

The Baton



Published by

THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART
OF THE JULLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC

FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

NOVEMBER, 1928

15 CENTS A COPY



THE BATON endeavors to recommend the operas, concerts and recitals of especial worth and interest to music students. Appearances of faculty members, alumni and pupils are featured FORTISSIMO in these columns.

HERE WE ARE!

THE BATON begins its publishing season with a feeling of new importance because of its enlarged size. We shall continue our policy adopted last year, to present on the cover an autographed picture of a famous artist, with an accompanying interview or biographical sketch. Each month's issue will contain articles by the distinguished members of our Faculty, an account of a graduate's or a pupil's unusual experiences during professional or recreational travel, a short story woven around fictional musical people, improvisations on the current news and gossip, and fortissimo proclamations concerning opera, concert, recital and teaching activities of artists who have been associated with the Institute.

The circulation of THE BATON has so materially increased within the last year, that our subscription list now includes addresses in every state in the United States, several countries of Europe, China, Japan, the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. Oh, yes, and West Africa. Honestly!

The Editor is always interested to hear from our readers. News items are sought for publication, and articles, stories or poems.

THE INSTITUTE'S OWN

Recently before the public have been the following artists who represent the Institute of Musical Art or the Juilliard School.

James Friskin, concert pianist and member of the Faculty of the Juilliard Graduate School and of the Institute of Musical Art, gave a recital at Town Hall on October 15th. "His program was one of unusual character and musical interest. In the course of the few seasons in which he has given recitals, he has become known to local music lovers as one of the foremost interpreters of Bach. In exquisite gradations of dynamics, in delicacy and justness

of accentuation, in perfection of balance between the two voices of piano polyphony, in mellow and luminous tints of tone used with the highest artistic discrimination, he stands among the players of finest fiber. Above and beyond all this is his grasp of compositions in their entirety." Thus spoke his colleague, W. J. Henderson, in *The Sun*.

Karl Kraeuter, an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, gave a violin recital at Town Hall on October 25th. He revealed himself as a true musician, playing with authority, breadth and a fine spun tone of firm texture. Mr. Kraeuter is now a member of the Violin Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art. With the members of the Elshuco Trio, he spent the summer playing at Pittsfield, Mass.

Gerald Warburg, at one time a student at the Institute of Musical Art, gave a 'cello recital at The Barbizon on October 30th. He will also appear as soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in December.

Musical Art Quartet. The members of this organization are Sascha Jacobsen, Louis Kaufman, Marie Romaet Rosanoff (all artist graduates of the Institute of Musical Art) and Paul Bernard. Mr. Jacobsen is a member of the Violin Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art. Golden Theatre, November 4th.

Samuel Gardner, an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art and now a member of its Violin Faculty, gave an interesting recital at Carnegie Hall, November 4th. Mr. Gardner is also a composer of note. He played four of his own short compositions for violin. A well-named "Coquetterie" and an "Impromptu" of dissonant

The Baton

Published Monthly

120 CLAREMONT AVENUE, NEW YORK

Copyright 1928 by
THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

Editor-in-Chief

DOROTHY CROWTHERS

Assistant

ELIZABETH STUTSMAN

Literary Staff

JOSEPH MACHLIS
LLOYD MERTENTIME
GERALD TRACY

Business Staff

EMORY OMAN
BENJAMIN SWALIN
GURNEA WILES

Art Staff

ELIJAH SILVERMAN
RALPH TRAVIS

Subscription for Season
Eight Issues, November to June
\$1.00 in the Building
\$1.25 by Mail
Single Copies—15 Cents

Vol. VIII NOVEMBER, 1928 No. 1

(Continued on Page 16)

Bayreuth

An Investment in Souls

By Frank Damrosch

When I was a boy of 17 in the year 1876 my father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, went to Bayreuth to attend the first performance of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." It was a pilgrimage, not a "junket." Wagner had composed the four parts of this tetralogy many years before, but kept his scores secret from all except a few of his intimates because he desired to have them performed only in such manner as he deemed appropriate to their character as music dramas—not operas in the accepted sense of the word. Music, action, scenery, light-effects should, in his opinion, unite in bringing the listener to a full understanding of and emotional response to the unfolding of the drama and therefore no one feature should distract the attention from the presentation as a whole.

The old style house could not, in his opinion, supply the right conditions. The auditorium distracted the eye by its garishness, its tendency to attract attention to its boxes filled with bejeweled women, gorgeous uniforms, architectural, sculptural and pictorial embellishments. The orchestra pit showed the musicians scraping fiddles, double basses, blowing flutes, horns, trombones and beating drums. The stage with its wide "apron" invited the principal singers to leave the frame of the setting in order to come forward and gain prominence and special attention to their performances to the detriment of the unity of the dramatic and musical action as a whole.

Under such conditions he could not possibly reach his ideal. To carry out his plans he needed money—much money. It was not until he had found his royal patron, King Ludwig II of Bavaria, that he was able to prepare for the carrying out of his great idea to build a theatre embodying all the principles of proper music-dramatic performances.

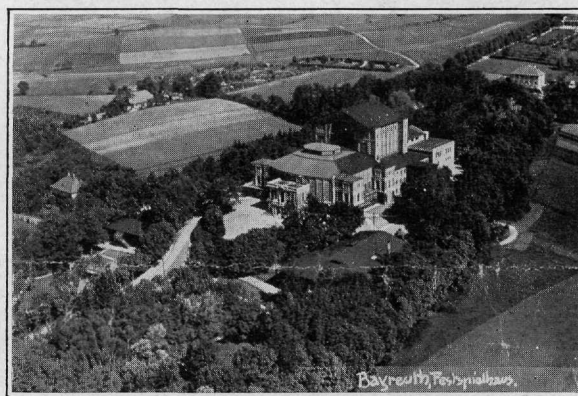
Wagner Societies were organized in all parts of the civilized world whose members subscribed annually to a fund which was sent to Bayreuth and in return for which a proportionate number of Patron certificates were issued which in turn secured admission to the first performances of the Ring.

My father, an old friend of Wagner, was Founder and President of the New York Wagner Society and set out in June, 1876, to attend the opening of the Bühnen-Weih-Festspielhaus at Bayreuth.

For weeks before he sailed we, the family, gathered around him at the piano where he played and explained to us the scores of these wonderful works which were a revelation in their marvelous depth and expressiveness, their novelty in melodic, rhythmic and harmonic treatment and in the building up of their tremendous climaxes.

Father's letters to the *Sun* which he sent at the request of its proprietor, Charles A. Dana, were eagerly read by all music lovers and inspired many of them to go to Bayreuth in later years, for these "Festivals" were repeated almost every second year until the great war.

My own first experience of Bayreuth came in 1886 when I went to Europe with E. C. Stanton, then Director of the Metropolitan Opera House, to assist him in engaging singers for the season of 1886-1887. My brother Walter and I arranged to visit Bayreuth in order to hear Parsifal and Tristan and Isolde.



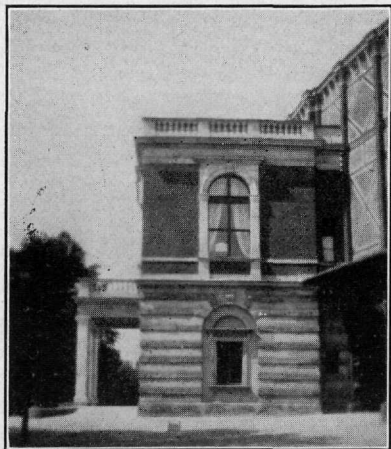
Aeroplane View of Wagner's Festival-Theatre at Bayreuth.

Our very first impression was calculated to make us realize how carefully Wagner had planned every detail. It was no noisy metropolis which received us, but a small, provincial, Franconian town, situated in pleasant, rolling, agricultural country. No gorgeous scenery, no great monuments of architecture or of historic significance, no display of any kind—just a quiet, clean, homely little town with a little hill rising on its northern side. And this hill was selected as the site of the new theatre. The approach is prettily planted with trees and shrubs through which wind the paths to the summit. The theatre itself stands free, devoid of any architectural ornamentations, but fine in its nude proportions showing the practical use to which each part of the building is devoted. Opposite is a large wooden building used as a dining hall and behind the theatre are power houses and storage places.

My brother and I started to walk to the theatre early in the afternoon, as the performance begins at four, and we soon found ourselves part of a procession of pilgrims consisting of men and women from all parts of the civilized world. We met friends

from America and acquaintances from Europe. We met and were introduced to many distinguished people, to Lamoureux, the French conductor, to Felix Mottl, Weingartner, Herman Levi and many others. It was a gathering of international distinction on the large plaza in front of the theatre.

Finally the trumpets sounded the "motif" from the Balcony and everybody went into the theatre



Balcony of the Festival-Theatre Used by the Trumpeters.

through the entrance nearest his seat. The lights went out. Total darkness. Then, from somewhere, impossible to locate, the first sounds of the Prelude fell upon our ears in a silence which would have made the proverbial dropping of a pin a cataclysmal reverberation. One dared not breathe. One listened entranced. The curtains parted and one was living with Gurnemanz, with the Knights of the Grail, with Klingsor and Kundry and Amfortas and Parsifal.

