

The Baton

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FRANK DAMROSCH, Director



JAMES LOEB
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A COLLEGE DEGREE IN THE
EDUCATION OF THE MUSICIAN
By Frank Damrosch

GREAT PERSONALITIES
By Leopold Auer

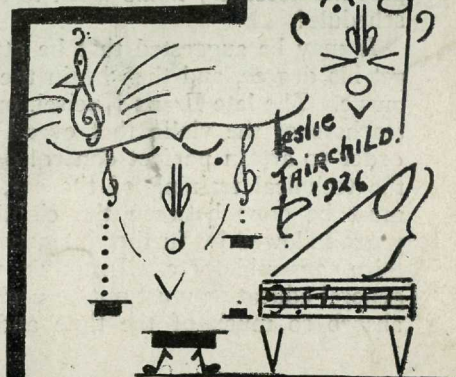
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By W. J. Henderson

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A COLLEGE DEGREE IN THE EDUCATION OF THE MUSICIAN

By Frank Damrosch

Address delivered at the Semicentennial Celebration of the Music Teachers' National Association held in December at Rochester, N. Y.

HAR be it from me to disparage college training. It is one of the many shining examples of American breadth of vision, of American idealism and of American openhanded liberality in giving its future citizens, rich and poor, opportunities for higher culture.

This is as it should be in order that the ideals of republican government may be approached by an enlightened citizenship. But these opportunities are not always taken advantage of judiciously and frequently lead to waste of time and effort which might have been better applied.

The boy or girl who feels called to pursue a professional career as physician, lawyer, theologian or engineer; or those who have no real vocation but wish to develop their mental faculties for a business career or desire merely to be intelligent citizens should, of course, attend college.

There are, however, conditions which make such a course of study inadvisable. Young people who must work for a living as soon as possible in order to support themselves or their families and those who wish to become artists cannot devote four years of their life in working for a college degree. They need not, however, forego an education practically equivalent to that offered by the colleges, for there are, fortunately, excellent opportunities provided by universities, academies, etc., to attend evening classes and lectures in almost every subject. All that is required, therefore, is the inner urge towards education and culture, for the table is spread for him who desires to eat.

Whether or not the college academic course of study is well devised to attain the best educational and cultural results may be a matter for discussion but does not concern us in considering its effect upon the future musician. It is not so much the nature of the curriculum that, in my opinion, retards the student of music, but rather the demands it makes on his time and strength.

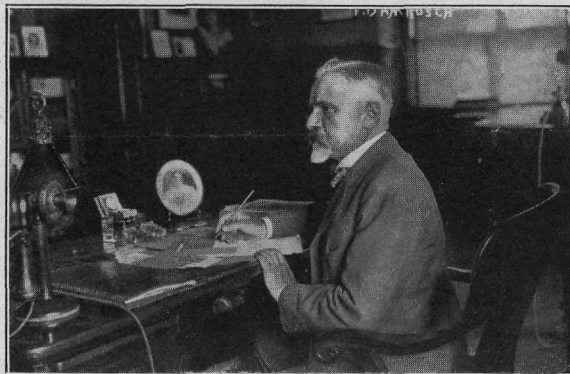
A student of music who aspires to a career as public performer or high grade teacher must practice his instrument four to five hours a day beside devoting two hours to theoretic work. How can he add eighteen hours of college attendance a week plus the necessary home work to this already heavy schedule?

It may be suggested that he attend college first, get his degree, and then begin the serious study of music. The late Franz Kneisel, one of the greatest teachers of the violin that ever lived, held that in order to attain perfect control of the instrument, the technical training of the ear, hands and arms must be done between the eighth and eighteenth years followed by further intensive studies in repertoire, ensemble, etc. In other words, while the general education must not be neglected, it must not absorb so much of the time and strength of the

future musician as to interfere with his musical studies.

You will understand, of course, that I am not speaking of the thousands of young people who study music simply as an accomplishment. For them the academic training offered by the college is valuable and desirable.

It is true that many colleges combine a musical together with an academic course, but I doubt if they lead to any great artistic results. The academic atmosphere which of necessity reigns in an academic institution rarely permits the creation of the artistic atmosphere required for the generation and cultivation of the imagination without which no work of art, no matter how correctly performed, can be properly interpreted. I have been informed that this condition caused Edward MacDowell, whilom Professor of Music at Columbia College, much dissatisfaction and unhappiness.



Dr. Damrosch at his desk at the Institute.

The college degree is awarded to those students who have amassed a certain number of semester hours or points in the various subjects of the course. This system applies well enough to academic subjects in which an examination paper can demonstrate that certain facts have been properly stated or certain problems correctly worked out. But in music it is not enough to play a sonata by Beethoven correctly as to notes and marks of expression. That is merely the shell in which the composer has encased the spirit, the soul of his composition, and without an appreciation and grasp of this, its most important element, the performance, is a lifeless thing. And yet a degree would not be withheld from a candidate if he has the required number of semester hours and has played the notes correctly!

There are, no doubt, some college students who, besides doing faithful work, are talented by nature and would give a good account of themselves artistically in spite of the academic atmosphere and

the point system, but I believe that their progress would have been quicker and better without this hamper.

With the exception of England, no university in Europe grants degrees in music. The German, Austrian and French universities have courses in Music History, Aesthetics and Antiquarian Research in their faculties of Philosophy and grant the Ph.D. on theses in these subjects; but there are no courses or degrees for pianists or violinists or other practical musicians. This is because of the recognition of the fact that the training of a musician does not belong in an academic institution.

In England the case is different. The Church of England has always required trained musicians for positions as organists and choir leaders for its thousands of cathedrals and churches. In order that there might be some guarantee of competence it was devised that candidates be examined by leading educational institutions such as Oxford, Cambridge, etc., for degrees of Mus. Bac. or Mus. Doc. These candidates are, however, not trained by these colleges—that is done in regular music schools; they are merely examined by their professors of music. The University faculty of music consists of one or more chairs providing lectures on general musical topics and sometimes also instruction to advanced students of composition.

So much for college degrees.

Schools of Music usually confer Certificates or Diplomas and these are of no more value in determining the true qualities of their holders than are college degrees, *unless one knows all about the school that issues them*. If it is one which does not permit commercial considerations to sway its decisions; if it strives to eliminate the unfit from its student body; if it maintains strict discipline in the conduct of all studies of its curriculum; if it maintains a notable teaching staff and provides instruction in all subjects necessary to the full equipment of a good musician; if its examinations are conducted by the entire teaching staff of each department so that both fairness to the candidate and adherence to high standards are assured; if, finally, its highest diplomas are granted not only upon exacting tests by the faculty, but also upon examination by a jury of eminent musicians not connected with the school, then the Diploma has a distinct value which should entitle the holder to respectful recognition on the part of those seeking competent musicians to fill important posts in the educational or concert activities of this country.

I understand that many colleges and also Boards of Education demand a college degree of any candidate for employment as teacher of music. With few exceptions this will provide them with persons who have learned the rules of teaching but are weak in the inspirational qualities which the true musician must possess to make his teaching valuable and productive of artistic results.

A far better way would be to examine candidates as to their musical equipment and their knowledge

of pedagogy and psychology, regardless of whether they gained their knowledge in college or otherwise.

The great teachers of music, teachers who would adorn the faculty of any college, have rarely secured a degree except, perhaps, an honorary one, and yet, according to existing rules, they would not be acceptable in the musical departments of our colleges.

Leopold Auer, Carl Friedberg, Flesch, Kochansky, Willeke, Ernest Hutcheson, etc., etc., are not only great artists but also great teachers and their pupils who have imbibed their ideals and the principles upon which their training is founded would be rejected because, forsooth, they have not a degree.

Boards of Education demand a degree because they do not wish to bear the responsibility of testing a candidate's ability in a field in which they, the Boards, are ignorant. So they require a document stating that the candidate has spent four years studying various ologies for so and so many semester hours and incidentally has acquired a smattering of piano, singing, violin, cello, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, trombone, tuba and timpani, a jack of all trades and master of none.

I find no fault with a cursory knowledge of the orchestra instruments, but I believe that a good teacher of music in public schools should be a thorough musician *first* and a pedagogue second. He should have a good command of the piano and should be able to use his voice properly and know the principles of correct use of the voice; and he should have at his fingers' ends or rather in his mind and heart scores of beautiful folk-songs and such artsongs as are appropriate to school children.

In other words he should be 75% true musician and 25% pedagogue instead of 75% pedagogue with a degree.

