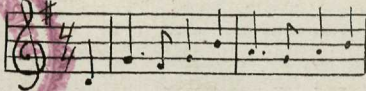
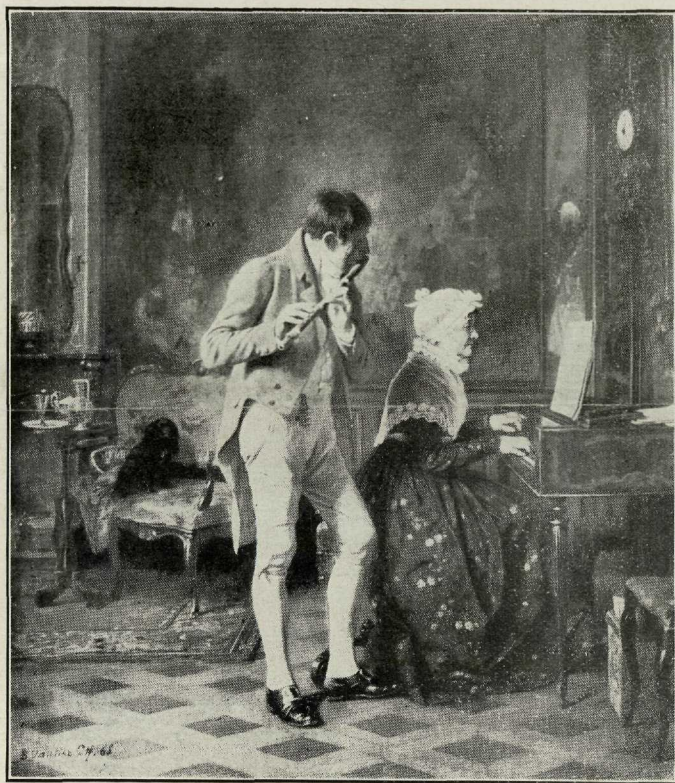


The Baton



Published by and for the Institute of Musical Art of the City of New York
FRANK DAMROSCH, Director



"DEEPLY ENGROSSED"

From a Painting by Vautier

"ON BEING MUSICALLY CURIOUS"

By Thomas Tapper

A LETTER FROM DR. GOETSCHUS

THE VALUE OF ENSEMBLE
SINGING

By Margarete Dessoif

TEACHING AND TECHNIC

By Elenore Altman

Vol. VI, No. 6

April, 1927

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Leslie Fairchild.
1926

"ON BEING MUSICALLY CURIOUS"

By Thomas Tapper

SOME time ago I read in *THE BATON* an article carrying the phrase which makes the above caption. These words were written by that urbane, popular pedagogue—George Wedge.

They immediately attracted my attention because I have long been struck by what is, to me, the peculiar fact that students will proceed through life in the most smug and complacent manner, totally incurious about the other thirty-one sonatas of Beethoven, having done penance on a single one. I presume that having been bitten once, thirty-one other times would be foolishness. This must be the type of reasoning.

And yet I sometimes wonder whether one is really to the manner born who rests content with a little when much is spread before one.

I have always desired to excursion among books and other pleasant things. This includes wanderings in the literature of the piano. The benefits are many. Best of all one comes upon many a wonderful revelation not only of an individual composer but of the school of which he is the representative. Then one gets a marvelous insight into the possibilities of manipulating a few chords in support of an original type of melodic construction. That is refreshing, in these days of locomotive symphonies.

I recall with utmost pleasure meeting at one time another venerable Theorist, the late Dr. Ebenezer Prout. He had just returned, if I remember correctly, from Plymouth, a city in the south of England, where he had on two consecutive afternoons, played to an audience of professional musicians, the entire contents of the two volumes of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavichord*, and of course from memory. At the age of twenty-one he was not at all skilled in playing the piano, or had only moderately developed his gift. To talk with him, to see the touch of animation in his blue eyes, the light of that animation spread over his countenance and the enthusiasm that sprang from it, would convince even the most happily situated in this life that nothing else than intimate acquaintance with everything that any of the composers had ever done would satisfy his life-giving soul.

And so I have often wondered why students, even if they are poor readers and poorer technicians, are not sufficiently "musical minded" to go excursioning into the literature of their instrument.

Of course, we are all a little queer except "me and thee." But, personally, I would rather tinker, in a hearty manner, at Hummel's *Alleluia Sonata* in E flat, if my ear carries the tune aright, than to be fully informed as to why gentlemen prefer blondes.

I think this latter a wholly private matter. The former is amusing but quite satisfying and shows not only how seriously, but in truth, how artistically, our ancestors took a few simple chords and manipulated them to the glory of their souls.

I have mentioned above the thirty-two Sonatas of Beethoven. Students play too few of them, to

my way of thinking. They should experiment a little with them all. In many years of rather attentive concert going, I had never heard anyone play,—for example—the Beethoven G Major Sonata, Op. 31. One day I found myself in *Queer Strasse* in Leipsig. Reinecke was just coming out of his *Wohnung*. We went back and he immediately seated himself at the piano and began to play and talk about certain movements of the Mozart Sonatas. Then he played this G Major of which I have just spoken in so lovely and simple, and so impersonal a manner, that I was very glad that I had not encountered it on a concert program. I cannot imagine him limiting himself to the few more popularly played Sonatas.

