

The Baton

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



Fifth Avenue Before Christmas

AN ADDRESS
By Frank Damrosch

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR
Christmas Music

TWO COMPOSERS AND AN OPERA
A Story

CELEBRATED SIGNATURES
An Analysis

MORE CONFESSIONS
Of An Alumnus

Vol. VII, No. 2 December, 1927

15 Cents a Copy

Leslie Fairchild.
1926



YEHUDI MENUHIN: Violin Recital (Carnegie Hall, December 12th, evening). Ten-year-old boy prodigy recently acclaimed by all critics, following his appearance with the New York Symphony Orchestra. Yehudi was a pupil in the Theory Course of the Institute two years ago prior to his departure for study abroad.

ERNEST HUTCHESON: Piano Recital (Carnegie Hall, December 14th, evening). Mr. Hutcheson is Dean of the Graduate School of the Juilliard School of Music.

ELSHUCO TRIO: Chamber Music Concert (Engineering Auditorium, December 14th, evening). The trio comprises Willem Willeke, William Kroll (both members of the Institute Faculty), and Aurelio Giorni.

PAUL KOCHANSKI: Violin Recital (Carnegie Hall, December 17th, afternoon). Member of the Faculty of the Juilliard School of Music.

CARL FRIEDBERG: Piano Recital (Town Hall, December 17th, afternoon). Member of the Piano Faculty of the Institute.

GEORGE HOUSTON: Soloist with the Schola Cantorum (Carnegie Hall, December 28th, evening). Graduate of the Institute. He will sing the part of Méphistophélès in a presentation of "La Damnation de Faust" of Berlioz. The other soloists will be Dusolina Giannini and Richard Crooks. Mr. Houston is a member of the American Grand Opera Company soon to appear in New York.

ABBY MORRISON RICKER: Song Recital; soprano (Belmont Theatre, December 11th, evening). Former pupil of the Institute. Has appeared in concert with Gigli.

LAMAR STRINGFIELD conducted the orchestra on December 3rd at Carnegie Hall for the program given by the Marmein Dancers.

THE MUSICAL ART QUARTET, consisting of Sascha Jacobsen, Louis Kaufman, Marie Roemat Rosanoff (all artist graduates of the Institute and each a recipient of the \$1,000 Loeb Prize, successive years) and Paul Bernard, gave a concert of Chamber Music at the Guild Theatre, December 4th. Mr. Jacobsen is a member of the Institute Faculty. The Musical Art Quartet gave the same program at the Institute Recital Hall, November 30th.

HAROLD MORRIS, a member of the Institute Faculty gave a piano recital at Town Hall, December 6th.

JOSEPH FUCHS, artist graduate of the Institute, winner of the \$1,000 Loeb Prize and of the Seligman Composition Prize is now concert-master of the Cleveland Orchestra which gave a concert at Carnegie Hall here December 6th.

CHARLES McBRIDE, artist graduate of the Institute and winner of the Seligman Prize for Composition is a member of the Cleveland Orchestra.

THEODORE RAUTENBERG, Institute graduate and **RAOUL BERGER**, former student, are also members of the Cleveland Orchestra in concert here December 6th.

MARIANNE KNEISEL, **NORA FAUCHALD**, **MARGARET HAMILTON**, **BERNARD OCKO**, **PHYLLIS KRAEUTER**, all artist graduates of the Institute, appeared in the gala concert of the National Music League at Town Hall, December 6th.

AT HOME

JAMES FRISKIN of the Institute Faculty will give a piano recital at the Institute, December 10th.

IGNACE HILSBURG of the Institute Faculty gave a piano recital at the Institute, December 2nd.

AND DON'T OVERLOOK

IN OPERAS: (At the Metropolitan Opera House), Bellini's "Norma" for the fine singing of Rosa Ponselle; Richard Strauss' lovely "Rosenkavalier"; Wagner's "Tannhäuser" if you've never seen it; Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" to be revived December 10th with Gigli.

IN ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS: (At Carnegie and Mecca Halls and the Metropolitan Opera House.) New York Symphony conducted by Fritz Busch, December 9th and 11th with Ignaz Friedmann, soloist; 15th and 16th, all-Wagner programs with Geraldine Farrar as soloist; 18th, Edward Johnson, soloist; 29th, 31st. Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Willem Mengelberg, December 8th and 9th with Gitta Gradowa as soloist; December 11th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 29th, 30th, 31st. Cecelia Hansen will be soloist on the 29th and 30th. Philadelphia Orchestra, December 20th, conducted by Fritz Reiner. Händel's "Messiah" will be presented by the Oratorio Society at Carnegie Hall, December 26th, evening.

IN RECITALS: Vocal—Mme Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto, at Carnegie Hall, December 10th, afternoon; Piano—Josef Hofmann, Carnegie Hall, December 18th, afternoon; Myra Hess and Irene Scharrer at Town Hall, December 7th, afternoon; Shura Cherkassky at Carnegie Hall, December 7th, evening. Violin—Jascha Heifetz, Carnegie Hall, January 4th, evening.

The Baton will endeavor to recommend only the operas, concerts and recitals of worth and interest to music students. Appearances of faculty members, alumni and pupils will be featured FORTISSIMO in these columns.

Carol Carroll

TWO COMPOSERS AND AN OPERA

A Story

By a Mere Newspaper Reporter

"WHY this sudden departure from New York?" I asked George Randolph as we tried to push our way through the throngs of people on the deck of the European Christmas ship prior to the sailing hour. "Does our small river town hold so little attraction?"

George grinned. "Fleeing from the 'frightful pace of modern jazz'," he retorted airily. "Going back to antiquity."

"Where are you going? You've only favored me with a brief telephone message of 'sailing at ten tomorrow. Come to Olympic to see me off.' How about explaining yourself now?"

"My dear Bill, you'll discover on your breakfast table, some fine morning, your 'Times' with headlines to this effect: 'A New York Yankee at the Court of King Tut'."

"Not Egypt!" I gasped.

"Just there," answered George. "When you are hanging on a subway strap in the Christmas rush, picture me lounging on the terrace of Shepheard's in Cairo. Or when you are hearing a particularly bad concert, think of your old pal listening to the haunting strains of an African flute in the shadow of the pyramids on the moonlit Sahara. Heigh-ho!"

"Gangway, please," growled a porter juggling a trunk.

"Come down to my stateroom and I'll elucidate," continued George.

The laughing, chattering crowds were a festive sight. The flower bedecked fortunates beginning a world cruise, well-wishing but less fortunate friends to speed them on their way, the hustle and bustle of baggage, the delivery of boxes of flowers, baskets of fruit, last minute telegrams—confusion everywhere.

George and I had been, for several years, colleagues in the newspaper game. I sighed enviously in the realization that some assignment of duty abroad was giving my comrade the trip. Once within the quieter confines of his stateroom we sat down to smoke and talk.

"Wouldn't it be great, old Bill, to be going together!" he exclaimed.

"You said it," I affirmed unceremoniously. "But anyhow it's great that one of us can get the assignment. What goes on anyway?"

