

The GODOWSKY society



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Leopold Godowsky and Isidor Philipp
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Newsletter

THE GODOWSKY SOCIETY

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First of all - apologies to all subscribers for the long wait they have had for this issue which should have come out last year.

We are now in 1988, the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Leopold Godowsky, and in my own small way I shall recognise this by issuing three Newsletters, thus getting up to date again.

I shall start my Editorial by taking issue once again with my friend James Methuen-Campbell. Reviewing the 18 Studies on Chopin's Etudes recently recorded by Ian Hobson on Arabesque/Pinnacle Cassette ABQC6537 (compact disc Z6537) he states...."Of the 18 included, a couple of numbers combine two Chopin Etudes in one study, the most notorious (my underlining - HW) being the Black-Key and the Butterfly in a piece called Badinage. Not surprisingly, Hobson's valiant attempt at this horrendously difficult monstrosity (my underlining again HW) lacks some fluency, but he rarely loses his cool."

Now, Godowsky was a precise man - this is shown by a most cursory glance at any of his scores - and when he called this piece Badinage, he meant just that, a playful piece, bantering. To call it a monstrosity is a wilful misunderstanding: it might not be 'good taste' but it certainly is delicious, imaginative, delicate and not without charm. I can sympathize with Mr. Methuen-Campbell in reviewing this tape as I do not think that these Studies can be listened to in bulk; to get the full flavour they should be heard a few at a time, for there are an awful lot of notes and there is so much 'going on' that they demand much concentration. Personally, I am not sold on hearing the originals in bulk either and think the modern habit of playing through the two books detracts from full appreciation of these marvels.

Readers will be interested to hear that BBC 2 are presenting an hour long programme by Jorge Bolet of music by Godowsky in their Autumn Schedules. This programme will include a 20 second clip of a silent Colour Film of Godowsky playing! This is scarcely credible: Bolet will also be talking about Godowsky in the programme. Further information in the next Newsletter which will be published before the programme is broadcast.

Yonty Solomon is having discussions with BBC Bristol (sound only!) regarding two programmes which he wishes to record of Godowsky's music in which he will include the Passacaglia. We can only hope that some enterprising record company will take note and get Mr. Solomon into the recording studio. It is about time that more of the original work is taken note of instead of the exclusive attention which is given to the transcriptions. This is not to say that I don't like the transcriptions or that I think them to be inferior - indeed - as I write, the notion that the Bach Violin and Cello Transcriptions deserve not merely an airing, but some decent exposure (as opposed to indecent exposure, for they require pianism of the highest order.

In a letter to Paul Howard, Godowsky wrote of them thus: "It will give me great pleasure to send you my Bach elaborations (They are not transcriptions!) as soon as I return to New York, which will be in about a month. "You will notice that in the six volumes I transformed Bach's solo violin and 'cello solo works into musical and pianistic skyscrapers. "Bach is merely the foundation upon which I built the structure".

Just after typing these lines, I had a telephone call from Yonty Solomon. He tells me (coincidence!) that he is preparing the programme for a CD in which he intends including Godowsky's elaboration of the A minor violin Suite.

There is to be at least one public performance of Godowsky's original works this year, for in November, Martin Strachan and I are to play the complete Miniatures at the Edinburgh Society of Musicians. As I am taking the Primo part, Martin will be doing the hard work, but if it is considered that I am making my pianistic debut in my fifties, perhaps I may be excused for taking the easier way out. This is not only a labour of love but also a lovely labour, for these Miniatures are little masterpieces, a pleasure to work with and if I manage to get the right notes in their proper places, the audience are in for a treat.

I am including with this Newsletter, a copy of a publicity booklet issued in 1934 when the revised edition of the Miniatures was issued and which includes comments by Godowsky's peers.

In addition to this booklet, this Newsletter includes a reprint of the Album notes by Gregor Benko written for the Veritas Album VM103 issued in 1967 and now, alas, out of print; the programme note for Ronald Stevenson's 1973 Aldeburgh Festival recital, in which he included the Chopin/Godowsky study no. 18a; a piece by Jeremy Nicholas on how he came to write his book on Godowsky plus some finger exercises devised by Godowsky for Alberto Jonás and included in that pedagogue's Master School of Modern Piano Playing & Virtuosity. (Carl Fischer Inc.)