The qualities which make a musician worthy of the name and a music teacher an inspiration to his pupils cannot be measured by college degrees, nor are they likely to be developed by college training. The knowledge which forms the basis of true culture can be obtained outside of a regular college course and therefore the student of art can dispense with a four year course of study, at least half of which is time needlessly lost from more important musical training.

There are, of course, cases where a young man has developed into a good musician in spite of four years' study for a degree. Those are exceptional and I have a high respect for their talent and strong mentality; but were they to apply to me for an engagement, I would disregard the evidence of the degree and accept them solely on their musical merits.

Let us get away from the college degree fetish. It works more harm than good.

ALUMNI CONCERTS

The next recitals announced in this series are by Anton Rovinsky, pianist, on January 25; and Lillian Gustafsen, soprano, with Arthur Loesser, pianist, on February 5.

GREAT PERSONALITIES

By Leopold Auer

Reprinted from Leopold Auer's "My Long Life in Music," by permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company. Copyrighted, 1923, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

TCHAIKOVSKY was excessively sensitive; modest and unasserting in his dealings with all; he was deeply appreciative of any interest shown in him or in his works. As he then lived on the ragged edge of prosperity, he was very glad to obtain a prize of 500 roubles, awarded him by the Imperial Russian Musical Society for his opera *Kunets Vakula* ("Vakula the Smith") in 1876. I am proud to remember that I was one of the jury, made up of professors of the Conservatoire, who declared his work the winning one in the competition.

Tchaikovsky became famous in Moscow, the southern capital, in a comparatively short time, but St. Petersburg was slower to appreciate him. It might be said that it was the sensational success of his concert-overture "*Romeo et Juliette*," at one of the concerts of the Russian Symphony Society in St. Petersburg, conducted by Napravnik, which first established his fame in the latter city, and was the dawn of that reputation which, in spite of the fact that his works met with adverse criticism in Vienna, Paris, and Berlin when they were first performed, soon afterward became universal. I was present at the "*Romeo et Juliette*" performance in question, and was moved and impressed to the point of saying to myself,

"At last a genius has arrived!"

After this memorable evening, the musical world of the capital awaited with growing interest every new work of the young composer announced for performance.

It was in the Grossman home in Warsaw that I met Apollinaire de Kontski, in his youth a favorite pupil of Paganini, then director of the Warsaw Conservatoire and a virtuoso violinist. In the course of one of our talks, M. de Kontski asked me to play some of my repertory numbers at the Conservatoire, for the pupils and teachers. I gladly acceded to his request.

When I reached the Conservatoire I was received by the director and several professors and conducted to the concert hall, where I was made the object of a triumphal reception, in which flowers were much in evidence. When I asked who among the pianists present would accompany me, Kontski smiled reassuringly, and beckoned to one of the young men who had gathered on the platform. The director in introducing the student of fifteen or sixteen, mentioned his name, and stressed the fact that he was exceptionally talented, both as a pianist and as a musician, though I must confess that the boy's name did not convey much to me at the time.

When I handed him the music I expected to play, he glanced through it with interest, and then I noticed that he had a remarkable head, two eyes which glowed with the most pronounced intelligence, though he said not a word, and a great mane of

blond hair which completely framed his face. As a matter of fact, M. de Kontski had not exaggerated my accompanist's merits. The whole program was played as though we had carefully rehearsed it in advance; and after the seance, when I thanked the young man, I asked him to tell me his name, which I had forgotten as soon as Kontski had mentioned it.

He replied, "Jean Paderewski."

I have not forgotten it since, and strange to say, this great master himself has not forgotten that incident of his student days, and has recalled it to me at various times, both in Europe and in this country.

For a number of years I had cherished the wish to go to Weimar and make the acquaintance of Franz Liszt, whom I admired as much for his grandeur of soul as for his genius. Owing to the numerous obligations of one kind or another which I had assumed, and also to the fact that Liszt shifted his residence from Weimar to Rome, and from Rome to Budapest, and from Budapest to Weimar again, I did not make the attempt as soon as I would have liked.



Caricature of Paderewski.

Edouard Lassen, the composer, a friend of mine, was conductor of the orchestra at the Grand Ducal Opera, and I relied upon him to present me to the master. He obtained an audience for me—this was either in 1878 or 1880—without difficulty. Liszt's home was in the park surrounding the grand duke's palace—an unpretentious little cottage, picturesquely covered with ivy, which the sovereign had placed at his disposal. When I was first confronted by this amiable old man, with his long gray hair hanging down upon his shoulders, with his piercing glance and encouraging smile, I was for a moment overcome by emotion. He engaged me in a conversation regarding music in Russia, seeming to be especially eager for details touching on the younger Russian school of composers, whose works he knew and esteemed.

He honored me with an invitation to dinner for the following day, and asked me to play for him before we sat down to the table. The dinner was

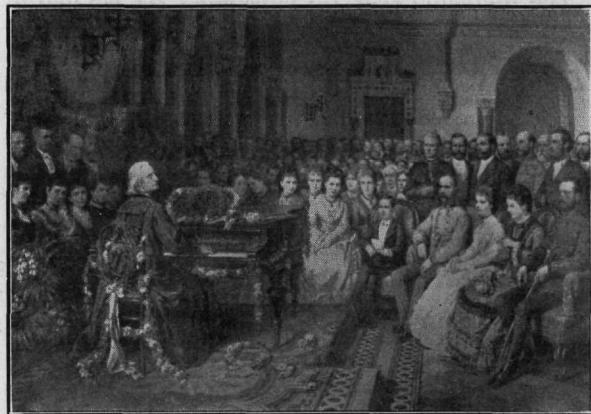
fixed for one o'clock in the afternoon. Before it I played first some Bach compositions for solo violin and then—to his own accompaniment at the piano—a “Fantasie Russe” by Napravnik, which that composer had dedicated to me and with which Liszt was much pleased. In the meantime the other guests had arrived. They included two young women pianists, Mlle. Timonova of St. Petersburg and Tina Mehlig of Stuttgart, as well as a young composer-pianist, Rendano, of Naples. The dinner was a very merry one. Liszt at his best was one of the wittiest and most amiable of hosts, and he put the entire company at ease by the unpretentious heartiness with which he presided at the table. It is true that he had no need for striving to impress anyone; his greatness was so evident and beyond any question.

Two days later he was kind enough to dine with me at the Hotel de Russie in Weimar, where I was staying. I went to fetch him, and we walked the short distance to my hotel, where Lassen and the two young ladies were waiting for us. I was touched by the evident devotion with which the good town-folk of Weimar greeted the Master as he passed through the streets. Weimar in that time was still a small, modest little German town, where everybody knew everybody else; and though its inhabitants were accustomed to the numerous visitors who were continually appearing to do homage to Liszt, each new arrival was discussed, weighed in the balance, and estimated according to his name, reputation, and position in the world of music. It was with regret that I left this tranquil and patriarchal little town, which had gained an epochal importance because it was the dwelling-place of giants such as Goethe, Schiller, and Liszt.

Henri Wieniawski, after resigning his position as professor in the St. Petersburg Conservatoire and solo violinist at the Imperial theater, toured Europe and, for one or two seasons, the United States. As a virtuoso violinist he was everywhere acclaimed as one of the greatest masters of his instrument heard in any age. He fascinated his audiences with an altogether individual talent.

I happen to know from authentic private sources, that during this last concert period of Wieniawski's he was at times obliged to stop playing in the midst of a composition, owing to a sudden seizure of heart trouble which, for the time being, absolutely deprived him of breath. After a few moments of rest he would go on playing, but much enfeebled by the attack he had suffered. At one of these concerts, in Berlin, Joachim, who happened to be in the hall, saved the situation. Wienawski, who was playing the Bach “Chaconne,” found himself afflicted by one of these attacks and unable to continue. He was led into the artist's room, and every attempt was made to alleviate him. Joachim was among the friends who came to enquire after the sick man, and it is said that Wieniawski, feeling too weak to continue playing, asked Joachim to play the “Chaconne” in his stead, and gave him his own violin for the purpose. Joachim, in order to oblige a friend and

fellow artist, played not only the “Chaconne” but several other numbers as well, in order to bring the concert to a satisfactory conclusion. It is one of those unique little incidents in the history of music which does honor to both artists who participated in it.



Franz Liszt playing before Emperor Franz Joseph at Budapest.

