

# The Baton



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OF THE JUILLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC

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*Feb. 1929*

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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.

### BEFORE THE PUBLIC

*Evsei Belousoff, Naoum Blinder* (both members of the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art) and Emanuel Bay are giving a concert of chamber music in the Recital Hall on the evening of March 2nd.

*Musical Art Quartet.* This organization has as its members Sascha Jacobsen, Louis Kaufman, Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff (all artist graduates of the Institute of Musical Art) and Paul Bernard. They will give a concert of chamber music at the John Golden Theatre on March 3rd.

*Symphonic Singers.* This organization has among its members two students from the Institute of Musical Art—Allie Ronka and Mildred Kreuder. Mme. Lillie Sang-Collins, a member of the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, is accompanying at the piano. The Barbizon, March 5th.

*Josef Lhevinne,* a member of the Faculty of the Juilliard Graduate School, is to give a recital at the Barbizon on March 19th.

*William Kroll,* a member of the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, is to appear in a violin recital at Carnegie Hall on March 20th.

*John Erskine,* President of the Juilliard School of Music, is to be the speaker and guest of honor at the concert to be given by the Peoples Chorus, at Town Hall on March 2nd.

*Carl Friedberg,* of the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, is to play the Mozart piano concerto in C at the concert to be given by the Friends of Music on March 24th.

The following artists are outstanding in the March concerts: (Pianists) Harold Bauer, Town Hall, March 2nd; Nikolai Orloff, Town Hall, March 5th; Mieczyslaw Münz, Washington Irving H. S., March 8th; Harold Samuel, Town Hall, March 12th;

George Copeland, Carnegie Hall, March 12th; Sergei Rachmaninoff, Carnegie Hall, March 19th; Josef Hofmann, Carnegie Hall, March 24th and Walter Gieseking, Carnegie Hall, March 31st. (Violinists) Jascha Heifetz, Carnegie Hall, March 2nd; Max Rosen, Carnegie Hall, March 10th; Lea Luboschutz, Carnegie Hall, March 17th.

Also the following: Prague Teachers Chorus, Metropolitan Opera House, March 3rd; Lawrence Tibbett, Columbia University, March 9th; Schola Cantorum, Carnegie Hall, March 13th; Flonzaley Quartet and Ernest Schelling, Town Hall, March 17th; Beniamino Gigli, Century Theatre, March 17th; Beethoven Association, Town Hall, March 18th; English Singers, Town Hall, March 23rd; London String Quartet, Town Hall, March 28th; and Felix Salmond, Town Hall, March 31st.

*Arturo Toscanini* is returning to the conductor's desk of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra for the remainder of the season.

*The Boston Symphony Orchestra* is to play at Carnegie Hall on March 7th and 9th, led by Serge Koussevitzky.

*The Philadelphia Orchestra* is appearing at Carnegie Hall on March 5th under the leadership of Eugene Goossens and on March 19th directed by Clemens Kraus.

*The Institute* is represented in the February list of artists by the following (arranged in the order of their appearance): Arthur Loesser, Katherine Bacon, Maria Winetzkaja, Frances Hall, Norma Bleakley, Ruth Breton, Philip Scharf, Clara Rabinovitch, Alton Jones, James Friskin, Evsei Belousoff, Yehudi Menuhin, Mischa Levitzki.

*The Annual Concert* by the Institute of Musical Art took place at Carnegie Hall on the evening of February 22nd. For program see page 18.

—Lloyd Mergentime.

## The Baton

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THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

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Vol. VIII

February, 1929

No. 4

# Fiddlesticks

## Leopold Auer Discusses Topics of the Day

By Elizabeth Stutsman

TO have been the teacher of at least three of the world's great virtuosi of the violin is in itself an honor sufficient for one man. But when this man has been also a child prodigy, student at the time when the music we know best today was developing, soloist to the Czar of Russia for many years, orchestra conductor, teacher, and intimate friend of the eminent musicians of his day, one is deeply conscious of the aura of prestige and fame and glamour which surrounds him.

Leopold Auer was born at a time which holds for us the greatest artistic as well as political interest; a time when many European states were fighting for the freedom of press and speech and the protection of property which have become our birthright and which we take for granted. He has known the golden imperialism of Russia, the iron militarism of Germany, the magnetism of Paris under Napoleon III, the vaguely menacing picturesqueness of Turkey ruled by a subtle and powerful Sultan; and he has seen all these seemingly stable regimes inundated by a flood of democracy which swept over the world like a tidal wave.

Yet Prof. Auer, in spite of being the possessor of a remarkably fine visual memory and a happy faculty of recalling vividly the personalities and events of the past, keeps forever moving forward, adding more and more interesting experiences to his already tremendous repertoire, and devoting his best efforts toward perfecting the art to which his whole life has been dedicated.

Doubtless remembering how much the opportunity of playing on a really fine instrument would have meant to him in his youth, Prof. Auer has made a plea for the establishment of a fund for the purchase of old violins to be used by exceptionally talented students who are without the means necessary to obtain them for their own. In speaking of the plan recently, he said, "It calls for an immense sum of money, of course, even though we could not procure Stradivarii or Guarnerii. The Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia has a number of rare old violins which may be used occasionally by the students, but only while they are studying there, I believe. Many of the best instruments are in the hands of amateurs and collectors who would be loath to part with them—another drawback to any scheme for securing a number of them."

The acquisitive instinct is a curious thing, especially when it manifests itself as a purposeless desire to collect. A wealthy pen manufacturer of Birmingham, England, once possessed over five hundred old instruments, fiddles, 'cellos and basses, which he merely kept, letting them be unused and uncared for.

He did not play himself and probably did not realize how valuable his aggregation was to the world of art. However, most collections in which instruments are cared for while they are being kept from use, tend to preserve them, and a future generation gets the benefit of what the present misses.



Mozart as a youthful violinist.

Prof. Auer would take exception to the familiar statement that "genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration," for that one per cent is as important as the other ninety-nine. "Genius is born and not made," he said decisively. "Technique, repertoire, musicianship—those can be learned; but the quality that interests people most—the individuality—that is inborn. That is why there are so many musicians of remarkable technique who find no place in the favor of the public. Technique is not enough. What attracts the masses is precisely what cannot be learned.

"And yet it goes without saying that technique is indispensable to the genius. Ensemble work is of especial importance in the development of the virtuoso, for through this medium he gets a breadth of style, a refinement of taste, and a training in musicianship which he could get by no other means; and for this reason institutions are of the highest importance in music education.

"A young artist should take every opportunity of



performing in public, for there is a tremendous strain on the nerves which is entirely lacking in the calm of the studio, and which must be mastered as early as possible."

Prof. Auer does not like ultra-modern music. "It has no melody," he protests with a shrug of distaste. "Melody is the basis of music, and modern composers do not care for it. But," he adds with a smile, "perhaps in fifteen or twenty years it will be enjoyed. When I was a student at the Vienna Conservatory in 1858 I went to hear 'Tannhäuser.' Just because the critics were so adverse in their judgments of it I was curious to hear for myself how meaningless and devoid of melody it was. It may be that the future will bring to modern music the popularity which that of Wagner now enjoys. But at present it does not appeal to me and I am always puzzled at the thousands of people who listen to it and applaud as if they really understood and liked it."

One wishes that Prof. Auer could supplement his autobiography, adding here and there the fragments which float to the top of his deep well of memory, and that he could also give us an autobiography of his mind. For, being a critical and discriminating participant of both the Old and the New, his observations and questionings and conclusions would have great significance for all of us, artists, would-be artists, or just plain human beings.



*Leopold Auer's Workshop*  
(Courtesy of The New York World)

## THE ART OF SINGING

By W. J. Henderson

In the opinion of this writer singing is the branch of musical performance which demands the greatest amount of study, and for the simple reason that the mechanism is inside of the performer where he cannot see it work. Furthermore he cannot hear himself as others hear him. When I sit down to my piano and strike a chord I hear just what every one else in the room hears and I know whether it sounds bad or good (it usually sounds bad). If I draw a bow over the strings of a violin I produce a tone outside of myself and it sounds to me as it does to others.

