

The Baton

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"TRISTAN"

A VIOLINIST PLAYS BEFORE
A CZAR AND A SULTAN
By Leopold Auer

THE DREAMER
(Colors from an Artist's Palette)

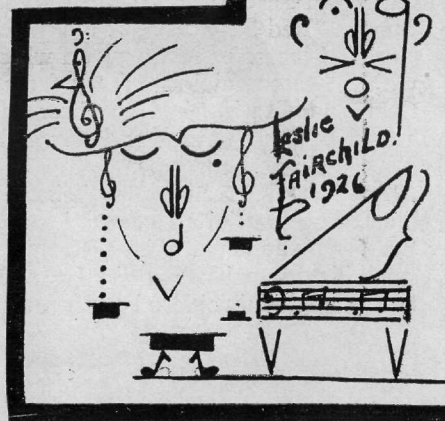
FAMOUS STRADS

MUSIC AND THE HEART BEAT

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A VIOLINIST PLAYS BEFORE A CZAR AND A SULTAN

By Leopold Auer

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THE coronation of a Russian Czar was not only an historic event; it was a national festival. Three weeks before the coronation of Alexander III was to take place the leading singers of the Imperial Opera, the entire Corps de Ballet, and the Czar's soloists, myself among them, were sent to Moscow.

Several months in advance of the great event the Ministry of the Imperial Court had reserved two commodious hotels for the accommodation of the artists and the innumerable employees of Imperial Theaters, as well as the personnel of the Ministry itself, engaging them for four weeks, so that during that entire time we were the guests of the Czar. My own special duty was to play one violin solo during the one act of the ballet which formed part of the program of the great gala performance at the Moscow Opera. It took me exactly ten minutes to play the solo in question, no more! But at that period, and especially in view of the occasion, neither time nor expense counted for anything; in order to impress the people every detail connected with the solemnity was surrounded with all the pomp and splendor which the traditions of earlier ages demanded.

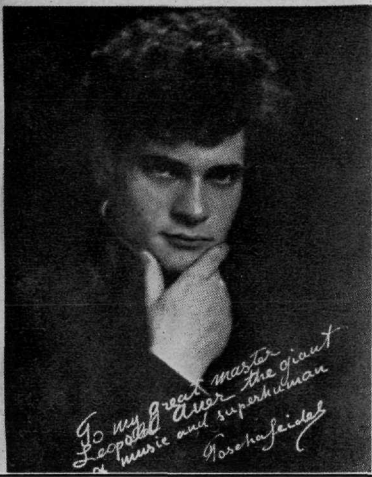
The coronation itself took place in the Cathedral of the Assumption, the Uspenski Sobor ("Rest of the Virgin") Cathedral, in the nave of which every Russian Czar from Ivan the Terrible down has been crowned. It was a pity that the solemn effect of the antique interior, which dates from 1473, had been destroyed by the gorgeous gilding and the blazing colors under which it had been buried for this coronation. The coronation itself was to take place at noon; but all those who were to take part in it—state functionaries, officers, ambassadors, and such deputies and persons as were admitted into the church—had to gather at the Kremlin at eight o'clock in the morning. I was not among those assisting at the ceremony; but since it was unique of its kind and I desired to witness it, I put on my soloist's uniform, provided myself with a ticket of admission, and went to the Kremlin at the hour specified. There, in the sandy open space round the Cathedral, I saw the imperial couple, in their mantles of cloth-of-gold, crown on head and scepter in hand, walk around the church on their way to the famous "Red Staircase" of the palace of the ancient Grand Princess of Moscow, on which, in accordance with the ceremonial laid down from olden times, the Czar and Czarina had to show themselves to the crowd of their boyars and devoted subjects to receive their acclamations.

After having retired to their apartments for an hour, the Imperial couple made a solemn entry into the banqueting hall of the Granitovitaya Palata, a small historic palace built by Ivan the Great. Thanks to my gold-embroidered uniform and my ticket as

the Czar's soloist, I was allowed to climb to the gallery which formed the platform for the orchestra, the choruses, and the solo singers. At the request of the Ministry of the Imperial Household, Tchaikovsky had written for solos, chorus, and orchestra a coronation cantata entitled "Moskva," and it was to be performed at the moment when the Czar and Czarina entered in their regalia. In this little banqueting-hall had been laid covers for some 200-300 guests, including the ministers and other dignitaries of state, the ambassadors of the Foreign Powers, and the delegates of the various nations and tribes making up the empire. There was a raised platform in the middle of the hall, and braced against the wall were two armchairs with a table in front of them. The Czar and Czarina seated themselves on this platform to an orchestral fanfare, all those present rising and bowing very low, a salutation acknowledged by the sovereigns with a slight movement of the head.

This was the signal for a sight which must be seen to be believed, one whose old-time ceremonial vividly illustrated the autocratic state held by the earlier Czars. The chosen hundreds of high degree, in uniforms literally covered with gold and blazing with decorations, seated themselves at the tables in order of rank and the dinner was served. A hundred lackeys in the gala livery of the Imperial Court, holding aloft great platters of gold, made the round of the guests, and were followed by others carrying every kind of liquid refreshment on golden trays. Those of us stationed on the gallery concentrated our whole attention on the raised platform where the Czar and his wife were seated. Before them, on each one of the steps leading to the platform, stood several of the Grand Dukes; and the Grand Marshal of the Court, Prince Dolgoroukoff, was stationed at the bottom. High Court functionaries, followed by lackeys bearing the dishes destined for the Imperial table, would approach the platform; the court officials would take the dishes from the lackeys' hands and present them, one by one, to the Grand Marshal; he in turn would place them in the hands of one of the Grand Dukes; and the latter, mounting the steps to the platform, would range one plate after another on the Czar's table. Whenever he had deposited a dish on the table, the Grand Duke in question would return to his place; and the Grand Marshal, the Court functionaries, and the lackeys would withdraw, walking backward with bowed head. This ceremonial was observed for two full hours.

Once outside again I breathed the pure air with delight, and enjoyed the sun that shone down upon the great court of the Uspenski Cathedral, and burnished the hundreds of golden cupolas of the Moscow churches, outspread to the sight from the Ivan Velike Tower. A few days later, having played my



ten-minute solo in the gala spectacle at the Grand Theater, expressly to play which I had come to Moscow by Imperial command, and for which I had remained there three weeks, I left the city and went to the country.

The husband of one of the most gifted singers at the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg had suggested that during March, 1902, he manage for his wife and me a little concert tour to include Vienna, Belgrade, Sofia, and Constantinople. I welcomed the suggestion eagerly. . . .

From Vienna we took the Orient Express for the historic capital of the Ottoman empire, over which that most sly and resourceful of the Turkish sultans, Abdul Hamid II, was then reigning. Constantinople is really not one city; that is to say, like most metropolitan cities it has gone on growing until it includes all the towns and villages on both sides of the Golden Horn and along both banks of the Bosphorus, the European and the Asiatic. . . . When I descended to the shores of the Bosphorus and crossed the long "Inner Bridge" leading over to the Turkish city of Stamboul, I found that I had crossed from Europe to Asia in more respects than one. . .

Turkish women wrapped in black garments, men

with dark eyes and low brows, officers in uniforms green as grass and with black lambskin kalpaks or red fezzes on their heads, young girls whose brown faces were screened by transparent veils, muleteers, the donkeys of water-sellers and vendors of all kinds. . . . And these street scenes were set in the blue and green frame-work of the Bosphorus and its verdant shores. In truth, it seems easier to enjoy than to describe the picturesque, poetic atmosphere of Constantinople, surrounded by the loveliest imaginable scenery during the day, and at night, when some great religious festivity is celebrated, ringed with the silver light that girdles the Minarets of the mosques. . . .