The death of Pierre Tchaikovsky in 1893 struck musical circles in Russia like a bolt from the sky, and its reverberation was felt throughout the whole world of music. In the full flower of his strength and at the apogee of his glory, he was carried off after a few days' illness, a victim of the cholera which was ravaging the city at the time and against whose onslaughts the medical science of the day was helpless. On October 31 Tchaikovsky had directed his swan-song, the “Symphonie Pathétique,” for the first time in public, at a Philharmonic concert. The last movement of this famous symphony is an Adagio lamentoso, a kind of funeral song, and it almost seemed as though the composer had anticipated his sudden end, notwithstanding that he was in perfect health and full of vigor. All of us in the concert hall that night were not only impressed by the beauty of the work, but also profoundly moved by the dramatic poignancy of the final chords. When I went up to congratulate him, he appeared entirely happy and content with the success he had achieved, joked and laughed; and, at the same time—there was this strange finale, unique of its kind as the closing movement of a symphony. Two days later we learned that Tchaikovsky had fallen ill, and on the night of the sixth of November he died, at the age of fifty-three.

His death plunged the whole of artistic and intellectual Russia into the deepest mourning. Since the deaths of Turgueneff and Dostoevsky, no funeral like that of Tchaikovsky had been seen, nor one which called forth so many tears. Deputations from the theaters of St. Petersburg and Moscow, from all the universities and the other superior institutions of learning, the entire teaching personnel of the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, together with hundreds of students from these academies marched in the ranks of the funeral procession, which followed the Nevsky Prospect to the Alexander Nev-

sky monastery, the famous seat of the metropolitan of St. Petersburg, where he was buried, the cemetery of this monastery forming the one and only pantheon where the geniuses of Russia—provided they can pay the price demanded for a grave—are laid at rest.

The following year, on November 20, we had the sorrowful duty of conducting to his last resting-place in the same cemetery the remains of Anton Rubinstein. He had died suddenly during the night in his villa at Peterhof, of an aneurism.

His body was brought to St. Petersburg on a catafalque, and escorted by the professors and students of the Conservatoire to one of the big churches, where it was exposed in state for twenty-four hours, the casket guarded night and day by professors of the Conservatoire in deep mourning. Vassili Safanoff, then a quite young professor, had come from Moscow as a member of the deputation sent by the Conservatoire of that city, and he and I were part of the guard of honor at the catafalque on this occasion. The church was filled by a multitude who had been devoted to the person of the dead and to the cause he had represented, and who had gathered there to pay the last honors to a man to whom Russia in so great a measure owed the development of her music, both as an art and as a science. On the day of the burial the Nevsky Prospect was barred to traffic, and thousands followed the flower-laden funeral coach as it advanced slowly and solemnly to that monastery graveyard where Anton Rubinstein now lies in peace not far from Tchaikovsky and Borodine.

And look at all the things we had to omit from just two chapters!

XI Tchaikovsky and the Neo-Russian School

Tchaikovsky's Early Career—His Absurd Contract with Jurgenson, the Moscow Publisher—A Romance in Tchaikovsky's Life—His Unhappy Marriage—His Concert Overture "Romeo and Juliette"—"At Last a Genius Has Arrived"—The Second Symphony—Nicholas Rubinstein, Hans von Bülow, and the Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor—Tchaikovsky Dedicates to Me the Charming "Serenade Melancholique"—The Violin Concerto—Tchaikovsky and the "Five"—Belaieff—Liadoff—Ippolitov-Ivanoff—Tcherepnine—Glazounoff—Tchaikovsky at Belaieff's Concerts—Wagner and the "Five"—Cui on Tchaikovsky—Tchaikovsky's Operas—The Assassination of Alexander II—Czar Alexander III a Patron of Music; He Discovers Tchaikovsky—The Composer of "Eugene Oniegin" Becomes a National Figure—Tchaikovsky a Truly Slavic Genius.

XIII My Experiences as Conductor of the Russian Musical Society Orchestra—

My Predecessors—Napravnik—Hans von Bülow—Anton Rubinstein as Pianist and Conductor—Conducting Without Scores—The Conductor a Virtuoso—I Present For the First Time in St. Petersburg Berlioz's "Requiem Mass" and Schumann's "Manfred"—The Wagnerian Mecca—The Festspielhaus—Felix Mottl—Hans Richter—Clamoring for the Tickets of a Dying Russian—The Orchestra Reorganized—Anton Rubinstein's Musical Tendencies—The First Concert—"Popular" Concerts

ARTISTIC IDEALS

By Daniel Gregory Mason

Excerpts from the third of a series of articles on "Artistic Ideals," entitled "Workmanship."

Reprinted from the Musical Quarterly by courtesy of G. Schirmer, Inc.

The entire article is full of inspiration and replete with genuine interest for the serious student.

WHAT is no doubt only half of the truth which is expressed in the oft-repeated saying that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains; but it is the half that is most vital to those of us who wish to be artists. For though we have no control over the degree of our native talent, we can to some extent determine what we shall make of it; and while no amount of talent will avail us much without painstaking development, few talents are too small to be of service if cultivated in the spirit of workmanship. It was that spirit that inspired Brahms' memorable counsel to a young composer regarding his songs: "Whether they are beautiful also is not your affair—but perfect they must be." It was that spirit that prompted Meredith to write to a young fellow-artist: "If hard study should kill your creative effort, it will be no loss to the world or to you. And if, on the contrary, the genius you possess should survive mental labor, it will be enriched and worthy of a good rank." It was that spirit that made at once so touching and so thrilling those words of Epictetus: "What then, since I am naturally dull, shall I, for this reason, take no pains? I hope not . . . For I shall never be a Milo, and yet I do not neglect my body; nor shall I be a Croesus, and yet I do not neglect my property; nor, in a word, do we neglect looking after anything because we despair of reaching the highest degree."

Unfortunately such a spirit is rare in our country, where the prevailing type of youth is alert and facile, but impatient, indiscriminating, and too easily satisfied. We see about us each year a fair array of promising young men, but also, alas, the promising young men of last year, now declining into middle-aged mediocrity. What they lack is not talent, but character. They have plenty of ability, but no staying power; they use no severity with themselves; they have not cultivated the ideal of workmanship. And so, whatever their native gifts, as artists they fail.

On the other hand it is unmistakable that the great art of the world has been made by those men, and by those men only, who knew how, in Emerson's phrase, to "toil terribly." Surely the bold generalization of Huneker is true: "All art is the arduous victory of great minds over great imaginations." And the greater the imaginations, we may add, the more arduous seems to be the victory. "Shakespeare, like other poets," writes Masefield, "grew by continual, very difficult mental labor, by the deliberate and prolonged exertion of every mental weapon, and by the resolve to do not 'the nearest thing,' precious to human sheep, but the difficult,

new and noble thing, glimmering beyond his mind, and brought to glow there by toil." This does not agree with the stock sentimentalist notion of "inspiration" as a sort of demoniac possession, and of the inspired artist as a kind of dishevelled-haired, rolling-eyed irresponsible madman; but it is nearer the truth. "The raptures of creative activity," exclaims Leo Shestov,—"empty words invented by men who never had an opportunity of judging from their own experience. . . . Usually the creator feels only vexations. Every creation is created out of the Void. At the best, the maker finds himself confronted with a formless, meaningless, usually obstinate and stiff matter, which yields reluctantly to form. . . . Creative activity is a continual progression from failure to failure, and the condition of the creator is usually one of uncertainty, mistrust, and shattered nerves. For this reason even men of genius cannot keep up the creative activity to the last. As soon as they have acquired their technique, they begin to repeat themselves, well aware that the public endures the monotony of a favorite, even finds virtue in it. . . . He who has once been through the creative rapture is not easily tempted to try again."



Monument to Chopin in Warsaw.

Endless effort is thus always concealed under the apparent ease that so delights us in all first-rate art: this is the paradox of workmanship. If, as has been said, "Easy writing makes hard reading," and if indeed "A labored style is one on which insufficient labor has been expended," is not that because, as Whistler was entitled by long experience to tell us, "Work alone will efface the footsteps of work"? There is a French proverb, "Time will not spare that on which time has been spared," and Thoreau's counsel to young writers is: "If you foresee that a part of your essay will topple down after the lapse of time, throw it down now yourself." Always and everywhere, agonizing toil is the price of

delicious spontaneity. To Chopin, for instance, that almost ideal figure of grace and charm, the process of composition was, in the expressive phrase of George Sand, "a minute and desperate perseverance." In the interminable search for what would satisfy his exacting taste he would write a single passage a hundred times, pacing the room, biting his pen, tearing up whole sheets and beginning afresh, reduced sometimes to tears. . . . Some of Beethoven's friends found him locked into his study one hot August afternoon, singing, shouting, raving like a madman. He had been working all day on his great Mass, forgetting even to eat. Presently he appeared, wild-eyed, faint with hunger and exhaustion, dazed with the intensity of his mental struggle, able to return but gradually to ordinary life. "No one can realize who has not watched Whistler paint," records his biographer, "the agony his work gave him. I have seen him after a day's struggle with a picture, when things did not go, completely collapse, as from an illness." . . .

