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Autor: J.A.W.
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The famous fresco shows the artist at his best. He differs from the subtle, intellectual and delicate work of Leonardo in that this painting is full of passion, with more depth of colour, not so light of touch and less distinct in outline. He therefore shows a marked style of his own and cannot be judged or classified as a pupil of Leonardo. In fact Bernardo Luini broke with all the traditions of the fifteenth Century. His composition is so admirable, because he has succeeded in bringing masses of people, in groups of scenes, into one great harmony of all proportions. His colouring is always appropriate, the attitudes and expression are always natural, and the drawing is immaculate. His Laura is popularly named the Madonna of Lugano, as nobody can resist the charm and sweetness her young face expresses. Symbolically it has been said, that Luini painted the great Passion fresco with his heart's blood.

G. & U.



A JOURNEY TO SOUTH AFRICA.

By VICTOR AND RUDY SCHAEERER.

Four years ago we had the pleasure to publish in our columns an article by two of our youthful collaborators, entitled "Die Engländer am Züricher Sechseläuten." The young authors were Victor and Rudy Schaeerer, sons of our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Th. Schaeerer. — It is just over a year now that the family Schaeerer has left us to seek new "adventures" in that lovely country, which is called South Africa. Unfortunately a letter which was addressed to the S. O., in which they wished to say goodbye to their numerous London friends, reached us too late to fulfil its object.

We are very glad to acquaint our readers that our two young collaborators have again wielded their pens and we shall publish their experiences under the above title in the next few issues.

Ed.

Somehow or another we left London in a terrific hurry although we had spent nearly six months preparing for it. We dashed back from a farewell trip to the Continent, collecting Rudy between Trains at Boulogne and then spent three hectic days in London, saying goodbye, giving instructions and hosts of other items that remain to be done at the last moment before starting on a long journey.

We had a wonderful send off at Waterloo being inundated with flowers, in fact we had a job sitting down. They made a wonderful show on our dining table together with the lovely lilies we found in our cabins on arriving on board, sent there by some kind friends.

At Southampton we set up an office in the Customs Shed and wrote a few letters including one to the Swiss Observer, asking them to express our regret that we had been unable to say goodbye to all our Swiss Friends. Somehow or another they must have lost it and naturally we have heard rumours about our forgetfulness or worse in this respect. Our office was such a success that a policeman came along to enquire if we were issuing passes. Our junior office boy got such a fright that he dropped a wad of foolscap and spent the rest of his time picking up the sheets one by one.

The first two days after leaving Southampton the Schaeerer family, knowing their weaknesses remained in bed and were quite contented. The next day, however, Master Victor believing himself to be the best sailor of the family and deciding to show the others something of his wonderful seamanship got up. After a mere quarter of an hour on deck he began to feel queer, but unfortunately as he was conversing with a young South African and wishing not to show his bad sailor-ship said nothing. A few minutes more, however, forced him to have a look over the side and retire downstairs again before the next onslaught. The next day the Bay of Biscay was passed and after a little scouting round by "our hero" the rest of the family appeared on deck.

The weather became very fine and everyone settled down to the process of making each other's acquaintance, some preferring the atmosphere of the bar others that of the sports deck.

A few days later we arrived at Las Palmas and after a fairly hurried look round with two unimpressed young Germans, decided that their outlook was after all correct and went back to the ship, which was not a great improvement since coaling was in progress.

PAUL BAUMGARTNER RECITAL.

An unusually strenuous programme — which included Beethoven's "Prometheus" (or "Eroica") Variations, Szymanowski's Sonata, Op. 21, and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" — was played by Paul Baumgartner at Aeolian Hall last Monday. Mr. Baumgartner is a powerful pianist, with a forceful personality, a strong sense of rhythm, an earnest and almost fiercely sincere attitude to the music he plays, and a steel-like precision of touch.

It is true that his passion for emphasis leads him into exaggeration and sometimes frustrates that very precision. The performance of Szymanowski's Sonata suggested that he was anxious to emulate those heroes of old who were ashamed to leave the platform without breaking at least one of the piano-strings. But it was good to hear the "Etudes Symphoniques" played triumphantly, with so commanding a technique and such unflagging energy.

J. A. W.

(Daily Telegraph).

The market at Las Palmas is a terrible place being completely submerged by an awful smell. One of the women there offered Mother her baby saying "Misses I sell you baby velly cheep!"

After lunch we did a spot of bidding with the Portuguese who had come out to the ship in their little rowing boats, bringing their shawls, table cloths, pyjamas, ivory elephants and poisonous cigars out with them. They hold these things out to the mercy of the wind and shout £10, £20, etc., or whatever they have the audacity to ask. They are terrible humbugs, one man wanting £22 for a shawl not worth more than 15/-. Another kept on crying, "Dis is only eleventeen pouts" referring to a pair of brilliant scarlet beach pyjamas. Yet another was brandishing a striped orange and blue morning gown and attracted everyone's attention by yelling his war cry "OOOH LAAAA EEEEEEE !!!!!" and in this way he sold quite a fair amount of rubbish. Just before the ship left they became terrifically excited and sold their goods for next to nothing dropping them and themselves overboard. The work itself is very good but the material on which it is worked is generally very cheap and thus the articles never really look good.

