

FAITH

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A GLIMPSE INTO MEDIEVAL ART

By Mignon Fox

The most recent afternoon spent at the Metropolitan Museum of Art under the able and charming guidance of Miss Abbott, proved—as all those preceding it—most interesting and enjoyable.

We were led directly into the main hall of the old wing of the Museum. Here we paused before a splendid model of the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris, upon which Miss Abbott gave a number of illuminating remarks—leading to a more detailed discussion of the historic and artistic facts of this period which lasted from 1200 to 1500.

Architecture at this time was the principal mode of expression—the Gothic style dominating and covering the greater part of that period. In these forms of architecture we see “mass” employed primarily. Just as “mass” was the outstanding feature of the gigantic pyramids of ancient Egypt, are these buildings of the middle ages imposing in dimensions; indeed, one almost feels the presence of such a mighty structure. Let us imagine ourselves beholding one with its slanting roofs and piercing spires bathed in a silvery moonlight, clearly outlined against a sky of no end in blueness and depth. What an inspiration to the mortals who created it! The purpose of these buildings was to convey a meaning to the observer, the ornamental elements—such as the statues, bas-reliefs, friezes, moldings, buttresses and carved ornaments, all elegant in formation—carrying this even to a higher degree and serving the people as instructively as books. Such care was given to details that at times we even find the texture enhanced with color. The Gothic style was based on the principle of the arch that contains an element of life which we find so ably expressed by the oriental proverb—“The arch that never sleeps.”

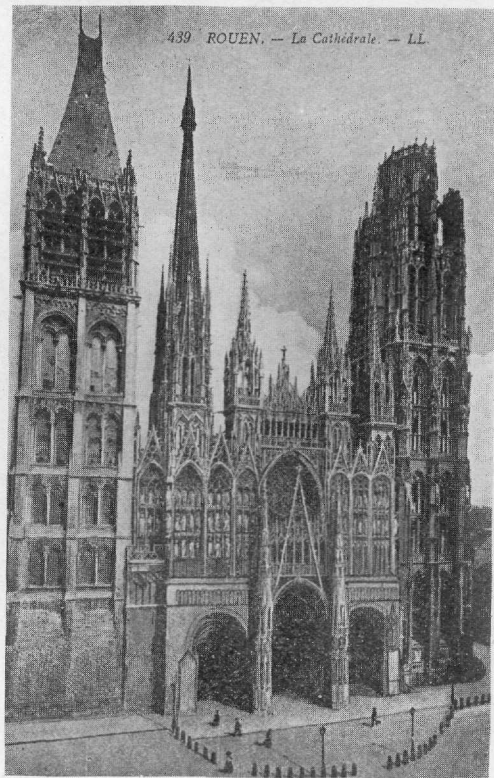
The shortness and intensity of this period are striking. It was a time when the Church was the only social center. The scene of the mystery plays was really the communal theatre.

It is interesting to consider the changes from the Romanesque style, so vigorous and masculine, to the graceful and elegant feminine Gothic style; and to think of its inherited Greco-Roman and Oriental Byzantine elements. All Medieval art presents a two-fold meaning, an outward physical sign and an inward spiritual grace, here again showing evidence of the eternal conflict which the artist experiences in representing a spiritual thought through a material medium—a problem from which the art of music is free. The Romanesque art always embodied some philosophic thought whereas the Gothic tends to realism, something more transient. The statues of the classical period afford us an interesting example of the intention to portray the ephemeral instead of the spiritual and lasting. Toward the end of this period we find realism carried to the extreme. The social

feeling is brought out admirably in so far as all Gothic sculpture is anonymous—communal.

A wondrous rhythm vibrates through all that Gothic art expresses. The period was intensely emotional yet realistic; we find an unexpected motive of design which often surprises and either charms or displeases. It is an art full of shocks, illustrating the romantic type of mind in that day. Nevertheless the whole feeling was one that was deeply religious, and we find everything in some way connected with the ecclesiastics.

This style transcended the limits of the Church and adapted itself readily to the needs of the home; one example is that of the Hall of Kent, England, of which there is an exquisite little model. It even made itself felt in the costumes of the people—one of the most obvious instances being the pointed hats, symbolizing the tall tapering spires of the cathedral.



The arch that never sleeps and spires that point to heaven.

One can only lament the shortness of that bi-monthly hour allotted to this little group from the Institute of Musical Art spent in the quiet halls with our art treasures under the spell of the comprehensive lecture so interestingly given by Miss Abbott.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN

From the Writings of Richard Wagner

Translated for the Baton

By Mrs. Frank Damrosch

Part IV

"I quite believe," said Beethoven, "that my work is more sympathetic to Northern Germany. The Viennese often irritate me. They hear so much poor stuff daily, that they are unable to be seriously interested in any earnest work."

I contradicted this in telling him that I had been present at yesterday's performance of "Fidelio" and that the Vienna audience had received it with great enthusiasm.

"Hm, hm!" growled the master, "'Fidelio'. I happen to know that it is their conceit that makes the people applaud, because they flatter themselves that I followed their advice in revising this opera. Now to reward me, they cry bravo! They are a good-natured people and not very learned and so I would rather stay with them than with clever ones. Do you like my 'Fidelio' now?"

I told him of the impression yesterday's performance had made on me and that the new numbers added greatly to the beauty of the whole. "It's unpleasant work," Beethoven replied. "I am not an opera composer; at least I know of no theatre in the world for which I would care to write another opera! If I were to write an opera that would satisfy me, the public would run away from it. In it there would be no arias, duets or trios or any of the stuff with which they patch an opera together nowadays. And what I would put into it, no singer would sing and no audience would listen to. They only appreciate brilliant lies, dazzling nonsense and sugar-coated boredom. He who would write a true musical drama, would be called a fool and in truth would be one, unless he kept what he had written to himself."

"And how would one go to work to create such a music drama?" I asked excitedly.

"What Shakespeare did, when he wrote his plays," Beethoven answered almost passionately. "He who has to write for females with passable voices who want to adorn themselves with all sorts of gay finery in order to be applauded, had better be a Parisian ladies' tailor and not a dramatic composer. I, for my part, am not made for such tomfoolery. I know perfectly well that the clever folks think that I may know something about instrumental music, but that I would never understand how to write for the voice. They are perfectly right, for to them vocal music means only opera music, and heaven forbid that I should ever feel myself at home in that field."

Here I allowed myself the question whether he really believed that any one who had heard his "Adelaide" would dare to deny that he was also a marvelous composer of song.

"Well," he replied after a pause, "'Adelaide' and things of that sort are after all only trifles that give the professional virtuoso a chance to exhibit his excellent skill. But why should not vocal music take its place as a great and serious thing, to be respected by frivolous songbirds, as for instance a symphony is by the musicians of the orchestra. The human voice exists. Yes, it is a far more beautiful and more noble means of expression than any instrument of an orchestra. Should not one be able to work with it as independently as with any of these? What entirely new results one would be able to produce! The very nature of the peculiarities that differentiate the human voice from all instruments could be brought out and held fast and could bring forth the most manifold combinations."

