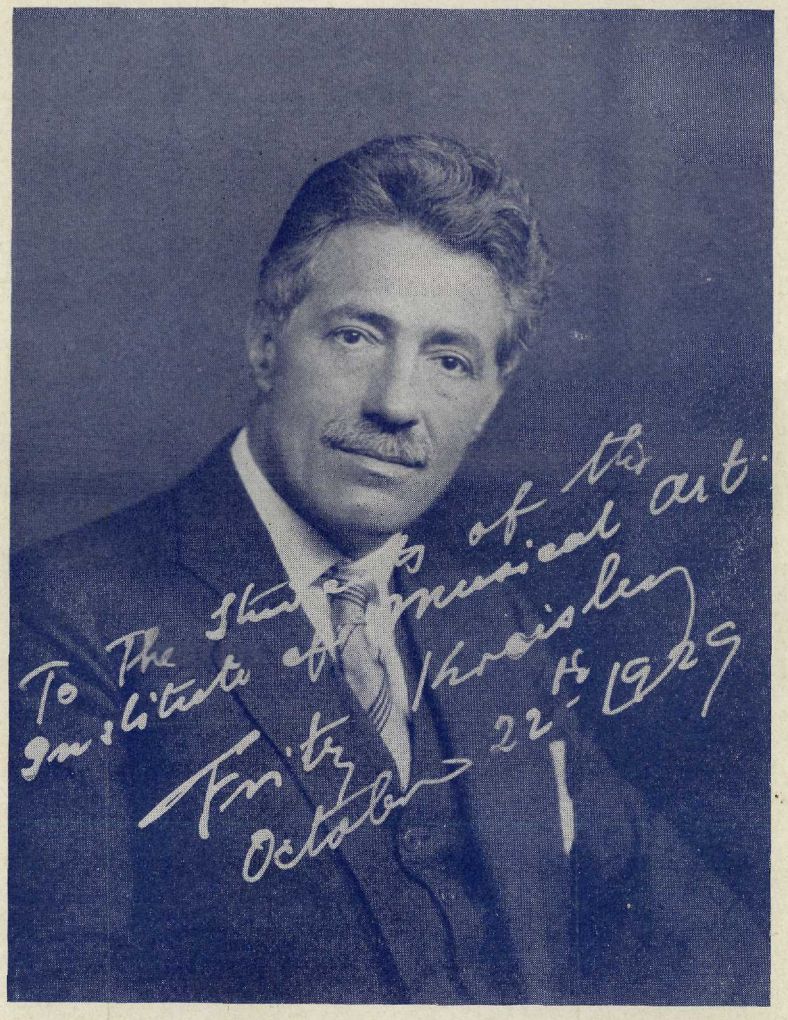
The Baton



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THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

OF THE JUILLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC

FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

NOVEMBER, 1929

15 CENTS A COPY

Appearances of faculty members, alumni and pupils are featured FORTISSIMO in these columns.

Before the Public

Who's Who in The Baton

THE BATON begins its ninth publishing season with this issue. The new policies adopted last year will be maintained. Our list of subscribers continues to increase in gratifying numbers and the addresses to which THE BATON is sent cover places as far distant as England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, China, Japan, the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands. Our furthest point of reach is an ex-student in West Africa and nearer home we have readers in several parts of the West Indies, Canada, and practically every State in our own country. Yes, we know we are blowing a fanfare for ourselves and we glory in it!

Fritz Kreisler, the "King of Violinists," is featured this month in an article written by the Assistant Editor, *Elizabeth Stutsman,* who is a member of the graduating class in the Singing Department.

Galli-Curci's Tour of the Orient is described in an article written especially for THE BATON by *Lawrence Evans,* widely known in the musical world as co-manager, with J. D. Salter, of Amelita Galli-Curci, Elisabeth Rethberg, Louise Homer, Tito Schipa, Lawrence Tibbett and Yehudi Menuhin.

Elisabeth Rethberg, Giovanni Martinelli and *Leon Rothier* are the celebrities who inaugurate a new department in THE BATON devoted to languages. Each sends a pertinent message.

Mozart and His Inspiration, is the subject of an article by *Helen Salter,* well-known in musical circles, who has consented to contribute several similar stories about the women who inspired the masters to create their greatest works.

Bach Speaks Anew in a recently discovered manuscript as told by *Edouard Dethier,* a distinguished member of our Violin Faculty.

The Institute's Gala Year, commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding and of the directorship of Dr. Frank Damrosch, will include many celebrations, the plans for which are unfolded by our Editor, *Dorothy Crowthers,* who is also a member of our Theory Faculty, having received her Artists' and Teachers' Diplomas in Singing when she was graduated from the Institute.

The Orchestra Conductor's Instrument and how it is played is explained by *Arthur Christmann,* a new member of our Editorial Staff, who is an Institute graduate and the holder of a Clarinet Scholarship in the Post-Graduate Course.

The Series of Fictional Stories is continued by *Joseph Machlis,* another Institute graduate and present student of piano in the Post-Graduate Department.

The Fortissimo Columns are again carried on by *Lloyd Mergentime,* a member of the graduating class in piano.

A Sketch was made for this issue by *Jeannette Clark,* a graduate of the National Academy of Design, where she has been doing portraits for the past three years. She is noted as a designer of Christmas greeting and place cards.

Regrets are keenly felt for the absence of several members of THE BATON'S Editorial Staff who were unable to return to New York for study at the Institute this season. We hope they will be with us soon again, however.

On the Concert Stage

Arthur Loesser, pianist, and *Josef Fuchs,* violinist, were participants in a concert given by the Cleveland String Quartette at Town Hall on October 12th. Both are Artist Graduates of the Institute of Musical Art. "The ensemble was, of course, that of experienced musicians in love with their work."

Marion Nugent, a former student of the Institute of Musical Art, gave a violin recital at Town Hall on October 18th. "Miss Nugent played with an unaffected and ingratiating sincerity."

Katherine Bacon, an Artist Graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, appeared in concert at Town Hall on October 19th. "Miss Bacon was in her usual excellent form and provided a most musical and artistic afternoon."

Olga Zundel, Graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, appeared in recital with the

(*Continued on Page* 17)

The Baton

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A Gala Year

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Celebrations

By Dorothy Crowthers

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the Institute of Musical Art was founded and Dr. Frank Damrosch assumed the directorship of one of the most important enterprises in the musical history of America. Where the idea had its inception and how it reached realization in the endowment by James Loeb is a story so full of interest and significance that it will require a special issue of THE BATON to do it justice. Our publication in January, the month recognized as the actual anniversary, will therefore be devoted to Dr. Damrosch and his manifold activities at the Institute which, through those who have gone forth with his precepts, have exerted a far-reaching influence throughout our land.

This is a gala year, a quarter century milestone to be decked with banners. Festivities are in order,—in fact they began at the Great Northern Hotel following the Commencement Exercises at Carnegie Hall last June, when the Faculty gave a supper party for Dr. Damrosch to celebrate his seventieth birthday which is co-incident with his twenty-fifth year as the Institute's guiding spirit. Mr. Gardner Lamson spoke on behalf of the Faculty as did Mr. Ernest Hutcheson on behalf of the Juilliard Graduate School. Dr. Damrosch responded eloquently. The affair was under the capable direction of Mr. Sigmund Herzog.

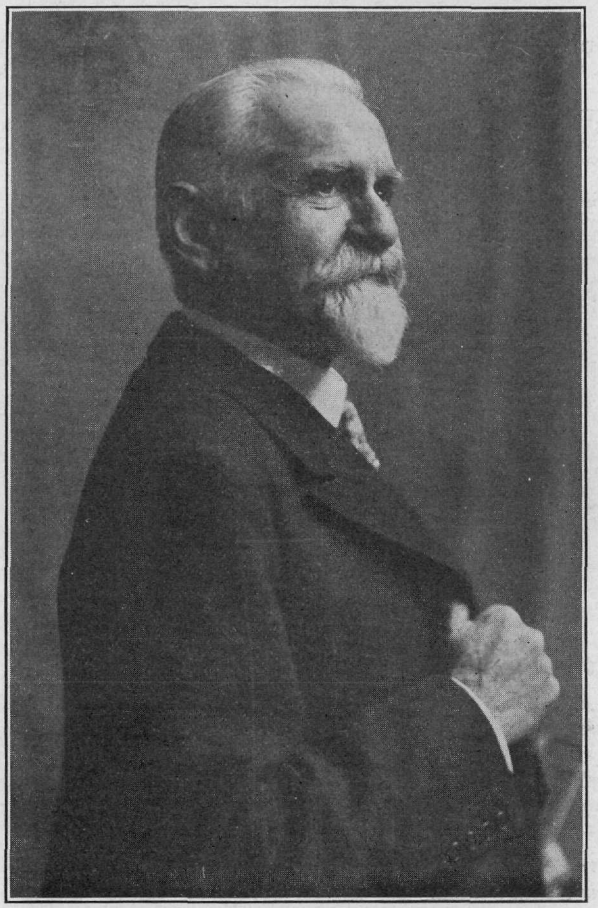


Photo by Charles H. Davis

Dr. Frank Damrosch, upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of his directorship of the Institute.

