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The Baton



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THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART
OF THE JULLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC
FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

APRIL, 1930

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

Institute's Anniversary Concerts

Reviewed by W. J. Henderson in the New York Sun.

THE Institute of Musical Art is twenty-five years of age and is celebrating that fact with concerts and feasting. The first of the concerts took place yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. The opening number was Dvorak's terzetto for two violins and viola, performed by three graduates, William Kroll, Samuel Gardner and Conrad Held, all of whom are now members of the faculty. The central group consisted of three songs by Louise Talma for women's voices with accompaniment of strings. These were sung by the choral class of the Institute, Margaret Dessoff, conductor, augmented by several graduates formerly members of the class.

The string players were David Mankovitz, first violin; Aaron Hirsch, second violin; Henry Brynan, viola, and Harvey Shapiro, 'cello. The concert was concluded with Haydn's C major quartet, opus 54, No. 2, performed by the now widely known and admired product of the Institute, the Musical Art Quartet, Sascha Jacobsen, first violin; Paul Bernard, second violin; Louis Kaufman, viola, and Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff, 'cello. The audience was present by invitation and crowded the hall.

* * *

The Institute of Musical Art continued the celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary last evening by giving an orchestral concert in Carnegie Hall under the auspices of the Alumni Association. There were more than one hundred and twenty young players on the stage. They made a glowing picture, for there were many young women clad in spring flowery costumes, and no one could say that these flowers that bloomed in the spring had nothing to do with the case, for they included first violins, second violins, violas and a full crop of 'cellos.

There was no "lady double bass," but away back in the last row there was a fair and plump trumpeter with long locks and a look of confidence. And also in the rear there appeared one masculine countenance of very dark hue surrounding the slim mouthpiece of a horn.

The auditorium was packed with the relatives and admiring friends, as well as many alumni of the Institute, come back to find out whether the present undergraduates were as good as they were in their day. Some of these alumni are now occupying important posts in leading orchestras of the country. They heard a program of generous proportions and several soloists of talent and sound schooling. Some of these soloists are already well known to the local public, having been heard often in concert and recital. The first number introduced two of them, Karl Krauter, who received his artist's diploma in 1921,

and Phyllis Krauter, who got hers in 1925. They played with the orchestra under its trainer, Willem Willeke, professor of 'cello at the Institute and remaining member of the Kneisel Quartet, the first movement of the Brahms double concerto for violin and 'cello.

Katherine Bacon, artist's diploma 1918, played Liszt's E flat piano concerto fluently and with good support from the orchestra. Miss Bacon was warmly applauded and recalled four times. The next number was Vivaldi's concerto for four violins and string orchestra. The soloists were Samuel Gardner (1913), Lillian Fuchs (1924), William Kroll (1922) and Bernard Ocko (1924). The audience had a pleasant surprise, for instead of Mr. Willeke the conductor who mounted the podium was Frank Damrosch, the presiding deity of the Institute. He was received with a prolonged demonstration.

Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" brought out the full power of the augmented orchestra, in which some of the alumni played. Nora Fauchald, who received her artist's diploma in 1922, was the only singer on the program, singing the aria "Leise, leise" from Weber's "Der Freischuetz." Miss Fauchald, who is a seasoned professional and lately gave a

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Vladimir Horowitz

Russia's New Pianistic Genius

By Elizabeth Stutsman

"ASK him how he does it!" advised a student of piano at the Institute. A few hours later Vladimir Horowitz closed a number of THE BATON through which he had been glancing. "That's good," he had just chuckled, on seeing a picture of Heifetz, Zimbalist and Kreisler swimming together—a picture with the caption, A Violin Student's Conception of Heaven. Then he smiled in appreciation of the eternal question of "how." During the instant occupied by a nervous gesture of flicking the ashes from his cigarette, his quick sense of humor came to the rescue and furnished him with a triumphant answer. "It's just habit," he said laughingly. But, recognizing the fact that habits have to be acquired, he continued more seriously, "I have my own ideas about the process of perfecting piano technique, but that is a subject which is almost limitless. Perhaps some day I shall arrange and publish these ideas."

Horowitz is a very young man to have earned for himself the high artistic reputation which is his throughout all countries. He was born only twenty-five years ago in Kieff, Russia, near which city is Mischa Levitzki's birthplace. His family was well-to-do and artistically inclined. "The first music I can remember," he recalled, "is piano duets played by my mother and father. They were not professional musicians," he hastened to add, "but they both loved music and we always enjoyed much of it in our home. My mother played exceptionally well, and she was my first teacher."

This boy was one of three talented children, his sister having also a natural aptitude for the piano, but although the immensity of his gift was foreseen shortly after he began to play at the age of six, his parents refused to allow him to be exploited as a prodigy or wonder child. He was given a normal general education comparable to that received in the public schools and colleges in the United States, and was sent to the Conservatory in Kieff for his musical training when very young. He studied there with Felix Blumenfeld who had been a pupil of Rubinstein. (It is perhaps à propos to note here that Mr. Horowitz's education has been of the same nature as that which many children in this country are able to enjoy today, due to the rise of schools such as the Institute of Musical Art. To these they may come on Saturdays to learn the fundamentals of music without neglecting general education, specializing only when they have received a comprehensive background in other subjects.)

After he had graduated from the Conservatory with highest honors the young pianist, aged seventeen, was ready to make his début. His uncle, a famous music critic from the city of Kharkoff, ar-

ranged his first concert there. With the praise of the press, the applause of the public, and the blessing of his uncle to encourage him, Horowitz started out on his first tour, the preliminary step in the conquering of the world. It was seemingly not an auspicious time to launch a career in a department of activity which might be classed as unnecessary, because the war had left Russia in a state of severe economic depression. A concert in those days was a most extravagant luxury in the common conception of the word, for many people had to sacrifice



Vladimir Horowitz

physical comfort in order to indulge in the escape from reality offered by music. In the worst days of the national crisis Horowitz was paid in flour and butter instead of money!

Another instance in his career points to the possibility that spiritual inspiration may be more necessary to people than physical well-being. Before the war Josef Hofmann, who was one of the idols of Russia, gave twenty concerts in Petrograd in one season, but during 1923 Horowitz appeared there 23 times to sold-out houses with prices ranging from \$.10 to \$1.50. Four of these concerts were with orchestra, one was an all-Rachmaninoff program,

another all-Medtner. Still another was devoted to Scriabin, who was called the god of the Revolution. At this time, when the people had not enough money for food and drink and shelter, he drew an audience of three thousand to the Great Hall of the Philharmonic in Petrograd.