"In the instruments is represented the elemental in nature, but what they express can never be absolutely determined because they give back the primitive feelings that came out of the chaos of creation, when possibly there were not even human beings in existence whose hearts they could speak to. The human voice has quite another guardian angel—it shows forth the human heart and expresses its innermost individual feelings. Its characteristics are therefore restricted but determined and lucid. And then to combine these elements and to write the two!"

"To contrast the wild elemental feelings that sweep into eternity, as played by the instruments with the clear direct sensations of the human heart as only the human voice is capable of rendering. The acquisition of this second element will react favorably and consolingly on the primeval struggles and will guide them to a certain and united whole. And the human heart will, as it absorbs these primeval forces, expand and grow strong and be able to replace its former distant vision of the highest, with clear and holy understanding."

Rather exhausted, Beethoven stopped for a moment, then with a sigh, continued: "In the endeavor to carry out this task one naturally comes across many problems. To sing, words are needed. But who is there who could express in words poetry that would be the fundamental foundation of these various elements? Before long, you will hear a new composition of mine, that will remind you of all I have just said. It is a choral symphony. It was difficult to find appropriate words. I finally decided to take our Schiller's beautiful hymn, the 'Ode to Joy'. This is at all events, a noble and uplifting poem, although it is far from saying satisfactorily, that, which in this case, no verses in the world can express."

To this day I can hardly realize my happiness in receiving from Beethoven himself, the suggestions which helped me to understand his gigantic last symphony. It was at that time barely finished and as yet had been heard by no one. I thanked him with all my heart and at the same time told him what an enchanting surprise it was to hear that the world could look forward to a great new work of his. Tears filled my eyes—I could have knelt before him.

Beethoven seemed to notice my emotion. He looked at me half mournfully and with a rather sarcastic little smile said: "You can defend me when my new composition is discussed. Do not forget me;—the clever ones will say I am mad—at least will tell the world so. But you will know, Mr. R—, that I am no madman although unhappy enough to be one. The world demands of me to write what it imagines to be beautiful and good, forgetting that I, poor deaf one, must have my own peculiar thoughts and that I can only compose as I feel. And that I can neither think nor feel their beautiful things," he added ironically, "is alas, my misfortune!"

With this he arose and with short quick steps walked up and down the room. Moved to the innermost depths, I also arose; I knew that I trembled. I felt unable to continue the conversation either by gesture or writing. I was aware that the moment had arrived when the master tired of my visit. I could not bring myself to put down on paper my deep appreciation and farewell; I contented myself with taking my hat and, standing before Beethoven, let him read my soul. He understood me. "You want to leave," he asked. "Do you intend to spend some time in Vienna?"

I wrote down, that the sole object of this journey had been my visit to him, and that he had deemed me worthy of such an unusual reception made me happy beyond words, and having fulfilled my quest I was ready to begin my journey back.

Smilingly he replied, "You wrote to me of the way in which you had earned the money for this journey; you should remain in Vienna and write polkas; here such wares are worth a good deal."

I explained that I was through with all that, as I knew of no other purpose that was worth such a sacrifice.

"Well, well," he replied—"we shall see! Old fool that I am, it would be better too for me to write polkas. What I do now means constant poverty. A pleasant journey to you; think of me now and then and comfort yourself with the thought that you and I are fellow sufferers." Moved to tears, I was about to take my departure when he called to me—"Wait! let us first settle the musical gentleman! Let us see where to put the crosses." With that he took the Englishman's score, smilingly gave it a hasty reading, refolded it carefully, placed it in a sheet of paper, seized a heavy music pen and covered the outside paper with one colossal cross. He handed

it to me with the words, "Please return this masterpiece to the fortunate one! He is an ass, but I envy him his long ears! Farewell dear friend and continue to love me!" He dismissed me, and deeply affected I left his room and house.

On my return to the hotel I found the Englishman's servant arranging his master's luggage in the traveling carriage. Well, he too had accomplished his object, and I had to confess that he also had shown endurance.

I hurried to my room to make preparations for the morrow's journey. I laughed aloud as I looked at the cross on the cover of the Englishman's score. Nevertheless this mark was a remembrance of Beethoven and I begrudged it to the wicked demon of my pilgrimage. Instantly I arrived at a decision. I returned the English-



Beethoven

man's score without a cover, accompanied with a note in which I told him that Beethoven envied him and had declared he did not know where to mark his score with a cross.

As I left the Inn, I saw my former companion step into his carriage. "Goodbye," he called to me, "you have done me a great service. I am delighted to have met Mr. Beethoven. Do you want to go with me to Italy?" I asked, "What do you seek there?" "I want to meet Mr. Rossini; he is a very famous composer," he answered.

"Good luck to you," I cried. "I have met Beethoven—that is enough for my lifetime!" Each went his way. With one more longing look at Beethoven's house, I turned my steps to the north—my heart uplifted and ennobled.

The End.

W. A. MOZART—DEFENDANT

By Alfred T. Adams

The frequent waywardness of genius was one of the arguments used in defense of two young men accused of murder. Clever and highly paid law manipulators, always resourceful and not always scrupulous (see Rabelais on Lawyers), to lend weight to their case, dragged in, among others, the names of Shelley and Mozart. Being prone to gross inaccuracy outside their own line—a fault all too common—it was carelessly asserted that Mozart was such a shiftless, lazy man that his untimely death in the early thirties was due to that cause.

Mozart shiftless! Shelley a hardened criminal—"He had committed every crime in the calendar before he reached twenty," said they. It surely *does* sound forceful, convincing and authoritative, coming in deep-throated tones from an impressive looking individual, whose portrait may be found on cigarette ads or in optician's display windows. How we Americans do love impressive *bunk*, no matter if it be a hundred miles from the facts. We are not alone in that failing, for I find a keen French thinker, La Bruyere, who wrote in the latter part of the second half of the seventeenth century (Bach and Haendel's birth year is 1685), saying—"Eloquence makes one capable. . . . of making listeners believe anything one pleases." Logic has to do with approaches to Truth.

A recent notable series of debates between two churchmen illustrates La Bruyere's point. One man orated, fumed, ranted, stormed, frowned, shouted, intoned, etc. He pulled out the tremolostop of Eloquence and stepped on the crescendo pedal of Bombast, trying to make listeners believe by mere strength of statement. The other man, coolly marshalling his facts, presented his side and usually won, because Truth needs no fiery-breathed champion, provided always there be intelligent minds capable of discerning it.

Since the criminal lawyers chose the method of the first churchman, I will choose that of the second. The power of *bunk* over the minds of the Uninformed is both amusing and irritating, so that a little ridicule in that vein, borrowed from the spell-binders' vocabulary, may not be out of place before the actual defensive work begins. I will send over a (laughing) gas-bomb before commencing my barrage. There are times when the intensity of one's feelings may be better conveyed in mockery or irony than in direct attack.

Now, my good people, you must know that pompous, paunchy, professional public purveyors of puissant poppy-cock propound frequently the most febrily foolish, fantastic, flappedoodle fallacies aimed at the prejudices, superstitions or emotions of their none too critical nor attentive audiences.