The first Faculty meeting of the season took the form of a reception at the home of Dr. Damrosch when he presented to the members of his teaching staff, a signed photograph showing him in fur coat and hat,—the birthday gift of the Faculty. The inscription read fittingly, "With *warmest* regards."

One of the most beautiful ceremonies ever held at the Institute was the presentation by Dr. A. Madeley Richardson, of our Faculty, of a new portrait of Dr. Damrosch painted by the eminent artist, Frederick Beaumont. October 22nd, the date of this occasion, was also the 97th anniversary of the birth of Leopold Damrosch. A musical program included the Brahms Quartet, Op. 51, No. 1, played by the Musical Art Quartet; two songs sung by Mrs. Hester Richardson McCafferty, accompanied by A. Kostelanetz; and during the unveiling of the portrait, the Johann Crüger Chorale, "Nun danket Alle Gott," sung by a group of students under the direction of Margarete Dessoff.

Dr. Richardson made the presentation and Prof. Erskine, President of the Juilliard Foundation, accepted the portrait to be the property in perpetuity of the Juilliard School of Music. Dr. Damrosch in expressing his appreciation voiced his art creed. The purport of these memorable speeches will appear in the anniversary issue of THE BATON.

The culmination of the year's celebrations will be Alumni Week beginning Sunday, March 30th, with a chamber music concert at Town Hall by quartets composed of graduates of the Institute; a symphony concert at Carnegie Hall Tuesday, April 1st, by an orchestra composed of the artist graduates and students of the Institute; and on Wednesday, April 2nd, a dinner in honor of Dr. Damrosch. These events are being managed by George A. Wedge and Samuel Gardner, Vice-Presidents of the Alumni Association and members of our Faculty.

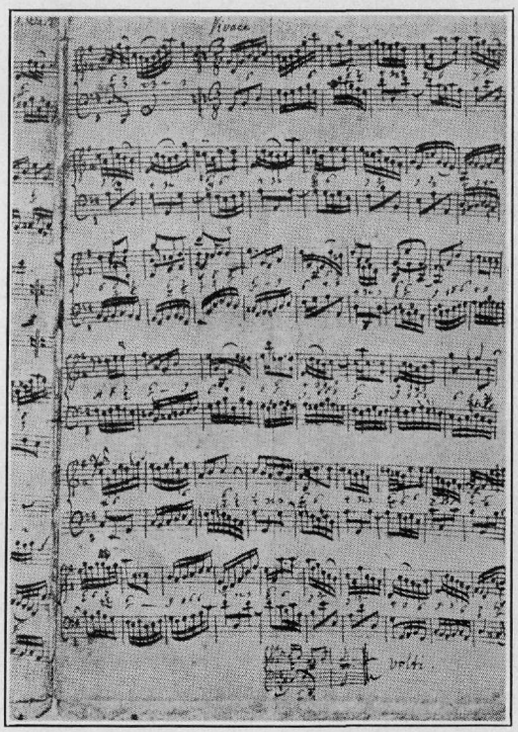
Because of the Institute's unique position in the musical progress of the country and the great contribution of Dr. Damrosch to music education, our 25th anniversary will receive world-wide recognition. All graduates who are in New York or able to get here will participate in Alumni Week.

Bach Speaks Anew

A Valuable Manuscript Found

By Edouard Dethier

THE human mind has always been fascinated by the thought of explorations in dark, cobwebby attics, among musty, creaking trunks. Unfortunately, however, the findings are seldom of more than personal significance. It is rarely, indeed, that such a search brings to light anything of real, intrinsic artistic or scientific value. Such a piece of good fortune has occurred recently, however, in the discovery, in an old trunk at Eisenach, Germany, of a complete sonata, for violin and keyboard accompaniment, by none other than the great John Sebastian Bach!



Courtesy of Musical America
A Fragment of the New Violin Sonata.

The new Violin Sonata is in G major, and originally written "for violin and figured bass." In the facsimile presented on this page, the figures may be seen between the violin part and the bass. In the printed edition, published by Breitkopf & Härtel, the piano part has been written out in regular two-staff form. There are four movements to the Sonata, an introductory Adagio, a Vivace, a Largo and a concluding Fugato. The work possesses great charm, in fact it is Bach at one of his most inspired moments. The opening Adagio and the Largo have received special eulogization.

That the work is authentically Bach has been conclusively proved by Dr. Friedrich Blume of Berlin in a very lengthy and scholarly study of the composition. The lofty character of the music alone would convince one that no inferior mind could have conceived it. But Dr. Blume has gone even further, and by dozens of minute details, such as the style of the manuscript, make of music paper, Bach's authentic signature, and the written testimonial of a Bach pupil, which appears on the cover, has proved beyond all shadow of doubt that the work is Bach's. Dr. Blume has also shown pretty convincingly how this new work proves that another sonata for flute, violin and figured bass was not Bach's at all, but probably the work of one of his pupils.

The finding of this one splendid work immeasurably enriches the literature of the violin, which is often felt to be inadequate. That a paucity of violin music does exist is proven by the great number of arrangements constantly being made of classic piano works. Even such a great artist as Kreisler has spent much time and loving care in making artistic violin arrangements of Chopin, Schumann and the songs of Johannes Brahms. The celebrated violinist, Paul Kochanski, has just returned from a search for new violin literature in Europe, with the discouraging news that nothing worthy is to be found. Bach himself, prolific as he was, during his entire sixty-five years wrote only six sonatas for violin alone, six sonatas with accompaniment, three concertos, one of which is the celebrated Double Concerto, two suites, and several sonatas for violin, flute and accompaniment. Small as is this amount, it is more than Brahms, another very fertile composer, wrote for the violin during his entire lifetime.

Strangely enough, news of the new Bach discovery has travelled slowly. It was performed at Leipzig in June, 1928, by Adolf Busch, who is a brother of Fritz, the conductor, and is also the present teacher of Yehudi Menuhin. Mr. Busch probably showed it to Yehudi, who in turn sent it to his former teacher, Louis Persinger. How else are we to account for its recent performance in Carnegie Hall by Kayla Mitzl, another of Mr. Persinger's youthful prodigies? We may well hope that familiarity with this work will travel faster in the future, and that in a short time violin recitals will be able to offer one really worthwhile novelty—a novelty by Bach!

NEWS ITEMS

It will be good news to the alumni that in the elaborate plans for building the new Juilliard School, the beloved Institute edifice will remain intact.

This season's enrollment includes pupils from nine European and three Asiatic countries.

In The Orient

With Galli-Curci on a Concert Tour

By Lawrence Evans

THE Philippines, China, Japan, Honolulu—it was a great adventure! Solomon in declaring that there was nothing new under the sun had never seen them, otherwise his assertion would surely have been modified.

Mr. Salter and I had for years received insistent offers from that section for Madame Galli-Curci in concert. But there were always other matters and engagements to be given precedence. Early, however, in 1928, our minds were made up that the time was ripe for a long Oriental tour. A thousand details demanded attention for the undertaking, so a year of preparation intervened before we sailed for those distant lands at the beginning of last February.

Manila was our first objective, which required 23 days of sea voyage to reach; Manila, almost in hailing distance of the Equator and with its glowing sunshine, waving palms, brilliant flowers in masses—also with its heat!

The Filipinos, like all southern peoples, are ardent music lovers and themselves musical. Their songs, often plaintive, always melodious and frequently characterized by sharply accentuated rhythms, show strongly the influence of long years of Spanish domination.

Rarely have more fervently appreciative audiences assembled anywhere than those flocking to hear Galli-Curci. And 65 per cent of those audiences were native born, the balance comprising every foreigner of distinction on the Island. And at the last concert of the series, just as at the first, the auditorium was not large enough to hold all would-be listeners.

Again we set sail, this time for China—and reaching there found ourselves in a new world. On our way to Manila we had touched at Shanghai and Hongkong briefly. Now we were to penetrate a land whose novelty was to our occidental eyes a revelation. Following Hongkong would come a series of concerts at Shanghai, then at Tientsin, and finally Peking before crossing the Yellow Sea to Japan.

To enter Hongkong harbor at night is to see one of the loveliest of sights; as background the mountains with their electric lighted drives, seem strung with rows of golden beads, and the sky with its stars appears like a black velvet tapestry dotted with tinsel. By day there comes another glimpse of sharp oriental contrast,—the sampan dwellers.