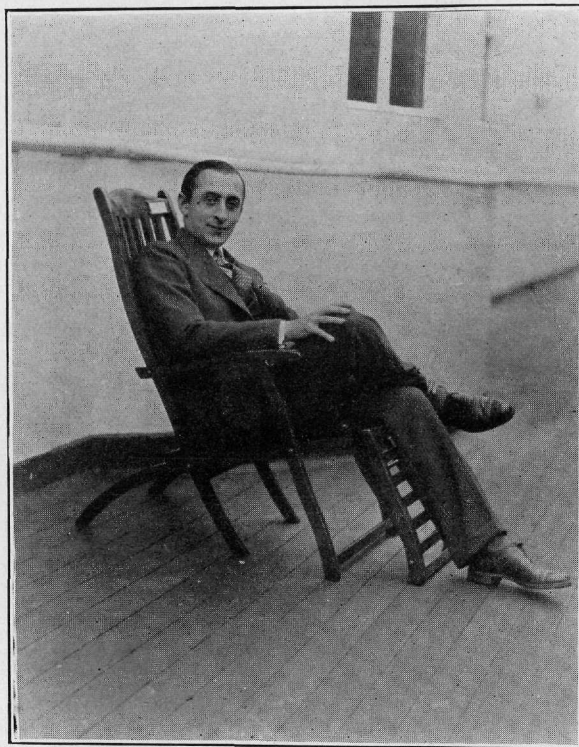
One year later Horowitz left Russia to give concerts in other European countries. He played in turn in Germany, Holland, Italy, France, Spain, Belgium and England, appearing as soloist with the leading orchestras and inspiring the press of each city to outdo every other superlative acclaim. He was hailed as a superhuman combination of all the picturesque figures of famous pianists, past and present, with the result that when he stepped onto the stage of Carnegie Hall on January 12, 1928, past the expectant men of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, he realized that on his first appearance in America he would have to overcome the scepticism aroused in the minds of the world's "most blasé and hard-boiled" audience by the florid comments of European critics. He confesses that he has never before nor since been so nervous as on that occasion. The next morning brought forth eulogies in the New York papers which compared the electrical success of Horowitz's American début to those of Heifetz and Galli-Curci some years earlier. His renown became so great that a second tour was completely booked immediately upon its announcement. Forty-six engagements in eighty-one days were scheduled, and two months after he had sailed back to Europe upon completing this tour, seventy-five dates had been booked for 1929-30, many on the Pacific Coast, and options were accepted for 1930-31.

One marvels that a musician, giving seventy-five concerts in one year, can devote any time to practice and the enlargement of repertoire. "I do not practice a great deal during the concert season," Mr. Horowitz said regretfully. "Serious and uninterrupted practice is impossible when one is travelling most of the time, appearing in different cities almost every night. When I have three or four days between concerts, which is not often, I have my own piano shipped to me so that I can work. But I do most of my study in the summer which I spend at Juan Les Pins on the Riviera. I can relax there as well as work—when I am not at the piano I am in the water, or on the beach, or dancing or motoring!"

Mr. Horowitz has a smile of charming friendliness and a genuine interest in the people he meets—especially if they happen to be lovers of music. But he allows no social demands to interfere with music, his first and only love. It is said that if it were not for a watchful and persistent valet, Horowitz would never keep an appointment or arrive at a concert on time. He spends every possible waking moment at the piano, and it is even difficult to tear him away long enough to make him dress. Upon arising he goes to his instrument in his dressing gown, playing while the coffee cools and the valet unsuccessfully protests. With one arm in his shirt he practices. With his overcoat half on, half off, he practices. And when he is finally completely dressed and ready to leave he turns back for one final scale!

Horowitz is interested in all aspects of music—in composition, teaching, interpretation. Almost the only occasions on which he has a pen in his hand are those in which he is writing music. He composes songs and piano pieces only for his own satisfaction, however, preferring to be a good pianist and leave composing to the great composers. The only work of his which the public has ever heard is an extremely difficult transcription of Carmen beside which the Busoni arrangement is child's play.

In regard to teaching he said, "Yes, that is a fascinating subject to me. That is, a certain aspect of it. I could not stand having pupils and being forced to correct their mistakes at definite lessons, but I do like to show how things are done, to give ideas or explain processes which others can observe and work out for themselves. At this stage of my life I prefer to show rather than teach." In this connection an interesting fact was brought to light. Horowitz's technique (particularly his lightning octaves), amazes all who hear him, with the result that recently a slow motion picture was taken of his playing, a film intended for the use of students.



Horowitz sails for recreation and study abroad.

Horowitz plays everything from memory and knows not only his entire piano repertoire but many other things, such as all the Wagner operas! "I love romantic music," he said. "It is the music of the heart. This is the age of machinery—of engines and airplanes, a fascinating, but in many ways a mechanical and brutal age. The romantic period is an escape, an antidote and a release from today. That is why it is important. That is why the public never grows tired of it."

Chopin, Brahms and Liszt are thus far Horowitz's favorite composers. He is a staunch admirer of what he calls the "greater Liszt," not the Liszt of the rhapsodies but of the Sonata and the Mephisto Waltzes. Shakespeare, Tolstoi, Dostoevsky and the German romanticists are the authors from which he likes best to read—in the original. In addition to Russian he speaks French and German unhesitatingly and has made remarkable progress with English during his tours here. He understands conversation in English readily and answers simple questions himself, but prefers to have complicated sentences translated from Russian to English by his personal representative who accompanies him wherever he goes, and is, so to speak, his shock absorber, reducing outside interference in his life to a minimum.

Josef Hofmann was one of his earliest heroes, and Rachmaninoff he still regards as a god. Before he left New York on his first tour of the United States he said, "But you must telegraph me if Rachmaninoff plays in New York while I am away, and let me come back, no matter where I am or what engagement I have!" It was accordingly arranged that Horowitz was free to watch and listen to Rachmaninoff from a box at Carnegie Hall the next time he played. It was later observed that Rachmaninoff was one of the last persons to leave his place at both of Horowitz's New York recitals.

But he is apparently not much interested in the praise which is showered upon him. He hates writing letters and sends only about a dozen a year, all to his family. Instead he cuts out newspaper clippings and sends them to his parents who wait in Kieff for news of their famous son.

Many instances of his unwillingness to dwell upon his sensational career as a topic of conversation are cited by those who know him. After his boat had docked at New York in January, 1928, he stood on the pier contemplating his shiny new baggage over which hotel and ship and customs officials had pasted their respective marks. His manager handed him his route book which contained the itinerary of a spectacular first tour, expecting Horowitz to be tremendously impressed. The young man looked up from it, and with an anxious glance at the bags asked, "Do you think the labels will wash off?"

Another story is related of his meeting a member of the firm of Steinway on his return from a triumphant recital in Boston. "Congratulations, my boy," the gentleman said heartily. "Weren't you excited and pleased?" "Oh, yes," answered Horowitz politely. Then, his eyes lighting up, he said eagerly, "And I bought a car and drove all the way back here in it!"

Horowitz is of a nervous and high-strung disposition, but has none of the eccentricities of behavior commonly designated by the word "temperament." Unless he must get up too early in the morning he is always in a good humor. He is not fussy about what he eats or where he lives—but when he selects a piano for a concert he will turn a warehouse upside down until he finds just the one he wants.

An interesting reaction to his playing was that of a Hungarian patron of the arts, who, after a concert in Budapest, wrote to Steinway & Sons in New York, "I heard Horowitz. It was a tremendous achievement, so that I was absolutely speechless, and could not believe that I was hearing aright. I have heard all great pianists but have never heard anything like this. I can only imagine that Liszt in his youth played like it. I wish I knew someone who has heard him for I am so absolutely bewildered that I can hardly trust my own judgment. After the concert, I who never go into the artist's room, was impelled to do so, and thank him. I found him a slight youth, not one bit like an artist, and seemingly not over strong; very modest, very sympathetic, though I think he really gives too much."