That's off my chest! This defense being of

Mozart, no more will be said about the boys on trial, nor of Shelley, whose worst fault was the possession of powerful wings of fancy, but no proportionate feeling for sordid everyday facts of life. Now that the gate to the Mozart meadow is standing invitingly open, let us stroll gently through and spend a little time picking stray ideas and facts out of the past, much as we might seek the "lovely violet" (subject of one of his songs) in the luxuriant green grass of a sheep pasture.

First, let us assume that we are correct in supposing there is a definite and vital relation between a man's character and the quality of his work. What can we find by casually examining a few of the musical compositions of this man, carelessly branded by the counsel as a shiftless, good-for-nothing music scribbler? One critic's spring survey of last year's long busy concert season, placed as the high light of the whole melange a Frenchman's performance of a violin concerto conceived and written by this base, unworthy Salzburg fellow. Our own Doctor Damosch told us during an orchestra rehearsal that, along with Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Mozart's *Don Juan* was one of the few great operas that should be known, and well known at that, by any pretender to the title of Musician.

There is little need to enlarge on the obvious, so we may now pass on to another phase. The illusion is still cherished (by those who haven't themselves tried it) that musical composition, or for that matter, poem writing, drama creation or cathedral designing, is only a beautiful down-fluttering of boundless inspiration from the fleecy clouds above Parnassus. Until sad experience teaches them otherwise, they may be reminded of the saying, "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," and Mrs. Mary Austin has said that pains must first be felt before they can be taken. Mozart's music is so perfect in form, delicate in feeling and refined in detail that any good musician will tell you that he is taxed to the limits of his artistic resources to meet its demands in performance. The man's artistry was exquisite; there is never a note out of place, nor is there any carelessly written passage to be found or condemned.

If Mozart's makeup had been less completely artistic, but had included a dash of practical, as well, it is very possible he would have been less a victim of sordid Necessity. Those who once were child prodigies have seldom learned the hard, material lessons of life. Or, had he, like some men now living, been able to steer his life's boat into the snug harbor of an advantageous marriage with wealth, then no counsel for the defense could have raked in his name. A really shiftless, "no-account" man will be respected by the multitude if he makes a good showing, has

a bold front and is well dressed, for nobody asks who signs the checks. I insist that a man's worth is his works and that he should not be judged by his frantic, futile and tragic efforts to adjust himself to conditions under which he *must* live, but which he fails to understand.

The whole thing resolves itself into a question of the relation of Art to material things, especially finance. General Dawes, Richard Strauss and Irving Berlin are three persons whose names come to my mind who have at one and the same time an understanding of music and finance. There may be others, but few and far between. How, then, are the less fortunate (because not dually-gifted) creators of things artistic to be adequately paid for their contributions to civilization? Mozart was most undeniably not recompensed for the creations he



Young Mozart

achieved. Other instances more modern are those of Claude Debussy, Moritz Moskowski and Max Bruch. Likewise Schiller, Francis Thompson (an English poet becoming at last recognized) and our own Griffes come in that same class. More fortunately, Goethe, Beethoven and Wagner had patrons, at least part of the time, who gladly did for them what they richly deserved. Brahms was able so to turn the tables that the publishers printed his music at a loss, making up the deficit by profits on Carl Bohm and other popular writers.

In this materialistic age we need to ask ourselves, "What really is of the most permanent, lasting value, toward which our efforts may be most worthily bent, after all?" Is Opulence, or Wealth, as the popular conception seems to be, actually the best thing, the last word, in desirability? Should we not rather choose the

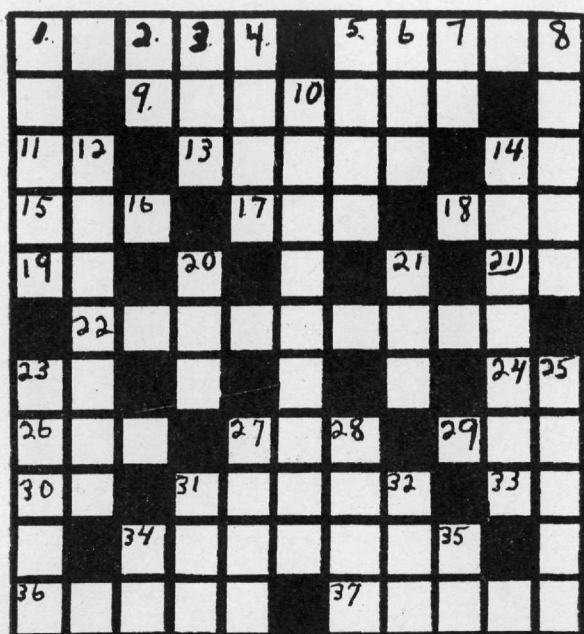
pursuit of Culture, in the best sense; for Riches are, in themselves, scarcely a worthy goal, unless they open the way for wisely used leisure, opportunity to develop oneself broadly, to absorb a part of the best and lastly to help spread the influence of science, literature and the arts. There are certain men of wealth who have seen Art's crying need for help and have come to the rescue generously. Their help has been most opportune, and emphasizes the callousness of the indifference of the huge majority of people; an indifference based on lack of understanding of the relative importance of the finer things to those more ordinary. It surely seems that the public which so keenly relishes base ball and prize fighting has an aversion toward making the mental and spiritual effort to rise out of its commonplace, comfortable mediocrity in response to the demands made upon the higher self by the arts. This is one of the stone walls across the path of a possible socialization of art. Sports, being more obvious and requiring less from the onlooker, have become successful to a high degree, through the high-efficiency commercialization which they enjoy, while Art, less fortunate, must labor along under the handicap of being usually too subtle in its appeal to attract the masses. I must add that a crowd of 12,000 to hear (and see) the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven is an encouraging sign.

Mozart, Music, Wealth, Sociology, all bound together, although most people have seldom seen any connection among the four. Isn't it only fair, just and right that a man who contributes so much to Civilization should be taken care of in some way if he be deficient in his Materialism Complex? Granted that there is a difficulty in knowing which men are the really worthy creative geniuses living as one's contemporaries, it is safe to say that the work of all the men mentioned was recognized as good while they yet lived. For a thousand years or more the Church fostered the arts and protected and provided for her artists, yes, even stretched a point once in a while, as in the cases of Fra Filippo Lippi and the notorious Benvenuto Cellini. That custom had died out by the time Mozart was born and no other scheme has taken its place except that of Providing Angels, a colloquial name for patrons of the arts and especially the drama. Well, from the Church to Angels is not so bad. Without these generous patrons there will no doubt be re-enacted tragedies like that of Mozart.

As a Codetta with a da capo flavor, let me say that the pompous lawyers might better use their Eloquence to arraign and scathingly rebuke the public for its gross neglect of obvious duty. There can hardly be greater injustice than criticizing a man for defects (real or imaginary) when there would have been absolutely no ground for such complaint had these same critics first *done* their duty, or realized that others had shirked their moral obligations. What the future will reveal along these lines is an interesting guess.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE

By Marianne Smith



Key to Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

- 1—Group of students.
 5—19th century German pianist.
 9—Departure from life.
 11—A State (initials).
 13—A dance.
 14—Tone of the scale.
 15—A period of time.
 17—Term used in golf.
 18—To do.
 19—550.
 21—Mas. pronoun.
 22—Mr. Wedge's slogan (sentence).
 23—A cleaning fluid.
 24—A compliment to be returned.
 26—Limited (abbr.).
 27—Please turn over (a leaf or page) abbr.
 29—Partook of nourishment.
 30—A common digraph.
 31—A theatrical entertainment.
 33—Same as No. 30, backwards.
 34—Dress material.
 36—To glide.
 37—Prepared.