There is a lot of music in this world, in these modern days of phonograph and radio, of the kind to which I have heard Dr. Damrosch refer, (in the matter of the phonograph particularly) as canned music. Of course, this type of canning is improving along with that type sponsored by the Agricultural Departments of our Counties and States. So as I was saying there is a lot of music in this world of ours that might irritate the musically pure in heart, but anybody who would spend a rainy evening in poring over a couple of volumes which rejoice in the title of *Les Maitres du Clavecin* will have a wonderful time. Do you know whom you may meet in this assemblage? Well, here they are:

All the sons of Bach. George Benda and the old master Froberger. And Krebs—the Krebs that swam in Johann Sebastian's "Bach." And Kuhnau. The three English masters—Arne, Byrd and John Bull. Then if you like gracious music, there is Grazioli. And Niccolo Porpora for whom I have ever had a warm place in my heart because he had a tepid place in his for the boy Joseph Haydn. And then of course, Couperin and Rameau.

How they did tintinnabulate!

This is the *living* history of music. Many a one has written the history of music from some angle, but truly I would rather have these two volumes of *Clavichord* masters than all the chapters about the history of the piano that cover this period.

One's skill at sight reading may be slight, but still it is no difficult thing to make one's way through a mass of such material and come out at least simple minded.

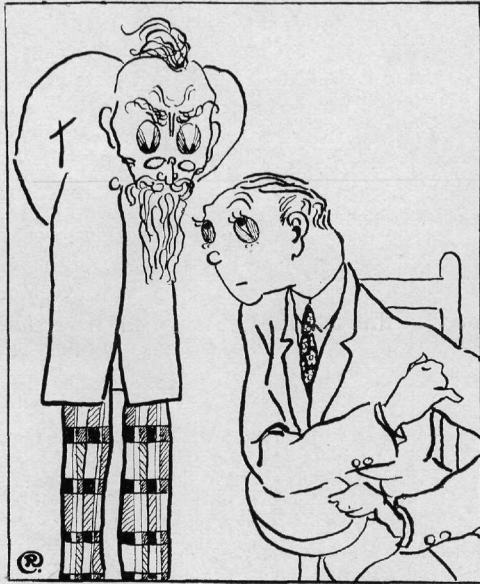
Even to work out the melodies of these compositions with a finger or two is revealing. On the other hand, when one goes adventuring into even simple works of the ultra-modern school, one does not find a finger or two of any particular consequence. Some of these recent wild man's dances can be investigated as to the tune in the right hand part with nothing less than a croquet mallet.

Now I am sure that this type of touring into the multitudinous volumes of the past may not even approach the stirring excitement of a similar excursion through, let us say, "*Beau Geste*." Some

of the youth of today might not happily rummage in the works of these masters. But I am confident that the appeal of this article will reach out and touch a responsive chord in, shall I say, a patron saint of the Institute now resident at Manchester, New Hampshire!

I have heard, by the way, a rumor that he was in town recently and forgetful of the happiness he could bestow upon others by merely dropping a nickel in a telephone booth slot and calling out a cheery "Howdy" to an old friend. He is as slack in answering a cheerful letter. I have often thought I would enter my name upon his list of correspondence students just to secure for myself the opportunity of hearing from him regularly. This is probably the only way of securing this much to be desired privilege.

Well, I have had my say about being musically curious.



ASK ME ANOTHER!

1. Who founded the Institute and when?
2. What is the name of the painting in the Recital Hall, and who was the artist?
3. What member of the faculty is a poet? For what is he chiefly known?
4. Who made the opening address at the foundation of the Institute?
5. What is Blue Hill?
6. Who is Mrs. Tee-Van? What is she noted for?
7. What member of the faculty holds a Doctor of Music degree from Oxford?
8. Who sculptured the bust of Dr. Damrosch?
9. Name an Institute teacher who studied under (a) Clara Schumann, (b) Leschetizsky.
10. What is the motto of the Institute?

—Murray Paret.

(Answers will be found on page 8.)

A LETTER FROM DR. GOETSCHIUS

To the Editor of The Baton:

At the memorable Composition Recital of Alumni on the evening of March 12th, the time was so limited that I could not address those of my dear "children" who were present, as I had wished and hoped to do. So I am sending these few words to you, with the request that you transmit them to the students through the medium of The Baton.

I was very happy indeed to be present on that occasion—that goes without saying, but I cannot help saying it. It was over a year since I have seen any one of my Institute friends, and it was unspeakably good to see their faces, to hear their voices, and to feel the clasp of their hands. Above all, it was profoundly gratifying to me to find so many of them still enthusiastic and active in their creative work; and to know that the influence of the small share I had, in past days, in stimulating and guiding their efforts in this direction, has not altogether faded out of their lives.

The artist who devotes his efforts to reproduction only, operates upon the objective plane; through his piano, violin, voice, organ or other instrument, he seeks to give expression to what some *other* mind than his own has conceived. But the artist who creates, who frames conceptions of his own, works on the subjective plane—he gives expression to himself. I cannot help believing that this latter is the loftier mission. So I would urge our young composers, most earnestly, not to grow indifferent, nor relax their efforts in this creative labor.

I wish to thank them all, colleagues and students, for the warm welcome they accorded me and for the numberless demonstrations of their undiminished attachment and affection. And I hope that they will pause, now and then, in the wild rush of their daily duties, to send out a friendly thought toward their faithful and ever devoted

Papa Goetschius.

Manchester, N. H., March 21, 1927.

April Foolishness

We thought for a time that we were going to enjoy school, but some of the teachers have the idea that we should work.

* * *

Mr. Goode—"My boy, why is it always best to tell the truth?"

Boy—"Because you don't have to remember what you say."

* * *

Telegram to friend: "Washout on line; cannot come."

Reply: "Come anyway; borrow a shirt."

* * *

He—"How old are you?"

She—"I have seen four and twenty summers."

He—"How long were you blind?"

