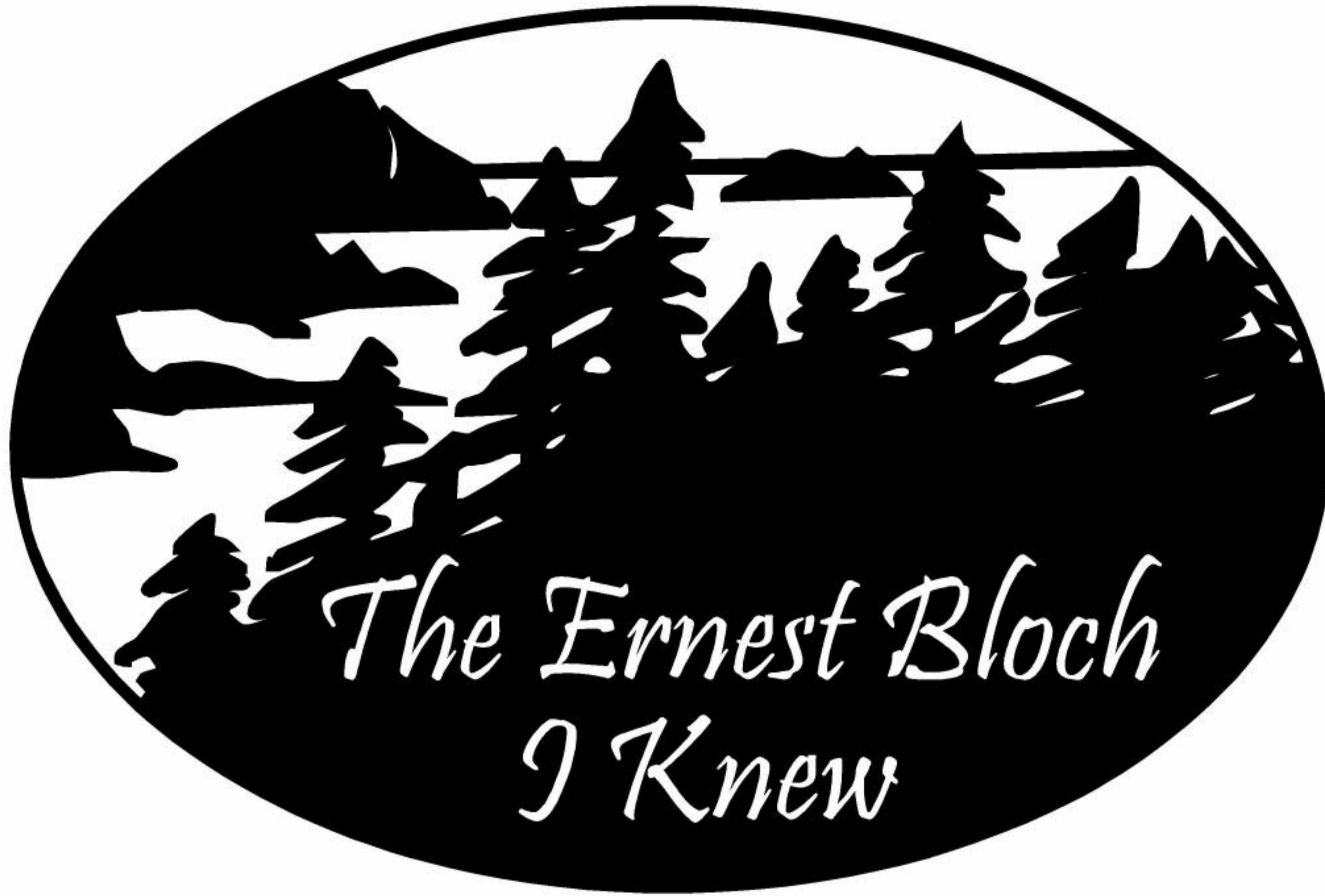


THE ERNEST BLOCH I KNEW: *The Agate Beach Years*



Helen Johnston Kintner



THE AGATE BEACH YEARS

HELEN JOHNSTON KINTNER
EDITED BY GEORGE DIMITROFF

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DECLARATION

Deconstructing a prejudiced or slanted mindset must be the primary objective of any author in putting together a true story from the perspective of fifty-plus years forward in time. Lapses of many years can easily blur long-ago events together, producing overlaps, omissions, distortions or embellishments of those finer details which give any story its true color and substance. Only through a constant self-check system can details from "years gone by" be thoroughly reviewed and presented accurately from the standpoint of the present, and this has been my commitment in writing The Ernest Bloch I Knew: The Agate Beach Years. You, my readers, deserve no less.

Reaching this goal would have been all but impossible were it not for the records I have kept, not only in my memory, but also in my scrapbooks and other carefully preserved notes and diaries. Thanks also to the numerous talks I have given to various educational and music groups, both during and following Ernest Bloch's lifetime, I feel confident that the events of those years have been branded into my memory with the precision and permanency of a white-hot wood-burning tool! Perhaps some of them will take root, produce joy, or raise challenges in *your* minds and hearts as we journey back now into the world of Ernest and Marguerite Bloch, 1941-1959.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ernest Bloch: Composer, aka "Mr. Bloch", "EB" and "Bloch"

Marguerite Bloch: Wife of Ernest Bloch, aka "Mrs. Bloch" and "Marga"

"Jody": Ivan and Mariana Bloch's young son

Ivan Bloch: First child of Ernest and Marguerite Bloch, born 1905

Suzanne Bloch: Second child of Ernest and Marguerite Bloch, born 1907

Lucienne Bloch: Third child of Ernest and Marguerite Bloch, born 1909

Ernest Bloch II: Son of Ivan and Mariana Bloch as an adult; (aka "Jody", "Ernie" and "EB II")

Zizi I: One of many Bloch cats

Michino: Another of many Bloch cats

La Deuce: Another of many, many Bloch cats

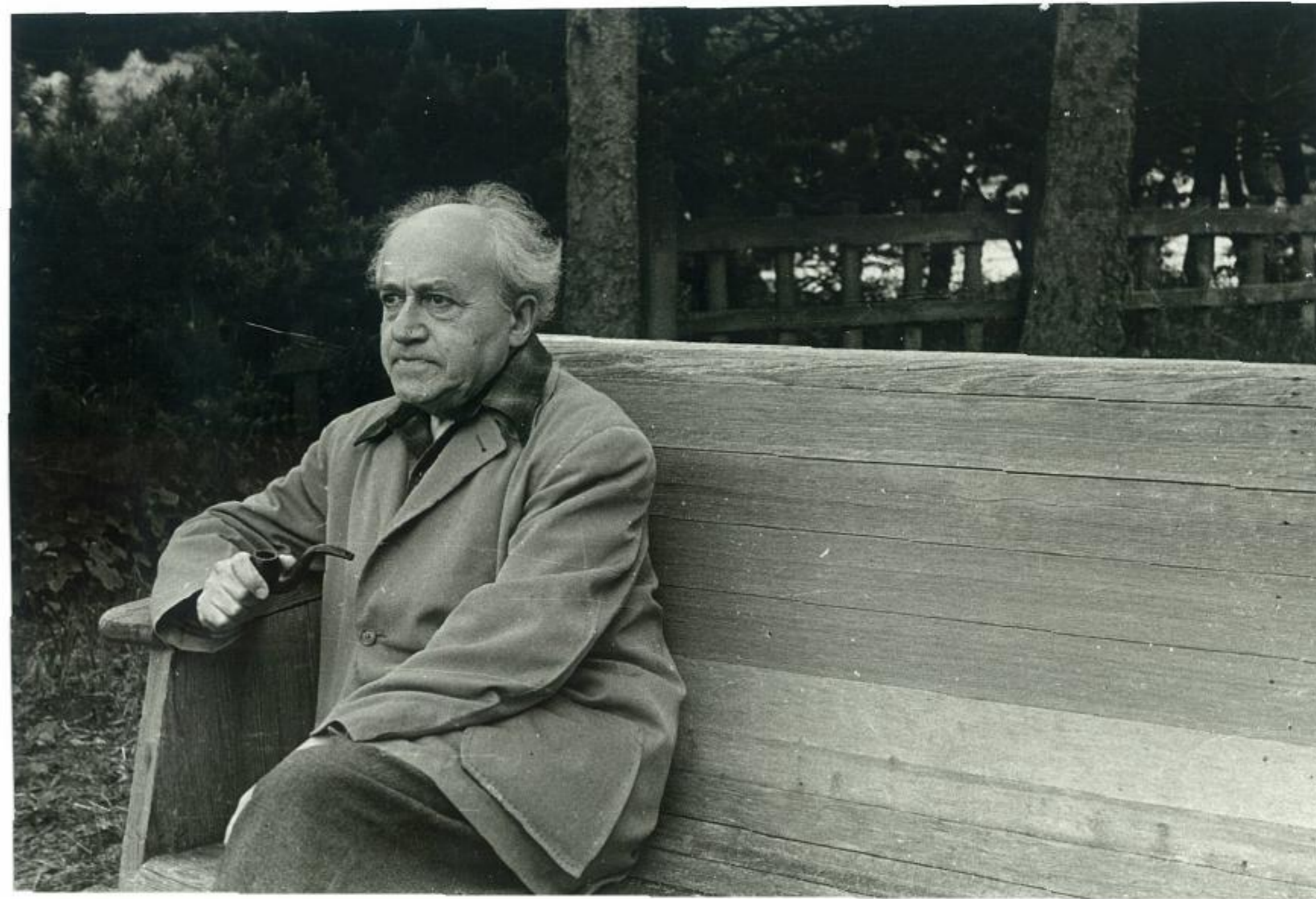
Zizi II: Name transferred to a second kitty following the death of Zizi I

Minou, Gris-Gris and any other cats who may have been overlooked

"Tackaberry", aka "Tack": A neighbor who befriended Bloch and his wife when they first came to Agate Beach

Hanna: "Tack's" wife

*Ernest Bloch (1880-1959).
Photo by Lucienne Bloch, 1957.*





PRELUDE

As I began this little book in the spring of 2008, plans for a worldwide commemoration of the 50th anniversary of composer Ernest Bloch's death were already well underway. Preparations for the 2009 event focused on ways to honor Bloch and the rich legacy that he left behind for those of us who follow him. Admittedly, this was a daunting task, one which challenged every person involved to the limits of his or her understanding, because Bloch left behind such a wealth of "evidence" for even the keenest sleuth to unravel. The complexities of this man are titanic in scope, akin to mountain heights which few men have ever scaled. His creative abilities were not limited to the musical scores he left behind for us to ponder. No studio recordings, no lectures, no live concerts or biographies will ever fully convey the myriad forces that influenced or contributed to his creative output. His passion for learning in many fields other than music drove him to the farthest reaches of his insatiable curiosity. In a very real sense, it even exceeded the meticulous notations on his original scores, his detailed studies of Bach fugues or his analyses of Beethoven symphonies. We would be hard pressed to describe or explain his unique ability to express musical ideas via the analogies and tangential references that colored his lecture notes and lesson plans, or his resolve to wean each student from the examples of EB's personal masterpieces to find the student's own unique form of expression. These are signs of a great man, a true genius, and no earthly tribute has, or ever will, come close to capturing its full scope.

I entertain no illusions that I could ever fully plumb the depths or conquer the heights of Bloch's complexity, nor do I intend to try. Few people are capable of accurately judging the inner workings of another person's heart or mind, no matter how long they have known each other. My goal in putting this story together is simply to offer some glimpses into the inner dynamics of those final years of Ernest and Marguerite Blochs' lives in Agate Beach, Oregon, from an insider's perspective. If we can set aside the turbulent inner storms that "lashed Bloch to the mast," often leaving him storm-tossed and weather beaten in his own private world, the Agate Beach years can be viewed as relatively peaceful and serene by comparison. Granted, those same tempestuous inner forces had followed him wherever he wandered and were too much a part of his psyche and personality to subside or offer him relief whenever the scenery changed. He was always a target, a marked man in a very real sense, and Marguerite surely suffered as a result.

Though conscious of all this, then and now, I prefer to focus instead on the good times I spent with them, the hours full of wonder, tenderness, challenge - even the calms between the storms - and leave the dark side to the historians. Ernest and Marguerite Bloch had stepped inside a world of their own making now, a place of refuge where - at

last! - they could pause, reflect, and create. These were productive years for Bloch as a composer, and, for the couple, comparable to a personal oasis in the desert. They had set the boundaries around this space for themselves as well as for others, and, for the most part, controlled their social environment. While certain individuals did penetrate that space during the Agate Beach years, most visits, with the exception of their immediate family, were brief. As a result, very few, if any, witnessed their day-to-day existence over extended periods of time. By an unusual twist of fate, I was a fortunate exception.

My 13 years in a close relationship with the Blochs could be viewed as a kind of miracle, because I had done nothing to merit or earn it. My own lack of any substantive background in music up until college was one factor which all but precluded the possibility. I had never traveled in musical circles in the formal sense when we first met. As a child, I was exposed to country/western songs like "Twilight on the Trail," "Home on the Range," and the one with the odd title about "Tumblin' Tumbleweeds," sung by my two older brothers to the accompaniment of their guitars. And then there were the piano solos, overly embellished in 3/4 time, that my older sister played on the old upright piano in our farmhouse. Our father was a self-taught violinist whose repertoire consisted solely of the country tunes he had brought with him when he and my mother immigrated to the U. S. from Canada in 1924. With her limited ability to accompany him on the piano, using only the basic chords I - IV and V in either of two keys, these two furnished dance music for the local farmers in a large grange hall high in the hills west of Dallas, Oregon, where I grew up. My baby brother and I were bathed in the rhythms of square-dances, two-steps and Virginia reels every Saturday night until we finally yielded to sleep on a long wooden bench behind a large, black pot-bellied stove in a corner of the large hall. Our childhood dreams on that one night of the week were surely intertwined with this joyful, rhythmic background music as we slept.

In view of this limited exposure, a personal encounter on any long-term basis with a musical giant of Ernest Bloch's stature would seem remote. His age advantage of 47 years might be considered the



Helen with "Buddy", 1930

primary deterrent, and rightfully so. Adding to that the many other factors, (we were born on different continents, spoke different languages, came from dramatically different backgrounds, ethnicities, and belief systems), the odds against the paths of any two such individuals even crossing in the night would seem most unlikely.

The one thing that we did have in common, however, may have produced the event itself: a little mechanism in our respective brains that *compelled* us to compose music. In spite of vastly different scales of talent, and widely disparate forms of expression, Bloch's and my worlds did merge at a fixed point in time, and continued until the day death overtook him. It is this strange but wonderful story that I want to share with you now as I look back on it through the reflections in the mirror of my memories. I welcome you as you join me in the journey!



At left: Ernest Bloch's sister, Loulette, with hoop; Ernest Bloch, 6, on his tricycle; their mother, Sophie, holding Loulette's hand; father Maurice Bloch with Ernest. Geneva, Switzerland, 1886. Photo courtesy Old Stage Studios.



TWO FLEDGLINGS

The early photo on page six shows the Bloch family in front of their gift- and clock-shop in Geneva, Switzerland in 1886. When this picture was taken, Ernest Bloch was a child of six, already composing simple but substantial melodies on a little toy flute that his mother had bought him. Ernest's impressionable mind had surely absorbed elements of the folk music and dances of the simple peasants he encountered in the Swiss villages surrounding his childhood home, while those sung by his Jewish father in a high, nasal voice as he dressed each morning before leaving to conduct business in "L'Industrie Suisse" in Geneva, could well have left an even deeper impression on the young boy. For a precocious child like Ernest Bloch, it is easy to imagine how remnants of these childhood influences could lie dormant in his creative mind for years, only to reappear decades later in such works as his *Concerto Grosso # 1* (the Pastorale and Rustic Dances) and throughout the *Jewish Cycle*. This gives us an early "peek" inside the genius of this little boy.

In the sixth year of *my* life, the melodies I heard in the soft ripple of a stream as it flowed over rocks in the back of our family farm, or the songs of the meadowlarks in nearby pastures, though pleasant, were much too faint and far too elusive to track down at that tender age. My loyalties gravitated instead toward the children's books of Thornton Burgess, who attributed human characteristics so convincingly to woodland creatures like Danny Meadow Mouse and Freddy Fox that they actually became my closest and dearest imaginary childhood friends. I attached individual musical motifs to my favorite animals to distinguish one from the other, thereby providing background music as they paraded to and fro through the gardens and forests in my childish imagination. Although my early fascination with *words* - their shapes, nuances, rhythms and lyricism - may have taken root with these books, they had not yet merged with music in its linear form.

Between the ages of nine and ten, Ernest Bloch made a very private pledge to one day become a composer of music. To cement this resolve, he wrote his intentions on a scrap of paper, carried it into a remote setting where he built a little altar of stones and twigs, laid the paper on top, set it afire, and watched until the flames had consumed it. "To have ever abandoned that pledge would have been a sacrilege," he would later tell me. While Ernest's father was adamantly opposed to his son's becoming a composer, this young boy knew exactly how and where he would fly, long before he was allowed to leave the nest.

When our family moved from the farm into town during the summer of my ninth birthday, I was still far too young to conceive of a musical career in the sense that young Ernest Bloch foresaw his. Music was more like a joy-

ful dance in my mind, not a serious vocation that I might one day pursue in order to make a living. However, my love of words *had* developed around this time into some simple but trite little poems, stories and limericks. My mother had added dance instruction to my list of extracurricular activities and saw to it that I was also enrolled in a Camp Fire Girls troop and exposed to Oregon history via visits to the state capitol building and museums in Salem. These experiences broadened my fields of interest while keeping my boundless curiosity and fertile imagination satisfied for the time being. Unlike Ernest Bloch, I was content to remain in this secure nest with its familiar surroundings and avoid flight into unknown territory until pushed out of my comfort zone.

In our very disparate lives, Bloch and I also encountered differing levels of challenge during our teen years. When he entered this stage of life, he was already considered a child prodigy and violin virtuoso, traveling to Brussels, Belgium, for advanced instruction at the age of 16. Robert Strassburg, in his biographical study, Ernest Bloch: Voice in the Wilderness, lists 33 unpublished works composed by Bloch between 1895 and 1900, (Ages 15 to 20), and by his 23rd year he had composed his first symphony (the C-sharp minor). These early handwritten scores reveal not only his calligraphic skills, but also a progressively refined grasp of notation and instrumentation. The works that followed this first symphony grew in size, scope and substance, soon establishing Bloch as one of the 20th century's best-known and most influential composers.

In the fall of 1941 - the year that the Blochs moved to Agate Beach - I entered high school in Dallas and began considering my options for the future. This was the Big Band Era, a time of jukeboxes and bobby-socks, saddle-shoes and flag-waving, and I was still young enough to define and experience what the word "patriotism" meant. This time in our country's history was referred to in later years as "The Greatest Generation," and, admittedly, there was something exhilarating about that war for those of us who were only tangentially involved. Much of my spare time as a teen-ager was spent knitting stockings, mittens and stump-socks for issuance to our soldiers overseas through the Red Cross. There were patriotic parades down Main Street, with Old Glory held high by the equestrian and brass band units, and, of course, we always sang the National Anthem before every school assembly, hands placed reverently over our hearts. This war that cost Ernest Bloch so much (Jewish friends and family who lost their lives in Adolf Hitler's death-camps) actually produced a temporary emotional collapse of Bloch's creative forces. By contrast, I was naive or young enough to have missed the details of the military casualties of the war or the holocaust, focusing instead on the welfare of my two older brothers in the Navy and corresponding faithfully and feverishly with them and other servicemen whom I knew.

By the time the war wound down and I grew up, I had taken several years of piano instruction and could comfortably reach the interval of a tenth with either hand, but, unlike Ernest Bloch at that age, I was considered more of a "freak" than an expert at the piano keyboard. I had succeeded in maneuvering some of my poetry and other "masterpieces" beneath the endless melodies taking shape now in my head, but while a few of my original love songs and ballads did find their way into local or popular usage, many "escaped" as others came along to replace them in my memory, and this worried me. In my opinion at the time, they were outstanding achievements, and needed to be preserved! How to get them all into a permanent form before successive creations overtook them? That was the big question.



*Self-portrait by Ernest Bloch in Brussels, Belgium, 1897
(Age 17). Photo courtesy Old Stage Studios.*



*Publicity photo of Helen with tenor Jim McMullen as
freshman students at the U of O, 1946.*



GENIUS IN HIDING

It may have been due to the influence of the "Big Bands" in the 1940's that many of my musical creations were now conceived in my mind *orchestrally*, making the challenge of recording them on paper even more complicated. I could "conduct" every note of all the major Big Band recordings by heart; I could even "cue in" each instrument with my invisible baton, yet I had no idea of how all those wonderful sounds had first existed in written form before they were performed and recorded by Glenn Miller and other popular band leaders of that day. At an age when Ernest Bloch was composing major works of his own, I had not yet laid eyes on a conductor's score or a clarinetist's solo sheet. Where to turn? Certainly not to any local musicians in the little village of Dallas that I knew.

Surprisingly, my lack of formal training did not seem to slow down my lifelong evolution into a musical "consciousness." The chimes in the stone bell tower at the top of our city hall reminded me on each quarter-hour that there was a logical pattern to their tones. My piano teacher was assigning me more difficult pieces now too, and encouraging me to pursue a career in music. With increasing involvement in vocal groups, arranging and composing "by ear," my love affair with music had intensified tenfold by my final year of high school, at which time it became official: A music career it would be, and nothing else would satisfy!

My father saw no benefit in my pursuing a college degree of any kind, but my own sense of urgency to learn notation, along with my desire to excel in my chosen field and prove him wrong, literally drove me to the School of Music at the University of Oregon in Eugene as a music composition major following my high school graduation in the spring of 1945. From my first day at the university, I felt confident that I was on the right track. Music theory class felt like coming home! The payments I received for accompanying a talented tenor soloist helped cover my textbook expenses while giving me the experience and exposure that I lacked and would need for future challenges. Music Appreciation class offered me valuable glimpses into the works and worlds of past and present composers - their personalities, their techniques, their social environments. But it was in the spring term of that first year that something even more important happened. I was introduced in a classroom to the recorded work of a composer whose music I had never heard. His name was Ernest Bloch. I cannot recall the name of the work; only that the beauty and pathos of what I had heard so overwhelmed me that I could not shake the impression. It followed me back to the dorm that day at the end of my afternoon classes and played on in my mind into the night. It took me back to my early teen years, when I had sensed a similar "connection" with Ludwig van Beethoven each time I played the first movement of his Moonlight Sonata. In my overly-imaginative mind I so longed to step back in time

to meet Beethoven and thank him for composing this wonderful piano work "just for me!" Recognizing this to be an impossible dream, I dreamed it nevertheless. Now it had happened again, with a similar longing that would not let go.

Our professor had told us little else about Bloch except that he lived with his wife, Marguerite, at Agate Beach, just two miles north of Newport, Oregon, where my parents had just moved following my high school graduation. "Ernest Bloch"...I mused, turning the name over in my brain..."still alive and living within walking distance of my home! Might I stand a chance of meeting this man?"

Although Bloch had been a professor of music at the Conservatory in Geneva, Switzerland, in earlier years,

headed up the Cleveland Institute of Music from 1920-1925, the San Francisco Conservatory of Music from 1925-1930, and was well established worldwide as a composer, lecturer and conductor, I had no inkling at this time of his credentials or standing in the world of music. I was "composer-illiterate," ignorant too at that time of the forces that had led to Bloch's seclusion in an isolated setting, off the beaten path, in a tiny hamlet on the Oregon coast. We tend to romanticize men like Bloch, and imagine their lives as overflowing with excitement, romance and intrigue, but while some artists do crave and vie for a permanent spot in the limelight, Bloch had intentionally planned this radical departure from the "norm" in order to provide himself with just the opposite: a



Self-portrait of Ernest Bloch in his Geneva studio, 1915.

Photo courtesy of Old Stage Studios.

"hideout" that would offer him the solace he needed in order to compose the works yet to be written, and that number was to be a substantial one.

Many changes had taken place since those glory days of his youth and his marriage to Marguerite Schneider in 1904. These two had survived a somewhat rocky life together before entering what they hoped would be their retirement years. Exhausted as a result of all the clutter that had accumulated in their lives as a result of his fame, both Ernest and Marguerite Bloch were prepared now for the adjustments they would face in 1941 when they moved into a large, rambling, U-shaped home nestled among tall fir trees on a cliff high above the Pacific Ocean. This would be the first and only home they would ever own, one with adequate space for the numerous cats that provided them with all the comfort and companionship they needed without disrupting their solitude. Radio reception was all but nonexistent on the Oregon coast in those days, and in the first few years, the Blochs even chose not to install a telephone.

The editor of our Senior high school annual cited my "well-polished ego" as being my defining characteristic, and she got that right! In spite of my lack of exposure to classical music in my high school years, I was not deterred by this obstacle once I stepped into the wider world of higher education. Undaunted by the fact that I was the only woman in the U. of O. Music Composition program, I forged ahead as though that was precisely where I belonged.



Gravel driveway down to the Bloch house.

My mother had passed along to me a "can do" spirit that left me with a sense of invincibility and a firm belief in myself and my potential. I was now a college student, and this fact, combined with my tendency to follow my heart and act on my own impulses without too much forethought, made the decision to drop a note in the mail to "Ernest Bloch, Agate Beach, Oregon" relatively simple. In all likelihood, I reasoned, it wouldn't reach him anyway without a box number or street address. Imagine my surprise to receive, within a week, a handwritten response from Ernest Bloch himself, inviting me to visit on a given day which was also open on my calendar.

I will never forget that date or the experience. It was on April 20, 1946 that I drove down the Bloch's gravel driveway, parked in a peaceful setting beside a weathered

wooden fence, walked through a turnstile onto a brick-paved patio, and into a world and an adventure that would change my life forever. I look back on that day as a prelude to an elaborate dream that unfolded like a scroll written by an unknown author!

Marguerite Bloch, a round, jolly-faced matron in her mid-sixties, met me at the front door and ushered me inside while explaining in her slight German accent that "Mr. Bloch" had been called to the post office unexpectedly, but would return shortly, and that I was to wait. Their son, Ivan, and his family from Lake Grove had dropped by for a brief visit that day, and their young son, 7-year-old "Jody," quickly sized me up as a potential partner for a board game that he had already spread out on the large area rug in the center of the living-room floor.

"Wanta play checkers with me?" he asked, eyeing me as his next victim. "Sure," I replied, and, following his example, spread myself out on my tummy facing his handsome little face with its broad smile, straight white teeth, and two dark-blue eyes. I made sure that Jody won the first game but was well on my way to trouncing him soundly on the second when I became aware of a door opening behind me. It took only the blink of an eye to assess my predicament: spread out unceremoniously on a stranger's floor and wondering exactly how an 18-year old girl in a dress and heels might gracefully extricate herself from this prone posture into a reasonably respectable, vertical position.

I recovered in time to find myself standing upright, looking directly across at Ernest Bloch, not at all the striking, imposing figure I had imagined him to be from the sound of his music! On the contrary, here stood this short, portly little man in slightly ruffled clothing, sandals over coarse woolen stockings on his feet, and two deep-brown eyes, burning in their sockets and penetrating through to my soul. His graying hair, long and loose like Albert Einstein's, was windblown and wild over ruddy facial features. I watched and waited in silence as he lowered to the floor an unwieldy leather bag filled with the day's mail. He had walked the half-mile each way to the post office but did not appear to be "winded," and he remarked on how brisk and clean the ocean air had felt in his lungs. While he was older than I had first pictured him in my mind, he seemed somewhat younger than his 66 years that day.



Turnstile and entrance to the Bloch home.