But when I sing "ah" on my middle C, I make a sound inside of myself and because the vibrations get to my ears from both sides (from the rear by the Eustachean tubes) I cannot possibly hear the tone as the other persons in the room hear it. Therefore a singer has to labor for years to acquire a technic which will make him certain of the right way to produce each tone in his scale so that it will sound as he intends it to sound. And in order that he shall have it, the right intention about that sound, he must have a musical organization, a fastidious sense of tonal beauty and an unerring instinct or judgment about the manner of joining tones.

But after all the technical groundwork is constructed and found to be perfect, after it is admitted that the student has a musical nature and at least a respectable degree of intelligence, one thing more is needed to make a real singer. It is the one thing without which there can be no real artist of any kind—namely, imagination. The creative faculty of the human mind is essential to the interpreter. It need not be the highest order of imagination; that belongs to the great composer. But without imagination no singer can grasp the musical organism of a song; and if he cannot perceive that, he cannot plan a correct interpretation of the song.

Yes, there are singers who study even in these days and they shine as stars of the first magnitude in the musical heavens. Rosa Ponselle did not attain to the level of her Norma by staying out o' nights at eat, drink and be merry places, nor did Lucrezia Bori construct the ravishing tonal quality of her Fiora by continual indulgence in the private practice of a jazzed up existence. Elisabeth Rethberg must have put in many, many hours of solid work, and be still putting them in to be able to sing like a Dresden china angel.

As for intonation, many a time at the Metropolitan, this writer has felt that he would give several hard-earned dollars if the whole cast could be sent to one of those garages which hang out the welcome sign, "We fix flats."



# Melodies of Desert and Mosque

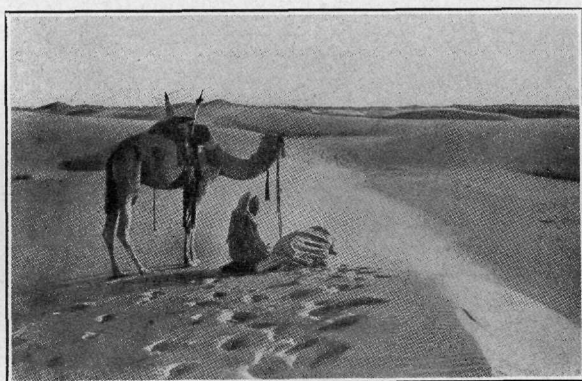
## Life in Arabia and Turkey

By Arif Morally

As told to the Assistant Editor

"OH, but you hear that all the time in the desert. It is very beautiful!" Desert? . . .

Blue sky, endless hills and valleys of sand, perhaps a single group of palm trees outlined against the horizon. This seemed remote indeed from an Institute classroom on a particularly blue Monday. Arif Morally, the speaker in whom the harmonic form of the minor scale had awakened recollections of desert melodies, is one of a number of students who come to us from far countries. Equipped with a wealth of interesting memories and ease of gesture



Inspired by the silence and infinity of the desert, every Arab is a poet.

and mimicry with which to illustrate them, he told many things about lands and customs with which most of us are totally unfamiliar.

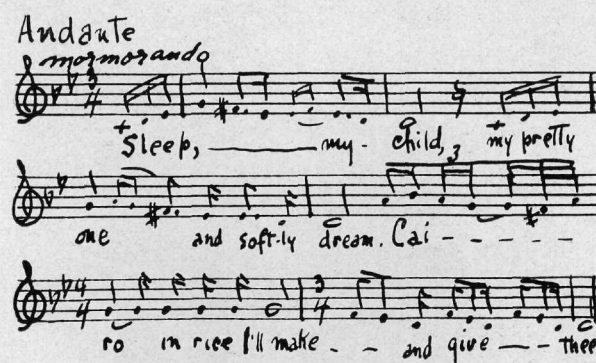
"The desert has a tremendous influence upon one," exclaimed Morally. "Nomadic people who roam this silent limitless expanse of sand could not help being poets, nor keep from singing. The Arabians used to speak in poetry. The desire and ability to express one's thoughts in beautiful terms arise from a feeling which comes over one only in the vastness of the desert. I can think of nothing to describe it—perhaps you would call it inspiration. It comes at night, when the sand dunes and their shadows are black and white in the moonlight, and the stars shine so brightly that it seems as if you could stretch your hand out and pluck them from the sky. There is even something about the air on a night like that which is mysterious and unfathomable. Perhaps the rhythmic throb of a tom-tom will sound in the distance; or a caravan go plodding by, led by a brave little jackass holding his head high as if proud to feel himself at the head of so important a procession.

"These animals are chosen to lead caravans because they have an excellent sense of direction, whereas camels would be apt to walk around in

circles if they were not guided. Travelling is done at night when it is cool and rest taken during the day at oases where some protection from the heat and glare of the sun can be found. The men sing as they go or play on an oriental type of flute which has a plaintive tone one can never forget. But the desert has its times of violence, too, when sandstorms change the very surface of the earth as if it were water. Camels and horses can always sense a storm coming long before it arrives, so that some preparation can be made for it, but even so it is a terrifying thing to experience. The Arabian horses are wonderful and very valuable. Some, said to be descended from Mohammed's horse, represent so large an investment that several men have shares in them. One man owns an eye, another a leg, and so on.

"Arabians are naturally of a white complexion, but are so burned by the sun that it is difficult to believe that their skin was ever light. The women are exceptionally slim and supple, and their eyes are lustrous with belladonna, used as a protection from the sand glare—men use it too. The almost unbearable heat of the daytime is very enervating and results in the laziness which is associated with hot climates in other parts of the world. Water, being a luxury in so dry a land, is not often wasted by using it to wash with; but devout Mohammedans overcome this difficulty by bathing with sand."

When Arif was a boy of fifteen years, he was a muezzin in a mosque in Constantinople. Five times a day, at dawn, noon, mid-afternoon, sunset and



A Syrian Folk Song.

Based on the harmonic minor scale.

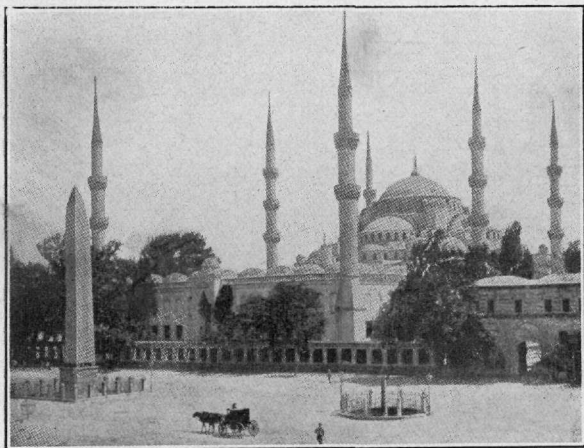
midnight, wearing a fez with white or green wrapped around it, he would ascend to the balcony of his minaret and sing the call to prayer which brought all the faithful to their knees, facing eastward toward the holy city of Mecca. Minarets are tall, slender towers, built of several stories, each sur-



rounded by a balcony and they are characteristic of mosques, though they may also stand alone.

Turkish men are noted for their high voices and tenors are especially liked. High women's voices, however, are not admired. A Turk almost always prefers to hear a contralto rather than a soprano voice. "It was easy for me to sing from low g to high c-sharp," said Morally, "but of course we sing correctly, here," indicating the mask of his face, "not in our throats as the Arab muezzins so often do.

"Before entering the temple a worshipper must wash his hands and remove his shoes. The religion



*The Mosque and Minarets of Sultan Achmet I, considered the most beautiful in Constantinople.*

of Mohammed stresses cleanliness—we had to wash all the time. Inside the building the men are apart from the women, who stand on a sort of balcony separated from the interior proper by windows through which they look. The girls are always very devout when the muezzin is young and good looking! The Koran used to be chanted, and the Koran-reader would improvise the melody as he went along, but now it is merely read.

"The violin and the nay, a kind of wood flute, are used most commonly in the temple service. Eastern countries have many varieties of instruments—the rebab, a species of violoncello; the kamanchi, with strings which one plays with the back of the fingers—it is very hard to play and sounds like a viola; the tambour, a kind of tambourine; the oud, with several strings of wire and several of gut, played with a plectrum; all these are especially interesting to hear and also to see, as many of them are inlaid with mother-of-pearl in intricate patterns."