Our concerts—we gave three of them in all—were as successful artistically as they were financially. The ruler of the Sublime Porte had expressed a desire to hear us in his palace of Yildiz Kiosk, but the Sultan Abdul Hamid II never did anything in a hurry. . . . So we remained in Constantinople, having twice put off our departure for the Balkan capitals in order to gratify the caprices of the padishah. For my part I was determined not to miss the opportunity to enrich my impressions by a private appearance before the ruler of the Moslem world, even though I had to lose the concerts arranged for in the two Occidental capitals already mentioned.

At last, one fine morning, our long wait was rewarded. One of the couriers of the Russian embassy came to the Hotel Pera with a note instructing us to be prepared to go to the Yildiz Kiosk that same evening, at six o'clock. I was quite excited when the Ambassador and the chief Dragoman of the Embassy arrived with two gala carriages to conduct us to the palace. The air was warm, even a little humid; yet I shook with nervousness as though there were a frost.

The Yildiz Kiosk is situated in the midst of an immense and very beautiful park, which contains a number of other palaces and pavillions beside the palace of the Sultan, as well as a mosque which is reserved exclusively for the devotions of the sultan, his wives, the princes of the blood royal, and their respective households. As we passed the various posts of the Imperial Ottoman Guard stationed in the park, the soldiers, all in crimson coats and tall white lambskin kalpaks, presented arms to the beat of drums. Some idea of the extent of the imperial gardens may be gathered from the fact that it took us from ten to twelve minutes of brisk trotting to pass from the outer gate of the gardens to the principal gate of the sultan's palace.

Here we were met by a swarm of black servitors and attendants, who seemed to regard us with a certain amount of suspicion (largely, no doubt, because we were Russians), but who gradually lost their mistrustful bearing. . . . As I left the carriage my violin-case at once attracted the attention of some of the palace domestics, who surrounded me curiously, touching the case with their hands and endeavoring to take it from me, with the expectation, I suppose, of finding it stuffed with bombs or hand-grenades.

After we had been duly presented through the offices of the chief Dragoman, the Grand Marshal with much dignity conveyed to us the Sultan's invitation to partake of a collation before the concert, which was set for eight o'clock. Preceded by a dozen or so domestics in full livery, with the Grand Marshal at their head, we passed through a long suite of salons fitted out in a more or less European manner, to a large dining room. This room was illuminated by hundreds of wax candles. . . . The table was adorned with golden vases and epergnes of gold, and the entire table service—the cups, the plates, and the great platters on which an endless menu, cooked in the French style, was served—was also of solid gold. It concluded with the national dish, a ragout of rice and mutton, which was served after the sweetmeats.

Shortly afterward we made our way through long passages to the hall of performances, a veritable theatre with a good stage, and two galleries with numerous boxes fronted by bars of gilded iron. These boxes were intended for the many wives, concubines, and children of the Imperial Ottoman. Directly opposite the stage was a spacious parterre box for the use of His Majesty and his entourage. The Sultan Abdul Hamid II was a great lover of music. He was especially fond of Italian music, and had a full orchestra which was said to be very good.

Directions with regard to the ceremonial to be observed during the concert were given us, special stress being laid on our keeping one rule: having begun to play or sing, the artist must not stop merely because he had reached the end of a composition, but must continue singing or playing until the sultan should deign to give the signal by an inclination of his head, which indicated that the artist might retire.

The Sultan Abdul Hamid II must have been about sixty years of age at that time, and he looked every year of it. His glance was veiled and indifferent, but now and again I found that his black eyes could look piercingly out of his lean, sallow face, and his ordinarily indifferent expression change to one of the keenest intelligence and interest.

After we had played, one of the sultan's aide-de-camps asked us to step up to the Imperial box. There the chief Dragoman of the Imperial Porte thanked us warmly in his master's name, and informed us that in memory of the agreeable evening the sultan had passed, decorations would be conferred upon us. . . . The Master of Ceremonies of the Imperial Court handed us our decorations in the Sul-



Leopold Auer's Workshop.

(Reproduced by courtesy of The New York World)

tan's presence, making a low salaam to him with each presentation, and when we had all received them we backed our way out of the Imperial presence with low bows.

The decorations bestowed on us were not the only souvenir of our visit, however. Before we left the Yildiz Kiosk the Sultan showed himself a veritable grand seigneur by having remitted to each of us, through the medium of the chief Dragoman of the Russian Embassy, a small leather bag containing one hundred Turkish pounds in gold. . . .

The years 1903 and 1904 were favorable for the development of the great violin talents who had come to St. Petersburg to study with me. First of all came Efrem Zimbalist who was immediately admitted to one of the scholarships reserved for quite extraordinary talents. . . . I came across Mischa Elman on the highway, so to speak. It was during one of my tours in the south of Russia—at Elisabethgrad—that the little boy played for me.

(We regret that we are not able to print in full the stories of Mr. Auer's summer colony which, in many respects, resembled that which settled about Franz Kneisel at Blue Hill, Maine. From 1912 to 1914 Mr. Auer and his class of thirty or forty passed the summer months in the quaint little German village of Loschwitz. There was always a public concert towards the end of the season, guests coming from far and near. The program generally

included the Bach Concerto in D Minor for two violins. On one occasion the audience, and the master himself, were deeply touched by the sincerity, unity, and purity with which two little boys dressed in blue sailor suits performed this work. They were none other than Jascha Heifetz and Toscha Seidel.

In 1915 the little colony changed its summer home to the mountains near Christiania, Norway. There these two boys, who were by no means rivals, gave concerts alternately before large and enthusiastic audiences. The queen was greatly impressed, and invited them to play for her privately. They performed first the Bach Concerto mentioned above, and then, at Her Majesty's request, they played solos alternately. During the intermissions, in the garden along the fjord, so it is told, the lads ran races with the Prince Royal!

Often I would ask myself how I might best help each one of them to preserve his own artistic individuality, and at the same time prevent his losing sight of the end in view, the ideals of truly great art. The responsibility of guiding students of exceptional talent is a serious one: the slightest deviation from the true course of procedure may be attended by the most unhappy results. And the question of deciding which is the right or wrong line of development for the individual student remains a matter of instinct, good judgment, hope and personal artistic preference.

It was in February 1918 that I decided to go to America, casting into discard my entire past—except its memories. I embarked for New York in Christiania on February 7, 1918, and arrived there ten days later, seventy-three years of age, with two trunks and my Stradivarius violin. On the same boat with me sailed Mme. Stein, Mrs. Given and her daughter, Thelma Given, as well as Mrs. Seidel with her two boys, Toscha and Vladimir. The cordial reception my numerous pupils gave me upon my arrival in the United States—among them Eddy Brown, Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist, Jascha Heifetz, Max Rosen, Alexander Bloch, David Hochstein (already in uniform, since he was leaving for France with his regiment in the course of a few days, alas, never to return)—as well as that tendered by my colleagues (of whom the first to call on me and bid me welcome to this country was Mr. Franz Kneisel) and by the American public in general, will be graven in my memory for the remainder of my days.

A Comma or Two

A funny little man told this to me
I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jellyfish float up in a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.

MUSIC AND THE HEART BEAT

IT will come as a surprise to most people to learn that music is being used as a recognized curative agent in as many as thirty-six hospitals. Either of the opposite aims of soothing or of stimulating the patient may be accomplished by music of the proper nature properly applied. This is very interesting, for it apparently constitutes an application in therapy of facts about men and music long known to a few psychologists and to a still smaller company of concert musicians.