The next issue of the Newsletter will be in late August of this year

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Leopold Godowsky

Notes from Veritas Recording Issued 1967

by
GREGOR BENKO

Leopold Godowsky was not a pupil of Leschetizsky's (nor of Rubinstein or Liszt or Clara Schumann either), but he had qualities that went beyond Leschetizsky's requirements - musical, intellectual, and even muscular genius. Godowsky was born in 1870 in Russia. He had almost no instruction in his early years, but this did not prevent him from becoming a musical prodigy, and at an age when most children are deciding whether to make mud pies or cakes, he was performing in public. Contemporary accounts would indicate that his early prodigality of musical gifts was on a par with that of Mozart and the other great child prodigies. He was self-taught (which may account for his great technical dexterity, for like the jazz trumpeter Bix Beiderbecke, he of necessity formulated his own, new technique, more difficult to execute than standard technique, but once mastered capable of feats deemed impossible by others). Before the turn of the century he did spend some time with Saint-Saens, but was not "taught" by the esteemed Frenchman - his learning was more on a spiritual than a technical level, as Godowsky himself later explained.

In 1900 Godowsky made his debut in Berlin, and what a concert that must have been! The audience went mad, and a near riot ensued. Godowsky was then just thirty - his personal musical aesthetic must not at that time have been completely formed, and it is probable that he "played to the house," a practice which he could never allow himself in later years. It has been often said that the Godowsky heard in the recital hall, and on discs, was not the greater Godowsky, and that his public presentations were a bit cold, straightforward, and reserved - they lacked color and drama compared to the pianism he would exhibit in his own studio to his friends and colleagues.

There are many competent musicians alive who can verify this. The answer lies in Godowsky's attitude toward the music he played. He lived in times when the performer was considered almost as important as the composer, and performers were expected to convey their own, personal insights into the music, as well as the composer's intentions. This practice brought forth many virtuosi who overplayed their part, and the exaggerations and idiosyncracies of Pachmann and Paderewski are today belittled. Godowsky abhorred this, and apparently had two standards of performance - public and private. In private, he would play unlike any other pianist who had ever lived. He never exaggerated, never distorted, but infused the music with tension, drama, fire and pathos as his own muse willed - all this with a technique that none, not even Liszt, Hofmann, or Horowitz could ever match. But in public, he never played this way. He feared lest the public think his interpretations to be entirely the composer's wishes, and he sought to convey the composer's message rather than his own. For Godowsky, public performance was a ceremony of religious importance, and he believed he was imparting knowledge to the audience of a spiritual kind. To expose himself as the pianist's pianist to his colleagues was all right; to do this in a public presentation was an exposure of an indecent sort for him.

Godowsky's success in this country never approached the level of success in Europe, South America, and Asia, where today cults exist built upon his career and playing, much like the present American cults built around Arthur Schnabel. The religious attitudes of both toward public performance and the composer's intentions, however, are all the two had in common.

Whether or not these religious attitudes (responsible for today's general climate of abhorrence for playing anything not specifically marked in the score, or even worse, playing something differently from the score markings) are the composer's true intentions or not remains a moot point. Pianists like Hofmann and even Godowsky realized that the score was only the skeleton and not the complete body. Perhaps Godowsky's biggest mistake, if I may be permitted my opinion, is in his interpretations for the public in Romantic music, where performance style demands what today are considered "liberties." (Now that Baroque performance style is being so exhaustively researched, the true Romantic style is being forgotten).

Godowsky became an American resident, and set up what may have been one of the last of the Romantic salons. Artists, scientists, and intellectuals of every nature passed through Godowsky's home, and at any moment one might enter to find Vladimir DePachmann, Albert Einstein, and Pugno's sister carrying on a spirited conversation with Josef Lhevinne and Jascha Heifetz. It was in this atmosphere that the Godowsky children grew up, and it would seem that some of their father's proclivity for genius was transmitted: Leopold Godowsky II married the sister of George Gershwin, and was one of those responsible for the invention of Kodacolor; Dagmar Godowsky became a famous actress; Vanita married David Saperton, the famous pianist. And today Leopold Godowsky III is a young concert pianist.