Concert Management Arthur Judson takes pride in pointing out that the sensational success of Horowitz has been in no manner due to publicity campaigns. "He was engaged for his first American tour entirely on his pianistic merits. He was an



The Riviera, where Horowitz spends the summer months.

artist without a story. There was nothing unusual about him apart from his gift for making music. His career had been the logical development of a great talent and he had made his name in Europe on sheer ability. Horowitz was heralded only by European criticisms which did indeed speak of him in amazing terms, but nowadays European criticisms usually arouse scepticism rather than pleasurable anticipation. He had not been patted on the head by Liszt, had not played while machine gun bullets were rattling about the concert hall, had not been rescued from bandits and had not issued manifestoes on the subject of companionate marriage. There was nothing which might serve as a label. His success came out of his music and out of nothing else."

Horowitz is now back in this country for his third tour, but it will soon be time for him to return to the sunny Riviera, to gather strength under a blue Mediterranean sky for the season to come. At the thought of returning to France his eyes suddenly twinkled and he said, "Now that I can speak a little American, Paris will seem more like home!"

THE INSTITUTE'S CONCERTS

(Continued from Page 2)

good recital in this city, was very warmly applauded. The orchestra concluded the concert with the prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The evening was one of valuable experience for the young players, who acquitted themselves with great credit, and of gratification for the friends of the Institute, who had ground for pride in what has been accomplished in the brief time since the formidable labor of organizing a faculty, shaping the curriculum, and standardizing methods of teaching was begun. For all this the musical world is indebted to Frank Damrosch.



Edward Johnson and Blair Neale, last heard together in the Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday evening, March 16th.

Among Those Present

One of the most enthusiastic of the audience which filled Carnegie Hall to capacity for the Anniversary Concert was Edward Johnson of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Being an artist whose horizon is broader than the rim of footlights on an operatic stage, Mr. Johnson is deeply interested in music education and is contributing \$25,000 toward the furtherance of general musical culture among the school children in his native city of Guelph, Ontario. The size of the Institute Orchestra, its fine tone quality and splendid rhythmic sense impressed him particularly. He has since discussed at length with Mr. Wedge, of our Faculty, the importance of Ear-Training in developing thorough musicianship and the necessity of making it a principal subject in

any plan of music study. It is a viewpoint worth noting by Institute students, who enjoy the privilege of a thoroughly planned course of Ear-Training, when the viewpoint is that of an artist who has won not only international fame but the respect and admiration of severe critics and discriminating devotees of the art of music.

Mr. Johnson is pictured on this page with Blair Neale, his gifted accompanist for the past five years, who recently succumbed to a sudden and fatal attack of pneumonia which cut short a promising career at the age of thirty-two. He was formerly an accompanist for Mme. Marcella Sembrich. Widely known and liked in the musical profession, he will be genuinely missed.

THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER

By Francis D. Perkins

(In the New York Herald-Tribune)

The commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Institute of Musical Art, which began earlier in the week with concerts in Town and Carnegie Halls, continued last night with a dinner and dance at the Commodore attended by 400 to 500 members, graduates and friends.

Dr. Frank Damrosch, dean of the Institute and its head since its foundation, was guest of honor. John Erskine, president of the Juilliard School of Music, of which the Institute and Juilliard Graduate School are component parts, was the toastmaster. Gardner Lamson spoke for the faculty, George A. Wedge for the alumni, John L. Wilkie for the trustees, Ernest Hutcheson for the Juilliard Graduate School, of which he is president, and Dr. Damrosch spoke for the Institute. He was extolled by the preceding speakers.

Mr. Wilkie spoke of James Loeb, the founder, and the first trustees of the school. Dr. Damrosch praised Mr. Loeb, the trustees, the faculty, including the late Franz Kneisel, and the alumni, and also paid a special tribute to Dr. Erskine and Mrs. Damrosch.

The musical program was furnished by the Edna White Quartet of brass instruments, whose principal, Miss White, was one of the Institute's first graduates in the department of wind instruments; Nina Koshetz, soprano, accompanied by Valentine Pavlovsky; George Meader, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company and a former member of the Institute faculty, accompanied by Celius Dougherty; and Mischa Levitzki, pianist, a former Institute student.

Others at the speakers' table were Mrs. Damrosch, Mrs. Hutcheson, Mrs. Franz Kneisel, Rubin Goldmark, Mr. and Mrs. Josef Lhevinne, Arthur Cox, a trustee of the Juilliard School, and Mrs. Cox; Percy Goetchius, Anna Duncan and Carl Engel. Among others present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harkness Flagler, Otto H. Kahn, Mme. Olga Samarooff and Prince Alexis Obolensky.

The Institute's Silver Jubilee

Reunion Dinner Party With Tributes by Eminent Speakers

By John Erskine

THE TOASTMASTER: Ladies and Gentlemen, Colleagues and Friends: We are met here this evening to bring to a happy close the series of celebrations we have been making of our anniversary. We thought that, after the two lovely concerts we have had, it would be a great pity to go away without seizing the opportunity to say "Thank you" to Dr. Damrosch, to Mrs. Damrosch, to the faculty here, to the faculty of the years gone by, to the alumni, and to those generous friends who have helped to make this great school possible.

I do not like to, and I am sure you would rather not have me, boast of the Institute in seemingly exaggerated terms. In education, I never like to hear that one school is the only one, since we need so many in the world. But, certainly, in our city the Institute of Musical Art has done a unique service, and for the country it has set a standard; for the city and the country both, in the future, everyone of us thinks it has still greater services to render.

Our anniversary therefore is altogether happy with only such a glance at the past as gratitude prompts us to, with no occasion for regrets, with nothing but hope.

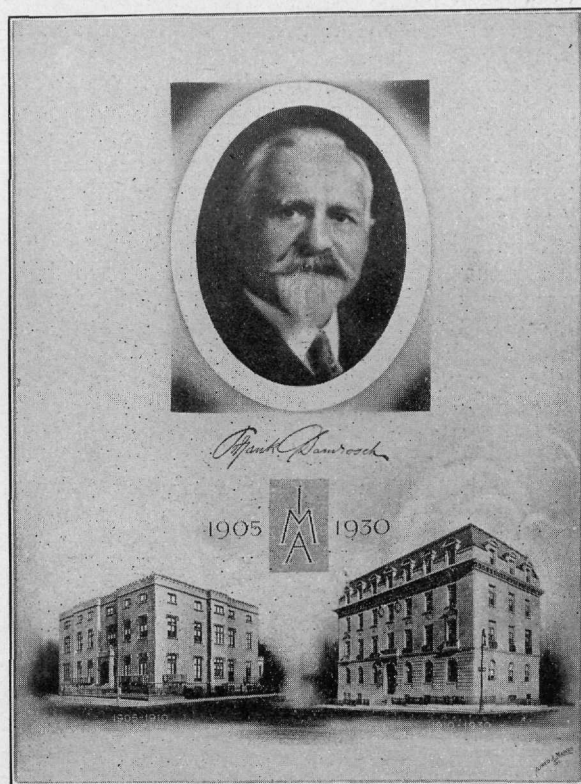
I count myself fortunate at this moment to be able to speak about the Institute somewhat from the outside. My association with it is so recent that I am deterred from any impulse to claim credit for any of its virtues. I am merely one of many New Yorkers who know how much the city owes to this school.