"Well, you see, Christmas eve is Aïda's birthday, and the lady is to celebrate this year on the scene of her début. Being a very good sport editor, you are not expected to know the details of operatic ins and outs, nor that Verdi's 'Aïda' was written that the art and splendor-loving Ishmael Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, might impress the world by a notable musical deed to commemorate the completion of the Suez Canal." George reached for a suitcase from which he produced some papers. "Here," he said, "is an article written by Maurice Halperson for the golden jubilee of 'Aïda' in 1921. It will give you the details

of the story. This year at the Opera House in Cairo, a gala Christmas eve performance of 'Aïda' is again to be given. I persuaded my boss that a representative of his paper should be on the scene to obtain colorful copy. Voila!" George indicated himself with a sweeping bow.

"Grand idea," I ejaculated.

"Grand boss," corrected George.

"All ashore—all ashore!" carolled a steward in the corridor who heralded his progress with resounding thumps on a gong.

"Take this book, too, Bill. It's a very interesting novel depicting the period of Verdi's despair at the inexplicable abeyance of his creative powers following 'Aïda'. He tried without success to restore his spirit by immersing it in the sparkling atmosphere of Venice. In his anguish he fell prey to a mood of depression. He imagines that his music is out-moded and is superseded by the triumphant operas of his contemporary, Richard Wagner, who, by a strange coincidence, has come to Venice in quest of health."

"And they met," I interposed.

"Yes, on two occasions. Verdi, alone, unrecognized in the crowd, sees Wagner. The author, Werfel, has depicted these encounters vividly and has effectively stressed the tragic juxtaposition of the careers and artistic aspirations of the Italian and German composers."



Cartoon of the despairing Verdi.

"Sounds extremely interesting. Sure you don't need the volume?" I asked. "No, I have all the data — — —" The siren bellowed a last warning. We rushed up on deck. There were cries of farewell, laughter, tears, admonitions, handclaps, waving of handkerchiefs. Soon after I descended the gangplank, the great ship moved slowly from its moorings, paused majestically in midstream and then glided toward the open sea.

I returned to my club and settled in an easy chair, with a consoling pipe, to peruse the reading matter George had given me.

"You have to think of a chapter from the Arabian Nights when told of the magnificence of Ishmael Pasha's first presentation of Verdi's 'Aïda,'" began the article about the opera's première.

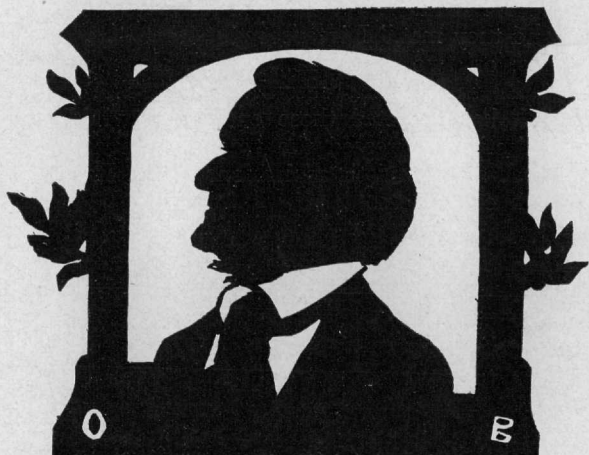
"Everything had to be archæologically correct. Ishmael Pasha felt disappointed when his original

idea of employing only plastic settings was overruled by the stage experts who contended that it would require hours of time for the placing of the massive altars, statues, sphinxes, etc. So the ruler was overruled and had to consent to the substitution of the usual stage settings.

"The jewels and costumes employed were barbarically beautiful. To this day visitors to Cairo can see the entire settings and costumes used in this first memorable setting. No less care was bestowed on the selection of the performers, so that they might also conform physically to the requirements of the parts. The single performers, down to the last Egyptian warrior or Ethiopian slave, had to pass a rigorous inspection by the opera enraptured Ishmael Pasha. The dancers were the most beautiful anywhere obtainable.

"Verdi, first reluctant, finally agreed to write this gala opera to be based on a plot from the old history of Egypt, for the sum of 200,000 francs, a price unheard of in those days.

"From all parts of the world crowned rulers or their high-standing representatives were expected at Cairo.



Richard Wagner.

"Operas as a rule are short-lived. How many operas are there in our repertoire which can boast of a half century of existence for the sheer beauty and effect of the music, without being the vehicle for the art of a special star singer? *Aida* is the most popular Verdi opera, the most popular Italian and probably the most popular opera of the international repertoire. Today finds it still one of the very pivots of our operatic life."

At this point in my reading I hailed one of the bell-boys who had rendered me service on previous occasions. "Charlie, stop at the Metropolitan box office and have a seat reserved for me for whatever performance of '*Aida*' is to be given during the Christmas season."

"Better write that name down, sir."

After having started the boy on his way, I relit my pipe, pulled the reading lamp a bit nearer and opened the novel to which George had referred.

A NOVEL OF THE OPERA

(The following excerpts are reprinted by courtesy of Simon and Schuster, Publishers, from "Verdi," a novel of the opera, by Franz Werfel.)

THE last days of January had been cloudy and stormy, but this final day of the Carnival wore a dangerously springlike air. Behind the crowded Riva and gaily decorated town the full red sun swung low over the distant background of the snow-clad Alps. The April blue of the lagoon was shot with dancing purple lights, and the gilded façade of San Giorgio stood out sharp and theatrical, as if under the glare of footlights. The ranked houses of Giudecca, across the canal and the lagoon of San Marco, echoed the salvos of sunlight from a thousand glittering windows.

Over the whole width of the Riva, with all the warring elements of actual flood-rising waves, eddies, whirlpools, and rapids—surged the crowd. The multi-colored dresses of many women shone vividly in the crowd, and since early morning Carnival-mad men in masks and costumes had filled the streets.

Verdi was glad to be alone for a little. The great square lay before him, unencumbered by the crowd, which had melted here to a number of moving groups that did not hinder his passage. Although the last glow of sunset still streamed over the Piazza the three hundred and fifty festival gaslights were already burning, and in the dual light thus created everything stood out with redoubled clearness. In the middle of this most enormous of all music halls two great band stands had been erected. The municipal orchestra, San Marco's greatest brass band, was already playing. Flanked by two other men, one a giant, the second smaller and submissive looking, came the slender, yet impressive figure of Richard Wagner.

The Maestro stood transfixed. A nervous tremor ran through him from head to foot. Wagner!

For the second time he had encountered this man holding forth strongly to his followers. For the second time, rooted to his place, Giuseppe Verdi awaited the adversary who had so bowed his pride that now all his thoughts and powers measured themselves by this man. Was he to be always mastered thus; could he, Verdi, suffer to be ruled and subdued by a greater man? It was intolerable to his imperious nature. Although he had come to Venice for no other purpose than to face, to visit, to speak with and listen to this man, to recognize him and be recognized by him, the straightforward, manly encounter had not yet been made. His own pride, his own diffidence had been too great. And now, once more, in this moment, fate had brought them face to face again.

Wagner had taken the two men, Joukovsky the painter and Levy the choirmaster, back to his wife and was walking on alone straight towards Verdi. A voice in Verdi's soul cried aloud, "Face him now, the moment of encounter has come! Now or never!"

Clearer, more definite, grew that face as it approached, as the compressed mouth, the conqueror's nose, the bright eyes revealed themselves.

