

The Baton

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FRANK DAMROSCH, Director

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15 Cents a Copy

A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN

From the Writings of Richard Wagner

Translated for *The Baton*

By Mrs. Frank Damrosch

Introduction

Among the prose writings of Richard Wagner there is a series of short articles, ostensibly written by a friend whom he calls R——! He evidently makes these the medium in which to express his own views of music and the music drama. In the first of these, "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven," he makes Beethoven say for him some of the things which he himself felt so keenly. Wagner's supreme belief in his own powers is always very evident but in this little story he makes one feel that "R——'s" reverence for Beethoven was his own, and that the genius of Beethoven was one of the most vital influences of his life.

A German Musician in Paris

Not long after the modest funeral of my late friend R——

who died in Paris recently, I sat down to write (according to the wish of the deceased) the short story of his vicissitudes in this brilliant metropolis.

Among the many manuscripts he had left, some of which I intend to relate, there fell into my hands the story, told in loving detail, of his journey

to Vienna to visit Beethoven. I found in this remarkable connection with what I had already selected for publication. As it described an earlier period of my friend's life, I decided to let this part of his diary precede what I had already written about his sad end, hoping also that this would be the means of arousing some interest in the departed.

My Daily

Prayer

Trouble and sorrow, thou patron saint of the German musician, unless perchance he has been made conductor at a court theatre! Trouble and sorrow—even in recalling this wonderful episode of my life—to you I

give the first and most praiseworthy mention—

Let me sing to you—thou steadfast companion of my life. Faithful hast thou been and never



Beethoven

(From a Painting by Josef Steiner)

left me—Thy strong hand has guarded me from smiling changes of fortune and defended me against the wearisome rays of Fortuna's sun—With black shadows hast thou hidden from me the futile treasures of this world—Thanks to thee for thy untiring devotion.

But—if it be possible—find some day another protégé—for just out of sheer curiosity I would like to know how one can live without thee!

Let me beg of you, at least to harass our political leaders—These insane people who by force, would unite all Germany under one ruler—That would mean only one court theatre and therefore only one court conductor! Those uncertain prospects which even now, when there are so many court theatres, are my only hope—would then vanish completely—However this is blasphemy.

Forgive, oh patron saint, the arrogant boldness of this wish! Thou knowest my heart and its eternal devotion to thee—even though there should be a thousand court theatres in Germany! Amen!

BEETHOVEN

By W. J. Henderson

Thou couldst not hear in earthly way, and so
Didst learn of other worlds, where spirits dwell,

To share with us, when sore our need.

Thy wounded heart hath paid our price so well,

We rise from all of woe to joyous swell

On surging throb of thine Adagio.

The Pilgrimage

This is my daily prayer—and now I can begin the story of my pilgrimage to Beethoven. As this important manuscript may be published after my death, I think it well to explain who I am—otherwise much of it might not be understood. A rather unimportant town in central Germany is my birthplace. I hardly know what vocation had been decided upon for me—but I only remember that one evening after hearing my first Beethoven symphony—I was feverish and after recovering from an illness I found I had become a musician! I came to know other beautiful music, but I think it was this episode that made me love, reverence and idolize Beethoven above all others. My only joy was, so to immerse myself in the depths of his genius—that I gradually imagined I had become a part of it. And this tiny part made me begin to respect myself, to have nobler ideals and greater understanding—in short to become what the clever ones call a lunatic! It was a harmless lunacy however and injured no one. The bread that I ate, in this state, was very dry—and my drink was very watery—for as the world well knows, giving lessons is not very lucrative! Then one day in my little attic, it dawned upon me that this man whose creations I revered above all else—was still alive! I simply could not understand why I had not thought of this be-

fore! It had never occurred to me that Beethoven really existed—that he could eat bread, and live and breathe like us common mortals.

But it was true—this Beethoven lived in Vienna and he too was a poor German musician! And now my peace of mind was gone. All my thoughts became one great longing. To see Beethoven! No Musselman longed more ardently to pilgrimage to the shrine of his prophet, than I did to find the little room where Beethoven lived. But how to carry out my plan? The journey to Vienna was long and costly. And I was poor and barely earned a living. I had to evolve some unusual way of acquiring the money with which to travel. I had composed some piano sonatas, for which Beethoven had been my inspiration and these I offered to a publisher. In no uncertain words the man told me that I was a fool for my pains! He advised me, however, that if I wanted to earn a few dollars I should write "polkas" and "potpourris" and thus become popular. I shuddered, but my longing to see Beethoven conquered, and so I wrote "polkas" and "potpourris."

During this time I could not look at Beethoven's music. It seemed to me a sacrilege. Sad to relate, these first efforts were not even paid for—my publisher explaining that I had first to become known to the public!

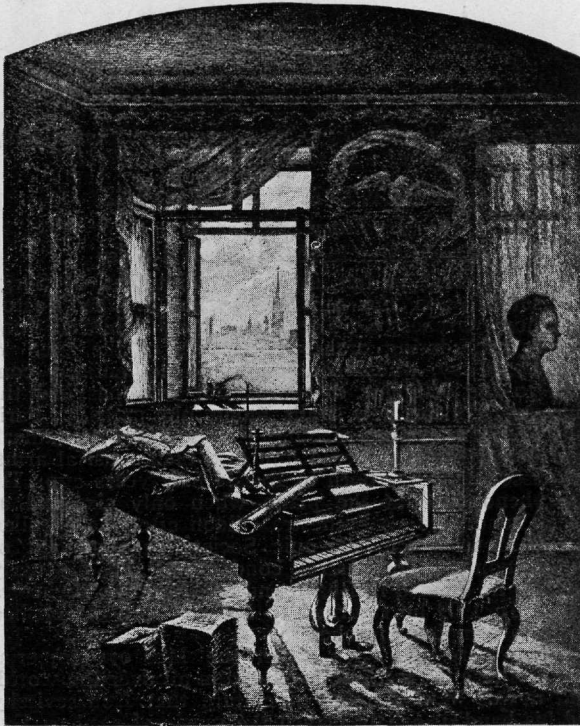
I was desperate—but this desperation had the effect of making me write some excellent polkas—I really was paid for these and at last decided that I had enough money to carry out my plan. But two years had passed during which I had tried to become popular by writing polkas and potpourris and my constant fear was that Beethoven might die! Great Beethoven, pardon this popularity—it was won in order to be able to see you!

Oh what bliss! I had reached my goal! Who was happier than I? I could shoulder my bundle and journey to Beethoven!

I trembled with joy as I passed through the city gates and turned my steps towards the South! I would have been glad to travel by stage coach, not because I minded the fatigue of walking—(joyfully would I have endured any hardships in this cause) but because in this way I would have come to Beethoven so much sooner. I was not yet famous enough as a composer of "polkas" to be able to afford to travel by coach. I bore all hardships with joy and thought myself fortunate to be on the way to reach my goal. Oh what wonderful dreams I had! No lover returning to his beloved after a long separation could be happier than I.

And so I entered beautiful Bohemia—that land of bards and minstrels! In a small town I met a company of travelling musicians; it was a small orchestra made up of one bass, two violins, two horns, one clarinette and a flute. There were besides two harpists and two girls with beautiful voices. They played dance music and sang

songs and people gave them money, and they wandered on. I met them again in a shady spot by the roadside. They were camping there and having their noon-day meal. I joined them telling them that I too was a wandering musician and we soon became friends. Knowing that they played dance music I timidly enquired whether they played my polkas? Wonderful people! They did not know my polkas! It did my heart good to hear this! "Do you play only dance music?" I asked. "Most assuredly not," they replied—"but we play other music only for ourselves—not before fashionable folks." They unpacked their music, and I beheld Beethoven's great septette. Astonished, I asked, "Do you play this?" "Why not," replied the oldest of them. "Joseph has a sore hand, and is unable to play the second fiddle—but for that, we would give ourselves the pleasure of playing it at once." Quite beside myself, I grasped Joseph's fiddle, promising to do my best to replace him; and we began the septette. Oh what rapture! Here by a Bohemian



Beethoven's Study

roadside under the open sky, Beethoven's septette was played by a company of strolling players with a purity and precision and such deep feeling as is rarely heard even among the most finished artists. Great Beethoven—we brought thee a worthy offering.