When the curtain closed on the first act—absolute silence. One could not applaud for one felt one had been part of the performance. The same after the second and third acts. And yet, how deeply we all felt that we had had a life experience; that we had not been at a "show," but at a shrine; that we owed a debt of deep gratitude to the composer, the conductor, the singers, the orchestra, yea, to the veriest stage hand for his contribution to such a perfect, such a stupendous experience.

This was in 1886, my first visit to Bayreuth. In July, 1928, I made my fourth pilgrimage, this time with my grandson, Leopold Damrosch, age sixteen. I may as well confess that I was almost loath to go. I was afraid to spoil my impressions of former years, although some of these had already lost some of the glamour. However, I felt that my grandson's young spirit and his native love of music would help me not to be hypercritical and so it proved.

We arrived in Bayreuth on the afternoon before the Sunday performance of Parsifal. We found comfortable lodging in the house of a citizen, walked about the quaint old streets and imbibed the atmosphere of a town which had its best days in the time of the Markgräfin of Bavaria, the sister of Frederick the Great.

The next morning we visited "Wahnfried," Wagner's house, and the garden beyond it with his grave, and then we drove out to the "Eremitage," a summer palace of the Markgraves of Bavaria in the midst of a charming park with fountains.

And then, after dinner, history repeated itself. We "pilgrimed" up the hill together with the crowds of those who came to hear the performance and of citizens who always flock to see the strangers within their gates. Arrived at the top we failed to see the cosmopolitan gathering of former years, for the war has left its mark here as elsewhere; but the people looked to be of higher cultural quality than the average opera house audience and the rapt attention given by them attested to their ability to understand and appreciate the very remarkable performance which we were privileged to hear. In fact, I may say that I have never heard a better, if any as good. The program did not contain a single name known to me, so I listened without prejudice.

At first I was inclined to criticize. Instead of absolute silence as we entered the hall, one heard orchestral instruments tuning up. This should have been done in the orchestra room before the musicians entered the invisible pit. It spoils the illusion. No sound should be heard before the Prelude begins. Then the Prelude was not played as elastically, or mystically as it should have been. Possibly the musicians were not all of the best quality or perhaps they had not yet warmed up to their work. But after the curtain parted there was no more fault to be found. Every impersonator was equal to his task. The principals excellent, the ensemble perfect. In fact, we were spellbound from beginning to end and the old story had repeated itself; Bayreuth is Bayreuth and there is no place like it.

We have had very good performances of Parsifal at the Metropolitan Opera House, but the right atmosphere is lacking. You cannot give Parsifal on Broadway! One needs proper preparation and "Stimmung" before listening to Parsifal and one must have a chance to come very, very gradually to earth after the performance and that cannot be done in trolleys, subways, taxis and the general hurly burly of a metropolis.

Save up your pennies, boys and girls, for two years, and go to the next performance at Bayreuth. It's an investment in your souls—in which we too rarely invest anything.

CLOUDS

By Edna Bockstein

Clouds move by, freighted with dreams,
Twisted shapes bearing strange burdens.
They stumble beneath their loads and spill them
sometimes,

Spill black and white, gold and blue fancies,
Spill soft, streaming, crimson treasures.
All day and all night they carry dreams across
the sky.

They never hurry unless the wind drives them,
And often they rise up in fury like rebel serfs,
And spill down terrible torrents of gray dreams.

Musical Snapshots of Europe

A Letter

By Howard Murphy

The prospect of writing, to order, an article about music heard abroad is sufficient to induce writers' cramp, so perhaps *The Baton* will accept a letter in free form rather than a strict sonata-allegro article.

Although a trip abroad may not be in any sense a musical pilgrimage, yet some musical impressions cannot be avoided. The collegiate jazz orchestra seemed as much a part of the ship as the captain—more so, in fact, as the latter was a more or less mythical personage second only to Neptune and almost as invisible, while the jazz was both visible and audible to a marked degree.

Any tendency toward musical frivolity, however, was checked by London, where the only music to be heard out of season was in the churches. The great dome of St. Paul's dominating the eastern part of the city was an invitation not to be ignored. The music there, however, was somewhat marred by the dome being closed for repairs, which undoubtedly affected the acoustics of the building. As the observer and recorder of English history, Westminster Abbey stands aloof in a quiet corner back of the Houses of Parliament. Here one expected much and was not disappointed. The service was a memorable experience both musically and otherwise. It was a pleasure also to play the organ of Southwark Cathedral just across London Bridge, where Dr. Madeley Richardson was organist for a number of years.

It seemed incongruous to hear "*Dér Rosenkavalier*" at the Paris Grand Opera on a hot July evening. The performance, however, was excellent, and the house really deserves its name. The view from the balcony down the brilliant Rue de l'Opera is a delightful entr'acte if one can leave the gorgeous interior promenade. It is to be hoped the new Metropolitan will be equally considerate of the tired opera goer.

Among musical experience should be included the pleasure of meeting accidentally some of the Institute students who were at Fontainebleau for the summer. Paris is undoubtedly the cross roads of the world, but one may return home by stepping into Cook's or the American Express. The latter even boasts the only genuine American shoe shine in Europe, the artist being a replica of thousands of Pullman porters. However, the American Express is hardly the musical center of Paris except as it reminds one of Home Sweet Home.

An equally vivid reminder was heard in the church of St. Vincent de Paul early one Sunday morning when the organist played the Andante from the first Mendelssohn organ sonata just as it is heard in the organ practice rooms of the Institute. But his fine improvisation brought one back again to Paris, the home of so many masters of that art.

There was so much silent beauty in Switzerland that music was hardly missed. But the Swiss do

yodel on provocation. The only example of the art was at a little wayside station where an elderly individual tried a few arpeggios, but his art was on too commercial a basis. He soon stopped when he was not appreciated financially.

Italian impressions were almost equally limited—some raucous chanting in a church at Stresa and a remarkably fine marche funèbre by a band in a military funeral procession at Verona. Opera was being given there in the Roman amphitheatre but unfortunately not on that particular evening. There was some compensation, however, in seeing the full moon rise behind the arena to the accompaniment of appropriate music from a neighboring cafe.

Munich was peopled by musical ghosts. It was easy to imagine Wagner living in the house given him by King Ludwig, and Mozart conducting in the quaint little Residenz Theatre, built in the ornate rococo style of the eighteenth century, where both his "*La Finta Giardiniera*" and "*Idomeneo*" had their premiers. The modern performance of "*Die Zauberflöte*" was excellent vocally but the chorus was ineffective and the orchestra rather lacking in precision.



The Rhine Vividly Recalled Siegfried's Tonal Journey.

It seemed quite natural to go on the next day to Salzburg, his birthplace. The town itself is very picturesque, surrounded by mountains and divided by the rapid Salz River. The Archbishop's palace overlooks the town as it did when Mozart played violin in his orchestra and wrote music for his state dinners. Michael Haydn, a brother of the famous composer, was musical director to the Archbishop at this time and became organist of the cathedral when Mozart was 21. Just across the bridge in a narrow street stands the house where Mozart was born. The little four-room apartment on the third floor is now

a museum containing many interesting relics—the instruments he used, his original manuscripts, letters, etc. Salzburg has become the center for festival performances of Mozart's works, and numerous dramatic productions by Max Reinhardt. Most of the music and plays are given out of doors in the cathedral square, but there is also a state opera house where the Mozart operas are produced.

Vienna seems to live more in the past than in the present. It is the city of Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms, and of course, the Hapsburgs. Like the Mozart house in Salzburg, the little Schubert and Haydn houses are ridiculously out of proportion to the fame of their occupants. Unfortunately time prevented locating any of Beethoven's many haunts except the house in which "Fidelio" was written. There were some interesting programs of symphonic and chamber music given out of doors in the park-like Burg Garten, but no church music was to be heard during August. "The Egyptian Helen" had been in town earlier in the summer, but apparently found the climate of the Danube even more difficult than that of the Nile and so left to try the Hudson in November.

A brief trip to Budapest was rewarded musically by some folk songs heard on the boat going down the river, and a few stray strains of a Gypsy orchestra. The city is chiefly noted musically as being the home of Bela Bartok, the modern composer, and the noted pianist, Ernst von Dohnanyi. It contains many beautiful buildings, including a fine opera house.

Nuremberg spells Hans Sachs and Wagner to the musician as it does Dürer to the artist. Hans' work shop was very realistic, one almost imagined it had been left by the genial old meistersinger for the benefit of tourists. Equally reminiscent of the opera was the magnificent singing of chorales in St. Lawrence's church Sunday morning. Only Walther and Eva were missing.

Of course Bayreuth was the chief musical impression of Europe. To hear Wagner under ideal acoustic conditions in the theatre which he created—to stroll up between the acts to the restaurant back of the theatre for something to eat and a view of the rolling hills—to go through his home, Wahnfried, and see the instruments upon which Parsifal and Tristan were written and visit the simple grave back of the garden—all conduces to a more complete enjoyment than is possible among skyscrapers. Not that the performances are uniformly better—some are and some aren't—but the whole impression is more satisfactory, partly for musical and partly for sentimental reasons. The old state opera house is also interesting and reminds one of the Residenz Theatre in Munich.

