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actors and singers and players as well as authors and composers sometimes go too far in the endeavor to acquire atmosphere and "temperament." I have heard young pianists "weep over the keys" ad nauseam; I have heard young singers distort rhythm and wail and quiver under the impression that they were singing with emotion, with feeling! I wish to voice a perhaps unavailing protest against this kind of carefully calculated abandon.

Genuine art is simple and virile even when most permeated with dasewize weibliche.

For God's sake let us avoid the trivality of artificial emotion in singing and playing; let us in music as in other things not "sell cheap what is most dear."

Mr. Godowsky played very delightfully transcriptions of two Schubert songs by Franz Liszt. I was struck with the manner in which the melody, the song, was brought out, not only distinct from and above the accompaniment, but with a charming expressiveness of phrases and even of individual notes. Of course any pianist knows the rudimentary fact that the melody must be louder than the accompaniment, but the individuality of phrase and of separate figures was a lesson in this artist's performance.

The last number of the program was the "Tannhauser Overture," also transcribed by Liszt for pianoforte. Of course one missed the full orchestra, but in this number the pianist was very successful in suggesting the orchestration and tone color of different instruments. The deep bass of the piano was distinctly brass, the middle bass the lower woodwind, while the highest register was brilliant with the sharp piquancy of the piccolo. Altogether the recital was one of the most enjoyable events of the musical season now almost over, and I feel that Mr. Godowsky has won the thanks and appreciation of every genuine lover of music

who had the good fortune to hear him play.

I am of the opinion that "pupils' recitals" should be relegated to a merciful oblivion.

Often silence like a poultice comes to heal the blows of sound, after the last note has died away upon the palpitating air, I am disposed to draw the curtain of an exceeding charity over the scene of the recent cacophony.

I see no reason why professional musicians, at least those who appear in public for money or for material benefit, in the way of a display of charm or talents (lest haply they be hid under a bushel) may not be fair game for the professional critic. They at least are in some sense a finished product, but such small deer as are usually exposed at pupils' recitals are not ready for the critic's blunderbuss.

Pupils' recitals should not be considered as concerts at all. They are merely indices of the pupil's development from a raw to a comparatively "finished" state. Sometimes they are so thoroughly "finished" that their last state, like that of the gentleman in the Bible, is worse than the first. But as a rule they are not at all a finished product, being but clay in the hands of the potter, and they should be praised or dispraised from this standpoint. No one would think of harshly censuring a half-completed painting—a study for a statue—one would be chary of attacking even the designer until the completed design was laid bare. But here in our "metropolis" I have read comments upon young pianists and violinists and singers which would make Paderewski and Jean de Reszke weep bitterly—unless they knew the critics.

As a rule, then, I avoid these exercises as I would the pestilence that walketh at noonday, but in the exercise of my professional duties I am sometimes compelled to be present. Occasionally I am agreeably surprised, especially at this season of the year when

the crop of pupils begins to burgeon and blossom preparatory to the harvest at commencement time. When so successful and artistic a recital as the one I am about to record is given by a pupil it seems to me to be worthy of especial mention.

On Wednesday evening, May 13, a piano recital was given at the university school of music by May Belle Hagenow, a pupil of Miss Susie Scofield, assisted by Mr. Charles Hagenow, violinist. This little girl is well known to Lincoln audiences. Her weekly appearance with the string quartet of the Universalist church services have shown her as a sympathetic accompanist with a fine sense of rhythm. Some of us have watched with pleasure her playing take on more of color and individuality from month to month. It is not too high praise to say that this performance gave sincere pleasure to a small but critical audience. The Bach numbers especially went firmly and at a rapid tempo; the "Tone Pictures" of Grieg, while still beyond the pianist's artistic grasp in their entirety, were nevertheless charmingly played. It must be a joy to watch the talent of this little girl unfolding like a bud—a pleasure to make one forget much of the drudgery of teaching. Miss Scofield is to be congratulated upon her success, and upon the thoroughly sane and artistic developments of her pupil.

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