All about the steamer they flocked as we entered Hongkong harbor, their frail boats rocked in the swell; at the end of long poles they had put baskets, thrusting them upward while they begged shrilly for bread. And in those tiny boats the sampan dwellers are born, marry, live out their lives and die.

We hear in New York's Chinatown and in that of San Francisco, native Chinese music with its crashings, clashings, and seemingly chaotic impulse. It moves us to laughter. Hear that same music in China and it fits into the scene of life there. Ancient

In the Forbidden City, Peking
Amelita Galli-Curci with her manager, Lawrence Evans (on her right), and her husband and accompanist, Homer Samuels (on her left).

splendor, glowing costumes, mingled with faded ones of rags; strange, shuffling figures, 'rickshaws dashing; overhead gay banners of vermilion or bright yellow bearing signs in Chinese hieroglyphics, and all about one the cackle of high-pitched voices. Chinese music reflects Chinese life, it becomes one with the scene; there is oddity in both.

But at Shanghai, Tientsin, Peking, we were presently to find strange contrast between China and Japan, as we learned later. In China, the Galli-Curci audiences were 95 per cent foreign born, American, English, and other nationalities, only the remaining 5 per cent were natives. On the other hand, in Japan from her very first concert at the Imperial Theatre, Tokyo, foreign attendance was almost nil, the Japanese representing very nearly 100 per cent of those present. This was also true in Kyoto, Kobe and Osaka.

The masses in China still go on in a way they have followed for untold centuries. They are drows-

ing. Even the tumults to which their country is just now subjected, disturb them little, if at all. Should China ever be thoroughly awakened it will be one of the most powerful countries in the world. Its almost untouched resources assure this.

China has been glorified by some of the wisest, most profound thinkers of all time; its ancient art is magnificent. But the masses then, perhaps quite as much as now, were swathed in ignorance. Sanitation is a word missing from their dictionary.

All this is not asserting that beauty is dead in China, for it assuredly is not. In slow, measured fashion, much is shaped to loveliness and with the infinite care that characterizes the Oriental, but ardor in that direction is no longer prolific in results. There are signs here and there of an awakening, a slight stirring to energy and life. But the mental atmosphere in general is that of depressed, somnolent sadness.

One splendid flare-up of the old art spirit of China we saw in Peking, the Temple and Altar of Heaven. In architectural magnificence and coloring they are among the great sights of the world. And that remarkable, inscrutable Dowager Empress either had fine taste for art, or knew how to select men who

By the Sacred Lacquer Bridge at Nikko, Japan
Lawrence Evans, Amelita Galli-Curci and Homer Samuels.

had it when she caused the jewel-like Summer Palace to be erected, which will be her monument through all ages.

It was on the way to Peking that we faced our single dangerous experience of the tour. Our route lay through a desert infested by bandits and bands of roving soldiers scarcely less pleasant to encounter. We traveled by automobile. Presently, a windstorm whirled clouds of dust that brought us dim twilight. The two cars in which we traveled had their headlights turned on; for safety, when one car got in advance of the other, it was kept waiting until the second car caught up.

All about us was tense silence; even the sound of wheels was deadened as they sank deep in sand. Then, through the heavy dust screen we saw, mirage-like, advancing toward us a long procession of figures in Chinese costumes. The first thought was, bandits! On and on they crept, skirted to the left, and vanished as figures in a dream. Who they were, where they were going, remains a mystery.

But the soldiers were more tangible. Three times we met roving bands of them; three times our official papers were examined. Then, after much high-voiced cackling, we were allowed to proceed, crossing, on our way toward Peking, temporary bridges without rail or safeguards of any kind between us and whirling, muddy currents, which by light any dimmer than we had to drive in would have invited disaster.

What a contrast when we reached our first railway station in Japan en route to Tokyo, 26 hours distant. The name of it was Shimonoseki. Every inch of land was under cultivation; the people were bright, smiling, joyous. We had emerged from the sad twilight of China into the joy and gentleness that makes Japan.

In Tokyo we scanned carefully each number included in Madame Galli-Curci's programs, somewhat in doubt of the character of numbers best suited to Japanese audiences. Judge of our surprise when, on the diva's debut at Tokyo, before an audience representative of the land, Home Sweet Home, Swanee River and Love's Old Sweet Song were called for by name as encores, and apparently as beloved and familiar as they are in America.

The Japanese are a wonderful people, the Americans, in truth, of their part of the world. Not only have they assimilated business methods of the Occident, but they have grasped the beauties of Western music, and deeply prize Brahms, Schumann and the other masters. They study, and through the records of Madame Galli-Curci, for instance, have grown as familiar as are Americans with the charm of her voice and art. A curious custom exists in Japan whereby all letters of appreciation addressed to an artist are sent by men, speaking for themselves and for the ladies of their family.

What to me appears as remarkable in a whole people accepting and appreciating a totally different kind of music, is the fact that the Japanese hold and prize their own traditional music and instruments as highly as ever. There is no breaking with age-old tradition in their ceremonial music and in their native dances. The toilers sing their folk songs in the field; the cultured just as devotedly attend their native dramas with accompanying music.

One of the most picturesque scenes I ever witnessed in its combination of music and the dance was their annual Cherry Blossom Dance, in Tokyo. Geishas in brilliantly colored kimonos were the dancers, fluttering like big butterflies against a background of gold. The orchestra was composed of drums, beaten with the hand, of many samisens, and a single reed flute as high light.

(*Continued on Page* 8)

The Weaver of Musical Lace

Thoughts Occasioned by the Revival of Mozart's "Don Giovanni"

By Helen Salter

"DON GIOVANNI" ("Don Juan") is to be the second revival at the Metropolitan Opera House for the present season, and is looked forward to with much interest by musicians. Long absent from the Metropolitan's repertoire, this revival is particularly noteworthy in view of the galaxy of singers which has been announced: Pinza in the name part, Ponselle, Rethberg, Fleischer, Gigli, Ludikar and d'Angelo, with Serafin conducting.

The exacting demands of Mozart's music are a supreme test of any singer's ability, chiefly because, as W. J. Henderson said recently: "You can't make whoopee with Mozart. His melodies must be *sung*." And the all-star cast which Mr. Gatti has selected for "Don Giovanni" promises a performance that probably would have satisfied even the weaver of the opera's musical lace.

In seeking the inspiration for any great masterpiece one romantically inclined would be apt to say "cherchez la femme." There are many who believe that "Beethoven addressed his immortal love song, the 'Adelaide,' to some real inamorata; that Haydn expired in an ecstasy of joy during the performance of his 'Creation'; that Chopin died of a broken heart because George Sand deserted him, and that Mozart, at the inspiration of some mysterious stranger, wrote his 'Requiem.'"

Whether or not any of these beliefs are founded on fact, it is true, nevertheless, that more than one immortal work of music has been traced to the influence of some woman. With Mozart we find that his greatest works, "Die Entführung," "Idomeneo," "Don Giovanni," "Die Zauberflöte," "Nozze di Figaro," "Cosi fan tutte," "Titus," the "Ave Verum" and the "Requiem," were all written after his engagement or marriage to Constance Weber, whose love and devotion were unfailing up to the very moment of his death, when, though seriously ill herself, she remained at his side and prayed to die with him.

The brilliant accomplishments of Wolfgang Mozart as a boy prodigy are well known to musicians. We are at this time more interested in his later life. His own letters furnish the best proof of his joyous, happy temperament as a boy, and those written during this period and during his young manhood, sparkle with merriment and delightful nonsense.

Some of his most frolicsome letters, full of jest and banter, were written to his cousin, Marianne. One of these, dated Salzburg, May 10th, 1779, when he was about twenty-three, is characteristic:

"Sweetest cousin, such is life. One man has got a purse, but another has got the money, and he who has neither has nothing; and nothing is even less than little; while on the other hand much is a great deal more than nothing, and nothing can come of nothing."

Many readers will remember the delightful play "Mozart," by Sasha Guitry, presented here a few seasons ago, in which Yvonne Printemps took the part of young Mozart. This was a charming and amusing portrayal of his life in Paris at about the age of twenty. His genius and youthful charm captivated everyone with whom he came in contact, and

Constance, the inspiration of Mozart's greatest works.

ladies of every age and every station in life openly adored him. This was made the subject of many diverting episodes, which gave one a vivid impression of Mozart's personality at this period.

Later, while he was still in Paris, the first real shadow fell upon his gay young life in the death of his mother, about which he wrote several beautiful and touching letters full of deep religious feeling.