RUNNING A PIANO

"I was loitering around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans. "As I had nothing to do, I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up, as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special'. The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then



he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle 'way back in the tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that he was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash-pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, and the trees appeared to be a mud-bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug—went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a controlling brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game

was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of a 'special'. In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead stand-still, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be one thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."

(From *American Wit and Humor*—Masson.)

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Haydn always asserted that he could do no composing unless he had on the ring which Frederick the Great sent him; and, besides, the paper on which he wrote had to be white and of the best quality. Haydn wrote over 800 compositions in his lifetime of which 118 were symphonies, 83—string quartets, 24—operas, and 14—masses. When Haydn died among his effects were found 46 canons framed and mounted like engravings. They used to adorn the walls of his bedroom. "I was not," he always said, "rich enough to buy good pictures so I made myself some tapestries such as everyone I am sure cannot have."

* * *

Leoncavallo, being in a town where his "Pagliacci" was to be sung, decided to hear it incognito. Seeing that he did not applaud, a bright-eyed lady sitting next to him asked him if the opera displeased him. Leoncavallo proceeded to tear his opera to bits, showing how here a theme had been stolen from Beethoven and there from Bizet. The lady then asked, "Is that your honest opinion?"

"Entirely so," was the reply.

The next day, glancing over the paper he found that the entire conversation of the previous evening had been printed and accredited to the proper source. He had been talking to a lady reporter! "Never again!" Leoncavallo resolved.

* * *

Rachmaninoff has been questioned innumerable times as to whether he had any particular incident or scene in mind when he composed his famous C minor Prelude. To a lady who persistently asked him this question, Rachmaninoff solemnly answered: "Yes, madame, I had in mind a woman buried alive and knocking at the coffin frantically to get out."

* * *

Strauss spent much of his time off the stage smoking, card-playing and receiving visitors. His female admirers were legion and having neither the time nor the inclination to bother about them, his wife attended to the reading of the many letters he received. His autograph was almost always supplied by his wife and if a letter should contain a request for a lock of his hair—and there were many such—the black family poodle was resorted to.

—Lloyd Mergentime.

TEACHING AND TECHNIC

By Elenore Altman

Should Students Teach?

IT seems to be the accepted thing for students to begin to teach as soon as they are out of their musical swaddling clothes.

What is gained? What lost? Is the result worth the effort? These are questions confronting every teacher of advanced students.

Economically speaking, I should say that it is decidedly *not* worth while.

New York's enormous spread takes the student-teacher from the Bronx to Bath Beach and for a long afternoon's work and travel there will be enough earnings to pay for small luxuries. Except where money actually goes for food or music, I should say that expenditure of time and energy could be more profitably employed.

Students taking a full music course have so many subjects besides their chosen instrument that they need all of their time for study. Besides, there should be time to exercise, for reading and concerts and time for leisure—leisure which is so lacking in our ambitious American life.

The student years are the student's real study opportunity. Never again does he get that much time for work—that peace of mind.

One's maturer life swirls one into activities which leave little time for concentrated study.

"But," says the student, "I must learn how to teach—I will get my experience—get over the first difficult steps."

True enough. But a teacher never stops enriching his knowledge by experience; each new pupil, each new problem is a lesson for the teacher; each weakness of the student becomes the teacher's strength.

Music has become a field in which competition is as keen as in the business world. A musician must know his subject thoroughly and it is a highly specialized subject to which he cannot give too many hours in brain work as well as finger work.

Again the student will say, "I like to feel independent. I like to earn my own way."

It seems to me that thorough knowledge will give one the true feeling of independence. There is nothing so satisfying as the quiet assurance which complete mastery of one's subject gives one. Don't leave holes in your musical education. Except in cases of real need, I would say *don't teach*; at least until you are out of rompers and well able to walk alone.

How Much Technic?

Nothing but technic!

How many students on leaving the concert hall will characterize the artist who has performed with that one disdainful phrase—nothing but technic? Think of the years of effort, years of sacrifice, the expenditure of energy, will and money. All honor to artists for an adequate technic, but why should so many pianists spend years on acquiring a pro-

digious technic which has grown beyond their musical needs?

A man can only eat, drink and wear so much; an artist can only play so loud, so fast and so long; the physical limits are not extensive, the artistic limits very limited. Certainly, none of the masters intended to convey noise, speed or muscular effort, not even in the virtuoso pieces. Imagine Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann or Chopin trying to outdo each other in technical acrobatics—yet that is what they are made to do every day. A truly fine technic should not appear as technic.

Unless the intellectual understanding, the spiritual development, is sufficient to justify a great technic, it would be wiser not to acquire one. Music, in spite of the moderns, is still conveyed by euphonious sound, has still a spiritual meaning. If, as the student develops his fingers he would develop apace his mind, his heart, his moral fibre, his technic would never overshadow him, nor the message he intends to convey.

The master should be greater than the servant.

TID-BITS FROM EXAMINATIONS

(What not to say on the finals.)

- 1 Richard Wagner was a prolific student.
- 2 Richard Wagner was the Founder of the Opera which was of the Monodic Class.
- 3 Wagner's two greatest Operas are "Hänsel" and "Gretel."
- 4 Wagner wrote four Overtures of which the Third is the most popular.
- 5 Wagner's Arias are superb although his education was most irregular.
- 6 Wagner was a Roman-Catholicist which is now spoken of as Roman-Ticist.
- 7 Wagner wrote the best piece of Counterpoint but it was Gluck who told him that his Counterpoint was poor and it made him feel badly. So he went home and studied it more thoroughly.
- 8 Wagner is considered the successor of Beethoven.
- 9 Wagner helped Chamber Music to become as well known as it is now.
- 10 Wagner had many peculiarities which he carried through his immortal life.
- 11 As a child, Richard Wagner had a great love for climaxes which he carried to his grave.
- 12 Wagner, 1833-1883. His First Symphony was given in 1833, (*it was probably unaccompanied Vocal Monody! H. B. G.*)
- 13 In modern Music the Composer forgets all about the rules of Musical Composition and lets his imagination or feelings run away with him.
- 14 The Modern School, led by Debussy and Stravinsky contains something of all, and something very little, if at all, of all the three other Schools.