In this intellectual climate and salon atmosphere Godowsky wrote many of his compositions. Today they are almost forgotten - occasionally one hears the "Triana" transcription or one of the Strauss Waltz paraphrases played in recitals by the more Romantically inclined pianists, but only very occasionally. What of the myriad transcriptions from Bach, the "Triakontameron," the many other original pieces, and the fantastic, monumental "Studies on the Chopin Etudes"?

The main reason for the disappearance of the music of Godowsky is that it is so damnably difficult to play! Arthur Loesser, President of the International Piano Library, relates the story that once, on a visit to "Popsy," his playing so pleased Godowsky that he promised to write a piece for him. Mr. Loesser forgot about the incident, but about a year later, a piece did arrive at the Loesser household, just written by Godowsky and dedicated to him. It was a piece for the left hand alone, and to this day Mr. Loesser considers it an insurmountable Everest. Leopold Godowsky says, "Of course my father's music can be played - Father played it!" Mr Loesser concurs that the music can be played, but the amount of time it takes a pianist to get the music "under his fingers" is staggering, and when he has the piece down pat, it is unrewarding to program. Like Mozart, it is fiendishly difficult but sounds like child's play. Godowsky wrote his music for his own technique, but with the hope that future generations might play it. Instrumental technique does improve and become more efficient as time progresses, but piano technique has not progressed that far as yet.

Godowsky's music is not only fiendishly difficult to master technically, but musically as well. If the "Chopin Etude Studies" are not arranged for the left hand alone, then they are ingenious weavings of two or three etudes together at the same time. The polyphonic structure of Godowsky's music is labyrinthine, but when played by an artist who has more to offer than just being able to get through the notes, the music is wonderful, lilting, ravishing at times. Godowsky was the only composer to add to piano technique in terms of exactitude and dexterity since Liszt. Liszt extended the technique to unheard of heights, and Godowsky completed the extension to its logical conclusion. But Godowsky's music, unlike Liszt's, never had a vulgar phrase or tasteless note - it is uniformly delicious.

To get some idea of Godowsky's music without hearing it (the chances of

hearing much of it these days are pretty thin), imagine the Horowitz transcriptions. It's music of equally difficult problems in finger dexterity and control, and with even greater musical difficulties to solve. Godowsky was perhaps the only composer besides Chopin whose music specifically personifies the piano. It is inconceivable that his music be played upon another instrument. One looks in vain in Liszt, Debussy and Ravel for "pianistic" music of the kind Chopin and Godowsky wrote. As the Romantic pianist vanishes, so does the Romantic piano music.

The recordings represented on this disc are all being released for the first time. They were all taken from unique discs donated to International Piano Library archives by Leopold Godowsky II, and all, with the exception of the Chopin "Scherzo" and the part of the "Java" suite, are probably early unissued electrical recordings made in 1926. The discs selected all bear Godowsky's signature passing them for issuance, but for one reason or another they were never released. The Chopin "Scherzo" dates from 1930, and was recorded in London at Godowsky's last recording session. All four scherzi were supposed to have been recorded, but no trace of the other three exists today. It was at this exhausting session that Godowsky suffered his first stroke, from which he was later incapacitated for life.

"The Gardens of Buitenzorg," from the third part of the "Java" suite, was a private recording made with a primitive disc-cutter in about 1935. It is a comparatively simple piece depicting the formal gardens surrounding the house of the Governor of Java, located in Buitenzorg, the capitol city. It is in quadruple time, and is one of the most chromatic pieces in the "Java" set. This is the only known recording of Godowsky playing Godowsky, excepting the minor transcriptions, such as the "Star Spangled Banner" which ends this disc.