During the latter part of 1777 he first met Aloysia Weber, a lovely and talented girl of fifteen. Being gifted with an unusually beautiful voice, she became Mozart's pupil and they were soon deeply in love. He wrote a number of brilliant arias for her. But disillusionment soon followed. After a separation of a few months he returned to find that Aloysia had forgotten him in a new infatuation for an actor named Lange, whom she subsequently married. She lived to regret bitterly this step as Lange turned out to be a drunkard and she was at last compelled to separate from him. Nohl's "Life of Mozart" says:

"Neither happiness nor riches brightened Aloysia's path in life, nor the peace of mind arising from the consciousness of purity of heart. Not till she was an aged woman and Mozart long dead, did she recognize what he really had been. She liked to talk about him and his friendship; and in thus recalling the brightest memories of her youth some of that lovable charm seemed to revive that Mozart had imparted to her and to all with whom he had any intercourse."

Mozart, however, found in his friendship for her sister, Constance, a sympathy and understanding that he had missed in his earlier love. Quiet and sweet in temperament, Constance was the possessor of an excellent voice and a much more thorough knowledge of music than Aloysia. What began as a warm friendship between these two soon blossomed into a deep and sincere love.

They were married on August 4th, 1781, in St. Stephen's Church in Vienna, and it was after this marriage that most of his greatest works were written. Mozart's income was precarious and they were forced to live uncertainly from day to day, but their troubles were lightened by their deep devotion and happiness in being together.

He received while in Prague early in 1787 a commission from the impresario Bondini to write an opera buffa for the ensuing autumn. "Don Giovanni" was selected and it is said that "Mozart's whole soul was absorbed in this sublime subject" when he received word that his father, whose health had been failing for some time, was now seriously ill.

Following closely upon the sad news of his father's death, came news of the death of his dear friend, Barisani, a physician, of whom Mozart wrote: "Today, the third of September, I have been so unfortunate as to lose forever in this world by sudden death, this high-minded man, my dearest and best of all friends, and the preserver of my life. For him all is well; but for me, for us, and for all who knew him intimately it will never be well till we are so happy as to meet him again in a better world, to part no more."

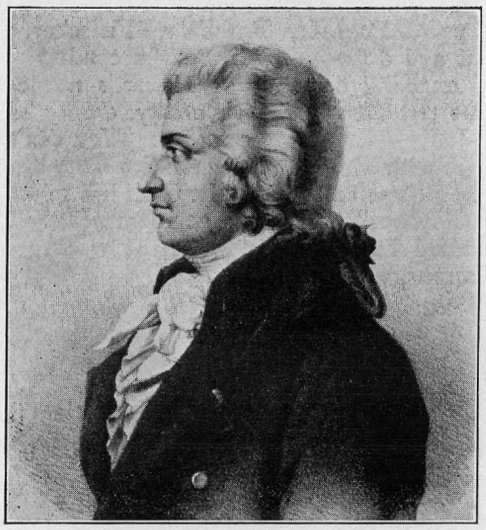
Doubtless during these sorrowful days the sympathy and encouragement of his wife, Constance, did much to comfort him, and it was during the same month of September that he went to Prague to finish and produce "Don Giovanni." The first performance took place on October 29th, 1787, with the most brilliant success.

Dole says that "Mozart needed no extraneous aids to composition; neither piano nor note-book. He carried his harmonies distinct in his head; they occurred to him amid the gayest scenes; so it is not so wonderful that the overture (to Don Giovanni) was written the preceding night; the copyist received the music with the ink still wet. The orchestra played it at sight, but Mozart said it 'prospered well, though many notes fell under the desk.'"

It seems one of the most cruel ironies of fate that a composer so prolific and gifted as Mozart should have died in abject poverty during his early thirties. Often the victim of bitter jealousies, confronted with business complications with which he was unable to cope, it was probably due to the love and inspiration of Constance that he was able not only to produce so much but that his music preserved so much of its original joyousness.

Mozart died on the 5th of December, 1791, and was buried in the potter's field. Nohl describes the pathetic funeral:

"It was a rough, stormy December day, with alternate showers of snow and rain, when Mozart's body was carried out of the Cathedral. The few friends whose warm enthusiasm for the maestro overcame their dread of the weather, stood around the coffin sheltered by umbrellas. They followed it along the



Mozart at about the time he wrote "Don Giovanni."

'grosse Schulerstrasse.' But they, too, at the Stuben Gasse, forsook the procession. Thus it occurred that not a single friend among the numbers on whom he had conferred so much enjoyment during his life, now stood beside his grave. He who had lived so much for others was not even permitted to possess a grave of his own."

In The Orient

(*Continued from Page 6*)

The shadow-like, elusive Japanese music gains, exactly as does the music of China, a new and concrete meaning when listened to in native surroundings. The reflection of the scene in nature and in the life there intensifies the effect.

Anyone who has visited Japan must leave it regretfully, as we assuredly did. But the Oriental dream had come all too quickly to its ending and once more we sailed, this time for the last stage of the long tour—Honolulu.

Those who know the delight of an Hawaiian night, soft air, moonlight, the perfume of a million flowers, ukeleles and songs by native voices are aware of the enchantment. Here again, it is music heightened in value by surroundings lending peculiar appropriateness.

The Orchestra Conductor's Instrument

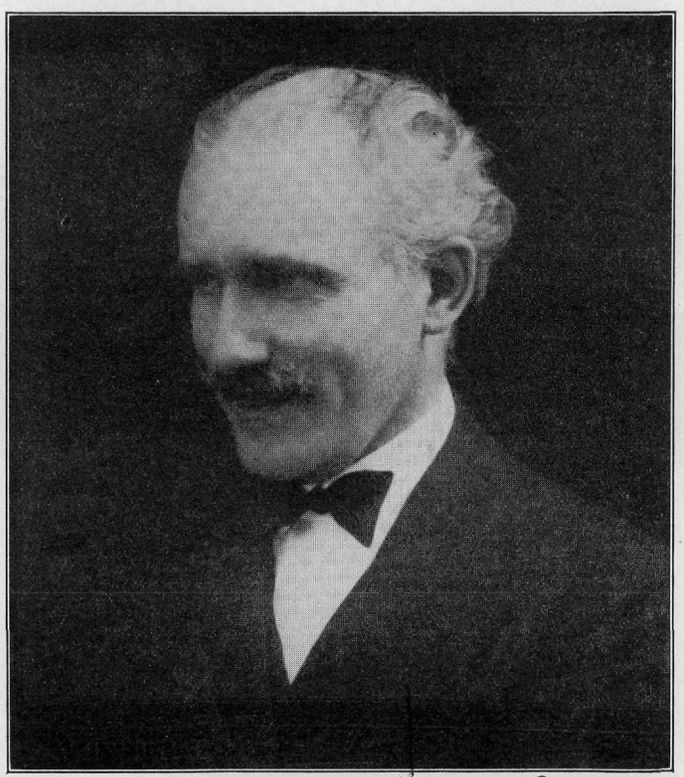
Human Beings With Problems

By Arthur Christmann

IT has become a well-known fact that American concert-going audiences have, during the last few years, built up a rather novel practice, the practice of conductor-worship. Never before, not even in the days of Franz Liszt, one of the first of virtuoso conductors, has there been such a glorification of the symphonic director. The present-day music lover goes to a concert, listens to the music, and applauds the man with the baton. Then he goes home and tells his less fortunate friends how well Mengelberg did Beethoven's Fifth, Brahms' Fourth, or some other symphonic masterwork. The impression he conveys is that Mr. Mengelberg played Beethoven or Brahms on a species of overgrown organ, with a series of one hundred or more human pipes of varying quality. He seems completely to overlook the fact that these one hundred odd pipes are all human individualities, and that instead of being played by the conductor, they have to do the playing themselves. The public is willing enough to admit that it judges a conductor by what it hears come from the orchestra, yet, paradoxically it gives all of the credit for what it does hear to the man holding the "stick," and very little to the hundred men holding the instruments. If the Philharmonic plays exceptionally well, it is because Toscanini is at the helm. No one would venture to say that it is because the men are playing unusually well both individually and as a group. That Mr. Toscanini has a great deal to do with the splendid performance, no one can deny. That he alone is responsible for it is a mistake too obvious to the thinking person to need any explanation. One almost becomes weary of listening to the Sunday afternoon radio announcer, who indulges in rapturous flights of eloquence over the almost immortal qualities of the particular conductor of the afternoon.

In saying so much about conductor-worship, one may run the risk of appearing to consider the conductor a very minor factor. This, too, would be an absurdity. The director will always be the guiding and dominating factor in every symphonic performance, but one thing must be remembered—he does *not* play the music. The number of his duties is great. He sets tempos, suggests the interpretation, inspires the orchestra with the spirit of a composition, and gives cues, but it is always the orchestral player who actually does the things suggested and directed by the leader.