We were just playing the finale when there appeared on the upward bend of the road, an elegant traveling carriage coming slowly and silently towards us and finally stopping close by. Stretched out in the carriage lay an amazingly tall and amazingly florid young man—who lis-

tened rather earnestly to our music, pulling out a note book in which he made a few memoranda. Then throwing us some gold pieces he drove on—saying a few words to his servant in English—by which I knew of course that he was an Englishman.

This episode put us in a bad humor but fortunately we had finished playing the septette. I embraced my friends and wanted to accompany them, but they were going to leave the highway and cross the fields, as for the present they were returning to their village homes. Only the knowledge that Beethoven was awaiting me kept me from joining them. So with deep emotion we parted.

Later I remembered that not one of us had picked up the Englishman's gold pieces! Stopping at the next inn to rest my weary limbs, I found the Englishman at dinner. After gazing at me for a long time he addressed me in a fairly good German. "Where are your colleagues?" he asked. "Gone to their homes," I replied. "Take your fiddle and play something for me," he continued—"here is some money!"

That angered me. I told him that I did not play for money, that I had no violin, and explained how I happened to have been with those musicians.

"They were good musicians," he declared, "and the Beethoven Septette was well played." I was taken aback by this remark, and asked him whether he was a musician.

"Yes," he answered—"twice a week I play the flute—Thursdays I play the French horn and Sundays I compose."

That seemed a good deal. I was surprised. I had never heard of travelling English musicians and thought he must be very successful in order to be able to travel in such luxurious carriages. I asked, "Is music your profession?" He waited a long time before answering—then slowly drawled out that he had a great deal of money.

I realized my mistake and thought that I had hurt his feelings. Embarrassed I silently ate my simple meal.

After watching me for a long time the Englishman finally asked—"Do you know Beethoven?" I told him I had never been in Vienna, but that I was on my way there in order to satisfy the greatest longing of my life—to see the idolized master. "Where do you come from," he continued. "From L—." "That is not far! I come from England. I too want to know Beethoven. We both want to know him—he is a very famous composer."

This was certainly a strange coincidence! Great master—how varied are the people whom you attract! On foot and in coaches they wander to you! My Englishman began to interest me. I must admit though, that I did not envy him his coach. It seemed to me that my weary pilgrimage on foot was a holier and more reverent way of approaching our goal and would

bring greater happiness to me than it would to one who travelled so proudly. The postillion blew his horn and the Englishman departed—calling to me that he would see Beethoven before I did. After walking several hours, I met him again.

It was on the highway. A wheel had broken, but although the carriage was almost lying on its side he sat in it in majestic calmness—his servant behind him.

They were waiting for the postillion who had run to a rather distant village to bring a blacksmith. As the servant could only speak English I decided to walk to the village and try to hasten the postillion and the blacksmith. I found the former drinking brandy at an inn and not troubling much about the Englishman. However, I soon brought him and the blacksmith back to the broken carriage. The damage was repaired and the Englishman drove away, promising to announce me to Beethoven!

The following day, much to my surprise I met him again, on the highway! This time without a broken wheel but stopping quietly in the middle of the road, reading a book, and seemingly much pleased at my appearance.

"I have been waiting on this spot many hours," he remarked, "because it occurred to me here that it was wrong of me not to invite you to drive with me to Beethoven. Driving is better than walking. Come get into my carriage." Once more I was surprised. For a moment I hesitated whether to accept his offer. Then I remembered the vow I had made yesterday while watching the Englishman drive off—the vow to make this pilgrimage on foot. I explained this, much to his surprise and quite beyond his comprehension. He repeated his invitation, telling me that he had been waiting for me many hours in spite of the fact that he had been detained a long time at the inn where he spent the night, in order to have the damage to his coach thoroughly repaired.

I remained firm and he drove on, much bewildered. I really felt an aversion to him for I had an ominous foreboding that this Englishman would cause me great annoyance. Besides it seemed to me that his admiration for Beethoven as well as his wish to meet him was more the affected whim of a rich gentleman, than the deep heartfelt desire of an enthusiastic soul. And as if I were destined to have some unpleasant association with this gentleman—I met him again that evening. He was sitting on the back seat of his carriage in order to watch the road along which I had to come. "Sir," he said, "I have again been waiting for you many hours. Will you drive with me to Beethoven?" This time my astonishment was mingled with a secret fear. I began to think that the conspicuous persistence with which the Englishman tried to serve me meant that he wanted to obtrude himself in order that some harm might come to me. With ill concealed anger I again refused his

offer. At this he cried out proudly—"Damn it—you care little for Beethoven! I shall see him very soon!" and off he flew. This was really the last time I encountered this islander on the long journey to Vienna that still lay before me.

(To be continued)



"Here," says the Prodigy, "is a cause for Thanksgiving—my picture! It was done by Joe Fields."

CURRENT MUSIC TOPICS

By Mary Lee Daniels

A New Star in the Orchestral Skies

Great interest is felt in the appointment of Serge Koussevitzky as the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Times heralds him as "one of the most daring orchestral leaders of the age. A man, some say, whose convictions do not entirely conform to the orthodox in music, but who has had the courage to blaze new trails along old paths." Paris and London, though calling Koussevitzky a radical, have nevertheless gathered him into their musical arms.

Koussevitzky was born in Russia fifty years ago. He was phenomenal at the piano when only six, and at twelve conducted an orchestra. Soon after, he enrolled in the Moscow Philharmonic Society as a student of composition and orchestral conducting. In his early twenties he studied in Berlin and organized an orchestra there. In 1909 he returned to Moscow and established his own symphony orchestra.

Those were the days when the Moscow Imperial Opera House drew music lovers from all over the world. And it was in this home of culture that Koussevitzky and his band of artists played the music of modern European composers. Debussy and Scriabin were his intimates.

And then came the Revolution. But music still continued in Russia. Koussevitzky was appointed director of the State Orchestra under Kerensky; and when the reign of the Soviets began, he and his players starved with the rest until 1920 when he left for France.

This is the man who is bringing to America the modern music he thinks Americans should understand. For he says: "There is no progress in clinging always to the old, especially in this great America with all its promise. Here everything is ahead of you. If America does not yet create, it does a wonderful thing,—it cultivates. Americans may be said to be 'cultivators' of music.

"Whenever things do not grow easily, people take more pains to nourish them. And so Americans are

(Continued on page 12)

MUSIC OF THE HUNTING SEASON

By Beatrice Kluentner

Music contains elements which have grown out of man's impulses to love, to hate, to fight and to hunt. This last is of particular interest, because out of it has sprung a distinct kind of music. By the latter part of the medieval period, hunting had become a recognized art, for to capture one animal according to the prescribed etiquette was every bit as important as to capture a full bag.

Hunters even had a patron saint. He was Hubert, Bishop of Liège, and lived in the eighth century. Hubert had not always been a pious man. In fact, he went hunting one Good Friday and while on this expedition, he beheld the vision of a stag with a crucifix between his horns. His conversion was the result, and later, hunting had the full sanction of the Roman Catholic Church. Even the clergy were permitted to indulge, but under certain restrictions. During the season, when the hunters in the congregation were in a hurry to resume the chase, a special mass called the "Missa Venatoris" was celebrated and this might be considered the first example of music relating to hunting.