VERTICAL

- 1—Subdued.
 2—After the year one.
 3—First syllable of a number.
 4—Term frequently used in addressing cats.
 5—Foundation.
 7—French article.
 8—Inscribe.

- 10—Rudimentary.
 12—Flying, light (Musical term).
 14—Pianist and composer born in Jutland in 1850.
 20—A luminous orb.
 21—To increase.
 23—Bivalve mollusks.
 25—Of abundant foliage.
 27—Nickname for Prudence.
 28—First name of a Persian poet.
 31—To clip off—according to the dictionary!
 32—Form of verb to be.
 34—Exclamation of reproof.
 35—What the baby says to Father.

THE LYRIC BAEDEKER

For those planning a Summer abroad.

(Paris)

The Taxicabs of Paris
 Malevolently squeal,
 They leap around the corner
 Upon a single wheel;
 It's up to you to dodge them,
 For if you dare to fail
 And get yourself run over,
 They put you into jail.

The Taxicab of Paris
 Is built for jolts and knocks;
 Its sire was a motor,
 Its dam a drygoods box;
 It wasn't born for beauty,
 But just to travel fast;
 It may not have a future,
 But what an awful past!

The Taxicabs of Paris
 Are used to war's alarms;
 They laugh at regulations,
 They hoot at Johnny Darms.
 The Johnny Darms may beckon
 And wave their white-gloved hands,—
 The Taxicabs of Paris
 Obey their *own* commands.

The Taxicab of Paris
 Will rush to any *rue*
 Or *gare* or *parc* or *jardin*
 Or *place* or *avenue*—
 Unless, as sometimes happens,
 An accident prevents,—
 And if you are not careful
 May charge you twenty cents.

Oh, Taxicabs of Paris
 Careening up and down!
 You are not painted yellow,
 Nor black-and-white, nor brown.
 But though your only motto
 Is speed without control,
 The Taxicabs of Paris
 Go scooting through my soul.

—Arthur Guiterman.

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ANNUAL PUBLIC CONCERT OF THE INSTITUTE

On Wednesday evening, February 25th, the Institute gave its Twelfth Annual Students' Concert at Aeolian Hall. The program included Beethoven's Overture, "Egmont"; the first movement of Brahms' Violin Concerto with Franz Höne as soloist; a group of a *cappella* choruses by the Madrigal Choir; the first movement of Rachmaninoff's Concerto in C minor, Anna Levitt at the piano; and finally "Les Préludes" of Liszt. The orchestra numbers were conducted by Willem Willeke; the Brahms Concerto by Franz Kneisel; the Rachmaninoff Concerto by Dr. Damrosch, and the Madrigal Choir by Margarete Dessoff. The program was thrilling. The orchestra pulsed with vitality throughout the evening in the way we expect from a professional organization. Particular praise should be given to both soloists for their poise and simplicity of execution. The richness and variety of the program made its brevity most regrettable. The genuine enthusiasm and marked co-operation of everyone removed all sense of student-performance, giving altogether the impression of professional ease and manner. It was a pleasure to see Dr. Damrosch conducting the Rachmaninoff Concerto, and some one suggested that we petition Dr. Damrosch and the Board of Trustees for more frequent public concerts—perhaps every week or so! *William Knapp.*

INSTITUTE'S ANNUAL TEA DANCE

Every year when the Junior Orchestra gives its recital, the Institute becomes festive and frivolous in following the concert by a Tea Dance. This season, instead of occurring as formerly on Washington's Birthday, the affair took place on Saturday afternoon, March 14th.

RECEPTION TO Mlle. BOULANGER

The reception to Mlle. Nadia Boulanger on the afternoon of February 27th was a brilliant and well attended affair. After a short musical program, Dr. Damrosch addressed the audience. He stated that art, and musical art in particular, is international and therefore cannot be exclusive to any country or race. And it is also not limited to one sex as Myra Hess, Novaes and others prove. Among the greatest musicians and teachers, (the latter being perhaps the most worthy of attainments) stands Nadia Boulanger.

Mlle. Boulanger graciously responded with a few words, after which everyone adjourned to the Lunch Room for tea.

—Victor Bowes.

ANSWER TO NUMERICAL ENIGMA IN LAST ISSUE

"Music appeals primarily to the senses but does not tarry there, forcing a way to the soul."

Ernest Pauer in "The Beautiful in Music."

APRIL FOOL ISSUE

All readers are invited to send jokes or accounts of amusing incidents in their musical experience, for the next issue of the Baton which will be entirely humorous.

NOT BLARNEY

We somehow feel that the Irish have a part ownership in the month of March because of St. Patrick's Day on the 17th and probably also because all shop windows seem to blossom in emerald green at this time. We dedicate the front page of this issue of the Baton to St. Patrick, refreshingly depicted by Ruth Cairns, not as the hoary sage we usually imagine, but as the handsome youth he must have been.

This brings our thoughts to Irish music. Few probably realize with what lavish richness Ireland has poured out her heart in both melody and poetry. There is an abundance of Irish folk-music which is deemed by eminent musicians as the finest in existence, ranging as it does over the whole gamut of human emotion. The haunting melodies are unsurpassed in poetic charm. A poignant sadness permeates their music. If occasionally it seems to make merry, a tear ever lurks behind the smile. Celtic poetry, it is said, has been drenched in the dew of natural magic, which is evident to a peculiar degree in the melodies of the Emerald Isle. May that eerie, wistful music never die.

—D. C.

AT ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL

"Mr. Elman, you're off the key!"

"There, there, Mr. Bach, don't fly off the Handel."

—Dartmouth Jack O' Lantern.

LIFE'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Saxophone—A musical instrument with a single reed and clarinet mouth. Much in vogue at cabarets and restaurants and employed to conceal the anguished cries of the customers who have received their checks.

MIRRORS OF THE INSTITUTE

More Interviews with Members of The Faculty

By Molly Pearson

A VALUABLE ARTIST OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY

George Meader, Vocal Department.

Born in Minneapolis and a law graduate of the University of Minnesota, Mr. Meader has always been a singer. As a boy he earned no small reputation as a soprano, and while in college he was tenor soloist with the glee club. His entire vocal training was gained through study with Mme. Schoen-René in Minneapolis.

Although pursuing a law course, the young tenor had determined upon a singing career and after graduation he went abroad to study opera in Germany. During his several years in Europe Mr. Meader sang with practically every

musical intelligence, and his singing is an exposition of high qualities." Thus wrote Mr. Aldrich in the New York Times following George Meader's first song recital of the season, 1920-21. This American tenor, according to the Herald's critic, Mr. W. J. Henderson, "is one of the most interesting and excellent artists in his line heard in this city for some time. To describe his technical equipment in detail would be superfluous. It is sufficient to say that he produces tone normally, colors it cunningly, grades it delicately and employs it always with a view to style and interpretation."