Few people realize the complexities and pitfalls that a player in the modern orchestra encounters. From the point of view of the average audience it seems a simple enough matter to read the notes printed on a page of music, and to keep time with a conductor's arm. The average person little knows the difficulties of counting bars, of catching delicate changes of tempo accurately, of playing an almost inaudible note all alone, of executing a difficult cadenza cleanly, or of accompanying a soloist, who is in the habit of taking many liberties of interpretation. Only the man who has played in the orchestra can feel these things; only he can know the sinking, almost heart-arresting feeling that comes when the



To the Baton
Arturo Toscanini

leader makes some little movement which he does not understand, and he loses as much as one beat of the count. There are many difficulties and problems which are common to all members of the orchestra, regardless of the instrument they play. There are other difficulties peculiar to each section, and even to each instrument. An attempt will be made to explain each of these in brief detail, and give a fairly definite idea both of the problems which

(*Continued on Page* 18)

Fritz K

"King of V

By Elizabet

IN the hands of Fritz Kreisler a violin becomes a living thing. "Kreisler will play Tuesday night" need only be announced at the box office to bring thousands of music lovers out in any kind of weather, and to put every inch of space in the concert hall at a premium; and this in spite of the fact that Kreisler has been playing to American audiences for a quarter of a century.

Leopold Auer once remarked that there are frequently exhibitions of marvelous technique upon the vaudeville stage, but that a great Something Else, a rare and priceless gift of touching the hearts as well as aweing the minds of one's hearers, constitutes the difference between an artist and a performer. It is that vague but instantly recognizable something which draws from Kreisler's violin a vibrant tone like a human voice. A small child without experience of instrumental music said in bewilderment on first hearing one of Kreisler's records, "But I don't see how anyone can sing like that!"

An artist with a reputation and a host of devoted admirers such as this violinist has, may dare to be unreservedly himself. He need never pose, never affect remoteness or graciousness in order to attract attention to himself. He can politely but firmly decline to be mounted upon a social pedestal. Moreover, he can choose his programs without undue regard to popular taste, knowing that people will listen to whatever he plays and like it.

A Violin Student's Conception of Heaven.
Jascha Heifetz, Efrem Zimbalist, Alma Gluck (Mrs. Zimbalist), and Fritz Kreisler all together on a summer's day far from adoring audiences.

Mr. Kreisler opens all these doors to personal liberty which close upon many lesser musicians dependent upon publicity for box office receipts. He walks simply out upon the concert platform, bows and smiles in a kindly and appreciative way, and plays without ostentation. Coming offstage amid the applause attendant upon the last encore (very likely his famous "Caprice Viennois") he mops his brow, and with nods and smiles and a wave of the hand to those waiting for a glimpse of him, hastens to his dressing room. That part of the audience which has been seated on the platform makes its exit past this room and harassed ushers are constantly obliged to shout, "Keep moving! This way, please!" If it were possible for an unidentified person to elude the ushers and remain in the hall, he would see Mr. Kreisler come out in a very few moments with his wife, and greet the friends grouped about his door, still smiling though obviously impatient to be gone. Then one would see him step quickly into a waiting taxi, call a hurried good night to his manager, Mr. C. J. Foley, and vanish.

Although he never plays music that is not good, Kreisler, who, in common with all joy-loving Viennese, has an innate lightness of spirit, is fond of gay, sparkling melodies which he gives as encores. He was the first artist to record a full violin concerto, but he has also recorded light things such as "Poor Butterfly," "Blue Skies," and "Indian Love Call."

"Of the numerous records I have made," he says, "my favorite ones are Bach's double concerto for two violins which I made with Efrem Zimbalist, the Russian violinist; the 'Caprice Viennois'; Dvorak's 'Humoresque,' which I found amongst a pile of the composer's forgotten piano music, and which has become so universally popular, though its humor is of the type that laughs with one eye and weeps with the other; and most Viennese melodies. Another of my favorites is Heuberger's 'Midnight Bells,' a lovely melody composed by a friend of my youth, who died in want without ever reaping any benefit from his numerous compositions."

Kreisler was born in Vienna in 1875. His father, a physician and amateur musician, was delighted to observe the signs of musical ability which Fritz showed at a very early age. When he was seven he appeared at a concert for children given by Carlotta Patti, and at this time he entered the Vienna Conservatory where he studied with Josef Hellmesberger. His artistic genealogy has been traced back from pupil to teacher two hundred years through the Hellmesbergers, son and father, Boehm, Rode, Viotti, Pugnani and Somis to the great Corelli; and it has been suggested that perhaps this distinguished descent accounts for his fondness for the old Italian masters.

At fourteen, Fritz had studied also at the Conservatoire in Paris under Massart and Delibes, and at that age made his first American tour, giving concerts with Moriz Rosenthal, the pianist. It was not until 1899, however, that he definitely decided to devote himself to the violin. In the interim he had had a year of military service, and had become so fine a pianist that Harold Bauer has lamented in the rise of Kreisler the violinist the loss of an equally great pianist. (He still has an admirable command

Kreisler

'iolinists''

Stutsman

of the piano and a few years ago played it in a concert of chamber music in London.) He had proved so apt a pupil in his study of medicine at Vienna that a brilliant success in that field was foretold for him, and his fellow students of art at the Beaux Arts in Paris say that he showed a very decided talent for painting.

The remarkable fact about his versatility is that it has not wasted his talent. He has centralized his power in music rather than letting it escape equally into the many channels which were open to it. At the same time he has kept exceedingly wide interests. He takes a small library with him when he travels and likes especially to read old and classical works, Latin and Greek and the Bible, and modern books exemplifying a brilliant and captivating style. He has made a study of incunabula, which he not only collects, but reads. A close friend of Albert Einstein, the eminent physicist, who is an excellent amateur fiddler, he has an interest in mathematics and the new inventions. These two friends are often together when Kreisler goes to his home outside Berlin to rest at the end of the season.

Fritz Kreisler at home.

Kreisler is as reckless with his money as musicians are popularly reputed to be, but his prodigality seems to be due to his kind heart rather than lack of acumen. He is continually drawing on his bank account in behalf of poor artists. During the war he and Mrs. Kreisler spent nearly all their income for the relief of orphans and disabled soldiers and music teachers who had been stranded in Vienna. At one time it was said that there were 1500 of these unfortunate people for whom the violinist had made himself personally responsible. He has also contributed largely to a Vienna milk fund and to the American Society for the Control of Cancer. He is especially interested in the activities of the latter organization because Mrs. Kreisler's parents both died of that disease.

And then, at times when the pressure of poverty and starvation is not so great in the world, Kreisler likes to play the stock market, a game which he does not always win.

He and his wife will not be lionized; they enjoy the company of old friends better than casual contacts with new acquaintances. Mr. Carl Lamson has accompanied Kreisler for fifteen or twenty years, and an English maid has served the family for the same length of time. They like to have the same waiter whenever they go to a restaurant, and the same clerk when they make purchases in shops. The intimate personal touch with a very few of the thousands of people to whom they are familiar pleases them.

Kreisler likes the theatre as a form of amusement, but not as a means of solving problems or raising pertinent or impertinent questions. As the result of a discussion at Zimbalist's home, Kreisler and Zimbalist and Elman each wrote a musical comedy. Kreisler's was an operetta called "Apple Blossoms," and had a run of over a year on Broadway. Zimbalist's score, "Honeydew," also had a good season, but Elman's was never produced.

Aside from his virtuosity as a violinist, Kreisler has another claim to musical fame. As the result of his research the literature for violin, very much smaller than that for piano, has been nearly doubled in the last few years. Inspired by his love for the Italian masters, he searched in dusty European libraries for music composed by forgotten authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, during which time the violin was more generally popular than it has been since. Years spent in culling the best examples from the vast amount he found have added countless beautiful pieces to the violinist's repertoire.

He has, moreover, become justly celebrated for his own delightful compositions and for his arrangements of piano pieces, old songs and arias, and small pieces by modern composers. Recently he has become ambitious to compose in the larger forms. Among those which the moderns tend to look upon with scorn and whose doom they predict is the Concerto with its first movement developed elaborately, its second songlike, and its third usually a gay rondo. They claim that its length and display are no longer successful in holding audiences. Kreisler says, "Our concertgoers have today grown so restless that they do not wish to listen to long compositions. In opera such impatience has already begun to manifest itself. Take London, where you get a 'potted' version of 'Carmen,' 'I Pagliacci,' etc., with the music jumbled together so that many of the finest things are missed. In a hundred years who knows but that a 'potted' version of the Beethoven Concerto will be in vogue!

"The form itself, however, would seem to me to be permanent.