There is only one irremediable failure for an artist, and that is being persuaded away from his own path. When, instead of staying in his study where he belongs, "beholding" as Milton so beautifully said, "the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies," he allows himself to be tempted, cajoled, or bullied into the marketplace, where he has no business to be, he finds himself deafened, blinded, distracted, his leisure invaded, his values turned topsy-turvy, and his work debauched. There is no cure for him but to turn back to his own work and place. There he is strong; there his qualities tell, and his weaknesses are no longer fatal. That is a sublime defense of the artist—of all artists—that Emerson confided to his journal: "To every reproach I know but one answer, to go again to my own work. 'But you neglect your relations.' Yes, too true; then I will work the harder. 'But you have no genius.' Yes, then I will work the harder. 'But you have no virtues.' Yes, then I will work the harder. 'But you have detached yourself and acquired the aversation of all decent people: you must regain some position and relation.' Yes, I will work the harder."

Is it possible to practice this ideal of workmanship—an ideal that so great an artist as Emerson found so exacting in days so much simpler than ours—is it possible to practice it any longer in our twentieth-century America?—in the America of syndicated newspapers, chain magazines, circuit theaters and correspondence schools;—of chromo-lithograph pictures and "canned" music;—of chambers of commerce, rotarians, labor unions and women's clubs—of Babbitt and Main Street, of Hollywood and Chautauqua;—of prohibition, fundamentalism, and the Ku Klux Klan? Is it possible any longer to be an artist, and survive? Who can tell? Probably the only way to find out is to try.

For Zero Weather Only

"You seem a bright little boy. I suppose you have a very good place in your class?"

"Oh, yes. I sit right by the stove."

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ALUMNI SERIES OF CONCERTS

Much interest is shown in the series of concerts given in the Recital Hall by graduates of the Institute. So far we have heard Katherine Bacon, pianist, on December 15, the Musical Art Quartet on December 22, and Walter Edelstein, violinist, on January 7. This series gives students in the school an opportunity to observe what their predecessors have accomplished since their graduation and offers to the graduates a chance to keep in touch with each other. The audiences have been large and very enthusiastic.

CONCERT MASS MEETING

In Town Hall on December 22 there was held a concert-mass meeting of the music teachers of New York under the auspices of the Associated Music Teachers League. The purpose of the meeting was to increase the membership of the League, and to combine forces in order "to promote the general welfare of the music teacher, to augment the teacher's standard by modernizing his service and stabilizing his economic condition."

Besides the talks by men who have distinguished themselves in the field of music, there were several musical numbers. Harold Bauer played the Bach English Suite in A minor. Toscha Seidel, with Frank Sheridan at the piano, gave an inspiring reading of the Mozart Sonata in E minor for violin and piano. Evsei Beloussoff, eminent Russian 'cellist with Emanuele Bay, accompanist, played a Sonata by Henry Eccles.

Speakers for the occasion included Mr. Frank Damrosch, who gave an informal talk in which he stressed the urgent need for qualified teachers. He suggested that a committee be appointed from the members of the League to remedy conditions by setting definite standards which must be met before

anyone is allowed to enter the profession. As something to start on, he offered the following recommendations for the standardization and licensing of teachers of music:

Registration of all present music teachers, licenses to be issued by the State Board of Education:

- a. To those who are over twenty-five years of age and who make affidavit that they have had at least five years instruction at a recognized school of music, or under a competent private teacher (give name or names) and that they have had at least five years' experience in teaching music.
- b. To those over twenty-one and under twenty-five years of age who hold a diploma from a recognized school of music or a certificate from a competent teacher and can prove an experience in teaching for at least three years.
- c. To those under twenty-one years of age who can pass an examination before a State Board of Examiners in
 1. Any instrument, singing, sight-singing, etc.
 2. In theory, including harmony and elementary counterpoint.
 3. In sight-singing and dictation.
 4. In History of Music.
 5. In principles of music education.

No license should be issued to any candidate under twenty-one on the strength of any diploma or degree whatsoever, as it would be difficult to estimate the relative values of such diplomas or degrees. Candidates who have succeeded in obtaining a diploma or degree from a reputable school should have no difficulty in passing an examination by the Board of Examiners. The Board of Examiners should issue permits to all teachers over twenty-one years of age who have qualified under sections "a" and "b". It should issue licenses to those who have qualified in section "c"—as follows; a license to teach beginners up to the fourth grade to be called the Junior Teachers' license and a license to teach advanced students to be called a Senior Teachers' license.

* * *

Mr. Leonard Liebling, critic on the New York American and editor of the Musical Courier, stressed in his talk the importance of unification for the advancement of ethical principles and for the material side of teaching as well. Much can be accomplished, he believes, if teachers will do away with petty personal differences and work together.

Gustave L. Becker, president of the organization, who acted as chairman, upheld the principles set forth by Mr. Damrosch. He suggested that teachers be asked to produce some of their pupils as proof of their ability.

The meeting was high-spirited and the attendance large. It was the first of a series arranged by Bernhard Steinberg of the New York American, who realizes, as do all serious teachers, that the teaching of music is in a state of chaos and that something must be done to remedy it.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE INSTITUTE IN CONCERT

Friends of Music Hold Concert

The program of the fifth concert of the Society of the Friends of Music December 19th in the Town Hall comprised the overture to Mozart's opera "Idomeneo," Beethoven's C major piano concerto, folk songs for chorus by Brahms and Beethoven's fantasia, opus 80, for piano, orchestra and chorus.

The pianist was Carl Friedberg. Mr. Friedberg is an admirable pianist, and his most excellent traits were conspicuously exhibited in his performance of the concerto, the work, by the way, which introduced Josef Hofmann to this public at the ripe age of ten.

Mr. Friedberg played the composition with exquisite delicacy and with the most fastidious taste. There were charm, poetry and musical proportions of the nicest balance in this reading, to which the audience listened with manifest delight.

—W. J. Henderson.

New York Symphony and the Madrigal Choir Give Holiday Program

The New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch's guidance, with the assistance of the Madrigal Choir of the Institute of Musical Art, conducted by Margarete Dessooff, presented January first at Carnegie Hall a holiday program, third in the young people's series. Mr. Damrosch asked the audience what greeting it would give him on January 1, and on receiving the answer he created the right mood by having it stand up and sing "Happy New Year, Happy New Year, to those we love," to the first bars of Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus, accompanied by the orchestra. The incident was very cheering.

Mr. Damrosch broke one of his ironclad rules when he had the orchestra repeat Pierne's "Entrance of the Little Fauns." The last number was the greatly enjoyed "Emperor" waltz, by Strauss.

The Madrigal Choir was heard in two groups of Christmas songs, all sung a cappella, except one, a seventeenth century carol, arranged by Carl Hirsch, accompanied by the organ, and by the flute in imitation of a nightingale.

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION CONCERT

The third concert of the Beethoven Association took place December 27th in the Town Hall. An all star company assembled, as usual, to interest a large audience in compositions of chamber music and vocal numbers in the choral department. The session began with Beethoven's C minor trio, opus I, No. 3, played by Josef Szigeti, violin; Hans Kindler, cello, and Ernest Hutcheson, piano.

This was followed by a group of part songs bearing on the Christmas season, sung by the Madrigal Choir of the Institute of Musical Art under the direction of Margarete Dessooff, their instructor.

Then came Mozart's G minor quartet for piano and strings, No. 478 in the Koechel catalogue, performed by Josef Szigeti, Herbert Borodkin, Hans Kindler and Harold Bauer, and finally the Bach C minor concerto for two pianos as arranged by Mr. Bauer and played by him and Mr. Hutcheson.

Mme. Dessooff, who is to conduct the Schola Cantorum, made her first appearance last night and demonstrated that she is a choral director of knowledge, taste and authority. Her choir of students from the Institute of Musical Art could hardly be expected to sing as well as the experienced choristers of the Schola Cantorum, but what Mme. Dessooff made them do showed that she thoroughly understood the technic of choral music. It is perhaps a record that a chorus of students should be permitted to take part in a concert of such rank as one of the series offered by the Beethoven Association, and the young people acquitted themselves with much credit. They made especially good effect with "Un Flambeau" and the splendid old "Chanson Joyeuse de Noël," which the defunct Musical Art Society used to sing so well.

The concert as a whole was well up to the Beethoven Association standard.

—W. J. Henderson.