Hunting Airs of the French Kings

The French kings, Louis XI, XII, XIII, XIV and XV gave considerable impetus to the growth of music connected with the chase. Beginning with Louis XI, it was horn, coiled in such a way as to be conveniently carried over the shoulder, that figured in the hunting fields of France. As time went on, the hunters found that they could play simple melodies founded on the harmonic series possible to the instrument, and these became known as "fanfare." Louis XIII who had a veritable passion for fox hunting invented a call to distinguish the animal. The Marquis de Dampierre, master of the hunt to Louis XV, organized and noted down an entire system of fanfares. There were three different kinds of hunting airs; first, "Tons de Chasse," of which thirty or forty were employed. They were supposed to encourage the hounds, to warn, to call aid, and to show how the hunt was progressing. Second, "Fanfares," one for each animal, and more for a stag, varying according to his age and the number of antlers. This last was invented by Louis XV and if the animal was a stag with exceedingly huge antlers, he ordered the royal fanfare to be sounded. The third set is very interesting and is called "L'air de fantasie." They were given as a sign of joy or after an especially merry chase. There were hunting calls of which the best known are "la reveillée," "le lancé" and "le relancé"; "le hourvari," "le debuché," "le voteleste" (when one finds a new track of an animal), "l'hallali" (played at the killing) and "la mort" (the death). Then too, there was the fanfare of the

patron Saint Hubert, played only on his fête day.

The French have given us considerable material, dating from as early as the sixteenth century, on this subject. "La Vénérerie et Fanconnerie" by Jacques du Fouilloux is dated 1585. Therein is given a signal system, part for voice and part for instrument. A one note horn was used and when more notes were required the voice appeared.

"Les Dons des Enfants de Latone" was published at Paris in 1734 during the reign of Louis XV. The work is interesting because of the way the author connects music with the chase.

Louis XIV had a divertissement performed at Fontainebleau in 1708 entitled "La Chasse du Cerf." The music is by Morin. It begins with an instrumental prelude "Le Reveil" and follows the chase in all its developments. It is scored for trumpets or hautbois, violins and figured bass. The fanfares have been incorporated into choruses.

In 1790 Bouilly wrote an opera in two acts, "La Jeunesse de Henri IV" and asked Grétry to supply the music. Grétry refused and Bouilly turned to Méhul who completed the work. The piece was a failure, but it might have been due to the fact that feeling against kings at that time was strong. We must remember that the storming of the Bastille had taken place but the year before. Others say that it was dramatically impossible, played before a critical audience. The audience however must have been gracious and tactful, for the overture was repeatedly encored. The overture was a favorite for years after, with its march and developments of all the wanderings of a royal hunt. Frequently it was played with extravagant spectacular divertissements. Berlioz in 1867, a member of the Music Committee at the Paris Exposition, had it played by a gigantic orchestra of three thousand players. There is a "Sonata in D" by Méhul for violin and pianoforte called "La Petite Chasse." It contains the following subtitles: "Le Levor de l'Aurore," "Hymne du Matin," "Nuit le son du cor," etc. Alfred de Vigny wrote a poem "Le Cor" to which Flégier composed the music, but it is so highly imaginative that it can hardly be called a hunting song.

Following the Hounds in England

England possesses a number of hunting songs which date back to the eighteenth century and earlier. "The Hunt is Up" was accredited to William Gray. Later, any song intended to arouse one in the morning became known as a "hunt's up," even a love song. Shakespeare uses a "hunt's up" in the third act of "Romeo and Juliet."

"Tomorrow the Fox will come to Town or

Trenchmore" comes from the time of Henry Eighth. Hunting has always been a favorite amusement with the English, so it is not surprising to find such a variety of songs. Those songs dating from the period of Henry Eighth are related to deer or fox-hunting and also hare-hunting. There are several bearing the latter name, "Hunting the Hare," "A Songe of the Huntinge and Killinge of the Hare." This was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company to Richard Jones on June first, 1577. The tune is traced back to James First. "The King's Hunt" has words written by "one Gray who grew into good estimation with Henry Eighth and after with the Duke of Somerset Protector." "Chevy Chase" is of unknown authorship. It is a real folksong. The tune was first known in 1450. The original version was in two "fits." These two consisted of sixty-eight stanzas. It is a most entertaining old ballad telling the story of an Earle Percy, who went to hunt in Chevy Chase.

One of the best known hunting songs is "John Peel," which was always sung at the hunt suppers and yeomanry sings. The tune was noted down by a Mr. Metcalf, a chorister of Carlisle Cathedral, and probably came from an old Scotch folksong. "Down among the Dead Men" dates from the time of Queen Anne. The air is in the "Dancing Master" of about 1726, and was a great favorite with Samuel Wesley the church writer, who used it as a subject for fugal treatment.

The Hunting Horns of Imperial Russia

In Russia in the eighteenth century, hunting music was quite the vogue among the Imperial Set. Russia at that time simply swarmed with smart folk from Western Europe. One of the Empress's favorite musicians was Maresch, and he undertook the improvement of the Russian hunting horn. He tuned the instruments in such a way that when they were played together the effect was glorious. The ex-betrothed of the Empress set about to use this means to reinstate himself in her favor and he had hunting bands organized to amuse her on the chase. The bands were made up entirely of the new hunting horns. Among the selections played by the "Music of the Imperial Hunt" were the overtures to "Henri IV" (Martini); "The Deserter" (Monsigny); "La Belle Arsène" (Monsigny); "Le Tableau Parlant" (Grétry); "Le Marchand de Smyrne" (Haindl); "Zémire et Azor" (Grétry) and fugues for four voices.

Art Songs of the Season

Our great masters of song and opera have also contributed to the field of hunting music. Rossini in his opera "William Tell" has a double chorus of huntsmen and shepherds sing the beautiful "Qual silvestre metro intorne." There is a Hunters' Chorus in the last act of Weber's opera "Der Freischütz." The scene of this opera is laid in a community where hunting is the

chief occupation. Schubert has several songs related to hunting: "Der Jaeger" ("The Huntsman"); "Jaeger, ruhe von der Jagd"; "Jaeger's Abendlied"; "Jaeger's Liebeslied." Schumann has supplied music to "Des Buben Schuetzenlied" (the arrow song from Schiller's Wilhelm Tell). Then there is the Hunting Song from the Jugendalbum. Mendelssohn has included in the "Songs without Words" a selection the rhythm of which has caused it to be called "Hunting Song." Among others are: "Jagdlid" (Mendelssohn); "Der Jaeger's Abshied" (Mendelssohn); "Der Alpenjaeger" (Lizst—the words are those of Friederich von Schiller); "Der Jaeger" (Hugo Wolf); "Der Jaeger" (Brahms). There are also a number of German hunting songs of the eighteenth century by lesser composers: "Jaegerlied" (words by Hancke-1724, tune of French origin); "Der Gute Kamerad" (words by Ludwig Uhland, tune of a folksong); "Luetzow's Wilde Jagd" (the words are by Theodor Koerner-1813, and the music is that of von Weber); "Jaegerleben" (words by Wilhelm Bornemann, 1816, tune that of a folksong); "The Mellow Horn" (Jones); "Hunting Song" (Chausson).

A Fine Opportunity for the I. M. A.

My dear young colleagues:—

No one today can be considered well informed without some knowledge and understanding of those composers who are creating new musical forms and expanding the old ones. After a study of the old masters, the most valuable thing a student can do is to familiarize himself with modern ideas and ideals.

This has been made possible by the International Composers' Guild, Inc., which gives annually a series of three concerts of contemporary music representative of **all the new tendencies today**. Its advisory board includes some of the greatest living composers. Such men as Bartok, Cassella, Goossens, Malipiero, Ravel, Ruggles, Schoenberg, Stravinsky and Varèse have been offering their latest works at the concerts of the International Composers' Guild for the past three years. This season the concerts will be given at Aeolian Hall, Sunday evenings, at 8.15, December 7, February 8, and March 1. Works by Auric, Bartok, Cowell, Eichheim, Goossens, Lawrence, Malipiero, Ravel, Ruggles, Salzedo, Satie, Schoenberg, Sorabji, Still, Varèse, Wellesz, V. Williams, Zanotti-Bianco and others will be presented. Ursula Greville, Marie Miller, Greta Torpadie, John Barclay, André Polah, Hyman Rowinsky, the writer and other soloists will be heard. The conductors will be Eugène Goossens (first New York appearance) and Leopold Stokowski with the leading players of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

I believe that no student who is interested in music, old or new, can afford to miss these programs. It therefore gives me great pleasure to be able, with the hearty approval of Mr. Edgar Varèse, founder and chairman of the organization, and of our Directors, to offer to the students of the Institute of Musical Art a special membership rate of \$2.00. This membership which includes one balcony seat for each of the three concerts, is usually \$3.00. Only the special subscription blanks marked I. M. A. will be accepted for \$2.00. These may be had on application in the Circulating Library.