We shall never hear the Godowsky that Hofmann, Rachmaninoff and Lhevinne heard in the seclusion of their homes, but we have a remarkable heritage left to us via the gramophone of Leopold Godowsky's playing. (Incidentally, Godowsky went through hours of work weighting his fingerings and altering his technique specifically to suit the limitations of the recording apparatus). His recordings of the Grieg Ballade, the Beethoven "Les Adieux" Sonata, the Schumann Carnival, the Chopin Nocturnes and B Flat Minor Sonata, or the smaller repertoire pieces, including those presented here, are among the supreme treasures the recording process has brought forth. Listen to these recordings carefully - as much as possible has been done to remedy their sonic deficiencies, but they are still not good in this respect. That is unimportant. Do not listen for fireworks, although the astute hearer will hear them - they are subtle but more spectacular than can be heard in any recital hall today. The playing is golden, of a vanished age.

(c) Gregor Benko, 1988

THE TRANSCENDENTAL TRADITION

Programme notes for a programme given at the Jubilee Hall
at the Aldeburgh Festival, Monday, June 25, 1973.

By Ronald Stevenson.

The title of this programme is Peter Pear's. When he proposed it, I saw immediately how its three words suggested everything about the art of transcription. For that's what transcription is, or rather, should be: the transcendental tradition. An art based on tradition, but going on beyond it; an art both old and new at the same time.

Transcription, the art of re-working a composition in a performing medium different from the original, has the imprimatur of the centuries. It is not, as is sometimes assumed, an aberration of the nineteenth century. To take an early example, Caccini's solo madrigal Amarilli mia bella was published in Florence in 1602; in London the following year, Peter Philips transcribed it for virginals - a transcription far more free than any of Liszt's transcriptions of Bach. True, in the nineteenth century the transcription sometimes degenerated into the cheap arrangement (or, more aptly, derangement). Unfortunately this brought the whole thing into undeserved odium. But the masters practised transcription, from Bach to Schoenberg. Bach, who transcribed Vivaldi, is himself the most frequently transcribed composer; his transcribers include Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Alkan, Brahms, Busoni, Godowsky, Grainger, Schoenberg, Segovia, Stokowski, Stravinsky and Walton. This list includes not only composers of transcriptions for piano, but also for other media; and it does not include the number of jazz-transcribers of Bach whose number is legion.

The most prolific transcriber was Franz Liszt. If all nineteenth-century music were destroyed - heaven forbid! - with the exception of Liszt, nearly all the best of it would remain in Liszt's piano transcriptions, from the nine symphonies of Beethoven to the music of the Russian Nationalists. Some of Liszt's finest transcriptions are of Schubert Lieder. After the early advocacy of the baritone Vogl, Schubert's songs fell into neglect. Liszt's transcriptions popularized them in the pre-gramophone era in a similar way to the growth in music appreciation effected by the gramophone. Some people think that the gramophone has invalidated transcription. Personally, I think the Gramophone has given transcription a new validity. Too often, repeated listening to a favourite recording stereotypes one's view of a work. In this case a transcription, especially a free transcription, can shed light on familiar music.

In his opusculé 'A New Aesthetic of Music' (1906) Busoni considers that the notation of music is, in itself, a transcription of an idea. From 'scription' to transcription is but a short step. Busoni adds that it's odd how variation-form is esteemed by Urtext-fetishists; while variation-form, when built on a borrowed theme, produces a whole series of transcriptions which, besides, are least faithful when most ingenious. So, to purists, the transcription is not good because it varies the original; while the variation is good, though it transcribes the original! The truth is that it is impossible to differentiate too finely between variation and transcription, or between transcription and composition. For every good transcription varies an original and is a composition in its own right.

Twentieth-century masters of transcription have all spoken out against irrational criticism and calumny. Godowsky wrote: 'Why should musicians

be denied the privileges of comment, criticism, dissertation, discussion, and display of imaginative faculties when transcribing, arranging, or paraphrasing a standard work! Why should the literary men alone enjoy all the prerogatives! Shakespeare built his plays on borrowed themes, and Moliere said: 'Je prends mon bien ou je le trouve.' Grainger instanced the example of master musicians practising the art of transcription and commented: 'Why should the smaller flight, who really hardly know anything about anything at all, make such an uproar against arrangements and transcriptions?' But not all critics calumniate. Ernest Newman held that masterpieces of transcription are comparable to the work of great commentators, such as Scartazzini on the Divina Commedia, Conington on Virgil, Mantague Summers on the Restoration dramatists. But the best appreciation comes from composers. In a letter to me, Benjamin Britten wrote: 'Transcription is a very serious form which has been much neglected recently.'