He would, he would—but he could not. He was no longer free. His eyes were steeled as the cold grip was laid on his heart. Once more as in the foyer of La Fenice theatre at Christmas the brief, occult drama of meeting eyes unrolled, in which more was told and known than either knew or said. Tired and wondering, as if they gazed again on long-forgotten scenes, Wagner's eyes fixed themselves on the proud, hardened face of the Italian. Had he seen this face, with its sealed purposeful look, somewhere already—in a portrait, a photograph?

The Maestro still stood there—unnaturally motionless. And so it happened that before he could shorten his step, Wagner's foot struck that of the hypnotized, staring stranger. He turned haughtily and raising his hat said in Italian, "Excuse me!"

The Maestro also removed his hat with a little bow and answered as in a dream, "Pardon! Pardon!"

At the same moment, as if the infernal powers strove to avert this high event, the orchestra began to play the reverberating march out of an *Aida* fantasy. The Maestro's first thought was one of horrified vexation that his music should be brought to judgment before his adversary. But, after the first bar, as if suddenly struck deaf, he heard nothing of the music.

He looked at Wagner whom the two men had rejoined. In spite of the band's bad playing, his enemy must recognize that melody, that mighty melody. He, above all men. The Maestro gazed steadily at the little group that stood near him.

But Richard Wagner seemed not to hear the music, he continued to deliver himself of a philosophical argument to his reverent listeners. His voice rose above the clanging of the drums and trumpets.

Aida's prayer, the duet with Amneris, the great homecoming finale, were played through. But still the German kept up the unbroken flow of talk.

The Maestro saw all his treasures disregarded. The famous musician, whose name was known in every corner of the earth, looked doubtfully, hopefully, at this other who seemed to have no ear for his song.

The great moment of climax was reached. Would he not listen now?

Richard Wagner broke off his declamation and slowly turned his ear to the orchestra. He seemed to signal to the others who were about to carry on the argument. He leant his head back a little, listening. Ah, yes! Yes! He was listening! He heard!

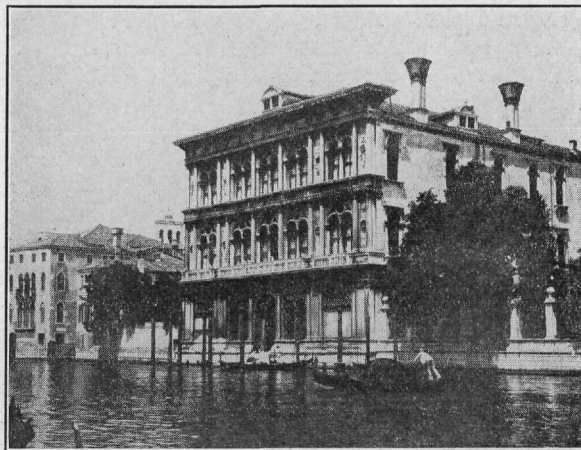
A glow passed through the Maestro's veins, he clenched his hands on the pocket of his overcoat. Now he could do it! Now he could speak! He took a step nearer. It made no difference which of the two creators approached the other first.

The melody of Amneris' song swept on like a cataract.

The Maestro stopped as Wagner turned with a questioning look to Levy. Verdi heard the word distinctly: *Aida*. Involuntarily he raised his arm. But Wagner, so it seemed to his excited eye, made a grimace of disgust and his hand stirred in a faint movement of dismissal.

The band played on—the march of the priests proceeding to judgment.

As if stunned by a blow, the Maestro's brain reeled. Shame, the horrible, deathly humiliation of defeat filled him. He no longer heard the music.



Palace Vendramin in Venice where Wagner Died.

Alas, how tragic that Verdi could not have heard Wagner say to a friend a few days later: "In the Carnival I heard the band on the Piazza playing a Fantasy out of a new opera. I had not heard it before, but it was true music. . . ."

(Some time later Verdi, after a long struggle with himself, finally found the courage to seek out Wagner.)

Vendramin appeared, the five double windows of every story golden with noon. The gates stood open. In the wide hall there was nobody visible, nor in the courtyard. The Maestro looked around, and went up to the glass door where he rang the bell. No one seemed to hear. He stretched out his hand again to the bell and let it fall.

A man came running heavily down the stairs, swung the glass door open and was about to pass the Maestro without a look or word. Verdi stopped the man, whose mouth opened in a cry.

The Maestro held his card in his hand.

"Is Herr Wagner at home? Will you be so good as to take this card to him?"

"Herr Wagner! Oh! Oh! The Master is dead! A quarter of an hour ago he died! Oh, the dear, good Master! What a terrible blow!"

The man's face quivered and he began to weep. Slowly the consciousness spread round Verdi.

"Wagner is dead!"

The meeting of these two great composers was fated never to take place.

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

By Lloyd Mengentime
(Grade II—Piano Department)

"MERRY CHRISTMAS! Merry Christmas!" It rings out on all sides! The snow is falling, and there is the hurry and scurry of last-minute shopping. Through the snow, bells are ringing, and the magic of the "night before Christmas" is everywhere. Music, too. Here is a group of children singing "God rest you, merry gentlemen"; and here is a group of older musicians playing and singing—they are all making the joy of Noël.

How much we love the carols! Can you imagine a Christmas without them? Even in this country this ancient custom is becoming more and more popular each year. In these songs are combined the religious and convivial sentiments so well suited to the spirit of modern Christmas. In other countries, and at all times, we find and can trace the Christmas Carol, celebrating the birth of the Saviour. In Germany the children stand in a group before the Christmas tree and their many gifts, which are in beautiful display, and sing the "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht." In England musicians go around at midnight, playing carols on brass instruments. And in South America a great military band parades through the street playing the carols, amid brilliant fireworks! There is great hilarity and quite a festive atmosphere with the gaily costumed figures! A sort of mixture between our Fourth of July and Hallowe'en.

St. Francis of Assisi, who lived in the twelfth century, was the man who gave the original impulse to Christmas caroling. His idea was to present the more human side of the Saviour's nature, as an appeal to the masses. It seemed to him that the people were beginning to regard the Christ idea as a mere religious abstraction. Therefore, on a certain day, in the town of Grecia, near Assisi, he ordered that a representation of the Christ-child's manger bed be set up in the church. Then having assembled all the people of the community he, his disciples, and the brethren sang hymns in commemoration of the birth of Christ. During this singing new songs were evolved which were no doubt the first Christmas carols.

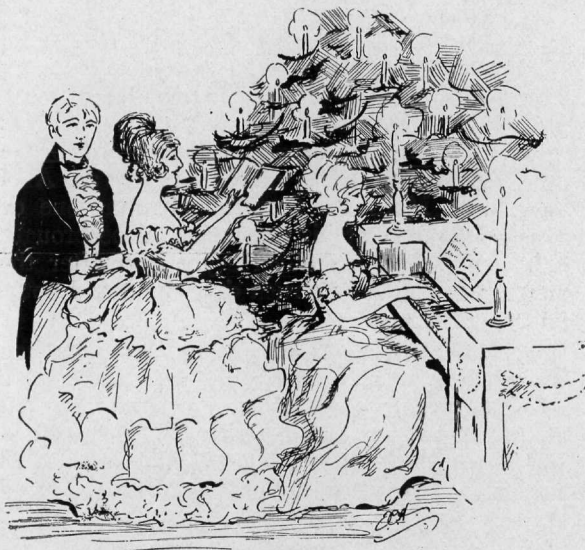
This simple tableau was the fore-runner of the Christmas Mystery Plays,—events describing the birth and childhood of the Saviour. The action of these "mystery plays" was intermittently accompanied by songs which were in reality Christmas carols.