Thanks to Bloch's ability to make strangers feel welcome, I recall this as a very pleasant and relaxing afternoon. Following a cup of tea together around a large glass-topped table, Ivan and his family excused themselves as Mrs. Bloch rose to clear the table and vanished into the kitchen. Bloch and I retired to the living room and exchanged introductory remarks with ease. He seemed cheerful and perceptive and soon launched into various anecdotes and details of past experiences out of his long and interesting life. I was enchanted, of course, and responded to his occasional questions with calculated answers befitting a young girl somewhat unsure of her surroundings and boundaries. I do recall that I was periodically distracted by a life-sized wooden crucifix which hung on the north



"The Christ" (detail). Photo by Lucienne Bloch.

wall of the room, just behind and to the left side of Ernest Bloch's face as we talked. The mere presence of this figure, with its frail, skeletal form, its gaunt features and sad countenance, seemed somewhat incongruous to me in this tranquil setting, but the feeling quickly vanished as Bloch and I interacted. One of several resident cats helped contribute to the cozy atmosphere by hopping up beside me on the little wicker sofa, so I pulled her over onto my lap and stroked her head gently. Bloch ignored this intrusion, and after talking for some time, he asked me to play something I had composed. Depositing the cat onto my vacant seat, I walked over to the Steinway piano and played a ballad with original melody and lyrics that I also sang. It was the first serious song I had composed, written in the style of a negro spiritual, and it began with the words, "Stay near; don't go far away. You may need Me soon." (I had no idea who the "Me" referred to at that time.)

Bloch stood behind me and to my left until I was finished. He seemed pleased, and encouraged me to continue writing. When I left around 4 o'clock, it was with no further expectations of returning any time soon, if at all. In my mind, there had been a note of finality implicit in our final conversation, and that was satisfactory to me. I had met Ernest Bloch as I had hoped, and felt grateful that it had happened, but three years of college awaited me, and there was still much work to do if I were to achieve my dream. I was on a mission and needed to stay focused!



Ernest Bloch's oceanfront property:

Above: Footbridge to beach path.

Center: Path to the beach.

Below, right: North Agate Beach.





FIRST IMPRESSIONS

It came as a surprise then, when summer vacation began, to receive a call from Mrs. Bloch inviting me back for another visit. Her request was that I arrive at 2PM on a given day and stay over for dinner. Why the early hour? It would soon become clear. I had only been in the home for perhaps 20 minutes and been given a brief tour of the place before Bloch suggested that we take a walk down to the beach to look for agates. He appeared to assume that I'd had little experience at beach-combing, which was not the case, but I never suggested otherwise.

In those days, agates were plentiful on the Oregon coast, and Bloch had consulted the tide-tables to make sure the beach would be in prime condition for collectors like ourselves. On this particular day he came supplied with two small, well-worn bags for depositing our finds: mine of a coarse woven fabric with thick, braided-yarn handles, and his of a heavy burlap with fine leather thongs for securing the top. Armed with these provisions, we advanced upon our quarry with a sense of anticipation. From the ocean side of the property we crossed a long, wooden foot-bridge that connected to the beach path. The trail had been cleared and made readily accessible, due in large part to Bloch's repeated trips back and forth through the four seasons to collect driftwood and carry it back up to the house under his own power. This was a tradition he had established for himself upon moving to Agate Beach, and one he maintained through his 70th year. Once he reached the house and propped the wood up against the exterior siding, he was careful to record his pulse-rate and respiratory function in a small black notebook. He did this because he wanted a daily, written report of his vital signs, not only for his own records, but also for posterity. These numbers were remarkable for their consistency and tendency to stay within acceptable ranges for a man of his age.

As usual, the beach was littered with driftwood that the high winter tides had rearranged and deposited up against the hillside. This barrier had to be negotiated before access to the shoreline could be gained, and Bloch stepped across the irregular surfaces with relative ease. While he turned his head once to check on my progress, he never offered me his hand or expressed any warnings such as "watch your step!" I knew at once that this was not an oversight, nor was it a sign of neglect. Rather, it was a practice he had established early on in his life as a parent, educator and musician: Where risks are involved, children learn from experience, while responsible adults know enough to exercise caution on their own without being insulted with warnings of the obvious. Recognizing this, I appreciated the confidence he placed in me to think for myself and foresee dangers before they turned into mishaps. I had no idea at this time of how this approach would foreshadow his teaching methods: Lead by example, provide

the principles and point the way. Beyond that, there would be no coddling, no effort to do the thinking for someone who is perfectly capable of thinking for herself.

Thanks to my years of dance instruction, my high school experience at jitterbugging, and the rubber soles on my shoes, I conquered the driftwood blockade at the same time as EB, who greeted me as we stepped down onto the soft sand with a warm smile. He seemed to delight in having a companion to accompany him, and the feeling, of course, was mutual.

I knew by the time we reached the shoreline that this man was a compulsive talker, but in my experience, then or later on, it was obvious that he rarely spoke without teaching. To my mind, an agate had always been just that: an agate! For Bloch, it was a particular classification of stone, depending upon its color, shape and composition. Jaspers, he explained, were varied, and might range in shades from green to red, amber to brown. Moss agates were named after the fine network of veins captured within the stone and could come in dozens of colors, shapes and sizes...and on it went. Included in his lecture was an explanation of how most of these agates had been formed by the intense heat of the gases that once lay trapped within the fractures of the great volcanic formation that comprised the lighthouse hill. "Over the years," he explained carefully, "one by one they broke loose, and the motion of the sea washed them down to the shore, slowly burying them in the sands; moving others southward where they were covered over by the strong currents of the winter storm tides. Then, with the change of seasons, the gentler motion of the summer surf uncovered them and left them exposed as we see them now."

(Please note: With certain exceptions, I don't claim to quote Bloch verbatim throughout my story, because too much time has elapsed to assure a total recall. However, the expressions on his face, the accompanying motions of his hands, his expressive eyes, and the sound of his voice when he explained such things to me are still vividly clear and fresh in my mind today, and this requires that I faithfully reproduce his descriptions as closely as possible to the way I remember them (minus the French accent)! They were crafted like one of his symphonic works: rhythmic, melodic, full of motion, fluid, articulate, and pleasing to both the ear and the heart. The visual images they created in my mind were powerful, and they vitally connected me to the creation process itself.)

This was the first day that I took special notice of Ernest Bloch's hands. As he held certain agates up toward the sunlight to examine them, I observed the gentle, upward curvature at the tip of each finger: the fingers of a conductor; an artist; a violinist! They were all of these and much more, unlike any hands I had ever before seen.

Content with our efforts in a little over an hour, we ended this interesting day together and headed home. I had noticed a wooden bench on the way down the trail, and as we passed it again on our way back, Bloch suggested

that we pause there for a few minutes and rest. He seemed especially interested in my music courses at the university, and assuming this was due to something I had said at our first meeting, I explained each class to him in more detail, including my music composition studies with a well-known instructor. He made no comment - pro or con - and for all I knew the subject was closed.

The evening with both of the Blochs gave me my first close-up look at Marguerite, a native of Germany who had given up a promising career as a pianist to marry Bloch and bear him three children in rapid succession. She was also a gourmet cook who turned out the most remarkable dinners from a somewhat primitive kitchen, serving them up with a distinctive flair that immortalized her forever in my young mind. Sweetbreads, gourmet mushroom dishes with green onions, parsley and real cream! Elegant sauces, fresh pears with chocolate topping - things I had never tasted or even imagined in my entire life. She ignored my expressions of praise and refused my offer of assistance in the serving or clean-up process, suggesting by these responses that she was not only very proper, but also somewhat aloof and reserved. Whether this was part of her nature or a defense mechanism I couldn't say, but it was clear to me that more time would be required before a friendship with her could be established, if and when I would be given the opportunity on any regular basis.

All this time - and as discreetly as possible - I was absorbing the unique atmosphere of this unusual home. Everywhere I looked I saw something new and enchanting: the ivy growing from the outdoor patio through the vertical interior siding; the original wood floors, well-worn by decades of foot traffic, but giving the home a warm, lived-in feeling; the fine molded details of the walls and ceilings; the handcrafted doors, unchanged since they were first installed back around 1914. Over the faint scent of lavender, the place whispered a multitude of secrets, questions and mysteries that begged for answers. Historical records show that the house was built by the Asahel Bush banking family of Salem, Oregon, who used it first as a summer home and vacation destination. It had retained the air all those years of having been a center for family gatherings and large festive crowds of visitors. The living room was 47 feet wide, with full ocean- or forest-views from each of its southern windows. In the west wing were two bathrooms and many other spaces for bedrooms, closets, a library and storage. Just outside the exit door at the north end of this hall hung a bright blue tarp on a circular rod around an outdoor shower which, for years, Ernest Bloch utilized each morning as he rinsed off in cold water before dressing for the day. He believed that this was the healthy way to "get the organism rejuvenated," and I believed him.

Behind the kitchen and dining area on the east wing was a pantry and a second bedroom with attached half-bath, while a back porch led outside to the yard and a wine cellar beneath the southeast corner of the home. The

original owners had also added a two-story guest house on a northern rise of the property, the lower level of which had been used at some later point as a stable for horses. Sometime after Blochs purchased the home in 1941 they converted this space into a garage for their car, and, still later, into a rock shop where Bloch installed a rock tumbler, vise, diamond saw and polishing devices as a means of diversion from composing.



Ernest Bloch hunting agates at Agate Beach, 1957. Photo by Lucienne Bloch, courtesy Old Stage Studios.



*An Unlikely
Alliance*

AN UNLIKELY ALLIANCE

My assumption that I would not be seeing Ernest and Marguerite Bloch on a regular basis turned out to be incorrect. On weekends, holidays and summers during my final three years of college I was a regular guest in their home, learning more and more about EB as - bit by bit - he opened up his heart and life to me. This cautious transfer of trust freed me up to express my own concerns about the future, and the difficulties involved in just being young. So obsessed was I by this time with the desire to become a composer myself that I had seriously considered sacrificing marriage in order to devote my life exclusively to a musical career. However, this idea ran counter to an equally fervent desire: to have children of my own and experience the joy of motherhood as I had seen it exemplified in the life of my own mother. Like her, I possessed a strong maternal instinct, which caused me great anguish over the plight of homeless, neglected or abused children. "How I wish I could care for all of them," she said so often. She felt it was irresponsible to overlook this crisis and remain silent. The problem had nagged and nudged at me as well, since the age of eleven, when my family camped out by a river, and I observed an unwanted child for the first time.

I only referred obliquely to these two conflicting views when Bloch and I talked, because they hadn't yet congealed firmly in my own mind, but he and I spoke often of related issues: the injustices rampant across the face of the globe, man's inhumanity to man, the human need for confirmation and acceptance, the problem of war, and the general worldwide decline of the culture. With his 47-year age advantage over me, and the wisdom gained through such a rich and long life, he became my confidant, my mentor and the grandfather I had never known. We both felt free to address these and other concerns at any time and expect to be heard and understood, and it was on this level that a bond of friendship between us continued to deepen.

Two excerpts from one of Bloch's letters to me at the university reveal his level of concern for me as a student, and suggest how much I relied on his support and encouragement when I was in doubt about my progress or my training:

Please note: Since Bloch's punctuation marks in the margins of his books, conductor's scores, personal letters and his own manuscripts are a reflection of his intensity and his unique approach to dialogue and to learning, I have kept them as he left them throughout my story: undisturbed, in their original locations.

(January 8, 1948) ...Thus, go on, unperturbed. Do not write discords for the sake of appearing “new” - it is not new! - or “original” - it is not original! Write as you feel, but especially now, do not write too much. Study - acquire the technique, the means of expressing clearly and fully, with sounds and rhythms, what you will have, one day, to say of your own! This will come, surely, as you have the love, the impulse, a good warm heart and real gifts. Do not tamper with them. It is a sacred endowment you have....

Toward the end of this same letter, he counsels me yet again:

..Courage, and have faith in yourself, and close your ears to all these fallacious talks. Oscar Wilde said, “All beautiful things belong to the same age” and, “It is only the modern that become old fashioned,” and still, “Nothing is so dangerous as becoming too modern; one is apt to become old fashioned quite suddenly!” *When I am no more, you will remember, and see how I was right.* (Emphasis mine.)

That last statement did not actually register at the time, because, in my mind, Ernest Bloch had a unique quality of immortality about him, and any thought of "when I am no more" ought never be considered or even discussed! The great violinist, Yehudi Menuhin, captured this element in Bloch's personality well when he was quoted in Suzanne Bloch's fine publication, (with Irene Heskes), Ernest Bloch: Creative Spirit: “...He (Bloch) was cast by the gods in a superhuman mould (sic) - a prophetic scale of size and vision, of strength and vitality, which exceeded the common mortal's.”

My sense exactly! Death, after all, was for ordinary human beings, not geniuses like this man, who had to go on living because he could never be replaced! That sense of timelessness when I was with the Blochs in their home was, of course, pure illusion. Stepping back into another culture governed by two foreigners with histories, lives and habits unlike any I'd ever witnessed, surely produced in me a virtual "culture shock." A far cry from life on the farm, life in that small town, and life in a dormitory this was! My horizons seemed to expand far beyond my ability to measure them. Bloch and I explored the nearby hills, walked frequently on the beach (carrying those same two well worn bags), sat on the bench and discussed matters of value or concern to each of us, and, on cold, windy days or evenings, sat beside what he called a "chimney fire," studying one of his new scores, reading a book together, or flipping through a little card-file in which he classified salient comments from various authors or philosophers whose

views he valued. I have kept my original file box, filled with cards and notes I copied verbatim from Bloch's own collection, and I will mention a few of these as we go along. (They will be preceded by the code words "Bloch card file" so that, when you read them, you will know that you are hearing directly from Ernest Bloch himself.)

Some of my clearest memories of the Agate Beach years include sound tracks. Each time a new recording of one of Bloch's new works arrived in the mail for his criticisms or endorsement, I sat beside his chair at my preferred position (on the floor) as he put the record on the turntable and placed the needle carefully onto the starting groove. The suspense was breathtaking, because, as you may know, the interpretation of any composer's work - regardless of how carefully he notes the dynamics, phrasing and other instructions on the score - is ultimately left to the imagination and discretion of an unknown conductor and orchestra. This was particularly threatening to a perfectionist like EB, who hovered over each one of his finished scores with a fatherly affection. He once explained to me why he never sanctioned requests for cuts to any of his music.

The process of completing a work is similar to what a woman experiences in giving birth to a baby. Like composing music, it is a long, painful process at best. The mother can neither start nor stop the "contractions", nor would she wish to, because her desire is to push on toward the natural completion of the "birth", but that does not lessen the pain. Once the "child" is born, it can be washed, bundled up and made presentable, but that is a start, not an end! A composer is a similar example; allowing cuts in his work is like amputating a tiny finger of that little child, which no reasonable "parent" could possibly allow, as that would not only hurt the "baby," but also leave him or her partially disabled, disfigured, and incomplete.

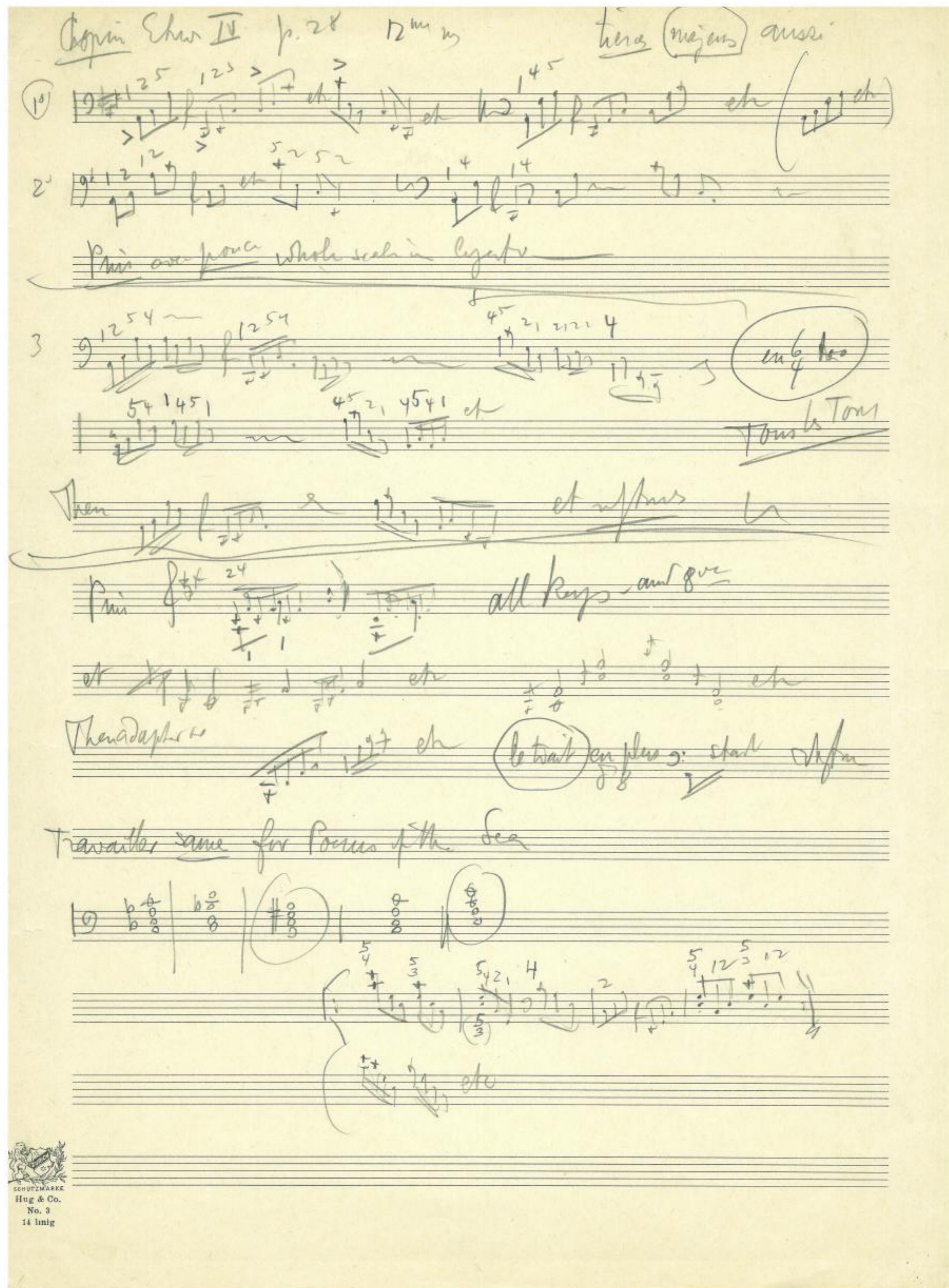
That explanation was good enough for me, and I never once questioned his decision to forbid cuts in a work, even when that choice resulted in the cancellation of a concert or recording session, which it did on more than one occasion. After hearing a particular section or passage on a new recording, Bloch might remark, "This is excellent! This man understands *me* and captures the essence of what I was trying to say." At other times, he leaned forward in his chair and scowled as he uttered an oath in French, and remarked upon the "stupidity" of some conductor or soloist who "entirely missed the point!" - i.e., "the tempi were wrong, the pauses more like gasps than subtle breaths, or many phrases were broken in all the wrong places!"

I especially appreciated a common remark, softly and thoughtfully spoken by Bloch upon hearing a new recording of his own music: "This is a very great work." There was no taint of audacity in this comment. It was simply a verification of what he had heard, expressed from the viewpoint of an observer, and totally objective.

Whether the recording was done well or poorly, this experience was always interesting to me once I realized that Bloch was hearing each of these, his own works, for the first time with the physical ear. Obviously, he'd had no way of "testing" the voices of a full orchestra when he scored it. He had relied solely on his knowledge of each instrument, its range, timbre, sonority, voicing capabilities, and other factors. There was no experimentation, no guesswork when he applied pen to paper, methodically laying the voices into groupings of sounds, rhythms, harmonies, and counterpoint to produce the effects he sought. When I questioned him about the experience of actually hearing one of his compositions for the first time, he responded matter-of-factly, "Well, it is exactly as I heard it in my mind when I composed it. There were no surprises!" This is but one more small glimpse into the capacity of Ernest Bloch's unique brain. When I have tried to explain this process to audiences at my Bloch presentations, their faces have reflected either shock or total incredulity, and for good reason.

As implied in the above example, EB promoted the advantages of completing a composition without benefit of extraneous resources, (i. e., a piano, keyboard, guitar, etc.) to assist in the process. Along with the freedom and convenience offered by this method, there are several other reasons to avoid using "crutches." Musical ideas can break into one's consciousness at any given moment, and without advance warning; thus, if one has always relied on an instrument to assist in writing, there must be an instrument on hand to consult. This is rarely the case when we are on vacation, in the hospital, on an extended shopping spree or otherwise occupied. In addition, relying on a piano as a "hunt and peck" method of composing also allows our audial function to wander, expand and often scatter in every direction, resulting in over-embellishment or over-harmonization at the expense of simplicity. I can always tell when a student has relied on the keyboard to compose (which 99% of them appear to do) because the texture is thick with lush, "fully packed" harmonies at the expense of the lines, the main theme(s).

Bloch also emphasized the "gift of concision," illustrating it often in the major linear themes of the masters, as well as in his own works. I remember the night he opened up a textbook containing some of Beethoven's early sketches, many of which the composer eventually threw out as better solutions came to mind. They were fascinating! In most cases, we could identify "good" motives or passages on their way to becoming better, and from there on to the *best*. In general, the principle had been to eliminate all the "fluff and frills" and distill the music down to its essential elements - to throw out the extraneous. (Go over one of Beethoven's piano works, for example, and ex-



periment to see if you can add or subtract one note to improve it!)

I slowly came to understand why Bloch had been encouraging me to write without the aid of a piano or other instrument. It was obvious to see, from watching him at work, what a liberating thing it would be to compose whatever/whenever/wherever as new ideas come to mind! He had utilized this technique early in his own life, and if I stayed the course, it would eventually become a part of my own personal experience.

(Note: Some photographers have portrayed Bloch sitting at the grand piano with a score in front of him, suggesting by inference that this meant he composed at the piano. While the piano did offer him the opportunity to review specific sections in his piano works and make changes, if needed, he rarely utilized the keyboard in the process of composing the works themselves. Since he was not a pianist, he may have relied on the Steinway to verify certain passages for fingering, harmonic combinations or spacings.)

I include on the left a study Bloch made on Chopin's Etude No. 4 before completing Poems of the Sea. (A companion study appears in the Coda.) Bloch wanted to understand what was involved in the technical aspects of maneuvering through difficult passages, and to be assured that his finished versions would be pianistic. I question

whether most composers are capable of accomplishing this definitively unless they have spent years practicing and performing on the keyboard themselves. The piano is a very unforgiving instrument which speaks a language all its own, and only those who know that language well enough to “speak” it will find their way through its many mazes and passageways. Nonetheless, Bloch largely surmounted the obstacles in his Enfantines, (short, charming little pieces dearly loved by young students), while Poems of the Sea and the Piano Sonata remain the epitome of drama and technical challenge in piano repertoire.

Conspicuous by her absence during these learning times was Marguerite Bloch, and this concerned me. She had much to contribute as a pianist and musician, had she felt comfortable joining Bloch and me in our studies. I feared that she might feel excluded, and this ran counter to my wishes. Many times I suggested that she join us in a particular activity, including music, but she always politely declined the offer. I eventually reached the conclusion that, in a very real sense, she and EB had inhabited separate worlds when it came to educational or social interaction, and that Marga probably preferred to move about freely on her own turf rather than compete with a husband as knowledgeable as Ernest Bloch. Surely this situation resulted largely from the growing attention of the art community, from early in their marriage, upon the more vocal and visible of the two. After all, EB had been the increasingly prominent one all through the marriage, a man whose dynamic personality, superb language and musical skills, natural charisma and gifts at self-expression had automatically propelled him into the public eye. With journalists, music critics, photographers and biographers interested only in his views on any given subject, he had become the center



Marguerite Bloch. Date estimate: 1940's.

of attention, always in command of the conversation, the subjects to be addressed, and the inevitable side-trips into unrelated topics.

I cannot recall one interview or news article wherein Marguerite had ever been consulted or even approached for her opinion on anything while I knew her. (I hope I am mistaken.) As a result of Ernest Bloch's prominence, she may have become resigned to her fate, actually becoming quite comfortable in her own world, content to remain in the wings and allow him the center of the stage. She never complained about this, and, observing her movements through the years, I made note of the care she took to blend into the *shadows* of the "Bloch experience." She chose to cover her ample body with long dresses in dark shades of either blue or black, including long, dark stockings, flat shoes and another dark, vest-type garment that hung loosely over a white chemise, giving her an unremarkable, cloistered appearance. Her dark hair - which never turned grey - was drawn back softly from her face, then swept upward into a loose "bird's nest" toward the back of the crown. She was not generous with her smiles, preferring to raise her eyebrows as a substitute, but occasionally she allowed an impish little grin to escape, revealing her inner warmth and sense of humor. She had a certain charm and femininity beneath the surface, and a soft, musical voice that complemented this image.

The fact that Marga was reluctant to participate in any of Bloch's and my activities became a foregone conclusion, and I eventually came to accept that. While I felt more and more resigned to this situation as time went by, I often wondered in later years if I might have tried harder to fold her into our world. I feel that she could have added immeasurably to (and benefitted from) the experience. Her predictable retreats to the nether regions left something profoundly lacking in my life at the time, but looking back on it now, I suspect that the loss was more mine than hers.



Lucienne Allen of Old Stage Studios sent along this photo of Ernest Bloch polishing and classifying agates in the studio building. The picture was taken by her grandmother, Lucienne Bloch Dimitroff, in 1958, the year before Bloch's death.

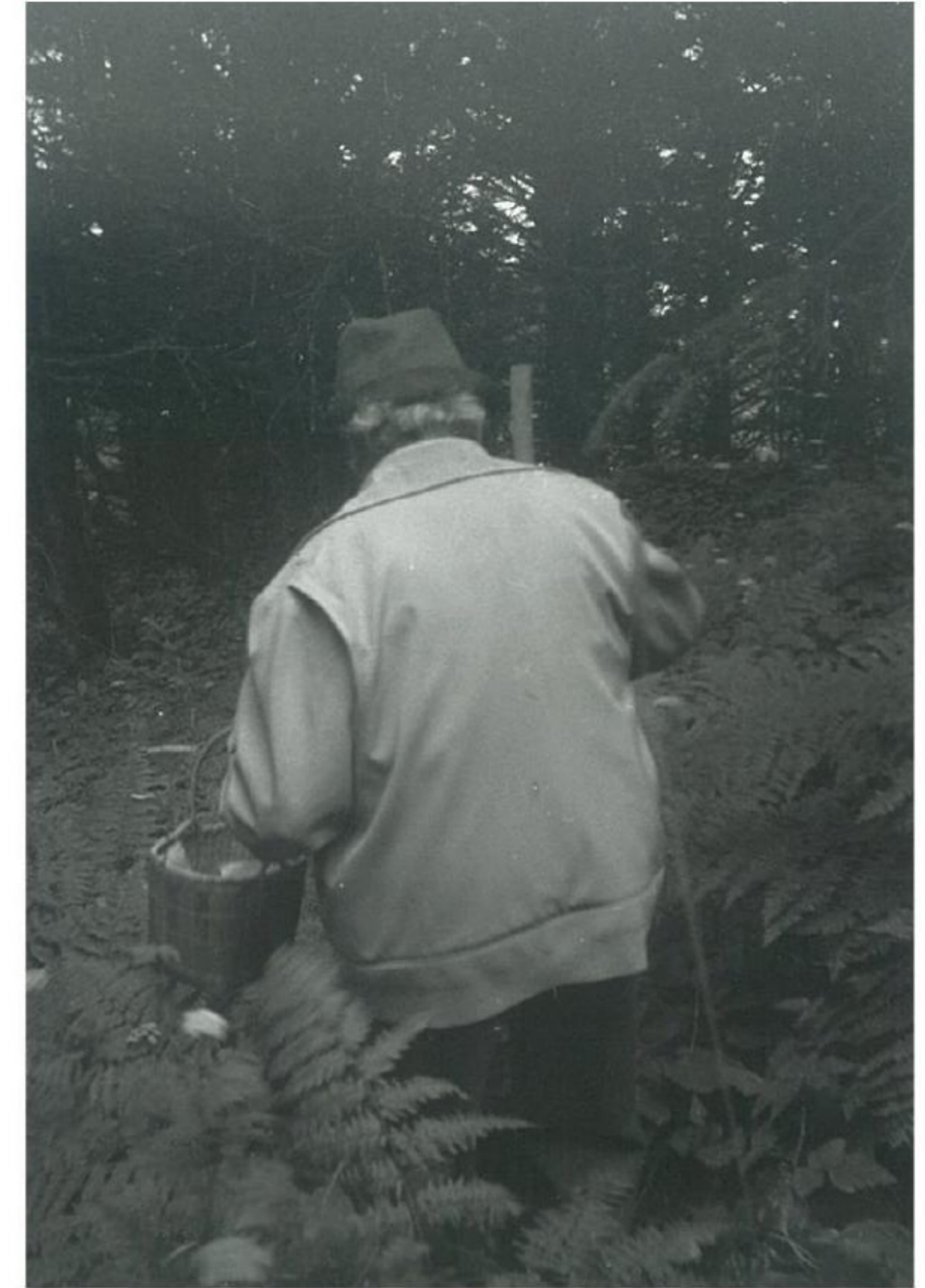


*Witness
to Miracles*

WITNESS TO MIRACLES

Mushroom hunting continued to be a frequent seasonal activity, and as Bloch and I hiked the wooded areas on the lighthouse hill in the fall months, he often took note of some event in the natural world that I could easily have overlooked on my own. He was a serious student of the earth sciences, and, due to his vast knowledge of related (and barely-related) topics such as entomology, mycology, literature, genetics, photography, art, and medicine, to name a few, he was intimately in tune with the smallest details in the world of nature. On one particular day, for example, we happened upon an anthill, and he provided a detailed account of the ants' lives and habits as they functioned in the intricate underground passages that they had sculpted for themselves beneath the surface of the earth. It was an exciting lesson full of information about their communal activities, the hierarchy of their societies, and details such as the habits of the larger workers to chew up the heaviest leaves before transferring them to the smaller, weaker members for transport to their destinations. The similarities and differences he pointed out between the ants' society and our own, while fascinating, were clearly defined. Because Bloch recognized the difference between the intelligence and social development of the hard-working ant as compared to those of the human family, he was always careful to avoid drawing firm analogies between the two.