Samuel Gardner Returns

Samuel Gardner made his reappearance after a five years' absence from New York in a violin recital at Carnegie Hall January 5th. Josef Adler, lately returned from a Japanese tour, was at the piano.

Mr. Gardner was heard in a program which included four of his own compositions, but opened with the Handel sonata in D major. Mr. Gardner has acquired the depth of tone, the breadth of phrasing and the technical security necessary for playing in the grand manner. There was nothing small or restricted in his conception of Handel; he played him on a large scale, with a beauty of tone and refinement of detail.

The "Recitative and Scherzo Caprice" for violin alone by Kreisler served to focus the attention solely on Mr. Gardner's excellent playing, to the exclusion of every other consideration.

The Vieuxtemps "Fantasia appassionata," transcribed by Mr. Gardner, and labeled a first time in New York, was everything that a violin virtuoso would require of a composition to put him in the limelight. The violin part, as the program notes explained, retained its original ideas, while the accompaniment had been elaborated to suit modern demands.

The third group consisted of four compositions by Mr. Gardner, among them "Jazzetto," which was strictly classical in form, rhythmic and idiomatic in character.

Mr. Gardner was warmly applauded throughout the evening.

Walter Edelstein, Violinist, Makes Debut

Walter Edelstein, a violinist from Brooklyn, made his public debut January 9th in Aeolian Hall. This young violinist is a pupil of Franz Kneisel and a first prize graduate of the Paris-Fontainebleau Conservatory. On January 7, he gave the first recital in the alumni series at the Institute of Musical Art in this city.

The program comprised Handel's sonata in D, Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," a group of shorter pieces including Lillian Fuchs's "Caprice Fantastique" and the A major "Polonaise" of Wieniawski.

The player's performance in his test numbers, the Handel and Lalo works, placed him at the front among the best new violinists of the season. His playing had remarkable maturity for a young debut artist. His tone is beautiful and his technical schooling admirable. More than this, his intonation was accurate and his general performance imbued with emotional warmth.

He received admirable pianistic support from Carroll Hollister. His interpretations were warmly applauded by an appreciative audience of good size.

—*New York Sun.*

Phyllis Krauter, Cellist, in Debut Recital

Miss Phyllis Krauter, a young 'cellist, graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, and a member of the Marianne Kneisel Quartet, gave her New York recital debut in Town Hall January 6th under the auspices of the Walter W. Naumburg Musical Foundation, whose annual prize she recently captured.

After this imposing array of youthful attainments one may add that Miss Krauter played a sonata by Henri Eccles (1670-1742), the Saint-Saëns A minor concerto, Emanuel Moor's "Rhapsodie," Wilhelm Jeral's "Piece de Concert," with a cadenza by Willem Willeke, and brief numbers by Rubin Goldmark and Faure. Miss Krauter's playing was founded on sound musicianship. Her tone not only sounded well, it possessed depth, feeling, and the fire of imagination. She preserved the symmetry and outlined the thematic structures of her compositions in a thoroughly mature manner.

In a word, she deserves to be heard again and soon. Carroll Hollister served capably at the piano.

Musical Art Quartet

The Musical Art Quartet, consisting of Sacha Jacobsen, first violin; Bernard Ocko, second; Louis Kaufman, viola, and Marie Romaet Rosanoff, 'cello, gave its second concert recently in Aeolian Hall. These four graduates of the Institute of Musical Art (whence the title of the organization) gave a good account of themselves at their first entertainment and a better one last night, when they played Mozart's C major quartet and Schubert's D minor. The new chamber music body is a decided acquisition to the instrumental forces of the metropolis and will probably enjoy a long and honorable career. W. J. H.

Alton Jones, Pianist, at Aeolian Hall

Alton Jones, young New York pianist, who has been heard here in a recital and with orchestra, gave a program of piano music December 5, in Aeolian Hall. The list comprised two caprices and an intermezzo by Brahms, the third sonata in F sharp minor, opus 23, by Scriabine, the etude in C minor, opus 25, No. 12 of Chopin; four pieces from "Pickwick" (a cycle after Dickens) by Walter Niemann and the rhapsody in C, opus 11, by Dohnanyi. As last season when Mr. Jones gave a

recital his program included no old music. But he is a pianist whom it is a pleasure to hear. Whatever music he undertakes to play, he plays well. He infuses his interpretations with brains, he commands an admirable technic and his tone is sound and good to hear.

Toscha Seidel Is Guest Artist at Metropolitan

Toscha Seidel was the guest artist in the regular Sunday concert at the Metropolitan Opera House December 19th. He played the Tschai-kowsky violin concerto with orchestra and a group of solos in which Arthur Loesser (Institute graduate), was at the piano.

CHRISTMAS PLAY

On Saturday afternoon, December 18th, the children of the Preparatory Centers appeared in their annual Christmas entertainment in the Recital Hall of the Institute. The following program under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Harris, assisted by Miss Belle Soudant and the chorus, Miss Nelly Reuschel arranging the tableaux, and Mr. Louis Bostelmann conducting the orchestra, was given a vivacious and interesting performance. The three groups of carols were well chosen and beautifully sung by the children, and the excellence of the orchestra surprised and delighted everyone.

Standing beside a lighted Christmas tree, Miss Maurine Thompson sang with charming spirit the Cornelius Weihnachtslieder which were gracefully interpreted by the members of the Dalcroze classes. Miss Lillian Dechman, in addition to her organ solo and accompaniments, greatly enhanced the festive atmosphere of the occasion by her elaborate extemporizations between the tableaux.

PROGRAMME

1. Processional.
Organ—"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing."
2. Two Christmas Carols.
"Good King Wenceslas."
Sicilian Hymn.
3. Pastoral Symphony, from "The Messiah."
Händel
Preparatory Center Orchestra.
Variations on an Ancient Christmas Carol.
4. Organ Solo. Gaston Dethier
Miss Lillian Dechman.
5. Tableau—Christmas Eve.
"The Christmas Tree." Cornelius
6. Tableau—The Shepherds.
"The Shepherds." Cornelius
7. Two Christmas Carols.
"Noël, Noël!"
"Holy Night."
8. Tableau—The Holy Family.
"The Three Kings." Cornelius
9. Solo—"Christ the Friend of Children."
Miss Maurine Thompson. Cornelius
10. Chorus—"The Christ Child." Cornelius

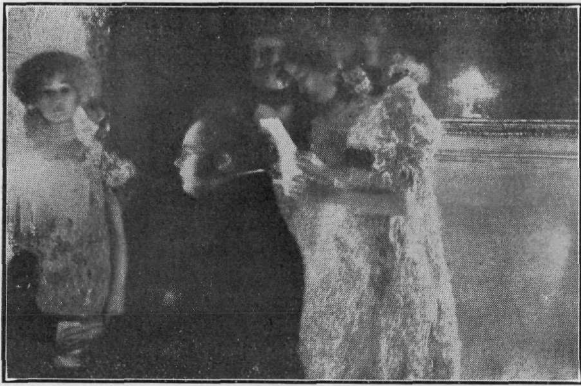
DO YOU KNOW THAT

All of the following musicians were born in January.

Auber, Bispham, von Bülow, Chabrier, Cui, Walter Damrosch, David, Delius, Downes, Gabrilowitch, Huneker, Kneisel, Loeffler, Lowell Mason, William Mason, Mozart, Pergolesi, Jean de Reszke, Schubert, Scotti, Scriabine, Thalberg.

Do You Know the following interesting facts about them?

Auber, the composer of the opera, "Masaniello," was an extremely clever conversationalist. At the age of ninety, while directing a musical soirée, a certain gentleman lifted a white hair from Auber's shoulder. Laughingly, Auber said, "Ah! that hair must have belonged to some old fellow who has rubbed against me. Hang him!" He wrote fifty operas in his lifetime.



Franz Schubert at the clavier playing one of his songs.

Bispham in addition to being a great baritone was also a splendid actor. It has always been a subject for debate as to whether he was greater as a singer or as an actor. A Quaker to the core, his instrument was the guitar. At Haverford College he could not play it on the grounds so he went to the Pennsylvania Railroad station to do so. He was one of the greatest Wagnerian interpreters of all time. Bispham was a striking success despite the fact that he did not take up his art seriously until he was twenty-nine years of age.

* * *

Von Bülow, the famous conductor and pianist, had a remarkable musical memory. Not content with conducting without a score, he sought—but unsuccessfully—to induce the members of his orchestra to learn their music by heart. One day a young composer called on him to ask his opinion of a pianoforte concerto. Von Bülow said he was too busy but would look at it at his leisure. The evening of the same day, at a party, he was asked to play, and to the amazement of the young composer, who was present, he played the entire concerto from memory. Von Bülow had a decided dislike for singers. A caller once noticed in his apartment a picture of the leader of the ballet, in

a prominent place. On his friend's expressing surprise, Von Bülow said, "Yes, she is the only woman of the artists on the stage who does not distress me by bad singing."