In a way, this essayette itself is a kind of transcription: Random reflections on the opinions of other musicians... and on Peter Pears' title.

(C) Ronald Stevenson

The Genesis of a Biography

by

JEREMY NICHOLAS

I suppose Wolverhampton Station (High Level), Platform one, is as good a place as any to get the idea for a book, and that's where it happened: not in the bath, but on a railway platform waiting for a train.

My reading for the daily journey between Stafford (where I was living) and Wolverhampton (where I worked as a trainee manager in a department store) was, in that Spring of 1966, Harold Schonberg's "The Great Pianists". At forty-five shillings, this was an extravagant whim merely to have a photograph of Liszt - I was fascinated, I'd never seen one before - and a hymn in praise of my idol, Horowitz. This was champagne in what could be, for all I cared, a sea of Tizer...or Irn Bru if you live up North. (Twenty-one years later, I paid thirty-five pounds just to listen to my ageing hero for an hour or so; but then I did get to shake his hand).

Ask an actor how he came to write a book and you'll be pinned up against the wall for an hour or two while your house burns down and your wife elopes. But to let you in on the story, I will have to give you a brief biog. Turn to Page if you like, and skip to the important bit.

I began to play the piano at three and had my first lesson before I was five; today, I can play as well as Horowitz or Chercassky or Bolet - as long as there is no-one around. Funny, but when other people are listening the magic inexplicably disappears and my fingers become intractable arthritics. Ah well. While this burgeoning young virtuoso struggled with Venetian Gondola Songs and the wretched Cramer-Bülow (what a damned stupid name for damned stupid music!) I listened to Horowitz's arrangement of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No.6 over and over again. It was on a little 45 rpm disc with a huge hole in the middle, the result of some long-gone auto-changing device on our Murphy radiogram. This also played the pile of red label HMV78's that a kind family friend had donated to me: Rachmaninov, Paderewski and Cortot.

Having been brought up on the best, I naturally wanted more of the best. So, like many another adolescent, I entered that opium den from which no man has ever emerged sane or wealthy - the record shop. I began the incurable, hopeless, life-long addiction to record collecting. By my early teens I had become, in short, a piano nut.

As Schonberg paraded his pianistic pantheon, I realised that that this was 'one of those books' - it struck, so to speak, several large chords - I read it as though it were a detective thriller: I couldn't put it down. Names and deeds there were that I'd not come across before: Henselt, Thalberg, Tausig, Gottschalk, d'Albert, Carreno and...Godowsky. Why hadn't I come across him before? Why was his music not readily available in any music shops? Why had I not heard any of his records or his compositions? I asked these questions because, on Mr. Schonberg's authority, 'in independence of hands, equality of finger, ability to juggle polyphonic strands and general pianistic finish, he may have been unique in keyboard history.' A

large claim from so considered and judicious a writer. 'None but he' I read, 'could play his music...His fifty-three paraphrases of Chopin's Etudes are probably the most impossibly difficult things ever written for the piano.' This was heady stuff for a bravura-worshipper and I set out to discover more.

There was nothing.

A career change (actually I'd got the sack from the department store and had decided to go to drama school in Birmingham to become an actor) meant that for three years Godowsky was virtually forgotten, with a single exception.

I picked up an Argo LP of Ampico Piano Rolls, because on it was the only recording then available of Godowsky's. I couldn't believe the fabulous playing of Liszt's La Leggierezza: And I'm still not sure that I can believe it!