One of the memories I treasure the most is the day in the forest when I became aware, for the second time that year, of a subtle change in EB's countenance, indicating that he was being interrupted by one of those mysterious "voices" heard only by him. My second signal followed: with the slowing down of his footsteps. Then he came to a complete stop, and appeared rigid as he paused to weigh some important thought. He needed to concentrate. As if in slow motion, his hand reached into a pocket where he kept a small book of manuscript paper and a pencil, and he began to write. Waiting



Following Ernest Bloch on our second mushroom hunt, 1946.



*"Voices in the Forest." Ernest Bloch, 1946.
Photo by Helen.*

quietly in the shadows, I saw the pencil move toward the empty clefs with a perceivable certainty as he hastily recorded a series of rhythmic or melodic lines or motives on the open clefs. Out of this spontaneous encounter, a new creation was wending its way through the receptors in EB's brain, and from there to the outside world. Some of these themes might be pieces of a musical puzzle he was currently attempting to solve. Others could find their way into a new work within a week or so, while still others might become part of a permanent collection of sketches, lying dormant in his mental file for decades before reaching fruition in a symphony, concerto or other work. It was such a privilege to stand back and watch this process unfold: the genesis of an idea, out of nowhere, perhaps never before heard, but likely destined to metamorphose one day into a full-grown musical masterpiece! Just outside his range of vision, I was fortunate

enough to raise my camera and snap the photo you see here, the only one I ever caught of Bloch during this process. Nothing - not a human voice, not a sonic boom nor the click of my camera's shutter - could penetrate his level of consciousness during these "mental flashes" in his life. Not only was he unaware that this photo was taken, but he never saw the developed picture because, when I saw it myself for the first time, I had the strangest sense that I may have invaded a most personal, private and intimate moment in his creative life. Now, half a century later, I offer it here reverently and respectfully as an especially meaningful reminder of the wonders of simply knowing him and being a witness to this and so many other uncommon miracles that emerged repeatedly out of his life.

In the years that followed, EB and I spent roughly one day per month polishing agates in his improvised rock shop, and as I observed the way he handled each agate, I was impressed at how carefully he avoided over-polishing or reshaping it beyond simply smoothing its grooves and surfaces. "Nature knows best; nature is the best designer," he explained repeatedly, and left it at that.

The rock-tumbler was emptied at the end of each cycle, and the best of these stones Bloch saved for less-discriminating friends and young people who valued them not so much for their polish and shape, but, rather, for the famous person who had polished and shaped them! A rare few of the other specimens were sliced and polished, then

placed in small cedar cigar-boxes with little metal clasps and labelled by Bloch with the symbol XXX, which stood for the words "extra special." To open one of these designated containers was to be dazzled with the beauty and perfection of their contents; to be given one from Bloch's own hand was a rare and wonderful experience.

One day, when we had just completed a job at the workbench, I asked to see the upper level of this building, and we climbed a short stairway on the south end to enter a very nice upper-level living area. It was carpeted and partially furnished for either a guest-room or rental-unit. As we talked, it occurred to me that this would be an ideal location for a studio, where Bloch could slip away and compose in a space entirely his own. I suspect that he had already come up with the idea himself when he first viewed the property, because privacy is always a primary consideration for composers, artists or authors when moving into a new residence. Any unexpected "intrusion" - the ringing of a telephone or doorbell, the barking of a dog, an unexpected noise or movement in a room - can easily distort or abort the creative process, allowing new ideas to escape before they can be captured on paper. Interruptions or unexpected noises would not be a major consideration here, I thought to myself, and in 1947 we moved all materials related to his creative work into the space above the rock shop. This gave us a chance to update all files relative to publishing and any other records he might need to consult as he worked. A comfortable double bed for his rests, a bookcase and a few chairs were already in place. A second grand piano, an adjustable office chair and a slanted easel were brought upstairs to complete the room, leaving adequate space for the musical groups or soloists who came there to study his works with him in preparation for future performances. The Griller String Quartet from London was the first major ensemble to rehearse Bloch's string quartets in the new studio in 1949.



The studio. Photo by Helen.

Portland, Ore.
Apr. 23, 1955.
Dear Mr. Bloch:-
Did you ever receive my song number? And if so, perhaps you were too busy in many different ways to take notice of it and letter. I wish that I could make some headway with it. I called your son on phone and he said better write you a note. Congratulations on again receiving honors

Hoping my request will not inconvenience you too much, I am
Respectfully yours,

611 Park Building
Portland 5, Oregon

May 10, 1955

Mrs. Robert Johnston
c/o Mr. Ernest Bloch
Agate Beach, Oregon

Dear Helen:

A Mrs. [redacted] has phoned me several times regarding a letter which she wrote to Father some time ago, enclosing a "song" which she wanted him to look at, etc., etc.

You have written to her, on behalf of Father, on two occasions. However, she persists in phoning me anyway. The thing that bothers her is that she hasn't received her song back. So I told her yesterday that I would drop you a note on the matter.

She's an awful nuisance -- naturally -- and she drools on and on about her daughters, her health, her genius, etc. I've gotten positively rude, but it "rolls off her back" like water on a duck's. Perhaps when she gets her masterpiece back, she'll calm down.

Please send me a copy of what you write her, if you can send the song to her. Thanks a million.

Sincerely,

Ivan
Ivan Bloch

Above, left, is a request from a very determined woman who sent along a song for Ernest Bloch to appraise. She even contacted his son, Ivan, complaining that nothing appeared to have been done to assist her. Our response apparently ended the matter.



*Sharing Our
Strengths*

SHARING OUR STRENGTHS

During the summer following my junior year of college, the burden of EB's correspondence began to weigh heavily on me. Witnessing the sheer volume of it from the inside, I came to resent the demands placed upon him by the constant barrage of requests, invitations, complaints, demands and other assorted trivia that besieged him daily. (Note example on page 32). Perhaps it was unfair of me to harbor this attitude, since it was one such letter from me that had ignited our friendship two years earlier! But my loyalty to Bloch was deeply ingrained by this time, and I could only view this intrusion from his vantage point. I must confess at the same time to a deep feeling of inadequacy as far as my own ability to contribute anything substantial to resolve this problem was concerned. What did I have to offer? There I was, a virtual beginner with big dreams; educated, but at a dead-end in my search. I had no secretarial experience, and no clear idea of what would be required of me if I *did* offer my assistance. Yet the fact remained: EB needed help, and for some crazy reason, I was standing in the gap, considering my role and *possessed* with the urgency of his plight.

Certainly much of Bloch's correspondence was important enough to require answers, but then there were those other writers, sincere though they may have been, who had no idea of the daily demands on his schedule or their encroachment upon that territory. They all meant well, and they knew where to take their problems and questions: to the expert, of course! One writer, for example, pleaded with Bloch to compose a "Freedom Symphony" on the occasion of a monument to be erected in the harbor at Tel Aviv in Israel. Another had read about EB's agate collection in Family Circle magazine and asked if she might purchase "one or two of these brightly colored stones." Yet another was compiling a cookbook and requested his favorite recipe for inclusion in the dessert section! An approach for help with a term paper included juvenile questions such as "Why did you abandon the string quartet form from 1916 to 1945? Why are there so many changes of mood in the music of the quartets aside from tempo changes? Was the rhythm, harmony or melody influenced by Jewish folk music, the modes of cantillation, or the ideas of your teachers?" And, of course, there was a steady stream of original songs sent for Bloch's approval, requests for "short visits," and on and on. This was all in a day's mail for this busy man, yet he had remained faithful to his conviction that everyone deserved (and received) a response.

Consider: How long does it take to choose the right pen (i.e., one that *works*), assemble the needed writing materials, weigh one's thoughts and compose a proper note to a total stranger? How long does it take to go through your recipe files in order to find *the one*, locate a blank recipe card, copy the directions out by hand, find and address

an envelope of the right size, affix a stamp, attach a return address label to the envelope, and drop it in a mailbox? Oh yes, and you have to tear the letter open again when you realize that you forgot to attach a note or your signature to the contents! How does a man with his head filled with ideas for an ongoing musical masterpiece put all that on hold while he composes a symphony for strangers, answers personal requests from individuals he has never met, or contributes to a cause in which he is not even remotely interested? Multiply these examples by the number of days in a week, or a month, and you have some idea of the total forces weighing down upon EB's "serene, isolated world".

The Blochs' charitable contributions for the I.R.S. are another good example. I recall once typing out a list of these while contemplating not only the *quantity* of them, but also the number of checks that had been written to accompany these donations. This in itself had been a taxing experience. In addition to all this, Bloch, being relatively inexperienced at typing, had elected all through his professional life to answer all his mail by hand, which only served to compound the problem.

We had experimented with various ways of teaming up to "turn down the volume" on all of this and did eventually develop what we considered the best and most practical method. Here's how it worked: Since I did not take shorthand, I turned to my moderate skills as a typist and suggested to Bloch that he dictate the message he wanted to convey as I typed it directly onto the paper, complete with a second sheet for the carbon copy. The difficulties at first were minimal and soon overcome. Sensing that Ernest and Marguerite may have communicated primarily in French during the Agate Beach years before I appeared on the scene, I suspected this might be the cause of his occasional pauses when attempting to express certain abstract thoughts in English. I eventually learned to anticipate his quaint foreign expressions and "translate" them into simpler English. Knowing enough about the grammatical construction of both the French and English languages to put the verbs, adjectives, and subjects where they belonged was also beneficial. He never seemed to know the difference when he read the letter back to himself; in fact, he was self-congratulatory on his command of the language and the originality of his message, which amused and pleased me very much.

The other challenge we ran into repeatedly - and I loved this one! - occurred when he was unable to pin down the precise *word* he needed to convey a particular thought. He was adamant about getting everything exactly right, not partway, not halfway! It had to be perfectly thought out in order that nothing be left to the imagination. At this point, we had to drop everything and proceed at once from our typewriter over to a long library table on the north side of the room, where numerous reference books, encyclopedia and dictionaries in several languages were stacked. The search that followed totally consumed both of us. I had grown increasingly fascinated with words since my

childhood days, and relished the opportunity to further explore their meanings with someone of like mind. Tracking the process through Ernest Bloch's brain, and discussing various words, their antonyms, synonyms and derivations was a marvelous learning experience. We could easily spend 15 to 20 minutes researching a single word or phrase before arriving at a satisfactory resolution, and by the time we returned to the typewriter with the "evidence," Bloch could have forgotten exactly what it was he had originally intended to communicate. At this point we would laugh, tear the letter out of the typewriter, and throw it into what he called the "basket-paper." Then we began again from the start and made the improvements. We did not allow speed to become the issue; instead we worked in this way until we both lost energy, focus, or creativity, and laid aside the remaining stack of mail for my next visit.

In spite of the hesitancy and sense of inadequacy I experienced when we first struck out on this course together, I did gain more and more confidence as time went on. Even little things, such as the spellings of simple musical terms, ("piu a piu", "allegretto", "maestoso", etc.) were familiar to me now, thanks to my music courses at the university, and this saved us precious minutes as, one by one, we put each letter together. As time passed we became more proficient, thinking more alike and reacting with even greater speed and efficiency. I always knew in my heart that, had the situation been reversed, and I needed help at writing or composing a letter in French, Bloch would have been more than willing to assist me with vocabulary, grammar and spellings. Though my contributions seemed small, they were a step in the right direction, helpful in the larger picture, and that was all that mattered to me.

On a side note, Ernest Bloch had no patience when it came to predicting exactly how to fold letters so they would slip into their envelopes on the first attempt! We all know the feeling when we estimate the size needed to complete this process, and our surprise at how agonizingly close we came to, or how far we fell short of, estimating the size needed to make a match. I preferred to take care of this part of our sessions myself to avoid conflicts, but invariably EB and I ended up doing it together. In this "serene setting and time of repose" he had no time to waste and could become quite agitated as his voice escalated in pitch: *"Why can't they make these envelopes a fraction of an inch larger so one can place a letter inside without crumpling it up and destroying it?!"* The more he struggled, the more frustrated he became, and the more difficult the *effort* became! The humor I saw in all this had to be suppressed because of the frustration Bloch felt over what he deemed a lack of foresight on the part of those incompetent manufacturers of standard stationery.

In January of 1949, a neighbor to whom EB referred only as "Tackaberry" or "Tack," died at his home unexpectedly, and this loss struck Bloch profoundly. This man's likeness in the picture you see on the following page is only vaguely familiar to me, suggesting that I may have only met him once or twice. I do recall that he owned a



"Tack." Photo by Ernest Bloch, 1942. Gift of Lucienne Bloch, 1990.

small motel next to Bloch's Agate Beach home and was considered to be the person who put Bloch in touch with the owners back in 1941 when the Bush house went on the market. This would mean that they had known each other for about eight years - certainly ample time for a good friendship to develop. I know nothing else about the relationship itself, except that Tackaberry was a simple, uneducated man whom both Blochs regarded as "a close friend; one who was most helpful whenever we needed anything." Now "Tack" was gone, and Bloch's two entries in his notebooks regarding the death (January 23 and 26, 1949, pp. 83 and 84.) give us an inside view of how deeply this loss affected him. His reticence about opening up on the personal level to anyone else, after the many losses and disappointments he'd experienced, had exacted a heavy toll on him, which in turn may account for the resulting loneliness and sense of alienation and rejection that he expressed occasionally from the time I first met him. The following excerpt from the Bloch card file is revealing in this respect:

Thoughts, Vincent Van Gogh (from a letter to his brother, Theo), page 39:

Like everyone else, I feel the need of relationships and friendship, of affection, of friendly intercourse, and I am not made of stone or iron, so I cannot miss these things without feeling, as does any other intelligent and honest man, a void and deep need.

I'd have done anything to become that close friend, to fill the void left by Tack's death, and to help bear the weight of the burdens Bloch carried alone. Did I fulfill a "mother role" for him as well? Sometimes it felt that way, but I chalked the feeling up to what I mentioned earlier as my "strong maternal instinct." I'm not suggesting that Bloch fit the role of the child, even though at times I could see a fleeting evidence of a deep human need on that level. In fact, I am told by behavioral "scientists" that we all feel that "absence" (to some degree) at various times in our lives. Regardless, the thought that I may have tapped into something profoundly lacking in Bloch's life was very gratifying to me, and I allowed it to develop naturally as time passed.

Toward the end of my senior year at the university I was planning a trip to Portland for the vocal concert of a friend, and in mentioning this to Bloch, he suggested that we travel together in his '39 Buick so that he could have photostats made of a manuscript that he needed to mail off to Europe ahead of a coming conducting/recording engagement. This was our second business trip to Portland, and I was only too happy to tag along and help with the driving. We thoroughly enjoyed the drive and the pleasure of being together, with no typewriter and no Bach or Beethoven score in front of us! The air was filled with chatter, laughter and intellectual exchanges as we traveled, and the miles ticked away rapidly. When I left him at the Campbell Court Hotel en route to my sister's home, where I would be spending the night, he invited me back for dinner at the hotel before the concert.

I arrived in plenty of time to allow a relaxing time together, and remember sitting across from him at a small table with a candle between us, enjoying a quiet dinner while discreetly keeping an eye on my watch so that I would not be late for the concert. Following the usual formalities and anecdotes, the topic turned to music and then to more serious but related matters. He asked me what I planned to do now that I was about to graduate from college, and I explained that I would probably return to the university for my master's degree in the fall. When I glanced across the table at him again, he was shaking his head. "No, my child," he said, looking directly at me, "it is time now that you come and study with me. I can take you much deeper into the world of music, and you have much to give to me, too, as you have already demonstrated." His words came at me as a foregone conclusion, not a suggestion, not an option to be considered, and I had not seen this coming! It took a few seconds to process. Had I heard him correctly? *I would do his secretarial work in exchange for private lessons in music composition!?* All I could do was answer softly, "If this is what you recommend, then it would be a far better choice for me than anything else I might consider doing."

And so that night, just three years after Bloch and I first met, an unofficial, unwritten "contract" was reached between two people who might never have known each other, had it not been for that mysterious little mechanism in our brains that bound us together like two links in a chain. From that time forward, *music* became the common thread, the driving force that sealed our relationship and bound us together as working partners. It formed a line of demarcation, a renewed offensive, a frontal attack, and it would be toward the furtherance of this mutual cause that every thought, every effort, every decision was to be directed from that day forward.

Reflecting back on that night, I am reminded of one other incident that will always remain in my memory. When Bloch walked with me down the street toward the car, we encountered a poor old man beside his newspaper stand on the corner of the sidewalk. It was a cold, rainy evening, and the old fellow was shivering. As Bloch

stopped to purchase a paper, he handed the man a large bill and walked away without waiting for change. It was dark outside by this time, and I remember thinking that this single act of kindness - unknown and unseen by anyone else but me - had to shed a ray of light and hope into the heart of a poor man who more often found himself the object of scorn than of such generosity. To my view of Ernest Bloch as a master composer, lecturer and conductor was now added a picture of the same man in the role of a benefactor and servant; one who saw and met the needs of another person in less fortunate circumstances. This made a lasting impression on me, and further endorsed Ernest Bloch in my mind as someone who could be trusted and followed.

Note: I had every intention of attending the concert of my friend that night, but of course no one could have predicted the other dramatic event unfolding around a small table in a dining room where “high stakes negotiations” were underway. I learned later from a classmate that the performance went well, the hall was packed, and my friend never realized that I was absent. Nor did I mention the fact again the next time we met. After all, what more was there to say?



DIGGING DEEPER

My college graduation in the spring of 1949 represented the turning of a page onto a whole new chapter of my life. Bloch left in May of that year, soon after our Portland trip, for a prescheduled recording and conducting tour in Europe and did not return until November. Factoring in his private instruction, which was imbedded within those final three years of college, I had also graduated from three years of "boot camp" and had my basic training behind me. With the help of a Prescription that "Dr. Bloch" wrote up on a common legal pad and signed (shown on following page) I was adequately equipped to continue my studies during his absence. With several months on my own now, and my college diploma in hand, I set about filling my student-roster before opening a piano studio in Newport. Two days of each week were reserved on my schedule to accommodate EB's clerical needs upon his return to Agate Beach. Until then, Mrs. Bloch offered to answer their personal mail while I tended to everything related to his musical career. Beyond this, every spare minute of my time was spent teaching piano and chipping away at the assignment Bloch had left me. Each of the seven Bach fugues was a challenge, and each gave up its secrets grudgingly, but Bloch's skills as a teacher continued to instruct me as I forged ahead to complete my assignment without him.

When he returned from Europe, we spent close to a week going back over business matters left hanging during his absence, addressing new issues connected with the recent tour, and resolving estate questions for which Ivan provided constructive input. Having established a good base from which to operate, and knowing where we needed to go next, we jumped back into my composition studies as soon as he was rested and ready to lead the way. I refer to this period as my post-graduate work! Up until this time I had listened to classical music, even in college, and seen only the forest; Bloch had seen the trees. From this point in my training, he instructed me to do all my analyses in colors so that I would better understand the thematic structure of each work and be prepared to explain my reasoning to him at my next lesson. I have many books of studies I made on both form and analysis before I was prepared to move up to the next step: memorizing on paper all the expositions of Bach's fugues from the Well-Tempered Clavichord. Along with our collaboration on Bloch's correspondence, this challenge was to fill up much of our remaining time together over future years.

One of the most thrilling experiences of those years was watching Ernest Bloch's new works taking shape from one visit to the next. He always had at least one in progress, and often, soon after I arrived, he motioned me over to the piano and proceeded to play the completed passages for me with all ten fingers while singing (badly) the main themes in a high, gravelly, nasal voice. I was amazed to note how full the score sounded with all his forces at

Prescription

Study and memorize slowly, one, two
measures at a time - 100 times! till one
has grasped and understood
every detail, the expansion of
following Figures:

- G major / I (6 meas - later eventually
all meas 14)
- C major / II (11 meas)
- c# minor / I 21-22 (Cadenza)
- d minor / I (12 meas...)
- E major / II 8-9 (Cadenza)
- f# minor / I 17-18
- f# minor / II 20 meas (Cadenza till
2nd theme)

Not too much at a time!
One figure " "

No "overacting"

D Bloch

A prescription from the famous "Dr. Bloch," Spring, 1949.

work! He vibrated with passion when playing certain sections that obviously held special meaning for him, and I'm sure he envisioned many noble causes and lofty pursuits lying behind or within the score. At times we would encounter a number of empty measures on the pages, or spaces with only a few rhythmic or melodic motives sketched in lightly at what appeared to be random locations. Bloch appeared to calculate the precise number of measures needed for the yet-to-be-composed lines! He occasionally paused at these spots to suggest what might eventually belong there, explaining that it must be "organic" to the entire work, and "that is why it is so elusive." The following week he may have filled in some of the empty measures, while others remained unclear in his mind. "I work only very slowly," he had told me soon after we met, and this was borne out in his scores as I watched them develop.

My own diary contains an interesting entry related to this from a day in the fall of 1951. Upon entering the Bloch home I had noticed that he seemed especially weary and listless, and when asked if he was ill he replied, "Well, you remember that section..." and he referred to something he had shown me earlier in his *Sinfonia Breve*, "...after months of struggling to find a solution, suddenly, in the middle of the night, I awoke and could see clearly what belonged there! It was as obvious then as it had been elusive before! So then I had to get up, get dressed, go to the studio and lay the parts in place." Then, for perhaps a night or two, he might get some rest before the whole process began again. He rarely slept more than three or four hours per night, his notebooks reflecting mental torments of monumental proportions, with bizarre nightmares and horrid dreams. Is it any wonder he slept fitfully?

Ernest Bloch's teaching methods were unique to him and were of lasting benefit for me later in life when I branched out on my own career as a composer and teacher of piano and music theory. These studies span the year when we first met on through the final lesson near the end of his life. It would be impossible to cover everything here, but the general principles will be presented, and no important details will be omitted. Most of these studies originated with Bloch's return from Europe in the fall of 1949. To give you glimpses into the general scope of our work together, I have included two samples, along with explanatory notes, in the Coda at the back of the book.

From the very start, Bloch had taken me back to the most basic techniques of music composition: the construction of simple two- and four-measure sentences. The term "sentence" refers to the short but vital motivic themes from which the composer draws, in large part, for the development sections that follow, and, as such, is essential knowledge for any composer of serious music. Composing lyrical, "singable" melodies is certainly worthwhile, and I did my share of that too, but in general, these can only go so far in the development of larger forms such as chamber music works and symphonies. I wanted to go deeper, and knowing how to create solid, well-thought-out themes was the logical first step, and one that my professor at the university had somehow failed to emphasize.

Bloch and I did not face major obstacles in my case due to his ability to shed such a brilliant light on motive construction from so many angles and my eagerness to soak up everything he had to teach me. For several months he gave me the solitary assignment of composing only brief subjects with useful, well constructed material, and we spent many months in companion studies, analyzing the major themes of Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, Mozart and Mahler, each of whom EB often referred to as "our only *real* teachers." We lost ourselves in the development sections of these works, which we analyzed together and discussed in musical terms: What possibilities for development and modification were germane in those well-constructed major themes? What uses did various composers make of their own material? What have we to gain from exploring their works? Answering such questions caused me to dig down into the actual scores and seek out the answers for myself.

His insistence that I compose away from the keyboard had been introduced in our third year together as we sat by the fire or on the bench. He began by dictating to me original melodies out of his head, each of which I was asked to write down out of *my* head. He had given me a little formula that sounded complex but was actually quite simple once I understood it: "If you can learn to picture on an empty clef the beginning note (on the scale) of an unfamiliar song - dictated, sung, recorded or 'in the wind,' using your knowledge of music theory, you have learned to unravel one of the primary elements of music composition. When you learn to do that, the next step follows naturally: You can then take any melody you hear (even in your own creative mind) and eventually write it out *correctly*, note for note on the music clef, without benefit of a keyboard or any other crutch to assist you. In time, one can block the harmonies and secondary melodies into the score as well."

First I had to decipher this "simple" formula, wondering at first how this could possibly be achieved. Before long, to my amazement, I realized that my college theory training *had* prepared me well for implementing the exercise itself. It was but a short step from hearing unfamiliar melodies, establishing the key center, identifying the starting pitches on the major or minor scale, then utilizing interval knowledge and building from there. At last! The key I had sought in my youth to recording all new ideas for my songs and ballads on paper was now in the lock at the door! And Ernest Bloch was only getting warmed up!

Bloch eventually directed my attention to his own studies on certain symphonic scores of other composers, which he had analyzed in color or laid out in graphs in order to make the form clearer and more comprehensible. (See facing page.) We studied individual themes, questioning each turn, each interval, attempting to "improve" upon them, which, of course, was impossible to do, but certainly very challenging. This adventure was as exciting as anything I had ever explored before, and I felt doubly-fortunate to study these masters of the past under the tutelage of a

Beethoven
5^{te} Symphonie
I

fa Lab Mfb sib
sol lab

attention à : Auftakt ✓
ou pas Auftakt!

Gros Intro.

Doch
ut/min

2 4 4 8 3=4

Transition

Pédale Do

point d'entrée

Mfb

Cadence

mod fa min
pan.

LAB / pan
lab sib sub sub

Mfb

Aufh.