Mr. Meader has been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company since 1921. He has given memorable impersonations in *The Meistersinger*, *Rheingold*, *Siegfried*, *Tristan*, *Così Fan Tutti* and *Tales of Hoffmann*.

INFLUENCED BY PALESTRINA

Carl Friedberg, Piano Department

Bingen is my birth-place. My early career was influenced by hearing the works of Palestrina. I studied with Louwerse, Kwast, and Clara Schumann. I made extensive concert tours through all parts of Europe and conducted a master-class in Cologne. In 1916 I was engaged by Dr. Damrosch to join the faculty of the Institute. I do concert work in the United States and am at present revising Mozart and Brahms for a publishing house. My compositions have been published abroad and at Fischer's in New York. I have known Brahms, Diemer, and scores of other famous people—musicians, poets, writers, politicians. This is my career.

THE "FIDDLING SINGER"

Rosalie Miller, Vocal Department

Memphis, Tennessee, way down in Dixie, is my home town. I began studying the violin at the age of five, for the simple reason that a violin looked pretty in my hands. I spent a few months at the Institute as a pupil of Edouard Dethier and went to Vienna in 1911 to continue with Sevcik. Here my voice was discovered by Bruno Walter. In 1913 I was awarded a scholarship at the Royal Akademie für Musik, and in the spring of that year, the widow of Johann Strauss introduced me to Marianne Brandt, who took me as her only pupil. I accompanied her to the Bavarian Highlands that summer, and I feel that she taught me all I know about the art of singing. The following autumn I met Felix Weingartner and Lucille Marcel who sent me to Jean De Reszke in Paris. I studied there just six weeks when the war broke out. I then returned to America and studied with Sembrich, and when she became ill, I continued with Ryder-Kelsey and Julius Meyer. All the time I kept up the violin. Helen Jeffrey and I played the Bach Double Concerto at Harvard, Princeton and Yale with a

*A Nuremberg Nocturne!*

David (one of Meader's famous roles) punishing Beckmesser.

opera company in Germany, Holland and Switzerland, also appearing in England both as a recital giver and in oratorio. At the outbreak of the war he was detained in Germany, but eventually succeeded in reaching Switzerland, where he was obliged to remain until the signing of the armistice.

When Mr. Meader came before the American public he was instantly accorded a distinguished place. In concerts throughout the country his singing left a vivid impression.

"He is an admirable artist, possessing not only an excellent lyric voice, but also a beautifully finished art, a penetrating feeling for style, a

part of the New York Symphony Orchestra. I also gave a program of Brahms' songs with Arthur Whiting in studio recitals in New York. Since my New York debut in 1918 I have appeared with the New York Symphony, the Philharmonic Orchestra, the St. Louis Symphony and the Detroit Symphony. Also made two appearances at the Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House; was soloist at the Maine Festival; at Chautauqua, New York; and a guest with the San Carlo Opera Company. During the past three years I have sung all over Europe in opera and concert.

I have studied how to present songs with Yvette Guilbert; German repertoire I acquired with Toller, director of the Dresden Opera; acting under Mme. Danbé (the only woman director of the Opera Comique), and also with Speck and Miss Dillon in New York.

Among my musical associates have been Walter Damrosch, Mr. and Mrs. Mannes (who called me the "fiddling singer" and the "singing fiddler"), Richard Epstein, Frieda Hempel, Godowsky, Matzenauer, Elman, Erich Korngold (with whom I gave a concert in Paris last spring), and so many other celebrities that it is hard to name them.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK

George Gartlan, Supervisors' Department

If all my history were published, I would be arrested; but since you won't insist on every detail, I'll tell you the principal facts. I was born in New York City right down the street from the Institute. Nobody in my family ever followed music in any way; but I always had a desire to know and do music. But at the time when most people study music, I gave it up to go to college. When I was 18 years old, I decided that I really wanted to follow it as a profession. My general education was received at Harvard, Columbia and City College. I studied theory with Gustave Hinrichs and Herman Goldstein, piano with Samuel Aronson who was a pupil of Rubinstein, organ with Edmund Hurley, and music history with Daniel Gregory Mason. I know a great many musical celebrities—some of the pianists are Bauer and Hofmann; I have played for Werrenrath and McCormack and know Scotti very well. Among the conductors, I might mention Walter Damrosch and Stokowski. I have published some songs, a number of public school music books including the Universal Series which I wrote in conjunction with Walter Damrosch and Karl Gehrken. I came to the Institute because the "boss" asked me to. In addition to my work here, I am Director of Music for the City of New York, write special articles for the Musical Courier, am Music Editor of Child Life and of two publishing houses. As you see, I am kept very busy.

DESCENDED FROM A KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE

Marguerite Merlin Albro, Department of Languages.

"La Belle France" is my native land. I was born in Burgundy in the year 18— (my memory for dates is the poorest). I was told that I descended in direct line from "l'Enchanteur Merlin," the famous and celebrated Knight of the Round Table. Having no proof to the contrary, I like to believe it, and if I boast of it, it is because I have probably little else to boast of.

At the age of seven, my family moved to Paris where I was brought up and educated. Although very fond of music, I never showed much ambition in that line, but for many years, I had to practice the piano, so I used to play fairly well.

My great desire was to go on the stage, and for that purpose, I had to study French diction. My teacher was a friend and pupil of "La Divine Sarah" whom I met quite often and who was a great inspiration to me. She was most encouraging but this dream, like most dreams, was never realized. Any way, I never regretted the time I spent studying, as it has enabled me to help some artists, especially singers, in this country.

I came to New York on a pleasure trip with a friend of mine and stayed, finding a good field for my instruction. A well known singing teacher recommended me to Dr. Damrosch who accepted me right away when the Institute was founded some twenty years ago; and here I am still, hoping to continue the work I enjoy so much, for many more years. Besides I feel quite flattered to be among such a group of eminent artists in all lines, at the head of whom is our dear Director.

TOURED IN MODERN PRAIRIE SCHOONER

Charles Seeger, Department of Lectures.

I was born in Mexico City, though my parents were Americans. They returned to the United States when I was six months old.

The first thing that I did in connection with music was to pick out Yankee Doodle on the piano with one finger. But I was given very little training along musical lines, because my parents desired that I should become a business man. After studying at Harvard, I changed my ambitions rapidly.

In 1908 I graduated and travelled abroad a couple of years. I studied with various teachers, but most of my time was spent in the Cologne Opera House, learning in the school of hard knocks what the Institute students have served out to them on golden platters. I came back to America and when I was twenty-five was made head of the Department of Music at the University of California.

After seven stormy years of this my health failed and I decided to rusticate. I built myself

an automobile trailer and travelled from town to town, giving concerts with my wife. About this time, when life in a modern prairie schooner seemed the most ideal thing on earth, I received an invitation from Dr. Damrosch to come to the Institute.

I have written various compositions. Among these are songs, chamber music and orchestral music, including two pageants for full orchestra, which were performed in California. I have written many articles on musicology subjects in the *Music Quarterly* and other magazines.