And while Parsifal was the last audible music heard abroad, the journey down the Rhine recalled vividly Siegfried's tonal Rhine journey, heard a few days previously—with reminders of Beethoven at Bonn—and a final glimpse of "frozen music" in the Cologne Cathedral. Of course, there was jazz again on the boat, but that was under a full moon in mid ocean, homeward bound, when nothing mattered very much.

THREE FAMOUS TENORS AT RAVINIA



Edward Johnson



Tito Schipa



Mario Chamlee

The Opera House in the Woods

Ravinia the American Festival-Theatre

By the Editor

Deep in the woods bordering Lake Michigan just north of Chicago, there stands an Opera House unmatched in the charm of its atmosphere and unexcelled in the perfection of its productions. Even Wagner, in elaborate plans for a festival opera house, probably never dreamed of the less pre-

world renowned artist whose golden tones have not at some time echoed through these woodlands.

This is the seventeenth summer to witness this remarkable musical enterprise, begun modestly as a series of concerts into which there gradually seeped an element of opera in various excerpts given. Through the changing years, deftly guided by the unique personality which animates the undertaking, Ravinia Opera has been unostentatiously though painstakingly developed until today it stands forth resplendent in our cultural history,—an American Bayreuth.

Strangely enough, to many New Yorkers (admittedly provincial as we are), including some of the most ardent devotees of the Metropolitan Opera House, Ravinia is only vaguely known as one of the places whither our favorite singers betake themselves in summer. Saddened by dreary months of closed portals on Broadway, behind which reigns silence and desolation with scene painters desecrating the holy precincts, one is apt to be seized with an overwhelming curiosity to penetrate the mystery of Ravinia.

Arriving in Chicago, skepticism is instantly dispelled when boarding the "Opera Special," a gay little train which every summer evening emerges from the city's turmoil and speeds through the dusk on its adventurous journey. Unsung by a Honegger, it nevertheless toots its way importantly for twenty-two miles along the shore of Lake Michigan, passing shaded suburbs whose names are immediately recognizable as the summer abodes of the opera singers. As full of music enthusiasts as a porcupine is of quills, the train discharges the expectant throngs before the gates of the forty-acre estate in which the Ravinia Opera House is situated, there to rest until time to convey them away again.

Gravel paths, flower-fringed and lighted by bulbs like giant fireflies among the trees, lead to the pavilion. Before the entrance of the opera building is a gigantic circular flower-bed containing 400 petunia plants of rose hue. They bloom early and last late. A spot light displays them effectively in the evenings. Adjacent is the Refectory, the lights of which, when seen through the trees, resemble a Parisian restaurant on the Champs Elysées.

The opera auditorium seats 1,450, or 550 more than are accommodated on the Metropolitan's orchestra floor. The hall is lighted by groups of Japanese lanterns suspended from the ceiling.

But this is only the setting, entrancing as it is. The revelation occurs when the green velvet curtains part and one witnesses a performance of



Two Celebrated Sopranos at Ravinia.

Above: Elisabeth Rethberg. Below: Florence Easton.



tentious but none the less exalting beauty to be obtained from opera set in a veritable Hall of the Gibichungs, with massive roof and supporting beams of weathered oak around which Siegfried's forest rustles in accord with the orchestra's harmonies. Nor is the proverbial bird absent; there is scarcely a

artistic perfection commensurate with the best presentations at the Metropolitan in New York. Not only is the singing of our well-loved artists seemingly more spirited in this atmosphere, as remarked by Mr. Otto H. Kahn on the opening night of the season, but histrionic subtleties are more telling in the intimate theatre and there is a Belasco touch in attention to minute details of stage business and scenic effect.

Before an act has ended, one is stirred by the realization that these things do not just happen. Unseen but apparent behind it all, is a supreme force, a presiding genius. This is Louis Eckstein, the only man in the world who owns an opera house and is active head of every department.

Perhaps the most unusual phase of life in Mr. Eckstein's fold, is the spirit of geniality which prevails. Friction and jealousy do not thrive in this

politan, November 24th. Florence Easton was occupied with "Jonny Spielt Auf," Krenek's jazz opera, to be heard here in January. Yvonne Gall of the Paris Opera, who has spent two summers at Ravinia, was preparing to create the title role in Messenger's "Beatrice" in Europe this winter.

Other singers of the Company engaged for the 1928 season were Bori, Mario, Macbeth, Claussen, Schipa, Chamlee, Rothier, Danise, and Defrere.

No matter where we see these same artists across the footlights, the subtle charm of Ravinia will be absent and missed. Where could *Madame Butterfly* be as effectively staged as in this Pavilion resembling, on this occasion, a temple of old Japan? Where could *Romeo and Juliet* find a more perfect setting than in the full moonlight of an August evening, when it was presented at the Opera House in the Woods?

It was Edward Johnson, one of the leading tenors of the organization, who stressed Ravinia's usefulness in a country wishing to grow in musical grace.

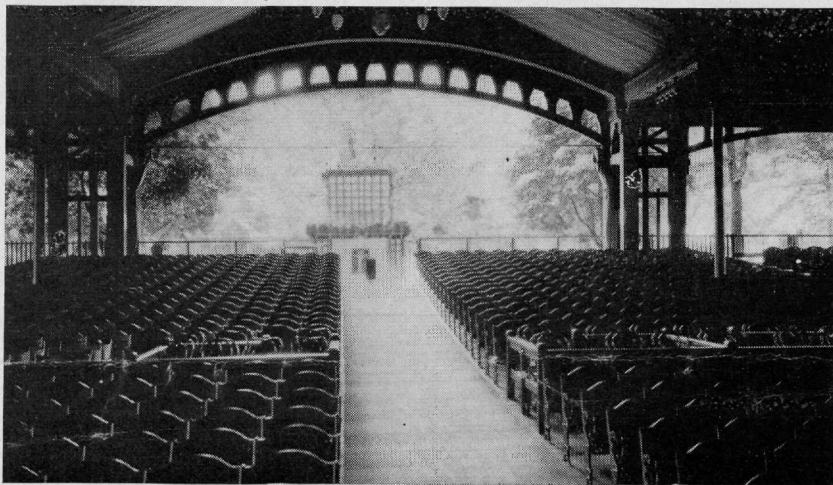
"Ravinia's season is seven or eight weeks longer than that of a European *festspielhaus*; there are eight performances every week with leading artists and a symphony orchestra, all to be enjoyed for the small fee of \$1 or at most, \$3 for the best available seat. Certainly no opera house in South America, Spain, Italy or Germany could present

such a program. The repertoire of thirty-three operas in two months would, in itself, stagger any one of them.

"Even though Ravinia has a tremendous following among music lovers, I sometimes wonder that more students are not awake to the value of the art offered here. They, after all, will be the backbone of the country's musical development and it is therefore to be hoped that they will recognize in Ravinia the nucleus of a summer festival opera right in America."

THANKS TO MUSICAL AMERICA

The pictures appearing on pages 6, 7 and 8 of this issue of *The Baton* were generously loaned by *Musical America* through the courtesy of its Managing Editor, Hollister Noble. They are snapshots taken by *The Baton's* Editor, when she was in Chicago last summer to write feature articles about the Ravinia Opera and its artists, for *Musical America*. Kind permission to use some of the material printed at that time, has also been granted.



The Opera House in the Woods, at Ravinia on the north shore of Lake Michigan.

opera house. There exists an informality, a cordiality shared by singers and audience alike. Almost every night among the spectators are to be found several principals of the organization applauding their colleagues; and each evening behind the theatre, in a grove of trees which rivals the Forest of Arden, friends greet members of the cast at the close of the performance. Among these is always to be seen the familiar figure of Mr. Eckstein, the impresario who never fails to congratulate his artists upon their achievements.

Nor does this *camaraderie* stop at the gates of Ravinia. There are frequent gatherings at the homes of the singers, when operatic responsibilities are laid aside and hilarity holds full sway.

But life at Ravinia is not all play by any means. An artist must attend frequent rehearsals of current productions and must study unceasingly in preparation for later appearances in opera and concert. Elisabeth Rethberg and Giovanni Martinelli spent leisure hours, between Ravinia appearances, rehearsing the new Respighi opera, "The Sunken Bell," in which they are to appear at the Metro-



By Gerald Tracy

This is the season when New York's musical life starts in earnest. October brought forth the first recitals, the first of the orchestra concerts, and, like early stars, they began twinkling through the dusk of the autumn. And as stars twinkle, so music students tinkle, and if you are acquainted with any of the apartment houses around our educational institutions, particularly our own conservatory in the neighborhood of Morningside Heights, you can hear the practising at all hours of the day, and sometimes, inconceivably tactless hours of the night.