The essence of the matter is the human heart beat. That organ beats, in health, at the rate of some seventy times a minute, which is the normal rate for persons at rest. Exercise or excitement will quicken the rate; illness may retard it. Physiological tests have shown, also, that external rhythms, like that of regularly rhythmic music, may make the heart beat faster or slower. Mrs. Ilsen reports that one of the compositions found most soothing to invalids in the hospitals is the famous "Barcarole" from the "Tales of Hoffmann."

The reason for this is quite simple. This melody has a pronounced and regular rhythm. As ordinarily played, this rhythm is about sixty beats a minute; just a little slower, that is, than the beat rate of the average heart. That is why the "Barcarole" tends to allay excitement. All rhythms are contagious. The band in a parade pulls the marchers into step; the beat of the dance orchestra sets listeners to swinging their feet or to tapping their fingers to follow the rhythm. Similarly, the slow rhythm of the "Barcarole" tends to pull the heart beat into the same tempo. This actually slows the heart a trifle, as a cardiograph will show. The slowing affects the nervous system, allays nervousness, reduces excitement.

The late Franz Kneisel, almost unique among great musicians in the scientific detachment with which he studied the reactions of his audiences, worked out for his own use this psychological theory of rhythm. When his audience seemed apathetic he quickened his rhythm somewhat above seventy a minute. This stimulated the hearers' hearts; the applause was instant and generous. Any lecturer can prove this easily for himself. Start with a rhythm of spoken syllables timed at about seventy a minute. Gradually quicken this to about one hundred a minute, then pause. The applause follows instantly. Conversely, if you start at a rhythm of about seventy and decrease this your pause will bring you mere dead silence. You may have touched your hearers' hearts, but you have slowed them down, not quickened them.

—From *The Herald-Tribune*.

Putting On Airs

Angry Customer in Restaurant—"Hey, I've found a tack in this doughnut!"

Waiter—"Why, the ambitious little thing! It must think it's a tire!"—The Open Road.

COLORS FROM AN ARTIST'S PALETTE

The Dreamer

By Murray Paret

IT was a late February afternoon. And it was snowing! Lisa thought the studio anything but cheerful. In the gray light of dusk the shabby attic room looked shabbier than ever. But it was clean, and extremely tidy. Whistler was particular about that! Every picture was carefully turned to the wall—another peculiarity of Whistler's! Only the one he wanted you to see was framed and placed upon an easel.

As Lisa pondered upon the queer artist and his eccentric ideas, the door opened and a rather loud voice said,

"Mr. James Abbott McNeill Whistler at home?"

"No, he's not, and he won't be until the fancy strikes him! Who are you and what do you want?"

"I'm Jess Jarman—a new model."

"Well, come in and sit down—you'll have a long wait! Mr. James Abbott McNeill Whistler (imitating Jess's voice) never keeps appointments to suit anyone but himself. He never carries a watch you know! Thinks it too noisy a piece of junk to hang on *his* respectable front!"

"Queer sort of chap, I understand. You a model, too?"

"Yes and I'll tell you anything you want to know about the great Mr. Whistler."

"Oh do tell me all about him—I'm so curious," said Jess, as she flung herself down beside Lisa. "You know, I've never even seen him! What does he look like?"

Lisa leaned against a broken chair which was propped up by the wall. "Well, he's not very tall, but slim, and rather—graceful looking. He wears his hair long and it is all curly! He has one white lock right in the front which he is *very* fond of, and he always wears a large brimmed, flat, black hat—not at all stylish, and a gray overcoat that always flies open. His clothes are threadbare but spotlessly clean! He's awfully fussy about his things and how he looks. Really though, he's the most individual looking person you ever saw!"

"How delightful!" cried Jess, very interested. But he doesn't sound very English."

"He isn't! He's the most American American that ever lived! He doesn't like England or English people, and yet he lives here. Nobody gets along with him, and not many like him. He told me one day that Americans didn't appreciate art, and didn't know enough to encourage or support their own good artists. Guess that's why he's here. He studied in Paris but says he couldn't stay there very long."

"Is he old? Where was he born?"

"Never ask him where he was born! I asked him once and he replied that he wasn't born at all; that he came from on high! But I read in a paper once that he was born in Lowell, Mas-

sachusetts, in 1834. His father was a military officer."

"And did Mr. Whistler paint pictures in his infancy—or something like that—most great artists do—?"

"No, he thought he'd be military, too, and got into West Point on his father's reputation. But he failed in two years and was put out. Then he tried being a draftsman in New York, but he was always so late in the morning that his job there only lasted three months."

"Is he married?" asked Jess curiously.

"Yes, Mrs. Whistler comes into the studio now and then. He always asks for her opinion of his work, and carries out any ideas or suggestions she makes."

Then Lisa showed Jess some of the paintings and etchings. Such etchings! Jess had heard that Whistler was the greatest etcher of the time, and here she was in a room full of originals! How realistic were the etchings of London! And the paintings with their peculiar sort of haziness! Jess felt sure she'd never see another day softened by mist of the haze of Indian summer without breathing the name of "Whistler." What gorgeous unity of color schemes! Subdued greens and golds! Purples! What a uniqueness! What form! That Venice scene—those portraits! Distinctly the modern school, she thought—and yet—what fine brush-strokes! Many pictures were unfinished but Lisa explained that.

"He's very unmethodical. If he's in the midst of a picture and a new idea strikes him, he will drop what he's doing and start on the new. And nothing in the world can make him finish the old one if he doesn't want to. He gets into so many quarrels with people who have ordered pictures that he never finishes! He's always in some kind of a row. See this picture, 'The Falling Rocket—a Nocturne in Black and Gold'? Well, it was on exhibition and Ruskin said some very uncomplimentary things about it, and now they are having a big suit over it!"

"How many pictures he has!"

"Yes, he paints with great rapidity. Especially when he's out of doors and wants to get certain color effects before they go!"

Just at this moment the door opened and in walked two men. One was Whistler, Jess knew from Lisa's description. He smiled at them as he talked to his companion.

"Well, that job is done! I'm not so fond of interior decorating."

"And a fine way I caught you doing it, Whistler! (the stranger turned to Lisa.) "You really can't imagine it! He was lying flat on his back painting the ceiling with his brush tied to a fish pole!"

With a sudden thought Whistler turned to Jess, "Ah! My new model? Well, no time for

work today—come Saturday. And by the way, Lisa, we won't work tomorrow you know."

"But why not?" asked Lisa.

"It's Friday, and last Friday you remember what a bad time we had—accomplished nothing. An unlucky day anyway. We'll take a holiday tomorrow."

With this the girls left the studio, and the men turned to more serious things. After looking closely at many of the pictures, the visitor turned to the artist.

"Mr. Whistler, it seems to me you do not use some of those very expensive and brilliant colors which are in vogue now-a-days."

"No. I can't afford to—they are so apt to spoil the picture."

"But they are effective."

"For how long? A year or a score of years, perhaps, but who can tell what they will be a century or five centuries hence. The old masters used simple pigments which they ground themselves. I try to use what they used. After all,



One of Whistler's color studies which shows the Japanese influence.

it is not so much what one uses, as the way it is used."

And they talked on many subjects. The visitor learned much of the strange artist who was publicly so unpopular. Whistler talked of Rossetti, with whom he had been friends. Rossetti was painting a picture which Whistler had encouraged him to finish. Instead, Rossetti wrote a beautiful sonnet which Whistler suggested he frame in place of the picture. He talked of Oscar Wilde. Once he had been a good friend of the writer, but when Wilde wanted witty remarks he used Whistler's—for Whistler was extremely brilliant in his talk. So their friendship had been broken. He told his visitor how he had earned his first money with the brush by copying three pictures in the Louvre for an American—Captain Williams. How his picture "Portrait of My Mother" had been first obscurely hung in the Royal Academy; then sold to France for the Luxembourg. It was offered in New York for \$1200 but found no buyers. Whistler's heart was embittered by the misunderstandings, the coldness, the lack of support he received. He seemed to open his heart to this kind visitor. He told him

how his first etching appeared when he was but 24 years old. And how his first catalogue of them was published in 1874, in which there were 80 etchings.