The people became so enthusiastic over these plays and songs, for they were entertaining as well as educational, that often they would march through the town, after the performance had been given, singing the carols.

Gradually the "mystery plays" dropped out but the carols increased in favor until by the fifteenth century it was quite usual to sing them separately from the plays.

Many legends are told concerning the carols. One of the most interesting is that of the "Cherry Tree Carol." Mary and Joseph were traveling toward Bethlehem, just before the birth of Christ. As they passed a cherry tree, Mary expressed her desire for some of the fruit and asked Joseph to pick it for her. He refused, whereupon the tree lowered its branches and offered its fruit to her.

The wassail or festal carol was used at festivals as a good health toast (wassail being a hot rum punch). This song was usually sung by young ladies who went about the festal board offering a potion of spiced ale, a jolly song and a pleasant curtsy in exchange for a gift.



One of the most popular of the traditional Christmas songs is "Good King Wenceslas." It is not a Christmas song in the strict sense of the word, but has a decided moral atmosphere about it. The narrative is interesting and has a delightful lilt:

"Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the feast of Stephen
When the snow lay all about
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night
Tho' the frost was cruel
When a poor man came in sight
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me
If thou knowest it, telling
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
'Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By St. Agnes' fountain.'

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them hither.'"

"Adeste Fideles" or "Come, All Ye Faithful" was originally a dance tune! It was so popular that it was used finally in this Christmas song which was sung around the Christ-child's cradle when the story was acted out in the churches. It is known as the Portuguese hymn because its first performance was in the Portuguese Chapel in London.

Later on Charles Wesley wrote "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," which Mendelssohn set to music. In the writing of this hymn it is evident that Wesley was influenced by the "Adeste Fideles," as some of the verses are very nearly direct translations.

There is one lovely old French air which dates back to the 13th century when the custom was for all the children of the parish to march to the church led by "The Three Wise Men." From this comes our lovely carol:

"We Three Kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain,
Moor and mountain,
Following yonder star."

And who does not know "Holy Night, Silent Night"? It is the most beautiful, and certainly the most popular of our carols. It is distinctly a German cradle song—a "wiegenlied," but not very old. It was written in 1818 by Franz Gruber. In programs of the Musical Art Society, Mr. Frank Damrosch used to have this sung at the beginning of all Christmas programs, and during this prelude the audience remained standing.

But Christmas carols are not all descended from a German, French or English custom! For the Americans, too, have some very beautiful ones. Edmund H. Sears and Richard Willis wrote "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear" and our favorite carol was written by Phillips Brooks:

"O Little Town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie.
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight."

And so it is, through all ages, and in all countries, people are commemorating this simple story in song; singing with the joy of Christmas spirit, and spreading good will and peace to all men.

A GOOD MOTTO FOR STUDENTS

Don't study when you're tired or have something else to do,
Don't study when you're happy, for that would make you blue,
Don't study in the daytime and don't study in the night,
But study at all other times,
With all your main and might.

—By Adelaide Ahrling
(Grade IB—Singing Department)

"MIND YOUR P's AND Q's"

Here come the Christmas Holidays. Of course you've planned all sorts of good times—perhaps in New York, perhaps trips to distant homes. In either case here is a suggestion for some fun.

How do you write? Big fancy letters and final flourishes or just plain little letters? Do you know your own characteristics and possibilities? Have you the artistic temperament? Or, what is perhaps even more enlightening, do you know the secrets hidden in the handwriting of your friends, or of celebrated artists whose autographs may be in your possession? Have an exciting vacation being your own detective. A new book—just out—called "Mind Your P's and Q's" by Jerome S. Meyer, has been published by Simon and Schuster.

Put your writing through the pages of this book—turn the pages and out comes your character! One section of this large flat volume is printed on transparent paper. You place the handwriting to be analyzed under the first sheet to note the straightness of the lines; under a second sheet to note the slope of the writing; under another sheet to note the size of the writing and so on for fourteen pages. Then a key section in the book gives you "the low down!"

It is a most thrilling pastime very much in vogue. The book fits in beautifully just after dinner when it's still a bit early for music. If you are host it gives you a lot of opportunities to tell your guests what you think of them for the first time in your life. That's worth several times the asking price—\$1.90. Think of it! Only \$1.90 for a Christmas present you'd really enjoy.

RAIN-HARP

By Edna Bockstein

(Grade II—Piano Department)

The taut, silver lines of rain
Are murmurous harp-strings
Stretched between the frame of earth and sky.
The thin, supple fingers of the wind
Sweep a low, sad wailing from them.
They quiver
With unspeakable tragic beauty.

I am the rain,
Vibrating steel of a harp,—
You are the wind
Striking chords of sorrow upon me.

OUR WITTY MR. HENDERSON

Fortunate the music critic with a funny bone. Concerning a recent concert of the New York Symphony, the review by W. J. Henderson contained this: "For some reason not clear to this observer the audience of last evening elected to bring the orchestra to its feet after the excerpts by Fauré. Perhaps it thought the musicians had been asleep."

The Baton

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VOL. VII.

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 2

CHRISTMAS with its candles and joy and beauty, reminds one of dim cathedrals, echoing with the strains of heavenly music. What a lovely part the organ plays in the Christmas music! It is so suitable to the season's mood.

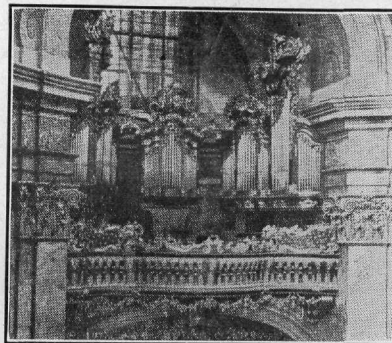
There is opportunity, in this great city, to hear the best of Christmas music. "The Messiah," for instance, is given many times during the Yuletide. Here are some suggestions as to where to find the choicest Christmas music. The biggest organs are in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Trinity Church, St. Thomas', St. Bartholomew's, Grace Church, the Brick Church, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian, the First Presbyterian, the Park Avenue Baptist and the Madison Avenue Presbyterian. Of these, the organ in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church is one of the largest and the best. The Fourth Presbyterian Church, at 91st Street and West End Avenue, has just installed a new Skinner instrument which is one of the fine organs of the city.

And there are other than those in the churches. For instance, have you heard the Wanamaker organ which is the largest in the city? Concert work on the organ is increasing in popularity which brings the one in Town Hall into use. The instruments at the Capitol and Colony Theatres and the three console organ in the Roxy, are the best of that type. There you will hear the classics as well as popular music.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

St. Patrick's Cathedral: The midnight service on Christmas Eve will consist of the Mass for Male Chorus, Op. 2, by E. Adler, and the *Adeste Fideles*. On Christmas Day there will be Mass at 11:00 o'clock with a "Te Deum" by P. A. Yon, and additional numbers for solo, mixed chorus and orchestra.

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church: A Motet



Choir with Louise Hubbard, soprano, Nevada Vander Veer, contralto, Henry Clancy, tenor, and Earl Waldo, baritone, assisted by an antiphonal choir.