* * *

Chabrier was almost entirely self-taught. His "España" rhapsody is one of three compositions which are said to best represent Spain—none of which were composed by a Spaniard. (The others are the "Iberia" of Debussy and the "Spanish Caprice" of Rimsky-Korsakow.)

* * *

Cui was a man of unusual intelligence and mastered many other fields than that of music. In addition to being one of the famous "Five" of the New-Russian school, of which Rimsky-Korsakow, Moussorgsky, Balikirew and Borodin were members, he was an authority on fortification and attained the rank of Lieutenant-General of Engineers. He lectured at the Artillery School and Staff College and counted among his pupils the former Emperor Nicholas II. Cui was also a good linguist.

* * *

Walter Damrosch, who recently announced his resignation as conductor of the New York Symphony—after serving forty-two years in that capacity—has been a pioneer in popularizing symphony concerts. He has made country-wide tours and even traveled through Europe and Cuba with his orchestra. Mr. Damrosch has led the first American performances of Tschaiakowsky's Fifth and Sixth Symphonies; Brahms' Fourth; Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah;" Elgar's First and Second Symphonies; Wagner's "Parsifal." He himself has composed an opera, "Cyrano de Bergerac," which was given at the Metropolitan Opera House on Feb. 27, 1913; also a comic opera, "The Dove of Peace" (1912). He has written incidental music for various plays.

* * *

Downes, the present music critic for the New York Times, wrote a crisp, and acute summary of biography, criticism, and analysis of well-known compositions, adapted to phonograph records in a book "The Lure of Music." He has lectured on opera at various institutions. At one time he taught theory and music appreciation. Downes also has edited a collection of sixty "Songs of Russia." He is an accomplished pianist and will play publicly in the near future.

* * *

Gabrilowitch studied piano with Rubinstein and Leschetizky and composition with Liadow and Glazounow. He has successfully conducted the Detroit Symphony Orchestra since 1918, making an appearance with that organization in New York at a concert last year. He is the husband of the daughter of Mark Twain, the noted American humorist.

* * *

Loeffler, a contemporary American composer, sat for many years at the first desk of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with the late Franz Kneisel who

was concertmaster. Most of his chamber works were given first performances by the Kneisel Quartet. Since 1903 Loeffler has been devoting himself entirely to composition and has turned out some highly individual and striking works.

* * *

Mozart not only paid homage to his muse but to all the arts. He could draw very well and was an excellent dancer. The organ—as well as the piano—under his deft fingers became a thing at which to marvel. At the age of six he went on his *second* concert tour. Mozart could compose while resting his cue at billiards. He was always in dire poverty. One cold winter's morning a friend found him dancing about the room with his wife. Upon being questioned, Mozart cheerily replied, "Oh! we can't afford to buy fuel, so we are dancing to keep ourselves warm." Whenever Mozart wished to be inspired by his muse he would sit himself in his study, call his wife, and say, "Now, my dear, please be so kind as to tell me all the news." In the course of the ensuing one-sided conversation Mozart would dash off a symphony or an overture!

* * *

Pergolesi wrote seventy compositions of rather large size during the twenty-eight years of his life. Stravinsky has written a suite for orchestra on themes by Pergolesi ("Pulcinella"). The following legend is told of Pergolesi. A certain Maria Spinelli, a noblewoman, loved and was loved by Pergolesi. She was threatened with death by her three brothers, unless she chose as her husband a man of royal blood. Maria decided to enter a nunnery instead, stating that Pergolesi was to lead the mass when she took the veil. She then entered the convent, dying there a year later; Pergolesi again leading the requiem for her. He died but a year later, his death, no doubt, being hastened by this tragedy.

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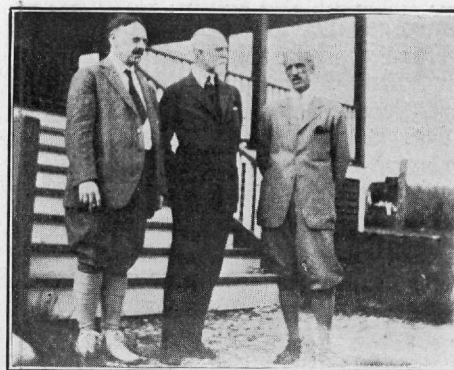
Schubert, at the age of eighteen, less than an hour after having read Goethe's "Erl-König," set it to music in a song which will live forever. At one time he left a song at the home of a singer. The key being too high the singer transposed it. Two weeks later this singer sang it in the transposed key before an audience in which Schubert sat. "Really," remarked Schubert, "that song is not bad; who composed it?" Schubert sold many of his songs for the paltry sum of twenty cents. He wrote the beautiful "Serenade" amid the hubbub of a German beer garden. Schubert died at the age of thirty-one, penniless.

* * *

Scriabine began extemporizing at the piano when only five years old. He early showed a remarkable musical memory. A military career was intended for him but he abandoned the corps to take up music. Scriabine was professor of pianoforte at the Moscow Conservatory for five years. He evolved a new harmonic structure in his music which has been and is much imitated. One of Scriabine's pet theories was to combine sound, light and odor in

presenting music. This combination of all three has not been tried as yet in public but the sound and light combination has.

—Lloyd Mergentime.



Franz Kneisel, Charles Loeffler and Felix Kahn taken at Kneisel Hall, Blue Hill, Maine.

IN THE GALLERY

By W. J. Henderson

Up, up, still soaring like the eternal breath
Of the swift soul made free by might of death,
Thou comest spiritlike, sublime and strong,
Oh, godlike boon, sweet ministry of song.

Up, up, to where we dumb and moveless are,
Thou comest like a voice from some sweet star
That floats forever o'er the trembling sea
And fills the sky with silver melody.

And they that sit below in silk and lace—
Hath God loved them with any deeper grace?
What gift has he upon their cold hearts laid,
They in their purple and their gold arrayed?

Do they, Oh, Music, know thee, spirit of hope?
Dost thou for them thy secret treasures ope?
What good is theirs, if thou alone art not?
Is death not better, and the things that rot?

They who sit in splendor and in light,
Do they know thee or dream of thee aright?
Or we that sit here in the darkness dumb—
Is it to us thy throbbing whispers come?

Oh, spirit of invisible delight,
Eternal Harmony! By God's dear sight
We know thee—we, who sit and long;
Oh, deathless boon, sweet ministry of song.

MUSIC NOTES

In accordance with the many requests from readers of the Baton, for comments by eminent critics on artists and compositions before the public, the following pages are devoted to some of the events of the past month. Notes on good and bad performances are given as helpful criticism. The Baton appreciates the letters received expressing interest in this branch of our paper.

CURRENT EVENTS IN MUSIC

Mme. Schumann-Heink Honored

The audience that filled Carnegie Hall December 16th to listen to a Wagner program by the New York Symphony Society assembled to enjoy the music and to honor two distinguished musicians of long and fruitful record in their profession. These were Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony, whose retirement from that position at the end of the season had been announced twenty-four hours previous, and Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, soloist, now celebrating by a concert tour her golden jubilee as one of the greatest singers of her generation.

Mr. Damrosch has been a leading factor in the introduction and popularization of Wagner's music in America, and was his exponent at a time when Wagner was not commonly accepted as he is today. Mme. Schumann-Heink's first season at the Metropolitan was made notable by several of her Wagnerian impersonations, and she carries the traditions of her rôles, as few singers do, in head and heart. Moreover, these two artists have time and again collaborated in Wagnerian performances; memories must have crowded thick and fast upon them as they stood side by side on the stage.

The ceremonies took the form of the presentation of a jeweled brooch to Mme. Schumann-Heink from the directors of the Symphony Society, Harry Harkness Flagler, President of the Society, making the presentation speech. The audience stood up to welcome Dr. Damrosch and Mme. Schumann-Heink when they appeared, and remained standing during Mr. Flagler's address.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang the Erda scene, the warning to Wotan, from the third act of "Rheingold," and most of Waltraute's Narrative from "Die Götterdämmerung." She sang those passages with the most impressive feeling and an employment of the voice which her colleagues, young or old, may well envy her.

Her tone was warm and vivid with feeling, it sustained phrases with a masterly observance of line and the import of the text. How much she achieved with her material! How potent was the coloring of the voice and the epic spirit that infused it!