ORGANIST AT NOTED LONDON CHURCH

Becket Gibbs, Department of Lectures

I was born at Worthing, Sussex, England. Musical influences were at work from my very birth, both my parents being good musicians. I was soloist in a church choir until I was fifteen and I studied organ from the age of twelve. I was a resident pupil of Dr. William Stevenson Hoyte, of the Royal College of Music, London, and later I studied at Paris, Brussels and Cologne. I specialized in church music, training choirs and lecturing throughout England for many years prior to coming to the United States. I was on the faculty of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music from 1905 to 1918, and my choir of sixty men and boys was especially known for the recitals of the music of Palestrina. We frequently gave the famous Missa Papae Marcelli (for six and seven voices) and also the Missa Lauda Sion and the Missa Pater Noster.

The death of Mr. Henry Krehbiel led me to the Institute of Musical Art. Besides teaching privately at home, I am lecturing in the city and in different parts of the country. I am financial secretary of the Plainsong Society of which the Very Reverend Canon Douglas is president. My compositions consist of motets and hymns for church use.

Among my musical friends I number Sir Hubert Parry, Mr. W. T. Best, Sir Joseph Barnby and Sir Walter Parratt who is Master of the King's Musick. I am a disciple of the late William Smith Rockstro, the famous historian and contrapuntist of the Royal College of Music. I was on the faculty of the London Organ School; first director of the London Plainsong Choir; and, with the late H. B. Briggs, founder of the London Plainsong and Mediaeval Music Society. I was assistant organist to Dr. Hoyte at All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, London, from 1886 to 1889. This church has been noted for its music since its foundation in 1868. It was recently visited by Rachmaninoff who confirmed its excellence, being so delighted that he signed the autograph book of every choirboy and choirman. This is also the favorite London church of the royal family since Prince Albert Edward and Princess Alexandra of Wales (King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra) set the example.

CONSCIENCE FREE ABOUT BOOKS!

Ruth Harris Stewart, Vocal Department

Don't expect anything spectacular of me, but here is the information you ask—such as it is.

At the present time I am teaching the young hopefuls at the Institute and at the Curtis School in Philadelphia to keep their throats open. I am more than proud to be a product of the Institute, from which I was graduated in 1909 and again in 1913 from the Artists' Class, and much more proud than that to have been asked in 1922 by Mr. Damrosch to teach here. I can honestly say that my conscience is free—for I have never written any books, but I know many people who have—oh yes—and a good number of contemporary artists and composers. When I was studying, I lived quietly alone—strange as it may seem—in New York City. Not being a prodigy, there were no incidents in my early life which influenced my later career. No, I can't recall a single one.

I have sung in church for many years. One incident which stands out is when Lucia Dunham and I sang a duet from "Hansel and Gretel," at our graduation exercises. Before all this happened, I was born at Harrisville in West Virginia. I'll guarantee no one ever heard of it!

COMPOSITIONS HAVE WON MUCH SUCCESS

Samuel Gardner, Violin Department

I am just twenty-one having been born in Russia ten years ago, and to be exact, I can't recall a single incident connected with my early childhood relative to my musical career! I studied with Felix Winternitz in Boston and later at the Institute. I had set my heart upon European study; but one day I played for Mr. Kneisel and he advised the Institute for me. Here I studied and here I stayed. In the meantime, I have been doing concert work, some composing, teaching privately, and meeting most of the famous artists.

MEMBER OF THE ELSHUCO TRIO

William Kroll, Violin Department.

I was born in the city of a "million violinists" but was taken away from New York to the Coast shortly after. At three and a half, I began to study violin with my father who was a violinist and teacher. But my father died a few years later and so my mother and I returned to New York. In 1909 I went to Europe and studied in Berlin at the Royal High School under Marteau. Was fourteen when the war broke out and then came back to the United States. I spent the next two and a half years finishing my academic work and during this time gave two recitals in Aeolian Hall and one at the McAlpin. Early in 1917 a friend introduced me to Franz Kneisel. I was very lucky to be accepted in his class after a summer in his colony at Blue Hill. In 1922 I graduated from the Institute with the

Artists' Diploma. I have devoted most of my time ever since to chamber music. At present I am the violin member of the Elshuco Trio. I thought I would like to have the privilege of teaching at the I. M. A.—and now I find I like it even more than I had anticipated.

TEACHER OF BOTH VIOLIN AND PIANO

Conrad Held

Here beginneth my short and excessively sweet history the facts of which are few and simple. For some reason or other, I was born in this city of ours. My boyhood was spent with much music in the background, or is it in the foreground? However, "you must learn to play the violin," said I—and then began my private instruction. Eventually I studied successively with Theodorowicz, Röntgen, Letz and Kneisel. In piano, I worked with Virginia Lucy, in theory and composition with Dr. Goetschius excepting one year when I studied with Cressman. One day the opportunity to teach presented itself—in short, I "made good"—with the result that I am still teaching at the Institute, elsewhere in the city and at Woodmere, Long Island.

SCHOOL CHUM OF LEHAR, OF "MERRY WIDOW" FAME

Leopold Kramer, Violin Department

There is a proverb in Bohemia that children in their cradle are given either a fiddle or a silver mint: If they take the fiddle, they become musicians—if they take the mint, they become thieves. I took the fiddle and remained honest and poor! I was born in Milevsko, Bohemia, now Czecho-Slovakia. After much preliminary study, I finally completed my musical education under Bennewitz, director of the Prague Conservatory of Music, who is now ninety years of age and still alive in Bohemia. He was the teacher of some of the most prominent players, among them Halir, Sevcik, Ondricek, etc. My activities following, were mostly in the status of concertmaster—and as such, in some of the best orchestras, among them the Chicago Symphony, London Covent Garden, and the Metropolitan Opera Company. In my career, I've met a number of celebrated musicians especially Smetana and Dvorak, the Bohemian composers. Franz Lehar, composer of the "Merry Widow," was a chum of mine with whom I spent many hours of practice in school days at Prague. My position here at the Institute as instructor of violin came upon the recommendation of Mr. Kneisel.

STUDIED WITH KREISLER

Louis Edlin, Violin Department

They tell me that I played fiddle for the first time on two clothespins! I can't say that my

studies were conducted in any one place; I was given the opportunity of seeing some foreign cities as well as mastering the instrument. While in New York I studied with Arnold Volpe. Paris was my next destination and there Georges Remy was my teacher. Fritz Kreisler and Carl Flesch in Berlin were my later masters. When I applied for admission to the Institute as a member of that great and mighty body known as the Faculty, Mr. Kneisel sponsored the request.

Besides teaching I am a member of the New York Trio. Many are the artists I have known,—Ysaye, Pugno, Friedmann, Enesco, Hofmann, Ernest Bloch, Schnabel, Busoni, Fauré, Thibaut, Elman, Zimbalist, Hubermann, Gabrilowitsch, Sembrich and there are others. One becomes acquainted with numbers of interesting people while playing with large orchestras. I was concert master of the Cleveland Orchestra and I played with the Cleveland Quartet as first violin.

