“My Homecoming Is Like a Dream!”
Cries Max Rosen, the “Newest” Violinist

Lad Who Began His Career in the New York Slums Returns From Europe to Make American Debut—A Refined and Cultivated Young Artist—Carries Message of the Coming of His Master, Leopold Auer, Next Month

I t would be but evading fact to deny that professional expectancy is uppermost in the mind of Max Rosen, largely because of the unprecedented circumstances which arranged that this country shall be the stage of a musical tourney which may furnish a new page for musical history.

Max Rosen has arrived. The genius of a few years ago, the tattered lad whose eyes knew no horizon beyond the slums of New York’s lower East Side, has returned to America, his home. His art, we are told, has fascinated judges whose opinion we reserve; we have heard some remarkable accounts from the capitals of Europe concerning his art; we know that he comes from a wise and famous master. No wonder then that there is a racing curiosity over the personality of the newcomer who is announced as one of the principals in the promised tournament of the titans.

We found Max Rosen in a quiet little hotel. Benjamin Rosen, his father, the ex-East Side barber, ushered us in. He is a kindly faced, resolute looking man. Stanhope had no more diligent mentor than young Rosen, so we have heard somewhere, and we could well believe it as we observed. Solomon Diamond was the father of the two young men. Moments later young Rosen referred to him as “his second father.” The new violinist looks several years younger than his pictures, despite a certain soft maturity. Human nature develops rapidly on the East Side. He is sturdy, clean-
cut, poised and possessed of that native refinement which seems rooted in all strong personalities of art. His eyes, large, Oriental, wide-set, invite atten-
tion; one gathers the impression that no one of such singularly alert and sensitive lines could possibly be a dull or unenthusiastic interpreter. He strikes us as one of the children of the fire.

“Genius Asserts Itself”

“This is a strange feeling, to realize that I am home again after all these years!” Young Rosen gazed Eastward retrospectively. “It is a dream.” The story of his early life, his early lessons with his master, his gradual unfolding through the help of several patrons need not be reviewed here as it was entertainingly told in these pages on Dec. 22.

We asked him if it were not possible that talent frequently flamed through the lack of financial advantages.

“No,” he said. “Professor Auer discussed that same subject a short time ago. He said that genuine talent must find recognition, and I fully agree with him. There are so many persons willing to help a young artist once he proves himself.”

“The great secret,” interjected Mr. Diamond, Max Rosen’s Christopher Columbus, “is the development of the genius. There is such a thin line, psychologically, between genius and insanity that the greatest care must be exercised.”

The subject reverted to pedagogy.

“Subject reverted to pedagogy,” said Rosen, “is a truism. We are all aware that there is a thin line, psychologically, between genius and insanity. When you make a discovery, you have to go on and make another. If you do not do so, you will be destroyed.”

A Lesson in Professor Auer’s Studio at Christiania. From Left to Right: Max Rosen, Jascha Heifetz (Acting as Accompanist), Professor Auer, and Mrs. Robert Huges at the piano.

Given is said to be another candidate for high honors as an artist.

It is an ungrateful task to intrude on the time of an artist who is about to make his début, particularly under the unique circumstances; however, the fine perceptions of the young man certainly assisted the loss of the precious minutes—Jan. 12 is almost here. If we were rash enough we would predict that this lad in his teens, with his youthful ways, impressive frankness and his stra
tegically managed thoughtfulness, will deliver an impres
tive message on Jan. 12. The East Side waits!

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“Vocal power and sensuous beauty of timbre”
(N.Y. Tribune)