Mr. Damrosch's love for his art was audible and visible; his sincerity and devotion to his task were the qualities which have brought him esteem and honor these many years, and worked for the advancement of his cause.

—Olin Downes.

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Sibelius and Gershwin Mingle

George Gershwin and Jean Sibelius mingled fraternally on the program given by the New York Symphony Society, Walter Damrosch conductor, December 26th, in Mecca Temple. Behind Mr. Gershwin with his jazz piano concerto loomed Beethoven with his Fifth Symphony; after him came the strange sonorities and the sombre reveries of Sibelius, the Finn, deep in his northern fastness.

Harry Harkness Flagler, President of the New York Symphony Society, commissioned Sibelius last season to write a new work for performance by that organization. This work, called "Tapiola," or "The Forest," was played yesterday afternoon for the first time anywhere. The music is typical of the late Sibelius in the simplicity but frequent daring of the harmony, the originality of the instrumentation, and the introspective character of the piece. As Mr. Damrosch remarked, Sibelius lives his own life, thinks his own thoughts. He expresses himself uncompromisingly, with no regard for the crowd or for any musical faction. He has developed independently of any modern "school," and has long since outgrown affiliations with Grieg and Tchaikowsky. Sibelius is an inexplicable rebirth of an ancient period. He goes back in consciousness to the pagan north. He is a Finn, and partly Swedish by descent, but it may be said of nearly all his great music that it is in essence Scandinavian. It seems always to pit the figure of solitary man against a grand or sombre background of nature. Therefore, in writing

of the forest Sibelius is returning to a very familiar theme.

It proved well worth while to hear Mr. Gershwin's concerto again and after a lapse of a season. Perhaps if he had not known he was writing a concerto to be solemnly exhibited on a concert of "serious" music Mr. Gershwin would have been a little simpler and more direct in some harmonic matters. Perhaps, on the other hand, if an audience had not had in mind the scalawag insouciance and flavor of the best parts of the "Rhapsody in Blue," and had heard this concerto for the first time from some young European, it would have dubbed it decidedly interesting. We find Mr. Gershwin somewhat self-conscious in this score and not entirely natural, which is not strange; but the F major concerto is a solid piece of work; it has very definite ideas, extensively transformed and developed, and the substantial character of the writing stands up well under repeated tests. If the concerto does not entirely reach its goal it is a pleasure to say that it grows upon acquaintance, that it may grow more with further hearings and that it may very possibly have been underestimated after the first performances last season. This performance was a spirited one and there was long applause for the composer.

—Olin Downes.

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There was a first performance in New York of Carol Szymanowski's Third Symphony, called "The Song of the Night," at the concert given by the New York Philharmonic Society, Willem Mengelberg conductor, December 16th, in Carnegie Hall. The symphony is in effect a hymn to the night. It is a setting for enormous modern orchestra and—originally—chorus, with solo tenor, of verses by the Sufic poet of Persia, usually known as Jalaluddin. The poem is an apostrophe to the midnight skies, at first mysterious, then sensuous, exultant, mystical in tone. The version employed last night dispensed, with the composer's approval, with the chorus. The solo tenor part was taken by Lauritz Melchior, the Wagnerian tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

There need be no question of the sincerity of Mr. Szymanowski in writing this music—and we are among those who hold that sincerity is after all an important matter in musical composition. But the symphony, or symphonic poem, as originally it was called, seems to be a terrible amount of ado with little or nothing accomplished.

* * *

Bach and Ravel Music

Mr. Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra dispensed a soothing blend of Bach and Ravel, charming and delicately wrought music for the most part, on December 19th.

Most of these compositions were old and new favorites. They were delightfully played and the pleasant fancies of Ravel formed a charming complement to the graceful and stately melodies of Bach.

* * *

Damrosch Makes Farewell Appearance

Walter Damrosch made his last appearance of the season until some time in March with the New York Symphony Orchestra in Mecca Auditorium January 2nd.

The first part of the program opening with the second Brahms Symphony and presenting again Miss Giannini, who sang Tchaikowsky's "Adieu, Forests," from "Jeanne D'Arc," and later Elizabeth's air from the second act of "Tannhäuser." The other orchestral offerings included excerpts from "Götterdämmerung" and "Tristan und Isolde."

The performance of the Brahms Symphony was admirable. Its fine flow of eloquent tone rose to a magnificent climax. The whole reading was at once mellow, beautifully sustained and stirring in its final pages.

Miss Giannini triumphed again with her familiar offerings.

Symphony Plays Modern Music

Walter Damrosch, conductor of the Symphony Society of New York, has no fear of experience. On the 29th day of November last year he gave a concert in the Mecca Temple to which he applied the title "Modern Music, Pleasant and Unpleasant." Some of his parishioners were shocked. Some even walked out in the course of the concert. But with indomitable spirit Mr. Damrosch came up smiling and did the thing over in the same disheartening place recently. The program was not the same, but the thought beneath it was and it carried the same title.



Bernard Rogers, a former Institute pupil under Dr. Goettschius, composer of "Fuji in the Sunset Glow."

The program comprised the prelude to D'Annunzio's "Phedre," act 2, by Honegger; Bernard Rogers' "Fuji in the Sunset Glow," Quinto Maganini's "La Rumba," Darius Milhaud's "Ballad for Piano and Orchestra," Aaron Copland's suite "Music for the Theatre," and as a surprise "Music by a Modern Composer of 1860."

Mr. Milhaud's ballad is certainly in the modern manner, but its chief rhythm is that of the familiar tango. But it is quite insignificant music, albeit the composer, hard at the piano, smote the keys with mighty energy. Mr. Copland's theatre music had its third New York performance. This is a good record for a young American musician and his work, uncertain as it is in some respects, deserved its repetition. It has ingenuity, technical skill and in one or two parts genuine mood painting.

Mr. Maganini is third flute in the orchestra and he wrote his "La Rumba" under the stimulus of the visit of the organization to Cuba. It is good orchestration of popular dance tunes and found favor with the audience. Honegger's "Phedre" prelude reeks of Debussy, but it has the theatrical tone and should be of value when given in connection with the play for which it was composed.

This leaves for final consideration the evocation of the sacred Japanese mountain in the sunset by young Mr. Rogers and this composition was worth intrinsically far more than either of those imported from the famous magasin moderne de Paris. Its harmonic scheme proved to be rich and luminous, its instrumentation picturesque and withal continent, and its thematic fragments, while quite as diminutive and inessential as those of the modernists so often are, fully and excellently fitted to the purpose in view.

The composer has told us that he was trying to produce in music some such impression as the flat prints of Hiroshige make through the sense of sight—an interesting experiment and one in which the musician succeeded surprisingly well. His work has that evasive and indescribable character vaguely called atmosphere. A critic of painting

would say it had quality and that is a possession to be prized in any work of art. The performance of this piece reflected the highest credit upon Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra. One does not hear anything better in respect of balance and clarity.

—W. J. Henderson.

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Philharmonic At Its Best

Willem Mengelberg directed the Philharmonic Symphonic Orchestra at Carnegie Hall in a program which began with the "Fingal's Cave" overture. The musicians of the orchestra fully deserved the praise that the Italian composer, Ottorino Respighi, recently bestowed publicly on leading American symphony orchestras, which he declared were of "unbelievable excellence." Mr. Mengelberg had in his mind certain aspects of the sea—its lazy swell, its occasional crashing wave—and the orchestra received those impressions telepathically and communicated them to the listener.

Scipione Guidi, first violin, was the soloist in Respighi's "Concerto Gregoriano," for violin and orchestra, in three movements.

However, although the violin occupies the centre of the stage, it is the orchestration which rivets the attention, partly by the novelty of its effects and partly by the freshness of its outlook. The expressive andante merged in a splendid allegro.

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The A minor symphony of Saint-Saëns, "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," for piano and orchestra, by Manuel de Falla; Richard Strauss's "Burlesque" for piano and orchestra, and the "Dance of Salome," from Strauss's opera, made the program of the concert given December 23rd in Carnegie Hall by Willem Mengelberg and the Philharmonic Society, with Robert E. Schmitz as solo pianist. The revival of the seldom played "Burlesque" was a startling illustration of the rapidity of musical development in this early twentieth century. The writer heard the Burlesque for the first time twenty-odd years ago. The piece, composed in 1885, and one of Strauss's first significant departures from tradition, was then less than twenty years old. It seemed extremely modern, sardonic, even revolutionary in meaning. Lest this be discounted as the impression of a single individual it may be added that the local press took the work in much the same spirit.

