

A Negro needs only to have an accusation leveled against him—and the punishment is as good as decided and executed. Only last month were the provincial officials of Alabama driven to admit to the Supreme Court of the land that no colored man or woman could have hoped to be on the jury that convicted the nine Scottsboro boys.

As a gigantic climax out of an Earl Carroll musical, Governor Talmadge of Georgia, fretting of late against the oppressive NRA, magnificently threatened to secede from the Union. It seems all too likely that he will convince Washington that Georgia wouldn't be missed.

Now there's an idea for the North. Shall we continue reeling, hiding, apologizing and blushing for the savagery and barbarism of the South? Let the North rid itself of this crushing burden of responsibility. Let us follow the example set by this very South.

Let the North secede.

This could surely be arranged with a minimum of dissent. Messrs. Long and Talmadge could serve as a committee of two to round up such States as feel they could do a better job of government by themselves. A really sharp boundary could be set between the two countries. The North would no longer have to explain such incredibilities as planted juries, share-the-wealth schemes and sadistic illegal hangings.

There remains only the problem of a flag for the joyously abandoned South. The replica of a five-thousand-dollar bill is suggested gratis. And the national anthem would, of course, be Huey's own inspiring ballad, "Every Man a King."

BATTLES OF THE CENTURY

Al Smith Against the Nudists

Charles R. Walgreen Against the University of Chicago

GUESS-CONDUCTORS

by DAVID EWEN

THE history of orchestral conducting has, in its comparatively short span, probably known more fashions than any other interpretative branch of the musical art. Louis Antoine Jullien—he who conducted with a jeweled baton, while wearing a pair of kid gloves—boasted of many imitators who would emulate his strange histrionics on the platform; the enormous fame of Safonov inspired a period of batonless conducting; and Hans von Bulow inaugurated an era of exaggerated and distorted interpretation. In recent years, however, a new fetish has been adopted by the orchestral conductor, which promises to be the most pernicious of all: it has become a style to direct entire programs from memory. As a result, the conductor who stands in front of a music-stand, referring to a printed score during the progress of a concert, is becoming more and more an obsolescent curiosity.

Conducting from memory is not entirely a present-day phenomenon. Gustav Mahler and Artur Nikisch occasionally directed familiar works without resorting to the printed page long before it became the universal fad. But, invariably, the event caused exclamations of surprise. When Hans von Bulow first heard Richard Strauss, what attracted him to the young composer-conductor was the fact that Strauss led his own work from memory; and when Artur Nikisch conducted a program of

Liszt music without a score in front of him, the event was something of a sensation. Today, however, conducting from memory is no longer a curiosity. A conductor feels disgraced before the eyes of his public if he does not perform at least the classics from memory. And I know of one important manager who has openly refused to engage any guest-conductor for his orchestra who cannot accomplish this feat.

With one or two conductors whose phenomenal memories make the support of a printed score quite unnecessary (one thinks specifically of Arturo Toscanini), or in the case of conductors who have directed a work so frequently that it is indelibly impressed upon their minds, conducting scoreless remains an unaffected gesture. In such instances, it is an intelligent move for the conductor to dispense with the music, for he can then concentrate entirely upon his men. It is only when this practice becomes a universal fashion, to be utilized indiscriminately for works old and new, familiar and unfamiliar, that it becomes exceedingly dangerous.

The truth is that most conductors, who today appear week-in and week-out on platforms without the customary music-stand in front of them, are only vaguely familiar with all the markings of a score. For them to attempt to direct their men without the support of the music is a very stupid and futile gesture. Inaccurate performances, innumerable omissions of subtle nuances and effects designated in the music, but which elude the memory of the conductor, are the inevitable results of this form of conductorial exhibitionism.