Both the melodic and harmonic minor scales are used but the harmonic is more frequent. In Turkish, Arabian and Persian music there is no chord structure. Harmony and counterpoint are regarded as unnecessary and disturbing elements—melody is all-important. The intervals of the scale are very small, about a quarter of a tone; so that the singing gives a sliding effect like that often produced by a violin or guitar. The melodies are so ornamented and embellished with trills improvised by each individual that they are scarcely recognizable as being the same fundamentally. It is very difficult for one accustomed to our major and minor scale to understand the intonation and rhythm of this music, but those who have become familiar with it find in it a peculiar and haunting beauty quite different from the harmonic progressions which we are apt to think of as the basis of the entire art of music. The systems might be compared to two languages: each has to be thoroughly understood before its subtlety and loveliness of sound can be appreciated.

Persian, Arabian and Turkish musical development has been the result of close connection among the three races at different periods of history. Bagdad in the eighth and ninth centuries was the musical center of the eastern world. Persian singers, instrumentalists and poets flocked to the courts of the caliphs and were fabulously rewarded in the palaces there and at Damascus and Aleppo; and, the Arabs having conquered Spain as well as Persia, were lavishly remunerated by the royalty of Cordova, Toledo and Granada. Marvelous tales of the influence of musicians of that time have become traditional; how a poignant song saved thousands of inhabitants of a conquered city from the vengeance of its master; how an audience was moved from tears to laughter, rage, reckless generosity and sleep by a lute player who then escaped with his gifts before his victims should repent their hasty munificence.



*Melody of a Turkish Love Song.*

*(Music on pages 5 and 6 from "My Favorite Folk Songs" by Marcella Sembrich. Used by permission of the copyright owners, Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.)*

Yet it is said that Mohammed, who seems to have been a poet in spite of himself, considered neither poetry nor music good. The Koran, however, does

*(Continued on Page 17)*



# Music of the Carolina Mountains

## Folk Songs and Banjo Tunes

By Lamar Stringfield

HOW many artists enjoy the alibi of performing a "request" number, and how few of the audience enjoy hearing it, will not be discussed here. Though this is a request composition, it is going to place its alibi, not on that fact, but on the fact that it is a "fantasy," since a Fantasy, according to Dr. Percy Goetschius, is without form and is easy for the composer to write.

There have been many *authentic* articles written on the subject of American folk music and its original production, but there is a phase of that subject that has not been suggested before. Many disillusioned young artists, who have been slightly disappointed that the world has not bowed in recognition of their art, should welcome the discovery of a place where the people love every kind of music, regardless of the perfection of its performance. These people comply with the laws of satisfying nature's sense of hearing by enjoying music, without exerting any degree of intellect to mar the occasion.

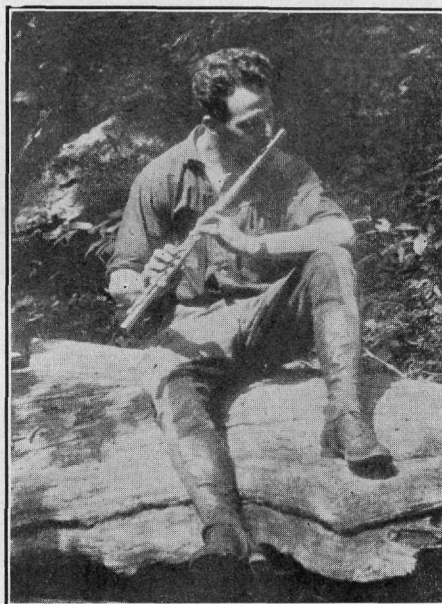
This setting in the mountains of Western North Carolina has been the laboratory for many collectors of folk music. Some collections have exposed the restraint of the mountain people with their folk lore, by the lack of authenticity in the compilations. They are a very exclusive people, as a whole, and will only give out the true material to those who have troubled their parents and themselves to have been born and reared among them. When an "outsider" comes to them for the tunes, they may give him a tune of "Cripple Creek", for instance, but it will not be the tune which is held most close to them. (Though "Cripple Creek" is one of the most popular of the mountain tunes, the writer has not seen it among the compilations of mountain tunes.) While they do not trade in dollars and cents, they do suspicion the values of their wares when approached, and they are very quick to send one off on the wrong trail.

Naturally, the first music to go into those mountains was with the first settlers in the seventeenth century, and it was mostly composed of English folk songs. Then, as the generations began to add up, the music went through many changes, with many new songs added. Aside from the melodic and rhythmic changes in these songs that have occurred, there have been many changes in the words to fit some circumstances in their mountain life, with changes in the subtle qualities of harmonization to fit the emotions depicted by the words. Most of the old English folk songs in these mountains have been lost to the English people; therefore, we have the American folk songs,—regardless of the English Folk Song collections that have been made in the Southern Mountains.

Without entering into any kind of suggestion that may indicate a new formula for the origin of the American negro music, the reader may "play these tunes over on his piano." (See page 8.)

The second is directly from the first English settlers, before they had generated into Americans; "Sourwood Mountain."

The first is a nameless brain child of the American negro, born sometime during the eighteenth or nineteenth century. This song may have been devel-



Lamar Stringfield

Artist graduate of the Institute in the Flute Department. Most recent winner of the Pulitzer Prize for composition, here seen in his native mountains.

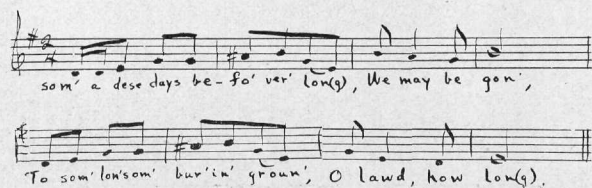
oped at some occasion like a funeral, or in jail, or some such circumstance from which the temperament of the negro derives much pleasure.

The instruments that are used in playing these folk tunes are principally the plectrum banjo, guitar, zither and the "fiddle". The banjo is the only instrument of the four mentioned that is distinctively American in its origin. It is perhaps the technical limitations of the banjo which have influenced many changes in the old English folk tunes before they reached the present form of American folk tunes. When the "fiddle" is used, the tuning of the instrument is changed for almost every different tune played. (To change the tuning of the strings, even in the middle of a passage, would assure more accurate intonation for many violinists!)



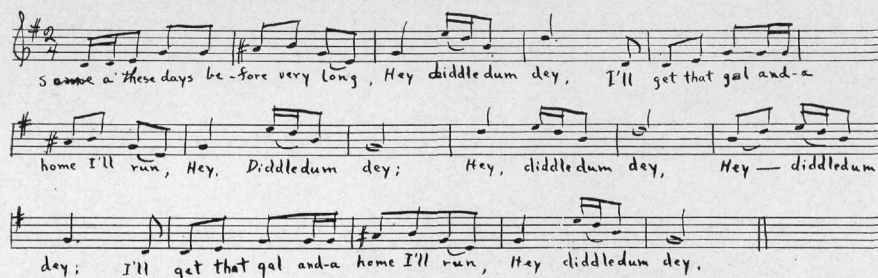
Though the banjo is generally thought of as being characteristic of the Southern negro, it is about the most popular instrument among the mountaineers. (There are very few negroes in the mountains.) A good banjo picker in the mountains stands "ace high" among his fellow people. His playing may not be up to the standard set by the educated musician, but it is of a quality that manifests an inward feeling, instead of trying to convince music critics and students that a great artist is performing.

The evening air is often filled with some old folk song, accompanied by a guitar or banjo, sung by some one walking along a mountain trail. (It is



An authentic mountain tune.

frequently some swain responding to one of those human instincts called, "in love", and he is on his way to "court" his girl). There is a peculiar acoustical effect caused by the changing position of the music as it passes. The trees, the coves, cleared grounds, all lending to the varied quality of the music, which otherwise would probably be monotonous because of its sameness of key. It is something like the effect of a marching band, approaching, passing, receding in the distance; but the acoustical properties supplied by nature give more subtle assistance to the music than do material structures. Perhaps the feeling for the mountain country is one of the best reasons for the saying; "You can get the man out of the country, but you can't get the country out of the man". That lends two interpretations: one, that a man is always a countryman, regardless of other environments; the other, that the longing to get back to the country never leaves a man. The latter interpretation is accepted in this instance.



