

Ernst Toch

(1887 Vienna - 1964 Santa Monica)



Moritz and Gisela Toch, Ernst and Elsa



Ernst Toch as a young boy in Vienna, with his parents and elder sister, circa 1895

Toch in his early twenties, circa 1909, just before he received the Mozart Prize



Although...

Toch in his early twenties
around the time he won the Mozart Prize



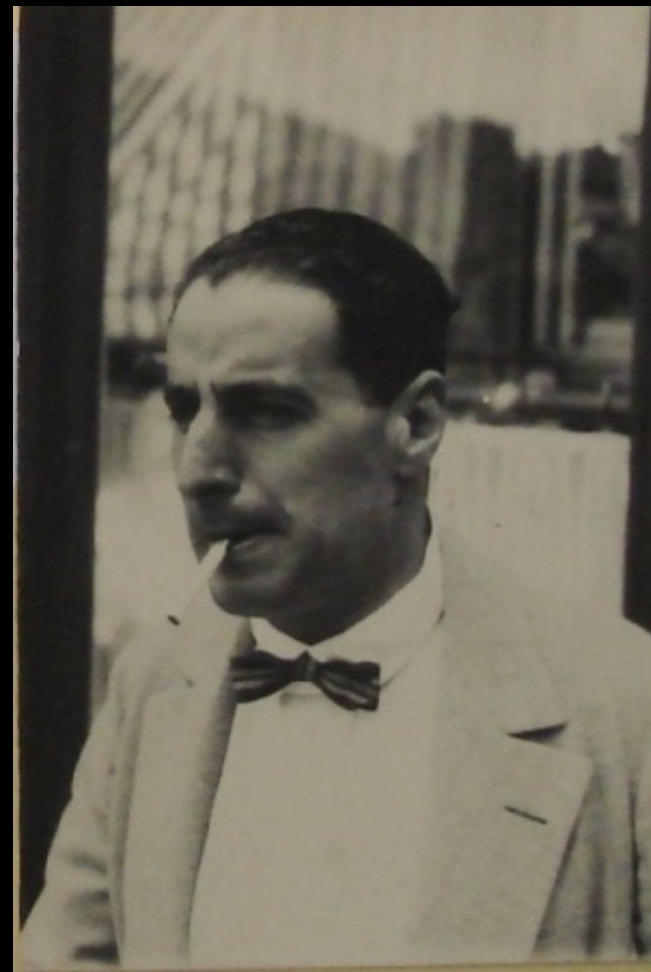


Alice (Lilly) and Marianne Zwack, newlyweds, and amidst the First World War

Toch as infantry
platoon commander
in World War I







The Festival Circuit, 1920s



August Sander, *People of the Twentieth Century*
E.T., Composer





With daughter Franzi, 1932

'I DO THE TALK,' DECLARES WIFE OF ERNEST TOCH

Famous German Composer
Will Appear at Repertory
Theatre Under Sponsor-
ship of Pro Musica

By F. S.

Carl-Friedrich Ernst Toch, famous composer-pianist of the younger radical group in Germany, came here last week, but when it comes to talking he lets his wife do it.

The wife "gets her point across" for him. Sometimes, at concerts, when the audience of some sort is expected from an artist here in such cases he has developed himself—well, if he doesn't let up to it, she "does the talking" for him.

They laughed together, the young German couple. They arrived in Seattle yesterday morning, he to give a vocal lecture evening and she to do the talking, interpret the man and, if necessary, to interpret.

He was wearing a long, dark suit. She was dressed modestly in brown.

"I do not speak the English," Toch said quietly. "My wife, she talks."