All Angels' Church: On Christmas afternoon, there will be a service of ancient and modern carols from Germany, France and England.

Church of St. Mary the Virgin: At the Vesper service at 4:00 P. M. there will be a program of English carols and orchestral numbers.

St. George's: At 10:00 A. M. and 4:00 P. M. a program of English and French carols and anthems will be given. The 4:00 o'clock program will be broadcast from station WJZ.

First Presbyterian Church: On the evening of December 24th at 8:00 o'clock, Handel's "Messiah" will be given. On Christmas Day at 11:00 A. M. there will be a program of organ music and carols. Also, a similar program at 8:00 P. M. Dr. William C. Carl (Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur) is Organist and Director of Music.

The famous *Carillon* of the Park Avenue Baptist Church will give a program of Christmas Carols.

Station WJZ will broadcast "The Messiah" at 7:30-8:15 Christmas night.

(Programs of other churches incomplete on December 1st.)

—Information compiled by Emory Oman.
(Grade IA—Singing Department)

FIRESIDE FANCIES

By Dorothy McLemore

(Grade IB—Organ Department)

Coals of iridescent light!

Vales of fiery spirits bright!

Glowing, flowing,

Melting o'er,

Tints in pale profusion pour.

Magic wavelets, green and gold

With purplish pink and blue unfold;

While lapping 'round the fiery caves

A mist of opalescence laves!

I should like to go exploring

In the weirdly winding glen

Where the shales of gorgeous colors

Melt and flow and glow again!

Clara Sukloff has joined The Baton Staff. We are fortunate in having the assistance of so capable, dependable and willing a worker.

Frank Hunter and Hyman Shlomowitz very kindly contributed several of the sketches in this issue.

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOLS AND THE TEACHERS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT

An Address at the State Teachers' Association, November 18, 1927

By Frank Damrosch

(Dean of the Institute of Musical Art)

THE teaching of music has become an integral part of the curriculum in practically every Public School in the United States, during the last century. Millions of children have had or are supposed to have had an elementary musical education which should make them capable, if not as singers, at least as listeners, to appreciate good music and to maintain an intelligent interest in it throughout their lives.

Do we find that this result has been attained? Is it not true that, together with almost all other subjects of the school curriculum, when the child grows up music is put aside and forgotten because there is no inner urge to retain it as something precious to the life worth living?

As compared with European peoples which are fortunate in bringing a musical heritage with them at birth and absorb a musical understanding with the "songs that mother taught me" in the cradle, our American children have to acquire these gifts at a later age and with more conscious effort and therefore with less spontaneity. And yet it would be wrong to say that our children are unmusical. Their ear is as perfect, their voice, when properly guided, as sweet and power of emotional expression as sincere and strong as those of any European child. If it appears to the casual observer that these qualities are lacking it is not due to defects in the children—all elements for musical expression are latent in our boys and girls—but to incorrect or inadequate ways of bringing them out.

I will not enter here upon a discussion of the scores of so-called "methods" which have been introduced into the schools of America. They are all variations of the principles utilized by Lowell Mason and they are good, bad or indifferent, according as the musical material in the text books is of better or lesser quality. Nearly all of them, however, tend towards mechanical training, lacking the vitalizing spirit without which music is commonplace and dull. That being the case, it is no wonder that there is nothing left when the child leaves school.

The main factor in musical education, however, is not the text book but the teacher. A good teacher can produce better results with a poor text book than a poor teacher with the best text book ever printed.

That being the case, let us look more closely into the question of who are and whence come our Music Supervisors and Music teachers.

I know, of course, that the daily music lesson in the grade schools is usually given by the regular class teacher—often one who is quite unmusical—under the guidance of a music teacher or supervisor. This is of course an economic makeshift which must be tolerated but not approved. It is the supervising teacher, however, who is responsible for the results

and it is therefore important to know who he is, what are his qualifications, training and personality.

Until quite recently, say within the last fifteen or twenty years, the training of music supervisors was largely in the hands of the publishers of text books. They established summer schools, usually conducted by the authors of the text books and in this way they made propaganda for their wares. The people who attended these schools were usually grade teachers having some little knowledge of music and who thought that this kind of work would be less irksome than teaching the three R's, beside promising better salaries. In these summer schools they learned the special "method" devised by the authors of the text books, generally a purely mechanical process. Of music itself they gained little or nothing except such scattered gems as might possibly have strayed into the particular text books they were trained to use.

Since these days, however, great strides have been made in the demands upon the music supervisor and therefore his preparation for such work has become much greater in scope and efficiency. Every important conservatory and college music department now offers more or less thorough courses for the training



"Songs That Mother Taught Me."

of Supervisors of Music in Public Schools with the result that considerable improvement is noticeable in all parts of the country. In my opinion it would be still greater if more care and judgment were applied in the selection of candidates for this training.

The supervisors' course should be looked upon as a professional course like that of law, medicine or

theology. Those require a four year college course as an antecedent for admission. Similarly the requirement for entrance to the supervisors' course should be a certificate of graduation from a well reputed school of music which is a guarantee that the candidate has acquired the foundation of good musicianship and has formed his taste by the study of the great masters of the classic and romantic period in the art of music.

This would eliminate the mentally and musically immature graduates of High Schools who now flock to the supervisors' course as being the quickest and, as they believe, pleasantest way to obtain a living.

The Supervisor of Music should first of all be a *Musician*, both born and trained. He cannot hope to inspire his assistants and the children in the schools unless he is himself imbued with the spirit of music, its beauty and power. He must have high ideals, imagination, vision and withal the ballast of thorough knowledge. Possessing these qualities he will not fail to impart them to his pupils, not *by a method* but by a thousand methods required for the particular individuals and purposes he is trying to reach and to teach. There has been too much pedantry in the application of "Pedagogy" and "Psychology" and too little of the living spirit of *Music*.

Let me then formulate the qualifications that should be present in one who aspires to become a Supervisor of Music.

His personality should be sympathetic. By this I do not mean beauty of face or figure, but the inner beauty of sincerity, spirituality and idealism, the qualities most needed in order to attract and inspire pupils.

He should be a born musician—not necessarily a great artist, but, just as there are poets by nature who have never written poetry, so imbued with the spirit of music that it is bound to communicate itself to those who come in contact with him.

He should have at least a good High School education and should be well acquainted with the best literature.

He should be a well trained musician, a good pianist, a good sight reader and should have a good voice, capable of demonstrating correct use of the voice, variety of emotional expression and correct phrasing and interpretation.

With this equipment to start with he is ready to enter a course for the training of Supervisors of Music which should teach him how to teach grade teachers and children; the proper administration of the school system in his charge; the organization and training of school bands and orchestras, glee clubs, choruses, etc.; the proper use of mechanical reproducing instruments in teaching music appreciation, etc., etc. But above all, the children he is to teach must learn to sing.

Nothing is lovelier, more moving, than a chorus of well modulated children's voices. It is not at all difficult to secure this quality—if you know how! The would-be supervisor must therefore be taught how to use his own voice in order to be able to set a standard of quality. But, after all, the voice is

only the tool. It is *what* you sing and *how* you sing it which is most important.

With our voluminous text books and our highly developed methods of teaching sight-singing the temptation is to let the children sing a new song at every lesson with the result that the child looks upon the song as a lesson instead of the objective of the lesson being a song. The song is forgotten because it was never *learned*, that is, made part of one's self. Sung today it is crowded out of the mind by tomorrow's song and, when school days are over and life begins, the child carries with him nothing but a confused memory.