(Contributed by Dr. Gibbs)

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Editor-in-Chief

DOROTHY CROWTHERS

Assistant

ELIZABETH THODE

Associates

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CROWDED HOURS

At this season the Institute buzzes with activity. Recitals, receptions, examinations and preparations for graduation. At a meeting of the graduating class recently, these officers were elected: President—George Davis; Vice President—Ruth Greenberg; Secretary—Carl Hutchings; Treasurer—Anna Lapidus. According to Miss Frank, the Class of 1927 exhibits unusual spirit which augurs well for a Class Show.

An opportunity for students to gather socially at the Institute occurred Saturday afternoon, April 16th, when a tea was given following the recital by the Junior Orchestra. And Oh that luscious cake!

RECITAL BY JUNIOR STUDENTS

Saturday afternoon, April 16th

PROGRAMME

Symphony No. 4, D major, "The Clock".....Haydn
Adagio—Presto; Andante; Menuetto: allegro;
Finale: vivace.

STUDENTS OF THE JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

Perpetuum MobileWeber
JEANNETTE EPSTEIN

ElegySitt
ANNA BERMAN

Symphony, C major, "Jupiter." Allegro vivace....Mozart

A rare treat was offered on Thursday evening, April 21st, when a song recital was tendered to the students of the Institute by Miss Marcia van Dresser.

The Alumni Series of recitals has been flourishing and next on the horizon are the recitals by candidates for the certificate of maturity. The programs of all these events will be found on page 9.

Of interest is the program for Wednesday evening, April 27th.

RECITAL BY THE MADRIGAL CHOIR

MARGARETE DESOFF, Conductor

PROGRAMME

Motet: "Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen?"Brahms
a cappella

Five Madrigals:

a. Fusca, in thy starry eyes	} a cappellaTomkins
b. Meraviglia d'amore	Gesualdo
c. Un jour je m'en allais	De Wert
d. Scaldava il sol	Marenzio
e. Now is the month of maying	Morley

StändchenSchubert

For four women's voices, alto solo and piano

Alto Solo, FLORA COLLINS

Three German Folksongs.....Arranged by S. Ochs

a. Es ritten drei Reiter zum Tore hinaus	} a cappella
b. Der schwere Traum	
c. Der Jäger	

Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans.....Debussy

a. Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder	} a cappella
b. Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin	
c. Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain	

Four Solo Voices:

SARAH DOBBS

SAMUEL CIBULSKI

VIRGINIA WALKER

FRANKLIN FITZSIMONS

Three English Folksongs....arranged by Vaughn Williams

a. Just as the tide was following	} a cappella
b. The springtime of the year	
c. Wassail Song	

The Director Returns

Dr. Damrosch has had a delightful vacation in Haiti. An article about the music he heard there will appear in the next issue of The Baton. He is back refreshed and ready for the fray. (Synonym for final examinations!)

HOW TO PASS TIME

(At this season of approaching examinations are you troubled with insomnia? Here is a suggestion from a recent issue of The New Yorker.)

In bed: Think of the sandman story. Can you imagine falling asleep with sand in your eyes? Would it be any easier with talcum powder? Do you believe that anyone ever falls asleep by counting sheep?

Could one stay awake by not counting the sheep? What other manners of falling or not falling asleep can you think of? Which is the more difficult in the end, falling asleep or staying awake?

Do you know that Arctic dogs sleep buried in the snow? How would you like to sleep buried in the snow? What advantages have icy sheets over snowy blankets? How does your bed compare with a park bench? with a movie seat? with a subway?

Why is it that the more reluctantly and late one goes to bed, the less eagerly and early does he leave the bed? How does the desire to get up vary with the temperature?

Are you afraid of the dark? Do ghosts bother you in the dark? Do you believe in ghosts? What difference does that make?

José Schorr.

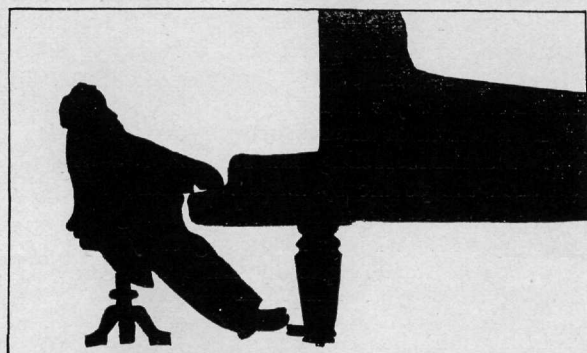
THE VALUE OF ENSEMBLE SINGING

By Margarete Dessoff

When I was a young girl I did not think of becoming a musician myself, for my father was opposed to such plans for all of his children. He knew too well what this career calls for, not only in gifts and ability but also in character and physical strength.

But I *heard* the very best music that a fine and rich city like Frankfort a/M could offer, not only at the very excellent opera,—which in those times was considered one of the best, if not *the* best in Germany,—and at the fine orchestra-, chorus- and chamber-music concerts, but *also* in the private homes of outstanding artists who lived at that time in Frankfort.