I have said on other occasions this year—I think when we were unveiling that portrait of Dr. Damrosch—that the name of Dr. Damrosch and his family was always a household word in my father's home. My father was a music-lover and a singer, and the first concerts he took me to hear in childhood were led by Dr. Leopold Damrosch. I have found it easy to maintain the reverence and respect my father had for what that family have done for American music, and it is one of the privileges of my life to be associated with the Doctor while the Damrosch family are still going very strong, indeed. And since I am a literary man, making an excursion into music, I am glad that Mr. James Loeb helped this school to be what it is, because Mr. Loeb is known everywhere for his services to literature. His marvelous edition of the classics has made him one of the benefactors of the civilized world in our generation. The fact that his vision was so large as to include the two arts which I love, gives encouragement and sets a standard for me.

Among the other exhibits of our celebration, I have been reading the number of THE BATON which

has greetings from some of the trustees and the faculty and tells about the founding of the school. The school in the past stood for what its name intimated—it has stood for art. The people who have come out of it—whether they are on the platform or are teaching—have maintained the standard that Dr. Frank Damrosch taught them to maintain—a very high standard in art.

Without meaning to belittle anything that the In-



Program of the dinner given in honor of the Institute's Silver Jubilee by its Trustees.

stitute has accomplished, I think we can agree here that, because of the good work of musicians throughout this country in the last twenty-five years, the task of the Institute now is larger, and certainly more difficult.

Twenty-five years ago the devoted musicians who were teaching in this land were simply teaching music or they were training artists—however you wish to put it. I think that music has now entered a stage of American education where none of us would be satisfied to say we were merely teaching the piano or the violin or the voice. We still wish to train up artists, but we are more than music-teachers; our opportunity is now to furnish music to

America. Our task is to send out from the Institute artists who will be missionaries, guides, an inspiration all over the country to the people who are hungry for art.

There is not a musician of experience who would debate the proposition that music has now reached in this country a sort of fortunate impasse, because of the large field of our opportunity and of the demand which it indicates. But also an impasse, because the artists are crowded into a few cities, because the audiences elsewhere are not yet organized for the artists who are already trained. There is too little provision as yet for the small but self-respecting and satisfactory career which any young person in the profession has the right to look forward to.

At present the musician either leaps to the front or he starves. It would not be unjust to say that the musicians of the country can be divided into two extreme classes—the unusually successful and the completely thwarted.

I do not believe we can look to any other agency for help in this impasse, except to intelligent musicians themselves, to the artists and the teachers who go out from our schools and who will be listened to—to some extent at least—by the general public.

At the end of the next twenty-five years of the Institute, I hope those who are in our places here will say that we carried on the tradition which Dr. Damrosch and his faculty started. And I hope they will say that we brought some solution to the problem of which I am speaking. I hope they will say that our youngsters, going out, raised up music centers wherever they went, and spread over the whole country a net-work of sympathy and appreciation for this art, that they have liberated the rich talent of the country and made it possible for the musician to take his music where people are hungry to hear it.

The difficulty of the task, friends, is to do that, and at the same time not to become sentimental, not to fall into that mood of mistaken benevolence which says it is only the spirit that counts, and the technique and the sound training can come along after. The difficulty is to make sure that after we have established greater communications between music and the public, we shall still be doing our part to provide first-rate music for the public to hear.

I may say for the Board of Directors of the school—the Board happily composed, as you know, of men who have previously served as your Trustees and of others who have always admired your school—I may say for the Juilliard School, of which the Institute is now a part, that we pledge ourselves to maintain your standards loyally, and to add all that we can to the service which you have been able to render. But the pledge of the Trustee Board is simply a gesture of good-will toward the people who really do the work—to the faculty, toward the students who come to us, and toward those inspiring teachers and benefactors who helped us to begin, some of whom are still with us.

It is the privilege of the Toastmaster always to talk too long and to anticipate what others would like to say. I deny myself more of this pleasure,

not because I have mercy on the other orators, but because of the music which we shall hear as soon as the oratory comes to an end. As you see on your programs, some of our friends and associates have provided a distinguished program, as a tribute to the school and its director.

I bring my introductory remarks to a close by reading a telegram from a member of a family which is always present with us in spirit at least—one out of many greetings that have come to us, but this we could not miss—from Mr. Paul M. Warburg:

"It is a source of profound regret to me to be in the hands of the medical profession at a time when I should have wished so much to be right in the midst of the festivities commemorating the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Institute of Musical Art. The friends of the Institute have every reason to celebrate this day, for I believe we may say without fear of contradiction that in the quarter of a century gone by, no other organization has done as much for advancing the true understanding and mastery of musical art as our Institute. It has been the pioneer in developing principles and methods which today are accepted as standard guides by the leading schools of music of the country. One cannot think of the Institute's success without thinking of those to whom its achievements are due in the first instance. That is, of course, our dear friend, Frank Damrosch, whose mind conceived the plan and whose entire life has been devoted to bringing it to its full fruition. It was one of his greatest accomplishments that he associated with himself a faculty of unexcelled ability and enthusiasm of whom Franz Kneisel more than anybody else has indelibly impressed his name upon the annals of the Institute and upon the hearts of his pupils, colleagues and friends. May I be permitted to express the sincere wish that deans, faculties, students and trustees, all working toward the same end, may in the next twenty-five years make as marked and as constructive a contribution as that made by the Institute in the past quarter of a century. The keen interest and loyal devotion of the Alumni, who will be the standard bearers of the next generation, fully warrants that hope. With cordial greetings.—Paul M. Warburg."

We shall listen now, ladies and gentlemen, to some greetings to the Institute, and to Dr. Damrosch, and first, speaking for the faculty, Mr. Lamson.

By Gardner Lamson

Mr. Chairman, Dr. and Mrs. Damrosch, Friends! There is nothing that I'd rather speak for than the Faculty, my colleagues. One good thing about it is that it can be tersely done. Now do not think that I mean that there is so little to be said about them. Quite the contrary! There is much of interest that could be said, overwhelmingly in their favor. But it seems to me that what should be stressed on this particular occasion is basic and should be expressed in comparatively few words. We are a Faculty of happy teachers. And why? Because we have easy jobs and need not work very hard? Far from it! There is a plenty of real work done by

this Faculty, and it is not an unknown condition that work is sometimes done by them in disregard of their own convenience and preference perhaps, in loyalty only to the Institution whose servants they are. Which is as it should be. Our contentment fundamentally is because we do our work, always, in a sympathetic and congenial atmosphere; an atmosphere that has its first beginning in the head and heart of the one who conceived this institution, who organized and developed it, who pledged himself and it to the highest standards and sincerity of purpose in the Art we all serve, and who has ever unswervingly fulfilled his pledge. Surely I need not tell you that I refer to Frank Damrosch. Such an atmosphere makes hard work easy; and that means the progress and development of the organization for which the work is done.

No doubt Dr. Damrosch is thinking: "That's all very fine, and pleasant to hear, but my Faculty has had an equal share in the development of this school!" Yes! but again it all goes back to the original cause, the conception, the high standards, the



Paul M. Warburg, who has been a Trustee of the Institute since its foundation.

home in which the work is to be done, before the Faculty can have any existence. And so, Dr. Damrosch, we would lay before you this tribute of our affectionate admiration for your high standards to which you have always been unfalteringly true. Hence our happiness!