The supervisor should be competent to select songs suitable for each grade which should be *learned*, so well learned that they will be remembered and sung as long as life lasts. Such songs will equip the future mothers to sing in the home and thereby make her children truly musical, for the first music lesson should be given to the child in the cradle. Were this done we would have no more tone-deaf children in our schools.

I have briefly outlined what, in my opinion, should be the requisites for the equipment and training of those responsible for the music in the Public Schools. If I am right in my position then the many schools for the training of supervisors should be much more careful in the selection of their students than they are at present. Many young men and women who fail to make good as piano, violin or singing students enter a supervisors' training school because they believe it will be the quickest way to a position which will give them a living. These are almost always second raters mentally, musically and spiritually and what we need in our schools is the highest type of musicians, educators of manhood and womanhood.

In my opinion the best is only just good enough for the schools of our beloved country.

OUR SINGING CHILDREN

The annual Christmas concert by children of the Preparatory Centers under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth Harris, assisted by Miss Belle Soudant and Miss Nelly Reuschel, will take place at the Institute, December 17th.

AMBITION

By Mary Walker

(Grade IV—Singing Department)

Awake, my lazy soul!
There are no bonds that hold thee!
No roof is o'er thy head,
The boundless sky invites thee!
No walls restrain thy steps,
Far-sweeping highways beckon!
The stars and planets sing—
Join in their exultation!
Brave music's in the winds
Sing with it! Sing forever!
Forward my faltering soul!
Think not this joy shall fail thee!
Away! Thy wings are strong!
Up then, and soar forever!

CONFESSIONS OF AN ALUMNUS

The Cosmic Urge

By Joseph Machlis

(Grade VI—Piano Department)

WHO has not known it, and been in its throes?—that universal impulse to create, to make out of nothingness a poem which we fool ourselves is good, a dream we think divine. It is the stuff of which are made high ideals, doting parents, bad musicians, or great lovers.

Throe the first: Conception.

My fingers strayed idly over the soft-yielding keys. Time and space faded out of consciousness. I was improvising.

So have we all. When we drew luscious tones from the instrument (not recognized as echoes of the symphony heard two weeks before). When we shut our eyes and hunched our shoulders in ecstasy; confident that never yet had such song soothed the ears of men. Not even the blue harmonies of the Sirens, which made the wily Ulysses see red. Not even the deceptive cadence of the Lorelei, which pivotally suspended the doomed fisherman on the rocks.

A melody shaped itself magically beneath my touch. A melody sweet and simple. I repeated it over and over again. This was indeed a song born, like Minerva, from nothing plus divine inspiration. The heart-rending throb of I. Berlin; the subtle differentness of G. Gershwin; the charm of Vince Youmans,—all these in combination, with something else magnetic, indefinable, which was,—I modestly admitted "it",—all my own.

Result: A fascinating number; such as a mellow tenor-saxophone might bill and coo while the lights were low, and in the somnolescent darkness couples swayed dreamily to the strains of the romantic waltz; something relating to Honolulu Moon, where you croon, soon, in a blue lagoon.

I leaped from my seat, emitted a yodel of joy, ran for note-paper and pencil, worked feverishly. Slowly dots shaped themselves, little hieroglyphic beads; round, like the beads of perspiration which embroidered my brow. (These, as has been found of old, constituting nine-tenths of the transaction known as genius.) Feverishly I wrote; for Life is short and Art impatient. At last I played from manuscript, beside myself with admiration. Of course, the Russian Lullaby was not bad, in its way. But this! . . .

I hummed it again and again. Gradually there sprang, from the liquid flow of the melody (this time like Aphrodite from the foam), a poem to accompany the music. A tender lyric. "Lonely, lonely," which quite obviously paired up with "Want you only;—hear my song . . . how I long . . . ; you, blue . . . and true." Could anything be sweeter?

It was ready; the popular hit which was to bring me fame, wealth, immortality. I was to go down in the roster of Benefactors of Man; along with the composer of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and "In a Little Spanish Town," "Twas On a

Night Like This." As I walked alone that evening, boundless vistas unrolled before me, fantastic outlines of the rose-and-gold-lined future. The next day I would journey downtown and present the manuscript . . . and then . . . and then . . . et cetera.

Throe the second: Quest.

The staircase uprose before me. I was too impatient to wait for the elevator. I bounded up the first steps in my quest for the Enchanted Isle called by the vulgar, "Success." A sign, "Bu, Bu and Bu, Music Publishers." A door. People. More people. Telephones ringing. An office boy swept past, looked me over, spat vigorously through an open window, continued to sweep. A girl at one of the desks chewed her gum in Allegro con brio; smoothed a stray hair into place with one deft pat, looked me over, continued to chew. Somehow, this was disconcertingly different from the Hail-the-Hero welcome I had so gladsomely pictured to myself. I tried to look confident, summoned a quasi-courageous smile; advanced to Milady of the desk, pressed close to my heart the priceless manuscript of "Lonely"; and began, "Could you tell me . . ."



Every messenger boy would be whistling my tune!
(From a sketch in *The Musical Digest*.)

"Manuscript Department, Mr. Odzooks, desk in the corner over there," she snapped out, as though she were informing me that her dog was nicer than mine. With a supreme gesture of dismissal, she passed a pencil through her hair.

And I, feeling like the Diary of a Superfluous Man, made my way to Mr. Odzooks, who spoke briefly and fluently, as one who had gone over the same speech many times. "Sorry, we employ our own writers; besides, we're overstocked with manuscripts; besides, waltzes are very low at present; besides, don't bring another one of those 'Lonely' songs; besides, as I said before, we have our own writers—Good-day, next!"—

I staggered out. For a moment, darkness; the walls grinned and mocked. I looked again. The walls stopped grinning. Printed letters shaped themselves into words—"S and S, Music Publishers, Room 404." I looked at another wall. Again, a sign announcing Music Publishers in Room 608. Wherever I looked, more offices of Music Publishers. Hope dawned anew within my

bosom. Why despair? The man was a fool! There were others. . . others. . .

On the morrow, another staircase uprose before me. This time I waited for the elevator. I needed to conserve my energy. There was a big day ahead of me. In my hand was a page torn from the Red Book,—a page of names and addresses, headed "Music Publishers." I clenched my fist in determination. I recalled over and over again the invaluable story of Robert Bruce, who had watched the spider succeed the one hundred and eighteenth time after one hundred and seventeen failures. A third day, and a fourth. And still the round of offices, with chewing girls and sweeping hall-boys, against whose snubbing glances I had at length managed to develop some callousness. And still the round of refusals, "Nope, we're overstocked;" "Sorry, we employ our own staff;" "Waltz, did you say? No, we need humorous, snappy fox-trots;" "Try Witmark, they sometimes take a sentimental ballad."

At the end of the fifth day I was ready to give it up. Even Robert Bruce would have gotten hungry or fallen asleep eventually. The world showed a strange willingness to continue to revolve without my magnum opus. In utter dejection, I prepared to leave the building chock-full of publishers to all of whom I had already presented my plea. Yes, I would give it up. Black failure stared me in the face.