Clara Schumann, the widow of Robert Schumann, lived and taught in Frankfort, and also Mathilde Marchesi, the famous singer and teacher; Julius Stockhausen, the pupil of Garcia and himself one of the outstanding singers of Europe, had his school of world-wide fame in Frankfort. Hugo Heermann, whose quartet was almost as well known in Germany as the Joachim Quartet, taught at the conservatory and in his home; and Hans von Bülow, the friend of Liszt and Richard Wagner,—later of Brahms—lived for several months in Frankfort *every* year, to give courses in piano playing. Bernhard Scholz and Joachim Raff were the directors of the two conservatories, and opened their homes to all those artists who came to the concerts, playing, singing, conducting.



BRAMHS AT THE PIANO.
(FROM A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY
W. VON RECKENBACH)

Reuben Kramler

Johannes Brahms, the devoted friend of Clara Schumann, came every year, bringing his latest compositions which were played or sung in *her* home or in the houses of Heermann or Stockhausen as well as in public concerts.

I remember Brahms so well. From the moment that he had come to Vienna,—about the same time as my parents,—they had become intimate friends, and as Kalbeck says in his biography of Brahms: Every Sunday the table was laid for Brahms in Dessoff's house. My father was first conductor of the Royal Opera, Professor of composition and counterpoint at the Conservatory and conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts in Vienna. Especially in this position he did much for the young composer

in bringing out in first performances his orchestral and choral compositions, which at that time did not find general appreciation and understanding, as they do to-day. With us children Brahms was himself like a child and we used to call him "uncle Brahms." I remember him especially in later years, when he came to Frankfort: his broad figure and beard, his bright, dark-blue eyes. When we young people were around he always had a smile on his face and a joking word on his lips. He loved to joke but he could also be very disagreeable when something aroused his anger. So it happened that when Cosima Wagner, the widow of Richard Wagner, came to Frankfort to stay for a visit in the house of a very well-known music-lover, these people thought it necessary to put a portrait of Robert Schumann which they possessed, and which had hung for many years in their music-room, out of the way, because, as everybody knows, Richard Wagner was an opponent of Schumann. Brahms had come to this house for many years, and returned to it some days later on one of his visits to Frankfort. Unfortunately the portrait had not again been replaced. One of the first questions of Brahms was "What has happened to the portrait of Schumann?" and when the somewhat embarrassed hostess explained the occurrence, Brahms left the house and never returned there. He would not tolerate smallness.

I saw him for the last time when he came from the funeral of Clara Schumann, who was laid beside her unfortunate husband in Bonn. In returning to Vienna he stopped in Frankfort for several days to offer his services to the daughters of his beloved friend. It was one or two years after the death of my father, and Brahms, as always, came to see my mother. As she was not well, I was called to receive him, and I remember distinctly his dear, sad face.

But let us return to our subject.

Clara Schumann thought it essential for her piano pupils to gather around her once a week for ensemble work, not only for piano and chamber-music, which seems most natural for pianists, but also to *sing* in a small ensemble. The lovely *Liebeslieder* and *Zigeunerlieder* of Brahms were tried out there privately, and Julius Stockhausen, also an intimate friend of Brahms, for whom he wrote the cycle of the *Magelone-Lieder*, the barytone solo in "Ein deutsches Requiem" and many of the vocal quartets, brought them out publicly with Fillunger, Hermine Spiess, Robert Kaufmann and Brahms himself at the piano.

With his pupils Stockhausen performed ensemble-music of all countries in a most perfect way in the wonderful rehearsal-room of his school; and Hugo Heermann with his string-quartet and his pupils offered at the same time chamber-music in his home.

All the pupils of all these masters took part in either private or public performances, not with the

point of view of soloists, but of what I would call well trained musicians, never thinking of themselves as independent and outstanding individuals, but only eager to become an excellently working part of a whole, of the work, that they were presenting.

How could these young, growing, not yet in themselves finished musicians get to the point of doing this kind of work with such perfection, that I,—after almost thirty years—still remember those performances as the most wonderful experiences? Because their masters considered *ensemble-work* the most important feature in the musical education of their pupils.

As you will chiefly be interested in the work of the singing teachers, I will limit myself to speaking of some of those experiences.

I remember that I had my first experience of that kind in an orchestra-concert of the Museums-Gesellschaft in Frankfurt—concerts of the quality of the Philharmonic Society concerts here,—that had in its program a Bach motet, sung by the choral-class of Stockhausen. About twenty-four young, well-trained singers, with excellent voices and with a full understanding, mentally as well as musically, for the work they performed, and throwing themselves into it with a deep devotion!

When Brahms died, Stockhausen came out with a memorial concert, supported with the orchestra class of the conservatory, where the ensemble class of Hugo Heermann formed the string orchestra. The concert began with the *De Profundis* by Gluck, for chorus and orchestra; it was followed by the "Vier ernste Gesänge" by Brahms, one of his last compositions, performed here for the first time, and the "Trauer-Ode" by Bach, all sung only by pupils of Stockhausen. I still have the sound in my ears.

How was it possible with only a week or two of preparation to present this so that it stays in my memory as an outstanding performance of the highest musical standard? These pupils thought it the most essential and natural feature of their education, and time was given once or twice a week to ensemble work, in which all took part.

In the pupils' recitals, not only of Stockhausen's school, but of the best singing teachers in Europe,—such as Marchesi,—later in Vienna and Paris, Lilli Lehmann and Anna Schultzen-Asten in Berlin, Von zur Muhlen in Riga and London, Messchaert in Amsterdam, and numberless others who tried not only to educate soloists but musicians,—this ensemble instruction was a matter of course.