Twenty years, or a few more, have passed, and what is the "Burlesque" today? It is redolent of Brahms and, in a lesser degree, of Liszt. It has interesting pages, but they are interesting for spirit rather than substance. The harmonic writing, which, first heard, sounded much newer than it was, is now seen to be conventional and long out of date. Even the form is essentially conventional. Yet time was when the "Burlesque" was an impudent if not an alarming piece of work, and that time was only a little more than two short decades ago. Reflect upon the age of the composer when he wrote it—Strauss was then 21—and its germs of greatness are the more evident.

The "Burlesque" was brilliantly played. Mr. Schmitz's performance on the piano was one of admirable musicianship and a dazzling virtuosity. Mr. Mengelberg matched him in leading the orchestra.

De Falla's music, in turn, seemed to owe a certain debt to the performance and to fall short of completely convincing qualities of its own. It is colorful orchestration—yes! There are picturesque scraps of themes in the folk-manner, a number of them of oriental description, such as appear in many modern Spanish scores. But the music does not have the inner urge that is communicated to the listener, who feels a composer laboring on a piece, not creating one out of sheer necessity of his nature.

Mr. Mengelberg accomplished wonders with the "Dance of Salome." What Mr. Mengelberg had done two evenings before with Liszt's "Les Préludes" he did last night with Strauss—he recreated the composer's vision with exceptional vividness and intensity of tint. Would that other pages of Strauss's opera could be heard from this baton!

—Olin Downes.

"L'Amore Dei Tre Re" Presented

The first performance of Montemezzi's opera "L'Amore dei Tre Re" in the present season took place at the Metropolitan Opera House December 29th. The return of the work to the repertory was compelled not only by its own artistic worth but also by the scarcity of recent operas commanding respect.

The first representation of the unhappy heroine battling between conscience and passion was Lucrezia Bori in 1914, who seemed to have been created for the role. But she was not always available, whereas the opera continued to be a necessity. Miss Muzio sang *Fiora* and outside the Metropolitan the inimitable Mary Garden impersonated the character. Miss Muzio was somewhat too magnificent and Miss Garden much too sophisticated.

It has been said under cover that the Spanish soprano did not desire to retain the part in her list because of its exigent demands upon her upper register.

The remorseful scarf was waved from the battlements this time by Rosa Ponselle, who has this season demonstrated that she had no intention of permitting her art to retrogress.

Miss Ponselle's *Fiora* owes nothing to its predecessors; it is her own. This "little flower" is more passionate than tender.

On the whole her *Fiora*, while not perfectly realizing the ideals set forth in the text, proved to be strong and arresting, and it will undoubtedly remain in her repertory.

Mr. Serafin conducted and for him laudations may be generous. Under his baton all those upward sweeps of orchestral eloquence voicing the surges of an overmastering passion had their full effect; and when it was required the instrumental delineation sank to a rich murmur of subdued emotions. It was a fine and inspiring reading of a score which has too often been ruined by incorrect tempi and slovenliness in rhythm. —W. J. Henderson.

Mary Watkins wrote in *The Tribune* as follows:

In the first place it has the advantage of a superb libretto, the text of which, by the Italian poet Sem Benelli, stands upon its own artistic feet as an eloquent drama without musical embellishment. Granted that throughout the three brief and tense scenes we are constantly reminded of similar incidents in other masterworks, his theme is deathless nevertheless and his treatment has angles of freshness and originality.

Wagner

The first "Walküre" performance of the season in the Metropolitan Opera House took place recently.

The singers repeated impersonations which, while they offered no novel or spectacular features, nevertheless resulted in a performance of unusual homogeneity and merit. It was an occasion in which nearly all of the principal elements were exceptionally coordinated and timed together.

At this performance, whatever the reason for it, there was a real as well as an apparent unity interpretation, in addition to certain unusually able accomplishments.

—Olin Downes.

Verdi

Verdi's life had completed the span of the fourscore years traditionally granted mankind when he composed "Falstaff"; "Falstaff" covers a still greater span of years, and of thought, for it summarizes everything that happened in Italian opera from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. It goes back of Rossini to Pergolesi and his contemporaries; it looks forward to the technic of the most advanced Italian school of today. It is true that this school has assimilated other characteristics than those of Italian music, that it has taken ideas and harmonic procedure from the French, the Germans, the Russian. The modern composer cannot but be more electric in his viewpoint and his technic than his predecessor of a century before, and Verdi's descendants cannot write, and do not care to write, as if there had never been music outside of Italy. But in all that pertains to Italian expression, Italian conceptions and ideals in opera making, and the

utmost conciseness and refinement of workmanship, "Falstaff" is the epitome not of one but of several epochs.

Many ifs, ands and buts could be listed apropos of this performance. But the opera is the thing—the melody, the humanity, the laughter, the scintillation and brilliancy of Verdi's score, which, with "Othello," represent the culmination of his orchestral achievement. The performance presented, with some special merits and certain shortcomings, a master-work which should be firm in the repertory of every great lyric theatre.

—W. J. Henderson.

Verdi's "Forza del Destino," the opera in which Rosa Ponselle made her metropolitan début with Enrico Caruso on Nov. 15, 1918, was revived recently in the Metropolitan Opera House. The last previous performance by the Metropolitan was on Feb. 17, 1923.

It was due largely to Mr. Bellezza's brilliant and dramatic reading of the score that this lurid opera of the earlier Verdi sounded so fresh and often so effective. The significance of a musical work, especially when it is of uneven and transitional quality, depends in a considerable measure upon the interpretation. Three hours and a half of the banalities and the intensities of the music of "Forza del Destino" found an audience intent and interested to the absurd end of the plot.

This was due to a number of factors; not the least of them was the conductor.

—Olin Downes.

The Jest

Sam Benelli's tragedy, "La Cena delle Beffe," as transmogrified by the music of Umberto Giordano, returned to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House recently.

By reason of the intensely dramatic quality of the book it held the interest of the audience.

This character might have been made for Mr. Ruffo, so well does it fit his manner of song and action.

Mr. Ruffo's prodigious voice, which he uses in these days with more discretion than he showed three or four years ago, is well employed in Giordano's declamation. Occasion has been taken before this afternoon to note certain progress in Mr. Ruffo's art, for it was greatly to the honor of this already popular singer that he sought to better himself by the advice and criticism of an artist of an older generation. Some less successful singers might profit by this illustrious example.

It does not seem of vital necessity to comment again on the score of the opera.

Why take it seriously? It is just opera music. Besides, when Mr. Gigli is to sing there is always something to hear. And in this opera he does more than merely sing.

—W. J. Henderson.

Don Quixote

Feodor Chaliapin recreated the part of Don Quixote in Massenet's facile opera of that name December 18th in the Metropolitan Opera House. He breathed the breath of life into a role which is of dramatic papier-mâché and musically non-existent. If the hero of the opera had had to depend for one instant on the music that Massenet put in his mouth the work would by now have vanished from the Metropolitan repertory—less than a year after its production by that organization, on last April 3. It has its being in the extraordinary art of the principal impersonator. Sometimes this remarkable man appears as an actor manqué. He acts with his voice as well as his body; he seizes on the slightest excuse to envisage a moment that the observer always remembers.

Mr. Chaliapin has a voice of unusual qualities. It is used according to dramatic ideals rather than musical, and it is hardly necessary to stress the fact that while he can treat a musical phrase beautifully when he chooses he is always pre-eminently the singing actor; the framework of the phrase can go to perdition if his conception of text and situation differs from the melodic line provided by the composer.

In operas of a classic type this kind of performance lays itself open to severe criticism; in a score of the quality of "Don Quixote" it is rather a blessing than

otherwise. It may be that Massenet would not know his own intentions in certain of the scenes of Mr. Chaliapin, but it is probable that if he were open-minded about the matter he would be surprised to discover so much that he himself had not realized in the part. That is the one profitable basis of this production. The music of Massenet must have been the more disappointing to those who had recently heard an orchestral performance of Strauss's "Don Quixote," a composition which may or may not stand as a piece of "absolute" music, but is certainly instinct with the psychology and the pathos of which the French opera manufacturer never dreamed.

There is not, from the theatrical standpoint, a more pathetic picture in opera-land.

This is surely one of Mr. Chaliapin's greatest achievements. A virtuoso exhibition, one which reaches the status, so far as its material makes possible, of great art.

—Olin Downes.

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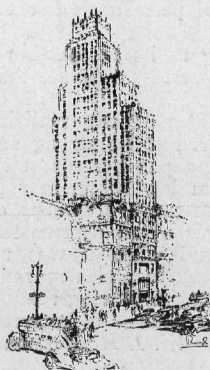
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