In the meantime the seas had become quite rough outside the harbour, luckily everyone had finished tea or there would have been a fine mess as the ship pitched and rolled while turning round just outside the harbour. This, however, did not prevent the whole of the crockery from falling down and those of us who had been forced to dash downstairs were cheered up by repeated crashes somewhere in the interior of the ship.

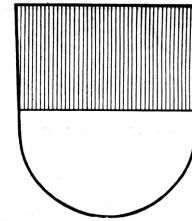
We then went to Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, which is a very pretty place but very hot and damp which makes it rather unhealthy all the year round. The general impression from the harbour is that of the Swiss Lakes during the summer time with beautiful trees coming right down to the water with the hills further behind. We were taken round by Mr. Schumacher, the Swiss Consul General's partner. He gave us a really fine glimpse of the wild but beautiful tropical country around the town. Finally showing us the Cold Storage which is the best along the Coast, the fruit drinks they bottle there are to be found right in the interior as far as the British Sudan.

The town itself is very dilapidated and nobody thinks of painting his roof, it seems to be a criminal offence. Native women sit on the pavement under enormous hats like inverted baskets selling grey beads from their little stalls. A lady passenger bought three monkeys and put them on deck with the sundry rabbits and pigeons we had on deck. People visited them for a little while until the smell drove them away, the crew had an attempt at washing them but had to give it up.

We never grew tired as there was always something to do, looking for flying fishes, dolphins, etc., we also had a swimming bath rigged up on deck and at night there was always dancing with a very excellent ship's band. There were also some very beautiful lightning effects over the Coast but we heard no thunder as it was too far away.

In Freetown we saw and read the first newspaper edited and printed by black men (niggers). The same as in the adjoining Republic of Liberia. Some of the articles were very good, well written, but criticized the white people, and some of the inconsistencies of their civilization. Some of the articles we read in this paper make us wonder what they say about the war between Italy and Abyssinia.

ARMS OF SOLEURE.



Per fess gules and argent.

Soleure, a place of some consequence in Roman times and once a free city of the empire, joined the Swiss Confederation in 1481. The origin of its arms can be traced to the Benedictine abbey founded at Soleure under the vocation of St. Ursus, the patron saint of the canton.

The figure of St. Ursus appears on ancient seals bearing a cross botonnée, i.e., each end terminating in a trefoil. This cross, white on a red field, is to this day the arms of the Episcopal Abbey of St. Maurice in Valais.

The national emblem of Soleure is simplified and bears only the colours of the Cross of St. Ursus.

There is a sincere beauty in the fascinating modesty of these arms, a touch of that ancientness considered by armorialists the most honourable of all heraldic distinctions.

P.S.

After leaving Freetown and sailing Eastwards for almost the whole day along the Gold Coast, the sea being so smooth, and we, passing so near to the Coast, that it seemed like a trip on a Steamboat round one of the Swiss Lakes the more so as the hills seemed to plunge right into the sea. Of course this illusion was only on the North side of the ship, anyone who turned round and wanted to see the other shore of the lake was badly deceived as there was only an immensity of water.

All the Swiss on board got the same impression and, of course, we exchanged our views.

We next stopped at Takoradi. This is a very good harbour and well laid out. It is by far the best along the West Coast and serves the manganese and gold mining industries in the interior of the Gold Coast.

Early next morning we arrived at Acera and remained there unloading into surf boats for two days. Now we can land with surf-boat which is still not a joke, but I shudder to think what the Old Timers had to go through when landing on this coast 100 or even 50 years ago.

When they at last reached the coast after untold misery and privation they were not sure if they were not to be received with open arms by Cannibals only to be placed in their flesh pot.

We at least knew that this was not going to be our destination but all the same we were very glad to be back on the ship again.

It is terribly hot there so that all the work is done by natives. The process of unloading is very amusing, the natives enjoy it very much since they operate all the donkey engines for the hoists and thus find a permitted outlet for their delight in noise. All cargo, which in our case was mainly cotton bales and cement barrels, also three chevrolet cars, is unloaded into surf boats which are about the same size as a ship's lifeboat.

The goods are hoisted out of the hold and swung overboard. The head boy then directs the boy at the winch to lower them to about 4ft. above the surf boat. While this is going on the boat is jumping up and down about 6ft. on the crests of the waves and is very often bumped against the side of the ship. They hang in mid-air until a suitable moment comes to drop them into the boat, the head boy then gives a sign to the boy at the winch, generally by standing on his hands and kicking his legs into the air like a baboon, and the winch is let go hell for leather. The goods then land in the boat with a bump which nearly knocks the bottom boards out, very often knocking the crew overboard at the same time. Often, however, they are dipped in the water as the boat is no longer there. This does not seem to worry anybody as they soon dry again. What the cement looks like after it has been dipped in the sea only the person who receives it can say.

Before Takoradi was opened all the mining machinery was unloaded in this manner, in fact all parts had to be ordered in triplicate in order to ensure that one part arrived in the boat. The boat is paddled by ten natives sitting on the side with one foot in a grass rope loop and using a trident shaped paddle, all the time they sing. But what singing!! A few London cats can do much better. On reaching the beach one is carried through the waves on the shoulder of one of the paddlers, heavy people and ladies, however, get put in a kind of throne and are carried through the foam in state.

(To be continued).