Answers to Questions on page 3

1. James Loeb. The Institute opened in 1905.
2. "Madonna del Popolo" by Rafael.
3. W. J. Henderson. He is Dean of Music Critics.
4. Woodrow Wilson.
5. A summer colony on the coast of Maine made famous by Franz Kneisel and his artist pupils.
6. Helen Damrosch, daughter of our Director. She is an artist of tropical life, associated with the William Beebe expeditions.
7. Dr. Richardson.

8. Malvina Hoffman.

9. (a) Mr. Friedberg. (b) Miss Strauss, Mrs. Hough, or Mr. Sieveking.

10. "Let us devote ourselves (with eager striving and enthusiasm) to noble and beautiful works."

INSTITUTE REPRESENTATIVES IN CONCERT

James Friskin Plays

James Friskin, an accomplished pianist who has appeared more frequently of late, gave a recital before a large audience at the Town Hall on April 7th. He was heard in Beethoven's sonata, Op. 106, preceded by little classics of Mozart and a fantasia by C. P. E. Bach and followed by five preludes, a nocturne, and a scherzo of Chopin. Mr. Friskin's competent performance avoided the merely technical. He sought rather with modest musicianship of a self-effacing order to disclose the underlying thought of each composer, in effect a "message" of music of individually varied character.

Lillian Fuchs' Recital

Lillian Fuchs, pupil of the late Franz Kneisel, winner of the Morris Loeb prize of \$1,000, and for three consecutive years of the Seligman prize for composition, gave her second New York recital at Aeolian Hall on March 30th. The talented artist proved her right to the title in a program that began with the Bach-Nachaz Partita in E minor, a Mozart concerto, and a Chausson poëme.

Miss Fuchs' command of technic was backed by sound musicianship, and a warm emotional temperament. These were restraint, sobriety and order in her reading of the Bach Partita, the Adagio standing out by reason of its beautiful tone-coloring. Her cultivated style and understanding of the classics found natural expression in the Mozart concerto. Romantic feeling and brilliant dexterity distinguished the poëme by Ernest Chausson.

The closing group included a dazzling étude de concert by the late Franz Kneisel, greatly applauded, and a caprice fantastique by Miss Fuchs herself.

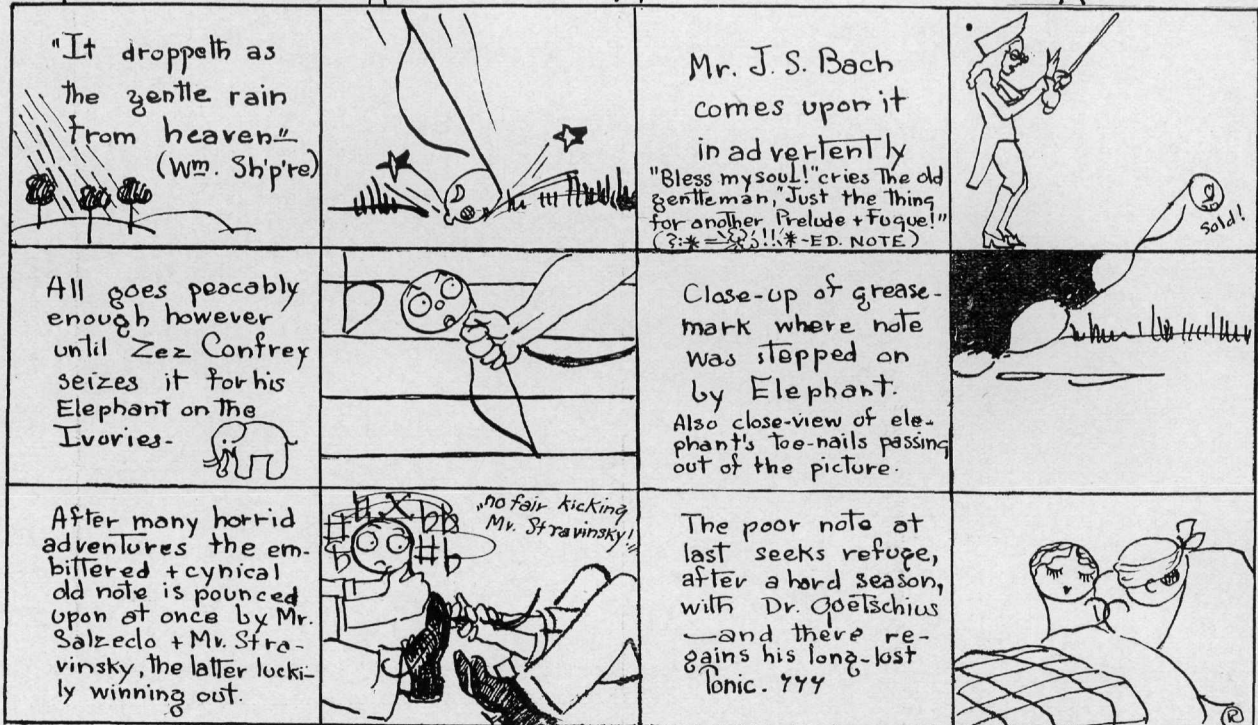
Bernard Ocko Plays

Distinguished playing marked the recital given at Aeolian Hall by Bernard Ocko, who rapidly is creating an important place for himself among the younger violinists of this country. Mr. Ocko focused his attention on modern compositions, ranging from Brahms to Bloch, and including a double fugue of his own invention, in each of which he displayed a keen sense of style and a sure grasp of the material in hand.

The salient characteristic of Mr. Ocko's art is his fine mastery of catilena, to which he brings dignity, breadth, and sensitiveness of phrase. His tone is large, rich and vibrant; his bowing light and flexible, and he has firm command of technic.

The recital culminated in the Brahms double concerto for violin and 'cello, in which Mr. Ocko had the able cooperation of Julian Kahn.