"Venice is beautiful! I loved it there, but it was humid and disagreeable sometimes. I remember the Countess—oh so noisy—who took a room below me," said Whistler with a twinkle in his eye. "I thought I should go mad with her racket, and I longed for the day she would move out. My chance came one frightfully hot day when she went out, leaving her bowl of goldfish on the window sill below me. I rigged up a fishing line, lowered it, and caught the goldfish, one by one. Then I broiled them a nice brown on both sides, and returned them to their globe. Upon the Countess' return, she claimed the weather was so terrific that it cooked her goldfish in their globe. And thereupon she packed up and left!"

The visitor thought this story very amusing, and hoped for more of the artist's experiences. But Whistler suddenly rose and informed his guest that he had wasted enough time and must get on his way.

The next day Whistler went to see F. R. Leyland, a wealthy London shop-owner, collector of rare things, and a musician. He had bought Whistler's "Princess of the Land of Porcelain." They talked for a while of Wagner's new opera, "Tristan and Isolde" which had just been completed (1859). Leyland was particularly interested in music. Whistler knew that he liked nothing better than to talk about the composers and what they were doing. So he spoke of Verdi's recent success with "Don Carlos"; of Brahms, the new pianist, whose first piano concerto had caused so much comment in Leipzig, and of many others.

Suddenly Whistler saw his picture. It had been hung in a dining room decorated with a heavy carved wood ceiling and furnished in rich Spanish leather.

"This will never do! Such a boudoir for a Princess!"

"Well, what would you have?" inquired Mr. Leyland. And after a long discussion it was decided that Whistler should redecorate the room. He set to work and painted the entire room in beautiful peacock colors. But alas! When it was completed and he asked for his pay, Leyland gave him a very scant sum in pounds! This was an insult to Whistler—all professional men were paid in guineas, not pounds, and such an amount for his work! To get even he painted on one wall Leyland's face on a peacock, with claws standing on a pile of guineas, always to be a source of ridicule to Leyland from eyes that saw it. This room was the famous Peacock Room which is now in the Freer collection in Washington. It is said that when the architect of the original room saw its change, it was such an atrocity to him that he never got over it. He had considered the house with this room his masterpiece and

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Praise from the Director

Dr. Damrosch has, during this period of mid-year examinations, heard the individual work of more than two-thirds of the students in the school. He expresses his pleasure in finding such a high standard of accomplishment in every department. It is very gratifying to him and it should be a source of genuine inspiration to every student at the Institute.

WHY

Written by W. J. Henderson in The Evening Sun prior to a recent dinner of the Bohemians.

There is nothing the average musician resents more than to be told that he has made progress in his art. At any rate, that is what one gathers from a respectable number of years spent in considering the ways and doings of musicians. When the commentator on the passing musical show remarks of a certain singer or instrumental performer that he has developed, that artist's answer almost invariably is: "Yes, so you say; but the fact is that when I first appeared here you had not sense enough to recognize my power, and now because I am a success with the public you begin to praise me."

It is a singular fact that such a musician is incapable of perceiving his own growth, that he fails to realize that unless he were a senseless block of wood he could not live through the musical experiences of, let us say, a quarter of a century without broadening and deepening his conceptions of the works of the masters. To-morrow night the Bohemians will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the artistic careers of Harold Bauer and Ossip

Gabrilowitsch. The writer knows nothing about the program arranged for this desirable festival, but he will unhesitatingly lay a heavy bet that, while it will contain laudations of the splendid achievements of the two, it will make no hint that they have grown from small beginnings to their present stature.

This is not to be another tiresome record of recollections, but one thing may be recalled. When Mr. Gabrilowitsch first played piano in these parts he belonged to the far too numerous class of public analysts. He sat before the keyboard and dissected sonatas and other compositions. There was not a joint in any musical skeleton that he did not articulate. You saw that it was all correct, the phrasing impeccable, the sense of form perfect, the understanding of the balance and symmetry of sections and chapters beyond cavil. And yet you wished that he would not so deliberately expose his interpretation.

As Mr. Gabrilowitsch grew in mental strength and as his adventures among the gods of music improved his poise and sharpened his insight, he began to read compositions from within outward instead of from the surface inward. Now Mr. Gabrilowitsch presents readings which seem to have burst full blown from his imagination. The joints are no longer exposed. The articulation of the skeleton is concealed by an integument of glowing beauty. But this chronicler suspects that the distinguished artist will regard any such comment as the product of a weakling brain which recognized nothing in the beginning, but now comes plodding along in the deeply trodden path of public opinion.

Watching the passing show the looker on in Verona sees many interesting incidents of this kind. The singers, of course, are the most amusing. It is one of the misfortunes of music that nature bestows upon many morons the power to produce musical tones from their throats. Any person who can produce such tones is popularly believed to be qualified to become a singer. That there is such a thing as a talent for singing is not believed, and when this writer speaks of it, he is confronted with stares of incredulity even sometimes by teachers of singing.

Some of them appear to share the general delusion that any person who can sing a good scale and take top notes with the proper production is prepared to interpret the characters of serious operas or the lieder of Brahms and Strauss. And yet only last Sunday this writer heard Mary Lewis deliver the familiar serenade of the latter quite correctly as to note and phrase and make it sound like a serenade of a love sick snail.

There is also a special talent for hitting piano keys, and persons possessing it are lost in wonder that the world does not acclaim them, and Bohemians hold festivals in their honor. They will never be told. Now we know they never could know and never could understand. If they could they would comprehend why Bohemians and all the rest of the music world honor Bauer and Gabrilowitsch.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

All of the following musicians were born in February?

de Beriot, Boccherini, Boito, Bull, Chopin, Corelli, Czerny, Delibes, Dussek, Farrar, Gade, Garden, Godowsky, Gretry, Handel, Mendelssohn, Parry, Patti, Rossini, Sembrich, Vieuxtemps, Widor.

Do You Know the following interesting facts concerning some of them?

de Beriot, the famous violinist and composer, was the husband of Malibran, one of the greatest singers of her day. He first fell in love with Sontag, another famous singer, but she married someone else. Ever after Malibran cordially hated Sontag—because she had been the first to possess de Beriot's love.



A Handel Manuscript

Boccherini composed very beautiful chamber music. His style was so like Haydn's that he was dubbed, "The wife of Haydn."

* * *

Boito, the composer of the famous opera, "Mephistopheles," showed so little musical aptitude during his first two years at the conservatory that more than once he was on the verge of being dismissed. He was a poet, having written the librettos for his own operas as well as the libretto for Verdi's opera, "Falstaff." At the first performance of "Mephistopheles" such a clamor arose that at times it was utterly impossible to hear either the orchestra or chorus. It created so much discussion and dissension that duels were even fought the next day.

* * *

Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, journeyed at the age of twenty-one from his native country to Paris on foot. He arrived penniless and in a few days his clothes and violin had been stolen. Discouraged, he tried to commit suicide in the Seine. Vidocq, the great detective, stopped him, directed him to a gambling establishment, and told him to play the "rouge" in "rouge et noir." Bull put his last francs on the "rouge" and won a large sum.

With this money he purchased a new violin and attracted attention in concerts despite the fact that all Paris, at that time, worshipped Paganini.

* * *

Chopin very much disliked being forced into musical display. On one occasion his host had been indiscreet enough to promise the guests that Chopin would play. Following dinner the open piano was indicated to Chopin. He refused to play; but on being pressed, said with a drawl, "Ah! sir, I have just dined; your hospitality I see demands payment."