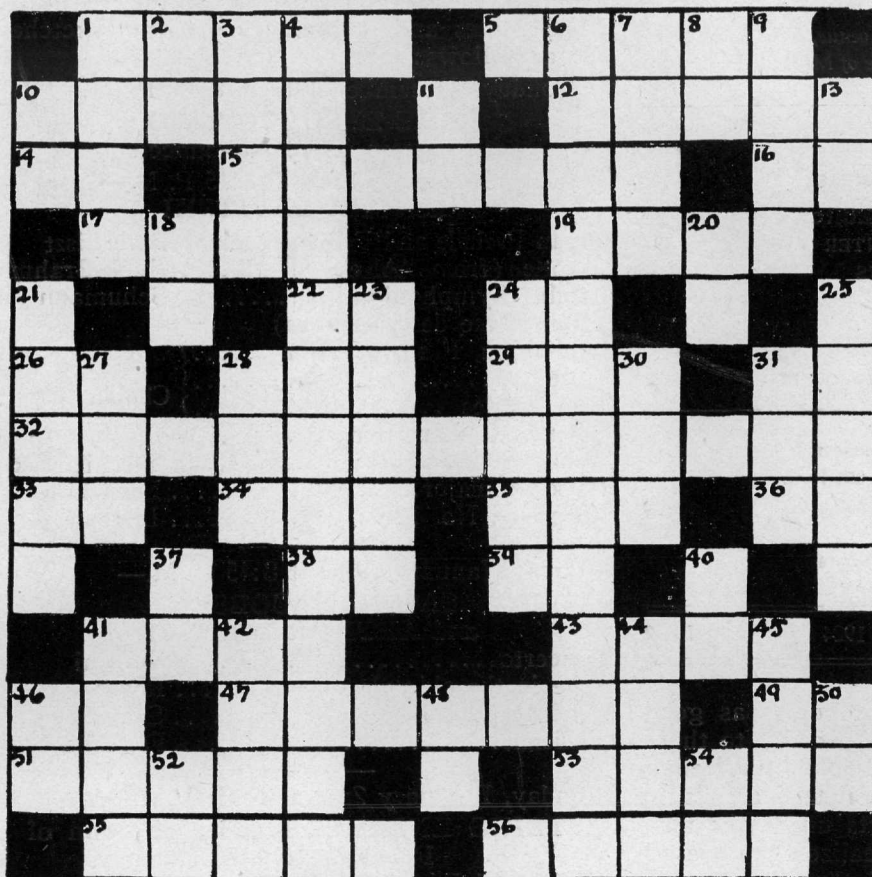
Looking forward to seeing all of you who are genuinely interested in the progress of music at Aeolian Hall, Sunday evening, December 7, I am,

Cordially yours,

Carlos Salzedo.

P. S.—Please note that applications must be sent in on or before November 25.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE—BY RUTH CAIRNS



HORIZONTAL

- 1—To show affectation in gait.
 5—Fragment.
 10—An enclosure in which cattle are collected to be branded.
 12—Made of oats.
 14—Like
 15—Nodding.
 16—Provided that.
 17—A husbandman.
 19—School.
 22—Egg.
 24—Along the line or ascent of.
 26—Preposition.
 28—Suffix meaning "relating to."
 29—A sharp ascent.
 31—Note of the scale.
 32—Straight up and down.
 33—Preposition.
 34—Three times.
 35—Expel.
 36—Chemical prefix.
 38—First class (slang)
 39—Negative.
 41—Measures of length.
 43—Ore.
 46—Alias.
 47—Multiform.
 49—Form of "in," used as a prefix.

- 40—Preposition.
 41—Starting at.
 42—Paradise.
 44—A fruit.
 45—Close by.
 46—Else.
 48—Exclamation of surprise.
 50—Behold.
 52—Parent.
 54—Railroad (abbr.)

THANKSGIVING

Friend: What are you thankful for this year, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus: Well, suh, on de wealth side Ah am thankful foh de things Ah've got, an' on de health side Ah am thankful foh de things Ah haven't got.

Don Marquis was worried about the price of cranberries for Thanksgiving but it looks now as though everybody would be able to afford one.

Over the phone: 'Send me a \$5 turkey and if no one is at home, just push it through the key-hole.'

- 51—Shakespearean character.
 53—Slow tempo.
 55—Divine food.
 56—Gum heroin used in the making of medicine.

VERTICAL

- 1—Lichen.
 2—Contradiction of "I would."
 3—In the vicinity of.
 4—Association.
 6—Signally.
 7—Grade.
 8—Preposition.
 9—Plague.
 10—The Memphite god of the midday sun.
 11—Full (Scot.)
 13—Negative.
 18—Printer's measure.
 20—Castor oil (abbrev.)
 21—Deep lethargic sleep.
 23—Guardian deities.
 24—Coalescence.
 25—A style of capital.
 27—A bog.
 28—Able.
 30—Deposit.
 31—To pat with something soft.
 37—Pronoun

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VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 2

The following announcement comes as good news to all music-lovers and especially to those connected with the Institute. It is with a feeling of genuine pride we read the list of artists to appear in the series of concerts under the auspices of Dr. Damrosch, and realize they are all Institute products and now internationally famous.

Let us earnestly strive to contribute all we can towards assisting our less fortunate colleagues abroad. Remember our beautiful Institute motto: "Let us devote ourselves (with eager striving and enthusiasm) to noble and beautiful works."

ANNOUNCEMENT

No class of people has suffered more from the unsettled conditions of the past ten years than the music teachers of Europe, for, when money lost its purchasing power, only the bare necessities of life could be afforded and music lessons as "luxuries"—were suspended. While general conditions are improving, the music teacher is among the last to benefit by this improvement and the coming winter will be a hard one for many of them. After that, it is probable that economic conditions will be more normal so that they will be able once more to stand on their feet without assistance.

Realizing the seriousness of this situation, the Students, Teachers and Trustees of the Institute of Musical Art have decided to help their fellow-students, fellow-teachers and fellow-human beings in Europe and have planned a series of concerts, the entire proceeds of which will be devoted to this purpose.

There will be five concerts; four on Monday evenings in the Recital Hall of the Institute, whose dates and preliminary program sketches are as follows:

Monday, December 1st, at 8:45 P. M.—

THE ELSHUCO TRIO

Program to be Announced

Monday, December 15th, at 8:45 P. M.—

MISCHA LEVITZKI

Organ Prelude and Fugue, A minor. Bach-Liszt
Gavotte (from "Alceste") Gluck-Brahms
Etudes Symphoniques..... Schumann
(en forme des variations)
Impromptu, F sharp major }
Valse } Chopin
Two Etudes }
Scherzo, C sharp minor }
Troika en traineaux..... Tschaikowsky
Valse, A major..... Levitzki
Rhapsody, No. 12..... Liszt

Monday, January 19th, at 8:45 P. M.—

SASCHA JACOBSEN

and ARTHUR LOESSER

Concerto..... Nardini
Suite in the old style..... Reger
Rondo capriccioso..... Saint-Saëns
Sicilienne..... Fairchild

Monday, February 2nd, at 8:45 P. M.—

STRING ENSEMBLE under direction of FRANZ KNEISEL

Adagio and Fugue
from Sonata in G minor..... Bach
Quartette in D major..... Haydn
Concertante for four Violins..... Maurer
Andante from Quartette..... Debussy
Molly on the Shore..... Grainger
Rondo from Symphonie Espagnole.. Lalo
Largo for Strings, Harps and
Organ..... Handel

Wednesday, February 25th, at 8:15 P. M.—

A Symphony Concert by the Institute's Orchestra of about 100 students, soloists and the Madrigal Choir, at Aeolian Hall.

We appeal to all music lovers to assist in relieving the distress of our colleagues abroad.

Subscription Rates

for the five concerts

Orchestra* \$10
Balcony \$8
Boxes for the concerts at Aeolian Hall \$25

Application for subscription tickets may be made to Mrs. Blanche Jacobs, Librarian, 120 Claremont Avenue.