It may be made freer, in the way Liszt worked out the symphonic poem from the symphony, but it cannot be wiped out. And you will note that the greatest concertos are very nearly all long."

Kreisler's pet ambition is not to write a concerto, however, but a string quartet, and although he himself observes that many who have succeeded in the small forms have failed in the large, the musical world eagerly awaits the achievement of this ambition.

On the Austrian front, where he served as a lieutenant of infantry in 1914, the nicety of this musician's ear in detecting the change in pitch made by shells passing from their upward to their downward curve, was very valuable in calculating the distance of enemy guns. Wounded shortly after his actual participation in hostilities had begun, he retired and wrote a book called "Four Weeks in the Trenches,"

Fritz Kreisler as a boy.

and having been declared unfit for further active service he came to the United States to give a concert tour.

"When we have war," he said, "the centuries roll away and we are back at beginnings at a bound. But there is another side to the picture. War may bring unspeakable horrors, but it does not fail to unfold the finest flowerings of humanity. . . . I have seen with my own eyes real heroism and acts of the most tender sympathy and kindness go hand-in-hand with grim, stalking war."

Although Kreisler believed in 1914 that art was one of the surest means of effecting universal understanding, he was not entirely unprepared to face the hysterical attitude of Americans toward his fellow countrymen and himself which burst into flame when the United States entered the war two years later, but it hurt him deeply, nevertheless. For the duration of the war, although audiences in the eastern part of the country were still friendly, he gave only benefit concerts. By 1921 the pendulum had swung to the other extreme and he had found such favor in America that a rumor was current to the effect that his government had offered him the post of Austrian envoy to the United States. Although, or perhaps because, he preferred not to mix politics and art, his position in the affectionate regard of Americans has since that time remained high.

Kreisler's own description of his self-development, his early difficulties, and his artistic ideals will be of interest not only to students desirous of emulating him, but to all those who admire a career which is the result of work and planning as well as natural talent.

"Since I was 12 I have never had any regular tuition, but I had an unerring sense of what was right, and realized that every great artist was my teacher. So I gathered good impressions wherever I could, and eventually became a pupil of not only every great performer, but of great minds in literature and art. The Bible, Shakespeare, Dante, Homer and Goethe were my household treasures of literature.

"I recall the time when one of the most famous impresarios in London expressed great surprise when I demanded 15 guineas (about $78.00) for playing at a concert, and forthwith refused to pay what he considered an exorbitant fee. I was struggling in those days, and I have a memory of playing once at Bournemouth when my share of the receipts of the concert came to the sum of four pounds (practically $20.00). The irony of it was that I had to pay my accompanist six guineas (about $31.00). But if the concert brought me no pecuniary reward, the exercise of my art then gave me no less pleasure than it does now.

"Some people try to separate art from their daily life, but, to my mind, it brings only discord. If one sinks to a low level in any respect I cannot understand how he can keep his art on a high plane. There is, of course, good and bad in all of us, but the noblest endeavor throughout life should be directed toward reaching the ideal."

Fritz Kreisler became acquainted with the Institute of Musical Art through his friendship for the late Franz Kneisel, who for many years guided the violin department of the school. At the funeral service for Mr. Kneisel, which was held at the Institute, Kreisler played with Mr. Gaston Dethier the Adagio from Bach's Concerto in E major as a final tribute to his friend.

PRINCE OBOLENSKY JOINS OUR FACULTY

A new member of the Faculty in the Singing Department is Prince Alexis Obolensky. He came to this country in 1925 to give concerts after having had an interesting career in Europe and Australia.

Originally from St. Petersburg, Russia, he studied violin there with Professor Serge Korgueff who now teaches at the Institute.

Prince Obolensky has had a studio in Paris, and has sung with the Melba Opera Company of Australia where he also prepared young singers. He now has ten pupils at the Institute and is enthusiastic over the inspiring atmosphere of our school.

Celebrities' Corner

Pertinent Messages to Students

From Elisabeth Rethberg, Giovanni Martinelli, Leon Rothier

A PAGE of each issue will be devoted to messages from celebrated artists, written in their native languages, which will interest everyone intent upon acquiring a knowledge of languages, as well as our pupils of various nationalities and our special language students.

German

Vertiefe Dich in die Lieder Schubert's, Brahms' und Hugo Wolf's! Genaue Kenntnis und Verstehen dieser Meisterwerke bereichert Dich unsagbar, ganz gleich ob Du selbst singst oder nicht.

Eine ideale Verschmelzung von Wort und Ton als Ausdruck einer seelischen Regung, wie sie die Lieder dieser Meister uns geben, sollte Widerhall finden in jedes Menschen Seele!

Ein unendlicher Reichtum von wechselnden Gefühlsausdrücken offenbart sich Dir in ihnen.

Einige meiner Leiblingslieder sind:

Der Zyklus "Winterreise" (Schubert).
Oh kuehler Wald (Brahms).
Willst Du, das ich geh (Brahms).
Von ewiger Liebe (Brahms).
Die Italienischen und Spanischen Liederbücher (Hugo Wolf).

—Elisabeth Rethberg.

(Translations are, as far as possible, literal.)

Steep yourselves in the songs of Schubert, Brahms and Hugo Wolf! Intimate knowledge and understanding of these masterworks enriches you immeasurably, whether you are a singer or not.

An ideal blending of word and tone in the expression of a soulfelt emotion, such as the songs of these masters give us, should find response in the heart of every human being!

An infinite wealth of varying sentiment reveals itself in each.

Some of my favorite songs are:

The Cycle "Winter Journey" (Schubert).
Oh cool forest (Brahms).
Do you wish that I go (Brahms).
Of eternal love (Brahms).
The Italian and Spanish Songbooks (Hugo Wolf).

—Elisabeth Rethberg.

Italian

Mi fa tanto piacere d'avere l'opportunità d'impersonare un carattere americano in un intreccio americano, "La Fanciulla del West." Ho passato i più begli anni della mia carriera negli Stati Uniti ed amo questo meravigliose paese come la mia seconda patria.

Dopo avere studiato la parte col compositore stesso, Giacomo Puccini, ebbi il privilegio di creare la parte di "Johnson" a Roma e Milano in Italia, subito dopo la primissima recita mondiale interpretata al Metropolitan dall'indimenticabile Caruso.

Studiate l'italiano, la lingua del bel canto, che vi aiuterà ad impostare la voce correttamente per cantare e parlare senze fatica!

—Giovanni Martinelli.

It gives me much pleasure to have the opportunity to impersonate an American character in an American plot,

(*Continued on Page* 17)

Courtesy of The Musical Courier

Elisabeth Rethberg, Giovanni Martinelli and Leon Rothier with fellow-artists at the close of the summer season of Ravinia Opera near Chicago, made merry at a costume dance given by Mme. Rethberg at her home in Hubbard Woods, prior to their return to the Metropolitan Opera.

The guests were: Lucrezia Bori, Yvonne Gall, Florence Macbeth, Queena Mario, Giovanni Martinelli, Edward Johnson, Mario Chamlee, Armand Tokatyan, Julia Claussen, Ina Bourskaya, Giuseppe Danise, Mario Basiola, Desire Defrere, Leon Rothier, Virgilio Lazzari, Louis D'Angelo, Louis Hasselmans, Gennaro Papi, Wilfred Pelletier, Margery Maxwell, Philine Falco, Gladys Swarthout, George Cehanovsky, Giordano Paltrinieri, Paolo Ananian, Ruth Page, Hilda Burke; the German Consul, Albert Doman (Mme. Rethberg's husband), Mr. Satler (her father), Otto Watrin (her teacher), Kurt Weinhold (her representative); Jacques Gordon, Alfred Wallenstein, "The Baton's" Editor, and many other friends.

On Institute Themes

WITH the opening of the Institute and the return of the faculty and students, many interesting bits of information may be gleaned by the persistent eavesdropper who loiters in the reception room, library, or restaurant.

Carl Friedberg, after a vacation by the Adriatic Sea, conducted his annual chamber music festival at Baden-Baden. Besides himself, his trio included Flesch and Piatigorsky. Lonny Epstein, who, after teaching and seeing former pupils in Frankfort and Cologne, attended the festival, reports that it was a notable occasion.

Elizabeth Strauss passed the summer in Germany and Austria. She spent a month at Nauheim in the Tyrol and visited Rotenburg, the oldest city in Germany, Frankfort, and Leipzig where she dined at the restaurants once frequented by Schumann and Wagner and attended St. Thomas' Church where Bach was organist for 23 years. At Salzburg and Munich she witnessed some fine Shakespeare productions and avoided all music festivals. These experiences were so impressive that she promises to tell us at more length about them. Lois Adler was also in Salzburg where she attended the Mozart festival and in Munich where she saw a notable outdoor Reinhardt presentation of "Everyman" with Moissi. She motored through England and visited Normandy, Brittany, and Germany.