—Seattle Times

EATS RAW MEAT



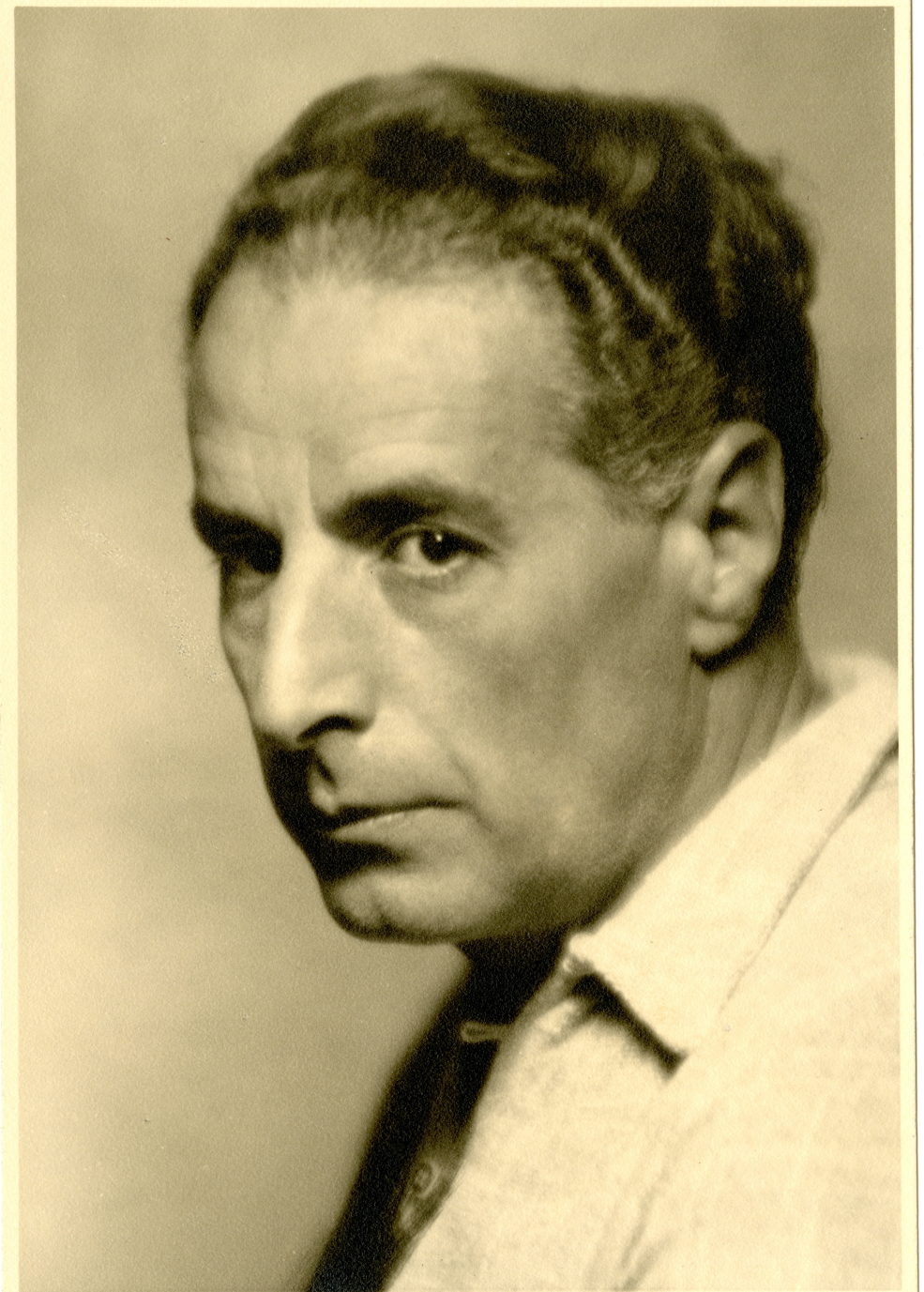
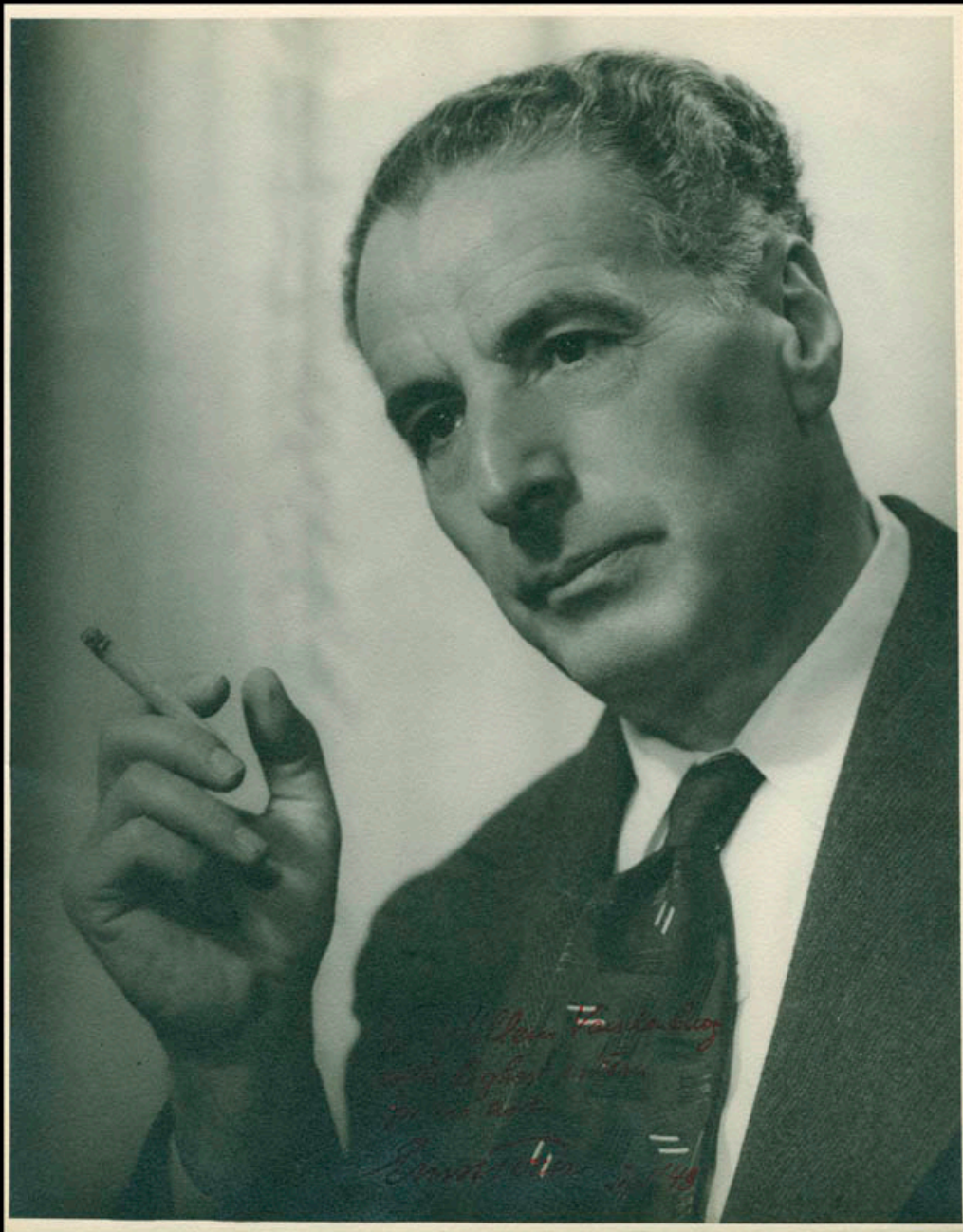
For Ernst - With keen appreciation
of his music and with warm
friendliness.