Sloppiness and inaccuracies have become more and more frequent intruders into orchestral performances since this fad has set in among conductors. The guest-conductor has now become a guess-conductor. I remember hearing Bruno Walter conduct a passage from Richard Strauss' *Schlagobers* in four-quarter time when the score clearly designated five-quarter, confusing the players to such an extent that the entire section of the work was completely distorted in performance; and this accident would have been quite impossible if Walter were referring to a score during the performance. I also recall a performance of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* by Koussevitzky in which the conductor suffered a lapse of memory with the result that he was compelled to push his baton feebly for several minutes—during which time the balance of the orchestra collapsed into confusion—until he could bring back to mind the exact notation of the score. Such obvious ineptitude of conducting is, to be sure, not an everyday affair with conductors of the stature of Bruno Walter and Serge Koussevitzky. What has become more habitual, however—and what is even more lamentable—is the persistent disregard of subtle indications in the score for slight, but all-important accentuations, syncopations, rubatos, etc.

The severest sufferer of this fad—if we exclude the audience and the composition—is the young conductor who directs from memory because he feels that he must keep abreast of the times. In the process of recreating a work of art, there are so many details upon which a young conductor must focus his attention that it is regrettable for him to divert so much of his attention, energy and time to a task so exacting as committing complicated orchestral scores to memory. The mere mechanical effort of memorizing concert-length programs will prove to be so enormous that, in spite of himself, the young conductor will be apt to neglect the much more important job of studying scores for their artistic content. Besides, it stands to reason that at the concert proper the more attention the young conductor devotes to recalling to mind the notes of the work he is directing, the less concentration can he expend upon the fine points of carving and shaping his interpretation as the music pours from under his baton.

LITTLE MAN, HOW MUCH?

by LAWRENCE VAIL

THE racket in the next room reminded me of the war. Poor Holgar, I thought. She's throwing the heavy furniture. Her nerves must be worse.

Holgar is my eldest daughter. My tallest. Six foot six in her socks.

"Poor child," said my wife. "He's thrown her over again. She's very upset."

"Thrown her!" I cried. "I rejoice Holgar has found a man who can stand up to her."

"He cannot," said my wife. "Holgar knocked him down, picked him up by the collar, shook him and bit his ear. Mr. Smoodles went off in a huff."

"Ah, the vicar. But why must Holgar pick on a man half her size?"

"She suffers," said my wife. "Since she was twenty, last April, she's grown another inch. Holgar should see a serious doctor . . ."

Next morning Holgar and I caught the 9:10 to town. Presently, as I read the paper, I had an idea:

"This Carnera fellow looks to me a fine upstanding man."

I showed Holgar the picture in the "Illustrated News." She shuddered. "He's too horrible, father. I loathe uncouth brutes."

I nudged her great flank. "Don't you think you could come to care for a tall, strong he-man? I have nothing against Smoodles, but he's not quite worthy of my little girl . . ."

Her good brown eyes filled with tears. "Father, I beg of you. I know I could never care for any other man."

"That's calf love," I said. Suddenly I got angry. "In any case, I refuse my consent."

Her mouth trembled. "Oh, father," she besought me, "don't take it like that. Josiah is getting used to me. It's only because I've been growing lately that he's a bit afraid. But surely those doctors in London will be able to stop that."

* * * *

"Let me see," said Sir Artemus. "Does Miss Mudget smoke?"

I shook my head. The well-dressed physician said:

"I take it you know that the theory that tobacco retards growth was refuted in 1908 by that eminent German experimentalist, the late Professor Hans Druck. Since that time, however, under the bridge of medicine much water has flowed: I mean that Druck's brilliant refutation has been discredited by the Scotch Board of Health. Of course, as a child your daughter should never have been forbidden to pick up cigarette butts and suck her father's pipe. But we must not give up hope. That would never do."

He sat before his desk and wrote a few illegible words in a small neat hand. "Nothing drastic, Miss Mudget. You will smoke three long black cigars before each of the two principal meals."

Holgar turned very pale. "Father, I couldn't. Josiah has sensitive adenoids. He can't bear smoky rooms. I am sure he would never marry a girl with tobacco breath."

"Couldn't you," I said to Sir Artemus, "suggest something else?"