When we arrived in New York, after a refreshing summer, to resume work anew, it did not take us long to discover that our apartment house had been unable to resist the onslaught of the musician, for, lo and behold, the characteristic cacophony was coming from all directions. Practising was in progress, and with all the vim and joy of a bus on Fifth Avenue making a frenzied excursion into second gear! How the court resounded! From a pianist below, came passages of Beethoven's D Minor Sonata Op. 31; from around the corner drifted the sound of a scale being played with a plodding exactness which resembled, for all the world, the measured tread of a Newfoundland dog; and, from a 'cellist above, fell the sweetly soothing strains of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," interspersed, every now and then, with careful tunings.

What ambition seemed to be behind all this grotesque jumble of sound! What dreams! And as New York is a city of dreams, and is sweetly alluring to the artist in all of us, it draws to itself, yearly, hundreds of the ambitious youth of our country . . . much the same as molasses draws flies!

And while we are on the subject of the early season! Whether or no, it has any psychological influence on the critics is a point which we shall leave to be discussed by those more esoterically minded than ourselves, but it does seem that it brings them to our concert halls with a mind which, though battle-scarred from former years, is nevertheless healed, and ready again to receive in martyr fashion the impressions which it is inevitable that the artist extend. Some of our critics at the present time are actually jovial, and when they permit us to know their humor, it is indeed delicious. Olin Downes of the *New York Times* charmed our fancy in two instances. Fritz Kreisler, he avers, would still be the supreme artist that he is even if he lovingly pounded a bass drum, for such is his inherent musicianship! And then from a long review of Mischa Elman's recital, we culled the following rare bit: "So Bach was played, with fancy, tenderness, humor, and happily without the pump-handle rigidity which usually serves to remind the listener how frightfully great a composer Bach was, and how significant the occasion is for everyone present. Mr. Elman did not seem obliged to put up placards an-

nouncing Bach's greatness. The audience just seemed in some way to catch the idea!"

Prodigies, such as Yehudi Menuhin, are always of great interest. Consequently, it pleases us to announce that he will soon be turning his way eastward to delight us anew with his extraordinary playing. We have visions of packed and overflowing houses—and such a vision is rather comforting, for, as it is the nature of vision to be very elusive and disappointing, we know that we have this particular one by the tail, and it is sure to be realized. Mr. and Mrs. Menuhin, we learn, what with such a family of exceptional children on their hands, are leading quite a hectic life, prior to their departure for Yehudi's long tour. Besides concerts which he will give in California before leaving, he is booked to play in the important cities en route to New York. Later, he will go to England, where he will play for the first time. Recitals are scheduled for Berlin, Moscow and Paris; in the last named, he is to play the concertos of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms in the great Opera House, the proceeds of which concert will be donated to the poor musicians of Paris.

But childhood is not in accord with the matter-of-fact bustle of concert tours—childhood still remains an age of enchantment and beauty, and in a letter to a friend, he inquires naively, "Will it not be nice to get together in the snow again?" And he admits to our interest and delight, "My lessons are getting along fairly well," and then, "harmony and counterpoint are as enjoyable as ever. I am studying Goetschius' Applied Counterpoint and am starting Fugue." The following, in reaction to the opera in San Francisco, "We went to Aida. Rethberg sang—that should tell all!"

While on the subject of Yehudi, there is another member of the Menuhin family who is experiencing the sensation of being the center of attraction. Little blond Hephzibah quite amazes all those who are fortunate to hear her, by the way she plays the Bach "Italian" Concerto. She is just eight years old, and we feel that Yehudi must take great pride in having a tiny sister who displays such artistry. On Thursday, October 25th, she made her concert debut at the Scottish Rite Hall in San Francisco, and Redfearn Mason, critic, says some very fine things about her. And here is an anecdote to delight you. When Hephzibah was introduced to a Mrs. Schumann, she exclaimed proudly, "Oh, I play all of your husband's compositions!"

While down at the radio station WRNY one day, we heard some one mention Amy Goldsmith.

(Continued on Page 15)

IT was Hallowe'en, and from the wide western windows of a gray stone mansion situated on a ridge in Riverdale, the sun was seen to sink appropriately red and lantern-like in the mists above the Hudson. Although it was dark before Elisabeth Rethberg arrived from a rehearsal at the Opera House, sunshine seemed again to flood the room with her entrance. Her blond beauty, winning smile and exuberance of youthful spirits are natural and whole-hearted, totally devoid of any trace of artificiality. Nor is there any effort at studied effect so frequently encountered among celebrities. Rather she manifests a certain shyness, which may be contrary to showmanship in an advertising era, but which is all the more captivating because unusual and refreshing.

What the woman is in herself, the artist gives in her work. Rethberg is one of the very few singers on the stage today who upholds the tradition of the golden age of song, combining exquisite timbre and purity of tone with uncompromisingly high standards of artistic singing.

Because of her thorough musicianship and ability to cope with difficult vocal problems, it was inevitable that she should be chosen for the leading role in Respighi's new opera, "The Sunken Bell," which will have its American premier at the Metropolitan Opera on Saturday afternoon, November 24th, for which occasion the composer is coming from Italy. Mme. Rethberg had just finished a long rehearsal of it.

Her New Role

"It is the most difficult score I have ever studied," she exclaimed with a gesture of dismay. And this will be her 106th role! "One act is coloratura, another lyric, another dramatic, and the modern music is very complicated though very beautiful." She finds the part a sympathetic one and much more grateful than that of Egyptian Helen, which role she created at the world premier of the new Strauss opera in Dresden last summer. "The story of Respighi's work is a charming fairy tale laid, incidentally, in the part of Germany from which my husband comes," added the singer.

An impression of Elisabeth Rethberg would be incomplete without some mention of the surroundings which reflect her personality. In the conventional Old English architecture of the exterior of her home, no hint is given of the charm of the interior, yet everything, from the flowerbeds that grace the lawn under spreading trees, to the design of the house and the furniture and works of art in it, is the result of her planning and direction. And it was not haphazard choice, but careful selection that assembled all these things. One item alone, the fine old Dutch marquetry furniture which adorns the dining room, was the result of search in fifteen New York antique shops.

The music room suggests some Gothic retreat of the old world. On roughened walls tinted in deep rose, hang rare paintings,—a Rubens above the mantel,—and a Flemish tapestry of noble dimensions. The most significant piece of furniture in the room is a magnificent old Italian cabinet, six feet tall and three feet wide, carved and richly colored, which is completely filled with the music Mme. Rethberg sings. There are not only shelves bearing the names of more operas than some opera houses could boast of in repertory, but many shelves catalogued with the songs and great choral works of the masters,—Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, and others,—which are not always part of a prima donna's musical equipment. Open on the Steinway grand piano was a Bach cantata. Questioned about it, Mme. Rethberg replied, "Oh, I just sing that for my own pleasure!" One hopes all young singers will develop the musicianship to seek their recreation in Bach.

A Gothic arched door leads from the music-room to the real sanctuary of this remarkable home. One pauses breathless on the threshold. "Here I can escape the nerve-wracking bustle of modern civilization," explained our hostess. "The quiet and seclusion make me feel remote from the world. I can think and create here." The room is medieval in aspect, having been modelled after one in a European castle belonging to the Domans.

The square room has been made to appear almost octagonal in shape by having the four corners panelled across with a framework of Moslem design. In the embrasure thus formed stand tall red candles whose light is reflected from behind by oblong hammered brass plaques. Three walls are lined with antique oak book shelves containing many rare editions. Above the bookcases, invisible lighting throws a glow upward into the vaulted ceiling with its oak rafters, at one end of which there is a handsome stained glass window bearing the legend of St. Francis of Assisi. When daylight fades, leaving the window in darkness, an artificial light from outside illuminates

Elisabeth

The Saxon

By Dorothy



Left: Elisabeth Rethberg happy over recent husband, Albert Doman, she flew from San Francisco

Rethberg

Nightingale

Crowthers



California opera triumphs. Right: With her fiancé to Los Angeles to fulfill engagements.

it. On tall standards about the room, stubby red candles give a torch-like radiance, and over an oblong table in the center is suspended a chandelier supported by a bronze eagle with spread wings. Casement windows on two opposite sides of the room look out on a sunken garden.

The fourth wall is given to a large canvas by the modern painter, Eggers, depicting the futility of fanaticism. "I never tire of looking at it," claimed Mme. Rethberg. "The figures are virile and the symbolism powerful. Such a work of art never ceases to inspire." Outlined by the light above one of the bookcases, is a

bronze model of the Flying Dutchman's ship. She is very fond of this and of some priceless pieces of ancient Greek pottery, the kind one usually finds only under glass in museums. "I love to touch them," she said reverently. "They are so many years old and represent such ancient civilizations that they fill me with awe." The atmosphere of this unique room has to be felt to be fully appreciated.

"But the real importance of the house," explained the prima donna, "is its location in the country, yet practically within the city limits. From here I can speed to and fro between home and opera or concert and still be near to nature's heart, in the world but not of its whirl. All my life has been spent more or less in the open and I love outdoor sports, especially skiing, horseback-riding, tennis and swimming." When she was a very young artist at the Dresden Opera, she was sometimes seen arriving at the stage door with her skis slung over her shoulder. So great was her ardor for the sport that she used to go off to the snowy hills at dawn, returning only in time to sing an evening performance at the opera.