Serge Serbin

apr. 7, 1936.



Otto Klemperer, Prince von Loewenstein, Arnold Schoenberg, Ernst Toch





Dedication for Tracy and Irving on their wedding day, July 31, 1946. Lili Marino, Calif.
1 - 58 *Adagio - stable, expressive tempo* *Concristine*

Lili Marino

Handwritten musical score for "The Song of the Lark" by George Gershwin. The score is written on ten staves, featuring complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings. The title "The Song of the Lark" is written at the top. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines, along with handwritten annotations like "rhythm", "melody", and "harmony". The score is divided into sections by double bar lines and includes a key signature change to B-flat major. The final section is marked "The Song of the Lark" and ends with a double bar line.

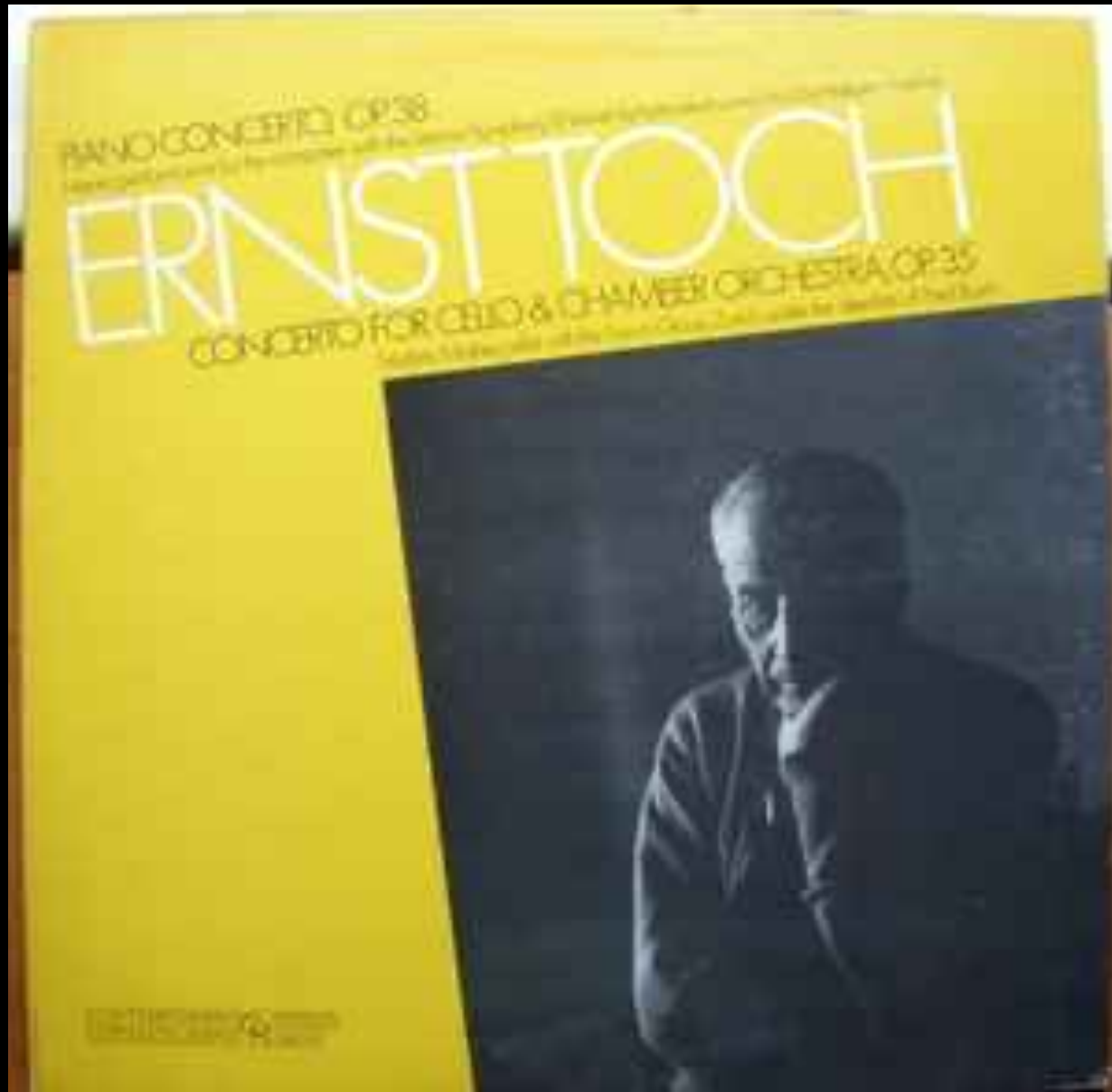


Toch at MacDowell

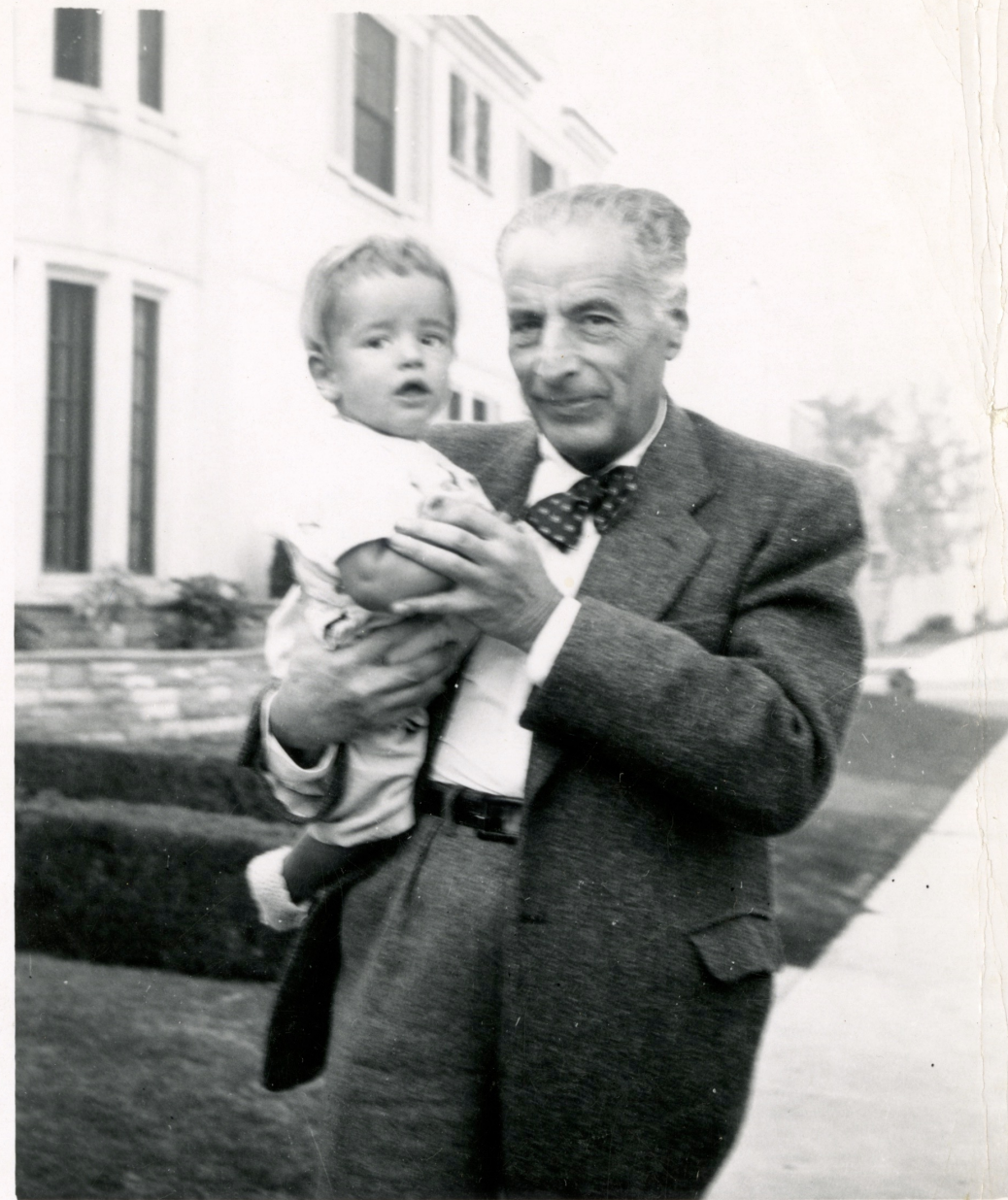


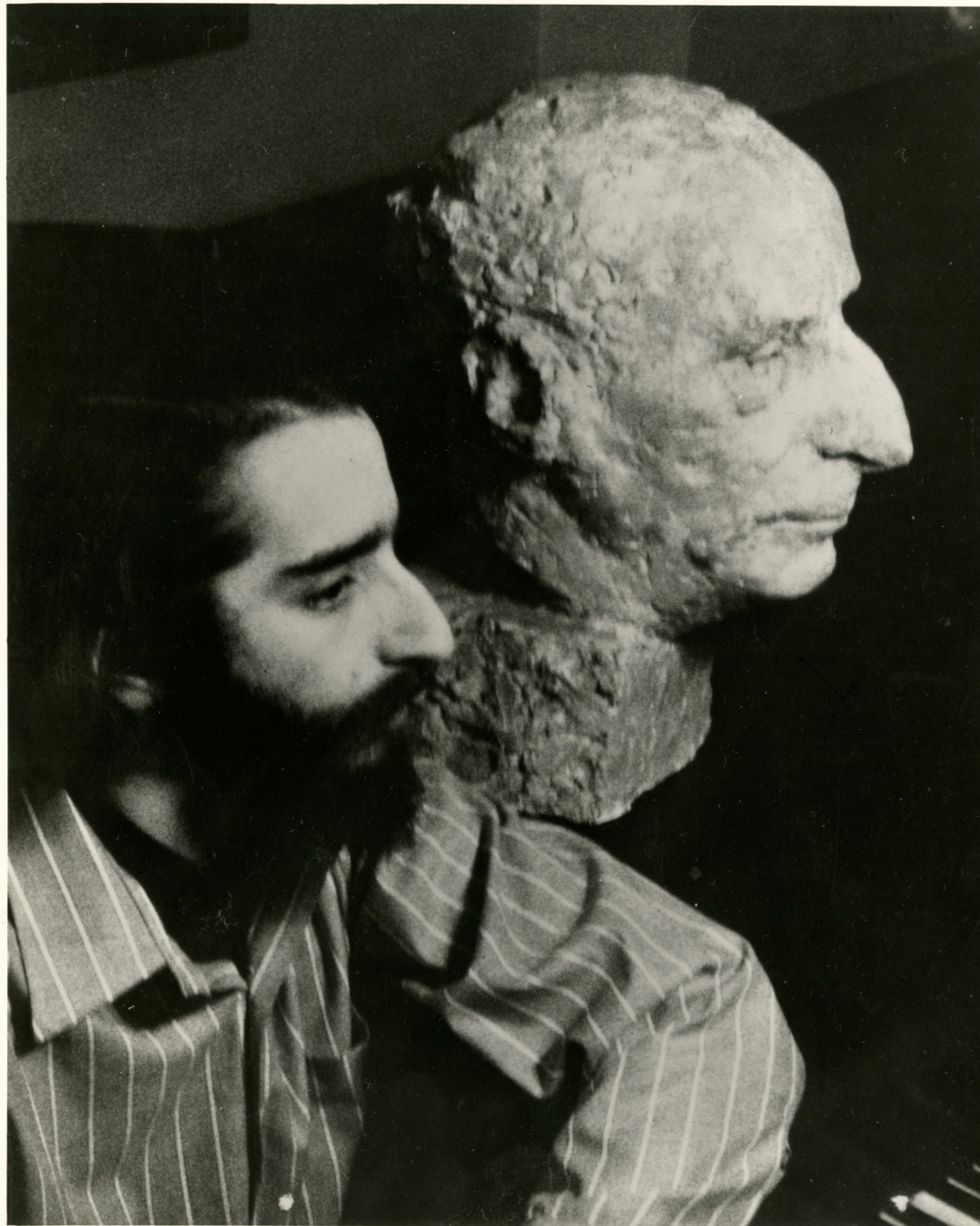
Toch with William Steinberg in Pittsburgh, rehearsing the Third Symphony