3+1

Durchführung

107

A B. A. B.

fa min
fa contrechant ut
sol

pan

Beethoven
5^{te} Symphonie
I
Suite

4 fl 4 ve 4 fl 4

fa lab sib re

ve fa (!) sol

ff

Cadence

Do 1

Aufh.

lab sib re

non

accu

One of the "evidences" I mentioned in the Prelude as "left behind" by Ernest Bloch when he died is the volume of studies he made on the works of the masters. I discovered these two (of three) pages of a form-and-analysis study tucked into the only Bloch conductor's score that I own, Beethoven's Symphony No. 5. Bloch's desire to "get inside the head" of these composers of the past led him to dig deeply into the scores which they, in turn, had left behind. This is also a silent testimony to his intense desire to understand totally every note, every nuance and design of a work before he conducted it.

master of my own time, one who cared enough to pass that in-depth knowledge along to me, a relative novice in the field. Bloch unleashed a torrent of creative forces from deep inside my heart and soul as a result of his instruction, to the extent that themes and passages of my own invaded my mind as they depleted my supply of manuscript paper! All I had lacked in my earlier training was fulfilled in Ernest Bloch: the presence of an inspiring teacher to light my candle, fan the flame, and keep it burning!

One of the most remarkable aspects of Bloch's teaching methods was his spontaneity, his ability to employ visual images or use everyday objects for purposes of reinforcing principles of composition. His command of the musical language was profound, the by-product not only of his remarkable natural gifts, but also from decades of experience studying, teaching and lecturing. Of course, as a youth, he had enjoyed exposure to a number of older intellectuals too; artists, philosophers, musicians, and thinkers who challenged him in many areas that not all young composers are fortunate enough to explore. All of this he carried forward from a very young age into his lectures in music later in life. Among his topics were aesthetics, composition, orchestra, solfege, conducting, harmony, choir, music theory, orchestration, form, and analysis. Although he always came to university classes well-prepared with detailed notes on exactly how each subject was to be presented, eventually those thoughts became so thoroughly implanted in his mind that they could be expressed spontaneously, even without advance notice. Through his imaginative side-trips and humorous anecdotes Bloch left an indelible impression on his students. Many of them later developed into full blown, well-known composers themselves: Roger Sessions, Quincy Porter, Douglas Moore and Randall Thompson among them. The students in his master courses in particular must have been stunned by Bloch's innovative approach to teaching, and I have no doubt that, once he stood before his classes, he was transformed into a dynamic professor projecting an infectious enthusiasm.

He was fulfilling an obligation to conduct master courses at the University of California when I met him. This was part of an earlier agreement with his benefactors to be fulfilled upon the completion of a ten-year sabbatical in Europe, (1930-1940). The couple returned to the U. S. at the end of this period and settled briefly in Lake Grove, Oregon before discovering and purchasing the Agate Beach property in early 1941. It was at this point that Bloch began teaching his courses at Berkeley, driving south on Oregon highway 101 each summer. I do recall his expressing the wish that he could remain at Agate Beach to compose rather than make the long trips south for the lectureship series, but he threw himself into preparations for each class and faithfully met the terms of the contract until it expired in 1952, freeing him to focus entirely on his own creative work. It was both gratifying and exciting to watch him "blossom" with this newfound sense of freedom, especially to observe his highly-honed skills in play when vari-

ous artists came to Agate Beach to study his works with him. I was struck by his ability to seize the moment without hesitation, dispense with formalities, deliver a succinct overview of the material to be covered, and then proceed directly to the technical issues with the least possible expenditure of time and energy. When the musicians played the first notes of their scores under Ernest Bloch's direction, they did so with a clear grasp of the score and a full understanding of what he expected of them. His ability to foresee and conquer most, if not all obstacles, grew out of his intimate knowledge of all the instruments, and it was available across the spectrum, from a full orchestra rehearsal, to a string quartet, and on down to one-on-one presentations for students like me.

Bloch was the personification of the term, "learner." An early letter to me at the University of Oregon reveals the depth and intensity of this personal passion (punctuation his):

...So you are 18!! Plenty of time to learn yet - I am still studying - the Masters, especially, our great teachers at - about 66 years - and often I regret not to be 20 years younger - only for that reason - to have still time ahead of me - to study! At 48, I restarted, all by myself, to study counterpoint, two parts!! I only began to really understand it...I made more than 1700 examples, in all modes.

Two years ago, I restudied instrumentation...In art, one is never finished...But one must love it - and be very, very patient - if one has an aesthetic conscience....

I find it remarkable that Bloch recognized the connections between seemingly unrelated topics or fields of study and the process of composing music. His keen perception caught the overtones in various theories and opinions and allowed him to dissect them from every possible angle until he understood completely the guiding principles behind each one, and, even more importantly, how they related or could be applied to music. An avid reader, he continued to make careful notes of passages or ideas from various writers whose opinions he valued, Confucius, Havelock Ellis, the sages of the Old Testament, Sigmund Freud, Winston Churchill, Walt Whitman and others, and added them to the wooden card file for future reference. I remember seeing one of these cards taped onto the easel where he was composing. This suggests that he relied on sources outside his own imagination to supplement his innate technical and creative abilities. Occasionally Bloch referred to this file during my lessons, too. He had an incredible memory, and he knew how to utilize the card file on a moment's notice to expand upon his teaching. On one particular day he pulled out a card filed under the heading "TENSION/CONFLICT":

Subject: Suspense, (Conflict):

(Eisensen, p. 234)

When a situation is incomplete, suspense is created....When we become aware of the incompleteness (sic) of a situation, we seek somehow to complete it!...

An important aspect of the incomplete situation is conflict.

He says also: All our wants may be traced back to original states of satisfaction and irritation or unsatisfaction (sic)...Situations may be painful, and still decidedly satisfying.

This lesson was on *creating stress* and *resolution* in a musical work. On a later day he was teaching me about *repetition*, explaining how the human mind needs a periodic return to the familiar in order to recognize and relate. "On the other hand, constant repetition creates monotony that cannot maintain the listener's interest," he pointed out. We were sitting on the bench down on the trail, and to the left of us was a stark, windblown tree devoid of foliage. I had noticed it in passing numerous times before, but on this day, Bloch pointed out something unique about its form to make his point:

Clearly, what we see is a tree, yes, but within that form is something very important: many small branches projecting out from various points on the trunk, and at random angles. The outer form of the tree is symmetrical, but within that frame are intricate designs revealing nature's artistry: curves, angles, visual interest! Thus we have a dimensional composition - a work of art that is easily identified as a tree, not a dull post with branches wired on and attached at odd positions. The outer form is essential, exhibiting symmetry and good form, but without the inner design, it is less than a tree. The key is *balance*.

Once again, while Bloch had not given me a *formula*, neither had he worked out the solution *for* me. He had given me instead a principle, a direction: "Now, use your imagination; let it be manifest in what you write so that others can recognize it as a work of art, not mere cacophony with no beauty or message uniquely *you*." Another way of expressing it: "We cannot attend to the same stimulus for any length of time! The stimuli, though varied, should be organized; They should seem to emanate from the same source and work toward one end. Movements, for their own sake, are generally not desirable. They should be made meaningful."



Agate Beach, looking north, with the lighthouse hill in the distance. The Bloch home sits just beyond the dark hill at the right.

Whenever possible, I chose to walk the two miles up the beach from Newport for my lessons and secretarial work. Somehow, the combination of the fresh ocean air, the circular flights of the gulls, the moody skies, the wind in my face and the excitement of what was about to take place allowed me to relax and prepare! Occasionally I felt apprehension too, overwhelmed by the sense of responsibility that awaited me. I practiced breathing in deep gulps of air as I climbed the trail and took that final step onto the back lawn. I never knew what to expect; I only knew that, as long as EB was in a good mood, and even if he wasn't, every minute would be filled with adventure, suspense and, best of all, *learning*. I remember returning home once or maybe twice during those 13 years following a particularly stressful day feeling overloaded and wondering if I really wanted

to return and submit to that level of pressure any time soon, but those thoughts were short-lived. In fact, I often went directly into my little study at home after dinner and worked on into the night, motivated solely by the intensity of this remarkable man. And I have to laugh when I recall the only "disagreement" Bloch and I ever faced: When I arrived at the Agate Beach house, he was always the first to suggest that we begin with my music lesson, while I retorted that we should start first with the mail, as that could be urgent, and my studies could wait. For the most part I prevailed and always felt that our time at the typewriter was well-spent.

After completing the day's work, it was Bloch's custom to rest in his bedroom while I prepared the letters for mailing, listed in a designated notebook the addressees' names and a brief summary of the enclosed message, filed the carbon copies, and tidied up the desk. When he was sufficiently rested, Mrs. Bloch often had tea and cookies or other light refreshments ready for a little respite at the table. It was some time before she stayed on with us and participated in our conversations, but after the first year or so, that situation began to improve. Then the three of us sat

together, and she contributed freely when the conversation turned to their early family life and the raising of their three children.

Marguerite Bloch had surely been the stabilizing influence in the home when EB was off pursuing his musical career to support his family. She had the better understanding of their children's talents and the contributions they had made to the sciences and arts in their respective fields. She was a proud mother who played a supportive role in all their activities, and this came through clearly in the lengthy descriptions of Ivan's work as an engineer and industrial consultant, Suzanne's concert career on early Renaissance instruments, or Lucienne's career in murals and fresco work. Marguerite's reflections revealed a very classic picture of the Bloch family life, for which she may have been positively influenced through her Lutheran heritage. I could easily picture her as a constructive force in the children's lives, but I also learned a great deal about Ernest Bloch as a father and provider through what she offered from the early years of their marriage. Marguerite and all three of Bloch's children remembered him as a devoted father who took them on nature walks, often climbing in the Swiss mountains, pointing out the flora and fauna in the pastoral scenes throughout the valleys, and teaching them from his storehouse of information on a wide range of subjects. Marguerite verified the fact that, in spite of the demands on his time, opportunities for interaction with the family were maximized and treasured by each member, including herself. This exchange opened up a whole new level of discourse between us as I related to Marguerite's love for and loyalty to her family. I believe that she sensed my affirmative response to her, although there continued to be a perceptible "fenced-off zone" between us.

As mentioned earlier, Marguerite had stepped gingerly into Ernest Bloch's and my world at the beginning, just as I had done when the three of us first met. She and I both felt the need to test the waters and make sure we were welcome, and this took time. Unlike her, however, I was the stranger in the mix and understood all too well why she may have had some reasonable fears about me to overcome from the day I first walked into her life. She was the one to feel displaced in her own home by someone younger who had become a part of her family without her consent, and this may well have been threatening to her. While I had neither experienced nor communicated any sense of "comeuppance" or superiority over her, she may well have felt intimidated. Once I earned her trust, that sense of alienation quickly melted away, and the rhythm of our lives assumed a more normal tempo.

One day when I was walking toward the library to finish my filing, I remember pausing at the foot of the crucifix, still clutching my paperwork while reaching out with my free hand to touch one of the feet. I was curious about the materials from which it had been formed, and inspected the rough surfaces to the extent that my limited judgment allowed. Just at that moment, Bloch emerged from the west hall after a rest, and our eyes met. We had

only referred obliquely to the crucifix before, but in the few seconds of quietness before we spoke, we both looked up and stared at the sorrowful figure, which he had taken with him wherever he had lived since he bought it in 1906. I had wondered about this strange phenomenon for years: a JEW with a crucifix?! This was one of those moments in life when time seems to stop and wait.

Thinking that now might be a safe moment to pose a question in a non-threatening context, I asked him, "What does this figure represent to you personally?" Bloch was seldom at a loss for words, and ordinarily he had an answer prepared before the question was even completed. On this particular day, however, his countenance took on a deep, thoughtful expression before he spoke, and I saw a flash of pain on his face as he recounted the history of "The Christ"; how it had fallen into his hands through what he later considered a cruel plot by a former friend who purposely betrayed and insulted him as a Jew through this transaction. Perhaps not wishing to dwell on the intricacies of all that just then, he made that characteristic motion of dismissal with his right hand and moved on to address Jesus Christ Himself in terms that were more analytical than spiritual, but certainly not derogatory either. He felt that Jesus was a standard of moral behavior for all mankind, a great teacher, a model for all of us to emulate, and "the only true Christian who ever lived."

I never forgot that conversation because, in subsequent years, I heard a different story: that Bloch identified with "the Christ" largely because of the suffering, rejection and sense of alienation that they shared during their respective lifetimes. This made good sense to me too at that time, and, knowing no more about the historical Jesus than I knew then, I tended to shift more weight onto the latter explanation than the former. How often Bloch had spoken or written to me, "The world will avenge me for all my *sufferings!*"

Still, in moments of quietness when I was alone in the room or caring for the house with only the crucifix as my companion, I felt something deeper than what I could describe or explain. Bloch's own personal explanation to me bore more weight the longer I meditated on it. Certainly there was a magnetic pull about the image; a living presence, a palpable principle that transcended time and space, all embodied here in a tortured figure formed of ancient wood and mortar by an unknown artisan in the 17th century. I find it hard to imagine that Ernest Bloch overlooked the metaphysical aspects of a somber presence which had cast its shadow over him wherever he had lived for over forty years. What was the level of pain he suffered when recalling the incident behind the acquisition of "the Christ" years before? What did Ernest Bloch really believe about Jesus Christ? Perhaps no one will ever know.



*"The Christ", Photo by Lucienne Bloch, 1942.
Courtesy of Old Stage Studios.*



ANSWERS ON THE WAY

Ernest Bloch's daughter Lucienne referred often to her father's sense of being "uprooted," of never really belonging anywhere. He often expressed a similar thought to me: that he had no permanent home, no "roots." He occasionally spoke of suicide, in fact, but strangely, I never took him seriously, because I knew better. He felt he was too important, and that his demise would be too great a loss for the world to endure! By contrast, however, Bloch's makeup was actually more fragile than most men's where personal attacks were concerned, and from what he told me, these were numerous: losses, delusions, betrayals and disappointments throughout his life, both in the U. S. and abroad. Since he never used the term anti-Semitism in my presence I cannot pass judgment on how serious the issue of his Jewishness may have been to him personally. I wanted to believe that most of these emotional confrontations were unintentional, not the result of racial intolerance, but due to the widespread existence of anti-Semitism across Europe in those days, that may have been wishful thinking on my part.

In leafing through my diaries from the Agate Beach years recently, I have been surprised by my frequent use of the words "depressed" or "depression" when describing Ernest Bloch. This term was not a common one in those years, yet it best described some elusive element in his nature that seemed to predominate. Whether it was an inherited family trait or an acquired propensity toward pessimism I can't say, but it always seemed to simmer just beneath the surface of his life. Although this inner turbulence never rose to a level where it disturbed or unsettled me, I was nevertheless gripped by a growing sense of destiny: the thought that perhaps I was placed here on earth to devote my life to supplementing his remaining forces, helping to level his wide mood-swings, and, through my meager resources and abilities, making his life the best that it could be for as long as he lived. Never did I consider myself remotely capable or worthy of discharging such a duty, but at least I had a head start on the challenge. Who else could step in and take on a responsibility such as this? It seemed like a reasonable assignment for someone already weighing the benefits of remaining single and free of all responsibilities save this one. Bloch and I had a workable system in place and had established a momentum that was already at "fast forward." Marga and I were now close friends too, giving me that sense of belonging that had once been lacking, so why wouldn't a permanent arrangement be to the mutual benefit of the three of us?

As in most of life's quandaries, even as we struggle to surmount the real or imagined obstacles while fretting over answers and outcomes, resolutions are already on the way. I didn't yet recognize this process at work back in 1953 when Ernest Bloch travelled to Italy for the revival of his opera Macbeth at La Scala Opera House in Milan.

Mrs. Bloch took advantage of his absence to spend part of this time with her children and their families. Due to the valuable objects in the home: papers, documents, recordings, files, and, most importantly, those irreplaceable Ernest Bloch works-in-progress, someone needed to stay on site to guard against vandalism, fire or theft. Beyond the protections covered in an individual's home-insurance policy, Blochs had one additional concern: what EB often referred to as "our nasty neighbors." Fortunately, these individuals were the exceptions in the community. They may have resented his ethnicity or, perhaps, only his "intrusion" onto their turf. They had openly expressed their contempt during the couple's absence from the home by cutting down a tree on the Bloch property to improve their own view. A Lincoln County Extension agent also verified, in a separate incident, that someone had poisoned the couple's prized vegetable garden, adding to their other worries. Regardless of the reasons for these abuses, this was a classic case of stereotyping strangers. EB and Marguerite were now U. S. citizens. While Ernest was born to Jewish parents, Marguerite was not; she was German/Lutheran; yet the local "experts" chose to lump both of them into one package! You will find one other incident recorded by Bloch in his daily notebooks (Feb. 25, 1950, page 86) that reveals the callousness and pettiness of these neighbors. Small wonder that doubt and suspicion lived in the back of his mind much of the time.

As for the oversight of the home, I preferred to take care of this assignment myself because there were always chores to tend to, files to straighten or update, cleaning and organizing, phone calls to manage and mail to answer. I coveted the advantage of having extra time to take care of all this at my leisure while keeping close watch on the house around the clock.

By day this home possessed a wonderful charm and old-world atmosphere that I had come to treasure, and I considered the assignment of caring for it a special privilege. After dark, however, I must admit that it could turn into a very unfriendly place, especially for a single young woman spending nights there alone. I doubt if there was one lightbulb anywhere in the home with a wattage above 25, and the driftwood-grey walls absorbed most of whatever light these might have produced once darkness set in. The curtains swayed to and fro in the constant drafts. The cats often climbed up the outside window screens in the night begging to get inside, and the winds through the tall fir trees provided a constant counterpoint to the pounding of the surf on the beach below the house. I remember thinking - but not seriously or at length - about how nice it would be to have a husband at my side during these long night watches, though that thought was only peripheral at this point, and I resisted it with all my strength. Let me explain.

During the previous (1952) Christmas season, I had met an attractive young building contractor named Dick Johnston, who had moved to Newport from Eugene to assume the business of another local builder, a man who hap-

pened to be the father of one of my piano students. It was my picture on this student's piano that first prompted Dick to seek me out. He was a fellow about my age, the sixth in line from a family of eight children. We met during preparations for a community Christmas concert in November of 1952, but it was a busy time, and I hardly noticed him among the singers in the community choir that I was directing. Soon after he gained my attention, though, I detected warning signals that he could be a threat to my semi-permanent plans to remain a single member of the "Bloch family." He was unduly attentive to me and projected a quality of deep concern for my welfare. In spite of my resistance, I could not ignore the stark difference between him and the other men I'd met, even casually. Curious about the source of this difference, I allowed some brief visits with him up until the day he identified himself as a follower of the Christian faith. So that was it! Alarm bells in every major and minor key went off in my head simultaneously. I entertained no sympathy whatsoever for individuals of a similar stripe whom I had met in my life thus far, nor had I any intention of getting seriously involved with another!

On the other hand, I welcomed friendships with people of my own age and especially enjoyed being with Dick, watching with a mounting curiosity about how he viewed life and conducted himself in various situations. He was different! With him, I experienced a sense of peace and calm, with no thought directed toward making an impression or "proving" myself, and I found this both relaxing and refreshing.

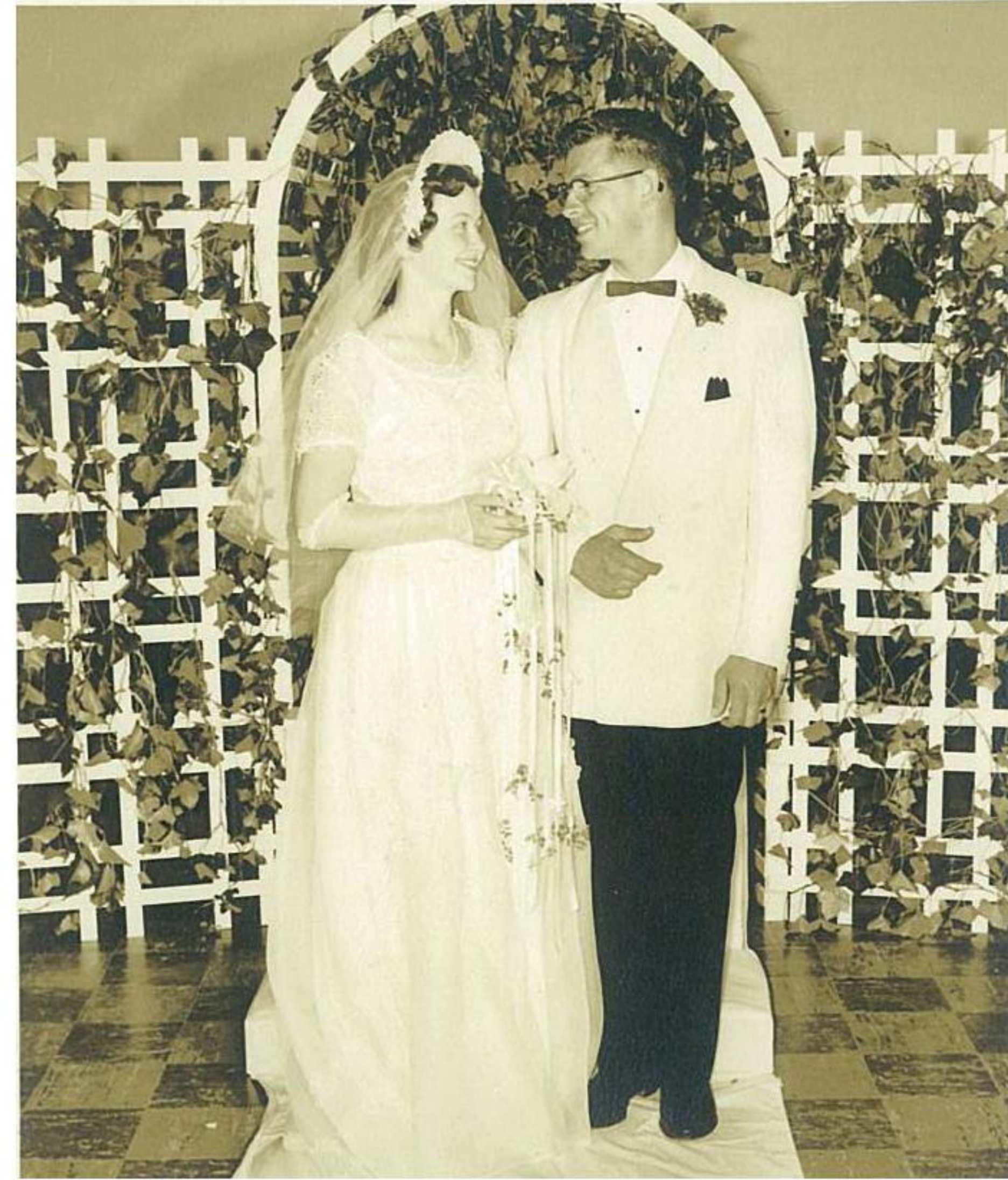
We attended the Ice Capades in Portland early in our friendship and spent many hours in the days that followed, talking and discussing our respective careers and world views. Hours became days, days turned into weeks, and the more time I spent with him, the more obvious it became that his character was impeccable and his principles up to my standards in all categories. To top it off, he sang "O Holy Night" as a solo that Christmas, sincerely and beautifully, on pitch, and with a deep, resonant baritone voice that seemed to capture and spread the magic of the Christmas season. He was unaffected, tender, courteous, principled, gentle and polite. Equal in importance, he didn't view himself as superior to others in spite of his superb skills as a building contractor in the Newport area, and he was a person with deep dedication to his faith and to the God of the Bible. While the relationship tended to be one-sided at the start, Dick simply lived out his life before me and waited patiently for my reaction. I began to argue (with myself) that I had the best of both worlds. Here I had two wonderful men - Ernest Bloch and Dick Johnston - each of whom loved and wanted me in their lives. They would both be living in the same geographical area for the foreseeable future, whatever that meant.

When we are young, "the foreseeable future" carries with it a feeling of "forever" and, to make a long story short, my defenses came down in spite of myself. After holding Dick off for several months, I finally caught him!

You read that right: I "caught him" because he was his own best reference! Although his parents resisted the idea of his marrying me because it violated the biblical admonition against believers marrying unbelievers, in due course (and with no other options), they issued a qualified acceptance of the idea. After also gaining the consent of my parents and the approval of Ernest and Marguerite Bloch, Dick and I were engaged in the spring of 1953. Now, in case you're thinking that this was solely a business arrangement, I want to emphasize that it was far more than that. The fact was, I had fallen in love with a man whose walk matched his talk, and men like that were, and still are, extremely rare.

Our wedding took place on June 21, 1953, with one amusing incident that was told to me later by friends who witnessed it. When the Blochs entered the church, an usher offered Marguerite his arm, while Ernest, unfamiliar with American wedding traditions, and assuming that only she was to be seated, waited at the rear of the hall. When the usher turned around to seat him beside Marga, of course he was nowhere to be found! This usher spun around again before spotting someone at the back of the room who pointed out Bloch's whereabouts. He was then ushered separately down the middle aisle to organ accompaniment and seated next to Marguerite by the original usher.

Our marriage produced three little girls between December of 1954 and April of 1959, and both Blochs were delighted to welcome each one into their hearts and lives and to invest their love and attention upon them. Mrs. Bloch could hardly wait until each one was old enough to treat with her traditional Hershey bars at Halloween. With the exception of my brief confinements and recoveries, I continued my studies and duties with EB, often taking a new little one to Agate Beach in a portable crib for the long periods of sleep common to newborns. Both EB and Marga covered me like two mother hens under their wings, and I drew great strength beneath the soft "feathers" of their protective love and devotion. In fact, Marga took special pride at checking in peri-



odically on each baby girl while Bloch and I worked, "to make sure she isn't in distress." I don't recall at the moment, though, that she ever changed a diaper.

The growth of our family presented new challenges for both of us, none of which, luckily, was insurmountable. My husband kept a keen watch on the maintenance of the Bloch house from shortly after our marriage up through the year 1964. Occasionally this required the treatment for dry rot in the bathrooms and kitchen, or replacement of shingles following winter storms. After a close roof inspection at the request of Mrs. Bloch, Dick and his crew stripped the shakes and replaced them in 1956 before the fall rains set in. Having my own typewriter at home, and knowing "the system" well by now, I composed many letters for Bloch there. Between the two of us, Dick and I ran a very efficient operation that never felt like an added burden. My priorities were well-defined: my role as a wife and mother in first place, my student/secretary position with EB in second; and this kept my life balanced, manageable and most enjoyable.

EB had been a devotee of Sigmund Freud for much of his life, and had often invoked Freud's name when pressing a point home or answering one of my deeper philosophical questions. I was amused then, when I took our first little daughter, "Cammy," to formally meet with EB as a two-year-old toddler. We were standing in the living room by the Steinway grand piano, waiting for him to appear, and we could hear his high-pitched voice greeting us as he came toward us out of the west hall. As he emerged, there came a loud blast of welcome in our direction, and under this verbal assault, Cammy, wide-eyed and startled, hid behind my skirt and began to scream. Bloch, humiliated and devastated, inquired of me, "What happened? Did I startle her? I am so sorry!"

Hoping to salvage the moment, I answered with a smile and a mock frown, "Hmm...I wonder what Freud would think about this!"

To which he responded without hesitation, "Who cares?"



Cammy at the turnstile in the courtyard of the Bloch home, 1957.



This is my last photo of Ernest Bloch, taken in the late afternoon when the shadows were long, emphasizing the twist in his nose. This injury was the result of being dropped as a baby by a nurse. While he claimed that he was not bothered by the cosmetic distortion, his frequent references to it suggested otherwise. It should also be noted that Bloch very much resented the fact that "nature" (his original nose, in this case), had been tampered with - one of his primary concerns throughout his life.



CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON

Bloch had been plagued by various illnesses throughout his life, many of them related to either skin or digestive problems, but over the year 1955 and into 1956, his overall health took a more ominous turn. Due to the fact that he had suffered from a lifelong obsession with real or imagined ailments, it is not surprising that some members of his family referred to him half-jokingly as a "hypochondriac" and tended to downplay many of his complaints. The fact that he continued to turn out his usual volume of music during those years may also have deceived those of us closest to him into thinking (or pretending) that all was well. Regardless, I had some stamped postcards printed with a brief message explaining Bloch's (unspecified) limitations, and requiring only his initials or signature before mailing. His trademark response to any such suggestions was always, "When you take a short cut, you always end up with a substitute!" This was a polite way of saying, "no thank you," which he somehow attached to yet another belief: "If in doubt, *abstain*." I pleaded with him to utilize this resource whenever I was unavailable in an emergency, or when he felt incapable of responding to mail on his own. As his stamina declined over the ensuing months, I reminded him of the postcards again, pleading with him to make use of them whenever necessary. We temporarily switched roles at that time as I scolded him gently, along with a motherly hug, explaining to him, "You are not well. If you don't conserve your strength you will pay dearly for it." Like most of you readers who have ever been a parent, I suspected that I was talking to a wall!