Elisabeth Rethberg was born thirty-four years ago in the wild and beautiful Erz Mountains, which crown the borders of Saxony and Bohemia. From the same region have come Robert Schumann, many famous church cantors of the 16th Century, and, of recent date, Editha Fleischer of the Metropolitan Opera. A curious old volume printed 300 years ago, alleges that Western Saxony was even then famous for its

sopranos, due, it naively points out, to the marvelous waters of that part of the country.

Mme. Rethberg's family have lived in Saxony ever since 1848 when her grandfather, a Hungarian Count, was banished from his native land during a revolution and settled in Schwarzenberg. "The houses of the little town are all huddled around a castle built in 1150, which rises in the center," said the singer reminiscently, "quite like chicks nestled under the protecting wing of the old hen! The encircling mountains are rich in silver and copper ore.

"There I grew up from babyhood to the age of seventeen, under the cultural influence of a mother who had a beautiful, untrained voice, and a father who was a professional organist and pianist. He was a teacher at the town school and organist at the church. I remember, as a small child, hearing my mother sing the songs of Schumann, Schubert and Franz. My father gave me my first piano lessons and when I was about six years old, I was able to play a Beethoven Sonata. By the time I was twelve, my parents had decided to allow me to study music seriously but I remained at home several years longer in order to be confirmed in the ancient Lutheran Church of St. George." Music was so much a part of life with the whole family that the exceptional talent of its youngest member aroused no thought of her becoming a professional. Elisabeth had two older brothers and two older sisters, all musically inclined.

Her Student Days

At the age of seventeen, without previous training except that which had been imbibed from her mother, Rethberg made her first public appearance, singing a group of Liszt songs. This brought forth her first press criticism which accredited her with "a technical perfection many professionals might envy."

Finally, during the Easter season of 1912, when Elisabeth was not yet eighteen, an uncle took her to the Royal Conservatory in Dresden, where, following the customary examination, she was immediately accepted as a pupil. With no thought of a career, she set about acquiring a good musical education through hard study of both piano and voice. Her instrumental and vocal instructors waged constant strife over which calling she would be destined to follow. But the young Elisabeth had more of a predilection for singing and after a year and a half at the Conservatory, she left to study with Otto Watrin, who had been a pupil of Prof. Ifert, one of the foremost teachers in Europe.

After a year with him, the war broke out and the youthful soprano was left to her own resources of instruction. Ever since then, she has worked out her vocal problems by herself, without being dependent on any teacher whatsoever.

Her exquisite singing is therefore a superb tribute to her native intelligence and musicianship. She gained some of her stage training at the Petrenz School in Dresden.

Her actual career began in 1915. Fritz Reiner, a conductor at the Royal Opera in Dresden, attended a private concert at which Mme. Rethberg sang. "He asked me to come to the Opera for an audition, and I went without any hope of success," admitted the now famous prima donna. "I sang an aria from *Der Freischütz* and was asked to remain after the other candidates had left. I didn't know what to make of it. The Manager, Count Swobach, a picturesque gentleman of the old school, was called in, and I sang several Schubert songs. To my amazement, he offered me a five year contract, but as I was not yet twenty-one I was not allowed to sign it. My father, who was at home in Schwarzenburg, was sent for in order to complete the legal formalities. Thus, in 1915, my operatic activities began at the Dresden Opera in the Gypsy Baron of Johann Strauss. My mother, alas, had died just a year before, and never knew of the achievement which meant so much to all of us."

Her Artistic Career

From that time forward, her artistic career was meteoric. She was given one role after another in quick succession; musical circles buzzed with news of the "discovery." Concert and oratorio appearances followed. Due to the fact that opera and church were closely associated, members of the Royal Opera were required to participate in the religious festivals. This was the basis for Mme. Rethberg's vast knowledge of old church music.

She was invited as guest artist to the famous opera houses in Austria, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Russia, besides those in Germany. In 1921, Artur Bodanzky, the Metropolitan conductor, went to hear Rethberg and later wired her to come to Vienna to sing for Mr. Gatti. "This I was unable to do, hence nothing was arranged. The following year, when I was on my way back to Dresden from Stockholm, Mr. Bodanzky met me in Berlin. With him was Mr. Gatti. I sang for them in a room of the hotel where I was stopping and the result was a five year contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

"When I arrived in New York I was so homesick and lonely, and the hotel room seemed so barren, I did not want to go near the Metropolitan. I started out in search of trees and an apartment. The opera authorities located me after a ten day frantic search and I was duly berated by Mr. Gatti in Italian which, fortunately for me no doubt, I did not understand! However, after my debut in *Aida*, matters were adjusted between us and we became good friends."

Upon Mme. Rethberg's return from America

in the spring of 1923, she was one of a house-party at the castle of a friend, Dr. George Wolf, one of the richest men in Saxony. He was a sincere patron of music and art, and many members of the nobility and artists of the Dresden Opera were frequently entertained at his home. It was here that the magnetic and genial Albert Doman met and fell in love with Elisabeth Rethberg, the woman, not the prima donna, as he had never heard her in opera. He followed her to America and they were married in a little vine-covered church, near Ravinia where the singer was a member of the Opera Company for the summer season.

A comprehensive list of this artist's achievements in opera, concert and recital, with comments on the places she has visited and the interesting persons she has met, would require another article in which to do them justice. Suffice it say that following her usual season with the Metropolitan Opera, she will go on an extensive concert tour, then to Italy where she is to sing at La Scala in Milan, under the direction of Toscanini, which she always finds a thrilling experience. A great compliment was paid her by Mussolini, who, hearing she was coming to Milan, requested that she sing first in Rome at several special performances. During the summer, it is expected that she will again be a member of the Ravinia Opera, if South American contracts can be postponed.

Fulfilling the Prophecy

While in California for recent operatic appearances, a glowing tribute to "the Saxon nightingale" appeared in one of the newspapers. It was written anonymously and the author remained incognito notwithstanding repeated attempts to ascertain his identity. The article attracted the attention of Mme. Rethberg because it was apparent that the writer was familiar with her early career. He spoke of having seen her, then a young student, among the auditors in the dim light of the fifth gallery at the Dresden Opera, her eyes aglow with enthusiasm and her cheeks flushed with excitement. The writer had become a critic by the time Rethberg made her memorable debut on the same stage she had watched so eagerly, and in his review of the occasion he prophesied a great future for her, a prophecy which is being magnificently fulfilled, because Elisabeth Rethberg is still young and her attainments are already lofty.

THE COVER

The picture of Mme. Rethberg on the cover of *THE BATON*, shows her as Tosca, in Puccini's opera of that name.

SCHUBERT

Appropriate to the sentiment which attaches to Schubert's memory at this time, an article about the composer will appear in the Christmas issue of *THE BATON*.

Who Is Sylvia

A Short Story

By Joseph Machlis

The letterbox at one hand, the hastily-opened envelope in my other, with that little fluttering piece of note-paper. Just that, a weak little fluttering piece of paper. Who would think it could pain so? Pain, like a dagger of cold steel against my heaving bosom. . . . "Is this a dagger I see before me?" Maybe that's from Wm. Shakespeare, an English writer. But hold it, hold. Don't get so excited. Relax, draw a deep breath, count ten, and read it again.



"My dear Mr. Machlis:—A cousin of mine moved on the block. She is a piano teacher. Sylvia is now taking from her. Mrs. Heisenpfeffer." Just that, and nothing more,—came a knocking at my door,—just that and nothing more.

Of course a thing like that would happen on a day like this. Not one of those dank, dour and dreary days when you might expect any nasty trick of Fate: Fate, that dark-eyed, inscrutable damsel who rules so mysteriously the lives of. . . . No, it would happen on this bright sunshiny day, when the sky looks out at you like a pair of open blue eyes.

Sure, it's not enough to be young, and obscure, and just a poor piano teacher struggling uphill, but you have to add your weight, Mrs. Heisenpfeffer, to the burden on my shoulders. And Heaven knows you were never much at reducing.

You might have been sorry, Mrs. Heisenpfeffer. Or at least said you were. "I regret to inform you that a cousin of mine moved on the block." Why, even in business, cold, hard and commercial though it be, they'd begin that way if your account were overdrawn. Or you might have tried to be funny and sarcastic. "You will be awfully happy to hear that a cousin of mine has moved on the block." Even melodramatic. A woman of your dimensions may certainly allow herself a bit of melodrama at times, it's good exercise. Suddenly, unexpectedly, "a cousin of mine moved on the block." But this way! This painfully dull way. To begin with a simple declarative sentence. "A cousin of mine. . . ." That's what you did, Mrs. Heisenpfeffer, that's just what you did. You slipped between Sylvia and me with a simple declarative sentence. With a few words you put an end to so beautiful, so poetic an association.