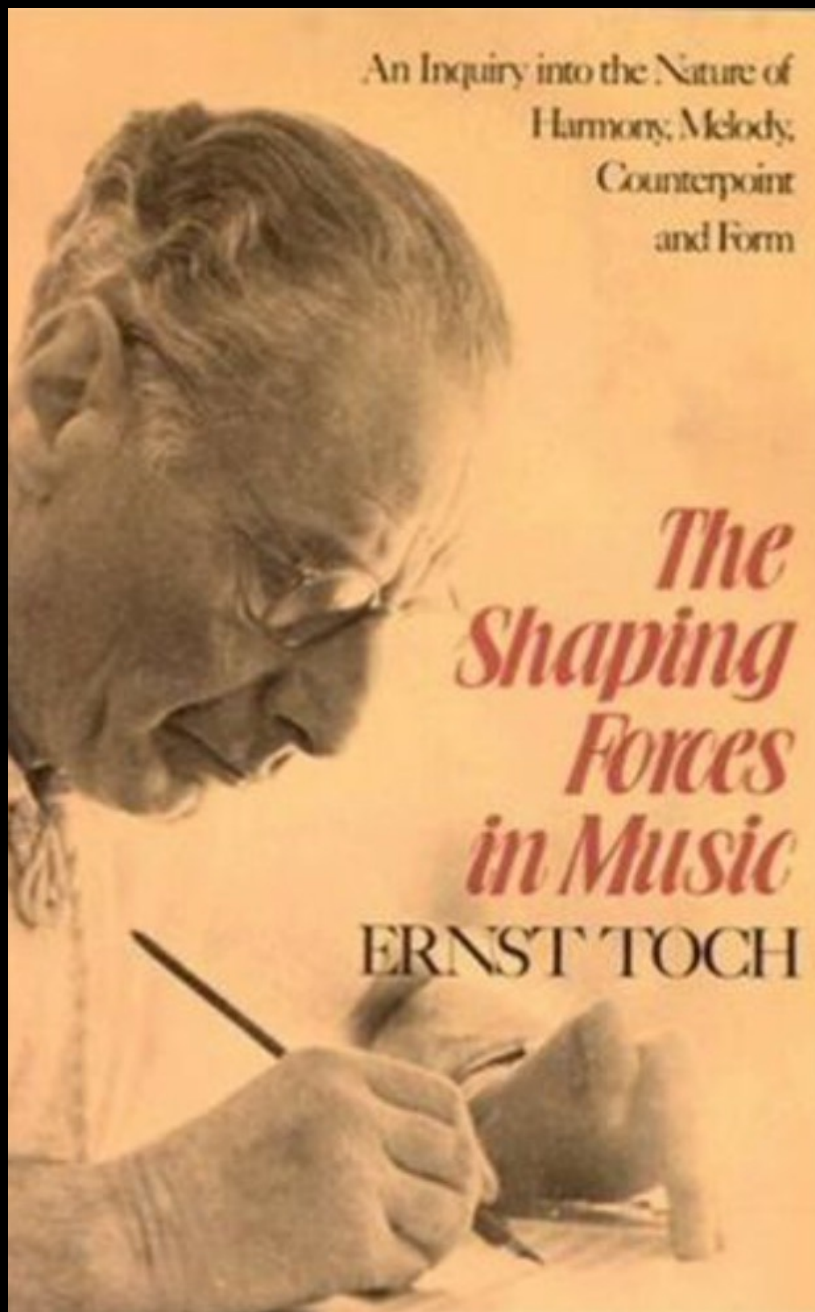


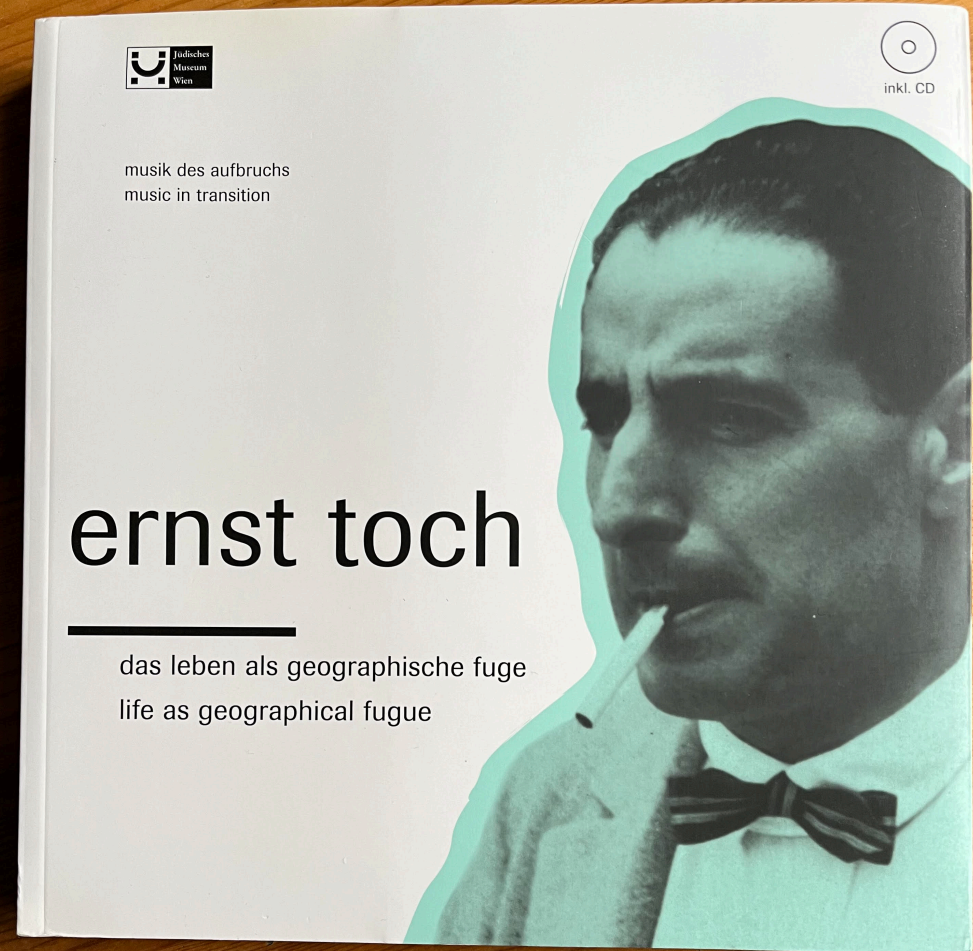