Faculty Council of the Institute.

Percy Goetschius Gaston Dethier

Franz Kneisel Carl Friedberg

Frank Damrosch, Director.

*(For the concert at Aeolian Hall, a reserved seat in the Orchestra will be available.)



INTENSE INTERVIEWS WITH THE INTELLIGENTSIA

By Herbert Fields

I was, be it known, at the time of this story, a young reporter, alive with all the qualms about interviewing critics and all fabled sages, and replete with the seriousness that is linked with the arduous task of bringing in a good scoop. My experience had been limited to inspecting fire damages and writing the sad tale of poor Follies girls who had had their jewels stolen. Never before had I had the opportunity to have a par lance with the illustrious critic of music, Mr. Woolsey Earlap, and I was duly agitated and over-duly aggravated.

Ergo! I rehearsed carefully in my mind the few leaders I would give him, and figured it as a safe bet that he would discourse at length on the subjects I mentioned. First: I would say: "Mr. Earlap, don't you think that the technique of the Ultra-modernists is somewhat dagagé?" Thereupon he would be sure to chime in with "Well, let me see, in the case of—etc." I then would lead him immediately into the more serene channels of the harmonious Muse and glean a keen knowledge for myself, as well as a corking good story for my paper.

I arrived at the apartment, and sat in his parlor, quaking as one before a tribunal, and comically, I am afraid, studied his face for a hint into his character. I needed a few passing remarks about the tone and humor of his studio, so I timorously looked out of one eye to take in the little comforts I knew he would have about. Ye gods! the first thing I spied was a copy of Krehbiel's book on the opera, and I felt at

once, "a serious student." I bet every other word out of his mouth is some Italian Music Italic—I tried to remember the few I knew in order not to let him know for the first few minutes anyhow, just how meagre was my knowledge of music "as she is wrote," and I counted, "There's VIVACE, that means fast, and spritely, then CON BRIO—I did know that, but somehow it only suggested cheese. On the bench next me, I found a copy of the Theatre Magazine, and the second Edition of the "Cross Word Puzzle" book, and I chuckled to myself that this bird wasn't wrapped up in C#s after all. My happiness however was short-lived, as I saw the morose face of Beethoven glowering at me from the mantle-shelf.

"This is a regular feller" I inhaled, as Mr. Earlap entered. He was in fact, most ordinary looking. Such a man as one would push in the subway, or lend a match in a theatre lobby. I took heart and rose to greet him.

"You're Mr. Earlap," I said.

"Righto, and you want to interview me I suppose. Being a newspaper man myself, I guess we can dodge all the preliminaries and get down to copy. What do you want to talk about?"

"Well, I suppose we must talk about music, though I know much more about baseball," I said frankly baring my thoughts before the genius.

"So do I," he said. I felt he was sarcastic, but pretended to ignore it. I took out my pad and got comfortable. He gave me a cigarette, and I started to question him.

"Well," I began, "first tell me who is your favorite composer?"

"Sure," he answered without thinking. "Irving Berlin!"

I felt the color leave my face. It returned immediately, and so did my breath.

"Aren't you a music-lover, then?" I asked.

"Sure," he said indifferently. "I love jazz!"

"But" I argued, "that's not my idea of a music-lover."

"My boy," he said dryly, "a music lover is a man who can tell off hand how many sharps there are in the key C Major." He didn't even smile. "I'm a music lover. I love jazz." He lit a cigarette.

"But you mustn't. You're a critic. You must hate jazz. Please hate jazz!" I implored. "My editor insists upon it. In fact the subject for the interview is to be the denunciation of jazz. What would the public think? They mustn't know that the man who dictates their taste in music is a fox-trotter!" I nearly wept as I thought of it.

"They'd probably be delighted and relieved," he told me mercilessly. I was beginning to get cold chills. This would never do. I simply couldn't print it. It would be worth my job to hand in such heresy. I struggled to change the subject.

"Have you heard any Wagner this season?" I asked, and I was very particular about the W. In fact I dragged it out, "VVVaagnerr."

"Oh, yes" he answered calmly, "but really it's so loud I can't get a wink of sleep. Take Tristan, for instance. There's an opera to sleep through!" he said with enthusiasm. "It's quiet, and long, perfect. I always rave about it."

"But your reviews are so pointed, so true, so musicianly. How do you do it if your very soul isn't torn by the beauty of the music?"

"Listen, young feller," he said. "If my soul was torn every time I heard an opera or concert, I'd be too weak to hold a pencil. You see, it's this way. I usually meet old Spogg in the lobby between the acts. He's on the 'Star,' and what he doesn't know about music couldn't be told in four volumes. Well, if he says they were too fast, I write about how dreadfully they dragged it. I haven't been wrong for years."

"What is your favorite opera?"

"The Mikado!" he blurted. "How superbly Glibert writes lyrics!"

"Don't you care for real opera?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, but not enough to hurt me!" Carelessly he flicked his ashes on the rug.

At this point a tray of drinks was brought in. Just a plain tray with plain Ginger Ale. From his cupboard he brought forth a little flask that made the plain ginger ale less plain. I needed a drink of something. I took several but could not forget what he had told me. The stimulant revived me, and I started my attack with renewed strength. I was afraid that he would rise at any moment and put an end to the visit before I had enough material for an opening sentence.

"What is your idea of good program music?" I hurled at him.

"Well, he considered, finishing his drink, "I like, 'It Had To Be You!'"

"A popular song?" I gasped. "But surely that isn't program music!" He waved my remark aside nonchalantly.

"Of course is it. I'll prove it to you.

"Here's the substance of it:

It had to be you!

Nobody but you.

I've traveled round

Till I have found

Somebody who. . . .

"You see, the opening theme by the strings is a legato passage suggesting the great love and longing in the heart of the singer. To denote his travelling around in quest of 'somebody who' the drummer blows a train whistle, and rings a fog horn to denote his voyage by land and sea.

Could make me feel blue

And even be true.

And even be glad, just to be sad

Thinking of you. . . .

"The wood-winds join here to introduce the second theme. This is the theme that brings out the emotions through which the singer passes while thinking of his beloved. A wail from the oboe tells of his being blue and sad. His faithfulness is brought out by the clarinet in harmonics. At the point, 'and even be glad' the piccolo plays a prankish run to denote his lighter moods.

Some others I've seen

Could never be mean.

Could never be cross

Or try to be boss,

But they wouldn't do. . . .

"Here we return to the first theme. The melody is shifted to the banjo which picks up the tune in pizzicato strumming. The strings suggest the different girls, (some others I've seen). They are denounced by a deep chord from bassoon to indicate, (but they wouldn't do).

Nobody else gives me that thrill,

With all your faults, I love you still.

It had to be you,

Wonderful you,

It had to be you.

"Which brings us back to the stately original theme, embellished with cat-calls from the sliding trombone. This last gasp of the refrain is usually arranged for viola and victrola in C Minor. The refrain ends with a cymbal crash and a long moan from the cellos to indicate the constancy expressed in the last two lines of the poem. On the phrase, 'Nobody else gives me that thrill,' the whole diatonic scale is played up and down in octaves by wood-winds and strings."

When we finished he was quite out of breath.

"What do you think of it?" he said. I was unprepared to answer.

"By the way," he said. "I have a few seats for Carmen next Monday night. You can use them if you like."

"Don't you have to write it up?" I inquired.

"I've done so already." He saw the puzzled look on my face, and explained. "I always write my opera reviews in advance. For Carmen, for instance, I simply said that Don José was not as good as Caruso, and that for a dashing Carmen, give me Farrar. I intimated that the Micaela was unconvincing, and that Galli had gotten thinner. The rest of the article I used to complain about the settings, and said that Hasselmans' reading of the score was intelligent and musicianly. That's about all."

The interview about my visit with Earlap I copied from an article by Bernard Shaw, and the editor was delighted.

