter at the cost; I could tell you many things but must not."

Note: And yet through all that, we have been steadily increasing our membership in England and Scotland.

Yours sincerely,  
(Sgd). Paul Howard



Dr Engel did not answer this letter.

oOo

TRIBUTE TO LEOPOLD GODOWSKY  
 AT MEMORIAL SERVICES  
 WILTSHIRE BLVD. TEMPLE - Nov. 28, 1938, Los Angeles, California.  
 BY EDWARD G. ROBINSON.

The first meeting with a great soul is a revelation and becomes a precious memory. I recall my first meeting with Leopold Godowsky, not only because it made an indelible impression upon me, but because it presents the complete man, rather than a profile. One day more than twenty years ago, a friend guided me to the Hotel Ansonia where the Great Godowsky, prince of pianists and master-wit, was "at home" to friends, colleagues and aspirants. At the height of his powers and his fame, almost a legendary figure for learning and virtuosity, I expected to find a difficult, unapproachable man, accepting incense from his admirers as his natural right. I was more than nervous and regretted my temerity in accepting my friend's invitation to the gathering. Who was I and what did I have to offer? Just another visitor. Imagine my surprise when I saw in the center of the long and spacious music-room a short man with a dominating forehead, twinkling eyes and a smile that put you immediately at your ease. Around him a group of interested people, young and old, from various walks of life. He moved quickly from individual to individual; listened, talked, parried, examined the compositions of budding talents, and, if only for an instant, gave of himself to each one in the room. Everyone addressed him as "Popsy" and it did not take too long to realise that in that nickname was embodied their reverence for his wisdom and understanding. He took me aside and questioned me on my work and plans. And in that moment, although I was out of place in any groups of musicians, I felt the relationship of disciple to master. From that meeting, I gained also the realization that it is not a man's speciality that makes him great - that true greatness embraces and helps all with whom it comes in contact.

Years later, when he conducted those master classes in this city which became a mecca for musicians, I asked permission to attend some of his classes. He graciously consented. Again I listened to him as a lay disciple. I could not understand the technical details of his discourses, but I was more than rewarded by his flashes of insight, his philosophical digressions and rich ideas which made him truly a teacher in the largest sense. But apart from his genius in music, he had a genius for living. His absorption in music did not keep him from realizing fully all that life had to offer.

He was sensitive to every infringement on human dignity and co-operated with the fight against intolerance, ugliness and falsehood. He was a co-worker with Albert Einstein and other representative men in measures to ameliorate the lot of the Jews in the twilight of Europe. He co-operated equally with organisations dealing with humanity as a whole. He responded to all that was of worth, regardless of labels, creeds, accident of birth or occupation. His advice, eagerly sought after by all and sundry, was so simple, wise and gracious, that he reminded one of the Gaonim in whom are combined learning, wit and humility. Our great American critic, James Huneker, called him "The Brahma of the Keyboard." That characterization is a profile and a true one; but the full face, which radiated loving-kindness, suggested to me an active sage rather than a brooding spirit. It is no exaggeration to describe his features as luminous, and this light shone in his



relations with people, as in his works and teaching.

It was easy to love Leopold Godowsky, and the love and friendship he aroused in those who knew him paid great rewards. There was nothing so warming as the joy he took in the friendships he made. He was responsive to the affections of his friends in so simple and unaffected a way, that even casual and transient meetings with him were enriched into unforgettable moments. I value above all things the memory that I have of "Popsy". Popsy - high spirited, almost boyish, simple, unaffected - lovable, and charged with a power to make all things great and small, absorbing and significant.

Edward G. Robinson.

oOo

TRIBUTE TO LEOPOLD GODOWSKY  
AT MEMORIAL SERVICES  
WILTSHIRE BLVD. TEMPLE - Nov. 28, 1938, Los Angeles, California.  
BY LOUIS BRUENBERG.

We, the composers living in Los Angeles, have gathered here in humility and with full hearts, to do homage to a great, departed soul that while living on this earth, was called Leopold Godowsky.

And this great soul was so vivid, so beautifully alive, so witty and so brilliant, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to find proper words to adequately express the impression that one had, one who had the great privilege and good fortune to come into contact with it.

And yet - perhaps there WAS one predominating impression that was so compelling that it overshadowed all others in spite of their brilliancy, just as there is one star that overshadows all others in the heavens above. And this predominating impression was the glow of Humanitarianism, the glow of unpretentious generosity that emanated from this soul; and this was so evident, so all-prevailing, that many, many persons gave this soul a name of their own. A name all of us associate with something unselfish, warm and beautiful. We called this soul Popsy. Just that...Popsy Godowsky.

