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PABLO CASALS

World's Greatest Violoncellist

MANAGEMENT METROPOLITAN MUSICAL BUREAU, 33 West 42nd Street, New York

"He plays so tenderly that he melts the heart of you; plays like an angel, either damned or celestial. There is something diabolic in his energy of attack, an attack like the slash of a sabre. What temperament! What surety! What purity of intonation!"

-JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER.

Pablo Casals



ABLO CASALS, acknowledged by fellow-musicians and public on three continents as the greatest violoncellist alive, has for the past two decades occupied a position unique in the musical world in that he has no challengers and all are agreed that with his chosen instrument he is supreme.

Born in Vendrell, Province of Tarragona, Spain, CASALS inherited from his father, who was the local organist and church choirmaster, his musical inclinations. As a boy he studied flute, piano and violin before devoting his life work to the violoncello. At the age of sixteen, while still a pupil of the Barcelona Conservatory of Music, he received a decoration from the hands of the Queen of Spain, and since then has each year added to his laurels, so that there is now no country in the civilized world where his name is not familiar and synonymous with the highest honors obtainable in the domain of music. CASALS made his first tour of America in 1914. His playing created a veritable sensation, and of recent years his recitals in New York, Boston and Chicago have always drawn sold-out houses.

On account of his activities in his native country, where he is the founder and conductor in the city of Barcelona of a symphony orchestra which bears his name, CASALS is available for tours in other countries only for a limited time. Of late he has reserved three months a year for his American concerts, and the Metropolitan Musical Bureau is gratified to present him for his fifth tournee, which will take him from Montreal to Havana and as far west as Dallas, Texas. The coming of CASALS is always hailed as one of the musical features of the eason, for while the violin and piano and other instruments can each claim several great interpreters, when one speaks of the violoncello one knows but one great name: PABLO CASALS.



From an etching by F. Schmutzer, Courtesy of Kennedy & Co., New York.

Tributes of the Press

"PABLO CASALS is still the prince of 'cellists, and the knowledge that he is such was what filled Aeolian Hall to overflowing vesterday afternoon. The Spanish musician was at his best as to warmth and size of tone, brilliancy of technique and poetic imagination. To hear him play the Bach G Major Suite was an education for all 'cellists, it was so poised, so sure, so serene. Hearing him vesterday, we did not wonder that Pablo Casals has been called the equal of Fritz Kreisler, and it was evident that that opinion was shared by the huge audience." -New York Tribune.

"Those who listened were mere mortals, and enough of them to crowd stage and concert room to the last available place. But they sat stilled and reverent as any immortals, and it required but little imagining to picture unseen forces and spirits gathered close about the player guiding and inspiring him. For the music that mortal ears heard there was music that cherub or celestial singer might well have paused to enjoy. It was as near the perfection of 'cello playing as human skill and intelligence would seem able to achieve. The tone seemed something above and beyond aught that wood, string and bow could produce, and the infinite variety in gradation, shading and nuance impressed as of the spirit of music itself rather than of mere human intelligence and taste." -Chicago Daily Tribune.

"He is the greatest of 'cellists, if not the greatest of the players of stringed instruments. With him the friction of horsehair, resin and gut is completely transmuted into glorious, golden tone, as vital, suave and elastic as that of the finest violin playing, but with the grave, resonant depth that belongs only to the larger instrument." -Chicago Journal.

"Of all the great artists now before the public there is none who, at least for me, can draw from his instrument a tone of such beauty as does Casals. This tone is instinctive with him, and it is not merely what might be called abstract beauty, not produced just because he delights in the sensuous beauty of tone, but because the music itself is so filled with beauty that nothing less than such a tone could give it full expression.

-Chicago Evening Post.