* * *

While Corelli was once performing at the home of Cardinal Ottoboni, he observed that His Eminence was engaged in eager conversation instead of listening to him. Corelli laid down his instrument in the middle of the piece, remarking, "I fear the music interrupts the conversation. My most humble apologies."

* * *

Gade, the Danish composer, was determined to win fame early as a musician. Therefore he placed above the head of his bed a placard reading, "Twenty-five years." Before his twenty-fifth birthday he had written his famous "Ossian" overture, which brought him world-wide fame.

* * *

Geraldine Farrar, always full of spirit, loved as a child to play pranks. She once painted black spots all over a friend's white fox terrier. The owner, failing to recognize the dog, was dismayed at the thought of its being lost.

* * *

Gretry was known as the Moliere of music. He composed fifty operas. Napoleon had a habit of asking people their names two or three times and then forgetting them. On the occasion of their sixth meeting Napoleon again asked Gretry who he was. "Sir," said Gretry with exaggerated politeness, "my name is still Gretry."

* * *

Handel, as a child, taught himself to play the clavichord, concealing the instrument in the garret and practising there nightly. His ability to improvise on the organ was a thing at which to marvel, and he was everywhere considered a prodigy. Handel wrote forty-three operas. He completed the "Messiah" in twenty-three days and "Rinaldo" in but fourteen days. In his youth Handel and a friend went to Lubeck to compete for the vacant post of organist. They found, however, that the successful candidate was to marry the daughter of the retiring organist. After viewing the prospective bride, the two decided to forego the competition and returned to Hamburg.

* * *

Mendelssohn had a remarkable memory. After the first London performance of the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the score was lost. When the news was broken to him Mendelssohn said, "Never mind—I'll make another." He did so,

and it corresponded exactly with the original in every way. He composed the "Ruy Blas" overture in two days because he had "been nettled" by the implication that he could do no composing without time for consideration. He composed mentally and merely had to "copy" his thoughts on paper. It was said of Mendelssohn's playing that, "His powers of execution were equal to those of Rubinstein or Liszt; the delicacy of his touch and tone was not exceeded by that of either Thalberg or Chopin."

* * *

Patti, the famous soprano, traveled in a luxurious private car which cost about \$75,000. Every time she sang "Semiramide" she received thirty cents per note and for "Lucia"—the notes being fewer—the rate was forty-two cents per note! Patti received as much as \$6,000 for a single performance in New York.

* * *

Rossini was the laziest of musicians. One day while composing in bed a piece of manuscript upon which he was working fell to the floor. Rather than get out of his warm bed to pick it up, he took another sheet and wrote another duet to take its place. He wrote thirty-nine operas in his lifetime. It is said that he received thirty-five cents per note for each note he wrote in his opera, "Semiramide."

—Lloyd Mergentime.



Those Examination Days

The Dreamer

(Continued from Page 7)

the means of his fame and success. Soon afterward the architect went insane and died.

And so Whistler went on, making enemies right and left, with few friends. Nobody acknowledged his greatness; everybody misunderstood him. He moved to Chelsea, where he lived near Carlyle. Here he painted Carlyle's portrait and grew to know the old philosopher and writer. They had much in common with their attitudes toward their art, their unpopularity. Each stood for the highest ideals in his own sphere. They spent their lives, unknown, unsung.

Whistler's genius was not admitted until after his death in 1903. He never kept track of his works. They were scattered far and wide in many nations which then disputed his nationality and tried to claim him. Many Whistler collections have been made, especially in America. The Freer collection in Washington is one of the largest, and there are a number of his paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

"Technically, Whistler was undoubtedly influenced by his admiration of Japanese painting," according to one authority, "for he was one of the first in the west to appreciate Japanese Art, which, however, is based on spiritual and not on physical realities.

"Fundamentally the opposite of Sargent, he achieved no less a reputation than his famous compatriot. He had eyes of such remarkable delicacy that few people other than artists can appreciate the height of his accomplishments. He was a colorist, but not in the sense of the man who combines bright hues in pleasant harmonies, but of him who combines the greatest variety of shades of a few subdued hues in one grand chord. Whistler called many of his pictures symphonies. They were rather chords,—simple, clear, powerful chords that swell and swell until they seem to envelop the whole universe.

"Whistler was a dreamer, although he would have scoffed at such a designation, for so real were his dreams to him that they had become actual facts. He could stand at night on the embankment of the Thames and see unfolded to his mental eye all the magic beauty of fairy-land. He painted it just as his physical eye had seen it, and could not comprehend why everyone did not understand it. He saw in the dignified figure of his mother all that this one word means to everybody, and when people were pleased with his picture and said he had painted more than mortal eyes behold in a mere body, he grew angry at the insinuation, for he desired to paint visible realities only. In the same way his 'Sarasate' is far more than a portrait of this famous violinist; it is a perfect embodiment of the idea,—music."

MR. WARBURG'S STRAD FAMILY

A FEW days ago The World carried a story telling of the purchase by Felix Warburg of a set of four Stradivari instruments for the use of the Musical Art Quartet, a newly formed chamber music organization, of which Mr. Warburg is a patron. While there is nothing unusual about the story of a rich man adding some famous and expensive musical instruments to his collection of objets d'art, there is an aspect of this particular transaction which borders on the romantic and offers to the musically curious a flashback into the not so remote past when music lived and flourished under the benevolent despotism of wealth and position.

In placing at the disposal of the Musical Art Quartet four instruments that can claim, so to speak, the same paternity, the American philanthropist takes us back for a precedent even further than the Viennese period of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, when the great houses supplied not only the uniforms for their household musicians but their instruments too.

In the year 1680 the young Stradivari, who had just finished his apprenticeship in the workshop of the violin maker Nicolas Amati, set up a shop of his own in the Piazzà San Domenico in the busy little town of Cremona and proceeded to make stringed instruments a little different in quality and design from his master's. The new models became the fashion and Stradivari and his own apprentices had to work overtime to produce all the instruments that were ordered.

There was a rush on the part of Kings, Princes and Dukes to secure entire "concertos" of Strads—a term which meant a collection of the two violins, viola, cello and double bass which formed the foundation of the small orchestras of the period. For the Grand Duke of Tuscany the great fiddlemaker himself executed a "concerto" with proper Ducal fittings and ornaments, and a cello owned by the present King of Spain is the only instrument left of the magnificent concerto made for the Spanish crown.

These concertos were undoubtedly ordered in order to insure for the string ensemble an evenness of temper which could not otherwise be obtained from instruments of different makes. Unfortunately, the time for the composition of the finest chamber music hadn't yet arrived, and when it did most of the concertos were dispersed, so that when Prince Lichnowsky, the Austrian musical Maecenas, wished to present a quartet of instruments to Beethoven all he could assemble were two Guarneri violins; even these were not by the same hand, one being a Joseph and the other an Andre—an Amati viola and a Ruger cello.

Besides being by different makers there was a great disparity in years between the violins and the other two instruments, the former dating from 1712 and 1718 and the latter 1667 and 1690. I don't know of any other complete quartets of Stradivari used by a string quartet other than Mr. Warburg's,

at any rate a set as important for the fame of the individual instruments. In this country neither the Kneisels nor the Flonzaleys used a Stradivari quartet or any made by other renowned violin makers.

The fortunes and vicissitudes of the better known instruments of Stradivari, Guarneri and Amati are replete with romance and adventure and often show up the character and history of their successive owners as effectively as any family documents. Every one of Mr. Warburg's Strads has a pretty accurate history behind it, and the cello in particular seems to owe its preservation to a miracle. This cello, called the "Vaslin," from the name of one of its owners, is also known as "La Belle Blondine" because of its beauty and color.