LITTLE KNOWN ASPECTS OF GREAT COMPOSERS

A Roman Singer

By Howard A. Murphy

Twenty miles across the plain from Rome on a spur of the Sabine hills stands the ancient town of Palestrina, famous in Roman days as a summer resort and still picturesquely reminiscent of its former greatness.

In the sixteenth century it was a quaint mediaeval walled town of steep winding streets dominated by the overhanging fortress of the ruling Colonna family.

Here Pierluigi was born about 1525 in a rough, two-storied house the garden of which adjoined the town wall. The name of the town is so firmly linked with him that few people today think of him as Giovanni Pierluigi of Palestrina, but refer to him only as Palestrina. History has taught us to think of him as composer; thus we are apt to lose sight of his activities as a singer, which greatly influenced his compositions.

His boyhood passed uneventfully excepting for an occasional trip to Rome in the train of the local bishop. The story is that during one of these trips the choirmaster of S. Maria Maggiore, hearing him sing in the street, procured him for his choir. At any rate, he became a choir boy in this church, one of the four great Basilicas in Rome, when he was eleven or twelve years of age. His teacher is unknown, although surmised to be Firmin le Bel, a famous French church musician of the time.

The youngster must have been something of a prodigy, for in the town records there is an entry stating that "towards this year (1540) one of our fellow citizens, by name Giovanni Pierluigi, went to Rome to study music."

This early brilliancy seems to be confirmed by the fact that shortly afterwards he was appointed organist and choirmaster of his native Cathedral when only nineteen years old. A new bishop (Cardinal del Monte) had recently been received who was keenly interested in artistic matters. He evidently recognized and appreciated Pierluigi's genius for when he was elected Pope six years later, he appointed Pierluigi Master of the Boys in the Julian Choir of St. Peter's in Rome. While still in Palestrina Pierluigi made a marriage which tradition says was a very happy one.

The Julian Choir had been founded some years before as a sort of native training school for the Pontifical or Sistine choir, which at that time was largely composed of foreigners who jealously excluded native musicians. There was considerable rivalry between the two choirs and the post of Master of the Boys was a very important one for a young man of twenty-four, as it gave him a prominent position among those working for national recognition.

The change from provincial life to that of Rome during the late Renaissance must have

been striking. The new St. Peter's was being built; all the works of Raphael, Michelangelo and Cellini were fresh, and everywhere splendid new buildings were springing up. Certainly a stimulating atmosphere for a young genius. His first book of Masses appeared three years later and stamped him at once as a great composer.

Then came a piece of marvelous good luck. In recognition of his work he was appointed a member of the Pontifical Choir in 1555 by his powerful protector, the Pope—without examination or the formality of election by the choir itself. This rapid rise to the top of his profession is all the more remarkable considering his youth (he was only twenty-five) and the position of the Pontifical Choir in the musical and ecclesiastical world.

At this time the most highly developed and artistic music was to be found in the church where pure unaccompanied vocal music had reached its height. The Pontifical Choir was perhaps the finest musical body in Europe. It was not attached to any church, but was for the personal use of the Pope, accompanying him on state journeys, and usually only singing in services at which he was present.

The appointment of the young native musician was bitterly resented by the choir. There were also several disqualifications. He was married and there are reasons for supposing he was not distinguished as a singer. The official number of the choir had also been exceeded. On the other hand, his work certainly merited recognition. The Pope's appointment of course went unchallenged and Pierluigi probably felt secure in this life appointment.

Hardly was he admitted, however, when the Pope, his patron, died suddenly. His successor, Marcellus II, was interested in the purity of church music, and desired particularly that the words sung should be clearly heard and not submerged in a sea of counterpoint. This attitude had a decided influence on Pierluigi's later work.

Pope Marcellus II ruled only a few months and was succeeded by a man bent on reform no matter how painful the process. The Pontifical Choir seized the opportunity to point out the irregularity of Pierluigi's appointment, and the fact that the official membership of twenty-four had been exceeded by three. As a result Pierluigi and two others were dismissed with a life pension of two-thirds of their salary.

This was certainly a blow to the young genius. Tradition says he was seriously ill for several months as a result. At least it is probable he returned to Palestrina for the hot summer months of July and August.

(To be continued)

ARE YOU DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE?

(Accompanying Diagram Opposite)

Words and Music by Ruth Cairns

Consider the student of Keyboard Harmony, who goes home proud possessor of six (6) crowded pages of hieroglyphics, presenting what he in his innocence thought to be the Keyboard assignment for seasons 1924-25, but which he found to his righteous alarm to be next week's lesson.

Six days having elapsed since he was vouchsafed this startling piece of information, suddenly in the midst of a free untrammelled existence our hero's mind reverts to his responsibilities as regards the Institute. Taking notebook in hand, he casts his eye on the lesson which his Keyboard teacher has false hopes of his accomplishing before the morrow, and is perforce constrained to extreme mirth at the sight thereof. But on thinking it over, it's not such a joke. When one looks the matter in the face, chord successions are more of an insult than anything else. Also, the perfect life (which ethicists declare should be the theological aim of all good children) will be no nearer attainment through the gentle art of modulation. Yea, though one's opinion be wholly unbiased and though one be notoriously devoid of bigotry, still one must say that the humiliation entailed in having to transpose "Dolly's Lullaby" before the whole class, stretches the point beyond all endurance.

P. S. (Parting Suggestion): But revile not the cruel fate that forces you to perpetrate dismal improvisations every week, for as it seems this Keyboard Harmony is a necessary evil in life, remember the good old adage that observes, "Be a self-starter, and your teacher won't have to be a crank." If your answer to the title of this treatise is "Yes," all we ask is, "What have you got to kick about? Consider the student of Keyboard Harmony,etc."

CURRENT MUSIC TOPICS

(continued from page 4)

nourishing their music. You pay more attention to music than any other country in the world. Why shouldn't it in the future produce great music?"

When Koussevitzky brings the Boston Symphony to New York at Thanksgiving he will bring also some of the much talked of manuscript never before played in America. One of these, "Paintings from the Picture Show" by Moussorgsky, has been specially arranged for the conductor by Maurice Ravel.

The Passing of a Great Writer

The name of Anatole France who died at Tours, France, on October 12, at the age of 80, is known in the musical as well as in the literary world. His novel, "Thaïs" formed the basis of Massenet's opera by that name, and also "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" by Massenet was founded on his novel. He was one of the foremost French essayists, novelists and critics of the last half century, and won the Nobel prize for literature in 1921. For clearness, fecility and appeal his style was unsurpassed in the French literature of his time.

In Memory of a Voice

The body of Enrico Caruso will be transferred to his own chapel in the Cimitero del Pianto in Naples as soon as the last decorations are finished. The altar in-

side the chapel has in the center the famous bas-relief of the Madonna by the Master of the Marble Madonnas, which was always in Mr. Caruso's studio.

Egyptian hieroglyphics showing well known all-seeing eye.

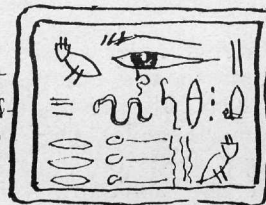
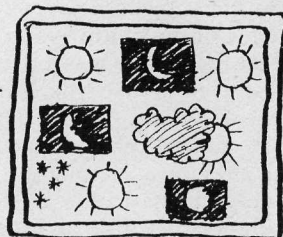
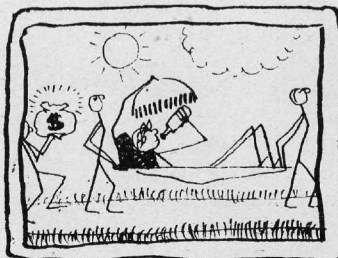


Diagram of next week.

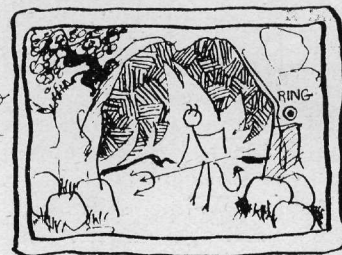


Hats off gentlemen! This is James McFluskey who died of laughter when asked if he could illustrate the transient resolution.



Perfect Life.

Where ethicists go who don't practice what they preach.