But think of the joy of having reached a time when one can sit perfectly still, without saying a word in self-defense, just simply letting the acts

of others convincingly answer the questioning of some timid soul as to whether it has all been worth while, and whether his life-work has resulted in definite accomplishment. This is Dr. Damrosch's joy! All he has to do is to call the youngsters together, select the music, provide a place in which to perform it, and we have such beautiful pleasures as that of last Sunday afternoon and again of last night—the best of music, for its own sake, in a spirit of simple artistry, with no thought of grand stand nor of circus-ring. Truly one must select carefully the words that can speak as convincingly as do the acts of these children of the Institute of Musical Art.

For a long time there has been in my mind a little poem, of only a few lines, that has stimulated and comforted me. I often think of it, and before now have used it publicly, but would again do so tonight to freshen my mind, and yours, with it. It comes to me now particularly because it is the embodiment of the creed that has played no small part in the accomplishments of this Institution, and justifies the name it bears: "The Institute of Musical Art." It was written, evidently from the heart and as a comfort, by Kenyon Cox, of this city, the well-known painter, of brilliant talent and accomplishment. The caption is:

The Gospel of Art.

Work thou for pleasure:
Paint or sing or carve the things thou lovest,
Though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal:
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for the work's sake then, and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

THE TOASTMASTER: As I listened to Mr. Lamson's very eloquent remarks, I was particularly struck by the spiritual felicity of the faculty. As a professor all my life, I never expected to hear such an account of professors delivered in such tone of conviction. Considering that we have to go on for a while, Doctor, I hope it will last.

Mr. Lamson described the production of the orchestra as a result of a simple offering of the instruments from the director to the students, overlooking Mr. Willeke's strenuous efforts in the rehearsal room. I think we need a note of realism in these matters, friends, if we are to go on. If Mr. Lamson is correct, the faculty are happily overlooking for the moment, some of the points at which we normally touch Earth, but we shall touch it again tomorrow morning. This is a challenge to Mr. Wedge, who is speaking for the Alumni. We shall see how far he will go.

By George A. Wedge

This celebration is more than the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of a school. It is an opportunity to give reverence to a man who during these years has been working successfully to carry out his vision and accomplish an ideal. And it is a time for us to pause and reflect upon the work of this pioneer in music education.

Various groups associated with him in this work

(Continued on Page 12)



At the speakers' table, from left to right, are: Rubin Goldmark, Percy Goetschius, Ernest Hu
Arthur Cox, John Erskine, Mrs. Frank Damrosch, John L. Wilkie, Mrs. Ernest Hutcheson, G
Engel. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes,
press included Francis D. Perkins, Grena Bennett, John F. Majeski, A. Walter Kramer and Ch
dred Alumni who are already celebrated artists, and a number of present stu

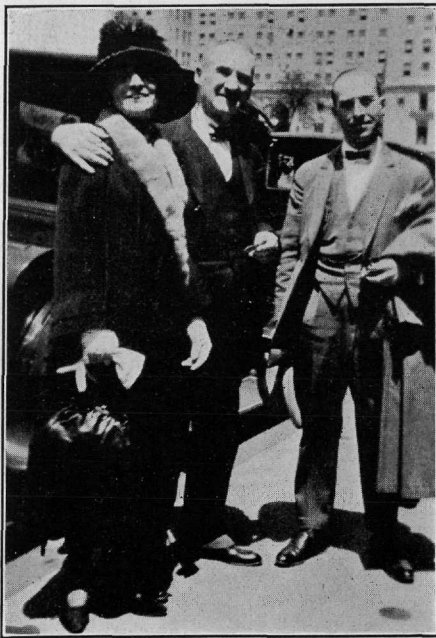


Hutcheson, Mrs. Josef Lhevinne, Arthur Cox, Mrs. Franz Kneisel, Frank Damrosch, Mrs. Gardner Lamson, Anna Duncan, Mischa Levitzki, Josef Lhevinne, George A. Wedge and Carl es, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harkness Flagler, Otto H. Kahn, Olga Samaroff, and members of the Charles D. Isaacson. The Institute's distinguished Faculty was present en masse, several hundred students. There were in all between 400 and 500 guests gathered at the dinner.

(Continued from Page 9)

are disclosing through their representatives the result of such reflection. None of them have been so directly concerned or are so self-conscious as the Alumni of the Institute. We are in the position of a child who is brought before an assembly of relatives and friends. We are Exhibit A. Our concern is not so much what may be thought of us as the fear that we shall not live up to and approach the ideals of this man. The concerts of Sunday afternoon and Tuesday evening were given entirely in this spirit.

It is a great achievement to instil into a group of young musicians a reverence for an ideal which is placed beyond self and which is concerned with what is highest and truest in the art of music. This he has done, aided by the devotion and loyalty of his faculty, many of whom have worked untiringly throughout the twenty-five years. These men and women, inspired with the spirit of this man, have been our guides. It will never be possible for most of us to accomplish all they wish, but we have received an impetus in our work which will never allow us to be entirely satisfied with what we do accomplish. To them we bring our sincerest regards and affection.



Elizabeth Strauss and W. J. Henderson, of our Faculty, and George Meader, formerly of our Faculty and soloist at the Anniversary dinner.

The Alumni are now scattered over the entire country. Most of us are pursuing music either as performers or educators. As we have grown up we are increasingly conscious of what the Institute means to us in our development as men and women and as musicians. It is the spirit of the Institute which pursues and drives us forward. The spirit of the Institute is our beloved Dr. Damrosch. The two are never separated in our minds. As a man we love and respect Dr. Damrosch and realize the

qualities which make the scholar and the gentleman. But deeper than this, he has inspired us to a love for sincerity in music and fired us with a desire to be of service to our fellow men.

THE TOASTMASTER: Last night I was talking with a Russian sculptor who told me that when the war broke out in Russia everybody had to go except the professors in the conservatory and the art school. I said, "How those people do appreciate art!" He said, "They do, but the war was going badly enough already."

That is the opinion of professors which we have to live down by eloquent efforts, at least once every twenty-five years. In educational circles, whatever people think of professors, the professors get even by having thoughts about the trustees. Perfect equilibrium is maintained. There are fewer trustees, but the professors think more about them.

We have a specimen here tonight who must be Exhibit B—Mr. Wilkie—one of the first and most loyal friends of the school, one of your trustees now—our very wise and helpful secretary on the Board of Directors.

By John L. Wilkie

Mr. Chairman, Mrs. Damrosch, Mr. Damrosch and Friends of the Institute:

It looks to me as if I were produced here—Exhibit B—to indicate another note in this celebration, and that is a material note. We have heard tonight of aesthetic inspiration, of sentiment and spirituality, and to drag a representative of the Trustees into this symposium it seems to me, is to reduce the tone to a minor key.

I see that there are in the group of people before me, some who have been the Trustees of the Institute even before I was—and I have been a Trustee for twenty-two years. They know all about what being a Trustee is. But, when I look over this larger group of people who are the alumni and graduates of the Institute, I wonder whether they know what a Trustee is.

I have always had a suspicion that they regarded the Trustees as a group of people who remained in a state of coma until they were annually revived—or two of them were revived—to sign your diplomas, whereupon they returned to a state of coma until the succeeding June.