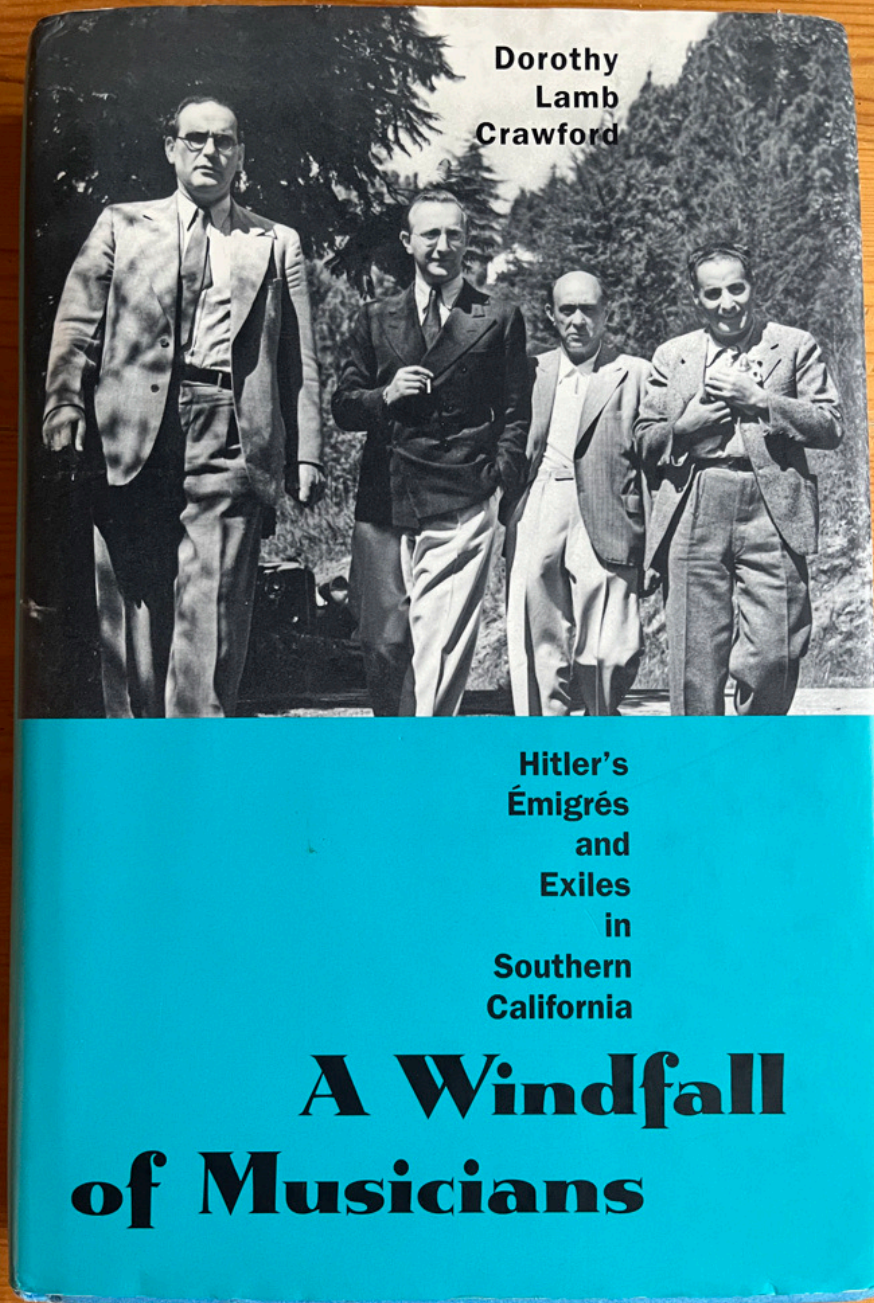