Fade, dissolve to

Glasgow, 1971: I've just finished my first year with Giles Havergal's Citizens' Theatre. Back in London for a two-month respite before the start of the second season, I'm taken by a friend to a showbiz party in Dollis Hill. Very starry, very crushed. I'm very young and I don't know anybody. My eye is drawn to the large female presence seated Buddha-like at one end of the main room. Dressed in a spectacularly colourful kaftan and bedecked with chunks of Comombian jewelry, she looked by far the most interesting person there. She managed to exude charisma like some people exude Chanel. "May I sit by you?" I asked. "Of course"; she replied, in a thick mid-European accent. "May I ask your name?" (Fearfully polite I was). "Dagmar", she said simply. "Dagmar what?" I pressed. "Dagmar Godowsky." "Not anything to do with the pianist, the composer, I suppose?" "He was my father." "Your father? Leopold Godowsky was your father! That's fantastic, I said, getting over-excited. "Yes, but tell me", she said, "how do you know about my father? Nobody knows about him - you are far too young to have heard about him." And on we went. I was still at her side when the party ended some hours later.

You remember conversations like that when you're twenty-three. Dagmar gave me her address in New York. I'd decided to find out more about her father, write an article maybe, for his neglect seemed to outweigh his achievements on a fairly large scale. That chance meeting and Schonberg's book inspired me to start researching. (I met Dagmar only once subsequently before she died at the age of seventy-eight in 1975 - tea at the Waldorf.) Apart from a few brief discursive entries in encyclopaedias, there seemed to be no information at all about Leopold Godowsky.

At the beginning of my second season with the Citizens' Theatre, a friend gave me a copy of an extraordinary book - a poem by Ronald Duncan called, innocently enough, 'Man'. And that's what it was: Man - his history, his tale from pre-amoebic days to his present lofty state. It was all quite beyond your average middle-class lad with no academic qualifications beyond an L.R.A.M. (for acting). Full of mathematical equations and high-flown theoretical notions of physics written in blank verse, it was though, strangely alluring and sensuous if largely incomprehensible and well above my head. It made Einstein's Relativity Theory read like Noddy in Toyland. But what Duncan had done, what he had realised he must do to write his poetic survey of Man was to educate himself in fields of learning of which he had no knowledge whatsoever. He felt that before he could write about Man with any integrity, he owed it to himself, his readers - and Man - to go back to

basics and to understand the source of the first germ of Universal Life before he felt equipped intellectually to write on the subject. To that end he taught himself physics, chemistry, biology, mathematics - all to a very high standard - to immerse himself in his theme. How admirable, I thought...How discouraging, I thought. With dismay, I realised that I too, in order to write about Godowsky, must go back to basics, re-learn - yes, and un-learn - a great deal about music. It became a personal challenge.

I set about the project in a haphazard way. Whenever I had some spare time from then on, I would go to libraries, book shops, record shops, talk with musicians and find out about the piano and the pianistic background from which Godowsky emerged. From the Mitchell Library in Glasgow, (where I spent the first of hundreds of hours research) to the British Museum (where I once copied out most of a book in long-hand in pre-xerox days) to Connecticut (where I befriended Leopold and Elaine Godowsky, grandchildren of my subject, who introduced me to their father and mother, Leopold Godowsky II and Francis Gershwin Godowsky, to my cottage in Essex (where I am writing this) has been a long, fascinating, arduous, enlightening and roundabout journey. I'm not at my destination yet. I doubt I ever will be, for new information arrives by the day, even as the book goes chapter by chapter to the printers - and will arrive by the barrow-load, I suspect, when it finally appears!

I have made many friends while writing and researching the book and I have been shown the most enormous generosity in the most unlikely quarters. The list of people to thank will be long indeed. Interestingly, of over twenty British and American publishers who turned down the book, only Martin Bailey of Scholar Press was prepared to put his money where his enthusiasm and his mouth were. Alas, Scholar Press no longer existed by the time I'd completed a first draft. It was saddening, though understandable, to realise that the piano and a dead pianist/unknown composer do not make a viable commercial project. Moreover, with an unknown author on their doorstep, it was all too easy for a publisher to shut the door firmly and (with the exception of Gollancz) politely, without even glancing at the manuscript. Only Fabers went to the trouble of employing a professional reader to pass an opinion on what was, admittedly, a pretty rough first draft. (Godowsky, I learnt from the report, was of no importance, mainly famous for his transcription of the Blue Danube Waltz (!); Mr. Nicholas was not much of a writer either.) Exit Nicholas, baffled. Despite underlining in red 'that this is a first draft and the book needs an editor', no-one I met in publishing could grasp this...