By the autumn of 1957, his condition had worsened measurably, with no effort on his part now to hide it, and no clear consensus by local doctors on the reasons behind his intermittent discomfort, loss of appetite and general malaise. He suffered what was first considered a heart attack that year, and this threat marked the beginning of a series of trips back and forth to Portland, Oregon for Ernest and Marguerite. (See her note to me during this period in the Coda.) First they consulted heart specialists to isolate the problem, but the signs did not seem to point in that direction. Once that possibility was ruled out, it was on to urologists, neurologists and, finally, oncologists. When cancer was diagnosed later that year, an initial treatment of oral drugs was prescribed, but this regimen provided only temporary relief, leaving surgery as the only remaining option. Naturally, Bloch resisted this idea with every ounce of his remaining energies. His lifelong devotion to what he called "nature" made the thought of artificially altering any part of the human body abhorrent to him. Like the agates he had polished in years past, he insisted that "nature knows best; nature is the best designer and should not be tampered with." The physicians were not impressed, and they warned him repeatedly about the folly of delaying treatment. At this he struck out with his usual ferocity, resist-

ing every offer of intervention and, according to Marguerite, telling all the doctors to go to h---! In one of my personal journal entries, I noted that, "the worse he feels, the harder he fights."

Only very gradually did the cruel truth descend upon him as his body sent out clear signals of its own: "We will either submit to this invasive procedure or *die*." Self-preservation can be a very strong instinct in any person, and Bloch was no exception. Before finally agreeing to undergo the operation, however, he persuaded the surgeons to allow him to return first to Agate Beach and complete the score of "Two Last Poems" for flute and orchestra. At this point, he seemed to me like a caged lion: aware of his limitations and restrictions, but straining at the bars of his prison, defiant and unyielding beneath the crushing weight of the forces that restrained him. He avoided eye contact with me for the first time ever, and seemed to be shutting his mind down to everything but the essentials: completing another score, and then another, with no serious thought of ever giving up.

Eventually the facts had to be faced, of course, and when they left for Portland in the fall of 1958 to submit to the surgery, Ernest and Marguerite Bloch would enter one of the darkest crises of their marriage. With my mother's offer of help with the two oldest children, Dick and I again assumed the joint duty of caring for the home and running a business. Mrs. Bloch stayed in Portland with EB throughout this whole difficult process, and it was she who kept us posted by mail or phone on his day-to-day progress.

Following the surgery, the doctors issued an optimistic report, but the recovery itself was extensive and painful. In spite of that, I expected that he would eventually bounce back and return home stronger than ever. He was still in his seventies, so he was not *old*. He had always been there; he would always *be*! The thought of losing him never once entered my mind, and when Marguerite phoned us at their home in early June of 1959 to say that they would be returning to Agate Beach "in the afternoon tomorrow," I felt vindicated. We still had more time!

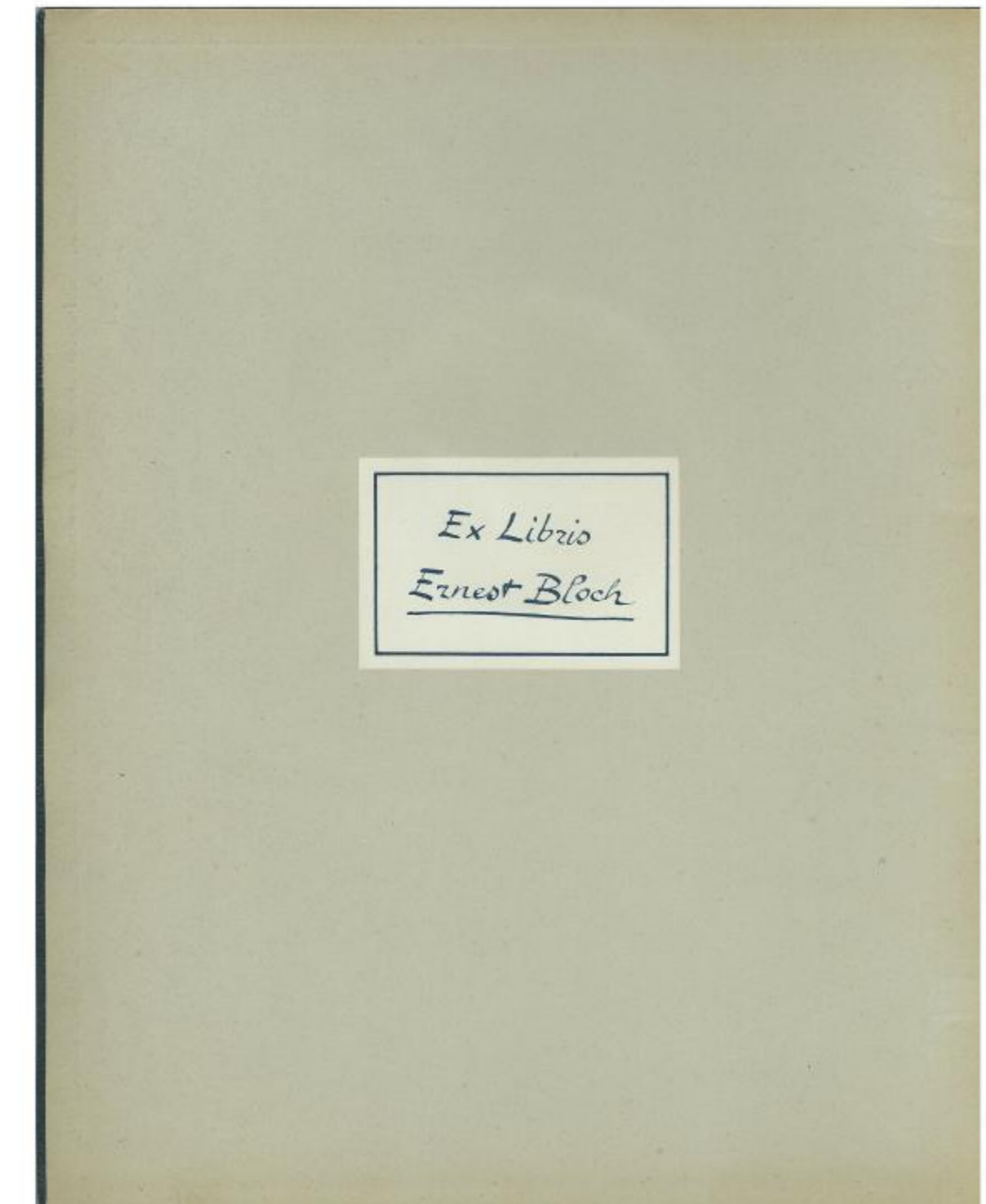
I will never forget my last night in that house. Due to the next day's schedule with his crew, Dick had to stay in town to make phone calls and set up work details. He could manage the care of Cammy and Julie in town, he assured me, if I could tend to Cindy at the Bloch house, to which I agreed. This third little girl of ours was the cheeriest little person, and always gave my heart a lift when I experienced fear or uncertainty. As early as her third month of life, she exhibited a comforting and joyous presence that only became more prominent as she grew. She, along with "the Christ," would be good companions for me through this final night.

I walked her up to the post office in her stroller in the early afternoon and took care of the day's mail while she napped. A much-needed practice on the Steinway during the afternoon lasted until I heard her in her little bed cooing happily to herself. The remainder of the day was uneventful as I remember it. I held Cindy in my arms as we

watched the sun drop over the Pacific Ocean and then enjoyed a light dinner in the kitchen. Just as a covering of fog and then darkness settled in over the ocean, I nursed her for the last time and tucked her in for the night in Marga's sitting room. Then a strange feeling of melancholy settled over me.

Before going to bed I checked around the house and took a mental count of everything that needed to be done before Ernest and Marguerite returned home: sweeping, dusting, tidying up; nothing major. Still feeling a bit restless and unsettled, I walked slowly down the west hall, not quite ready for sleep, and stepped into the library, the brain center of the Bloch home. This is where EB kept the file cabinets full of the meticulous records that he had maintained so faithfully over so many years, each entry inked in with a handwritten script in clean columns that testified to his keen artistic and organizational skills. Here were the rows-upon-rows of wonderful books, many of which he had loaned me over the years with the purpose of expanding my horizons. There were the scores by various masters from the past and the 15 volumes of Rousseau's writings and correspondence, which EB had devoured the previous year in an intense period of study and self-examination. His words came back to me once again: "Here, too, there is music."

Across the hall was his bedroom, which needed to be checked for the last time to make sure everything was in readiness for his return. As I tightened the sheets on his bed, fluffed up the pillows and reached to turn off the light, my eyes fell on the shelf above the built-in drawers on the north wall of the room, an area to which he had always referred as his "drug store." I had paid little attention to this space before, but now my eyes were riveted upon the long line of prescription bottles that he was told to leave behind when he checked in to the hospital for surgery. I approached the area cautiously, and began looking more closely at the labels on the bottles - labels which communicated painful details that I had never before confronted: far too many pills for sleep; far too many for pain; the issue-dates *much* too close together. How had I missed all this?! Had I been negligent? I looked



Bloch left behind many wonderful books, collectors' artwork and conductors' scores like this one.

up in the mirror above the shelf, and my reflection convicted me: "Ernest Bloch is desperately ill - much worse than you had thought."

Of course I was sickened, and the remainder of that night was filled with confusion and regrets. I was up several times to check on Cindy and pace the halls in an attempt to dispel from my mind the ominous implications of the previous evening. I wanted to check the prescription labels once more, just to make sure I had read them correctly, but feared I had been right the first time. No need to add insult to injury.

My final stop was at the foot of the crucifix in the living room. Only one dim lamp lit the still form as I stood and looked up at the forlorn face, bowed in pain and submission. Dick's pastor had explained many times that Jesus had died on a cross to pay for the sins of the world, mine included. I had accepted that fact intellectually, but not emotionally, not personally. Jesus placed only a few qualifications on my eternal destiny, all of them reasonable, all of them for my own benefit. Might this story be factual, just as a Bloch analysis of a Beethoven score is factual? I desperately needed the assurance that this whole wonderful love story was really true.

One thing troubled me above all else that night, and this marked a turning point for me: "If Jesus truly did die, but then rose from the dead, *where is He now?* When people die," I reasoned, "their remains are placed in either a grave or a vault, but not Jesus'." The Bible said there was no grave or other burial place. His tomb was empty, leaving no physical site where He might be venerated or honored like other men. So if that was the case, then this representation of him on the cross was only a replica, part of a much larger picture. A strange sense of warmth and calm swept over me. There was a lot more to this story, more to fathom beyond the tragic figure hanging here on Ernest Bloch's wall. "Where is He now?" I took this thought to bed with me and must have drifted off to sleep with that strange paradox in mind.

The next morning, after feeding Cindy, I tidied up the kitchen, marked off my list of chores, checked all the outside doors, left a note, bundled up my baby, stepped out of the house, locked the front door, hid the key, and headed home. I knew my fine husband would be there soon, and I would draw my strength from him when none of my own remained. How I appreciated and respected him! He was all I had ever needed, and so much more. I would rely now on his quiet strength and cool head to see me through an indefinite time of uncertainty. He had already resolved a major dilemma of my own making: to marry, or remain single? Long before I could ever have imagined the implications of that decision, or the magnitude of the ordeal I was now facing in regard to my dearly-loved teacher, God had provided someone else who would step in and help lift my burden.



*The Final
Goodbye*

THE FINAL GOODBYE

The following few weeks were unsettling, because EB's recovery vacillated measurably between mediocre and low each day, thus lacking the momentum that had always characterized it before. He was in bed much of the time, dealing with pain and seeing no visitors except for family. He made only token attempts to compose on the manuscript pad that lay on a small table next to his bed. I picked up his mail regularly and dropped it by the house, taking home, with his approval, any letters I could tend to on my own. I had little else to offer at this point. He appeared to be slipping away in spite of my efforts to convince myself that this could not be true. While caring for my own family at home, I worried about Marga and the tremendous load she was carrying, largely by herself. My two loyalties tugged in opposite directions, each one arguing against the other.

In early July, a call came to our Newport home with a desperate request. It was Mrs. Bloch, reporting that EB's urinary tract had shut down completely, and he was in dire need of a doctor. Our family physician was the only one I felt comfortable recommending, so I assured Marga that I would get in touch with him as soon as possible. Fortunately, he was in his office and ordered Bloch at once to Pacific Communities Hospital in Newport, where he would join him within the hour. He had already phoned in orders for sedatives to keep EB comfortable.

Once Dick was home from work and dinner was ready, I left the girls in his charge and headed down to the hospital. (How many times I had made that trip before on nights when our daughters' repeated ear infections required our doctor's intervention! It had never taken this long before! Why now?)

As I passed two doctors just outside the doorway of Bloch's room, I heard one of them mention the term, "stricture", and this struck fear in my heart. Obviously it could mean trouble. Cautiously, I stepped inside the room and spotted EB over by the window in the second bed. He was heavily sedated, his face flushed and damp. In a drawer I found a small white cloth which I soaked in cool water and applied all around his face and neck. He partially opened his eyes and managed a weak smile, then turned his right arm upward and opened his hand. I placed mine inside his and waited. From that point on he was in and out of consciousness, but I bent down and talked quietly to him anyway, trying to assure him that he had the best of care and that everything was under control. After repeating this off and on for what seemed like an eternity, it became obvious that I was not getting through to him. Gently, I squeezed his hand, and this time there was no response.

Checking to make sure he was still breathing, I searched for the pulsations of his heart through his hospital gown, and found them, as far as I could tell, to be strong and regular. Thinking of my little family at home, I reluc-

tantly turned to leave the room, but when I got almost to the door, something held me back. I owed Bloch so much. I needed to thank him one more time for giving me one of the greatest gifts I had ever received: the freedom to fulfill my lifelong dream to compose and notate music, and to do it without the aid of any crutches! But the magnet that had drawn and held me to him was slowly releasing its grip as he slipped away to a place where he could no longer be reached. I turned and walked several more steps, then paused again to look back. From that distance I saw no evidence of the pain, uncertainty and suffering that had left lines and deep grooves on his face where they didn't belong. I remember taking two deep breaths, and then turning toward home.

Rest now, old friend. Shalom.

I phoned Marguerite with the report when I returned to our house, told her I would pick her up the next morning and take her to see Bloch at the hospital, but a late call from my doctor that night abruptly altered those plans. Even as Marga and I spoke, EB was being transported by ambulance back to the Portland hospital for evaluation by his surgeon and another specialist. So now would come another wait.

Once again, Marguerite was with him while his future lay in the hands of his physicians. I have no idea how she got to Portland. Perhaps she traveled with the ambulance. Those hours and days blended together as if swallowed up in a dense fog, with no clear distinctions between them that seemed to matter. Dick and I spent our time back and forth between the two houses, with a routine similar to the one we'd followed in the past. All this took place in the summer, the busiest season for builders, and he was stretched in as many different directions as I. The demands on me as a wife and mother, however, were helpful in the sense that they kept my mind centered more on reality and less on the dread of the unknown. I kept fear and doubt at bay as routine tasks went on uninterrupted, joy and sorrow woven together into a symphony of conflicts.

Countless lonely hours had turned into days since I last saw Ernest Bloch at the Newport hospital. It had been a long wait, and I was hoping for a resolution any day now. I was bathing Cindy near the telephone at our Newport home when the call came on July 15, 1959. Marguerite Bloch's words echoed over the phone line like a series of lethal bullets: "Well, my dear, it is over. Ernest is gone." Those were her exact words, and her only words. I was numb, too stunned to respond at first. Then came disbelief, with no words adequate to fill in the silence. Marga understood, and waited. Finally a few weak condolences were exchanged between us, each one sounding empty and meaningless. Neither of us could speak further before a second wave of grief swept over us, and the call had to be terminated.

"Ernest is gone." Just nine days before his 79th birthday! The words cut deeply into my heart and soul. I recognized then that nothing would ever be the same again - nothing but the memories. By this time, three sets of little eyes were glued on me. I wanted to protect the older two from hurt, knowing that, even at their age, some of that pain can rub off. As gently as I could, I explained what had happened. Cammy, now five years old, responded, "Now Grampa Bloch won't feel bad a-a-a-a-ny more!" Three-year-old Julie, too young to really understand, sensed that this was a serious moment. My autobiography, completed in 2003 for my daughters, picks up the story here:

...And a baby's twinkling eyes promised me that there is always compensation for our losses, no matter how grave. You were my silent helper, Cindy, during the hours that followed, and you were only three months old!

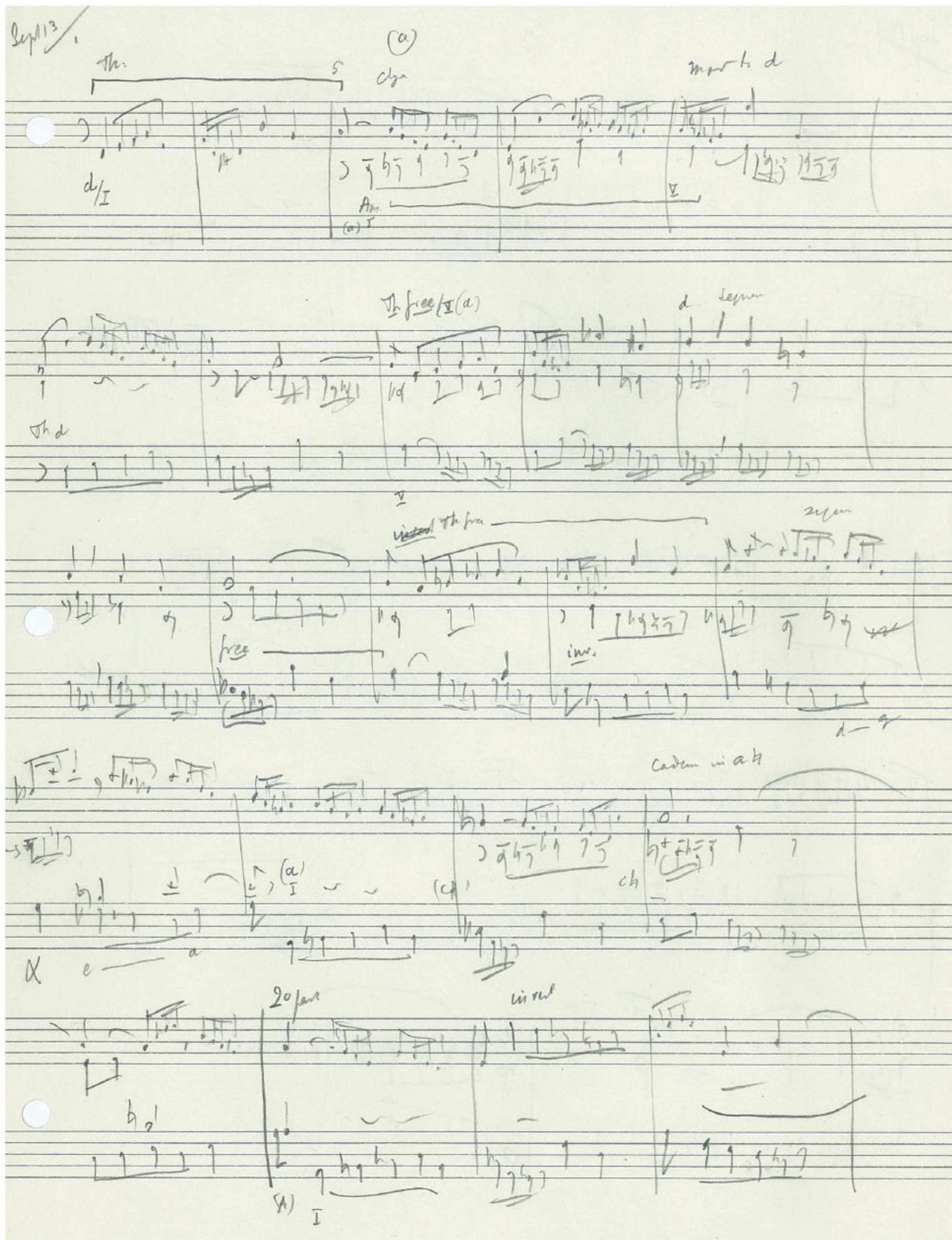
{A life taken, a life given}.



We celebrated Julie's second birthday while caring for the Bloch home in 1958, the year before his death. The dark curtains and light from the "chimney fire" can be seen in the background. The identity of the dog in the doll-buggy remains a mystery.

A giant step toward recovery took place in the brief moments that followed. Three little faces, all directed toward mine, assured me now that life would go on. I was reminded of my former distorted views on marriage and its possible effect on my relationship with EB. How easily I could have sacrificed a good marriage to a fine husband and three of life's greatest treasures with one selfish act of omission! I could have been standing alone just now, making my own lonely way through the valley of the shadow of Ernest Bloch's death. God had already ordained the number of days that he would live, and the final day had arrived. I knew that, because the Bible told me so:

"Thine eyes have seen my unformed substance, and in Thy book they were all written, the days that were ordained for me, when as yet there was not one of them."
(Psalm 139:16).



At left is one of hundreds of pages of memorization that Ernest Bloch left behind when he died. Always working without the use of any instrument, he wrote out from memory all the expositions of J. S. Bach's fugues from the *Well-Tempered Clavichord*. (The d minor is at left.) It was his deep desire to, in his words, "get inside the mind of Bach" and see what secrets lay behind his massive output. These pages were also of great benefit in EB's master courses as he drew on them for various principles needed in his lectures. The examples he drew by way of illustration were voluminous, and unique to EB.



CLOSE OF AN ERA

As soon as they could arrange their respective schedules, the three Bloch children came to Agate Beach to assist Marguerite in navigating through the initial adjustment of losing EB. Suzanne arrived first, having picked her mother up at Ivan's Lake Grove home, where she had stayed throughout part of Bloch's final illness. Marga was a very strong woman, and I never once saw her cry, but that does not mean that there were no private tears.

Lacking Marga's stoicism, I faced a different problem. It seemed like an eternity since we had been together to share our concerns face to face. The minute I saw her again, all the memories of past times came flooding back over me: her impish little smile, her care for her cats, her skills in the kitchen, her attention to EB's needs, and now this! I could barely control my emotions. We embraced, but still found no words to assuage the pain. The same held true for Suzanne. I hadn't seen her for close to a year now, and the experience of meeting again was powerful. Both of these women meant so much to me, and we had become very close during my second and third years in the Bloch home. What was I to say? How can one respond at such a time? Perhaps by asking a simple question the tension might be broken. I needed to know, "Did your father regain consciousness before the end came?" It was an unthreatening question that only Suzanne could answer. She had flown in from New York just in time to spend her father's final hours with him, and she described the scene to me in this way:

"Father was in a coma until the end. His breathing was deep at first, becoming slowly more shallow and less regular. A breath, then a rest; another breath, maybe two, then several more measures of rest. Then all at once, it stopped, and I waited. And then...everything fell into place."

Her eyes closed with those final four words, and I expected her to cry, but, like her mother, there were no tears. In fact Suzanne's words, spoken in her usual soft, lyrical voice, gave me a surprising sense of peace. I knew how difficult those final moments of the death process could be. To my relief, EB had slipped away pain-free before the end came. Thank you, God.

When I phoned our doctor's office to inform them of the death, quoting Suzanne's description verbatim, the nurse responded thus: "Well, those are very pretty words, but the reality is that death is nothing more than the termination of an illness." I considered the source and didn't allow these callous words to hurt me any more than I was already hurting.

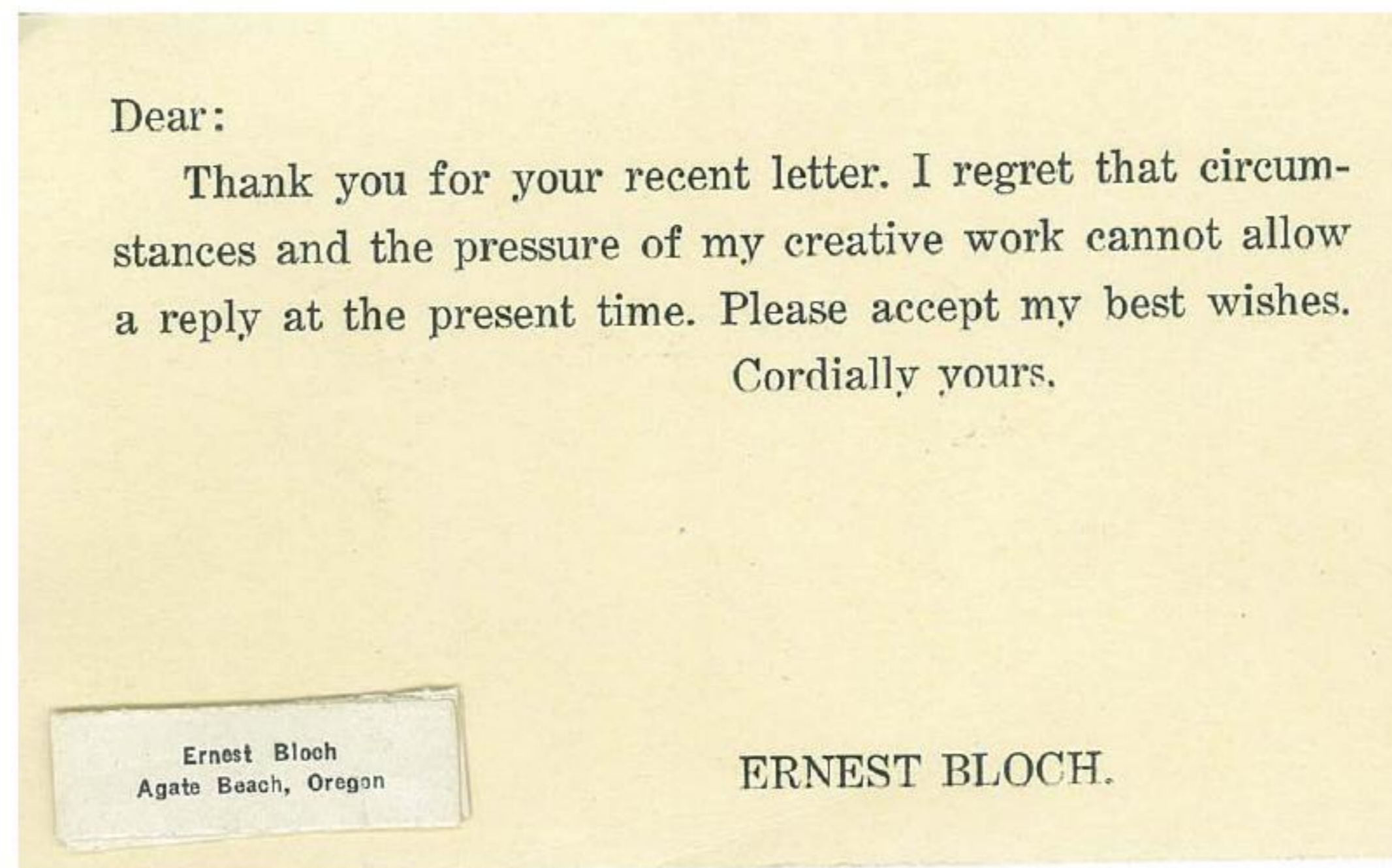
Suzanne stayed over until Ivan and Lucienne arrived, and after distributing various mementos between them, Bloch's children deliberated together on which of his scores and other documents should be kept in trust by the fam-

ily and which should be donated to the Library of Congress. They also singled out various items that Marguerite would require to keep her life running smoothly as long as she stayed in the Agate Beach home.