I turned round to get a more pleasant view. A bend in the corridor, a little door I hadn't noticed before; "Erastus Hooker, Music Publisher, also Theatrical Attractions Booked." Give it up? But no, I would try once again. With beating heart I approached and opened the door.

Thro' the third: Consummation.

A small office with a piano and chairs. The smoke of many cigarettes. Through the purplish haze, Mr. Hooker's voice. He had that bluff, amiable, brotherly bigness one associates with Tammany Hall in the glorious days of Boss Tweed—"Well, well, well, so you have a song? All right, we'll listen. Play it for us."

My fingers crouched over, pawed the yellow keys. At last my big chance. "The composer at the piano," which groaned, rasped and gasped,—like the successful dancing master opening the twentieth successful season of his ballet school, with a personal exhibition. But oh . . . not even the man in the poem who plays "Home Sweet Home" and then falls dead, could have put more expression . . . Now, the melody rose to its eloquent climax;—with beautiful sforzando I struck the high C,—which happen to be a broken key. I proceeded hopefully, nevertheless. Someone lisped, "I think that's awfully sweet." At which I repeated the chorus.

An hour later I descended to the street. Descended? Nay, soared, floated, pirouetted. For under my arm I held, in place of the manuscript, an official document. A contract between the publisher and me. My song was to come out!

Two weeks later I returned. Mr. Hooker informed me all was well. (Dreams . . . and more

dreams.) The song was being orchestrated, rewritten, mimeographed. Paul Specht himself would introduce it; Belle Baker was going to sing the Mammy version of it; Mme. Sophie Tucker had heard it, was enthusiastic, insisted on being allowed to use it for her forthcoming ballet, "The Dance of the Spheres." There was only one sure way, however, to make my song a real hit (to accomplish which was now the aim and ideal of Mr. Erastus Hooker's life). If only Flora La Hoop would feature it at the Club Mud-Puddle. But,—here Mr. Hooker, with emphasis on the "but," sighed heavily and looked the Book of Job,—the trouble was that even the lovely Flora had her price. And just at present, as luck would have it, his own money happened to be tied up in a very important theatrical venture. One had no idea of how much it cost to exploit a song properly, as he was going to do for my "Lonely." All his friends were helping him to push my song. Wasn't it only fair that I, its composer, should lend a helping hand also? With a ten-spot in it, now and then, say. I'd make it back anyway, many times over, in the royalties.

What meant a ten-spot to fame, immortality, riches? Was I one to deprive future generations of a work of beauty, because of mere lucre? Of course I understood . . . a smooth, innocent green-back made its non-stop, one-way flight from my fingers to the cavernous depths of my publisher's pocket. To be followed, like Lindy, by some others.

In the summer I was employed away from the city. Feverishly, I awaited my return. The strains of "Lonely" would surely greet me from every radio horn, victrola, pianola. Royal dreams . . . plus royalties awaiting me at the office.

Swiftly I alighted from the train, hailed a taxi (may not a successful song writer allow himself that luxury?) and sped toward my port o' hopes. I leaped up the stairs, too impatient to wait for the elevator; ran to the familiar little door; threw myself impetuously against it. Locked! That sobered me, and solemnly I read the little note fluttering from a thumb tack—"Closed—Mr. Erastus Hooker, formerly located here, takes great pleasure in announcing to his many friends that he is now ready to serve them at his new haberdashery shop, 12849 217th Avenue, Jamaica, Long Island. Men's Wear Very Reasonable."

I took the elevator down . . . deep . . . down. . . Epilogue.

Some months later I had to pass through the hateful city of the M. P.'s. From time to time I noticed young men wandering about, gripping tightly to their sides manuscript-sheets; a far-away look in their eyes; tottering weakly from one office building to another. I regarded them half pityingly, half contemptuously, these victims of the Cosmic urge;—as a total abstainer led to holiness through the efforts of the Temperance League, would regard one intoxicated. Fortunately, I was cured of the Universal Impulse. For the time being, at any rate.

NEXT INSTALMENT:—"The Tender Hour"—(Not a love-story either). In the January issue of THE BATON.

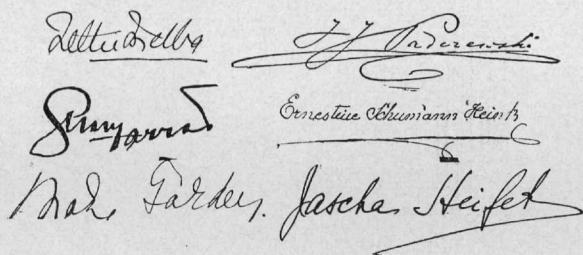
CELEBRATED SIGNATURES

A Clipping from the Editor's Scrap-book

HERE is no clearer means of revelation than that which one's handwriting furnishes," said the expert.

It seemed reasonable and I agreed.

"Now, this handwriting," said he, taking up a letter signed by Mme. Nellie Melba, "shows exceptional powers of concentration by the comparatively small size of the writing. The letters are not always carefully joined, which indicates the presence of the idealistic mind. In the signature, however, the predominating characteristic is sequential thought, linked with logical reasoning. The large and gracious form of the capital M indicates imaginative faculty, and the straight line beneath the signature emphasizes personality. It is not an expression of vanity but of force and exceptional poise.



(A magnifying glass should be used to obtain correct size of these signatures.)

"You see," he continued, warming to his subject as experts will, "handwriting may be considered as a combination of gestures expressive of personality. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly," I replied in a weak voice. (I'm afraid of specialists, they seem to know so much and know it so thoroughly.)

He gave a chortle of delight—if great men ever do anything so undignified as chortle—as he picked up the next letter with its dashing signature of "Gerry Farrar."

"There's originality for you," he exulted. "Look at the eccentric boldness in the capital G, the surest sign of great originality. The wide curve of this letter also shows imagination and the extremely varying heights of the letters indicate imagination in unusual degree. The liaison between letters and words is indicative of logical, sequential and consecutive judgment. Notice also the heavy downward strokes that indicate an extraordinary amount of vitality, love of life and its pleasures. The writer has courage, as the general coarseness of the hand indicates, and the forceful upward flourish with which the signature ends shows love of applause and admiration. Pride is indicated in the capital F, through the single, thick, straight downward stroke and the vigorous crossing of the letter.

"The higher the organization in its development," he continued, placing Miss Farrar's letter on the table, "the more susceptible is the handwriting to the finer qualities of the mind. For example, observe this specimen of Mary Garden's writing. Im-

agination in unusual degree is indicated in the large, cowl-like formation of the M, while the absence of thickening in the down strokes indicates not only intellectual tendencies, but a strong spiritual trend. The writer has a mind which, if not absolutely devotional, is keenly susceptible to a subtle appreciation of spiritual truths. The roundness of the writing indicates responsiveness, which is additionally shown in the varying height of the letters, although these refer more directly to the quality of mental susceptibility. Impatience is indicated by the abrupt angles in the capital G, but the curve of the small r and the large open n indicate an unusual fund of kindness in the writer's nature. The possessor of such a handwriting would act in a kindly manner, even when the nature is not distinctly kindly. Strength of will and determination in abundance is shown in the short down stroke of the small y."

His eyes lighted again as he took up the signature, "I. J. Paderewski."