"I wish you good morning," said Sir Artemus. "Yes, eleven guineas. Thank you. And, incidentally, it is possible Miss Mudget will shorten after change of life. A certain shrinkage and wizzening is apt to take place ten or twelve years after that date."

I dared not look at Holgar as we went out. "He's not the only doctor in Harley Street," I said. "Let's try next door."

Dr. Isadore Cohen reminded me of an Armenian conjurer I had known in a Swiss hotel. His hands never stopped twitching. He was sallow and lean.

"Exactly," he said. "You have a humility obsession because the young lady with whom you keep company is unusually tall."

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am quite well. But my daughter . . ."

"Precisely. Your daughter has a Goliath complex. She bullies the

household. She fills the house with lusty fellows. Your life is hell."

"It's not quite that," I said. "She feels clumsy, conspicuous—oh, I assure you we have done our best! My wife, my three younger daughters, even the butler, always go about the house with high-heeled shoes."

Dr. Cohen frowned. "Inadequate," he said.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "we might learn to wear stilts."

"I couldn't bear it," said Holgar, tears dimming her eyes. "And poor mother. It would be too cruel with her varicose veins."

"Let's leave mother out of it," I said. "It won't matter so much if she's the only short person in the house. As for me and the girls, I'm sure we would enjoy the elevation after a few days."

Holgar shuddered.

"Ah, the shudder," said Dr. Cohen. "That indicates frigidity. A virgin, I take it. Exactly, must be operated. Immediately. Frequently. Congenially, if possible. Miss Mudget must go the pace."

Without a word Holgar snatched her coat and made for the street.

"Father," she cried, "I'm not fit to live! You must shut me up somewhere. In a sanatorium, in a madhouse!" She shook hysterically. "Oh, I'm sure there are no strait jackets made for my size!"

"Don't be silly," I said. Suddenly a sign—*Dr. Jenkins, Osteopath*,—caught my alert eye. The exercise, I thought, will quiet her nerves.

The moment I saw Dr. Jenkins I knew we had come to the right place. He was a tremendous fellow. He came up to Holgar's chin.

"Sure," he said jovially. "'Course the little lady can be bullied down." He removed his coat. A ballet dancer, which stretched when he swelled out his muscles, was tattooed on his arm. "Come along," he said to Holgar. "I'm ready. Strip."

"Think of Josiah," I said to her. "You're doing it for him."

At last she consented, but I must leave the room. Finally, Dr. Jenkins joined me in the outer office. His face was wet and pale.

He poured himself a whisky. "I'll have my assistant with me next time you call. Two are better than one for this sort of job."

I made an appointment for the following week. "I hope he was not too rough on you," I said to Holgar as we descended the steps.

She trembled. "It was horrid, father. He tickled me horribly."

We caught the 4:15. Suddenly, as we walked into our cottage, I felt her strong hand grip my arm. "Father," she said, "I've struck my head."

"That's nothing," I said. "A little cold water . . ."

"But, father, I didn't hit my head here this morning when we went out. That osteopath has elongated me. Oh, I wish I were dead!"

I looked at her. She did seem very tall. "Stand right there," I said. "Yes, inside the door where you hit your head. I don't think you're growing. It's only a bump. Still, if you are growing, the top of the door will hold you down. Meanwhile, I'll fetch Smoodles. Those banns must be published before you grow out of the house."

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I found Smoodles in the garden watering his peas. "Good evening," I said. "My uncle has sent me a pheasant. You must join us."

The little vicar peered up at me. I noticed a patch of pink plaster on his large sharp ear. "Mr. Mudget," he said "I am not feeling well."

I took him by the arm. "You don't look well," I said. "I propose we make a small detour and stop at the 'Egg and Shell'."

"I never . . ." said Smoodles.

"My dear vicar," I said, "God forbid I should urge you, but you don't look at all well. Now a brisk walk and a dash of bitters . . ."

It was a pleasant enough dinner until the dessert. Holgar and Smoodles hardly contributed to the conversation, but then they were in love. On the other hand, my younger daughters, Jack Porter and