As I was not on the Board of Trustees for the first three hard years, and can claim no credit for what they did, let me tell you what their problem was, very briefly. You know my old friend, James Loeb, gave a very generous gift of \$500,000 as a memorial to his mother and as an endowment to the Institute. \$500,000 seems a large sum. Translated into operative fact, it meant \$25,000 a year, and with the demands of a certain director who had an idea and an ideal, and who had been dreaming dreams and seeing visions, that did not go very far because the Trustees created a budget which included the rent of the building at 12th Street and 5th Avenue, which included furnishings, the beginnings of a music library, purchase of pianos and other

instruments, the organization of a publicity bureau because it was a new school, and had to be made public to the world, and an expense account that made the Trustees at that time stagger and ponder because what was there before them except to get the money. How they got it, where they got it, by what cajolery or persuasion, or by digging into their own pockets—that was the business of the Trustees.

That is what it was to be a Trustee. That certainly was so in the three years preceding my admission to the Board of Trustees of that period. The Alumni of this institution owe a very great obligation to those early Trustees for all their planning—for all that they did.

And, after that when I came on the Board, there was the question of moving, because Mr. Ryan notified the Institute that the lease of the Lenox House would not be extended, and the Trustees were faced with what should be done,—dare we buy a plot of ground; dare we erect a building? Well, immediately upon my election I was appointed Chairman of the Building Committee. It was faced with raising approximately half a million dollars to purchase the land and erect the building.

I am going back to twenty-two years ago when people were not quite as well educated as they are now in providing generous gifts. However, all that money was raised, and the problem of the building and the extension were consummated.

I would like to pause just for a moment to recall only three of the Trustees, out of a good many of our number, who have gone out since the Institute was founded, who were originally officers of the Board of Trustees, and who, all of them, died prematurely. They are the President of the Institute, Mr. C. C. Cuyler, that generous, whole-souled, fine-spirited person who contributed greatly to the success of the Institute; Mr. Charles Brewster, the Secretary, and Isaac N. Seligman, the Chairman of the Finance Committee. I think it is but fitting and proper at this meeting that I, at least, as well as many others, who knew them, should stop for a moment to remember with gratitude all that they were, and all that they did for the Institute.

What the Trustees did, ladies and gentlemen, would have been impossible of performance if they had not received the perfectly wonderful support of a family of people, none of whom are present tonight, and of whom, therefore, I can speak. Not alone did we have this gift from Mr. James Loeb, but his brother Morris, and his sisters, Mrs. Schiff and Mrs. Seligman and Mrs. Paul Warburg established another fund in honor of their mother, and gave us the income. When we came to purchase our new building site, they turned over to us the principal of that fund, and from the members of that family to my knowledge, covering the deficits in the operation of the Institute—and there was a deficit every year—these people contributed to the Institute more

than one million dollars. And I would like the Alumni to carry the fact in their memory that gifts through James Loeb and gifts of these endeared and beloved sisters of his and other members of his family meant that the Institute received more than a million and a half to my knowledge, and how much more, I cannot tell, because they have secret ways of giving that but few know anything about. Others, too, gave generously, individuals, the Women's Auxiliary, and others, but the great and sustaining help came from the Loeb family.

But even with the new building, the problems of the Trustees, the establishment of the school in its final home it is to be remembered that in any institution, whether industrial, or railroad or utility, or whatever else it may be—and here is



Courtesy of Musical America

John Erskine, President of the Juilliard School of Music, and Ernest Hutcheson, Dean of the Graduate School.

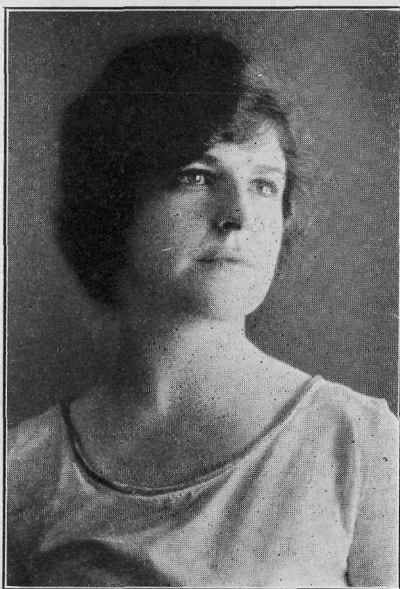
where I have to get into this same sentimental vein—nothing could have been accomplished or nothing comparable to what has been done, had it not been for the patience, the energy, the enthusiasm—sometimes the sadness—of the man who was its spirit. Sometimes he felt it necessary to plead with the Trustees, and sometimes he beat them with whips, because they would not do what he wanted, because they did not feel they could do it, although that was not the way he regarded it.

But, to the Director of the Institute is due the

splendid record that the President of the Juilliard School, Mr. Lamson and Mr. Wedge, have already spoken of; without his inspiration, without his efforts and without his absolute unselfish devotion during this whole period of time, the Institute could not have been the institution of which you are so proud.

THE TOASTMASTER: A word or more, I should like to say about the Trustees—a thought suggested by Mr. Wilkie's questions, which he intended to be purely rhetorical. I do not see why it may not sometimes be a good thing for Trustees to be "comatose."

I used to think differently. I used to think that the ideal Trustee would take an interest in his school. I find now that the ideal Trustee does. If Dr. Damrosch was able less than twenty-five years ago to get up the present building of the Institute, it must have been because architecture—the great American art—was not then so widely appreciated as it is now. Our Trustees understand architecture. If they had not been devoted to the school and had



Katherine Bacon, soloist in Liszt's E flat piano concerto at the Carnegie Hall orchestral concert.

not understood architecture, we should have had the new building a year ago.

I shall carry to my grave the picture of our board on their knees, on the floor, in groups studying rival designs for the school, using the correct architectural terms, most of which I do not know. May I express the hope that during my administration, they do not get around to taking an interest in music? If they will specialize in architecture we shall get on.

I should not be able to speak of the new building, nor to introduce the next speaker with the happiness that is in my mind; I should not be able to come to the part of the program which speaks of the graduate school and the Institute, if it were not one of our great blessings that in the amalgamation of the

graduate school and the Institute, we have two directors who are master musicians, wise leaders and understanding friends. No Trustees, no administration, could effect unaided the growth and development of our double school; that development will come about now because Frank Damrosch is Frank Damrosch and Ernest Hutcheson is Ernest Hutcheson. It is a great delight to introduce the two deans now, in order, and ask them to speak to each other.

By Ernest Hutcheson

Mr. Toastmaster, Dr. and Mrs. Damrosch and dear friends—particularly Dr. Damrosch:

I am afraid we are Exhibit C, we deans. Exhibit C, we believe, should stand between the Trustees on the one hand, and the faculty and students on the other. It is a terrible business to explain to the Trustees why we must have things and then explain to the faculty and the students why we cannot have things.

Nothing has given me greater pleasure tonight than to observe that we have not dwelt with great pride merely on the accomplishments of the past. No one will suspect me of not sharing a feeling of delighted pride in all its accomplishments. But I am very happy and gratified to find that there is an eye to the future in practically everything that has been said tonight.

It is true that we complete and commemorate this evening a cycle of twenty-five years very rich in achievement, very dear to us all because of the eminence of the men distinguished in the work of the time. It is equally true that tomorrow morning we will begin a cycle of twenty-five years to stretch into the future, and I confess to being more interested in that than in the past. I have a deep conviction that that future is going to be much greater than the past, and much better, and it will be so because the past was so good. I am quite certain that my friend, Frank Damrosch, is much too wise a man and a musician to wish in any way to consider the work that he and the Institute of Musical Art have done as something final. No. That work has been glorious in the past; it will be still greater in the future. And that future will be builded on the past and on its glorious traditions.

