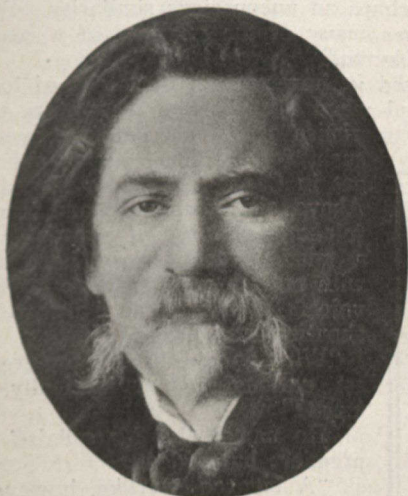


The Hambourgs in Canada

World-Famous Musicians Foresee Great Musical Development in this Country

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

THREE weeks ago there arrived in Toronto a quite remarkable family, the father and mother, brothers and sisters of Mark Hambourg, the world-famous Russian pianist. The Hambourgs have taken up residence in Toronto; the head of the family, Professor Michael Hambourg, and his son Jan have opened a musical studio there. Now, when it is noted that Professor Michael comes to the Dominion recommended as a teacher of pianoforte by such musicians as Leschetizky, Paderewski, Rosenthal and Busoni; and that Mr. Jan Hambourg bears the testimony of Ysaye, that he is the foremost exponent of that master's school of violin playing—the arrival of these two artists is an event of significance to musical Canada. It emphasises again that the artistic strivings of



A Father of Musicians.

Prof. Michael Hambourg, father of Mark, Jan and Boris

Canadians are making an impress upon the cultured world of Europe. If the Hambourgs are successful in their aspiration to instruct Canadians in the higher branches of music, it may mean that other European masters will migrate to Canada. Then, parents will be saved the expense of maintaining their daughters in Europe for advanced study; Canada will be the centre of musical art. Indeed, it may come about that present conditions will be reversed; the post-graduate trek will no longer lead from Canada to Europe, but Canadawards.



Miss Luba Hambourg
who is fond of doing pictures

And why did the Hambourgs come to Toronto?

The other night I asked Mr. Jan Hambourg to explain.

"We came to Canada because my brother Mark urged it," he said. "Lately my father has suffered from rheumatic trouble—which is fatal to a musician. We blamed damp, foggy London for it. We had to go somewhere. Mark said Canada. He was greatly impressed by this country—of course enormously from the commercial point of view. But we Hambourgs are mostly interested in things aesthetic, though the money, too, is an attraction, isn't it? Well, Mark said there was appreciation of art and money in Canada—especially Toronto, which he considered was the foremost musical city in Canada and showing the best prospects, indeed, in that respect of any city in America. Here we are!"

I found the Hambourgs living in a big west end apartment house. Their flat was a treasure house of art. For instance, on the walls, I saw original sketches by those geniuses of pen and ink—Du Maurier, of Trilby fame; Tom Browne, and artist Thackeray; also autograph photographs of celebrated musicians, and the original of "The Cherry Girl," sculpture of Albert Toft. Mr. Jan Hambourg showed me his two concert violins, one a Nicholas Amati, "grand pattern," 1664, valued at \$5,000; the other a Joseph Guarnerius Filius Andrae, valued at \$3,500.

"With these instruments I wish to become acquainted with Canadians," he laughed. "I come to America as the missionary of the Ysaye-Kreisler, Belgian and French school. I hope that pupils from all over America will come to me here at Toronto for instruction."

"We expect to find fine material here in Canada to work with. So far you Canadians excel in execution and you have some fine names."

He mentioned Donald, Parlow, Edmund Burke and other Canadian musical friends of his.

"Clarence Lucas, of London, Ont., whom I met in Europe some time ago, is the only Canadian who showed much aptitude for composition. But don't be impatient. Remember that the United States with their ninety millions have only one composer of note—Macdowell. Study and interpretation must precede creative genius in all art. Execution is the apprenticeship stage of music; you are serving yours."

"Do you think we'll escape before our southern neighbours?" I asked.

Mr. Jan would not presage the exact advent of the great Canadian composer.

But the Professor was ready.

"I would not be surprised but that you will outstrip them," he said, speaking in his slow, thoughtful fashion. "It's wonderful this Canada. Everything seems to be going, going. You can't stop."

Mr. Jan Hambourg is an alert athletic young Russian of twenty-eight years. He plays tennis, chess and billiards besides the violin—and would like to play rugby football. I do not think he has what they call a "temperament" which is not to say, however, that he is not wedded to his art. He is. And he has had some triumphs, too. Ysaye said of him once:



A Distinguished Family Trio

Mark Hambourg at the piano, Jan at the violin and Boris at the cello. Jan, standing up, is the new Canadian resident; Boris, to the left, is solo-touring for orchestras.

"Since the death of Wieniawski have heard no one who has reminded me so vividly of that master's playing as regards poetic interpretation, tone, colour and rhythmic brilliancy." Two years ago in London he created a sensation by rendering at five recitals 65 pieces from memory, a performance only once before equalled.

His father is tall and speaks with a Russian accent. He has taught music since 1879 at Vironej, Moscow Conservatoire, and in London. Of course, his most brilliant pupil is his son, Mark Hambourg, who attributes all of his success to his father's expert training. Another thing Mark inherited from his father besides the training—the wonderful silken waves of hair which fall down to the shoulders of both father and son.

There is another son, Boris, whom I did not see. He is a great cellist, and his father tells me that he will play with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra when he reaches Toronto in December during his tour.

Clement, another son, aged ten, was in bed when I arrived.

"Canadian boys take lots of sleep," said Professor Michael. "Clement is to be a Canadian; I am going to send him to the Toronto public schools."

"Another budding musician?" I asked.

"Oh, no; he has but one ambition; guess—to be a detective!"

Which shows that the interests of the Hambourg family are not all music. Genius is something more than specialism; the make-up must be cosmopolitan — of the universal. I found Professor Michael and Mr. Jan Hambourg delightfully reminiscent of literary, journalistic and art life of the old world capitals. Both of them are members of the "Savage Club" of London, that exclusive rendezvous, like the Garrick, of artistic notables in the metropolis. The three Hambourg boys, Mark, Jan and Boris, each speak four languages. Jan discusses literature with glee. He seems particularly fond of the modern French romancists, Balzac, Flaubert and Zola; he reminds you of a

Gaul with his electric energy, his *joie de vivre*.

Yes, he knows something of Canadian literature, too. His favourite author is Sir Gilbert Parker, whom he knows quite well—both his books and the knight himself.

Mr. Jan Hambourg has always regretted that his concert managers have not arranged a tour for him across this country or "continent," as he prefers to call the Dominion.



Clement, the Baby of the Family
He will learn to be a Canadian

His experiences of the colonies so far has been confined to South Africa and Australia. Commenting on conditions there, he remarked that Canada was miles ahead of her sister colonies in aesthetic development.

"Even in the primitive western towns where Mark played, after each succeeding tour, there was a noticeable improvement in the musical intelligence of the audience."

The song of the prairies, the woods and the mountains—throbbing young life hammering out the destiny of a great country—this is a song these European masters have come here to learn. And perhaps they will soften it.