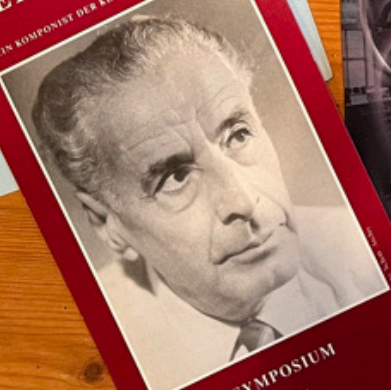
VILLA AURORA
Foundation for European-American Relations
& ERNST TOCH SOCIETY

remembering the émigrés
remembering to

Thursday, November 30th, 2000
7:30 PM

Concert in celebration of the installation
of the composer's grand piano at Villa Aurora

ERNST TOCH
(1887-1964)
EIN KOMPOSITOR DER KLASSISCHEN MUSIK



SYMPOSIUM
in der
Hochschule für Musik und
Darstellende Kunst Frankfurt am Main
am
FREITAG, 24. NOVEMBER 2000

The Royal Conservatory
THE GLENN GOULD SCHOOL


THE GLENN GOULD SCHOOL
WITH
THE ROYAL ACADEMY
OF MUSIC

MUSIC IN EXILE
REVIVAL AND RESTORATION

PROGRAM 1
November 6, 2019 at 12:00 pm
The Royal Conservatory

THE CONTINUUM ENSEMBLE

SWEPT AWAY
MUSIC OF A LOST GENERATION



Corland House
AT MEETSTAD


Sunday, November 19, 2017 at 3pm

Heaven, Hell, and Hollywood

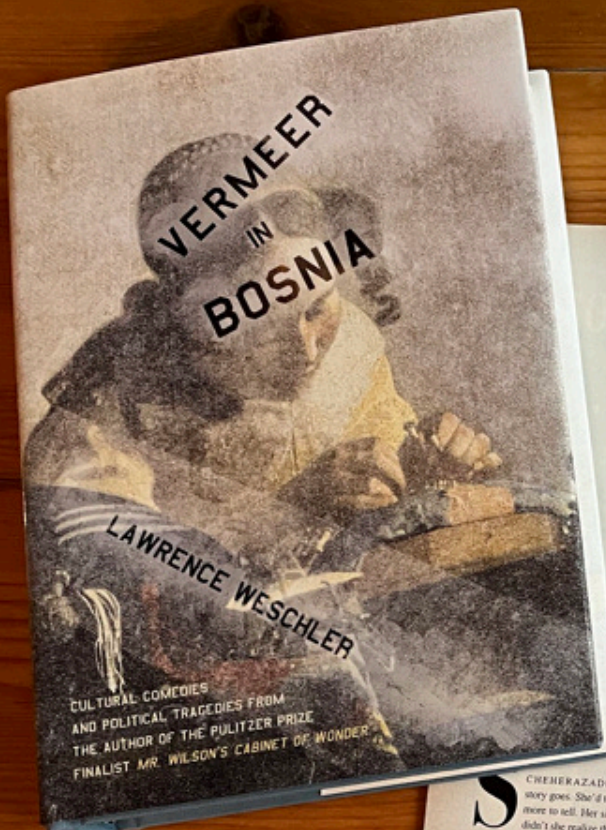
MUSIC FROM CORLAND HOUSE
with
Justine Aronson, soprano; Sulman Tekali, violin; Danielle Farina, viola;
Alice Yoo, cello; Michael Boriskin, piano;
Lawrence Weschler, guest speaker

of the Clown, Op. 29 (1937)
I Am Away, Death
I Stress Mine
Good Man Devil
Don't
Rain, It Raineth Every Day

ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD
(1897-1957)