Another visitor to the famous colony of St. Jean-de-Luz near Paris,—where Ravel, Chaliapin and others have homes,—was Evsei Beloussoff who was a guest of Mischa Elman and did a great deal of ensemble playing with him. Mr. Beloussoff also motored through the Pyrenees to Spain and Italy, going thence to Vienna, Warsaw and Berlin where Max Reinhardt's production of Strauss' "Die Fledermaus," conducted by Eric Korngold, was an outstanding event.

Harold Berkley summered in England, his only musical adventure being what he termed a "rotten performance by the Diagheleff Ballet in London." And Ignace Hilsberg, Marguerite Albro, Diana Toledo, Margarete Dessoff, Ada Fisher and William Kroll betook themselves to foreign parts, we hear.

Maine was as usual a mecca for many of our faculty, some of whom have summer homes there. These included Dr. Damrosch at Seal Harbor, Gaston and Edouard Dethier at East Blue Hill and George Wedge at North Brooklin. Vera Fonaroff joined Josef Hofmann's colony at Camden, Maine, and Howard Brockway, Anna Fyffe and Ruth Stewart enjoyed their vacation in that state. Gordon Stanley, after spending some time at Dark Harbor, Maine, assisted Ernest Hutcheson at Chautauqua.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts, claimed Willem Willeke, Karl Kraeuter and Conrad Held, and Martha's Vineyard harbored Leopold Mannes, Bernard Wagenaar and Howard Murphy. The nearby island of Nantucket is Gardner Lamson's annual retreat.

Leopold Auer went to Lake Placid as is his custom, and Sascha Jacobsen was with the Musical Art Quartet. They were six weeks in Baltimore playing alternate afternoons and evenings at the home of Ambassador Garrett, and four weeks at Southampton at the home of Charles Mitchell, President of the National City Bank. The remainder of the summer they spent in Connecticut rehearsing for the winter.

Harold Morris had many interesting things to tell about the MacDowell colony at Peterboro, New Hampshire. Henriette Michelson went to California and attended a unique music festival in Mexico which she will describe in a later issue. George Boyle was in New Hampshire, Ella Toedt in Vermont, Madeleine Walther and Bertha Firgau in the Catskills, Belle Soudant and Samuel Gardner in Connecticut, and Mary Quin in Massachusetts. Beatrice Schneider vacationed in New Hampshire, Howard Talley on Long Island, Louise Havens in Rhode Island, and H. Becket Gibbs at Lake Champlain. Arthur Newstead was in or near New York all summer as was Constance Seeger who claims to have discovered an interesting English course at Columbia which bears on music.

Quaint French Canada, centering around the ancient fortified city of Quebec, lured, by motor, William J. Henderson, George Wedge, Howard Brockway; also our Editor, after summering on Chicago's North Shore for the Ravinia Opera season, about which she wrote articles for the Sunday editions of the *New York Herald-Tribune*. What the other members of the faculty have done since last season we have not yet chanced to hear.

Elizabeth F. Harris and Mary Louise Sims, both of our Faculty, have recently written a book called "Learning to Listen." Further mention of it will be made in the December BATON, as well as of a collection of "30 and 1 Folk Songs" compiled by Bascom Lamar Lunsford and Lamar Stringfield, an artist graduate of the Institute.

Margaretta Arline Wright, a student of singing at the Institute under Mrs. Theodore Toedt, was one of the winners in the preliminary competition for Essex County, New Jersey, in the third Atwater Kent National Radio Audition.

In Memoriam. We note with deep regret that Gertrude Widmer, a graduate of the Institute, was killed in an accident at Alexandria Bay on July 13th last.

Passacaglia

With Good Intentions

By Joseph Machlis

IT was one of those magic, late-September days when the summer, like an over-ripe prima donna who will not admit that her day is done, puts on for the last time the old costume. A flood of morning sunshine poured through my window, laden with memories of August, a white sandy beach, a blue sea. Alas, all that was over now. Bravely I sat down at the piano, ready to begin work.

No sooner had I struck the first chord than I heard Conrad's low, long whistle. My dear friend, Conrad, you must know, occupied a small studio in the adjoining building. And, as ill luck would have it, his window gave on to the inner courtyard directly opposite mine. Naturally we had fallen into the habit of discussing our private concerns across the courtyard; everyone did. A little impatiently I came to the window. Half of Conrad's face shone bright and fresh; the other half was still covered with his shaving lather.

"Doesn't a morning like this make you feel young again, Jo? I say we go swimming today. A farewell to arms, as it were."

"Cross out the 'we', child. My arms need practice, and lots of it. You may recall that we've wasted eight weeks in swimming and other inventions of the devil. You may also recall that school opens in a week-and-a-half, to my sorrow be it known. This morning I'm beginning to work!"

"Very well, don't excite yourself! Don't begin an oration. I'll go back to bed. And if you tire of your noble resolve, as is the way of all flesh, drop in on me and we'll chat."

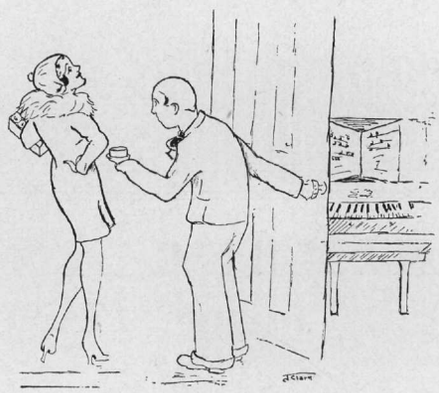
Since all pianists have a secret contempt for, as well as secret envy of, all leisurely facile violinists, I made no other reply to Conrad's remark than to slam down the window, draw the blind, and return to my piano stool.

Before me spread the opening pages of the Passacaglia. With a tremor of awe I followed the intricate black-dot patterns in which the great Johann Sebastian has woven this mightiest of his works. Once, twice, thrice, I played the theme of the simple octaves in the bass; that theme, like some awesome Annunciation, into which have been poured so much of grandeur and resignation, so much of pity for the sufferings of men, and understanding of their weaknesses; the voice of Ecclesiastes; or of a Titan. Already I had plunged into the first tender counterpoints. Suddenly the door-bell rang.

A short staccato ring it was, as of one a little timid, a little pert, a little impatient. But no! I was not to be lured from my work. Grimly I raised my stiff arches, cocked my fingers in the most approved manner, about to continue, when that sharp jangle again tore the morning silence. Human frailty, you will say. Normal curiosity, I will reply. Before I knew it, I was at the door.

In the gloom of the hallway I descried what Longfellow or Booth Tarkington, in the romantic phraseology of another age, would have called a maiden of twenty summers. Or thereabouts. Allowing a margin for the half-light, for the saucy tilt of milady's toque, and for the meticulous lay-out of her ultra-sun tan complexion. She measured me with a sidelong glance and asked, a trifle insouciantly, "Is your mother in?"

Now in itself this sentence may be as suave and inoffensive as the question which the viola puts to the violins in a Mozart quartette. But when it is hurled by a very self-possessed young miss, in a



"Boy, is your Ma in?" tone of voice, at one who has already reached the stage of maintaining his own cubbyhole and calling it "studio-apartment"—certainly you will understand when I tell you that, as a man and as a rent payer, I felt resentful. I was just about to ask whether I wouldn't do in a pinch. But the young lady turned sidewise, extended her hand, and commenced urbanely:

"If she isn't in now, give her this free sample package of Marvel-O when she comes back. And tell her that Marvel-O is different from anything else she has ever used. Tell her that Marvel-O combines the qualities of four other powders. Tell her that it cleanses, scours, whitens and polishes all in one. Tell her that for bath tubs, silverware, windows, antiques, silk underwear, enamelware, linoleum and aluminum, there's nothing like Marvel-O. Tell her that it will leave her hands soft and smooth as velvet. Tell her that . . ."

The whole of this rhapsodical outburst was delivered by the damsel in a smooth, even, perfectly expressionless voice, without the slightest inflection or hitch. Save for the few places where she paused to draw breath. Then two rows of pearly white

teeth flickered against the pouting cupid's-bow of her red, red upper lip. She might have been reciting an elegy out of the telephone book, or the multiplication table. I didn't mind in the least, occupied as I was with following the delicate curve of her profile against the shadows. Finally the panegyric on Marvel-O came to an end. She said, "Thank you," and handed me the package. I recovered sufficiently to inquire, "Am I really to tell her all this?"