"Sourwood Mountain," an old English folk song from which the above is derived.

In applying the usage of the folk songs to musical composition, a composer can only depict an *impression* of that music and life, if he does not have almost an instinctive feeling for that music. An American cannot write French or Russian music any more than a Frenchman or a Russian can write American music. The music written by any good composer may be good music on any subject, but if it is not

labeled correctly, it will appear as a mimic to those who have lived the subject; unless, of course, the composer happens to have gotten a thorough feeling and understanding of that subject. Besides having an instinctive emotion for the life of these mountain people, there is only one way to get the authentic themes from them; that is, to live among them and learn to pick the banjo or guitar, become recognized by them as a "good musician" and get them interested enough to teach the tunes one already does not know, and the rest is easy.

Good music is good music, regardless of its age, subject or the nationality of the composer. It has been with that in mind that the American folk music, hidden in the Southern Mountains, has been the subject of these remarks; that the field of interesting material for the composition of more good music may be broadened.

## A Valuable Letter

Recently Received by Lamar Stringfield

You could scarcely believe what a joy it was to me to receive your very good and interesting letter. I had often wondered why I never had a line from you, for you are one of my very dear "children" you know, and I cannot endure the thought of being forgotten. Indirectly, through THE BATON and musical journals, I have been informed of your activities, and I am proud to learn of your success. I have always believed that you were destined to create valuable works; your musical disposition is amply endowed; you are original; you are earnest and sincere.

I was extremely interested in reading of your encounter with Mlle. Nadia Boulanger. I met her when she was in New York and was deeply impressed. Strive to meet as many such fine musical minds as you can; you learn *something* from everyone with whom you come in contact. It is very, very pleasant to know that you think so well of what I did for you—but you know perfectly well, dear lad, that in *no*

*single person* can all the qualifications be found; I am glad you enjoyed your work with me; but there are many others who can help you, and you must profit by every acquaintance you can make. Even Honegger's "Pacific 231" taught you something, I am sure.

You are right, lad; *form* is all-important in music. The themes must be good, of

course—but it is *what you make out of the themes* that counts. Just glance at Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikowsky—and so much depends upon the way it is all presented, the form or arrangement of the structure.

My best greetings. Keep in touch with your affectionate

—Papa Goetschius.



# IMPROVISATIONS

By Gerald Tracy

## The Oriental Blues

LAWRENCE EVANS, of the famous managerial team of Evans and Salter, has taken all the joy out of life for us. Early February sunshine has been disturbingly brilliant with its suggestion of azure coasts and tropic seas, but we have bravely pretended not to notice and have stoically tried to cling to the idea that New York's rich musical fare precluded any possibility of spring fever and wanderlure. And then, into our life came Mr. Evans, with news that he was leaving on a five months' tour of the Orient with Galli-Curci, one of the stars under his management. There will be a series of at least thirty concerts and the itinerary includes Manila, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, Kyoto, Kobe, Tokio, Yokohama and Honolulu. In the party will be also Homer Samuels, Mme. Galli-Curci's husband and accompanist, and Louis Alberghini, flutist.



Japanese "flappers" who will hear Mme. Galli-Curci in Yokohama.

All of which brings us to the realization that if we were a small boy again, we would want to grow up to be not a fireman nor even a pianist, but a concert manager. Why? He gets the trips, doesn't have to give the concerts and has only the hard work of collecting the gold from the box offices! Then, if he is young, good-looking and full of the *joie de vivre*, as is Mr. Evans, think of the adventures to be had along the way, especially in the entourage of a much-sought celebrity. With this picture in mind, do we contemplate a page of technical exercises with enthusiasm, hours of practice with ardor, or even a stroll in dingy city streets with exultation? Well, we ask you, - - - would you?

Our sole consolation lies in the fact that in a managerial combination, one member has to carry on at home. Thus the affable Mr. Salter is left with the five-fold responsibility of guiding the musical destinies of the other artists under the Evans-Salter wing, Rethberg, Homer, Schipa, Tibbett and the diminutive Menuhin. That, after all, sounds more difficult than managing one Steinway piano!

## Try This On Your Violin

It is told that the Menuhin family went on an auto jaunt with friends a few weeks ago. In the course of the pleasures of the trip one of the participants revealed a talent for lifting and lowering eyebrows prodigiously. Another aroused further wonder by performances with his ears. Yehudi Menuhin was impressed with these accomplishments, but his delight was quickly shadowed. Trying a few faces himself, he remarked, "Let's see, I wonder what I can do that's unusual."

Master Menuhin has just finished making some records in Camden, N. J., for the Victor Talking Machine Company. They came out so well that the Victor Company has decided to rush all of them to Europe for immediate release in connection with Yehudi's debut in Berlin on April 12th. The following records were made:

- (1) (a) Prayer .....Händel-Flesch  
(b) Scotch Pastorale (elaborated edition) .....Gustave Sanger
- (2) Nigun (improvisation), (From "Baal Shem" pictures of Chassidic life) .....Ernest Bloch
- (3) (a) Sarabande et Tambourin Leclair-Sarasate  
(b) Adagio (From Concerto in G major) .....Mozart
- (4) (a) Chant d'Espagne .....Gustave Samazeuilh  
(b) Rondo .....Spohr-Persinger and

La Cancion del Olvido Serrano-Persinger

The young violinist was of course accompanied by his teacher, Mr. Louis Persinger.

It was Mr. Persinger's birthday when they went to Camden. Yehudi was expected to make only four selections during their two days' stay, but he accomplished those before noon on the first day! At lunch time he asked whether he could not give his teacher a birthday gift. When someone inquired, "What, for example?" he said, "You know it would please Mr. Persinger to have me record the two pieces he recently arranged and dedicated to me." The heads of the Victor Company were only too happy to grant the boy's wish, and even asked for four extra selections, all of which he finished that very same day.

The Victor Company made Yehudi a surprise present the next day. They pressed an entire set of all of his new records for him. They are marvelous, we are told.

Yehudi will record, in Berlin, the Tchaikowsky concerto with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and the British Gramophone Company has requested that he record Paganini's "I Palpiti".

## Pretty Warm Party

He—"Come on up to our house tonight."

She—"I can't—I'm going to see 'Tristan and Isolde.'"

"Well, bring 'em along!"—*Life*.



IN the heart of every human being, it is said, there has ever been a secret longing for romance, which has not diminished through centuries of changing civilization. Skyscrapers, aeroplanes, television and the radio are becoming essential parts of twentieth century existence, but scientific marvels, though awe-inspiring, are cold and inanimate. They do not displace in our lives the necessity for an element more poetic, imaginative, illusory.

A dingy building in mid-Manhattan, which gives no outward evidence of the enchantment it houses, is almost the only retreat where we can now find the pomp and pageantry, the plumes, swords and love potions of our youthful fancy. "Grand Opera is an institution to which we cling with a sort of desperation, because it is our precious Museum of Romance," writes one of our prominent music critics. But it is not always, alas, that Opera's heroes and heroines are the ideal embodiment of our dreams. Art often chooses to inhabit strange forms! A beautiful voice is not infrequently found in combination with ample avoirdupois and total innocence of histrionic ability.

An outstanding exception is Edward Johnson, upon whom Nature has lavishly bestowed her gifts. "Here is a tenor with brains," announced a noted prima donna who was rehearsing with him for the first time. Equally important to the visual enjoyment of the romantic rôles he enacts, is his lithe and graceful figure, his stirring dramatic portrayals and the poetry of his every pose and gesture. Whether it be Pelleas, the King's Henchman, Avito, or a score of other famous lovers of Grand Opera's long list, each lives vividly before us in him. One of the most inspired performances of the Ravinia Company's season last summer, was this artist's impersonation of Andrea Chenier. "Ecco il poeta," exclaims the mob in a tribunal scene of the French Revolution, and it seemed as if the words had been written for the occasion. "Here," in truth, *was* "the poet."