"Do you see the extravagant lengthening of the loop in both the 'I' and the 'J'?" he queried. "That is the certain mark of the visionary mind—the idealist. The open formation of the top of both letters indicates forceful and direct will power. This writing has every characteristic of the idealistic nature, in the long loop which is again shown in the capital 'P', and in the almost total absence of liaison between the letters. It is the writing of a person whose spiritual nature dominates the physical and material, almost to the exclusion of the latter. The minuteness of the letters shows forth the concentration and mental suppleness so characteristic of great minds. His affections are excessively tender, sympathetic and sensitive, as the extreme slope of the writing indicates, while the voluminous flourish argues rich, imaginative thought."

The neat, exceedingly legible handwriting of Mme. Schumann-Heink was submitted.

"The greatest individuality in this handwriting is contained in the flourish," the graphologist explained. "This is usually true where a small, neat script is written. The straight line of the flourish, ending in the two loops, indicates quiet self-assertion. The firm stroke ending in the small hook gives evidence of considerable obstinacy, but its chief meaning is self-assertion of the firmest but least obtrusive kind. Imagination, defensiveness and considerable business ability are also indicated.

"Another handwriting in which the predominating characteristic is spirituality of thought is that of Jascha Heifetz. Observe the long loop of the capital J and the recurrence of the same loop in the small f, both indicative of the idealistic type of mind. Perseverance is shown in the unusual and vigorous crossing of the small t, while the inevitable indication of good poise and force of will are indicated in the long flourish under the signature with which the writer concludes the small z."

OUR STARS IN THE CONCERT FIRMAMENT

Samuel Gardner, New York violinist, offered two of his own compositions for the first time in his recital at Carnegie Hall recently. Each of these pieces is frankly descriptive, filled with warmth and color. One, "Old Virginia," is made of syncopated negro rhythms superposed upon modern harmonies and crooning Southern themes. The other, "Vaqueros," glows with spirit, suggested by Spanish cowboys.

Mr. Gardner's consistent progress as a serious concert artist was indicated last night by his performance and by the audience which filled Carnegie Hall. His tone is full and broad, of unusual purity. In every number on his program there was profound feeling for the music; his phrasing was bold and intelligent, and his technique was ample, without a trace of frills or affectation.

—N. Y. Times

* * *

The first concert of the Flonzaley Quartet's season took place November 8th in the Town Hall. A quartet of Leopold Mannes was heard for the first time in this city and was played from manuscript. This composer is the son of David and Clara Mannes and the nephew of Frank and Walter Damrosch. He is now a member of the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art. He is a graduate of Harvard, class of 1920, and since then a winner of a Pulitzer prize and a Guggenheim fellowship. His quartet was written 1923-25, but rewritten last year. It was composed in New York and Italy.

The quartet as a whole made a favorable impression. It was beautifully performed by the Flonzaleys. At the close of the work the young composer, following the applause, bowed his acknowledgements to the players and audience from the box where he sat. The harmonic treatment of the score is free and modern without being discordant. It is as a whole a lyric work rather than dramatic and showing power of thematic development. The quartet is well written for strings and abounds in rhythmic contrast. The content is without striking inspiration, but the workmanship is excellent, and the movements are musically treated. The scherzo is altogether delightful both in fancy and in handling.

—N. Y. Sun

* * *

A large and interested audience collected November 16th in Carnegie Hall to hear a young violinist, Benno Rabinoff, make his début, and also—perhaps the greater attraction of the occasion—to see Professor Leopold Auer conduct an orchestra which played the accompaniments of his pupil.

"Accompaniments" is here a misleading word. The Elgar violin concerto, which opened the concert, is more of a symphony than a concerto. It requires conducting. The audience rose when

Professor Auer appeared. He is now 82. A chair was placed for him on the conductor's stand. He sat down in it for an instant, but was quickly on his feet, conducting the orchestra in a long work of extremely exacting quality with a youthful enthusiasm and conviction.

* * *

Ignace Hilsberg, a Polish pianist, well known here in recitals and heard as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra in the summer of 1924 as a Stadium audition winner, gave a recital November 21st in the Engineering Auditorium. Hilsberg, who is an Essipoff and Sauer pupil, has toured Europe extensively and the Orient, and giving a concert in the palace in Pekin a few years ago he was created a Chevalier of the Chinese Republic.

A musician of rich experience, the results are shown to good extent in his cultured interpretations. He played last night with admirable understanding and fine technical powers.

—N. Y. Sun

* * *

The Marianne Kneisel String Quartet, bearing the honored name of Franz Kneisel, showed at the Town Hall Nov. 17th that it was worthy of carrying on the highest traditions of chamber music. The artists are four young women who have been before the public only two years, yet they achieved brilliant results, relying solely upon their own musical gifts, their sound intelligence and what has evidently been careful, thorough training.

Not one of these youthful artists can claim to be a virtuoso, yet through all their playing there glowed a finely developed sense of ensemble playing. Miss Marianne Kneisel, the first violinist, who bears so striking a resemblance to her father, seems to wield the same powers of leadership which made him so great a figure in the world of music. Altogether such grace and charm were woven into their playing that it was an evening of delight.

—N. Y. Times

* * *

Mr. Spaeth holds that a Rovinsky program "has a pattern, a mood and a style of its own," three points from which it must be analyzed. Mr. Rovinsky has presented no few of his carefully arranged programs here and in them has lain evident sincerity of purpose and some valuable instruction, also interest. As a pianist he can thunder like a Jove or coo like a dove, but when all is considered he is a gifted interpreter.

* * *

Six girl pianists, now pupils of the Institute, were featured at the Capitol Theatre the week of November 26th to December 2nd, in a Revue entitled "Babyettes" (referring to tiny grand pianos, not the students)! Those taking part were Helen Besner, Libbie Lewis, Sarah Paris, Edith Rochlin, Daisy Sturdivant and Ruth Tarbes.

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PAGES FROM MY LIFE

By Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapine

Harper & Brothers, Publishers—\$5.00

*Fontainebleau—Philipp teaching with the Duo-Art*

*At home and
abroad, the
Leading Schools
of Music—
The Universities
and Conservatories
possess—*

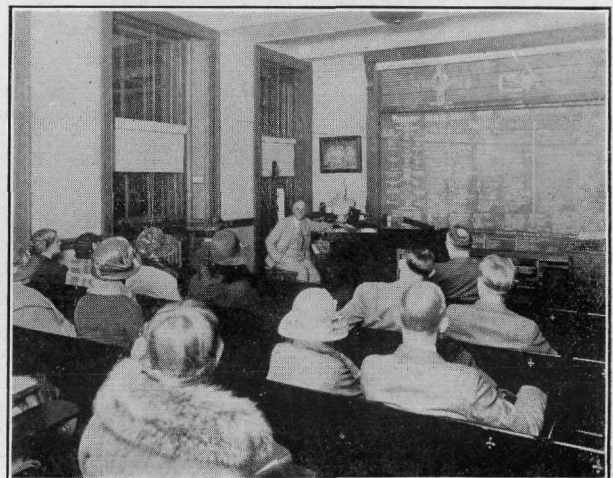
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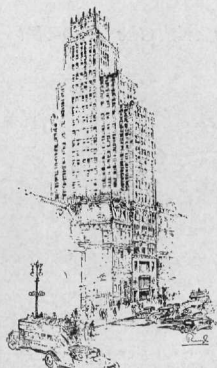


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