I came in on the next phase to assist with the files, incidental papers, accumulated mail, and the contents of the desk where he and I had worked. With the exception of the typewriter, which had been moved onto a table at the back of the desk top, it was exactly as we had left it. I opened the top drawer, grabbed the "basket-paper," and began sorting through the contents: rubber bands, paper clips, a rubber stamp and ink pad, a small address book and note papers, and the little notebook in which he made daily records of the more routine and mundane affairs of the day. Then I spotted something at the very back of the drawer: a rectangular box that looked vaguely familiar. Could it be? Yes, it was the original box of postcards I'd had printed when EB's health began to fail and he needed to "take a short cut"...or so I thought. But here they were - the whole stack! - in the original box, the rubber band around it still fixed in place. I should have known. No matter how sick, discouraged or helpless he must have felt over those final days, nothing could justify the use of such a cold, calculating method of responding to his mail. "When you take a short cut, you always end up with a substitute," he had kept insisting. In EB's mind, the word "substitute" meant "a lesser version of the real thing." He may have added another truism at this point: "If in doubt, *abstain!*"

Yes, people still mattered; they deserved more than a "canned message." "Some day," he had assured me, "we will get back to them." As I settled back in his chair and let all this sink in, I couldn't suppress a smile! There was something humorous and ironic about this discovery which Bloch himself would have appreciated: Despite all my pleas to use these postcards, he'd had the last word, even after death!

In spite of the circumstances, I was grateful to reestablish contact with Lucienne Bloch during this time. My friendship with both her and Suzanne went back much farther than this time of testing for all of us, the most memorable being the times around the large dining table with their mother. Marguerite had acquainted me with the personalities and preferences of the two daughters well in advance of our first meeting; thus, when they came to visit their



parents at Agate Beach, I had a head-start in relating to them. They were both sufficiently animated in personality to clash good-naturedly with each other in their eagerness to get their points across. Suzanne, "the musician in the family" (her term!) knew "everything about my father's music that there is to know." Lucienne, on the other hand, was self-confident, blunt and outspoken, and felt more comfortable discussing with candor the inner dynamics of the Bloch home, everybody's faults and hang-ups (including her own), the "volcanic" nature of her father's presence, and the relationship of Ernest and Marguerite Bloch to each other. I always felt that I was given a more realistic view of her parents from Lucienne than from Suzanne, but I loved these two sisters equally and appreciated so much their injection of inspiration and humor into the lives of Ernest and Marguerite Bloch during the Agate Beach years. We remained friends throughout their lifetimes.

I saw less of Ivan Bloch, pronounced Ee-vahn by his parents. (He was named after a character in one of Dostoevsky's novels.) Ivan was an engineer, much in demand as an industrial consultant, particularly in large jobs such as Bonneville Dam and other massive northwest power projects. He moved around the country in various assignments, and was rarely at Agate Beach when I was in the home, but Ivan and I did work together during a TV documentary on Ernest Bloch in 1979 and 1980.

Before leaving for her home in New York, Suzanne encouraged me to take any of the items that the family left behind, and I chose a few books and scores that looked interesting. It has been a revelation to wander through those pages and see Ernest Bloch's remarks in the columns of books he once read or scores he had studied. Especially touching - and amusing - are the notes he had tucked into the pages of various novels, biographies, and news articles he had read. He had abundant advice to pass on to these authors, most of whom were already long since deceased!

Marguerite also gave me a few meaningful trinkets to keep: a little green scarf, myrtle wood dish, Bloch's favorite pipe that lay at his bedside table after his final night at home, and two small, beaded-leather pouches he had used to transport his chocolates in the Swiss Alps. Most of us leave behind mementos such as these, small things that gain importance even as they age because they belonged to someone we loved.

By the time my job was completed, the three Bloch children had departed for their respective homes, and Marguerite was adjusting to her loss. She and I met for "tea and talk" every week for the first few months. She had become more philosophical and resolved to the new living arrangement and asked me again if there was anything else of Bloch's that I would like to have. I had been thinking about the little daily notebooks EB had kept, two of which still lay undisturbed on the top of his desk. She urged me to keep them if I could benefit from them, but I explained to her that I felt it wiser to leave them in the home for the present. I would, I told her, appreciate copying a

few representative pages, using the manual typewriter, just to keep a record of my own to refer to in later years. I find them especially interesting and precious even today, because they part the curtains and reveal the human side of Ernest Bloch as no other source could do: his struggles completing certain compositions, his impatience when things didn't go his way, his love for the family cats and grief over their deaths, problems with airline schedules, mileages on the car for his trips to Berkeley, and so on.

I did type portions of 1949 and 1950, two of the best years of his life, health-wise and musically speaking. I know of no other years recorded by Bloch in this fashion, although the date at the top of the first of the two suggests that a prior year (1948) may also have existed. For those of you who are interested, excerpts from my typed notes can be found at the back of this book on pages 83-89. Due to the many duplications, endless reports on the health or antics of various cats, or entries not likely to be of general interest, I have omitted some to conserve space and avoid needless repetition. This shortened version will not diminish the value of the original in any way, but will best be enjoyed when adequate leisure time is at your disposal to savor the contents.

Looking rather haggard on our last day together, we took turns photographing each other in order to have a pictorial record of a time in our lives that would never come again exactly as it was then. At top, from left: Lucienne, Suzanne, Marguerite and Ivan Bloch. Below: Marguerite and I, Summer 1959.





POSTLUDE

These final pages I want to dedicate to the memory of Ernest and Marguerite Bloch, beginning with a section from an article I wrote for the 1989-1990 edition of the Ernest Bloch Society Bulletin. I gave it the title "Two Artists", and it closes with these words:

...The transition into his (Bloch's) life and routine had been a smooth one for me, as Ernest Bloch had a heart as big as his musical gift, and embraced very readily anyone who showed receptivity to him. It would only be much later, however, that Mrs. Bloch would accept me so completely; that I would (be welcomed) at the extreme northern end of the west wing of the Bloch home into (her) sitting room filled with old wicker furniture, her plants, dim photographs and paintings of far-away places, and the delicious scent of lavender. Here she spent much of her time alone, reading, writing her personal letters, cuddling one of their many cats, and tending to the tasks which make any household run smoothly. Here, in an enormous wicker basket, she kept her sewing supplies, including the various colored twines with which she coded the bed sheets to distinguish one size from another. Evidence of her frugality and patience could be found on many of the linens in a nearby closet: the intricately woven threads with which she had strengthened weak spots in dinner napkins; the delicately crocheted or tatted patches on some of the finer embroidered pieces. I often wondered about her private meditations during her long hours of solitude. Did she often think of her days as a young pianist in her native Germany? Did she re-live her wedding day, her life with Ernest Bloch, the births of their three children? Was she as content as she appeared to be with the choices she had made, or did she long for something more? If so, she never mentioned the fact to me.

At first, she was only the courteous but cool receptionist who met me at the door, took my wrap, summoned Mr. Bloch, and then vanished as if into some abyss. On rare occasions I would be vaguely aware of her silent form as she passed across the large living room where we worked, but as a young girl I often felt like the stationary leg on a drawing-compass: connected to her by circumstances, but limited by a controlling pivot which always kept her at a fixed distance from me.

But then would come "tea-time"! When Bloch and I had reached the point of exhaustion in our work, suddenly there would appear on the dining table, as if by some miracle, a delightful assortment of delicacies for our pleasure and refreshment. Then "Marga" would be transformed into the skilled and confident servant - totally sufficient, "in charge," and appropriately aloof. One day, on impulse, I expressed to her my appreciation for this niche that she filled in Bloch's life, and mentioned the correlation I saw between her culinary skills and the music that seemed to flow with its own special flavor from Bloch's pen. On the pages of his scores I (could) see the fingerprints, not just of one artist, but of two. The one is driven by a force so powerful that at times it threatens to drive him to the point of madness; a force that holds him at bay and makes him its slave while yielding under his mastery. This artist lays in the colors where they must go, regardless of the pain he inflicts in the process. He is probably unaware of all the pigments that have gone into the many shades he applies to the painting, or exactly how the canvas got there. It is the other artist, in fact, who has prepared the canvases, and who provides the unique atmosphere in which the painter works: caring for his beloved cats, turning his bag of mushrooms into a gourmet dish for the evening meal, arranging for laundry deliveries and the repairs of the home appliances that are indispensable for his comfort, tending to practical matters such as clean sheets and transatlantic phone calls and crowd control, and filling the air he breathes with the aromas that (turn) a house into a home. That artist weaves with the needle of her keen and orderly mind the threads that keep the fabric of the other's life strong and serviceable. Ernest and Marguerite Bloch were both craftsmen, bound together by choice, each skillfully wielding the tools of his or her respective trade; two artists with far more in common than I once thought.

Gradually, Mrs. Bloch became more cordial and responsive to me, even to the point where she would come and sit briefly at the table with us during our break-time, though always at the extreme opposite edge of the large, circular table from me! It was here that I got my first glimpse of the intellect, refinement, culture and sensitivity that made her far more than a gifted hausfrau. Looking back and reflecting on all the laughter and conviviality that the three of us enjoyed around the circumference of that old table with its funny orange-and-black-fringed lamp, I am grateful most of all for the day that the final span of a long bridge was laid in place across its center, joining my world to hers.

Today, the old post-office building at Agate Beach looks much like an abandoned farm-house on the eastern Oregon prairie: weathered, broken-down, covered with weeds, deserted. In the imaginations of only a few can Ernest Bloch still be seen nearby, waiting for the Greyhound bus that will bring to him one of his daughters, or perhaps a visiting artist who is coming to study one of his works with him.

Bloch died in 1959, and Marguerite Bloch lived on in the Agate Beach house until her death in 1963 ended a very colorful chapter in local history. The music itself, however, goes on, picking up force with the passing of time, vindicating the composer who carried throughout his life such a weight of doubt about himself and all that he was attempting to do.

August 22, 1989

It would be impossible to end my book without including an update on events after the fact, and this is what I want to do now. After Ernest Bloch's death, I was involved for several years in speaking publicly on his life's work while attempting to create enthusiasm in his music and his legacy in the city and state that had largely ignored him. In spite of the interest expressed by many who attended these talks, the long term results seemed minimal at the start. Few Oregonians realized what a "treasure" lay buried in their midst: a world-renowned composer who had continued to produce music on an international scale while living within a stone's throw of their own homes and lives. I occasionally mentioned the fact that Bloch published his works with the finest companies in the business and conducted or recorded with many of the world's most renowned symphony orchestras, but only a few individuals appeared to appreciate these facts. Locally, this may have resulted from the unique and widely-varied occupations of so many Newport-area citizens with a broad range of interests not directly related to the arts: commercial fishermen, tourist shop proprietors, Coast Guardsmen, a large National Guard contingent, harbor officials, port authorities, an active, tourist-oriented Chamber of Commerce, international shipping executives and employees of the many fish plants scattered along the Yaquina Bay waterfront.

The movement picked up speed after the first few decades, but it was not until the end of the 1980's that the efforts of a few dedicated people in the art community sparked a resurgence of interest in Bloch and his music, and the effort began to gain momentum. By the time a beautiful new Performing Arts Center was erected in the Nye

Beach area of Newport, plans were already underway to present Bloch's works within an even larger framework. In 1990 the first Ernest Bloch Music Festival took place, and the programs, featuring works not only by EB but also of other contemporary composers, drew in surprisingly large crowds. Thus began a growing movement to rejuvenate his legacy, leading to an international conference at Cambridge University in London, England, in 2007, and growing in momentum up until the worldwide commemoration in 2009.

My husband and I were given first chance to purchase the Bloch property following Marguerite's death in 1963, but at that time we were caught up in the challenge of adding a commercial division to our growing construction firm and didn't feel that it would be wise to commit ourselves to an additional financial burden of this magnitude, so we let it go. The property was eventually sold to a large Baptist church in Salem, Oregon, which used it for a youth retreat and conference center for many years. It was for sale again as I wrote these lines in the summer of 2008, and any person who knew and frequented the property and home during the lives of Ernest and Marguerite Bloch shuddered to think that it might fall into the hands of a corporation with possible interests in developing it into a site for condominiums or something even worse. God help us! That must never happen. This property is unique, and is surely one of the few remaining ocean view tracts on the Oregon coast with sufficient acreage for conversion into a museum, a small concert venue, a destination site for music-lovers, on-site housing and parking, an artist's retreat and so much more. The rich legacy that Bloch left behind, so much of it created within the very walls of this unique home, demands that future generations be allowed to take a nostalgic walk-through while absorbing the atmosphere where this great composer lived out his final 20 years to create and publish music worldwide.

Fortunately, the heirs had the presence of mind early on in this exchange to queue the property up at the *state* level for possible listing on the National Register of Historic Homes, with a vote taken in October, 2008 in Salem. Many individuals attended the meeting or sent in letters listing reasons why the home ought to qualify for consideration on the *National* Registry, and the state board in charge of selections unanimously approved the Ernest and Marguerite Bloch home and acreage, actually submitting it to the national level. The nomination was eventually approved as "officially eligible" for listing as a national historic site, and the decision appears to be binding on both parties, should the remaining obstacles be surmounted. Thus far, negotiations with the present owners have not produced any definitive agreement, but they are proceeding in good faith as I prepare the book for its first printing. Assuming the home will ultimately be preserved as an Historic Landmark site, plans are already in place to restore the interior to its original condition. This will be a gargantuan task, since all the furniture - much of it wicker dating back to the time of the original owners - will be difficult to locate or replicate, to say nothing of the window dress-

ings, rugs, wall hangings, books, linens and other items. Undaunted, “Ernie” Bloch II has already sent out requests to anyone who might own any mementos or furniture related to his grandparents' lives at Agate Beach, and I was surprised to learn recently that, as a result of his efforts, the old manual typewriter on which EB and I worked has been located somewhere in storage. This is a good start, and we hope that many more items will surface in the days ahead.

Two years after Bloch's death, Dick and I purchased another oceanfront home just a mile south of Bloch's, and it was here that I gave birth to two more little girls: Nanette in 1961 and Suzanne in 1962. I began composing again seriously at about the time these two started grade school. Since this fact is also directly related to my years of training with Ernest Bloch, I want to cover it here briefly.

As mentioned earlier, Bloch encouraged all of his composition students to find their own "voice," their own unique form of expression, and that translated out into a wide variety of occupations and styles as the years went by. Some took the more modern route; some became arrangers, conductors and songwriters, while still others became musicologists, composers or historians. In my case, and as a result of my conversion from nihilism to Christianity early in my marriage to Dick Johnston, the urgency of Christ's message turned my thoughts to the possibility that I might best promote this cause through music. This desire found its expression through children's songs, orchestral and choral works, musical dramas and anthems for church choirs over the ensuing years. I had no thought of submitting anything for publication until the move was recommended by a fellow musician in Newport, at which time I prepared a few manuscripts to mail out to random publishers just to test the waters. To my surprise, after submitting the first of these and receiving an equal number of rejection slips, I did begin publishing sacred choral music in the late '60's through the '70's with Lillenas, Lorenz, and Singspiration Music publishers. This period represented a virtual "explosion" of my inner creative forces that lasted over into the 1980's, and then leveled off to address other concerns and responsibilities. These included the raising of five daughters, teaching piano and music theory, directing community choirs and youth groups, assisting Dick in the logistics of the construction business, heading up women's Bible studies in our home, and undertaking one-on-one discipleship efforts with individual women, all of them young mothers. Copyright restrictions on virtually all published works by other authors and composers have all but ruled out my favorite pastime occupation: *arranging*. Most copyrights have now been purchased by Hal Leonard Music Company, and are beyond the reach of composers and arrangers who might desire to perform them or provide them with alternative settings. I have continued to compose on a limited scale, and my children will find among my

belongings when I am gone many songs and/or arrangements that were sketched or completed but not submitted for publication.

I will only mention one of these specifically because it bears such a striking "resemblance" to similar experiences of Ernest Bloch, and to his effectiveness as my teacher. Early in 1970 I was given a small book written by the author Henry van Dyke, titled, The Story of the Other Wise Man, which made an impression on me comparable to what I had experienced musically when I heard my first Bloch work back in my college days.

The idea germinated on New Year's day of 1970, when I opened the book and began reading van Dyke's opening lines, actually written as he lay on his deathbed. I do not exaggerate when I say that, without Ernest Bloch's influence in my life, this musical drama might never have been conceived at this point, let alone completed. At the very moment I began to read, I "heard" a plaintive, linear melody "out of nowhere," played in unison by a string section with piano accompaniment. Hastily, I snatched a blank piece of manuscript paper to record what I was hearing. My mind was racing as I captured the opening theme to what would become a musical stage play lasting an hour and forty-five minutes (with intermission). In the first place, without his training, I would not have been sensitive enough to recognize that the melody I was hearing at the moment of my first reading of the story was actually connected to the opening lines of the book, and that I could capture it on paper as EB did without hunting around at the keyboard to figure out what I had heard. In addition, the lines, the counterpoint, the pauses, phrases and entire sections of this work were guided by Bloch's unseen hand from start to finish. Although he was gone, I felt his presence so strongly at times that it was palpable. This was especially evident at a point where the drama required a scene in a Jewish temple in Egypt, where "the other wise man" traveled to inquire about the location of the Christ Child. (See Matthew 2:13-15). I have no doubt that my familiarity with Bloch's *Sacred Service* guided me throughout the temple scene, even though there are no evidences of his actual score in mine. Upon hearing the cantor sing, a Jewish friend's first question to me was, "Where did you get your marvelous sense of Jewish cantorial style?!" (Me - a Gentile Christian? Where else but from Ernest Bloch!)

I could cite numerous examples in this and my other scores where EB's fingerprints are so plain that mine are all but blotted out! He was there throughout the long months of composing The Story of the Other Wise Man. He was there as I hurriedly inked in the parts before the first rehearsal in the fall of 1970, and he was there in my heart at Christmas time when the drama was performed in Newport.



*View From
the Bench*

VIEW FROM THE BENCH



Above: The bench on a typical, foggy Oregon Coast day, with the lighthouse hill barely visible on the right hand side. Photo by Helen, 1949.

Whenever I attempt to encapsulate my years with Ernest Bloch and distill them down into a single incident, location or memory, my thoughts turn first to the little wooden bench down on the beach trail, because it was here that we dug the deepest, asked the big questions, and probed for answers. The bench itself was unimpressive. The back-rest was hard, and the surface of the seat was rough and uncomfortable, but I treasured those times because EB was my only sounding-board, and I needed him.

Bloch seemed to need me too. Maybe it was just an infusion of youth into his silent and often-lonely world that opened it up and made it better. I was acutely aware, all those years, of his natural leaning toward pessimism and wanted so desperately to "fix it." Though I avoided asking too many details about specific incidents, many of the hurts and personal injuries from as far back as 1903 had come to light as we talked. He grieved over perceived slights or offenses that lesser sensibilities might have overlooked. He tended to focus, for example, on the failure of the public to recognize his value, rather than on the many proofs that the world was awakening to his genius and his tremendous contribution to the world of music. I deeply regret that he didn't live to see the growing response to his works in our time, especially close to home, but that has been the fate of so many worthy artists and musicians.

I reserved a room (sight-unseen) at a Bed and Breakfast in Agate Beach for a Bloch meeting in the summer of 1999. Though informed by phone that it was "near the Bloch property," I hardly expected to open the blinds in my room upon my arrival and look directly down on the backyard of the Bloch home, including the

wine cellar! The scene had changed somewhat after nearly 50 years, yet it was still familiar. The yard was overgrown with weeds and dead grass, but the house itself showed little change from when I had last seen it. The fence on the east side of the property, which had formed a natural barrier between the Blochs and their “nasty neighbors” was now broken down and supported mainly by vegetation (shown at right).

In the late afternoon I decided to walk down the beach trail again for the last time. The wooden footbridge was boarded up now, the victim of time and natural decay, but I could still circumvent it and reconnect with the route as I remembered it. Using a stick I had found at the head of the



trail, I could make out the original path by moving aside the undergrowth. Down to the beach now, to pause and reflect. There in the distance was the lighthouse hill, from which the agates were washed out in the “olden days.” The beach, once littered with agates and shells, appeared smooth and clean in the late afternoon sun. What memories! How I'd love to have had Ernest Bloch alongside to witness again the stunning beauty of this day and this place, but those years were far, far behind me now, never to be replaced or re-lived.

Back up the trail now, for the last time. The grade seemed a little steeper, though it could not have been! Perhaps it was only my advanced age, or the weight in my heart that made it seem so. I paused by the bench, then sat briefly to reflect on the past. The constant motion of the waves reminded me of Ernest Bloch's life: always in a state of ebb and flow, seldom at a point of complete rest. Little did I dream over those years when Bloch and I were sitting together on that little wooden bench, looking down at the shoreline, that his ashes would one day be scattered there on the beach beneath us, marking his final resting place. I fought back the tears as his words came back to me:

"When you take a short cut, you always end up with a substitute."

"If in doubt, abstain!"

"Here, too, there is music."

"The world will avenge me for all my sufferings."

"When I am no more, you will remember, and see that I was right."

"You must find your own voice."

That final point I had reached, not entirely on my own, certainly, but with Ernest Bloch's guidance, patience, wisdom and willingness to show me the way down a path he had first traveled himself. The earmark of a great teacher is not his insistence that a student follow along behind in humble submission and obedience to a rigid set of rules, styles or "isms." A student need not become a carbon copy of his teacher. Even the Bible states this truth in Luke 6:40 when it quotes Jesus as saying, "No pupil is above his teacher, but everyone, when he has been fully trained, will be *like* his teacher."

I wanted to be *like* Ernest Bloch as a composer and teacher, not one of the standard stereotypes: educators with narrow mindsets who rely solely on rigorous, unbendable rules and methods out of ignorance, a lack of self-confidence or incomplete knowledge of their subject. Someone once remarked that "we are always smaller than the thing we hide behind." This refers to the many excuses we offer for avoiding responsibilities, but it lost all meaning in the case of Ernest Bloch. Men like him have no need to hide; Bloch was that thing behind which *others* hid! He was the epitome, the master.

One final entry from the Bloch card file seems particularly applicable here. The card was filed under the topic, "Greatness."

Life's Purpose:

(Vlaminck)

Each man, when born, possesses an order, his own particular rhythm, his traits, which characterize his own individuality. Modern tendencies aim at unification, at lowering of "self," at uniformity. They obey the aesthetics of gardeners who prune, clip, cut the trees and lay the flowers out in lines. They tend to discipline the individuals as in the Army. It requires more courage to obey one's *instinct* than to die as a hero on a battlefield.

The work of an artist is the flower of his inner life. The schools, the academies, are the reformatories which destroy the personality for the benefit of a stereotyped art. Some have seen only with

the eyes of a good pupil, others through what they have read or learned, others still through literature. There are some who need glasses to peruse old books, old formulae, and there are many who are blind and see only with the eyes of the dead.

To Ernest Bloch, the creation of music was akin to an act of worship, and needed to be treated with reverence and respect. He wrote with integrity, caring nothing for mens' opinions as long as he felt his art deeply and was convinced that it was worthy of being heard. His Symphony America is one good example of that resolve. Many of the elite intelligentsia in musical circles frowned upon this work because it was “not sophisticated enough.” EB's response was that he found the songs of the Old South, the early American Indians and those rising up from the pioneer spirit in the westward migration "beautiful, each in its own way," and he owed no apologies to those who felt otherwise. At times he seemed a true renegade, daring to challenge prevailing standards with new and innovative ideas of his own, and occasionally he even reveled in the stir he had created! On the other hand, he grieved over the fact that America was neglected and scorned by the critics. He had hoped, in fact, that the anthem which consummates the work so dramatically at its close would eventually become America's National Anthem, to replace "the unsingable (sic) one," but this was not to be. At least, not yet.

As a private student and close friend of Ernest Bloch for thirteen years, the true mark of his greatness in my mind has become more vividly clear over the passage of time: *He guided me toward independence.* Due to my saturation with his music and the exposure to his methods of composition over the years, some similarities in style between my music and his could be expected to overlap. Like any student of Ernest Bloch, I knew his techniques were sound, but he had no desire to see himself reproduced in the music of his students. He inspired me to take the raw materials and develop them into music uniquely mine, and I wanted nothing more.

This man was a powerful influence in my life, and I appreciate him most of all for the fact that he let go when the time was right. In spite of evidence to the contrary, he was keenly aware of his own mortality and had plans in place to free me from his influence within the constraints of his time on this earth. Faithful to that end, Ernest Bloch cut me adrift and set me afloat, to find my own way...*alone.*



Ernest Bloch and I, Agate Beach, 1951. Photo taken by my sister, Elsie.



Ernest Bloch's final resting place, Agate Beach, Oregon, 1959. Photo by Helen.

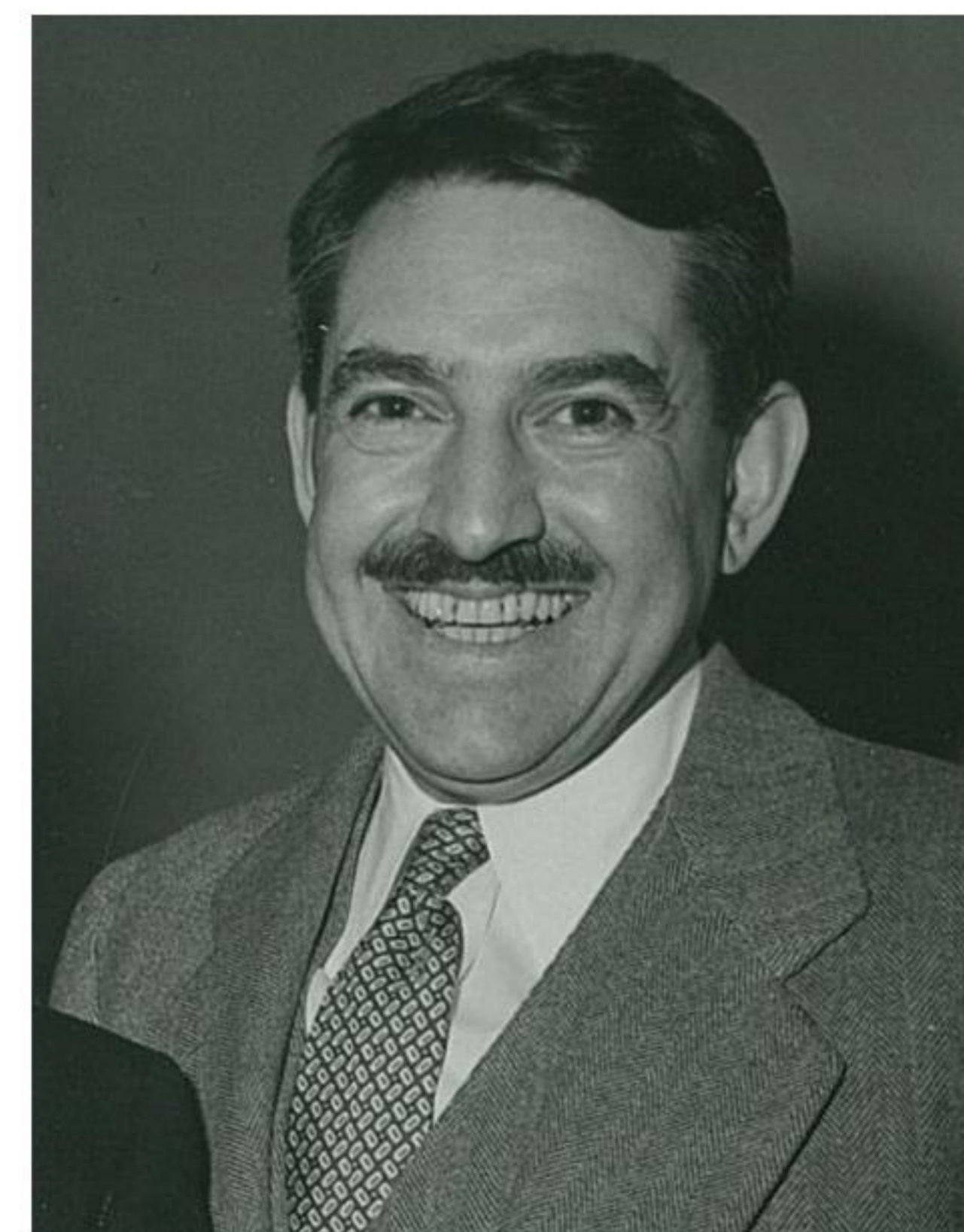


IN MEMORIAM

IVAN BLOCH

Ivan was born to Ernest and Marguerite Bloch in 1905. He could not be characterized as the "rising star" in the Bloch family in the musical sense because he lacked the common interest and aptitude of his sisters in the arts. This by no means excluded Ivan from his rightful place of honor in the Bloch family as the first and only son. He was a precocious child, a concrete thinker with a scientific mind who became an engineer, prominent in large Pacific northwest power projects, and a highly sought-out industrial consultant. EB held this only son in the highest regard, and relied heavily on his judgment when it came to business affairs of the Bloch estate, which ultimately rested in Ivan's hands. Ivan and Mariana Bloch had two children: Ernest Bloch II ("Jody"), and Joanne, ("Joni".)