#### The Ideal Romeo

But to single out one rôle in particular, Edward Johnson is Romeo, *par excellence*. At the Metropolitan Opera's initial presentation this season of the Shakespeare-Gounod lyric drama, the audience seemed entirely under this Romeo's spell. Nor was the esteemed Dean of Music Critics immune, for he is after all, a human being, and he wrote for his column in the *Evening Sun* next day: "Edward Johnson's Romeo was cast in the true mold. This tenor has the romantic gift. He simulates passion with much illusion and sings such music as that of the impetuous lover with compelling fervor." When Mr. Johnson appeared first as Romeo at the Metropolitan seven years ago, Mr. Henderson commented upon it with equal enthusiasm: "It seemed a foregone conclusion that he would sing and act it well, but he sang and acted it beyond any such anticipation. Romance surrounded every move he made, and a manliness that swept real gratitude throughout the audience. He lifted the love scenes with Mme. Bori's exquisite Juliet to conviction and thrill."

The naturalness and simplicity of great art lead the unsophisticated, especially students in quest of fame and fortune rather than worthy achievement, to believe that the spark of genius and an opportunity for public appearance are all-sufficient to produce an artist of Edward Johnson's attainments or to evoke unqualified praise from austere gentlemen of the press. Unwarranted newspaper publicity disseminated through other channels than the music department, will sometimes produce a celebrity over night, but a name easily won is as easily lost. Only the manifestation of true art can sustain approbation from critics and public over an extended period of years. This is the reward for early struggles.

## Edward

### Pre-eminent Impersona

By Dorothy



Edward Johnson in some  
1, As Don Jose in "Carmen"; 2, as Lieut. Pinkerton in "Madame Butterfly";  
3, as Rhadames in "Aida"; 4, as Aethelwold in "The King's Henchman";  
5, as Aethelwold in "The King's Henchman"; 6, as Aethelwold in "The King's Henchman".  
Love of Th

"I am glad of the up-hill road," Mr. Johnson once said in this connection. "Because of it I am more capable of appreciating the goal I have reached in the Metropolitan Opera." And, one might have added, more fitted to fill and hold an enviable position in this illustrious company's ranks. It is dangerous to ambition and growth for a young singer to begin at the end of the rainbow where the pot of gold is too alluring.

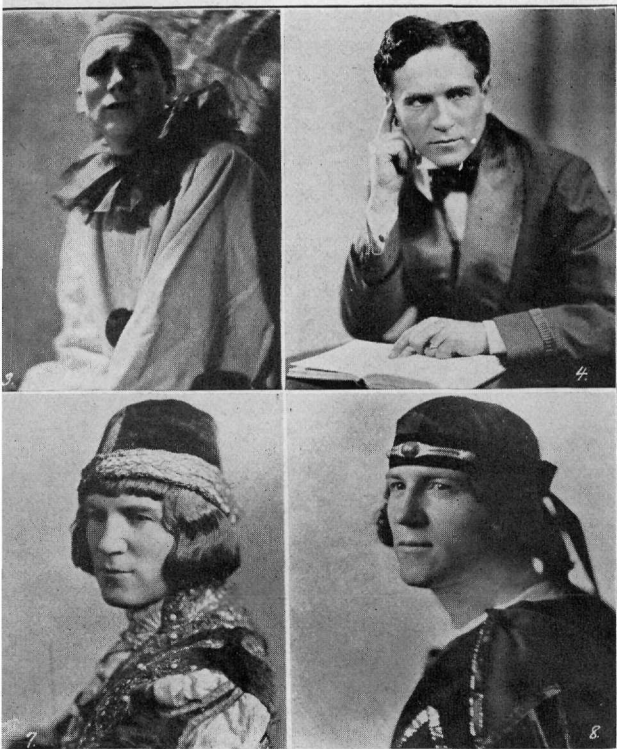
"This getting to the Metropolitan is regarded by some as a Mecca," explained Mr. Johnson. "With me it was not an objective, but a progression. The route lay by Italy, South America, Spain. Europe is the best school for repertoire and experience; you get your technique as you go along and while doing so must perfect yourself in languages.

"It is risky to decide immediately for opera," he said, speaking of beginners. "That is a development. The best training I ever got for opera was my church and concert experience. Classics are the base, the backbone, for voice, piano or violin. It's



### tor of Romantic Rôles

## Crowthers



of his most famous rôles.

That Mr. Johnson, unlike many opera stars, is a notable interpreter of classics of the concert stage, is demonstrated by the comment of Mr. Olin Downes of the *New York Times* concerning a presentation of Pierné's "St. Francis of Assisi" at a recent music festival. "Interest in the soloists," he remarked, "centered primarily upon Edward Johnson, Metropolitan Opera tenor. He took the rôle of St. Francis, and it is manifestly the most grateful of the oratorio. Mr. Johnson was in splendid voice and gave a reading which did justice to his great endowments. Outstanding at first was his meticulously beautiful enunciation, which permitted no word to be lost, especially since it was coupled with intelligent phrasing. Little by little the character grew under his deft touches. In the 'stigmata' episode he carried his work to a magnificent climax which brought him before the audience in his full power, not only as a vocalist but as an emotional interpreter."

This artist's opinion has often been sought by

The same is true of "Fra Gherardo," the last of the Metropolitan season's promised new works, which will have its American premier in March. Text and music are from the pen of Ildebrando Pizzetti, deemed "the most individual and thoughtful Italian composer of the present time." Edward Johnson will create the title rôle in the New York production. At his home one day recently, he sang portions of the score which showed the intricacies of modern operatic writing and the problems confronting a singer of today. The flowing melodic line has been supplanted by a complete independence of the vocal and instrumental parts except as the former completes the harmonic structure of the whole; instead of an aria with orchestral accompaniment, there is now a kind of dramatic recitative involving sevenths, ninths and other dissonant intervals; and as for rhythm, it is so molded, at least in the case of "Fra Gherardo," to fit the significance and accentuation of the words that no consistency of design can be adhered to.

"I have never before found it necessary to mark a score in this manner," said Mr. Johnson, indicating pencil marks to aid in grouping the continually varying subdivisions of the beats. "And the words! There are enough in one act to make an entire opera of the Puccini style. This, of course, tremendously increases the strain on the memory. But this is all vocal technique. There is still another difficulty in operas such as 'Fra Gherardo,' 'L'Amore dei Tre Re,' and 'The King's Henchman.' The book in each case is mental, the story is carried on not by action alone. It is therefore the test of all one's powers when not singing, to fill in the periods of orchestral continuity, moments which would be awkward unless careful forethought were given to the acting, and the visual illusion maintained.

"It must be the aim of an operatic artist to satisfy not only the ear but the eye as well. Opera appeals to a combination of senses, which distinguishes it from either concert or drama," he continued. "I sometimes wonder which phase of our art contributes most to the success of our achievement, and I am inclined to believe it is no single element, but the poetic conception of the whole. There are vibrations, thought waves, that are projected by the artist to the spectator. And there is in each of us some degree of poetry. Therefore if sufficient poetry is infused into a stage portrayal, it will carry across the footlights and awaken the poetry in the beholder. Our ability to do that is the measure of our real success."

Mobility of facial expression, effectiveness of pose, economy of telling gestures, are not haphazard. They are studied with infinite





*Edward Johnson as Pelleas, which rôle he became solely identified with him at the Metropolitan.*

*(Courtesy of Musical America)*

care by the serious artist. Mr. Johnson showed a collection of pictures gathered at various times, of paintings and statuary, wherein beauty of line, pose or gesture offered valuable points for emulation by the dramatic actor. "When I was studying in Italy and France, I used to haunt the art galleries and stand sometimes for hours before works of the masters, absorbing inspiration for my histrionic work. Then too, there was a wealth of suggestion to be obtained from the coloring of costumes and the authenticity of period dress." How well the young tenor imbibed these early lessons is witnessed in any of his appearances in opera.