Bigotted person - Don't try to pawn off any of this new fangled stuff on me. I was brought up on good old Johnny Walker and I guess that'll be good enough for my children!

As To Musical Events

Owing to the limited space of The Baton, it is possible to review only a few of the large number of musical happenings in New York each month. The Baton, being the representative of The Institute, takes pride in recording events of real importance in the musical world. Therefore space is devoted to organizations and artists of highest standard and to programs which present the greatest compositions and which offer novelties of genuine interest.

The leading orchestras and the Metropolitan Opera Company almost daily make the musical history of our time which is worth recording in every issue of our paper. This month attention is also called to an artist of great sincerity who has ever had the courage of her convictions in presenting in her recitals songs which are interesting in that they characterize the progress of modern music in many lands as contrasted with those which have stood the test of time. Mme. Eva Gauthier with her remarkable interpretative skill provides artistic enjoyment together with programs of historic value.

Following are recent press comments of the opening concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, the initial offerings at the Metropolitan Opera House, and what the critics had to say of Mme. Gauthier's appearance on October 30th, when Louis Edlin, of our Violin Faculty and Lamar Stringfield, one of our graduate flutists, were assisting artists.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA

Verdi's "Aida" opened the season in the Metropolitan Opera House. The opera was presented by a cast well balanced and experienced in the interpretation of Verdi's music. Its performance introduced a conductor new to American audiences, Tullio Serafin, whose spirited and enthusiastic reading of the score added to the interest of the occasion. The audience was not only one of the most "brilliant," but one of the most enthusiastic first-night audiences that the Metropolitan has assembled since the war. Its enthusiasm found expression after the second act in resounding cheers and curtain calls for singers and conductor.

Circumstances such as these do not call for a lengthy dissertation by Sir Critic. The audience takes precedence of the opera and Vanity Fair provides a spectacle at least as breath-taking as anything on the stage. This audience is a potent factor in the performance itself. Its impulse and excitement quickly impose themselves on the atmosphere and, if the opera is properly composed for circumstances, add a certain flip to the effect of the music.

For the enthusiasm manifested last night there was more than one justification. It proceeded, in the first place, from the innate power of Verdi's opera, which has not staled or withered with passage of years. "Aida" remains the vehicle of vehicles for the inauguration of a season in a world-famous theatre. How long it will retain its present position in the repertory it is impossible to prophesy, but for yesterday, today and tomorrow at least it is an abiding masterpiece, in which figures in the garb of an unreal past discourse of everlasting human passions to superb music.

It was the music and not this or that artistic personality which held the place of honor last night. In past seasons Metropolitan openings have hinged on the presence in the cast of a Caruso or Farrar, a Galli-Curci or Jeritza. The presiding genius of yesterday

evening was Giuseppe Verdi. In his name Miss Rethberg accomplished some of her most beautiful singing.

An operatic performance has two aspects—that which is vocal and that which is dramatic. Under the most fortunate circumstances these are combined and balanced, but ordinarily do not accrue in equal quantities to a singer. Miss Rethberg's unusual gifts as an interpreter rest principally upon her skill in song, in which she displays not only her vocal mastery and feeling for melodic line, but also a variety of light and shade and an attention to text as well as tone which give everything that she does an unflagging interest.

—Olin Downes.

* * *

Election Night was the occasion of a special performance at the Opera House, which happily proved to be the ever delightful "La Bohème" into which Puccini poured so many of his lovely melodies.

The performance marked the return of Lucrezia Bori whose Mimi is a memorable and appealing impersonation, in a story which never fails to tug at the heart strings, presenting as it does a true picture of life in the Quartier Latin.

Bori, it should be added is always worth a trip to the Opera House. Musically and dramatically she is always satisfying and one may learn much from her charm of stage presence.

Chaliapin, the greatest singing actor of our time is again appearing as "Boris." It is one of the great portrayals of history. Do not miss it.

Verdi's "Giacinta" was revived November 8th with much success.

Eva Gauthier Attracts Big and Fashionable Gathering

"Eva Gauthier, in a programme of unusual and lovely music for voice with piano, violin, viola, 'cello and guitar."

That was the lure that attracted a large, fashionable and inquisitive audience to Aeolian Hall last evening.

Miss Gauthier is one of the most interesting musicians and her programmes generally blaze a trail for unique matter. She is never in the vanguard.

Last evening's offerings added another item to her list of triumphs. At the beginning she sang folksongs dating from the fourteenth to the eighteen centuries culled from French, Italian, Spanish and English collections. Her interpretations merited praise, both for their quaint charm and musicianly feeling.

For the next group, Miss Gauthier isolated six songs set to Shakespeare's lines and owing their melodies to Schubert, Sullivan, Tedesco and Gurney.

Not the least unique feature of the evening were the American songs labelled "Chicago Group." The "Clark Street Bridge" (which spans the scented river of the Illinois metropolis) was one of the outstanding numbers.

—Grena Bennet (N. Y. American)

Shimmering in golden velvets, empurpled satins and pendant jewels, Eva Gauthier rejoiced a large and demonstrative gathering in Aeolian Hall last evening with a program of what was expressly termed "unusual and lovely music." It was further a program of portentous length, numbering more than thirty songs exclusive of "encores," and it called into service not only performers upon the instruments of the string quartet, but also a flute and the lowly guitar. The recital gave this inimitable artist far more than her usual opportunities for sustained and legitimate song.

Of these chances Mme. Gauthier availed herself in gratifying fashion. In an introductory group of folksongs and old airs she gave a peculiarly memorable and dashing performance of a superb "Malaguena," arranged by Kurt Schindler, and a scarcely less remarkable song of Granada by Joaquin Nin. Second only to these fiery airs of Spain were a whirling spinning song of eighteenth century England and an arch French ditty, "Les Belles Manieres," of the same epoch.

Half a dozen Shakespearian settings followed, Schu-

bert's "Hark, Hark the Lark," Arthur Sullivan's "Orpheus with His Lute" and "There the Bee Sucks," settings by Castelnuovo-Tedesco of "Sigh No More, Ladies" and "Who Is Sylvia" and one of "Under the Greenwood Tree" by a certain Ivor Gurney. The performance of Shakespearian lyrics is a laudable enterprise and deserves emulation. Some of the finest as well as least exploited efforts of English and American song composers have been in this field.

It was interesting to contrast the modern Italian settings with those of Arthur Sullivan, apart from the mere differences of period and technical idiom. The former are superficially effective trifles, but obviously the products of an imagination alien to the poetry.

The "vocal chamber music" included a lovely air of John Dowland, and Schubert's "Wiegenlied" and "Lindenbaum," the last two done with guitar accompaniment. Schubert is said to have enjoyed and even played upon this now plebeian instrument. Mme. Gauthier sang the songs with uncommon eloquence.

Music by Franck, Dukas, Schmitt, Ravel, Medtner, Stravinsky, Carpenter, Campbell-Tipton and John Beach helped further to swell the voluminous list. There was cause for thanks in the little air from Ravel's unforgettable "Heure Espagnole," which a sad fate has doomed to what looks like eternal silence in this country.

Mme. Gauthier was skillfully assisted by her various instrumentalists. Gordon Hampson played the piano accompaniments most effectively.

—*The Telegram and Evening Mail.*

THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

The Philharmonic Orchestra began its eighty-third season with its 1877th concert, under the direction of Willem Van Hoogstraten, with a program that included a modern symphony, a classic symphony and two overtures. Ottorino Respighi's *Sinfonia Drammatica* had its first New York performance at this concert. This work, composed in 1914, had its American premiere in Philadelphia last year.

Following the concert, the Philharmonic went on tour for nine concerts under Mr. Van Hoogstraten's direction. The itinerary for this annual Fall trip included Stamford, Providence, New London, New Haven, Northampton, Worcester, Holyoke, Pittsfield and Boston.

The next New York concert of the Philharmonic, following the tour, was on Wednesday evening, October 29 at Carnegie Hall, when the first of ten Students' Concerts at popular prices was given, with Mr. Van Hoogstraten conducting.