Because the present building on Claremont Avenue has so properly served its purpose, a new building is already necessary, and we shall soon have it, and I am quite sure that that physical fact will be paralleled spiritually. Just as we have a new building, eventually there must be new leadership—we hope not soon—and gradually there will be a new body of teachers to replace us. There will be new students to fill our classes. And, unless they better what we have done, we shall have lived in vain. Whereas, if they do better musically than we have done, we shall have achieved what has always seemed to me a real kind of immortality—the immortality that the Doctor may still hope for in the continuance of his work to future generations.

There will be great developments in the time to come, and there may be many changes as the conditions of music and of life change. In looking into

that future, we may entertain certain special hopes. One special hope lies in the union which has been effected now between two fine and sympathetic schools, two great institutions—the Juilliard Graduate School and the Institute of Musical Art—combined as the Juilliard School of Music. We look forward to immensely greater possibilities to each branch of the school in the future.

We have not planned details because we felt that the future is going to be in some respects a very changing and unforeseen thing, and it would be most unwise to hamper ourselves too much by making strictly definite plans as to what is to come. But we can foresee in many directions a great usefulness, and I suppose no opportunity could be more happy than the present for me to express my personal esteem to Frank Damrosch, my grateful acknowledgment of the immense help he has been in unifying these schools through his loyalty and sincere friendship and the unselfishness with which he has ap-



Samuel Gardner, violin soloist at both Anniversary concerts.

Mr. Gardner recently conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the performance of his own composition, "Broadway."

proached all the problems that were involved. His help has been as valuable as it has been indispensable.

Another of the great hopes that we have in the future lies in the really remarkable awakening of the sense of all cultural things, especially of musical things throughout this wide country that has been going on steadily for many years past.

I regard the Institute of Musical Art as partly a cause of that, and partly an effect of the condition. It is an effect in that this great musical current that has been setting in has borne the Institute along with it, and the Institute has progressed with its success because of the strength of the current that it rode on; and at the same time it has been the cause, the great stimulation, of much of that interest

and the overcoming of a great musical inertia that existed twenty-five years ago.

This artistic awakening of the country is one of the most remarkable things, I think, that is going on today—a thing that we are not yet fully aware of, a thing that is destined to bring about the most remarkable consequences. I am convinced that the current is only setting in, and the hightide of it is still very far ahead.

I am only allowed to speak a few minutes before Dr. Erskine gets in his "Slams" and I will omit other causes of rejoicing and hope for the future. We will not keep them "up our sleeve," but I want to say that we can look forward to the future with the greatest confidence and courage—confidence in the work that has been done, confidence in the growth of cultural values in the country which it is our great privilege to aid; and we can look forward with courage to all the problems and difficulties and passing disappointments which we are perfectly sure to encounter.

I hope you will forgive me if, instead of dwelling exclusively on the achievements of the Institute of Musical Art, I have endeavored to dwell a little bit more on its possibilities for the future.

After all, twenty-five years is a short time compared with the history of an art, even with an art which has so short a history, so far, as music. I look at this Institute as I would at a vigorous tree full of sap—(not of saps)—full of sap in trunk and leaf, scattering good seed far and wide and always lovely, with the melody harbored in its branches.

THE TOASTMASTER: Our relation with directors has been so happy that I shall not risk a joke. I intend to write a novel about them later. Without more delay, I present to you the friend whom we are waiting to hear from, to whom we have tried on this and many other occasions to express our love.

By Frank Damrosch

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Everything that could be said, and some things that need not have been said, has been said this evening, and therefore I feel that I should constrain myself to expressing the deep feeling of gratitude 'o all concerned not only in this room, but to the many who have been of real help and support to me in the past twenty-five years.

To begin with, I must refer to my dear old friend, James Loeb. Most of you present tonight have read the history of the beginning of the Institute, and therefore I need not shed further light upon that period. But, I do want to say that I had waited twelve long years to find someone who would understand what I was trying to do, and it was not until I met James Loeb that I found one who, because of his own idealistic nature—his artistic sense—was able to understand what I was driving at, and who was so enthusiastic that he immediately offered his help to carry out these plans. My profound gratitude goes out to him for this first impetus that was given to the plan of the Institute of Musical Art.

Mr. John Wilkie has made some remarks about

what trustees are, and what they are not. I want to say that I was very proud of the Trustees of the Institute of Musical Art. Why? A man who is trying to organize a large institution, who is trying to carry out plans—yes, visions—yes, dreams—needs something more than merely money or merely a perfunctory background, although this is necessary. He needs sympathetic interest; and I received that, not only from the President of our first years, C. C. Cuyler, who, although he claimed that the only music he was really familiar with was that which he sang in the Glee Club at Princeton, proved to have a genuine interest, perhaps not in the music itself that we were trying to create, but in music as a cultural function which he could well appreciate, and therefore received his full support—and so, also, from the other Trustees.

It was before Mr. Wilkie's time, it is true, but during the first three years there was a meeting of the Trustees in my office at 12th Street and 5th Avenue every Monday morning, where five or six of the Board of Trustees would meet with me at 9 o'clock, stepping in on their way downtown to their offices, and we would discuss the work of the school.

The only fault I ever had to find with my Trustees was that they allowed me to do anything I pleased, and I, on several occasions, requested that at the next vacancy occurring, they should please elect someone who would fight me at the meetings. Well, there was not very much fighting. Perhaps it was because I realized the old saying that "you must not ride a willing horse to death," and I knew that the Trustees were willing to help me in all ways possible. And so, I moderated my demands to the utmost. At one time I was very sorry I did it. I had asked the Trustees to give me for the first three years of the school a guarantee fund of \$10,000 a year with the understanding that I would not use it unless it was necessary. In the first year I called for 40 per cent; in the third year I was fool enough to ask for nothing. The final outcome was quite satisfactory because they understood that I was not going to squeeze them any more than I had to. And when I needed money, they gave it freely.

Our splendid faculty deserves some very, very deep-felt expressions of gratitude. There are among us this evening quite a number of the original faculty. If the ladies will pardon me for mentioning them (because it is twenty-five years ago) I would like to read the names of those who were with me from the beginning. The one who is missing was the one who was dearest to all of us while he was with us—Franz Kneisel—the man to whom so much is due for what he did for the students, not only of his own class, but for those of the whole department. He emanated an artistic spirit which continues to be an influence in our school through the teachers he trained.

The first one who, I am happy to say, graces this festive board this evening is Percy Goetschius. He is still with us, for he is Emeritus Professor of Composition at the Institute. He has come down from the wilds of New Hampshire just to be with us this evening. And I want to thank him for the spirit he implanted in his department during the

many years in which he was one of us. His pupils have become known in the field of composition—favorably known. There are present here several holders of Pulitzer prizes and Fellowships—I cannot name them all—but at any rate they have distinguished themselves. Their songs are sung all over the United States; their string quartettes are played wherever that form of music is cultivated; their orchestra compositions are performed by famous orchestras. I am happy to say that none of them has written an opera.

Then there is Miss Augustin. She was at that time a bashful young girl, and she is a young girl still.