MANY COMPOSERS GUESTS AT FATHER'S HOUSE

Margarete Dessoiff, Choral Department

I come from Vienna—that is, I was born there. My father, Felix Otto Dessoiff, was a well-known musician and conductor in Germany. The causes of my becoming a musician were a musical inheritance and the home atmosphere in itself. I remember as guests at my father's house Johannes Brahms, Madame Clara Schumann, Anton Rubinstein, Franz Liszt, von Bülow, Saint-Saëns, Wagner and all the great men of the generation. These came during my early childhood. Much later I knew Weingartner, Mottl, Stockhausen, Artur Nikisch, Siegfried Ochs and many more.

My student days were passed at Frankfurt-am-Main with Otto Gunz and Marie Schroeder-Haufstängl, both of whom were teachers at the Conservatory,—also with Jenny Hahn. Then came my turn to be teacher and my activities were those of singing teacher in Frankfurt, choral conductor at the Conservatory, founder and leader of the "Dessoiff'scher Frauen-chor," founder and leader of the "Frankfurter Madrigal Vereinigung," musical advisor of the "Volke Hochschule," the Rat "für Künstlerische Angelegenheiten," and the "Verein für Theater und Musik Cultur."

In the Fall of 1923, some friends invited me to visit America. While I was in New York, Dr. Damrosch asked me to organize a chorus at the Institute along the lines of the one which I had for years in Frankfurt. I accepted and began work in December, 1923. The work gave me so much pleasure that, when at the end of the year Dr. Damrosch asked me to remain permanently, I decided to stay. Since then, I have conducted chorals in various schools, among them a women's chorus at the Diller-Quaile School and I have even included some private teaching.

SOLOIST WITH THE "DIVINE SARAH"*Effim Rosanoff, 'Cello Department*

Kieff in far-off Russia was my birthplace. My brother, Lief Rosanoff was my first teacher and Leo Schulz was the next. When I came to the Institute, I studied with Mr. Willem Willeke and when Dr. Damrosch called upon me, I taught here and have been doing so ever since. Some time ago, when the "Divine Sarah" made her last tour of this country, I was a member of the company, as soloist. As a member of the New York Symphony, I was fortunate in going with them on the famous trip through France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and England.

In the summer, Columbia University has courses and people who can't or maybe won't in the winter, study in the warm season. So in the summer I am at Columbia teaching them to saw tunes out of the 'cello!

TOURED WITH PATTI*Martinus Sieveking, Piano Department*

I was born in Amsterdam, Holland. My family were all musical. Thus my early life was spent in an artistic environment.

I studied at the music school in Berlin, learning piano from Julius Röntgen, and composition from Franz Coenen.

After my graduation I was made teacher and assistant conductor of the Amsterdam Opera for three years. I was also a member of the Lamoureux Orchestra in Paris.

I toured the British Isles giving concerts with Adelina Patti, David Popper, Julius Klengel, and Annette Essipoff.

After some study with Leschetizky, my American debut was with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, making twelve appearances. I toured the country giving concerts alone and with the principal orchestras, under the direction of Theodore Thomas and Anton Seidl. I then went to Europe and toured the principal cities.

My time is now all given to the Institute and to private teaching. My compositions are *Souffrance*, *Variations* and *Fugue on an Original Theme*, *Etude de Concert* (dedicated to Leschetizky), and arrangements of Bach's *Praeludium* and *Gavotte* from the Sixth Violin Sonata, the Bach *Chaconne*, and Weber's *Moto Perpetuo* (in counterpoint).

My musical acquaintances have included Sarasate, Johann Strauss, Nordica, Lamoureux, Chaminade, Sophie Menter, Busoni, and many others.

I have certain hobbies that are probably unusual for a musician—the collecting of antique clocks and inventing!

A FOUNDER OF AMERICAN MUSIC GUILD*Charles Haubiel, Piano Department*

Delta, Ohio, is my birth-place. I studied piano with Josef Lhevinne and Rudolph Ganz and composition with Alexander Fielitz and Rosario Scalero here in New York and in Berlin. In 1912

and '13 I toured the United States in joint recital with Jaroslav Kocian, the Bohemian violinist. For four years after that, I was head of the piano departments in two Oklahoma music schools—Kingfisher College and the Institute of Musical Art of Oklahoma City. During the war I served as bandmaster with the commission of second lieutenant granted by the bandmaster school established by Walter Damrosch in Chaumont, France. At present, besides my work with the Institute, I am connected with the music department of New York University giving courses in composition and the history of music. I have written a number of compositions and studies for the piano which the Composers' Music Corporation has published. But my work at the Institute is as teacher of the piano. I am a founder and member of the American Music Guild.

PLAYED TO KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN*George Boyle, Piano Department.*

I was born in Sydney, Australia, where my mother and father were well known piano and vocal teachers. When I was five years old, my mother gave me piano lessons and two years later I made my first appearance in public. At fourteen I went on a concert tour and a little later I played in Australia and New Zealand with Mark Hambourg. I usually played on a second piano the orchestral parts of the concertos the great Russian played. After this I played as soloist in over two hundred and eighty towns.

One of the strongest influences during these early years was Jean Gerardy, the great Belgian 'cellist, who invited me to tour with him as soloist and accompanist. I did not go because my parents wished me to continue my education, but this compliment from so fine a musician filled me with great ambition.

At nineteen I went to Berlin where I studied with Busoni. Soon I resumed my concert work, giving recitals in most of the capitals of Europe and playing with the large orchestras. At the first official reception to the King and Queen of Spain, I was the only instrumentalist chosen to appear, sharing the program with Coquelin, the great French actor, to whom Rostand dedicated "Cyrano de Bergerac."

I came to America when I was twenty-four, to join the faculty of the Peabody Conservatory at Baltimore. I played many times in New York, Boston and other large cities, in recital and with orchestra. I was also active in the field of chamber music. At present I am the pianist of the Boyle-Gittelson-Penha Trio of Philadelphia.

I have composed over a hundred small pieces and songs, and my larger compositions for orchestra have been played by most of the symphony societies in America. I have been guest conductor of several of the European orchestras. I taught for several years in Berlin and London, and came to America on the recommendation of Busoni. While I was on the faculty of the Peabody Conservatory, Dr. Damrosch invited me to teach at the Institute.

ACTIVE IN LITERARY FIELD*Diana Toledo, Department of Languages*

As an instructor of modern languages, my studies have been for the most part literary. I was born in Rome and educated at the University there. Subsequently I spent much time writing. In my early twenties two volumes of my poems were published "Iridescente" and "Dall Ombra"—and later two novels—"Pia dei Tolemei" and "Riccardo-Donati"—with occasional contributions, always in the literary field, to various Italian newspapers and magazines. Thus occupied, my musical contact has been rather limited. One summer, however, while I was a guest at the home of Mrs. Morris Loeb in Seal Harbor, Maine, I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. and Mrs. Kreisler. My connection with the Institute, brought about through Miss Rose, former Italian instructor here, is likewise purely in the literary field—as a teacher of Italian.