* * *

The Philharmonic Students' Concerts are entering on their third season, and as in former years, Messrs. Van Hoogstraten, Mengelberg and Hadley have contributed their services without fee for these events. The admission prices range from twenty-five to seventy-five cents with box seats at one dollar. The Philharmonic Students' Concerts were started largely through the efforts of Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer and Mrs. William Ambrose Taylor, Vice-Chairman and Treasurer, respectively, of the Auxiliary Board of the Philharmonic Society. Mrs. Guggenheimer and Mrs. Taylor obtained the funds necessary to cover the inevitable deficit involved in concerts at low admission prices in the first year, and the success of the concerts has made it possible to win general support for the undertaking.

On Wednesday evening at Carnegie Hall, the second of the Philharmonic Students' Concerts took place under the direction of Mr. Van Hoogstraten. The opening concert of this series this year attracted the largest audience in the history of these events, which have been described by one reviewer as "first class concerts at third class prices."

The Philharmonic Orchestra, directed by Willem Van Hoogstraten, began its Metropolitan Opera House series of Sunday concerts the afternoon of November 9th with a program which included Beethoven's Seventh

Symphony, the Prelude to "Lohengrin" and the Saint-Saens Piano Concerto, No. 4. Guiomar Novaes, making her second appearance of the season with the Philharmonic, was soloist.

* * *

The concerts for children, to be given this season by the Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Ernest Schelling, who will not only lead the players but also lecture at the piano, will be known as the Philharmonic Junior Concerts. These concerts will take place on Saturday mornings and Saturday afternoons, the morning concerts being arranged for children from public and parochial schools and the afternoon series for children from private schools. There will be five concerts in each series, and the programs in the two sets of concerts will be identical.

Among the boxholders for the Saturday afternoon series are Mrs. George F. Baker, Jr., Mrs. C. N. Bliss, Mrs. Fulton Cutting, Mrs. Joseph P. Grace, Mrs. W. R. Grace, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. W. A. Harriman, Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Mrs. Charles E. Mitchell, Mrs. Frank L. Polk, Mrs. John T. Pratt, Mrs. Schuyler Schieffelin, and Mrs. Arthur Woods.

* * *

Louis Manoly of the bass section of the Philharmonic Orchestra begins his forty-fifth season with the orchestra this year. Mr. Manoly has been for many years a member of the Board of Directors of the orchestra. Mr. Manoly is a member of the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art.

* * *

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY

A portion of Lazare Saminsky's Biblical ballet "The Lament of Rachael," conducted by the composer, will have a place on the program of the New York Symphony Orchestra scheduled for Sunday afternoon, November 23, and will be performed for the first time in America. The piece is written for female chorus and orchestra, the music being based on religious melodies and old traditional hymns of Hebrew and Yemmenites of Palestine gathered by the composer during his oriental travels. Portions of the ballet were played by the Colonne Orchestra in Paris last year.

* * *

The Musical Digest has acquired exclusive rights to publish the Official History of the Symphony Society of New York by C. E. Le Massena, the first instalment of which appeared in the issue of October 14. It will be run serially every week until completed.

Critics Differ as to "Pacific 231" For

The audience which attended the first concert of the season by the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, in Carnegie Hall, had been informed in advance, in no uncertain terms, that Arthur Honegger's symphonic movement "Pacific 231" would be heard for the first time in this city, and that the piece was a "musical description of a locomotive rushing across a continent at midnight."

The methods followed, appropriately enough, in this announcement, attracted numbers of the curious who came in to hear Honegger's piece and promptly left when it was over, though there were such masterpieces as Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Vaughan Williams's *Fantasie on a Theme of Thomas Tallis*—music of haunting loveliness and imagination—and d'Indy's superb "Istar" variations, also to be heard. They did not matter. The people wanted to hear the "locomotive," and even blasé critics, troubled by many concerts, did leg work so that they might arrive on time to describe the much advertised tone-picture to an expectant public.

This is the piece previously introduced by Serge Kusewitsky in Europe and America, of which the composer himself remarked that he had always loved locomotives passionately, "as others love women or horses;"

that he wished to convey "not the noise of an engine, but the visual impression and physical sensation of it." And so there is the suggestion of the monster in repose, just breathing; then the start, in heavy, chunking chords low in the orchestra; then the gradual acceleration, and generation of a fragment of joyous song. This is as successful a balance of realistic and genuinely musical ideas as we have encountered in the concert room. The suggestion of it is unmistakable, and is accomplished with expert technic, with a well-developed harmonic idiom and a thorough knowledge and ingenious employment of the orchestra. But we have more than the imitation of a noise. We have music, youthful, energetic, full of laughter. The units of rhythmic energy cohere and develop in the most organic manner to the moment when great smashing chords bring the end.

The composition need not be taken portentously or as the discovery of a new phase of art; it is rather a highly amusing "jeu d'esprit," and a sign of perhaps the healthiest, most genuine and optimistic spirit of that group of composers who formerly advertised themselves as the Paris "Six." From this group Honegger has swung off at a tangent, in a manner that betokens a talent probably more sincere and original than those which formerly surrounded it. One listened to his score, and could not help remembering the stocky figure, the boyish face, the laughter of the man as he talked of everything in heaven or earth on a street corner one midnight last Summer in Paris.

"Pacific 231" was not the only novel offering of an uncommonly interesting program. Mr. Damrosch played, also for the first time here, Bernardino Molinari's orchestration of the piano piece of Debussy, "L'Isle Joyeuse." It is a good instrumentation, keeping very closely to the original text, yet coloring it skillfully and in the Debussy manner; and it is beautiful music, a little sensual, in the Watteau manner; music that might have been wafted from the Island of Cythera.

—Olin Downes.

And Against

Locomotive stock was active last night in West Fifty-seventh Street. Wall Street did not have everything its own way. This occasion was the opening concert in Carnegie Hall of the season of the Symphony Society, with Walter Damrosch at the throttle. Little Artie Honegger, who always loved to play with locomotives better than with girls, finally composed a piece about a mogul "Pacific 231," and this was one of the two novelties on the program. The other was Debussy's "L'Isle Joyeuse," which some people think is Bermuda, others Cuba and still others Ireland.

Mr. Honegger has said that he had no desire to give a musical imitation of a locomotive, but to reproduce the "visual impression and physical sensation of it," a perfectly legitimate undertaking. Detailed technical descriptions of the composition have been published but they strike the writer as unnecessary. He searched the program in vain for the expected line, "Mr. Honegger uses the Baldwin." They did in Wall Street. For the rest we hear hissing steam while the engine stands, laboring double basses when it starts and a genial hullo when the train is making seventy miles an hour.

There is no reason in the world why a man should not compose a piece of music about a locomotive or a White Star steamer or a Toonerville trolley car or an electric separator. The only question is "Did it make him create some good music?" Of course one might preach appropriately about the substitution of material for spiritual ideals, but since this is a lamentably materialistic time musicians are as likely to be

writing about four wheel swivelling bogie trucks as about hyperprisms. Mr. Honegger succeeded in demonstrating that double basses could imitate the puffing of an engine, and that a general orchestral uproar might serve for a delineation of a train rushing through something like the Hoosac tunnel, or over a bridge with the longest span in the world (Bellows Falls, Vt.)

But it was amazingly poor music and assuredly not worth talking about. Another of the boisterous physical compositions which have recently invaded the realm of musical art, this one will soon be forgotten. There was an audience of good size, which apparently preferred the old fashioned music of Beethoven to the orchestral disguise of Debussy or the instrumentation of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean.

* * * —W. J. Henderson.

Paul Kochanski, violinist, Harold Samuels, pianist and George Barrere, flutist, appeared at the concert of the Beethoven Association given in Aeolian Hall, Monday evening, October 27.

The "Suite Populaire Espagnole" by Manuel de Falla, which Paul Kochanski will introduce to American audiences this season, consists of six numbers based on six songs and arranged for violin and piano by Kochanski and the composer during the former's trip to Andalusia. "Tzigane," rhapsodie de concert, by Maurice Ravel, will be another novelty on these programs.

These will also figure on the program of his first New York recital scheduled at Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of December 13.

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