High ideals and an unswerving purpose to attain them took Edward Johnson from musical comedy fame and fortune to the uncertainties of foreign study in the hope of artistic betterment. A Canadian by birth, he had left college against the wishes of his parents, and had come to New York to fit himself for a musical career. He sang in the choir

of a Jersey City church, receiving in return, instruction from Frank G. Dossert, the organist and choir director, and later at the Brick Presbyterian church on Fifth Avenue, New York, under the competent guidance of Archer Gibson, a well-known organist and thorough musician. There were occasional engagements in male quartets, and Y. M. C. A. entertainments when five dollars seemed a princely fee. Soon he was sought as soloist for concerts in other cities and then came the offer to sing a leading rôle in musical comedy with a guarantee of \$6,000 for a ten-weeks engagement. His success was instantaneous but, never losing sight of the upper rungs of the artistic ladder, the engagement was to him an opportunity to acquire the necessary funds for further study abroad.

And so to Paris! He became a pupil of Richard Barthelmey, coach and accompanist to the immortal Caruso. Here too he met many of the painters, writers and musicians of the French capital's artistic circles. Among them was Beatrice D'Arneiro, the daughter of Vicomte D'Arneiro, a distinguished Portuguese nobleman and composer. She was an amateur musician of excellence and a linguist with seven languages at her command. A warm attachment developed, which resulted not long afterward in their marriage. Her help was invaluable and her mentality an inspiration. But this happiness was destined to be short-lived. A few years later the death of his wife cast a shadow across the pathway of his career. An engagement to sing for the first time under the leadership of Arturo Toscanini had to be fulfilled, at that time. With Anglo-Saxon stoicism Johnson appeared at the appointed rehearsal. Maestro Toscanini, who had thought the young tenor would disappoint, shook his hand in a manner which meant more than words of sympathy. "Thank you, I am glad you have come," was all he said.

#### Winning International Fame

Edoardo Di Giovanni, as the Italians translated his name, enjoyed a success unusual for an American in the land of the Caesars. Several years of intense study in Florence with Caruso's teacher, Vincenzo Lombardi, had resulted in a successful grand opera debut as Andrea Chenier, at the Verdi Theatre in Padua. It was Edward Johnson who introduced Parsifal to the Italian public. His first appearance at La Scala in Milan, that European Mecca of all opera singers, was in this opera. The Meister-singer, Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Loge, were also in his repertoire. He created the tenor rôles in Puccini's "Il Tabarro," "Gianni Schicchi," and "The Girl of the Golden West"; in Marinuzzi's "Jacquerie," in Michetti's "Maria di Magdala," in Montemezzi's "La Nave," and in Pizzetti's "Fedra." There were later triumphs in Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro and Madrid.

His return to America occurred in 1920 when Campanini brought him to the Chicago Opera. Two years later he signed a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company, where he has remained ever since. Following his debut there in "The Love of Three Kings," Deems Taylor, then critic of *The*



*World*, in whose opera, "The King's Henchman," Johnson was later to create the title rôle, described the new singer's art as reminiscent of that of Jean de Reszke. Mr. Johnson has also been a member of the Ravinia Opera Company for the past three summers and of the California Opera Association.

In his New York apartment, a photograph of his young daughter, Fiorenza, now away at school, reflects the piquancy and charm of her foreign mother, and Mr. Johnson tells that she hopes eventually to follow a histrionic career. On his piano are several pictures bearing famous autographs, from d'Annunzio, Puccini, Pizzetti, Toscanini, Saint-Saens, Messager, Guitry and Queen Marie of Roumania. There are oriental souvenirs of a concert tour in China and Japan, and many reminders of his years in Italy where, in Florence, he still maintains a home. There is a gold medal commemorating the official visit of the Prince of Wales to the King of Italy in 1917 when Mr. Johnson sang for the royal guest; and two decorations, making him an Officer of the Crown of Italy, which were presented to the tenor by King Emanuel III in honor of his achievements in the Wagnerian rôles and in recognition of work in camps and hospitals during the war.

International acclaim has not robbed Edward Johnson of a genuine modesty which is not the least of his charms. Possessed of a keenly analytical mind and penetrating intelligence, his conversation reveals the knowledge of languages and literatures and an absorbing interest in many fields of activity.

"I think the successful artist today has a good deal of business sense," he declares. "The dreamer type is gone. He is out of style, a misfit in this energetic age. One will often hear the remark, 'He doesn't look like a singer or an actor, painter, writer as the case may be.' Whatever the accepted old fashioned standard of how he should look, I am quite sure 'he,' whoever he is, is glad he doesn't look that way. Art is for all of us. There has too long been an abyss between the business man and the professional man, the artist. My conception of the matter is that anyone who accomplishes anything worth while requiring imagination is an artist and his production a work of art. So we are all alike."

Edward Johnson enjoys a universal popularity, the secret of which is a magnetic personality, an engaging manner, an Irish wit and sparkling humor which enables him to tell a joke on himself. The qual-

ity of his artistic gifts may gain him many admirers but it is the man, jaunty and debonair, with quick step, contagious smile and a spontaneous greeting for his fellow-beings high or low of station, that wins him a host of friends. Though a singer be tumultuously applauded from across the footlights, one need but scan the faces of the Metropolitan's chorus, wise in the ways of human nature and artistic temperaments, to know the other side of the story. Men and women alike, down to the humblest stage-hand of the Company, it is said, beam when "Eddie" Johnson is mentioned.

#### Gives \$25,000 to Promote Music Education

Because he is conspicuous among those whose horizon is wider than their immediate sphere of action, Edward Johnson aspires to greater musical accomplishment than is possible even in a notable career. He has pledged himself to provide \$25,000 for the furtherance of music among school children,



*As the dashing Spanish officer in "Carmen."*  
(Courtesy of Musical America)



\$5,000 to be given annually for a period of five years. This is not in the nature of a donation, but a deliberate setting aside of a portion of each year's professional earnings, for a worthy cause. The enterprise is the outcome of theories about music education developed in the United States.

"In America our whole attitude toward music seems somehow wrong," he says. "The fault lies in the use of music as a tool to serve our own ends. Rather should music choose us, because there is a manifestation of sufficient talent to warrant a professional career.



*The picturesque Ponte Vecchio, which Edward Johnson crossed many times a day when a student in Florence, Italy.*

"The trouble must be somewhere at the beginning. If a child is taught arithmetic for twenty minutes a day, why should he not also receive twenty minutes' daily instruction in scales and the fundamentals of music? By the time he is eighteen he will have to decide whether to go to college, go into business or pursue an artistic course. If the last, he will have learned the elements of music and will be ready to concentrate all his efforts on advanced study in his particular talent, without wasting time on rudiments.

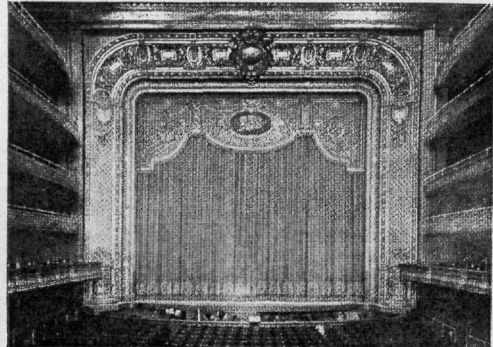
The working out of Mr. Johnson's aims will begin in the school of his native Guelph in Ontario, Canada, where, as a small boy, he often marched the streets as a member of a little fife and drum corps or, with his brother, gave such a vociferous rendering of "Duffy's Cart" and "Keep in the Middle of the Road" that it drew an audience of youths from the surrounding neighborhood; where the little lad of eight acquired his first singing experience in a boy's choir and where his initial taste of applause came when, attired in short trousers, with Eton collar and flowing tie, wearing a high hat and twirling a cane, he sang, to the accompaniment of his father's band, the popular "Annie Rooney." It was from Guelph that he set out, animated by the two ambitions of his life, to sing and to travel. He did not know how fruitful the quest would be. So there were many misgivings as he left his mother, only eighteen years his senior, and his usually stern Welsh father, who at the moment of parting was visibly moved. As the train bore him toward New York, the youthful adventurer buried his head on his arms, giving vent to a flood of tears.

Now he brings back to his home town not merely personal fame but a desire that the beauty of music shall be instilled in every school child of Guelph, and to this end he is contributing his artistic and financial support.