Sweet Sylvia, lovely Sylvia! No more shall we pass gentle hours together, I counting "one-and-two-and-three-and-four-and." No more will I see that powerful matron, your mother, open the window, push half of herself out towards the street and pour the full vigor of her splendid barytone voice into the soft echoes of early evening. "Sylveea? Sylvee-a? Come right upstairs, this minute, your piano-teacher's here, but this minute, do you hear?" As though anything within a radius of forty miles could refrain from hearing. No more will we . . . but futile tears, futile empty sighs.

Two and a half years our beautiful relationship lasted. When first I came you were already eight, and knew nothing. Worse than nothing. For did I not at once declare that your previous teachers,—(how many you had, and how often you changed them I can but imagine)—were criminally ignorant, and that first of all I would have to begin to mend your evil ways. Slowly, under my patient helpful guidance, light came to you, and truth and wisdom. You began to distinguish between a little black dot with a stem with one tail, and a little black dot with a stem with two tails. You began to comprehend slightly the sacred mathematical mysteries of a dotted eighth. You became aware that rests, like the Seventh Day, had been given to us to do nothing in except wait. And towards the end, you even began to allow yourself to be convinced that the deadliest



Sylveea? Sylvee-a? Come right upstairs. Your piano-teacher's here.

(Sketches by Ralph Travis)

of the Seven Sins is to allow the little joints of your second and third fingers to give way and cave in. A sin and a shame. For a good little girl always plays with firm fingers.

All this, and more, and more, for the blissful period of two and a half years. . . . Weekly I peered into the depths of your eyes, those round, blinking, murky, empty eyes with that adenoïdal look. And you, my sweet, gazed back into mine, and said, "What?" and glanced furtively at the clock on the mantelpiece; and whatever of brain you had, occupied itself with the question as to how soon I would

let you back to the ecstasies of jumping rope and roley-poley. But I manfully kept you there and did what I knew was best for you. Sure I did. (He would.—He's just the type.)

Full often you tried my temper, ah yes, you did. Full often my eyes threw themselves into a dull red glare, which saw only that desperate question, "What's the use, what's the use?" And all the forces of self-control rushed to aid me, and I remained perfectly calm, and explained for the thousandth time that. . . . And you shook your head, and glanced at the clock. But already you had advanced under my careful guidance, already advanced to a Sonatina of Clementi (an Italian composer who lived, nobody knows why, in the eighteenth century), first movement hands separately four times, hands together five; second movement hands separately six times, hands together none. Already you were . . . and soon you would be beginning. . . . But why dwell on departed happiness, on joys that were not to be?

O, Mrs. Heisenpfeffer, what beautiful thing did you destroy. No more will Sylvia and I sit side by side at the piano, while from the wall above gazes down at us, in benevolent approval, the portrait of you and Mr. Heisenpfeffer, still slim, in the first flush of your married bliss. No more will I hear the thunder of your voice, trumpeting, "Sylvee-a, right upstairs this minute, your piano-teacher's here."

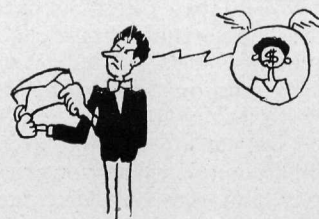
There was a time when I could face the future hopefully, our future, dear Sylvia. Before mine eyes hovered the vision of glory to come. I, bowed down with years, distinctions, decorations; famous and sought after; I, the great master, demonstrate, in the packed hall of the Shelter for Decrepit and Incurable Piano Teachers, the methods of my marvelous system of teaching. And to show the success of my principles I seek the assistance of none other than you, greatest of my pupils, my disciple. With my happy hand on your proud shoulder, I speak: "This splendid young woman whom you now see before you is an excellent example of what I have just been describing. Her case is particularly interesting. When first she came to me she was tone-deaf, had no ears, no fingers, no rhythm, no pitch, no nothing. But did that discourage me? Sure it didn't. Now, here she stands, after a lifetime of training, happy, able to play at five minutes' notice the G-major scale; with both hands, mind you; and when you give her C, accurately distinguishes E from A-flat." My voice breaks with emotion. Thunderous applause. I bend my hoary head and kiss you upon your noble brow.

But no, Sylvia. 'Twas not to be. Between us came the bulky shadow of your mother. She it was who shattered with one stroke all our dreams. All our castles in the air crumbled to mere dust before one simple declarative sentence. "My cousin moved on the block."

Now I shall wither, and my glorious young manhood will never know the joys of fulfillment and success. I shall grow old in loneliness, and you will forget me. Ah yes, you will. I know it well—

you never were strong on memory. Now your cousin who moved on the block will count one-and-two-and-three, and I will become but the dead shadow of an empty name, gone and forgotten. You too will grow older, but not the splendid young woman to whom all piano teachers will point with envy and admiration. Instead you will marry, and grow fat, and have a double chin and diamonds. And you will tell all your husband's relatives that you gave up a brilliant career in music, in which you had shown signs of genius ever since early childhood; gave up everything and became merely a wife, all for his sake. (Ah, yes, you will—you're just the type.) And they will sigh sympathetically, and say, "But do play a little something for us, we know you're all out of practice, but do, anyhow." And you will coyly smile and remark, "Of course, it's years since I've touched the keys, though even when I was a child Professor Capaccini used to say. . . ." And you'll play "The Maiden's Prayer," or maybe you'll have a singing sister-in-law, and then you'll play, "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses."

Time was when cousins moving on blocks meant nothing to me. Time was, long, long ago, in the distant happy past, when I could utter the word without a tremor; when I could even use it in a sentence. "Dearie, what's causing you all dat worry?" How eloquently would I begin, in my careless school-days, to recite, "You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things." Little I knew what dark, tragic significance these words would have in my life. No, indeed, if I had my life to live over again, if I could only start clean, fresh, unsoiled by sad experience, think you I'd be a piano teacher again?



The letterbox at one hand, the hastily-opened envelope in my other, with that little fluttering piece of note-paper. Of course a thing like that would come on a sunny day, when the sky looks out at you like a pair of blue treacherous eyes. One lesson gone—three dollars a week less—which leaves—and here I was intending to—Well, what are you going to do with people like that—with cousins who move on the block? Farewell, Sylvia, my sweet. Ah, Mrs. Heisenpfeffer! Ah me!

A Clipping

The Monday Musical Club which was to have held its regular Tuesday afternoon meeting on Wednesday this week, wishes to advise all members that said meeting will be held on Thursday instead of Friday at the Y. W. C. A. building.

—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

They ought to give up—they're licked.

—The New Yorker.

More Improvisations

(Continued from Page 9)

"Yes, she is one of our regular artists, and we were certainly delighted to have her succeed in the contest." This from the program director.

And then it flashed upon our mind that Amy Goldsmith is the girl who won first place in the Atwater Kent competition in Greater New York on October 5th, and received fresh honors by duplicating her success on October 13th in the contest for Eastern New York State. All well enough, we thought, that the radios over which the young singer has made appearances, should feel a sense of pride—let the Institute of Musical Art of which she is a Juilliard scholarship student also feel proud. For her entire vocal training has been with Madeleine Walther of the Institute faculty. And it is at the Institute that she receives the excellent training which makes for all round musicianship. We like to see those succeed who are not just singers but are musicians as well and serious students of the theoretic subjects, harmony, counterpoint, ear-training and sight-singing. We know that Miss Goldsmith is accomplished in another line, too, for before she started singing when she was fifteen, she specialized in piano.

Miss Goldsmith was born in New York City and graduated from High School just two years ago. Since then she has been studying at the Institute and making frequent appearances over the radio as one of Major Bowes' Family at the Capitol Sunday evenings. She is very grateful to Major Bowes for she had the opportunity, while with his company, of singing with orchestra and with flute obligato, all of which was very good experience, she says. As a member of a mixed quartet of the National Broadcasting Company, she got additional practise, for all the things they did at rehearsal were sung at sight. Helen Lanvin, at one time a pupil at the Institute, is also a member of this quartet.

In the preliminary trials for the contest in Greater New York, 103 boys and girls competed. From these 14 girls and 10 boys were chosen, and in the finals for the competition of Greater New York, there were 5 boys and 5 girls who were selected to appear. That a contest of this kind should be a nervous strain is taken for granted . . . what with the suspense of not knowing until called upon to sing, which of four arias will be required! In each of the arias which Miss Goldsmith prepared, one from *Rigoletto*, two from *Sonnambula*, and one from the *Barber of Seville*, appeared a difficult cadenza which had to be negotiated. That, we wager, would give a singer plenty to think about before rising to face the microphone.

Among the judges were Yeatman Griffith, Dudley Buck, and several well-known critics. All of them were presented to her in the ballroom of the Hotel Roosevelt after the contest, but she confesses that the excitement of winning was so great that her im-

pressions of what followed are more or less hazy. Which is quite natural. . . .

That well-known personage, W. J. Guard, Publicity Director of the Opera, has recently returned from Europe with a violin. He confesses that the "fiddle" once held his fancy as a youth, so when a musician on the *Saturnia*, bound for New York, made known the fact that he had a violin on his hands which he would very much like to sell for \$30, Mr. Guard bought it! The fiddle can now be placed alongside the flute in Mr. Guard's affections—maybe!