Vasline bought it from a Florentine banker in 1827 for the then handsome price of \$800, about a thirtieth of what it would now fetch. In 1872 Queen Victoria, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Norfolk invited owners of the choicest instruments to exhibit their prizes at the South Kensington Museum, and Mr. Warburg's cello proved one of the most important exhibits. But before the beautiful blonde was safely deposited behind glass in the London museum it had gone through the harrowing experience described in the following note in the catalog of instruments at the South Kensington exhibit:

In Madrid lived a violin maker named Ortego, who had a reputation as a desecrator of many of Spain's choicest Stradivari, Guarneri and other famous instruments which were brought to him for repairs. It was the custom of this wretch to replace original tops, backs, sides or scrolls, as the case might be, with those of his own make, probably believing his own were better.

Happening to be in Madrid, M. George Chanut, a Parisian authority on fiddles, paid a visit to the vandal's shop and saw hanging on the wall the belly of a magnificent Strad cello which he recognized instantly. Upon inquiring what had become of the back and sides he learned from the sublime Ortego that the instrument belonged to a lady living near Madrid who had brought it to him for repairs and that he had taken the top off and replaced it with one of his own make.

Chanut promptly bought the belly hanging on the wall, hoping to recover the rest of the instrument. But the lady had left Madrid temporarily so the disappointed connoisseur returned to Paris with his melancholy remnant. The entire instrument was not restored until much later, when an Italian collector, hearing the remarkable story, bought the belly, went to Madrid, found the lady at home, purchased the repaired instrument, removed the new part and replaced it with the original and sold the reclaimed cello for 20,000 francs, a very high figure for that time.

Mr. Warburg's viola also has a story, though a mild one compared with the one narrated above. This instrument, considered the finest example of

its kind, was taken to England in the eighteenth century by the Marquis Dalla Rosa and was subsequently owned by Lord Macdonald (who gave it its name), Viscount de Janze, the Duc de Camposelice and other titled worthies. The tale about it has to do with the date inscribed by Stradivari in the inside of the instrument.

This date appeared to read 1720 until the viola was taken apart for some repairs, when it was found that the last two figures had been scrawled over the original inscription, the ink of which had fortunately seeped through the label and stamped itself on the wood below. When the label was removed the stamp on the wood read not 1720 but 1701, which made, of course, a considerable difference in the quality and value of the instrument.

The Spanish and Titian Strads, the other two members of Mr. Warburg's instrumental family, possess a more amiable history. The Spanish violin was purchased from the Governor of Cadiz in 1800 and for the last thirty years it reposed in the Partello collection in Washington. The Titian had been traced back to its first owner, the Count d'Evry, who ordered it from Stradivari. Its last possessor was Efrem Zimbalist, who played it at a concert in Carnegie Hall in the winter of 1924. That was the fiddle's first public appearance, having been in the hands of private collectors for more than two hundred years.

—By Samuel Chotzinoff

Alumni Gossip

Mr. Bernard Ocko has recently returned from a tour of California.

During the past month Mr. Carroll Hollister directed the Chicago Little Symphony for the Marmein Dancers in Chicago. This season he has been accompanist for Anna Case on her tours, and has also accompanied Karl Krauter, Phyllis Krauter and Walter Edelstein in their debut concerts.

Mr. Edward Paul, violinist, has recently returned to New York from a tour of the Mississippi Valley as conductor of the orchestras in the Publix Theater Circuit. His audiences everywhere were most appreciative.

Karl Krauter and Warner Hawkins, formerly of our piano faculty, played a short program at the Madison Ave. Methodist Church on December 26.

Frederick Andrews, a former teacher of theory at the Institute, is now teaching theory at Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida.

Alix Einert (Mrs. Horace Brown) is now living in St. Petersburg, Florida, where she and her husband, a violinist, are doing extensive teaching.

David Buttolph is again spending the winter in Munich, Germany, coaching opera.

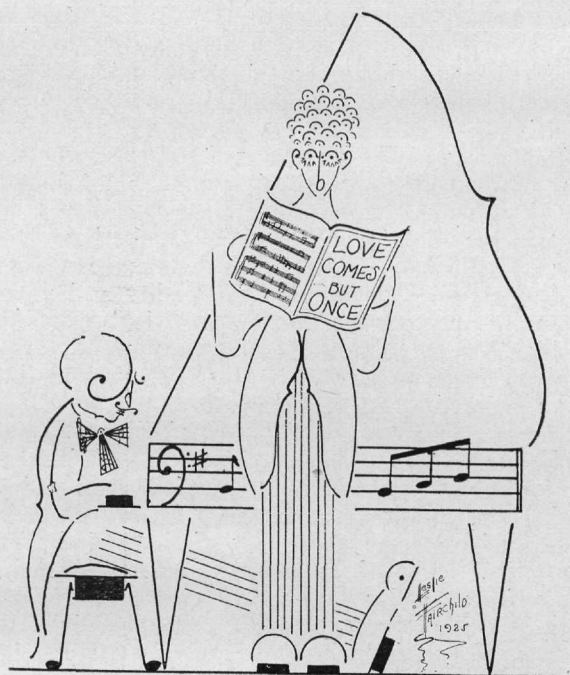
Winifred Merrill, violinist, is assisting her father at the Indiana State University at Bloomington where Mr. D. D. Nye is also engaged in teaching.

Margaret Hamilton made her debut at Aeolian Hall on February 8.

Walter Edelstein gave a violin recital in the John Wanamaker auditorium on Friday afternoon, January 7. In the evening the same program was repeated at the Institute. On Sunday, January 9, he made his New York debut at Aeolian Hall.

Sister David is teaching at Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois, where there is a large and interesting class of vocal students from many states.

Laura McPherson has written from Nassau, Bahamas, to tell of her narrow escape from death in the hurricane of July 25. She extends a cordial invitation to any of the students or graduates who might come to Nassau during the winter.



An Institute Valentine

Lillian Fuchs is to give a violin recital in Aeolian Hall on March 30.

Katherine Bacon, pianist, is giving a series of all-Beethoven programs on Monday evenings in Steinway Hall. The series will continue until March 7.

Joseph Fuchs has recently been appointed professor of violin at the Cleveland Institute.

William Peterson, a graduate of last year in piano under Mr. Morris, recently gave a recital before a large audience in Salt Lake City and was most favorably received.

Alumni of the Institute are urgently requested to send reports of their various activities to Leonore Krauter, 583 Riverside Drive, by the first of each month.

THE ALUMNI SERIES OF CONCERTS

The new series of concerts by distinguished members of our Alumni is proving an outstanding feature of this season. The Institute is proud to offer as inspiration to the present student body evidence of what has been accomplished by those who went before,—and we are deeply appreciative of the generous spirit manifested by these artists in making the concerts possible. That the feeling is reciprocated is shown by the following letter.

Jan. 13, 1927.

Dear Dr. Damrosch,

May I take this opportunity of thanking you for what you have done for me.

The inspiration afforded me in playing my program for Prof. Auer (through your kindness) was something that I shall never forget. And the experience in playing at the Alumni Series Concert at the Institute was a great help to me at my Aeolian concert.

My recital seems to have been successful. I can only say that I have striven to do credit to you, the Institute and all it stands for, and my late beloved master, Franz Kneisel. And I realize that it is only a beginning.

Accept once again my sincere gratitude, and I trust that you will continue to give me your aid in the future as you have so kindly done in the past.

Most sincerely yours,
Walter Edelstein.