"Every boy and girl, regardless of class, creed or color, will have an equal opportunity," explained Mr. Johnson. "Ear-training will be one of the principal studies. Anglo-Saxons often lack a natural aptitude for foreign languages, because our ears are not attuned to detect niceties of accent. Nor are we sensitive enough to rhythm, which in itself has a bearing on character, in inculcating promptitude and precision. Our sense of hearing has not attained the degree of alertness found in our sense of sight. One need only visit a moving picture theatre to note the quick perception of Americans. Our grasp of a situation through sight is instantaneous. But that is our only highly developed sense."

It is Mr. Johnson's intention to inaugurate a three-day spring festival in Guelph to begin in May. There will be a choral concert by the children, a recital by Mr. Johnson, and a concert by the Detroit Symphony or some other orchestra.

The new movement is the outgrowth of an experiment, according to Mr. Johnson. It began in a small way three years ago when he offered prizes of \$25, \$15, \$10 and \$5 for the best essays on The



*The Metropolitan frame, coveted by all operatic artists, for their living portraits.*

Value of Music to the Community to be written by public school children of fourteen or fifteen years of age. Last season the goal was excellence in sight-reading, and so many of the pupils had developed marked ability that the Board divided the money into rewards as small as a dollar.

One little fellow ran home excitedly. "I won Mr. Johnson's prize," he announced, proudly exhibiting his brand new one dollar bill to his mother.

"And what a nice picture of King George there is on it," indicated his mother.

"King George?" asked the boy. "Oh! I thought it was a picture of Eddie Johnson."

It seems fitting that his ideals will live not in inanimate stone or marble, but in vital human form. The enterprise will be inseparable from Edward Johnson's warm sympathy with young endeavor in art.



# S o u v e n i r

## A Fantasy

By Joseph Machlis

*"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,  
I summon up remembrance of things past."*

MARVELOUS Max came running up at lunch time, with that expression on his face of being too full of important news to contain himself one moment more. Our own illnesses, joys, aches and pains are always of the deepest interest—to ourselves. It is merely that marvelous Max possessed that human frailty in a more acute form than most of us.

"Now guess what? At last I've found it. A satisfactory room. It has a bed an American can actually feel comfortable in. It doesn't have dogs barking all night, and bicycle bells tinkling all day. It has real running water. And one may even be permitted to keep the windows open at night."

Ellen gasped: "Are there such in this pleasant land of France?"

Louise added: "Are there such in this pleasant town of Fontainebleau?"

It was little Mrs. Charlotte, who was a cheerful philosopher, and whom in our more expansive moments we called plain Charlotte,—dignity, like a top-coat, is more than superfluous in the summertime,—who summed it up: "If one were to change lodgings as often as Max does, he could find even the Kingdom of Heaven. Let's hope that this time you'll be satisfied for more than a week. But"—and here her always merry eyes brightened with a new idea,—“now that you've found a permanent resting-place, you owe us a house-warming party, Max. That's quite the logical thing. It's being done by the swankiest people."

The motion was warmly seconded by the rest of us at the table. The hour was agreed upon, and Mrs. Charlotte elected chaperone. Once that was settled, we could calmly proceed with luncheon.

We were politely ushered in that evening by the owner of the house. A French landlord. What more need one say? He may have been surprised to see the troop of us, laughing, joking, come down on the second day to his new lodger. It would have taken too much effort to explain in French the binding necessity of Max's house-warming party. But if he did feel surprise, there was no hint of it in his exquisite French courtesy, which might have been a lace ruffle round the throat of Fokina, or around the wrist of the Chevalier des Grieux. He showed us up to Max's room.

For once Max had not exaggerated. Not that he was, in any derogatory sense of the word, a prevaricator. Simply that marvelous Max—the epithet was mine,—had managed to go through twenty-five years of life and all of the violin repertoire, keeping intact

that youthful exuberance,—most characteristic of children, the naive, and the very imaginative,—which bubbles over most of the time with feeling, without bothering to think. This it was that led him, able fiddler that he was, to insinuate even into the chaste measures of a Brahms sonata, something of the sweet throb of a Fannie Hurst short story. This it was that led him into telling a tale not so much as it had actually happened, as in the manner he would have liked it to happen. (How often have we not done the same!) It was this that enabled him to hold down a lucrative job as maitre d'orchestre and maestro, doling out treacle and sentimentality to exclusive, sleek, over-fed audiences in a sleek, over-fed movie-house with atmosphere somewhere in the ultra-nice West Seventies. When marvelous Max played "Just you and me, and me and you," he had a trick of skipping down from one note to another with a little smear and a lusciousness of tone, which sent a thump of emotion through the palpitating hearts of sundry betrothed couples sitting in the less conspicuous parts of the house. A something sweet and sad and wistful, which made them want to come back for more the following Wednesday night. Of course, in the normal course of events I might have forgotten Max as completely as those betrothed couples forgot that thump of wistful emotion once they were safely married, had it not been for that momentous night of his house-warming, when marvelous Max wove his spell even over us, hard-boiled and cynical audience though we were.

But for once he had not exaggerated. Not only that; he had actually told only the half of it. For the room possessed—wondrous to relate and to behold—a balcony. With a view, if one were farsighted enough, of the forest of Fontainebleau. A real balcony. 'Neath such a one might Cyrano have stood, to view the slim loveliness that was Roxanne. 'Neath such a one might Pelleas have stood, to see the wistful Melisande comb the golden glory of her tresses. Over such a one we comfortably draped ourselves that night, while our chaperone, Mrs. Charlotte, diligently set herself to examining the nuts, wine and tarts which our host had prepared for our refreshment.

How does time pass, you will ask, when one is more or less young, more or less carefree, not too unhappy, or uncomfortable with prickly heat, and with a real balcony to boot, overlooking the forest of Fontainebleau? Superfluous question. And unanswerable. Time doesn't pass. It glides away, flows on, imperceptibly, gently, even as the mysterious waters of the Seine between the quays at night. Gradually the sky of northern France began to empty itself of its jade-green and mauve and crimson.



Gradually the distant treetops began to take on the silhouette-black of a crepuscular world. As many noted authorities on the subject have already remarked, one by one the stars came out.

It was about then that our chaperone, Mrs. Charlotte, mounted a footstool and lifting her wine-glass aloft, gravely addressed us. "What you see here is not mere liquid, base physical matter, but spirit, the spirit which shines through matter, transforms it into a manifestation of something infinite and eternal. It is only in their existence as creations of the infinite mind, or spirit, that things may be said to exist at all. Outside of that spiritual realm, matter is merely food for the worm; an illusion of aches and pains." There was only one way to stop Mrs. Charlotte. That was, —to get Max to play.

Easier said than done. Not that Max wasn't willing. At Fontainebleau one played something or other as a matter of course. Or if not, one sang. Which was just as good. Or bad. But since Max was one of those fatally fluent people who played almost everything, or, I should say, almost played everything, we couldn't agree as to what he should begin with. I had spent four hours of a broiling day on four measures of the Bach Passacaglia. So there was not going to be any Bach that evening. That was definite. Ellen had almost smashed her violin in desperation at the cadenza of the Brahms Concerto, so if there was going to be any Brahms, she said, it would have to be nothing but the Hungarian Dance No. 1. By this time Mrs. Charlotte, having caught her breath, was ready for another oration. "At this moment I feel like the lady in the last act of 'The Cherry Orchard.'—Farewell, my childhood! Farewell, my youth.' Therefore Max is going to play me Franz Lehar's 'Merry Widow Waltz'; it came out the same year I did. Or something which will make me feel sad and regretful and yearning for *je-ne-sais-quoi*, like the 'Viennese Popular Song'—as Kreisler plays it."

But that's what we had been wanting all the time. If not as Kreisler played it,—then as Max did. Which would serve the purpose almost as well. Ellen arranged silk scarves over the lights, dimming them into a soft glowing luminescence. She drew back the curtain from the enchanted balcony, disclosing a golden August moon, trembling on a sea of tree-tops, shimmering, unbelievable. The setting was complete. The atmosphere was functioning excellently. Max began.