The Opera House, that mecca for all opera-lovers, has undergone some alterations since last year. We noted with glee that we shall no longer be called upon to do an impromptu charleston in attempting to escape the motor cars which swing blithely up to the 39th Street carriage entrance, in order to unload glittering dowagers, dazzling debutantes and uncomfortable looking escorts. There is now a sidewalk and curb, and this signifies safety for the pedestrian!

On the same side of the House, however, there is a sight which would (or should?) wring the heart of even the most hard-boiled and cynical of opera-goers. The glamorous portal, the stage door, has been in the hands of vandals. No longer does the little vestibule, which extended beyond the wall of the building, greet us! It is a thing of the past and the fact cannot be noted without sadness, for this was the romantic domain through which so many famous singers passed—it was a symbol of enchantment and beauty. Entering the opera house now through the stage door, one steps immediately into the backstage anteroom; there is not that small enclosure which somehow seemed to shield the anteroom from the noise and bustle of a material world.

STRAUSS WALTZES AND SPANISH BULL FIGHTS

Dr. Frank Damrosch, during his summer sojourn abroad, heard, besides the music at Bayreuth, a very good orchestra conducted by a grandnephew of Johann Strauss, the Waltz King, at Mergentheim, a charming watering place in Germany. Near the Spanish border, he attended an open air performance of *Carmen*. In the last act the bull fight was a real one, so real in fact, that it was unbearably brutal and gory, at least to American feelings. *Carmen* is better served *à la* Metropolitan!

OLIVER DENTON

It was with great sorrow that we learned of the sudden death of one of the beloved teachers at the Institute of Musical Art, Oliver Denton. The manner of his death was so tragic that it still seems unbelievable.

In July Mr. Denton left for Paris with a class of pupils for a musical holiday. While there the studio building, the new Salle Pleyel, in which he lived, caught fire. Evidently the sound-proof walls prevented his hearing any alarm in time to escape. Some think he was smothered by smoke, but it is more likely that in his endeavor to escape, his heart failed him, as in recent years he had suffered more or less from heart trouble, though he was still a comparatively young man. His was the only life lost in the fire.

Oliver Denton, an American by birth, studied here and abroad and achieved a national reputation as concert-pianist and teacher. He became associated with the Institute in 1925, and in his three years of work here, he had won the respect and admiration of all his pupils. His kindly interest, high ideals, and devotion to music, were an inspiration which will live long in the hearts of those who knew him.

—Catherine Carver.

CARL BLAIR HUTCHINGS

Carl Blair Hutchings, flutist, Class of 1927, passed away Tuesday, October 9th, at Syracuse Memorial Hospital, following an illness of several months. Burial was at Tully, New York.

"Hutch," as he was affectionately known, came to the Institute after being graduated from Manlius Military School where he had been Bandmaster. He spent two years with us and then travelled for a year with Sousa's Band. In 1926 he re-entered the Institute and took his diploma the following June. He was awarded a scholarship for the next year but his health began to fail and he was never able to pursue his post-graduate work.

He was well known and popular throughout the Institute. His student record is of the highest order and he was endowed with a personal charm which endeared him to everyone with whom he came in contact. Those of us who were here at the time of his graduation will remember the ease with which he carried the responsibilities of his role as Master of Ceremonies for the Class Show of 1927. His flow of wit kept the audience highly entertained and his ability in this direction made a lasting impression.

We shall miss his happy and carefree manner, to which with all reverence and affection we apply his own inimitable and irrelevant expression, "It teaches us a great lesson!"

—Charles Krane.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC

Institute Artists and Others

By Lloyd Mergentime

(Continued from Page 2)

double-stops against splashes of piano notes proved individually light and graceful works. Mr. Gardner has always played with much virtuosity, and in this performance he was in particularly good form. The dignified young New Yorker, assisted at the piano by Luther Gloss, an Institute graduate, gave also a Schubert rondo arranged by Carl Friedberg of the Institute Faculty.

Elshuco Trio. This trio has as its members Willem Willeke, William Kroll (both members of the faculty at the Institute of Musical Art) and Aurelio Giorni. A truly excellent organization. Engineering Auditorium, November 14th.

Katherine Bacon. One of the best among women pianists. Miss Bacon is an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art. Town Hall, November 19th. Also in joint recital at The Barbizon, November 27th.

Anton Rovinsky. An ardent modernist of the piano. At one time a student at the Institute of Musical Art. Town Hall, November 20th.

Ernest Hutcheson, Dean of the Juilliard Graduate School of Music and *Willem Willeke,* a member of the faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, participated in a concert given by the Beethoven Association at Town Hall on October 22nd. These, in conjunction with Efrem Zimbalist, Helen Stanley, Harold Bauer, and the Flonzaley Quartet, provided a most delightful evening of music. Mr. Hutcheson, one of the master pianists, gave his annual recital at Carnegie Hall, November 7th.

Marianne Kneisel, a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, and her brother, Franz Kneisel, Jr., a former student at the Institute, devotedly carried on again this summer the work begun by their eminent father, the late Franz Kneisel, at Blue Hill, Maine. In acknowledgment of the pleasure given to a large audience of summer residents at the Friday evening ensemble programs at Kneisel Hall, Mrs. Ethelbert Nevin, wife of the composer, presented the young Kneisels with a gold-bound book of tribute.

Harold Morris, a member of our Piano Faculty, will give a Brahms program in the Recital Hall of the Institute of Musical Art, on the evening of November 22nd.

Robert Velten, a young American violinist and at one time a pupil of Franz Kneisel at the Institute of Musical Art, gave a recital at Town Hall on October 8th. Mr. Velten displayed a tone of warmth and beauty; refinement and dignity of style and sound musicianship. He was well received.

Louis Kaufman, an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, gave a violin recital at Town Hall on October 29th. Mr. Kaufman played with confidence and tonal security and displayed a clarity of outline and good style. When occasion demanded his tone had a beautiful and poetic coloring. A good-sized audience gave Mr. Kaufman the warm approval he deserved. *Louis Greenwald*, a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, provided very capable and sympathetic accompaniments.

Lillian Fuchs, an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, is busy with Quartet activities sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Leventritt, prominent patrons of music in New York.



Courtesy of Musical America

Bernard Wagenaar, of the Institute Faculty, whose First Symphony was recently performed.

Bernard Wagenaar, one of the teachers of composition at the Institute, has been honored by having his First Symphony played by the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the direction of his countryman, Willem Mengelberg. A review of the work is given by W. J. Henderson, Dean of Music Critics, who is also a member of the Institute Faculty.

On Sunday afternoon, October 7th, the Philharmonic-Symphony gave a first performance of a symphony by Bernard Wagenaar. Mr. Wagenaar is a young Hollander, born in 1894, and now a naturalized American. When he first came to this city he played for two years among the second violins of the Philharmonic. He is now a teacher of harmony, counterpoint and composition at the Institute of Musical Art and the Juilliard Graduate School. His first symphony was begun in 1920 and completed in 1926. It has no opus number and no

key designation. It begins with a "prologue" which Mr. Wagenaar considered too long and too important thematically to be called an introduction. The prologue opens with a motto theme which assumes some importance in the work and contains five themes in all. It leads directly without pause into the first movement, an allegro, of which the first theme is derived from the fifth of the prologue.

The third movement is a scherzo, which introduces itself with a clarinet subject in syncopated rhythm. Concerning this syncopation the composer has declared it inevitable if one lives in America. The last movement is entitled "Epilogue," and after a new theme indulges in reflective reconsideration of ideas heard earlier in the composition. There is no principal key for any movement except the scherzo, which is in G major.

Mr. Wagenaar's symphony was heard with evident interest by a considerable audience. The composer was called to the stage, where he shook hands with the conductor and the concert-master and was heartily applauded by the spectators. The symphony proved to be one of modernist tendency, but not of modern extravagance. The composer availed himself of all the freedom from restrictive key relationships and from melodic formulæ made familiar by the European progressives, but showed much respect for established types of beauty.

His themes exhibited clearness of outline and the kind of structure intended for symphonic development.

THE OPERA

All is well, the Opera has opened auspiciously and continues brilliantly. As is sometimes the case, there was more distinction of singing than of acting. The cast, which included Ponselle, Martinelli, Danise, and Pinza, was one of the best to be drawn from the Metropolitan Opera forces, but it was not at its happiest in Montemezzi's *L'Amore dei Tre Re*. The opera itself is one of the most beautiful of modern scores, and it has for its story Benelli's intense and swiftly moving drama. To musicians it was a treat to have the initial performance of the opera season a work of intrinsic value, rather than a mere show piece. Anyway, what with news photographers strenuously taking flashlights at carriage entrances, and society reporters scurrying through the corridors during the two intermissions, the Metropolitan's opening reception was a notable one.

On Election Night, Richard Strauss's *Egyptian Helen* had its American premier. Everybody of note seemed to be there! What they heard smote their ears with many an unpleasant sound from orchestra pit and stage. The first act might be forgiven, but not the second! One of the critics was heard to pronounce the opera one of Richard Strauss's posthumous works. What the audience saw was Joseph Urban's colorful and masterful

settings framing Maria Jeritza at her best. Her costumes are worth the price of admission!