* * *

KATHERINE BACON

Wednesday evening, December 15th, at 8:30 o'clock

PROGRAM

Fantasie and Fugue in G Minor.....	Bach-Liszt
Two Chorale Preludes.....	Bach-Busoni
a. Awake, The Voice Commands	
b. Rejoice, Beloved Christians	
Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"	
	Mendelssohn-Hutcheson
Sonata in B flat Minor, Op. 35.....	Chopin
Ondine	Ravel
Two Tunes from the eighteenth century.....	Bauer
a. Barbarini's Minuet	
b. Ye Sweet Retreat	
"Naila" Valse	Delibes-Dohnanyi

* * *

THE MUSICAL ART QUARTET

Wednesday Evening, December 22, at 8:30 o'clock

SACHA JACOBSEN LOUIS KAUFMAN
BERNARD OCKO MARIE ROEMAET-ROSANOFF

PROGRAM

Quartet in C Major.....	Mozart
Quartet in D Minor.....	Schubert

* * *

WALTER EDELSTEIN

Carroll Hollister at the piano

Friday evening, January 7th, at 8:30 o'clock

PROGRAM

Sonata in E Major.....	Handel
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Symphonie Espagnole	Lalo
Romanza Andaluza	Sarasate
Scherzando	Blair Fairchild
La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin.....	Debussy-Hartmann
Caprice Fantastique	Lillian Fuchs
Polonaise in A Major.....	Wieniawski

* * *

BIANCA DEL VECCHIO

Tuesday evening, January 25th, at 8:30 o'clock

PROGRAM

Sonata in D Major.....	Scarlatti
Sonata in A Major.....	Scarlatti
Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue.....	Cesar Franck
Prelude in F sharp Minor	} Chopin
Prelude in D Minor	
Prelude in G Major	
Prelude in F Major	
Prelude in B flat	
Valse in A flat Op. 64, No. 3	} Ravel
Sonatina	
Jeux d'Eau	
Intermezzo, E flat Minor.....	
Poeme, Op. 32, No. 2.....	
Les Collines d'Anacapri.....	Debussy
May Night	Palmgren
The Sea	Palmgren

* * *

LILLIAN GUSTAFSON, Soprano

and

ARTHUR LOESSER, Pianist

Louis Greenwald, Accompanist

Saturday evening, February 5th, at 8:30 o'clock

PROGRAM

My Lovely Celia	Monro
Rossignols Amoureux from	
"Hippolyte et Aricie".....	Rameau
Patron, das macht der Wind	Bach
	MISS GUSTAFSON
Italian Concerto	Bach
Allegro	
Andante	
Presto.	MR. LOESSER
Das Veilchen	Mozart
Ah! wenn ich doch ein Immchen wär.....	Franz
Der Kuss	Beethoven
Das verlassene Mägdlein.....	Hugo Wolf
Frühlingsnacht	Schumann
	MISS GUSTAFSON
Jeux d'Eau	Ravel
Au jardin du vieux serail, from "Turquie".....	Blanchet
The Gardens of Buitenzorg, from "Java Suite".....	Godowsky
Introduction and Fugue, Opus 17, No. 5.....	Dohnanyi
	MR. LOESSER
Kom Kjyra (Echo Song).....	Norwegian Folksong
Flickn gar i dansen (Dance Song).....	Swedish Folksong
Ah, Twine No Blossoms.....	Glire
O No, John!.....	Old English
Children of the Moon.....	Elinor Warren

MISS GUSTAFSON

Too Long

A farmer came to town to insert a death announcement.

"How much do you charge?" he asked.

"Ten shillings an inch," was the reply.

"Heavens! He was over six feet high!"

—Kasper (Stockholm).

INSTITUTE REPRESENTATIVES IN CONCERT

The New Kneisels Make Successful Debut

Musical New York has occasions of sentiment and remembrance, set apart as milestones of spiritual pilgrimage in the world of every day, but not often does such an occasion go more deeply into the artistic life of the past here in Manhattan Island than did the professional debut at Aeolian Hall, Feb. 2, of the Marianne Kneisel String Quartet. Once "the Kneisels" of old were another name for music in one of the highest, most intimate forms. Their audience was permanent, their weather proverbial.

The Marianne Kneisels were blessed with no deluge but their modest beginning as standard-bearers of the name rallied a distinguished house indeed, in spite of attractions elsewhere. Graybeards and the young generation, chamber musicians and social folk, filled the boxes, balcony and floor of Aeolian Hall.

It was a welcome reserved for few newcomers that greeted the first entrance of the Misses Kneisel, Elizabeth Worth, Lillian Fuchs and Phyllis Kraeuter on the stage. The leader in white, her companions in turquoise, amethyst and topaz luster silks, made a picture of uncommon charm against a paneled screen of trees landscaped in pale gray and purple shadows and set off with two tall clusters of green potted palms, a new and decorative note in Kneisel staging.

From the first authoritative note of leadership, the young Miss Kneisel proved herself rightful heir of a musical tradition. The first number was Haydn's quartet in D, Op. 64, No. 5. Miss Worth, a Viennese among three American-born girls, was at even terms as second fiddle in the picturesque "Variations" by Gliere.

Here, too, as well as in a brief scherzo from Robert Kahn's A-minor quartet, Op. 60, Miss Fuchs's lyric viola tone and Miss Kraeuter's sustaining 'cello could be clearly heard, though at all times the four players held a harmonious ensemble wrought by skill and sympathy. They concluded with another reminder of old Kneisel nights, the "American" quartet in F, Op. 96, written by Antonin Dvorak in this old musical New York and often in the programs of the days of Kneisel and Svecenski.

The new players were recalled a half dozen times after Haydn and as many more at the later pauses in their program. Among their hearers with Mrs. Kneisel, Mr. and Mrs. Willeke, Franz Kneisel, Jr., and his twin brother, were some of the old-time Mendelssohn Hall subscribers, Mrs. I. N. Seligman, Mrs. Schirmer, the Messrs. Warburg. Present also were the one-time "little sisters of the Kneisels," the Olive Mead Quartet, not only its leader, but Mrs. Fonaroff, the Misses North and Littlehales.

Others in the audience were Dr. Frank Damrosch of the Institute, many of whose students were there to champion their fellow-pupils' debut; Rubin Goldmark, the composer, and others of the Bohemians, associates of Miss Kneisel's father.

—*New York Times.*

Margaret Hamilton

Margaret Hamilton, winner of the Walter W. Naumburg Musical Foundation's prize, made her New York debut at Town Hall on Feb. 8, under the auspices of that institution before a large and enthusiastic audience. Miss Hamilton appeared in a representative program, playing Mendelssohn, Mozart and Schumann in succession. Her gifts as a pianist were more fully revealed in the Beethoven Thirty-two Variations. She displayed remarkable technical facility; nor was she lacking in force and decision. She did not attempt to take Beethoven by storm, but rather interpreted him by the light of her own personality; the result was sympathetic and effective.

Miss Hamilton's final group was fortunately chosen

with an eye to contrast. The Rachmaninoff E-flat prelude gave her an opportunity for a shadowy and impressionistic style; the B-flat prelude by the same composer required a more rhapsodic manner, which drew enthusiastic applause from the audience. She showed insight in the more poetic mood of études by Chopin and Scriabine; the audience was more impressed by the brilliant étude ("on false notes") by Rubinstein.

Mischa Levitski

An interesting comment on the recital of Mischa Levitski, who was at one time an Institute pupil, is the following:

Mr. Levitski played Beethoven in a manner that was objective but charged with vitality; that had to commend it the tonal beauty and clarity which some misguided pianists dispense with when they play Beethoven, and that penetrated to the pith of the composer's message.