The brief but appalling HISTORY of a simple Note that only wanted to be left Alone



(Reprinted from an early Baton, in view of certain recent murders on the Musical Battlefield hereabouts!)

RECITAL SERIES

By the Alumni of the Institute of Musical Art

ANTON ROVINSKY

Tuesday evening, January 25th.

PROGRAMME

I

Gavotte and VariationsRameau
Homage à RameauDebussy
Three Preludes Nos. 4, 22, 23.....Chopin
Two ContrastsCasella
Grazioso (homage à Chopin)
Anti-Grazioso

II

Prelude and Fugue A minorBach
(Transcribed from organ by F. Liszt)
Prelude, Fugue and VariationFranck
(Transcribed from organ by Harold Bauer)

III

Sonatina, G majorBeethoven
(Moderato—Romance)
SonatinaBartok
(Dudasok—Medvetano—Finale)
Sonatina (Bureaucratique)Satie
(Allegro—Andante—Vivace)

IV

Au bord d'une SourceLiszt
Jeux d'EauRavel
Mephisto WaltzLiszt
Poème SataniqueScriabine

SAMUEL GARDNER

Saturday evening, March 26th.

Miss Clara RabinowitzPianist
Mr. Luther Gloss.....Accompanist

PROGRAMME

I

Concerto in A minor: Allegro; Largo; Presto...Vivaldi

II

Sonata for Violin and Piano, B flat major, No. 15 Mozart
Largo-Allegro; Andante; Allegretto.

III

Recitativo and Scherzo-CapriceKreisler
(For Violin alone)
Aubade ProvencaleCouperin-Kreisler
La CapricieuseElgar
Playera (Spanish Dance)Sarasate
Vaqueros (Spanish Cowboys)Gardner
(New—first time)

NORA FAUCHALDSoprano

PHYLLIS KRAEUTERCellist

Wednesday evening, April 13th.

PROGRAMME

Ritorna Vincitor (from "Aida").....Verdi
NORA FAUCHALD

Rhapsodie *Emanuel Moor*
 PHYLLIS KRAEUTER
 Jeg gik ut at se mig om } *Norwegian Folksongs*
 Kari og Mari } arranged by Palmgren
 Vug og vove }
 Turisten } *Grieg*
 Og jeg vil ha mig en Hjertenskjaer }

NORA FAUCHALD
 Call of the Plains *Rubin Goldmark*
 Fileuse *Fauré*
 Danse Exotique *Wilhelm Jéral*
 PHYLLIS KRAEUTER

Evensong }
 Seashell } *George H. Morgan*
 A Cradle Song }
 The Cloths of Heaven } *G. A. Wedge*
 With the Tide *Wintter Watts*
 NORA FAUCHALD
 George H. Morgan }
 Carroll Hollister } *accompanists*

VIOLIN RECITALS BY CANDIDATES FOR THE CERTIFICATE OF MATURITY

Wednesday evening, April 20th.

RONALD MURAT

PROGRAMME

Sonata VI in E major *Bach*
 Concerto in D major: Allegro ma non troppo. *Beethoven*
 Pastorale *Murat*
 Notturmo ed Tarantella *Szymanowski*

and

BENJAMIN SWALIN

PROGRAMME

Praeludium & Allegro *Pugnani-Kreisler*
 Concerto in D minor *Bruch*
 Sonata for violin, A minor, Grave; Fuga. *Bach*
 Humoresque *Tor Aulin*
 Reminiscence *Swalin*
 Hungarian Dance, A major *Brahms-Joachim*

MILTON FEHER

Friday evening, April 29th.

PROGRAMME

Sonata, D minor, op. 108. *Brahms*
 Allegro moderato
 Adagio
 Un poco presto e con sentimento
 Presto
 Concerto, F minor *Wieniawski*
 Allegro moderato
 Poeme *Chausson*
 Le Streghe *Paganini-Kreisler*

and

ABRAM TAFFEL

PROGRAMME

Concerto, Op. 35. *Tchaikowsky*
 Allegro moderato

Ciaccona *Bach*
 Caprice, No. XXIV *Paganini-Kreisler*
 Vocalise *Rachmaninoff*
 Sicilienne et Rigaudon *Francoeur-Kreisler*

PIANO RECITALS BY CANDIDATES FOR CERTIFICATE OF MATURITY

Friday evening, April 22nd.

MARJORIE WIGGINS

PROGRAMME

Caprice from "Alceste" *Gluck-Saint-Saens*
 Rondo, A minor *Mozart*
 Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue *Bach*
 Sonata in C major, Op. 53. *Beethoven*
 Intermezzo, B flat minor, Op. 117, No. 2. *Brahms*
 Ballade, G minor, Op. 118, No. 3. *Brahms*
 Barcarolle *Chopin*
 Jeux d'Eau *Ravel*

and

GWENDOLYN BREWSTER

PROGRAMME

Toccata in F sharp minor *Bach*
 Rondo, A minor *Mozart*
 Sonata in A flat major, Op. 110. *Beethoven*
 Intermezzo, A major, Op. 118, No. 2. *Brahms*
 Intermezzo, C major, Op. 110, No. 3. *Brahms*
 Ricordanza *Liszt*
 Scherzo, B minor, Op. 20. *Chopin*

RUTH VAN DOREN

Monday evening, April 25th.