And when we called him that, we wished to express our love, and we wished to express our admiration. And the love was for the man, and the admiration was for a creative artist. Make no mistake about it...this little man with the great soul was perhaps the greatest composer for the piano since the days of Liszt and Chopin. (Note: and I say since Bach). I feel sure that posterity will grant him this position when in the course of time his compositions will have stood the test of repeated evaluations and repeated hearings.

I remember full well some odd thirty years ago, when he burst on us like a meteor at a concert in Berlin with his Chopin transcriptions, and actually became famous in one night. I remember vividly how the audience stood up as one man to gaze in astonishment at the figure on the stage that was performing miracles at a piano.

Yes, they were miracles, for we were hearing not one, but two and three etudes by Chopin played at the same time, and with only ten fingers. Today, thirty years later, we still regard these transcriptions as miracles of ingenuity, yes, perhaps we regard them as personal creations of the highest order.

For personal creations are those that reflect the personality and convey the aspirations of the creator, and these transcriptions founded on etudes of Chopin are surely great personal experiences in musical art. In fact, they are more personal and more individual than many so-called original work by a more famous composer.

His astonishing technical pianistic achievements were almost legendary in his lifetime, and the technical proficiency displayed in his piano works, shows an equally astonishing craftsmanship.

As an example of his artistic integrity, I recall one day when he asked me to listen to his newly completed arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz" (sic), and intrigued by the spectacle of six pianists playing at three pianos, I, in a moment of flippancy, suggested that still ANOTHER bit of counterpoint could be introduced, but that it would need the services of still another pianist. And to my astonishment, he took the matter seriously and toyed with the idea for a long time. In other words, he, a true seeker of truth in art, wherever it may be, was ever eager and ready to make every effort to create a shimmer of what he considered beauty.

I should like to see the memory of Leopold Godowsky perpetuated by something more permanent than mere words, for he stood for integrity, humanity and humility. The last is significant, for all really great artists are inwardly exceedingly modest. They realize as no one better, the utter responsibility to actually achieve and actuality of their dreams, and that makes them meek. And with all his world fame, his stupendous technic, both as a pianist and composer, Leopold Godowsky was a man of humility.

And how his memory is to be perpetuated I leave to more capable hands. I only know that now, more than ever before, it is the duty of every decent man and artist in this world of tears, to perpetuate the name of a great human being. And Leopold Godowsky was a great and good man.

I beg of you, those who loved him, to bow your heads silently for a moment, in ord Godowsky to His great heart.

Louis Bruenberg.

oOo



After Midnight Thoughts on Leopold Godowsky, etc.. By Paul Howard.SUPPLEMENT TO INSTALMENT 9CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Please, dear Member, do let me know immediately of any change of address, as returned MSS means unnecessary and fruitless expense to me. One letter that came back, for instance was to Dr. Baruch, Prague, which I had sent by Air Mail, 9/- Oh, my nine shillings! I addressed it to the address he gave in a letter which reached me a couple of months earlier.

Despatches to Alfred Mirivitch came back unclaimed, but I saw his manager's address in the Courier and sent them there. How absurd of the Postal people - surely Alfred Mirovitch, America, should have been enough! But that callous manager just returned them marked "Not here". I don't suppose he lived in her office! He and Pastro toured Australia before and during the First World War, and they visited me many times and we had much gaiety. Piastro (Concert Master Phil.) said in his last letter to me many years ago that he would write to me every night before he went to bed, but I have not heard from him since. I suppose he has not been to bed yet. I have heard that in America you all lead a busy life.

It was sad to lose Rachmaninoff, one of Godowsky's greatest champions. He was a great musician, scholar and gentleman. In his 4th. Ego James Agate wrote:-

"Rachmaninoff was the principal guest at the Savage Club dinner tonight. As I was sitting in the angle of the T-table, within four feet of the chair, I had plenty opportunity to study Rachmaninoff that visual magnificence which comes naturally to great men like Irving and Chaliaplin, to whose type this major artist belongs. It is an extraordinary mask, at once gentle and farouche, noble, melancholy, and sardonic. The result is composite - majestic indifference oddly united to the questing look of a French actor strolling the boulevards. When the lean figure rose to leave, everybody stood up. Apart from royalty, this has happened before at the Savage club only in the cases of Irving and Lord Roberts."

Moura Lympany of London has made records of the 24 Preludes of Rach, which were munificently sent to me by a friend, and she has made a wonderful job of them. Beyond question the Opus ranks as the highest achievement history offers in Preludes, and Rach. ranks as great on that account alone. Moura's husband is Colonel Colin Defries, brother to Delia Portam, who spent her girlhood days with the Godowsky's in Berlin, what time Rose Widder was studying piano with the Master. I hope to coax Moura to pl<sup>ay</sup> some Godowsky. Delia wrote me a thrilling account of de Pachmann bringing Godowsky (both young men then) to her parents' home in London and she crept down from bed and hid under the grand piano!

See how the circle widens, and that is what I hope for - the ever widening circle.