ERNST TOCH 1887-1964
A biographical essay
ten years after his passing



My Grandfather's Last Tale

by LAWRENCE WESCHLER



The mission? To carry forward the musical legacy of a celebrated composer, as part of the duties of a musically ungifted grandson. The stops along the way? The modernist Vienna and Berlin and the artistic lassitude of 1940s and 1950s Hollywood. The culmination? The stage of an adventurous company in a little town in eastern Germany that was by turns an SS and a Stasi stronghold

SCHEHERAZADE had had enough—or so she thought. She'd told a thousand tales and had no more to tell. Her sister tried to rally the poor girl: didn't she realize that unless she took up the skin once again that night, not only would the Sultan order her killed on the spot but he'd resume the homicidal binge he had so tenuously forestalled, killing yet another maiden each and every night thereafter? Scheherazade, utterly drained, couldn't bring herself to care. For a thousand nights she'd been unspooling her improvisational yarns, anxiously awaiting the promised return of her young lover, Alcazar, who a thousand days earlier had retreated into the backcountry to organize a revolution and her liberation. But by now it was surely clear that he wasn't coming—and, hopeless, she was all told out. At that very moment Alcazar came bounding over the balcony ledge and rushed to enfold his lover in a passionate embrace. Just one more night, he urged her: if she could keep the Sultan distracted for just one more night, he and his men

would launch their insurrection that very eve. But couldn't he see? Couldn't he understand? she pleaded in reply. She simply had no more tales to tell. Think of something! he called as he vaulted back over the balcony ledge. And he was gone.

Disconsolate, Scheherazade leaped into a deep late-afternoon drowse. All her tales seemed to rise up about her, as if in a pell-mell debauch: Aladdin and Sinbad, Ali Baba and the forty thieves, greedy caliphs and crafty viziers, flying carpets and slicing daggers, soaring falcons and chess-playing apes...

And already it was nightfall. With a bonstorous fanfare the Sultan and his courtiers came barging into Scheherazade's quarters, avid for tales, and yanked the maiden from her storm-tossed dreams. Why, the Sultan boasted, his girl's stories were so entrancing that time and again he'd imagined himself right there—in the very thick of the action, shoulder to shoulder with her myriad protagonists. So, Scheherazade, what was it going to be tonight?

For the longest time it seemed that the answer would be

nothing. Shaking, silent, Scheherazade strained for inspiration. None came. The Sultan's concern gave way to anger and presently to scolding rage. Still nothing.

Finally, at the end of her tether, Scheherazade burst forth into narrative—her own: the tale of a young girl, hopelessly in love, desperately longing for deliverance by a long lost lover. As the distance explosions could be heard, and flames licked the horizon, but seamlessly Scheherazade's tale

was ever there into her tale. Messengers came charging into the palace, urgent with bullets. The Sultan, gratified, brushed them away: nothing short of miracles, the way this girl could spin such lifelike tales!

On and on Scheherazade unfolded the story of her own liberation. So eager had the Sultan become that even as Alcazar and his troops stormed into the royal chambers, even as they clamped the despot in heavy iron cuffs and dragged him away, delirious, he still seemed to half-believe that he was in the midst of an indescribably marvelous tale.

Alcazar rushed forward to embrace his concert once again, in triumph but in calamity as well. Scheherazade, having given her all, had indeed told one tale too many: utterly spent, she collapsed, pale and depleted, into his arms, and—opera being opera—perished to die.

Stoking and Stumbling

FOR years I'd been trying to arrange a premiere for my late grandfather's final opera, *The Last Tale*, and I'd pretty much given up hope.

My grandfather was Ernst Toch (pronounced Tack, with a husky-breathy bit of Middle European business tacked away at the very end), and though his is hardly a name to conjure with nowadays, there was a time—oh, there was a time. In Santa Monica, where he spent much of the latter half of his creative life, the émigrés used to regale one another with a story about two dachshunds who spent one evening out on the Palisade. "Here it's true," one asserted the other, "I'm a dachshund. But in the old country I was a Saint Bernard."

Back in the old country my grandfather was a Saint Bernard—no, Wilhelmar Berlin, that is, during the mid and late twenties and on into the early thirties. Born in 1887, and thus

wedged, generationally speaking, between, say, Arnold Schoenberg (b. 1874) and Paul Hindemith (b. 1895), Toch was at the forefront of the modernist Neue Musik revolution that swept Middle Europe in the aftermath of the First World War. His chamber opera *The Princess and the Pea* received its first performance at the Baden Baden Festival in 1927, right alongside Hindemith's *Hin und Zurück*, Kurt Weill's *Melancholy*, and Darius Milhaud's *L'Enlèvement d'Europe*. His First Piano Concerto was given its premiere by Walter Gieseking, his Cello Concerto by Emanuel Feuermann.

His orchestral works were regularly featured under the batons of such eminent conductors as Erich Kleiber, Hermann Scherchen, Otto Klemperer, William Steinberg, and Wilhelm Furtwängler. He collaborated with the theatrical luminaries Max Reinhardt and



Top: A young Ernst Toch composes at the piano; above, Toch in 1969

Berthold Viertel, and with the novelist Alfred Döblin (of *Berlin Alexanderplatz* fame) and the satiric poet Christian Morgenstern. In short, he was at the very center of a vast, energetic, and energizing echo chamber—one that was soon to come crashing all about him, and so many countless others, with Adolf Hitler's rise to power, in January of 1933. It was Toch's most recent opera, *The Fun*, that William Steinberg was rehearsing in Cologne when Nazi brownshirts came storming into the hall and literally lifted the baton out