Elshuco Trio's Third Concert

The third concert of the Elshuco Trio took place Jan. 28, in Aeolian Hall. The organization, consisting of William Kroll, violinist; Willem Willeke, cellist, and Aurelio Giorni, pianist, had the assistance of Conrad Held, viola player, in the Goldmark quartet.

The distinguished composer, Rubin Goldmark, who was one of the large audience, understands well how to combine with master hand an excellently constructed score with imaginative thought, and he had the advantage again of hearing one of his works excellently performed. The Juon caprice was performed with marked vigor, fine rhythm and brilliance of finish, while the ensemble of the Beethoven trio was seemingly perfection in both workmanship and expression.

S. A. D.

CURRENT EVENTS IN MUSIC

New York Symphony

The New York Symphony Society, Otto Klemperer conductor, played Alfredo Casella's suite, "Scarlattiana," especially composed for that body, Jan. 21, in Carnegie Hall. The composer assisted as pianist.

Other composers than Mr. Casella have gone to folk-song to recreate racial spirit. Mr. Casella himself has had recourse to this material. But he derives his themes from the music of a consummate master and technician of his day. The result is very brilliant, and would be unfailingly entertaining if this suite were not so long. It is as if too many good ideas recommended themselves to Mr. Casella, and as if, with his exceptional mastery of the devices of composition, and his creative response to the essential spirit of Scarlatti, he had overlooked matters of practical proportion. For this reason the suite would bear some cutting, but the music is admirable in its humor and vivacity, the frankness of the style and the happy, robust spirit. How a composer arrives at his results is perhaps especially his own business. The point is what he accomplishes. Mr. Casella has written some very good, and, in the most artistic sense of the word, entertaining music. The performance was very brilliant, one of the best that Mr. Klemperer has yet given with the New York Symphony Society.

—*Olin Downes.*

* * *

Mr. Klemperer's program with the New York Symphony Society January 13th, in Carnegie Hall repeated the Seventh Symphony of Jean Sibelius, and offered as soloist Walter Giesekeing, the distinguished Dutch pianist, who gave an exceptionally finished performance of the Mozart concerto in C major. The other orchestral pieces were the Brahms "Academic"

Overture, Stravinsky's Second Suite and the Dance of Salome, from Strauss's opera.

Under Mr. Klemperer's hands the Sibelius work was possibly more heroic in mold than under those of Mr. Koussevitsky. Again the audience realized the singular individuality of this Northern composer. None other employs the orchestra as Sibelius in his representative works. There are mysterious sonorities, not accomplished, as it seems, by any human agency, which are akin to the vibrations of winds, forests, skies. The Seventh Symphony, less formidable than Sibelius's Fourth, more organic than his Fifth, may yet become a current feature of the orchestral repertory.

Mr. Gieseeking was applauded by orchestra as well as audience for his finished and wholly delightful playing of Mozart. He has the tone, the perfection of detail, the versatility of style required by this concerto.

Toscanini

(Brief bits from several critics)

Arturo Toscanini, who had been unable to conduct by reason of illness, finally appeared at the desk of the Philharmonic Society in the Metropolitan Opera House Feb. 2. It was a night of joyous acclamations, for long pent up enthusiasms broke forth in exclamations and prolonged salvos of applause. When the eminent conductor made his entrance the audience rose and there were cheers.

The program consisted of two Beethoven symphonies, the third and fifth. It would not be difficult to emit a column of praise of the concert, but the truth is that Mr. Toscanini left little to say in the way of informing detail. What he did can be summed up in a few words.

These things mean that he presented not some bewildering interpretation of the symphonies, but finely finished technical performances, which allowed Beethoven to speak for himself. Always an artist, Mr. Toscanini was never a greater one than last night, when he proclaimed himself the faithful servant of a mighty master.

—W. J. Henderson.

* * *

But the greatness of the performances lay in three things: Mr. Toscanini's knowledge and musicianship; his irresistible sincerity and his utter avoidance of exaggeration.

The music was permitted to speak for itself.

The performance was a union of the lyric, architectural and dramatic elements that go to make the lonely and incomparable symphonic masterpieces. There was one Beethoven. It is hard to avoid the belief that the same thing holds true, among conductors, of Toscanini.

—Olin Downes.

* * *

He is the best living proof of the fact that great conductors and high-caliber orchestras do not have to collaborate for any considerable length of time before achieving superlative results. He is the supreme argument in favor of the guest conductor today, as Nikisch was in Europe during his lifetime.

In one person he combines the highest artistic values of the musical saint and sinner. No "temperamental artist" has more warmth and sense of beauty—no apostle of musical virtue more severity. That these things can live side by side and co-operate so successfully is mysterious, but evidently possible.

Magnetism, that gift of the gods which plays such an important part in all leadership but most particularly in a musical one, is his in highest degree. And here must end any attempt to define the indefinable, for beyond this point lies the domain where words end and music begins.

Toscanini's contribution to the current Beethoven celebration will stand in the memory of those who heard it, a true monument in sound, a thing of flaming inspiration whose spiritual vibrations will not die with its physical ones.

—Olga Samaroff.



Cat's Symphony
"Rheingold"

It was in olden times believed that a performance of "Das Rheingold" on a subscription night was something that no manager would dare to venture. But Mr. Gatti-Casazza has his public well trained, and therefore when he gave the prologue to the trilogy on Jan. 29, for the first time this season, the Metropolitan Opera House was occupied by an evidently interested audience.

The chief interest of the production centered in the debut of Walter Kirchhoff, who appeared as *Loge*. This is an unusual part for a new tenor to choose for his introduction, but it proved to be a good one for Mr. Kirchhoff. His *Loge* was one of the finest delineations of the subtle and crafty fire god ever revealed on the local stage.

For young students of operatic art this impersonation ought to present a valuable lesson, because much of the delineation is accomplished by what actors call reading the lines, and no singer can read meaning into lines who cannot color tone. In the use of vocal color Mr. Kirchhoff is uncommonly skillful and his *Loge's* sinister innuendo and sardonic humor went far toward bringing him his success. However, there was great lyric beauty as well as cunning in color in his delivery of the narrative, which was followed by a spontaneous burst of applause, an unheard of thing in Wagner drama.

—W. J. Henderson.

"Götterdämmerung"

It is to be hoped that Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," performed for the first time this winter Jan. 14, in the Metropolitan Opera House, will be given as many repetitions as possible during the season. In the whole "Ring" cycle this opera is unmatched in sweep, color and romantic vision, and the interpretation of the score is the most eloquent that the Metropolitan has achieved within recent memory. This is not due to a new cast or any special dispensation of operatic providence. But there was felt and maintained to the end of the performance the mood that the superb music-drama demands; there was uncommon spirit and co-ordination of the factors that go to a vigorous ensemble. The rest could safely be left to Wagner, who does not have to depend for his salvation upon anything but the appropriate treatment of his music.

We had not heard Mr. Bodanzky give the score such color, dramatic incisiveness and largeness of utterance before. The orchestral performance last night convinced one again that Wagner never surpassed the score of "Götterdämmerung" for richness of ideas and gor-

geousness of color; at the same time it considered and admirably supported the singers.

The orchestra is spoken of at once, since it is the alpha and omega of the Wagnerian music-drama.

—Olin Downes.

Even the Great!

A lady staying at a German hotel was annoyed by persistent playing, in a room next to hers. At last she wrote that she could stand the noise no longer and begged the pianist to stop. The maid who delivered the card came back with another, on which was written: "Very sorry to have annoyed you. Your request is granted—Anton Rubinstein."

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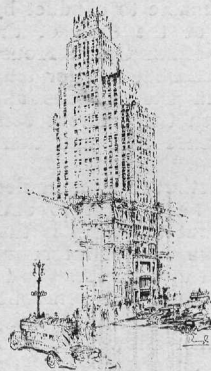
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