Which turned out to be a Good Thing because I was persuaded, eventually, to publish it myself in conjunction with someone who really does know something of the piano and writing: Brian Crimp. (His hugely successful Archive Piano Recordings has given us over the past few years those marvellous albums of Barare, Rosenthal and Moisewitsch). I have learnt a great deal from 'doing Godowsky' - Music and Life in about equal measure - and one thing is this: if you want something done well, done properly, to your own standards - do it yourself. We wait with trepidation and excitement to hear your reaction when THE PIANISTS' PIANIST; The Life Of Leopold Godowsky, appears in the Autumn together with a double album of recordings (fingers crossed). We hope you'll all think it's all been worth while.

STOP PRESS: Even as I finish typing this, I have confirmation that Godowsky recorded all four of the Chopin Scherzi before his stroke. Also he cut four Schubert/Godowsky songs. The bad news is that the masters have probably all been destroyed.

Original exercises,
(independence of the fingers)
expressly written for
this work, by:

Originalübungen,
(Unabhängigkeit der Fin-
ger) eigens für
dieses Werk geschrie-
ben, von:

Exercices originaux,
(indépendance des doigts)
écrits expressément
pour cette oeuvre, par:

Ejercicios originales,
(independencia de los
dedos) escritos especial-
mente para esta obra,
por:

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY

These exercises are very clever and of great effect. The first two exercises are to be played *legato*, six times in succession, each time faster: Lento-Andante-Moderato-Allegretto-Allegro-Presto; then repeat in staccato.

The second exercise offers a splendid opportunity to acquire mastery over the simultaneous playing of two different rhythms.

The third exercise perfects the execution, with one hand alone, of staccato notes, while the same hand holds, and keeps down, a key. (A. J.)

Diese Übungen sind äusserst sinnreich und von grossem Effekt. Die beiden ersten spiele man zuerst legato und zwar sechsmal in immer schnellerem Tempo, wie: Lento-Andante-Moderato - Allegretto-Allegro - Presto; nachher übe man sie auf obige Art staccato.

Die zweite Übung ist ein ausgezeichnetes Studium zur Erlangung der Meisterschaft in der gleichzeitigen Ausführung zweier verschiedener Rhythmen.

Die dritte dient zur Beherrschung des gleichzeitigen Spiels von staccato und gehaltenen Noten mit einer Hand. (A. J.)

Ces exercices sont très ingénieux et d'un grand secours. Les deux premiers exercices doivent être étudiés d'abord *legato*, six fois de suite et en augmentant chaque fois la vitesse: Lento-Andante-Moderato-Allegretto-Allegro-Presto: ensuite on les étudiera, de la même façon, staccato.

Le second exercice offre une excellente occasion d'obtenir la maîtrise dans le jeu simultané de deux rythmes différents.

Le troisième exercice permet d'affirmer l'exécution, avec une main seule, de notes jouées staccato pendant que la même main soutient une note, c'est-à-dire: garde, enfoncée, une touche.

(A. J.)

Estos ejercicios son sumamente ingeniosos y de excelente efecto. Los dos primeros ejercicios se estudiarán primeramente legato, seis veces de seguida y aumentando cada vez la velocidad: Lento-Andante-Moderato-Allegro-Presto: luego se estudiarán, de la misma manera, staccato.

El segundo ejercicio ofrece una excelente ocasión de obtener dominio en la ejecución simultánea de dos ritmos diferentes.

El tercer ejercicio desarrolla y asienta la ejecución, con una mano sola, de notas tocadas staccato, mientras la misma mano sostiene una nota, es decir guarda hundida una tecla.

(A. J.)

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is labeled 'm. d.' (mano derecha) and the bottom staff is labeled 'm. s.' (mano izquierda). Both staves show a sequence of notes with fingerings (1, 2, 3) and a 4-measure rest at the end of each line.

m. d.

m. s.

m. d.

m. s.