DINED AND SANG NEAR SCENE OF "LOUISE"*Margot Samoranya, Vocal Department*

I had a very musical mother who started my piano instructions when I was four years old. At seventeen I began my studies in singing and diction with Mrs. Adele Baldwin, with whom I later came to live in New York, continuing at the same time my piano work with an aunt, Mrs. Agnes Morgan. In 1920 I went to Paris to study and while there gave a recital. The following year I gave another recital in Aeolian Hall. In February of 1922 Mrs. Baldwin, taken suddenly ill, suggested to Dr. Damrosch to engage me to fill her place for the remainder of the year. That was my introduction to the Institute. At present, under the management of the Music League of America, I am giving recitals in and around New York. In the spring I hope to make a southern tour. It is difficult to say who are the most celebrated personalities one has met—De Reszke perhaps stands out the most clearly—and Stojowski, who talked so fluently of his intimate friends, Brahms and Tchaikowsky—Mr. Elman whom I often saw before I knew that he was Mischa—Salignac who is now with the Fontainebleau School—Claude Merceau, and Adolph Bolm who played "Louise" with me one evening after we had dined near the exact scene of the opera in Montmartre.

RECIPIENT OF ARTISTS' DIPLOMA IN ORGAN*Lilian Carpenter*

My life has been uneventful, so how can I tell you anything to thrill? Do you know Minneapolis, Minnesota? That is where I was born. Brooklyn is where my early piano training was received from Mrs. Lilian Fales Popham. I sang in a church choir at an early age, where I received not only a knowledge of church music, but some theoretical training, thanks to an un-

usual choir-master. I entered the Institute in 1908 where I studied organ and piano for nine years, largely with Mr. Gaston Dethier, part of the time with Mrs. Joseph Fyffe. Other piano study has been with Mr. Charles Lee Tracy of New York City.

During student days, I held a few church positions, at Holy Cross P. E. Church, New York City, the Bay Ridge Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, and others. I was also assistant at Holy Trinity P. E. Church, Brooklyn, for nine years. Some recitals given were three organ recitals at the Brooklyn Academy of Music and a piano recital at the Scarborough School on the Hudson.

At first, I taught in a preparatory center for two years, and during that time, I was asked to assist Mr. Dethier in the organ department, as it was growing too large for one instructor. Ever since that time, 1921, I have taught both organ and piano, at the Institute.

I have recently given recitals in various parts of New York State, and New Jersey, and at Columbia and Harvard Universities, besides a number of appearances at Aeolian Hall and the Wanamaker Auditorum, including two radio recitals from Wanamaker's.

I received at the Institute the regular organ diploma in 1910, the Teachers' in 1913, and the Artists' in 1916.

ADVISED BY PADEREWSKI*Zofia Naimska, Department of Piano*

I was born in Poland. I have loved music since my childhood, and as my father was also a lover of music and gathered musicians about him in his home, I played trios with good artists when I was only eight years old. Even at that time I enjoyed ensemble music much more than solos.

I studied piano with Professor A. Michalowski, the best exponent of Chopin I ever heard, and I received my artist diploma two years after entering the Warsaw Conservatory. I studied composition under Noskowski, a well-known Polish composer. With my diploma in my trunk, I went to Vienna to Leschetizky, only to learn how little I knew, but also to have my ambition fired. The four years I spent with this great master have been and will always remain the most interesting years of my life and a source of musical inspiration.

I gave recitals in many of the European cities. On the advice of Mr. Paderewski, my sister, who is a violinist, and I came to America. My music has brought me in contact with great musicians, besides Paderewski, such as Sarasate, Grieg, Sembrich, César Thomson and many others. I dearly love the teaching in which I am engaged, because music is uplifting to the spirit. Is not music an inspiration and beauty in the lives of us all?

The End.



*The Rhinemaidens
Guardians of the Gold.*

AT THE OPERA

The restoration of Wagner's "Ring Cycle" in its entirety is undoubtedly the greatest achievement at the Metropolitan Opera House in seven years. That is the length of time these operas have been out of the repertory. The opening scene of *The Rheingold*, prologue to the Cycle, is one of the most beautiful on any stage, picturing as it does the depths of the Rhine River. It was good to hear again the lilting melodies of the Rhinemaidens as they guarded the lustrous gold which caused all the trouble throughout the epic story of Wagner's "Ring" operas.

So great are the difficulties of presentation, especially to scene shifters, that "Rheingold" had but one performance this season as did "Siegfried" on March 11th when the dragon emerged from his cave to plead in stentorian tones, "Lass mich schlafen!"

* * *

An important event in the operatic season now in its last quarter, was the production of Debussy's beautiful "Pelléas et Melisande" on March 21st. Further mention of this will be made in the next issue.

"Der Freischütz" by Weber had its first performance of the season on March 16th. This opera, after its première in Berlin in 1821 was successfully produced in various European cities and originally brought to the Metropolitan Opera House by Dr. Leopold Damrosch in 1884.

"Petruchka," Stravinsky's ballet was revived on the 13th, in the presence of the composer, prior to his departure for Europe.

NEW YORK SYMPHONY

The most interesting event in the New York Symphony since its return from its southern tour is the arrival of Bruno Walter as guest conductor. Mr. Walter gave his first concert with the New York Symphony on Thursday, February 26th, at Carnegie Hall. On March 1st he conducted a program which included the Overture to "Rienzi," the Overture and Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," and Berlioz' "Symphony Fantastique." London has requested Mr. Walter by cable to return for a second season at Covent Garden. He will go shortly after he has completed the series of concerts with the New York Symphony. According to Mr. Walter, the London cycle last year represented the first season of German music since the war. The soloists were German and the choruses were made up of both German and English singers. The season at Covent Garden will begin May 18th. On completion of his American series, Mr. Walter, on March 29th, will go first to Amsterdam to conduct the Mozart Requiem, then to Berlin and Vienna.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

Lothar Kempter's Capriccio for solo flute and orchestra had its first American performance by the Philharmonic Orchestra on February 14th under Mr. Mengelberg's direction. John Amans, first flute of the orchestra was the soloist.

The seventh of the Philharmonic Students' Concerts, directed by Willem Mengelberg, was "Teachers College Night." Many students from Teachers College attended this concert. Casella's "Italia" Rhapsody had its first Philharmonic performance on this occasion, and the rest of the program was made up of the first "L'Arlesienne" Suite of Bizet and three Wagnerian excerpts.

Clarinets and bassoons furnished the leit-motif for the third pair of Philharmonic Children's Concerts at Aeolian Hall. Ernest Schelling, conductor of these concerts, explained these instruments and their uses and members of the Philharmonic Orchestra played illustrative music.

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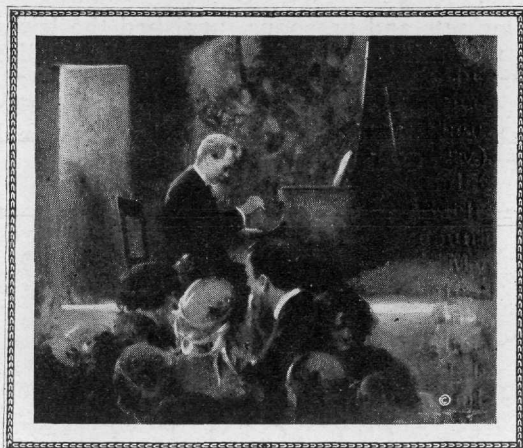
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