Nora Fauchald, who sang an aria from *Der Freischütz* with orchestra at the Carnegie Hall Anniversary Concert.

And Mr. Barrère, and Mr. Gaston Dethier. And Mrs. Fyffe, Madame Sang-Collins, Mrs. Toedt, Miss Walther, and also two language teachers, Madame Albro and Miss Firgau. My thanks to them and to all my loyal and efficient teachers.

And then there are the Alumni—these fruits of the tree we planted. Most of them are very palatable; all of them, I think, have developed into serious musicians, into missionaries, as our worthy President told you. They have developed into men and women who are trying to preach the gospel of musical art all over the United States and in China and Japan, and even in Africa and in Europe. So we feel that, if our tentacles are still slender, they are reaching out into all parts of the civilized world. And I hope that not only will their influence grow, but that there will be many more imbued with the same spirit for, ladies and gentlemen, I think the time has gone by when the young musician should have in his mind's eye only the glorification of his virtuosity and the filling of his bank account. It is, I think, far more desirable and more promising for the future of the young musician to start out with the idea that he is going to make the best of himself

in the way of musicianship and ability to perform and ability to teach, in order to go out among the heathen (which comprise the general mass of the populations—musically speaking) and teach the gospel of musical art; instead of trying to demonstrate that he is the King of all pianists or fiddlers at the age of twenty. Let them go out—not stay around New York. New York is already too full, but they can go into one hundred, five hundred, or a thousand places in the United States and find a field which they will find satisfactory if they will only be modest at the beginning, not expect too much, be satisfied with a decent living, and then gradually improve the conditions as they improve the conditions of the appreciation of the art of music in their communities.

And so, my word of thanks to the Alumni is to be expressed for the fact that most of them have done exactly what I hoped they would do, and I wish them continued success.

To the students I need say but little, because it is their business to study, and if they study they are doing what is most beneficial to themselves, and I do not have to thank them for it. I expect it of them, and the more they work, the better I am pleased, and the more grateful will I be when they turn out to be the kind of musicians that I want them to be.

There is one part of our organization which I must not neglect, and that is the administration staff. What could any director or dean do without someone to look after the mass of detail which is involved in running a school of music such as our Institute of over one thousand students, where every student has a program individual to himself. Consider that each student has at least five different subjects to cover at five different times, and every one of the thousand students has such a program. Consider the mosaic that such a mass of program arrangements represents. And I cannot be too grateful to our worthy secretary, Miss Frank, and her very efficient staff.

In closing, I want to say just a word to Ernest Hutcheson. When it was first made known that the Graduate School and the Institute were to be merged into the Juilliard School of Music and Ernest Hutcheson would be the Dean of the one, and I of the other, a lot of people grinned and said, "Watch the dog-fight." Well, sometimes dogs don't fight. In this particular instance, I had such a high regard for Ernest Hutcheson as a man and a musician, that I could not find any cause for fighting, and we have not fought up to date. I don't know what we will do tomorrow, but so far our relations have been those of friendship and confidence and trust. And I believe that, as we get together more closely physically in the new building, our work will tend to become more efficient in the cause in which we are both so deeply interested.

Now, also a word of hearty thanks to those who are going to entertain us this evening with music—Madame Koshetz, whom we all know and love; George Meader, who was at one time a member of our faculty until he had to leave us because of

the great demands the opera made upon him; and the Edna White Quartet. Edna White was the first graduate from the wind instrument department of the Institute, and she has made a reputation for herself with a quartet of brass instruments. I heard them play not long ago and found it so charming that I asked her to let us hear a few selections tonight. I must not forget to mention our beloved former student, now a great artist of whom we are inordinately proud—Mischa Levitzki—who is also going to play for us this evening.

And finally, I want to say a word of thanks to our President. Mr. Erskine has not an easy position. I think it is easy for him because everything is easy for him, but for any ordinary individual, I think it would be a rather difficult position, not because he is responsible to the Board of Directors of the Juilliard School of Music for the planning of the school and for the dispensation of the funds; but because of the fact that these schools have yet to be amalgamated into a whole, a whole whose parts fit closely together.



Louise Talma, composer of the three songs for women's voices with accompaniment of strings which were performed at the Town Hall chamber music concert.

Such a thing is not easily possible until the union has been made physically.

The time is too short for us to realize what the great possibilities of this school are. We can see them dimly. We can run ahead of the actualities that we now see before us and imagine wonderful things. And I feel confident that, under Dr. Erskine, these wonderful things are sure to come to pass. He has vision, he has imagination, he has common-sense doubly underscored, and I do not see why, under his leadership, this great school, the Juilliard School of Music, should not develop into a beneficent cultural institution that in twenty-five years will show a great advance upon what we are celebrating tonight.

May I now tell you a funny old story. I want to tell it because it has some bearing on this evening's celebration. You know about the two Irishmen. One says, "Mike, who commands the Company?" And Mike answers, "The Lieutenant, of course." "Well, who commands the Battalion?" "The Major, of course." "And who commands the Regiment?" "The Colonel, of course." "And who commands the

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Colonel?" "Begorra, the Colonel's wife." And so it is here. If I deserve any credit for the things that this regiment has accomplished, it is not the Colonel who is responsible; it is the Colonel's wife.

And now, my dear friends, I want to thank you all from the bottom of my heart for the kindly, friendly spirit you have shown to me whenever we have come together, whenever we have met individually, and I hope that these relations between the faculty, the alumni, the students and myself will last for many, many years.

THE TOASTMASTER: Mrs. Damrosch will say a few words to us.

MRS. FRANK DAMROSCH: I can't make a speech, I never made one in my life, but I do want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the appreciation and the affection which you have shown my husband.

THE TOASTMASTER: Mrs. Damrosch and I had a word we wanted to add about the Doctor. I thought first to mention it in introducing him, but perhaps it comes in better here. Mrs. Damrosch and I were talking of the beginnings of his career, which explain his later successes. I refer to the fact that Liszt was his god-father; Liszt had contacts with the religious world. Shortly after that, he received his first glass of champagne from the hands of Richard Wagner. It is given to few of us to make so good a start, with a sort of double consecration, as it were, at once a child of God and a battleship. The Doctor has illustrated the way of Grace, and in good causes he has been ready for warfare.

Our thanks to the Alumni—to all of you. We will now listen to the charming offering by these artists who have been introduced to you by Dr. Damrosch. (The program is mentioned on Page 6.)

DR. RICHARDSON'S NEW BOOK

Reviewed by W. J. Henderson

"Fugue Writing," by Dr. A. Madeley Richardson of the faculty of the Institute of Musical Art (published by the H. W. Gray Company) is a text book founded on a method beyond all questioning. Dr. Richardson presents examples of fugue writing by Bach and then tells the student what the great master's method was. Since great composers, and not teachers or theorists, formulate the rules of musical art there is no escaping conviction that the way of Bach in writing a fugue is the correct way. This little book is the product of a clear mind and it sets itself forth in simple, lucid English. Dr. Richardson, who has the Oxford degree of doctor of music, is one of the foremost theorists in this country. His text book will without doubt be widely adopted.

And it may be well to point out here that, while fugues are not the best sellers, young composers who wish to become masters of the materials of music should learn how to make them. Thinking in straight lines is none too common in music. There is a deal of wallowing about in composition which would be much less if young students had acquired the logical methods of thinking compelled by fugal writing.

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