Men said that when Paganini took up his violin, the devil himself entered into him. Similarly, or conversely, when Max took up his fiddle, an angel came down from Heaven, where the angels live, and settled in him. Not any old angel either, but the well-known one who always poses for Faith, Peter Pan, and the adorable young thing on the cover of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

The sparkle of a half-filled goblet. The silence of an unbreathing forest. The palpitating unrest of a summer night. Dim shadows of us crouching in the bends of that balcony. A stream of mysterious, silver-lucent moonlight. And Max playing a song of

half-forgotten youth, and half-remembered love; of the joy that is too brief and the search that has no end, and the phantom-smile elusive and ever-beckoning. "O slush!" you will say, "O soppy sentimentality!" Ah, but you were not on that ancient balcony, in the magic of a summer night, listening to marvelous Max's ageless song. Then you too would have kept silent, and with half-lowered eyelids have let yourself float on the miracle of that moment.

Transformed, that workaday, commonplace world; where Louise's nose had been sharpened to perpetual pertness through teaching freckled brats in some town in Wisconsin; where Charlotte had spent her futile hours under the delusion that she had a voice; where Ellen shed tears of despair over the intricacies of that cadenza in the Brahms Concerto; where we others toiled and labored. Transformed, that world. On the surging lilt of a Viennese waltz, or the care-free gaiety of a Parisian air. Miracle-moment, when we could forget the hardships of work, and the tyrannies of art, the boredom, the disappointments, the fatigues. When we could lie back and feel that it had all been worth while.

A single singing note dying to an echo. Vibrating silence. Heightened, not broken, by a voice in the shadows, murmuring, "There, beyond the forest, is Paris." Yes, there would always be the forest. And the beyond. Alluring, ever-beckoning, slipping away just as you felt you had it, drawing you on and on. The limbs of youthful dreams, silly hopes, lost illusions.

A single singing note dying to an echo. Complete silence. Like a glass too full of water, which just before overflowing, holds itself, for an instant, curved and intact through the tension of its surface. A knocking on the door spilled that quavering silence. Followed by the bows, smiles, apologies of Monsieur the landlord. Ah, but it is already midnight. The other lodgers . . . ah, but we understand, no? The music it is ravishing. What a pity that it is already too late. Quel dommage!"

"Simple is the descent to Avernus," the poet said. Swift, too swift, the return to that other world, the commonplace, the prosaic. Lights turned on, glaringly. A hubbub of laughter, good cakes, bad puns, good-nights. We went down, talking loudly and swiftly. To cover the tracks of that silvery ephemeral realm in which we had been guilty of floating. It was over, that magic moment. Flown, . . . all too soon . . . the moment of marvelous Max. . . .

Where are you now, companions of another day, united to me for one glamorous instant by the witchcraft of a song? You, scolding those kids somewhere in Wisconsin; you doling out your honey to those sleek audiences in that exclusive movie-house with atmosphere; or you, spending hours of anguish over that Concerto,—do you still remember the opal enchantment of a balcony in Fontainebleau?

#### Sample or Travel Talk?

Much merriment was created last week-end by a sign in front of one of the Toronto churches in Parkdale (which read: Subject of Sunday evening's sermon, "Do you know what hell is?" and underneath it in smaller letters. "Come and hear our new organist."—*Toronto*.)



## “LOST ILLUSIONS”

*From a painting in the Louvre, by Gleyre  
(Suggesting the same mood as that of a Fontainebleau balcony  
in the preceding story.)*

*In the still evening hour a poet somewhere in the land of romance, seated upon the bank of a stream has been meditating upon his lyre songs of youth and love, vainly striving to bring back again the joys of a time that fades even as the daylight is fading out of the heaven. Along the track of the dying day, a flock of cranes wings its slow flight. They add another symbol to those with which the time is rife, and seem to his homesick fancy the embodiment of hopes and aspirations that are gone with the youth they*



*cheered. Sad at heart, the lyre drops from his hand, and tears spring to his eyes, as in sharp contrast to his own desponding mood he sees a gay company of youths and maidens borne along in a barge, while the air is quickened by their songs and merry chat, untouched by the soft melancholy of the hour.*

## IN DESERT AND MOSQUE

*(Continued from Page 6)*

not express definite disapproval of either, and so both have flourished in the fertile soil of Moham-medan culture and imagination.

Morally was in the Turkish army during the world war, in the Seventh Infantry Corps under Mustafa Kamel who is now president of Turkey. One day an aeroplane flew over and dropped some poison gas, and he was blind for two months afterwards, recuperating in a hospital in Damascus. After the war he went to Paris for a time and then came to New York where he attended Columbia University. He has been here for seven years, during which time he has learned to speak English fluently, has joined the United States Army, and has undertaken to learn the complications of a harmonic system of music at the Institute of Musical Art.

But he retains vivid memories of his early life in Turkey. He was born of Turkish parents in a day not so long ago in years, but far removed in custom and attitude from the present. It was a time

when the Turkish gentleman wore a fez and wide trousers and a woman was veiled so that one could see only her eyes. The girls wore a robe called "mashlah," of gorgeous material in which silver threads were sometimes woven. "They were love-

ly," said Morally, smiling as he recalled them. "Here they would cost about a hundred dollars, but there you could get them for two or three. And the women who wore them—they were very beautiful. Most Turkish women are dark but there are blondes too. Blondes are always popular because there are fewer of them. Formerly men were permitted to have more than one wife—but *pas encore!* It is too bad," he sighed.

"A man with imagination can love many wives, each one for different qualities. But of course in those days a man could divorce a wife at any time. If she did something he did not approve of, or angered him in any way, he just said, 'I divorce you,' and that was all there was to it. She would have to leave. Usually the husband would be sorry and marry her again, and finally people were getting divorced and re-married so often that a curious law was made to the effect that if a man had divorced the same wife three times he could not

marry her again until she had been wed to another in the meantime and divorced by him. . . . Oh, no, a woman could not divorce her husband. She had to await his slightest command and do whatever he said. If I commanded my wife, 'Get me a drink of water,' she would bow and say sweetly, 'Yes, sir,' but here if I say to a girl, 'Please, will you give me a drink?' she turns up her nose and says haughtily, 'Get it yourself!'"

## THE RIVER AND THE LEAF

*By Po-chu-i of the T'ang Dynasty*

*Translated from the Chinese*

Into the night the sounds of luting flow;  
The west wind stirs amid the root-crop blue;  
While envious fireflies spoil the twinkling dew,  
And early wild-geese stem the dark Kin-ho.

Now great trees tell their secrets to the sky,  
And hill on hill looms in the moon-clear night.  
I watch one leaf upon the river light,  
And in a dream go drifting down the Hwai.



### Institute Public Concert

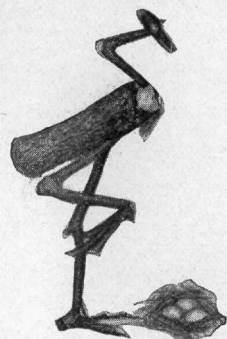
The Annual Public Concert by the students of the Institute of Musical Art, took place at Carnegie Hall on the evening of February 22nd. The orchestra, directed by Willem Willeke of the Institute Faculty, played the Adagio: Allegro from Mozart's Sym-



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phony in E flat major, Rimsky-Korsakoff's Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade," and Weber's Over-

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ture to "Euryanthe." The soloists were Grace Rabinowitz in the Bach D minor Concerto for Piano and Strings, and Aaron Hirsch in the Spohr Concerto for Violin in G major, No. 11.

### Who's Who in The Baton

At the request of several of our readers, we here give a word of explanation concerning those contributing articles to this issue. Leopold Auer,—renowned teacher of Heifetz, Zimbalist, Elman etc,—is a member of our Violin Faculty. W. J. Henderson, also of our Faculty, is music critic of the *New York Sun* and Dean of them all. Percy Goetschius, for many years at the head of our Theory Department, is an eminent author of Harmony text books. Lamar Stringfield is explained on page 7. Joseph Machlis and Gerald Tracy are postgraduate pupils in the Piano Department. Elizabeth Stutsman is a student of voice, Lloyd Mergentime of piano, and Arif Morally of composition. Dorothy Crowthers is an artist graduate of the Singing Department and a member of the Theory Faculty.

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