She looked through me and above, with that empty stare which pretty women use when they want to make you feel like thin air, turned on her heel, and proceeded down the corridor with the next sample. But the vision of pouting red, red cupid's-bow still troubled me. I called after her: "Pardon, gracious lady, but you forgot to say whether Marvel-O, if taken internally, would relieve sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, rheumatic pains, as well as act as a general tonic and aid to the nervous system."

Milady turned. The two lines that she called eyebrows, arched. "Marvel-O taken internally, would give you something to think about!" A bend in the corridor, and she was gone.

The music sheet was still in the same place on the rack. The bench stood industriously before the keyboard. Yet, somehow, something was changed. I fidgeted restlessly, idly fingered the keys. My mind was no longer on the felicities of the Master's counterpoint. Suddenly a rash thought struck me: The divine lady of the Marvel-O would soon finish canvassing through our apartment house, and begin Conrad's. So there was still a chance for me to hear her eloquent discourse once again! Helter-skelter I ran down and across the courtyard.

I found Conrad fully dressed. We inquired about each other's health, then sat down opposite each other, mutually suspicious.

"I didn't expect to have the pleasure of your company so soon, Jo."

"Nor did I expect to find you all decked out so soon. Are you really going swimming?"

"Well, no . . . fact is, I was just about to surprise you with a little visit. Not to disturb you, of course. I would have just sat around, quietly, and read one of your books. . . ."

At that moment my restless glance lighted upon Conrad's violin case; upon which reposed, sedately, a package of Marvel-O. The truth dawned upon both of us simultaneously. Conrad sighed, ruefully.

"Yes, she's been here. I thought I'd hear her perform again at your place. Didn't she have a sweet smile, though. Well, she must have gone the other way. Such is life. You may as well return to work, old man."

Sad at heart, I came back to my little studio. Outside the sunshine beckoned more temptingly than ever, calling to freedom, and the carefree joy of the moment. Resolutely I turned my back to the window, bent low over the keys, and sounded once again the opening of the Passacaglia, with its weary grandeur and mournful wisdom, with its pity for the sufferings of men, and comprehension of their frailties.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC

(*Continued from Page 2*)

Barbizon String Quartette at the Hotel Barbizon on October 13th. "Miss Zundel is a 'cellist of marked talent and artistic sincerity."

Ernest Hutcheson, Dean of the Juilliard Graduate School, played in the season's opening concert of the Beethoven Association at Town Hall on October 21st. Mr. Hutcheson is also to appear in recital at Carnegie Hall on November 9th. "He is a pianist who stands among those foremost in the musical world."

James Friskin, of our Piano Faculty, who gave a Recital at Town Hall, October 28th.

James Friskin, a member of the Piano Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, gave a recital at Town Hall on October 28th. "He stands among the players of finest fibre."

Samuel Gardner, a member of the Violin Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, has written a symphonic work, "Broadway," which is to be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season.

Bernard Wagenaar, of the Theory Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, has just been notified that his "Divertimento" for orchestra will receive a performance by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the latter part of November.

Ronald Murat, a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art and holder of the Teachers' Diploma, will give a violin recital at Town Hall on November 23rd.

--Lloyd Mergentime.

CELEBRITIES' CORNER

(*Continued from Page 13*)

"The Girl of the (Golden) West." I have spent the most beautiful years of my career in the United States and I love this marvelous country like a second fatherland.

After having studied the part with the composer himself, Giacomo Puccini, I had the privilege of creating the part of "Johnson" at Rome and Milan in Italy, soon after the very first presentation in the world, interpreted at the Metropolitan by the unforgetable Caruso.

Study Italian, the language of beautiful singing, which will aid you in placing the voice correctly in singing and speaking without fatigue! *—Giovanni Martinelli.*

French

Ex-professeur moi-même à l'Ecole de Musique Juilliard lors de sa Fondation it m'est agréable de souhaiter la bienvenue aux nouveaux élèves de l'institution.

L'art "vocal" plus que tout autre est universel, international—il franchit pacifiquement toutes les frontières mais pour le connâitre, l'apprécier, ses interprêtes doivent comprendre, "posséder" le langage dans lequel il est exprimé.

Connâitre la France, Paris, les Français et le "français" devrait être le "rêve" constant de tout étudiant américain, musicien ou chanteur. Son ambition et sa valeur artistiques s'acheminerait, se développeraient vers la Beauté, le Charme, la Délicatesse, trois vertus dont la France semble détenir le secret depuis des Siêcles.

Lire, lire beaucoup, et de bons livres classiques (non modernes) deviendrait alors le complément essential de cette éducation. *—Leon Rothier.*

Ex-professor myself at the Juilliard School of Music at the time of its foundation, it gives me pleasure to welcome the new students of the institution.

"Vocal" art more than any other is universal, international —it crosses peacefully all frontiers; but to know it, appreciate it, its interpreters ought to understand, "to possess" the language in which it is expressed.

To know France, Paris, the French people and the French language ought to be the constant "dream" of every American student, musician or singer. His artistic ambition and courage will start him on his way, will develop him toward Beauty, Charm, Delicacy, three virtues of which France seems to hold the secret through the centuries.

To read, to read much and good classical books (not modern) should then be the essential complement to this education. *—Leon Rothier.*

As already stated elsewhere in this issue, Mme. Rethberg's new rôle this season will be that of Donna Elvira in Mozart's "Don Giovanni"; Mr. Martinelli's part in "The Girl of the Golden West" is new to New York; and opera-goers will have the opportunity to witness one of the most eloquent and touching impersonations on the stage today when Leon Rothier sings the rôle of the father in the revival of Charpentier's "Louise."

THE ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENT

(*Continued from Page 9*)

confront the orchestra as a whole, and those which are of special importance to the various sections, or groups of instrumentalists.

All orchestral players, regardless of the instrument they play, are confronted by several big problems—watching the conductor, playing in tune, keeping together with the utmost nicety, and counting measures of rest. The first of these, watching the conductor, is a far more complex thing than most people would suppose. The player does not look at him directly, neither does he look at him from time to time, technically speaking. Rather, he feels the conductor's influence. What really happens is that the performer sees the director out of the extreme corner of his eye, with that dim outer rim of vision by which we can sense the positions of objects, while our gaze is fixed on something in a totally different direction. The orchestral musician must cultivate this penumbral kind of vision, so that even when he is reading a page crowded with notes and difficult passages, he does not miss even the most delicate shades of tempo variation which the conductor's baton may demand. It is the acquisition of this ability which, more than all else, differentiates the experienced, routined musician from the neophyte.

For musicians, the matter of playing in tune requires little explanation. The player must have a keen ear, and pay constant attention to his own pitch in relation to that of the rest of the group.

The third problem, keeping together with the utmost nicety, ties up very closely with the first, watching the conductor. Yet it implies more than mere mechanical "stick-watching." To produce a perfect ensemble one must "know" the conductor, and the individual characteristics of most of the orchestral players as well. It is therefore true that the longer a group of musicians and a conductor have worked together, the nicer will become their ensemble, until one may almost say that they play like one person, rather than one hundred personalities. To the uninitiated, counting measures may appear the least troublesome of all the musician's problems. But this does not prove to be the case. One may count up to a hundred by the musical method of 1, 2, 3, 4—2, 2, 3, 4—3, 2, 3, 4—4, 2, 3, 4—etc., in the quiet of his own living-room with very little difficulty; but when he comes to do this same thing in the orchestra, he finds an entirely different situation confronting him. Whether it is the influence of the music or something more subtle is a question, but there is something in the orchestral situation which invariably tends to distract attention from counting the bars. The musician always dreads long counts, because he fears that before half the count is completed he will be thinking of that new Ford, or the delicious roast beef he is going to have for dinner. The experienced man counts almost sub-consciously, and he can carry on a conversation while doing so. This, however, is of little advantage to him, for, in changing from sub-conscious counting back to the conscious type, there is frequently a moment of doubt, in which he is consciously not quite sure whether he sub-consciously counted 5 or 6, or 31 or 41. When one fully realizes that coming in one measure too soon or too late may spoil a concert and one's own reputation as well, it will be understood why the counting of measures is one of the most difficult and important activities that the symphonic player must perform. Only by exercising the utmost self-discipline and determination can it be successfully accomplished.

Thus far only those problems have been discussed which are common to all orchestral players, regardless of the various instruments they play. In a subsequent issue, the specific problems of the various sections will be analyzed so that the concertgoer may more fully realize some of the detail of orchestral performance.

MOZART MANUSCRIPT

Appropriate to the article in THE BATON about Mozart, an autographed manuscript of his Sonata for piano and violin in C major, is on exhibition in the Reference Library. It is one of a valuable collection of manuscripts owned by the Institute.

AT CONCERT PITCH

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
When débutante musicians try
The critic's soul and ear.

—*The New Yorker.*