PROGRAMME

Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue *Bach*
 Fantasy, C minor, No. 2. *Mozart*
 Two Choral Preludes *Bach-Busoni*
 a. Awake, the voice commands
 b. Rejoice, beloved Christians
 Sonata, E major, Op. 109 *Beethoven*
 Intermezzo, E flat minor, Op. 118, No. 6 }
 Intermezzo, A minor, Op. 118, No. 1 } *Brahms*
 Mazurka, C sharp minor, Op. 41, No. 1 }
 Nocturne, F major, Op. 15, No. 1 } *Chopin*
 Scherzo, C sharp minor, Op. 39 }

and

SIDNEY SUKOENIG

PROGRAMME

Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue *Bach*
 Sonata in C minor: Adagio. *Mozart*
 Sonata, E flat, Op. 81a. *Beethoven*
 Ballade, A flat, Op. 47. *Chopin*
 Intermezzo, B minor, Op. 119, No. 1 }
 Intermezzo, F major, Op. 119, No. 3 } *Brahms*
 Mephisto Waltz *Liszt*

THE OPERA SEASON
ENDS

"Tristan und Isolde"

It is interesting and significant of the advance of a masterpiece in the public estimation to consider the reception accorded Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" when it was given March 25th, in the Metropolitan Opera House as one of the special matinees of the Wagner cycle. "Tristan," a quarter of a century ago the treasure of the perfect Wagnerites and an opera outside the category of those that the great public could be expected to patronize in any overwhelming numbers, is quite obviously on the way to general popularity. For many years the Prelude and Liebestod have been favorite items of concert programs. An audience that had bought the seating capacity of the house some time before the performance commenced, remained intent and absorbed, until the final curtain had gathered and the last note had sounded.

The triumph of the afternoon, it is pleasant to relate, was for Wagner's music, above and beyond the fortunes of the singers.

* * *

"Rosenkavalier"

The revival of Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" March 6th, in the Metropolitan Opera House was a grateful experience for the audience. The opera has esprit and style. The score is riant in the Straussian manner. The libretto is a masterpiece of its kind. "Der Rosenkavalier" is undoubtedly older, weaker, more mannered than the white-hot "Salome" or the terrific "Electra," yet its flavor is unique and even distinguished.

* * *

"Mignon"

The last time the work was done at the Metropolitan previous to March 10th, was March 28, 1908, when Geraldine Farrar sang Mignon, Bessie Abbott, Filina; Josephine Jacoby, Frederic; Alessandro Bonci, Wilhelm Meister, and Pol Plancon, Lothario.

It is a melodious opera and its music is all of that simple type which appeals so strongly to the human whistle. Moreover the story is distinctly of the movie sort. It is sentimental, melodramatic, rich in tableaux, and more or less hazy action. Miss Bori was entirely lovely and winning as Mignon.

W. J. Henderson.

* * *

"Boris"

Mr. Chaliapin is the great Boris. Others have taken this rôle and taken it very creditably. But there is a sweep, a savage power, an emotional intensity in this Boris of Mr. Chaliapin's that it is difficult to conceive as coming from any other artist on the stage. Mr. Chaliapin has, in the first place, that genius which makes him the great figure whenever or wherever he walks before the footlights. He has the feeling for the vigor and breadth of Moussorgsky's music. He can be intensely moving, as in the scene between Boris and his son, or the scene limned with such Websterian intensity by the composer when Boris believes that he confronts the ghost of the murdered Dmitri. It is a scene never to be forgotten as Mr. Chaliapin creates it, nor is there to be forgotten that sheer splendor and majesty which this artist gives his rôle—the picture he creates on the

In memory of the
Festival of the
Sightless for America
Walter Damrosch

The autograph of this great conductor has added value as a souvenir now that he has resigned his post as director of the New York Symphony Orchestra.

WALTER DAMROSCH RETIRES

April 10th brought to a close Walter Damrosch's forty-two-year career as musical director of the New York Symphony Orchestra. With the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Mecca Auditorium he passed into the ranks of guest conductors, appearing for only a short period each season to direct the great musical organization established by his father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, in 1878.

Damrosch began his musical career at the Metropolitan Opera House, first as assistant to his father, later as full director of German Opera. He at one period toured with his own opera company throughout the country. For fifteen years he was conductor of the Oratorio Society, established by his father. He also has tried his hand at composing and has to his credit two operas, "The Scarlet Letter" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," the latter of which was produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Five thousand persons packed the Hall for the final concert under his direction. A large floral piece, bearing the words: "To Walter Damrosch with heartfelt greetings from the New York Symphony Orchestra," was presented to him. Dr. Damrosch made a brief address:

"I am terribly touched by your kindnesses and plaudits, which, while undeserved, are so welcome," he said. "It is worth while to have lived all my life in New York City where I was brought up an East Side boy like Governor Al Smith. I have conducted the Symphony Orchestra for forty-two years, which, though a long time, has given me the greatest joy. It has not been too long for me; I do not know about you.

"The end is not yet. This is not good-bye, as I am only choosing the easier way, for after slaving over the orchestra for so many years, I shall now get the cream as a guest conductor. Instead of being an old New York stand-by, I shall become an interesting exotic. But as a guest conductor I shall always be what I have been—an earnest, sincere musician, who plays not to exhibit himself, but to interpret the music of the composers to the best of his ability.

"I thank you all again, a thousand times."

stage, the superb and tragic presence which moves through the scenes of this partly historical and partly legendary drama.

Seen after an interval of months, "Boris" renewed its colossal vitality and its grip of the beholder.

Olin Downes.

Alumni Concert and Dance

The annual spring concert of the Alumni Association will take place Saturday evening, April 30th. William Kroll and Bianca del Vecchio will give a sonata recital. There will be a dance afterward to which the members of the graduating class have been invited.

Spring Fever

After the extra effort of the Beethoven issue, this number of The Baton is reduced to twelve pages, but by May it will return to its normal weight.

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