Ivan Bloch died in 1980 at his home in Tumalo, Oregon.



SUZANNE BLOCH SMITH

Suzanne was born in 1907. She exhibited musical traits at a young age and enjoyed frequent visits in her childhood home with musical acquaintances of her famous father. She developed an interest in medieval music and early Renaissance instruments, (the lute, virginal and recorder) while studying composition with Nadia Boulanger in Paris in 1925. Suzanne went on to become a well-known public performer on the lute, but especially enjoyed hosting small gatherings for chamber groups in her New York apartment. She was married to Paul Smith, professor of mathematics at Columbia University in New York. The Smith family enjoyed spending time at "the brick house" in Vermont, where their two sons, Matthew and Anthony, could roam the countryside free from the noise and congestion of the city.

Suzanne Bloch died on January 29, 2002 in New York.

LUCIENNE BLOCH DIMITROFF

Lucienne, born in 1909, was the all-round artist in the Bloch family. In the art world, she is best remembered for her career in sculpture and fresco work. She met Diego Rivera at a dinner in New York city in 1931 and was invited by Diego to be his assistant at his fresco mural painting at the Detroit Institute of Art, a meeting that later resulted in her introduction and marriage to Steve Dimitroff. Lucienne became the "official" photographer of the mural project.* Over the course of this venture, Steve learned the technique of color grinding, painting, and all of the plastering needed for the job. After teaching the technique to Lucienne, she became proficient enough in that aspect of the art to practice it up until the final years of her life.

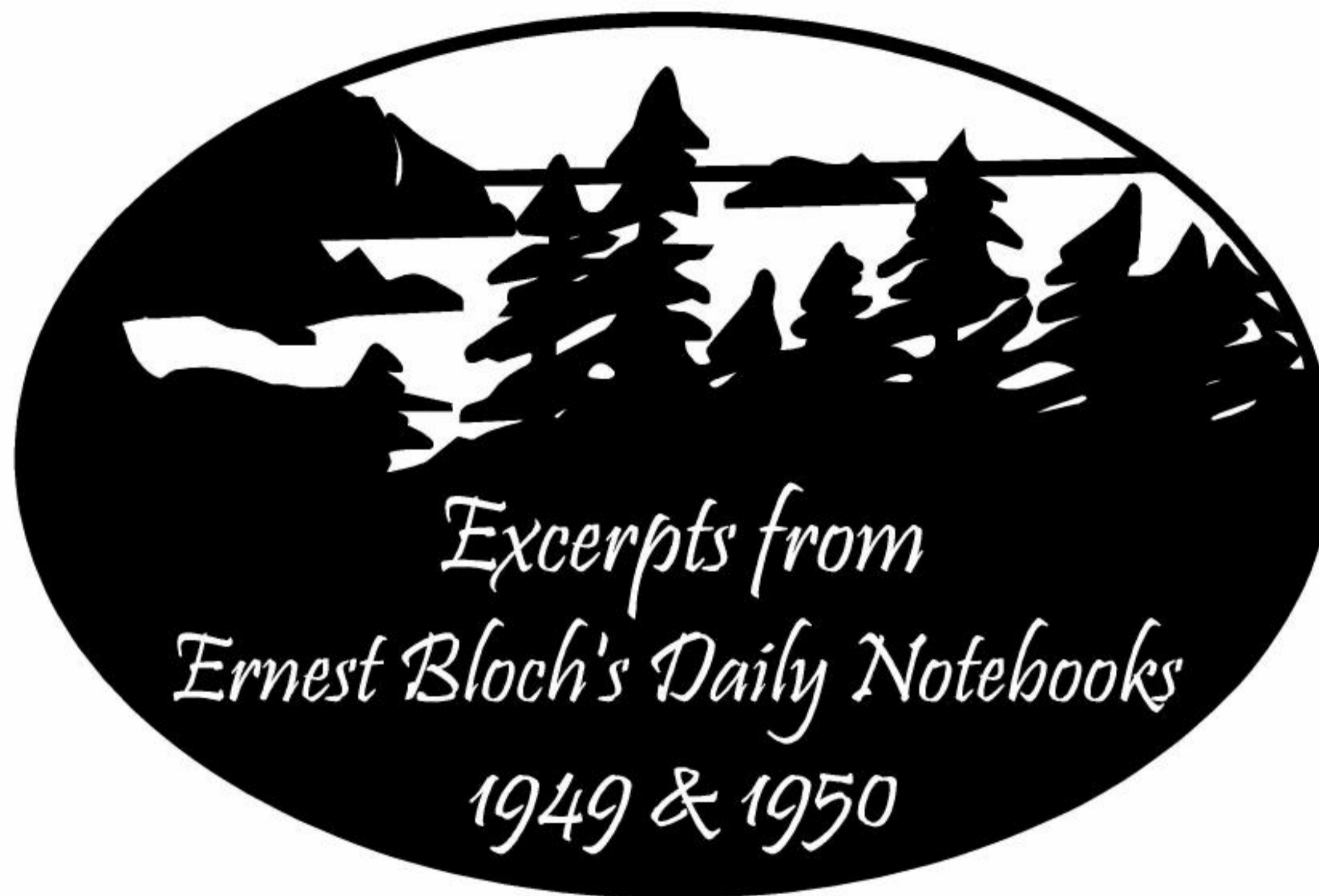
The Dimitroff's marriage produced three children, George, Pencho and Sita. Lucienne died in Gualala, California on March 13, 1999.

* It is in the field of photography that Lucienne deserves honorable mention here. As the many photo captions in my book suggest, her keen eye for the "memorable moments of history" left us a staggering and rare pictorial record of Ernest Bloch's life.



*Lucienne Bloch Dimitroff at Stinson Beach.
Photo by Stephen Pope Dimitroff, 1950.
Courtesy of Old Stage Studios.*

Please note: The photos of Ivan Bloch and Suzanne Bloch Smith on page 81 were excerpted from a professional photograph taken at the Ernest Bloch Music Festival in Chicago in 1950. The photographer was Philip J. Weinstein of LAWRENCE PHILIP STUDIOS and was given to me in Agate Beach by Ernest Bloch soon after his return from the Festival.



*Excerpts from
Ernest Bloch's Daily Notebooks
1949 & 1950*

EXCERPTS FROM ERNEST BLOCH'S DAILY NOTEBOOKS
1949 and 1950 (punctuation his)

1948 weights = between 138 and 148

1949 Weights = Jan. 20, 138; March 1, 143 down to 138 on 14th; April 1, 135.5; Apr. 25, 132; Nov. 24, 143; Dec. 3, 142

Jan 1 One of the cats Hanna brought is sick - a pair - Both hide behind the stove - Lamentable! Rain, hail - horrible weather.

Jan 2 The grey cat is very sick - the other is wild.

Jan 3 The poor little dying cat is taken by Dr. Grove. I could have cried. Le petit jaune peu a peu s'acclimatre - mais encore sauvage! Ne se laisse pas approcher. 1 benadryl mediocre (night) mental torments, et pour cause!

Jan 5 I do not feel v. well - some nausea (at bottom of this page) Misere! Misere!

Jan 11 Remington has been put in asylum in Roseburg??? Is it legal? A petition was made - by whom? Veterans took him - He thought he was driven to hospital in Portland for a check-up. All this sounds queer - and not too kosher!!

Jan 15 Afternoon, I open door; Zizi flies out! Comme une captive! The poor animal could not get used to us. No itchings, but 1 hour terrible pain in left foot!

Jan 16 Classified agates whole day No Zizi! Marga goes to Hanna - No, Zizi has not come! Where is the poor thing?

Jan 20 Miaou! miaou! a yellow kitten (Zizi)? before the door! As soon as I open, she runs away - we put out food - open the door...put the food out...)

Jan 21 Arpe have many mistakes of notes - outrageous!....terrific itchings on both calves underneath? Zizi still wild - Ffft! (Sic)

Jan. 23 Marga comes TACK died! To Hanna - In his car, hand on brake - a corpse! This man, full of life - horrible at 8:30, Hanna found him at 2:30 - (The funeral car takes him I cry - The only true friend here - is gone) Zizi left again at night;

Jan 25 Zizi comes, eats - hides - leaves!

Jan 26 At 2-3 Tack's funeral service - a dummy, in casket! No more Tack! ??where?? Zizi comes for supper! and leaves!

Feb. 15 Very poor night read Churchill's in Life! Dunkirk! Terrible!

March 2 Cutting 2 trees outside 4 to 5:30 March 3 Cutting tree outside March 4 cutting tree - hard work 3-5:30)

March 5 Cutting one log on slope! Rain then!) March 6 cutting huge log on slope - very hard work!!)

March 19 Helen McFetridge comes - Talks - later I play records of Evocations, Suite Symphonique - she, on floor with score = Fine! Supper - talks- till about 9PM

{ The following entries refer in part to the coming trip to Europe for the conducting-recording sessions. They reveal his frustrations over travel arrangements from March 21 through April 13, 1949. }

March 21 Phoned to Dr. Hardiman - will go at about 4PM. At 4 PM vaccination (small pox). Suzanne phoned at ab. 1:30 PM No Italian line - under American Control - not one seat! Italy out! Wait one or 2 days, if Scala wires, then cable concert out! Remains Edinburgh if passage available. (Very complex! flying? Send trunks, material, by freight? Send it all to Hell? V. good night.

March 22 Cannot see anything yet. Wire from Betty Bean (Boosey & Hawkes) Photostat lost! (after 9 months). Sent her night letter...Phoned Mariana! Photostat then in Portland - Thursday, Friday. Will drive tomorrow. Phoned Helen McF. (She goes to Salem Thursday, then Portland, we come back together Friday).

March 24 Helen McF. will phone at ab. 5PM. Supper at Broiler with Helen - movies afterward - back at 11.

March 25 - 11AM comes Helen McFetridge - to Oswego Lunch at Mariana- Joanne - left at 2:30- drive slowly, coffee, pie at Dorchester Home at 5:30 To Helen, and back Fine Girl.

March 26 Helen McF comes at 11 Marvelous day. At 2, Chapman phones - Plane OK! To be in Geneva on 18 May. Helen Left at 1:30 - heard Quintet, Israel, played Bach chorales, etc.

March and April - lots of exercise and good sleep...Vaccinated place itches - also at night.

April 3, Very much perturbed by SCALA letter. Honest? Or dishonest (Took the 10 logs up). Later to beach, cutting 4 more huge logs and carrying them up. mind clearer: all to hell now! I expect the worse!

April 5 The place is sore, itches and swells - it seems to grow - mediocre night (vaccination)

April 12 Temp. down, soreness in arm diminishing

April 13 Tormented by trip.

April 26 {said this often} 1 hour on the beach - helps.

{May 1 to Nov. 24 Bloch's TRIP ABROAD. Had gained from 132 pounds to 143.}

Nov. 25 ...Played the Geneva Records Evocations, Concerto Suite. (My own criticism; Unequal tempi! Line not always clear, nor sufficient My fault? or recording?) Corinne: amateur Not clean, nor clear, often. Cohen did a lot of harm.)

Nov 26 Played again Concerto: (not much reaction, it seems, from M. or Mariana). I?? Is it the recording? Or my instrumentation? Or my direction? Sounds like a mere rehearsal, at times. Corinne very insufficient too often - amateur - read some of her letters, Boosey and Hawkes dossier; horrible! till 11pm took 1/2 benadryl, 1 disprin VERY GOOD NIGHT.

Nov. 27 slept well 10-4...then mental torments, doubts about myself...recordings, conducting, instrumentation - slumber, horrible nightmares, then till 9 -

Nov. 28 2-1/2 to 5-1/2, visite de Helen McFetridge (Beach, talk...tea..she left. Has her chorus tonight, will call her as soon as she can help me typing

Nov. 29 Started book 111 of Churchill, "Their Finest Hour".

Dec. 4 Reading, ending, Churchill's book - the Appendices - extraord. 20 heads he has - and pigmies criticize such a man!)

{Notebooks suggest that we spent several weeks catching up with correspondence related to Bloch's trip to Europe.}

Dec. 29 Zizi very sick, vomits, stays quietly - Dr.Grove comes at 6 - shot of penicillin. Poor Zizi dies, later. Helen types 2,3 letters, then we work on list of my works, publishers. duration, etc. She will type copies at home.

Dec. 31 Buried poor Zizi. Michino does not eat anything, purrs, but is too quiet...we are anxious - Lonely? or sick? Beach 2-5 - cold but good air) I take Michino on my bed (first, chimney fire, she seems to like the warmth) She stays quietly at my feet, in the warm bed - 10-2:30...seems quiet).

1950

Jan. 1, Michino very quiet, near fireplace. Still purrs when touched, but "morose"....Very painful to see the poor little thing weaken slowly - she hardly can walk - near fire - tries to purr, still.

At 12 she is dead - stiff. I read Laotse. What is Life? ... "L' ensemble de forces qui resistant a la Mort".

Jan. 10 Richard Cumming arrives by bus at 12. Plays the Sonata - very fine! Also some of his compositions.

Jan. 20 Renounce trip!!(Portland) Proofs of Concerto Symphonique arrived! Spent all day correcting them. Superb job - very few errors. Exhausted. Memorizing organ fugue of Bach g minor. Good night....

Jan. 21 {A series of upsetting letters and phone messages had plagued him before he wrote}: "Feel terribly sad - Desire to swallow 50 Nembutal and END"!

Jan. 27 - Work on Preludes for Organ.

Jan. 30 Pragmatar, both legs. Work on f-sharp minor

Feb. 10 Poor night Legs itch again Nightmares, torments.

Feb. 12 Reading Freud, Intro to Psychoanalysis

Feb. 17 Phone of Suzanne! OK Station of bus Newport at 12:15 - Looks fine. Home - lunch - Beach 3-5 Agates, Bach, Supper - fireplace Played Cello pieces, Schelomo to bed at 10:30, reading till 11 - slept 12-4, then 5-8 OK

Feb. 24 Helen at 11:30 wrote letters, then themes of Fugue till 6

Feb 25 Met a car: Matthews stuck out his tongue. Ridiculous, but it depresses me! Le soir, read the magazine Life Terribly upset! (also lawsuit soon...) Mediocre night, perturbed.

March 4 Helen vicut at 2:30 We go over a few letters she will answer at home for me. Then motifs of Fugue, hers - and some of pupils of mine, in black booklet F. I must, next, show her how to memorize, comparing with Bach, and trying to understand the REASONS (of the mistakes).

March 5 Very bad night! (hardly 2 hrs. sleep) Torments (Discovered in the morning that I forgot the 1/2 Ben. pill I thought I had taken!)

March 9 A little work on March III realization. {III refers to a third movement.} Reading the book on Evolution by G. G. Simpson - directed mostly against L. de Nuoy!

March 20 The Freud on dreams is terribly harrassing, complex, unclear - but how honest a man! How greater than his disciples!

April 1 Zizi very sick, vomits - same things, it seems.

April 8 Started the Dr. Freud by Emil Ludury sent by Marcel. Violent attack (I think of H. S. Ch. how true)! Thus far, unpleasant book, partly true, but not the essential)

April 11 - LaDouce still alive, same state, no food, no drink, 6th day. Poor LaDouce wants to go out - I stay with her - on cliff - on porch - on my cape...sinks slowly - later, 6pm faints, revives, refaints - at 8pm about, unconscious - still breathing - then, suffocates, 2,3 hours, horrible spasm, and dies. Life? death? very sad. 1/2 Benadryl...the vision of it pursues me...dejected....

April 23 Wagner III act. Mastersinger...quelle musique!!!

April 25 Correcting proofs of Organ Prelude. Mastersinger - score 9pm-1am Admirable!! Poem! Music! Quel geant - et quel Homme....

May 1 Work on 4th Wedding march again.

May 4 Some work on 1V march! very difficult!!

May 5 Work on IV Trying to finish it! (Merde!)

May 8 To Portland - driving for meeting w/ Taubman, Toscanini.

May 9 -To rehearsal - Taubman. Met Toscanini - charming, affectionate. Orchestra warm to me! Photos, lunch Heathman, with MT. Taubman. Wire to Boosey and Hawkes to airmail score of Suite Symphnique to Taubman for Toscanini Rest Concert 8:30-11 First class! Toscanini admirable and modest - not one unnecessary gesture.

May 12 Home in Agate Beach at 2 PM

May 13 Corrected 2nd proofs of Scherzo Fantastique Letter to N. Broder, sent with Proofs 1, 2 of Scherzo Fantastique and ms. of 6 Preludes for Organ

May 27 Finished the 111 Churchill. Rereading the admirable booklet ab. painting! To be used in lectures.

May 28 at 8:30 - Standard Hour...very bad reception John Barnett excellent conductor! Nigun with orch. (Camilla Wicks) excellent sounds very well! She played then 3rd movement of Sibelius Concerto: stupendous! Technique, rhythm, youth, maturity, no false sentimentalism...both of us enthusiastic.

May 30 Sawed 5 huge logs - easy - carried them (5 trips) heavy!
 June 1 12:30-1 cut a log - heavy! on beach 3-4 cutting 2 new logs - a huge one! the holder broke! cutting the small fallen tree near Andersen 6-7 carrying the logs up (ten or eleven) one is too heavy! never move! (find smaller tree)
 June 2 Wire from Chicago (Laderman) Bloch Festival and reply
 June 5 Preparing material for courses....June 10 Packing Beach 3 times - carried a heavy trunk, beautiful, like a totem pole.
 June 12 Left at 11:30 mileage 36,316 foggy, then clearer....
 June 16 Morning 9-1 Pupils interviewed....
 June 19 First lesson
 June 20 2nd lesson see notes. 2:00 train to S. F. 3:00 Dr. Ostwald finds me fine.
 June 21 a little work on Concertino
 June 23 5th lesson Dr. Ostwald at 3 (3rd shot) Corinne (Lacomble)...Concerto Symphonique with a small orch !!
 Monteux...Record at Decca...Deedee takes us to Fisherman's Wharf..marvelous
 dinner with the Cummings - then to Library; Concert Library - (Richard) Cummings - Sonata....
 June 28 8th lesson Josquin's example
 June 29 At 6:30 phoned Marga (birthday)....

 July 1 a little work I am stuck on "II" matter of thematics and keys....
 July 4 Work on Fugato Changed in UPBEAT!!)
 July 5 Not well (belly ache) 8pm Lecture 101 Cal. Hall O.K. then Radio Grillers play 2nd quartet.
 July 17 - Camilla Wicks is there for 20th lesson Showed her the fugues - lunch. Very modest and intelligent.
 500%! ...We go through the Concerto, will play it in Scandinavia...
 July 24 Packing...resting..interview by Mr. Hal Johnson of the Berkeley Gazette...drive to S. F. supper at Wharf, then to SF Conservatory. (A crowd) superb performance of Viola Suite moving. Zizi in Agate Beach has five kittens! Marga keeps 2.
 July 25 left at 8; mileage 37,169. Peu a peu tres chaud. After Ukiah a man bumped into my rear - when we stopped or road repair, bumper damaged - went further.

July 26 Left Hartsook 9:30 On way, burls - trunk cannot be opened!...I am much perturbed by accident Spare tire in trunk!!

July 28 Helen's birthday Left at 9 - forgot my cap! Back, found it.....Phoned Newport...drove to Agate Beach, all fine - unpacking slow! Marga fine cut tree on rim. and three others.

August 2 - Mushroom hunting with Helen - 2:30 - 5:30. Tired Some chanterelles - the first woods all spoiled! Shacks - horrible - they spoiled the whole place.

Aug. 4 - Some good work on 1

Aug. 5 - Visit of the Brants of San Jose 10-7...lunch, innumerable photos!! Fine people - tea - Helped Marga dry the dishes more letters!!

{Balance of this year's notes existed, but those pages were not copied due to time constraints.}

"Jody," Ernest Bloch's grandson, is pictured here with his sister, Joanne, at the tide-pools below the Bloch home in Agate Beach. This undated photo may possibly have been taken by their father, Ivan, on the day I first met Jody, Joanne, their parents and the Blochs on April 20, 1946.





This photo, taken by Lucienne Bloch Dimitroff and furnished by Old Stage Studios, depicts Ernest Bloch at the Steinway in 1942 with his grandson, "Geddo." This little boy grew to become the chief editor for my book: George Ernest Dimitroff. This photo also furnishes a glimpse of the interior of the Bloch home at that time. Note the dark curtains on the entry door, and the ivy entering from the outdoor patio.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

GEORGE ERNEST DIMITROFF

George is the son of Lucienne Bloch Dimitroff. As my chief editor, George has worked side-by-side with me throughout the course of this long book project. He retired ten years ago from The Evergreen State College in Washington after a 37-year career as a mathematician and math professor. At TESC all faculty members were expected to lead seminars over a common program book list, issue corresponding writing assignments to each student, and correct them when they were turned in. Having been coached by some of the finest writers in college teaching, George was well prepared to pass along his considerable knowledge to his students while further developing his keen eye for style, grammatical accuracy and punctuation. His involvement with this book has been a constant aid and support for me as I worked my way over the hills and valleys of creative writing. His special interest as a direct descendant of Ernest Bloch has helped me to stay focused, provided perspective, and guided me in the choice of the terms and descriptions I needed in order to create an accurate portrait of his grandparents. George has been an unflagging, vital partner in the writing of The Ernest Bloch I Knew: The Agate Beach Years.

LUCIENNE ALLEN_of Old Stage Studios in Gualala, California.

Lucienne furnished me with nine photos that have lent to my book a flavor and unique insight into Ernest and Marguerite Bloch's lives that enriched it immeasurably. I have no adequate words to thank her enough for this gift. LUCIENNE and her mother, Sita Dimitroff Milchev, are the granddaughter and daughter, respectively, of Lucienne Bloch Dimitroff, which makes Lucienne Allen the great-granddaughter of Ernest Bloch. Lucienne lives with her family in a rural, coastal Northern California town in Mendocino County. She and her husband, David, take care of their orchards, gardens, chickens, cats and dogs with the help of their two daughters, Davina Rose and Elise Boyanka. A family-run business, Old Stage Studios is founded on the desire to preserve, promote, and celebrate the legacy of Lucienne Bloch, an artist who created memorable artwork for nearly a century.

Old Stage Studios
www.LucienneBloch.com
(707) 884-1962

JOELLA WERLIN

Joella was director of public affairs for Portland's ABC-TV affiliate from 1976–1993. She has since become a professional oral historian based in Portland, Oregon. Since 1995, she has recorded more than 80 oral histories, as many as 30 hours with a single individual. While most of her recordings and books are meant only for private circulation, others have been commissioned for public institutions or professional purposes. As a result of her extensive interviews and her exposure to individuals in all stages and facets of life, she has provided me with valuable insights into the aesthetics of creative writing, particularly in the techniques of bringing out the essence of the individual(s) about whom one is writing.

In 1997, the family of Suzanne Bloch invited Joella to record an oral history with Suzanne, primarily to focus on her family and personal life story. Joella, in turn, arranged for a staff member of the Yale Oral History of American Music program to interview Suzanne about her pioneering career in America as a performer on and teacher of the lute. As one outcome of the Suzanne Bloch oral history project, Joella was invited to give a presentation at the international Ernest Bloch Conference in Cambridge, England in June 2007. Her topic was "Listening to Voices: Ernest Bloch Family Dynamics and Creative Forces." A DVD portion of "Listening to Voices" included historic audio or video commentaries by all five members of the Ernest Bloch family.

Joella Werlin

Familore: Family Records and Recollections, Portland

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MARION KINTNER, M.D.

This fine man came into my life two years after Dick's death. He had lost his wife just two weeks before I lost Dick, so he understood my emotional state, and, particularly, my reluctance to consider a second marriage that "could never replicate the first." In his gentle way, he explained that he would no more attempt to replace Dick than I would be expected to replace his beloved Mary. This relieved me of my doubts, and convinced me that he understood. Cognizant of the risks that marriage presents at *any* age, and with reasonable expectations of each other, we married on June 21, 2001, and his presence in my life has been just what I needed.

Marion was the first person to go over the initial draft of my book and make constructive suggestions as to changes in word-choices. With his extensive knowledge of classical literature, mythology, vocabulary, philosophy and science, he helped me to improve wordings where clarity or color were needed. I appreciate his guidance as well as his willingness to allow me untold hours writing at my computer while he lived in relative isolation in an adjoining room with only his favorite books as companions. I am thankful to God for giving me such a patient, thoughtful partner.

CINDY FAVREAU: The baby girl I brought to spend the night with me at Ernest and Marguerite Bloch's home during EB's final hospital stay in Portland grew up to become a published composer while a student at Biola University in La Mirada, California, where she graduated in 1985. She married Anthony Favreau in 1987, and is the mother of two children, Eric and Rachel. Among her many other talents is art, which she employs through her family-run business, designing and painting original signs for various organizations and businesses around Eugene.

Cindy has contributed immeasurably to the final version of my book: designing and assembling the section-dividers, cropping photos, and lending her artistic ideas and insights toward the completion of this lengthy project. She has a keen eye for detail, including the ability to visualize an attractive appearance and bring it into being. She generously devoted many hours helping me to navigate the waters of the "computer world," and gave unselfishly of her time to bring about the final draft.

While we have both enjoyed the ups and downs of bringing this project to fruition, Cindy and I breathe a collective sigh of thanksgiving and relief now as we prepare to deliver the book to the printer.