THE ORCHESTRAS

The Philharmonic-Symphony, a combination of the former New York Symphony and the Philharmonic Orchestras—a combination which is about 75% Philharmonic and 25% New York Symphony—gave its first concert at Carnegie Hall on the evening of October 4th, under the able direction of Willem Mengelberg. Walter Damrosch has been acting as guest conductor at a few of the concerts.

The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra is giving ten concerts in New York City this season. Leopold Stokowski is again at the conductor's stand of this famous organization, after a year's leave of absence.

Two other visiting orchestras make appearances in New York this season: the Boston Symphony, under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, and the Cleveland Orchestra under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff.

THE GREAT ONES IN RECENT CONCERT AND RECITAL

The critical thresher, having been hard at work on our manifold musical events, separating the wheat from the chaff, gives us as our most worth while artists (aside from those already listed in these columns), the familiar names of recent years: Fritz Kreisler, Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist, among the violinists; Josef Hofmann, Harold Bauer and Vladimir Horowitz, of pianists; Geraldine Farrar, Nina Koshetz, Tito Schipa, Beniamino Gigli, and Roland Hayes, foremost among vocal interpreters. Serge Koussevitzky, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, presented himself in a new rôle, that of double-bass virtuoso.

Of organizations appearing in concert, there have been the Friends of Music under the direction of Arturo Bodanzky, the English Singers, and the American Symphonic Ensemble without conductor.

DITSON

Musical Instruments



HARPS VIOLINS
PIANOS GUITARS
SAXOPHONES BANJOS
MANDOLINS

Special Attention Given to
Students and Schools

Prices to Suit All Purses
Catalogs on Request

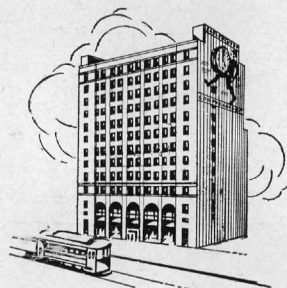
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.

8-10-12 East 34th Street

"Everything in Music"

Visit
Our Instrument
Department

Violins, violas, cellos,
basses, brass instruments,
plectrum and percussion instruments—all
await your inspection.



CARL FISCHER, Inc. Cooper Square, New York

We stock the music of all European and American publishers

VIOLINS - OLD and NEW

BOWS, CASES, STRINGS, ETC.

Expert Repairing

EXCHANGING AND DEFERRED PAYMENTS

Send for Our Catalogs

AUGUST GEMUNDER & SONS Est. 1846
Dept. B 119 WEST 42nd STREET New York

Where to Buy Books and Stationery

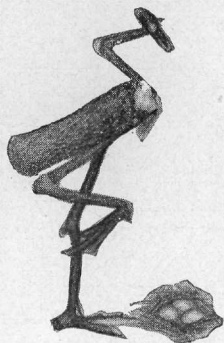
THE COLLEGE BOOK STORE

A. G. SEILER

1224 AMSTERDAM AVENUE

Between 120th & 121st Streets

You can depend upon getting the right material at the lowest prices.



The Proverb:
"Nothing New Under the Sun"

Is effectively contradicted by

**THE WHIFFENPOOFEL
CAFETERIA**

New in name

New in tastiness of its food

New in its decorations

New in its atmosphere of courtesy

Owned and Operated by Students
It Has Become a Rendezvous for
Students and Professors from the
Institute of Musical Art

WHEN YOU TRY IT
YOU'LL LIKE IT

3070 BROADWAY, NEAR 122nd STREET
BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, DINNER, AS YOU LIKE IT

Lunch—11:30 until 2:30

Dinner—5:30 until 8:30

EVERGREEN TEA ROOM

1257 AMSTERDAM AVENUE

(Corner of 122nd Street)

'Phone: Monument 7900

Try Our Noontime Special at 50 cents

Table D'Hote Dinners—75 cents to \$1.25

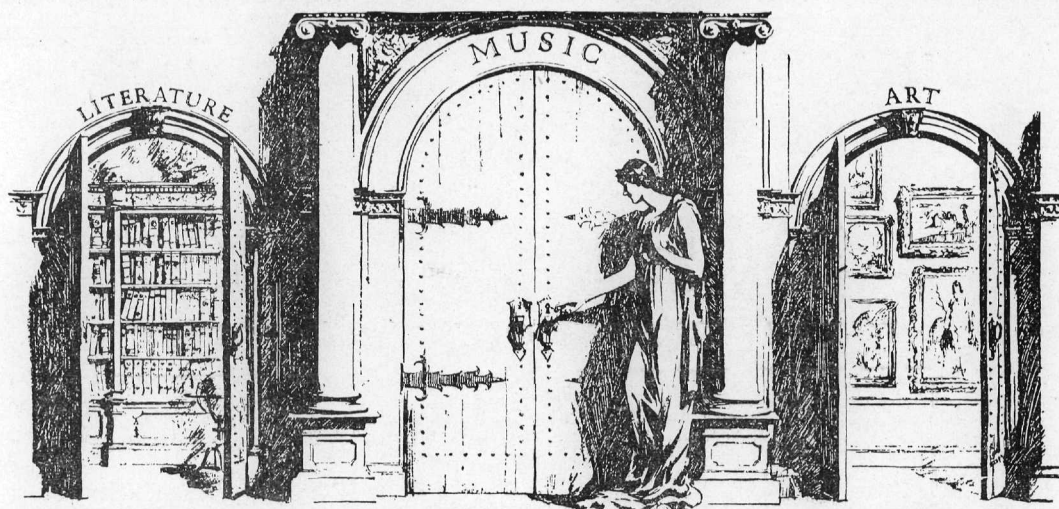
Luncheon, \$.50 to \$.75 Dinner, \$.65 to \$1.00

SHIPWRECK INN

A La Carte All Day

107 Claremont Avenue

New York City



The Door to a New Treasureland of Beauty and Enjoyment

AudioGraphic Music

AND THE

AUDIOGRAPHIC DUO-ART PIANO

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

THE ÆOLIAN COMPANY :: Educational Dept. :: Aeolian Hall :: New York

The Parnassus Club

605 and 612 West 115th Street

New York

A Jolly Trip to Music Land

A child's very first piano book that meets the needs of this new age.

By LESLIE FAIRCHILD

Will hold a child's breathless interest from the first to the last page. Charming, colorful illustrations made entirely from the symbols of musical notation.

Endorsed by: Josef Hofmann, Edwin Hughes, Richard Buhlig, Henry Cowell, Mrs. Edgar Stillman Kelley, Mrs. William Arms Fisher, Mrs. Russell Ripley Dorr, etc.

Foster Music Publisher, Inc.

218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

To the Students of the Institute

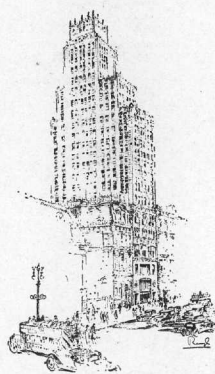
Do you realize that your own music store, maintained in the basement of your building, is *completely equipped to supply all of your sheet-music and music-book needs?*

Not only can you instantly secure anything directly called for by your studies, but any other of your musical requirements (if not in stock there) can be supplied within twenty-four hours, by notifying Mrs. Jacobs.

Furthermore, you are not limited to Schirmer publications, because your store will supply the issues of any or all other publishers.

G. SCHIRMER, Inc.

3 East 43rd Street, New York



AT the northeast corner of 57th Street and Fifth Avenue a new Studio for the exhibition of the *Extraordinary Friedrich Collection of Rare Violins* is awaiting your visit.

We hope to greet our many friends here this season. We buy, sell, repair and appraise. New illustrated catalogs and brochure sent on request.

John Friedrich & Bro.

Violins, and everything pertaining to them.

5 East 57th Street
NEW YORK

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



HARMONIE RELIGIEUSE, painted for the STEINWAY COLLECTION by F. LUIS MORA

It has been said of the music of Franz Liszt that it glows and smoulders like a living coal—now shot with rays of white religious light, now darkening with eerie gypsy glints. In turn tumultuous and meditative, alternately tender and unrestrained, it bears on every page the mark of unexampled brilliance and imaginative force.

TODAY the question "Which piano?" receives the same answer that it had when Franz Liszt chose the Steinway as his personal instrument, 50 years ago. In point of tone, durability, and excellence of craftsmanship, it has never been approached by any other instrument. For generations it has been the choice

of almost every musician of note. In the fullest sense, it is "The Instrument of the Immortals."

Yet the Steinway is primarily a piano for the home, and particularly for the home of limited income. For the life-long service which is built into this instrument—extending over periods of 30, 40, and even 50 years or more—is an index of that true economy which lies in the best and finest things. No matter which of the many styles and sizes you select, you may rest assured that you need never buy another piano. The Steinway is a permanent musical investment.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: \$875 and up Plus transportation