- Eugene, Oregon, June 15, 2009

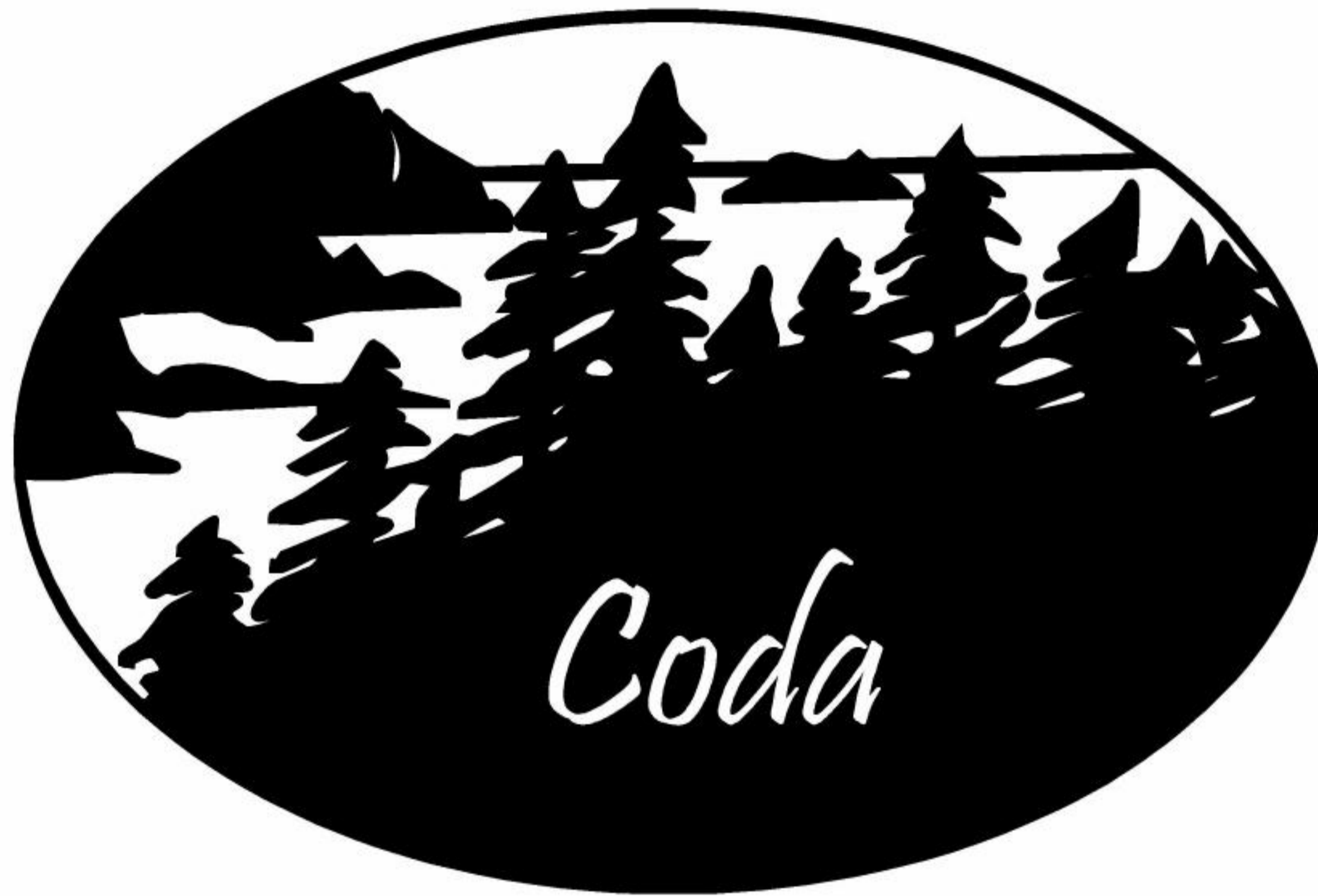
Cindy is pictured at right on the lap of her father. Julie is at the left, and Cammy at the right. I took this photo on Easter Sunday morning, 1959, just three months before Ernest Bloch's death.



A SPECIAL TRIBUTE



I want to mention another member of the Bloch family who has played a vital role in reigniting the little flame that his grandfather lit when he was a young boy: Ernest Bloch II. Yes, such a person was given that name in the year 1938 by EB's son Ivan and Ivan's wife, Mariana, and you have already met him in my story. This is the same little person I described early on: the dark-eyed little boy nicknamed "Jody," who challenged me to a game of checkers the day I first met Ernest Bloch back on April 20, 1946. Jody has worked tirelessly to make certain that the original flame will not be extinguished through a lack of resolve or interest in this great man's life. "Ernie" Bloch II has been the driving force behind the surge to strengthen the Bloch legacy, and he has literally dedicated his life to this cause (as well as to others which must go unnamed here for lack of space). Neither Ernie nor his father, Ivan, is a musician, but Jody has a unique sense of what is at stake in this ongoing effort, and he works tirelessly to bring together people of like mind who recognize the need to promote the vision and genius of his illustrious grandfather. They are many, and space cannot allow a list of every name or organization that has rallied behind this effort. Jody was a featured speaker at the international Ernest Bloch Conference at Cambridge in England in 2007 and was also instrumental in bringing the necessary forces together to promote the 2009 event. He deserves a round of applause and a hearty "bravo!" for the success of two major conferences which provided a tailwind for future programs and observances in Ernest Bloch's memory.



CODA

(Various letters, photos, memorabilia, random information and other assorted treasures)

Dec. 16, 1950

Dear Helan:

This is a crude way to anticipate a Christmas when you will be away... But I do not know what may give you some pleasure... and here, in Newport, what can we get?... So, please, accept this modest token of my gratitude for your help, for what you are,

for the charm of your personality -
I hope that you will have a fine trip, relaxation, and a better... weather in California than here...
My heartfelt wishes and my love

Ernest

Notes from two special friends; 1950 and 1955.

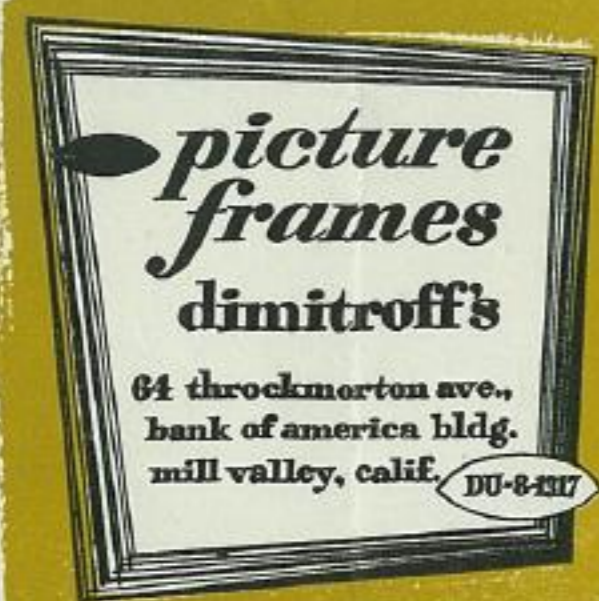
Azeta Beach
Ore.

Here are the Tickets,
my dear -
Hope that you will
enjoy the concert -
As ever, affectionately,
Your old friend
Marguerite -

20.I. 1955.



Above: Cammy picking posies in the Bloch yard in 1957 while we were caring for the home.



Monday

Dear Helen,

Thanks so much for your long and wonderful letter. You certainly have been very busy and I know the fever one can get into, when one makes up one's mind. The place must look wonderful! I hope you are girding for the worse — when Mother sees your curtains. Or maybe your taste is more like hers!

All I know is that I decided to send her samples of the materials I meant to get for curtains and she answered me "I don't like them at all..." When I saw her 3 weeks ago for just one day, I discussed it and

tried to get her into a store to buy the material she'd like, and she said we would not have time.

Now I am going again for a day or two and I'll do my damnest to get her to OK some new samples. I'll have them made in Portland. Too much work has piled on for me now here in Calif. But I agree with you that something has GOT to be done!

I think the mosquito screens in kitchen & pantry should be removed. They never open the windows there and the screens are useless. I cleaned the pantry bottom shelves where the food jars (jams) were. But I am glad you did the rest. When she'll die of worry. Still please don't do anymore.

Take it easy from now on. The heck with the bathroom. And a million thanks to you and Dick.
lots of love from Lucienne

This undated letter from Blochs' daughter Lucienne was one of many that she wrote to me when her parents were in Portland for various medical appointments. Lucienne had hoped for years to oversee improvements to the interior of the Agate Beach home, but without much success. Her frustrations can be felt in this and another letter I include later.

Sonata Opus 2, No 1
Beethoven

EXPOSITION

MEASURES 1 THROUGH 8
FIRST THEME - f minor

GENERAL STRUCTURE

Measures 1 and 2 are the main body of the entire theme; the following six measures can be traced back to these first two.

Measures 3 and 4 repeat, on different degrees - and harmony - the first two measures, with the exception of the upbeat. First sign of the breaking down process. (See next four measures)

Measures 5, 6, use only last half of the theme.

Measure 7 includes the top tone in this generally rising motive, and we feel now that, for the present, enough has been said: the limit is reached.

Measure 8 balances, and helps to avoid too abrupt an ending. It is, in a sense an anti-climax measure.

MEASURES 8 TO 20
MODULATION TO THEME TWO

(Theme 2)

Measures 9 and 10 repeat the head of the theme in the key of the minor dominant. This is somewhat of a pivotal harmony between f minor and A-flat major, and Beethoven does use it to begin his modulation to A-flat, which he accomplishes by a harmonic sequence, e - f - b^b - E^b - A^b - E^b etc...

Measures 11 through 14 contain the actual modulation (using the triplet sixteenths, interchanged between two upper voices) and the new key is actually reached at measure 14.

Measures 15 to 20 - a five-measure extension which establishes the new key, in preparation for the second theme. Two things in this section seem especially singular. One is the rhythm at measures 15, 17, and 19 (), which appears toward the end of the exposition in the bass, and again in the development. The other is the 3-note descending motive (), which hints so strongly of the second theme!! (or is it vice versa?) WHICH CAME FIRST, THE CHICKEN OR THE EGG?? (See Beethoven's sketches and find out)

MEASURES 20-41
THEME TWO AND EXTENSION

Note the descending structure of this second theme - in contrast to the rising first theme.

Measures 20 to 22 contain what is essential of the second theme, though it is possible to consider it as extending to measure 26, or even as far as measure 31. By measure 33, however, it is largely broken down into fragments and scales, with no particular thematic material remaining.

The appoggiatura or "falling" motive at () is very characteristic. See coda.

MEASURES 41-48
CODA, OR AFTERTHOUGHT

This last section isn't felt as a part of the second theme; theme two has already "run down", and this last section introduces a new idea, the grace note being vaguely reminiscent of those in theme one (measures 5 and 6), the c-flat (X) like the falling tone f-flat at () in second theme.

Above: An outline of Beethoven's Piano Sonata in F-minor, assigned to me by Ernest Bloch. He sent me home with no more than a word of encouragement, expecting me in this case to work on my own without being given precise instructions on how to do it. He would later make corrections.



*This photo of the lighthouse hill was taken by Ernest Bloch from the back yard of his home in 1956.
Photo gift of Lucienne Bloch Dimitroff in 1990.*

It was so sweet of you and Dick to drive me to Portland. I must have seemed in a bad way, and felt so, and wished that I had been more cheerful. This had been an ordeal as I have never had, and never hope to have again. But it had to be done and the only thing I want to do is to return to Agate Beach for a better reason, so my idea for some benefit concert is very serious. I spoke to my manager about and she thinks it fine. Should I do it this Spring or next year?

I do have some free days in Portland in March, but in case Paul has his Spring vacations at this time he might want me not to play concerts and would fly over with me. As soon as I will know the schedule, I can think about it.

I realize how attached I am to you and how our relationship cannot be lost. Your life right now is very bound, but time will fly and you will find yourself more free and there will be chances for us to meet and for you to do more in the way of music. Right now it must seem improbable, but wait.

I must stop as it is late. You can mail the envelopes of clippings that you so sweetly suggested of doing for me and do take the Rousseau and hold them for as this will be a nice bond also. When Ivan will come, he will surely contact you and as you know about the music in there you can help him, for he won't even know what is what. So do come to the house and list the things.

This is not too good a letter as typing seems still a bit artificial. But it is readable, and I will improve with time. Will now begin to write the story of the Christ to morrow. Will send you a copy.

My love and thanks to you and your good and beautiful Dick who improves the less there is of him! what a fine face he has! All of you are precious and true

Suzanne

All my letters from Suzanne Bloch except this one were handwritten. She was a very busy person who wrote too rapidly, and thus, illegibly. I dare not subject you, my readers, to notes which I had difficulty deciphering myself, so herewith is part of a letter from her written after her return to New York from Agate Beach following her father's death. Her emotions are explained better than I could ever hope to do. Note also one amusing example of English "mis-usage!"

The doctor is not in
yet... I'll call up -
maybe to-morrow.

King Tower
Oct. the 20th
1956

My dear -

We are waiting for a phone call from
Dr. Goodman - Mr. Bloch had a thorough
examination yesterday -

The pains in the chest have abated some-
what... thanks to codeine pills - -
but, he has - as always - fit of
depression and thinks that the
physicians do not know what's what -

The most important examination has to
be made yet -- by Dr. Gardner,
the urologist -

Well, let's hope for the best -

Suzanne arrived yesterday to be with us

*We depended a great deal on Marguerite Bloch's
messages to us from Portland in 1956, when EB was
hospitalized or undergoing treatment for the various
illnesses he suffered toward the end of his life.*

until to-morrow afternoon - first thing
was to inquire about you - she sends her
love - is happy to know that your husband
changed the sink, but, is very angry with
me that the old curtains will still dis-
grace the big room - oh, look!! that will
be done some day - maybe in the near
future ??!

I am sure you would like to read the
inclosed - the ceremony was very moving -
Marianne and the children were present
and Jody accepted the citation -
Do you think that Mrs. Moore might be
interested to insert the Citation etc. ?

And you? not too tired? I am still
worried about you and I'll soon come
to let you go back to your own home -
Helen dear, you do not know how much
it helped us to have you in our 4 walls - -
this worry was wonderfully taken care of by
you and your good husband -
My most affectionate thoughts to you both - not
to forget Camilla - Marguerite.

Poem of the Sea Exercises p. 20
 nos. 12-3
 mg
 all Reg
 mid towards end pin 5th pin 4th (near 2, 3, pin alternat)

Chopin Etude VIII (p. 56, 57) (II) left hand too
 all octava
 (p57) 5 min
 ①
 with all chords then Rhythms
 ②
 Same 1/2 below (near mean) (near surmount)

These images show a comparison study Bloch made between an early sketch of his *Poems of the Sea* and one of several of Chopin's *Etudes*. Since Bloch was a violinist himself, he may have been less comfortable writing for the piano than for instruments with which he was more familiar. In any case, he relied heavily on Chopin's piano works to establish the technical boundaries of the instrument, and for the value of Chopin's *Etudes* in particular as the ultimate in piano pedagogy.

This is a second letter from Lucienne, giving further instructions on things she wanted done while we cared for her parents' home in Agate Beach in 1955. She had given up on efforts to convince her mother that changes needed to be made, and her subsequent pleadings met with the same response: "Not right now!" Fortunately, these exchanges were made in a good spirit, and with no animosity whatsoever, as Lucienne's sense of humor displayed in this letter to me. (Please note the continuation on following page.)

171 Marguerite Ave.
Mill Valley, Calif.
Sept. 15, 1956.
Dear Helen,

I am so happy to hear that you and your family are going to live at the big house while Father is recuperating in Portland!

Mother told me yesterday over the phone and I asked her for your address so I could write you about a few things there that I think ought to be done. Poor mother has a way of taking very long in decisions, and though I am sure she feels as I do about them, she can't make up her mind fast enough.

1.- The kitchen sink. Please tear the old smelly thing down and put up a nice new sink. I don't think mother should have an electric dish washing machine. She hates machines and they don't have enough dishes to wash normally for that. Furthermore I think they make an awful humming noise. (Block in her)

But if there could be a lovely modern affair put up, she would love it. I recall too well trying to wash that nasty flat sink after each dishwashing, with crumbs and dirty staying way off on the far off side of the sink from the hole. And of course the rotten wood on the edges has to go in any case.

2.- A gardener should come to cut down the main part of the jungle of ivy that is choking the house at the front door. Except for a little twig of it here and there, IT SHOULD BE CUT DOWN before it starts to tear the house down entirely. Some of the stuff is even in the roof. My son and I began to take some of it out where it went thru the house, but we did not have the time to do more than the worse. I love the ivy growing thru just as mother does, but it creates aphid disease and leaves goo all over the beautiful oriental figurines. I was cleaning them and waxing them for over an hour last week. I never got thru cleaning the sticky walls.

The same gardener should also thin down the rose bushes and all the other bushes that are over grown. Mother said there would be somebody "later on". Now is a good time.

3.- I have taken the measurements of the black flower curtains in the living room, and I have Mother's acquiescence to make new ones. I will look around with the help of some interior decorator who may be able to get me some stuff wholesale as there are miles of yardage to do. I have a sewing machine. It should be lots of fun to make them. I expect to get a light color, in the light beige tones, like the chinese rug that is near the phonograph. (Blue on a beige ground). I will not make them thick. A little more light in the house wont hurt! SO anytime you want to take down those filthy black curtain, you have MY permission. And I will start on the new curtains next week. Maybe I'll have them ready when I make a little trip to Portland in ten days. But I'll send them to the house rather than take them with me.

George and I listened to some records that Father had never even opened. Don't fail to listen to Anna Russell. She is a scream. I hope that Father will have a chance to hear her. He's had that record two years. (Suzanne gave it to him). Also there is another female singing on a smaller record which is a laugh, and I think she really thinks she is good.

Good luck to you. You'll get plenty of exercise going from one ~~side~~ side of the house to the other. I hope your little girl will get used to it. Maybe without the black curtains it will look gayer. And also if she ~~she~~ sees some of her own things there. I did not tell mother of course about her fears. And without Father and Mother in the house it may be easier to get her used to the place. Perhaps some of her favorite records on the phonograph would help too!!!

One more thing. What CAN be done about the awful smell in that place between the kitchen and the back porch? If I had had time, I would have taken everything out of the smelly place and given the brick floors a thorough clorox or what have you scrubbing.

- Mother needs:
- A NEW big bushy mop.
 - A new dust tray with a handle
 - A new pail that squeezes out the mop.

Charge it, naturally!



I don't have any myself, but I know mother had them. But they were so rusty and had holes in them so I gave them away to the garbage man. Anything else that you see there that is a sad looking, you have my permission to do away with.

In Father's room in his closet where he keeps his liquors, he has boxes that have swiss chocolate. I was going to clean that closet, because all the boxes that were not in tins had been sampled by mice. I did not have time to clean the place and it weighs on my conscience.

Lots of love to you. Good luck, and thanks for helping. You have no idea how it will relieve the parents, to know that reliable people are there!

Lucienne Bloch Dimitroff

P.S.- One reason why it smells in there is because Mother cooks fish for their Majesties the cats. I wonder how it would be to build in a ventilator? Those round blades in strategic places to give a change of air fast. After all if the folks have such a nice new bath room, they could also have a ventilator. Mother has complained that there was not much air current in the Kitchen. Your husband would know if it is feasible and where such a contraption could be put. If Mother is told about it AFTER you have all the data on it, costs etc. and if the contraption does not make too much noise, and you tell her that it is put on and off as simply as sharpening a knife on her little machine, she'll take it. (The Oster sharpener is the machine that she likes!)

Below is a 1950's publicity shot of Lucienne Bloch sent to me from Old Stage Studios. It seems appropriate here as an informal representation and character-study of the writer whose letter to me appears at left. (The missing line at the bottom refers to the Osterizer sharpener as "the only one she likes!")



F# - Fugue in f# minor - Volume I

b f# c#
D A E

Note the rising structure of the theme, in contrast to the descending character of the counter-subject.

The skeleton structure of the C.S. is the head of the theme in inversion

See how Bach utilizes this 3-note motive

Development of the head of theme

Diminution

Tenor voice continues development of 3 ascending tones of the theme

Theme in augmentation and inversion

The sequential passage in the alto (top) voice here (i-----)

actually feels like new material, but if we look at measure 2 (Theme), we can see a strong likeness to the theme.

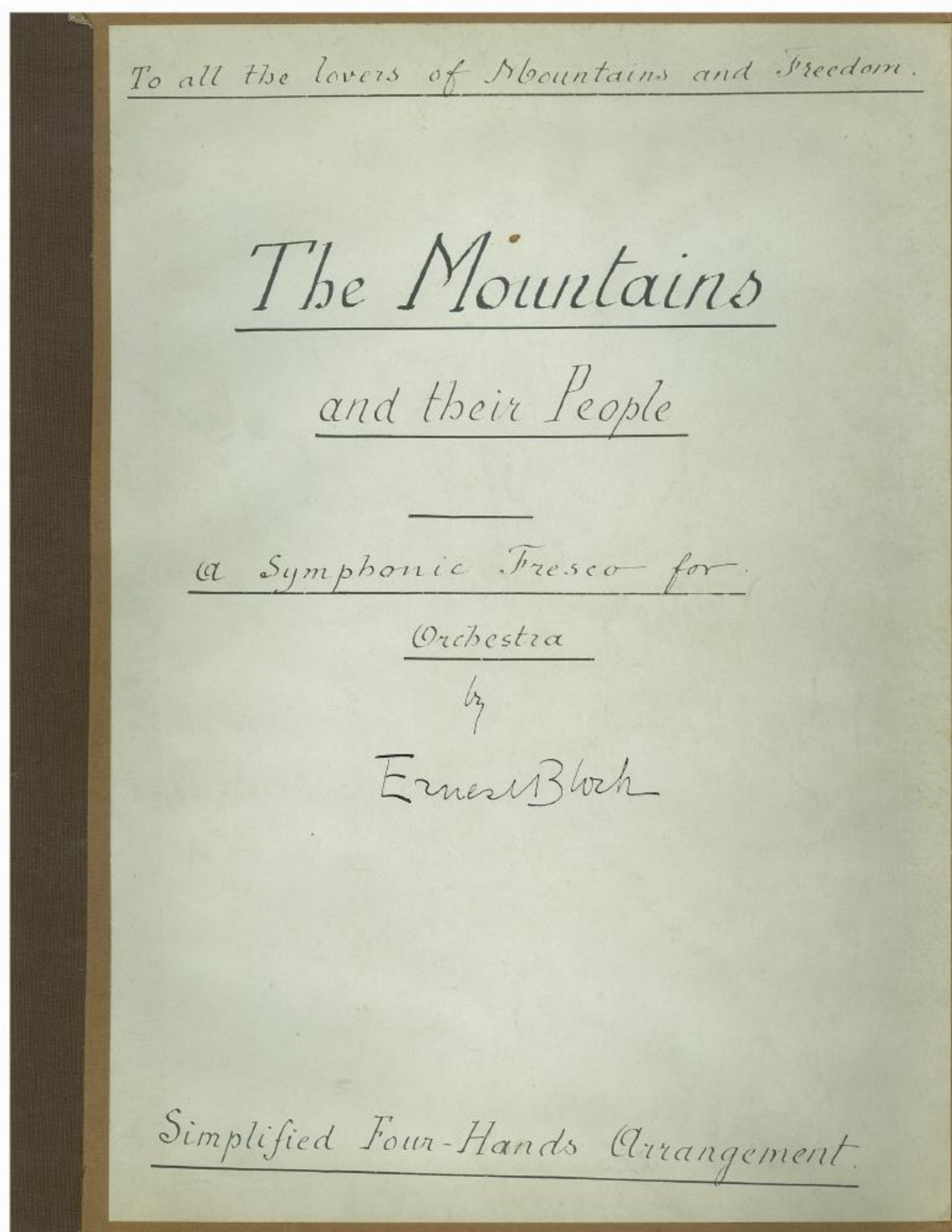
This is an echo of the episode between entry of voices 2 and 3

3-note motive

See measure 10!

Theme head in inversion

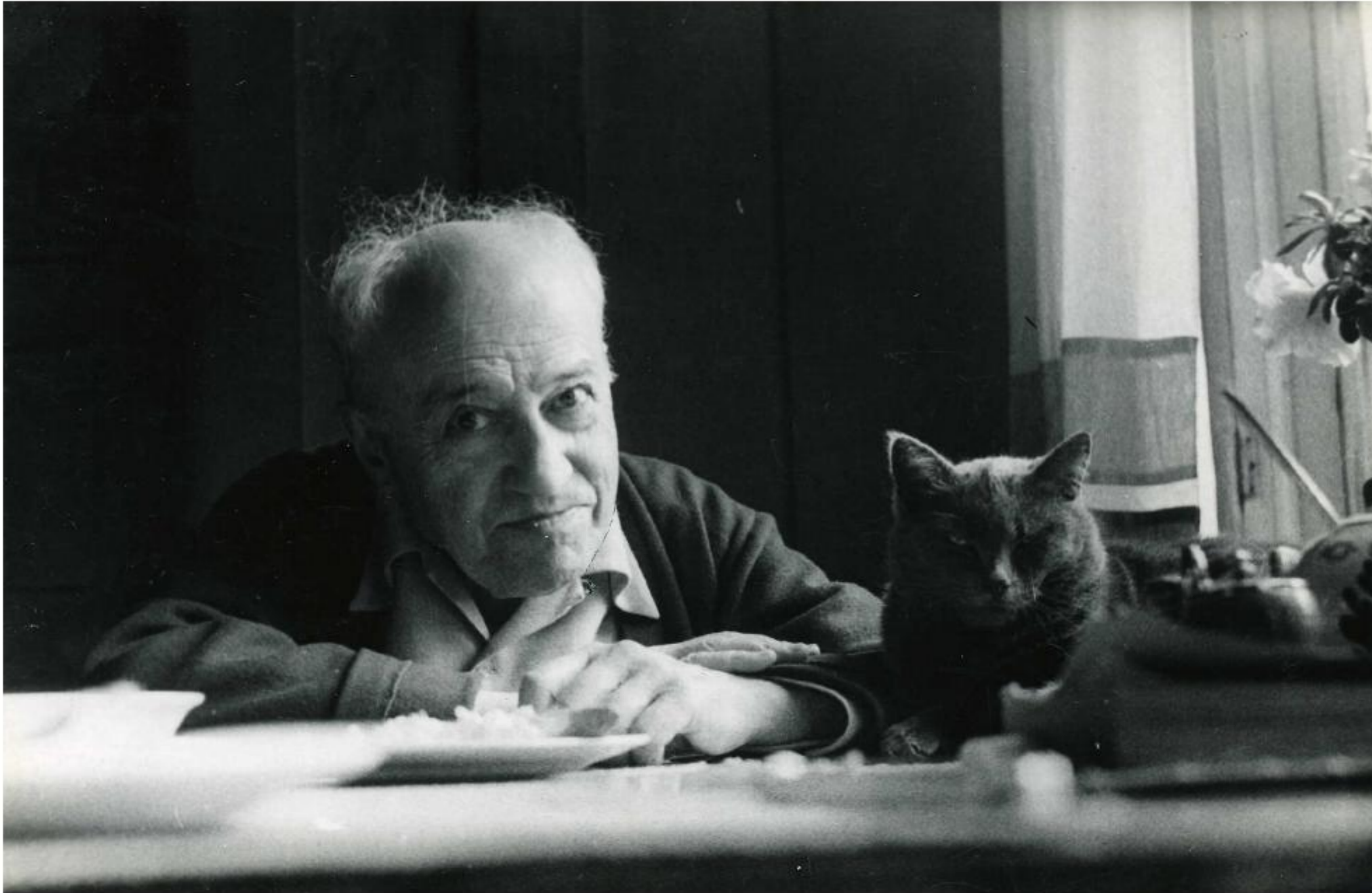
I include above a colored analysis of the exposition of J. S. Bach's F-sharp minor fugue, which Ernest Bloch assigned to me in 1950.



At left is a photostatic copy of an early Bloch work given to me by Marguerite after EB's death. I searched in vain to locate this in lists of his unpublished works, but found a clue at the very end of the score, where the notation in Bloch's own hand reads: "Munich, 1900 - San Francisco, 1925." (Ages 20-45.)

The photo at right was given to me in 1990 by Lucienne Bloch Dimitroff. The title, "Saleve Mountain Family, France, 1910" reveals - as does the score above - Bloch's love for his native country, the mountains and their people. His knowledge of photography allowed him to shoot this as a self-portrait, picturing himself at the center of the back row (with pipe) and son Ivan in the front row, second boy from the left.





TWO CAT-LOVERS

Left: Ernest Bloch poses obligingly for daughter Lucienne's camera while "Gris-Gris" ponders the wisdom of exerting any unnecessary energy. Photo by Lucienne Bloch, Agate Beach, 1958. Courtesy of Old Stage Studios.

Right: Marguerite Bloch enjoys a cup of tea with "Minou" at the dining room table. Date uncertain.



Pictured on the right is an arrangement of driftwood pieces that Ernest Bloch carried up from the beach over the summer and fall months of 1948 and stacked against the side of the Agate Beach home. The design symbolizes his zest for life and his inborn creative artistry. Photo by Helen, 1949.

Give me Nature; give me solitude.
- Walt Whitman

