Lancaster Y. W. C. A. Chorus Heard in Spring Concert

Spring Concert LANCASTER, P.A., May 20.—An impor-tant musical event during the past week was the Spring Concert presented by the Y.W. C. A. Chorus in the Martin Audi-torium. This chorus under the leader-ship of Florence Lebzelter sang Harriet Ware's new cantata for women's voices, "Undine." The visiting artists, Mrs. May Hotz, soprano, of Philadelphia, and Louis Geist, soloist at the Chestnut St. Baptist Church, Philadelphia, con-tributed to the first part of the program. Edna Mentzer, accompanist; Mary Hoar, president, and Grace Seyfert, secretary and publicity manager, assisted largely in achieving the success of the event. A. I. MCH.



## Rosen Sees the Artist as a Super-Radical

Young Violin Virtuoso Discusses Artistic Ideals on Eve of European Trip-To Pursue Studies in Composition at the Hochschule in Berlin Besides Concertizing-An Artist of the Heart More Than the Head

MAX ROSEN had completed one con-cert tour only to start another. The calendar on the wall of his manager's office announced the date as May 23, and the young violinist was to sail for Europe with Milton Diamond of the International Concert Direction on the 24th. He would land in England and 24th. He would land in England and begin his European work with a recital in London. This was to be the first time that he had crossed the water since he returned from his foreign studies in 1917. The event should have some special sig-nificance in a career still so brief that each new step holds boundless possi-bilities. Has it? "Well, yes," Mr. Rosen admits, after a scrutiny of his cigarette, "perhaps it has." Instead of proceeding with his remarks, he laughs. "I'm so tired from playing, playing, playing, and meeting people everywhere, that I can't think. I haven't got an idea in the world." If that is true this boy must have been

If that is true this boy must have been born under a lucky star. Ideas or no ideas, he gives the impression of an alert Ideas he gives the impression of an alert mentality, an eager, prehensile brain, if not of matured intellectual poise. He protests that laughter is only the weapon which life has accorded him against her hurts. If it rings like steel on steel, this laughter has yet a tone of genuine merriment in it; and whether he will or no, Mr. Rosen will doubtless appeal to European audiences as a repre-sentative of American optimism. sentative of American optimism.

## Will Work as Well as Play

It is less for what he can get than for what he can give that he is going. Con-certs there must be, because concerts are what the concert artist lives on. And he will be glad—who wouldn't?—if new audiences take to him as kindly as those he is leaving. But above all he wants to study; wants to complete the work in composition which an untimely de-parture from the Hochschule in Berlin cut short; wants to fit himself thus to give rather more than he has yet given. He does not believe that creative and executive musicianship must be mutually exclusive when developed to the highest point. He cites Liszt and Kreisler as examples. And in the next breath, though perhaps without intending any connection, "I'm an awfully uneven player. One of the funniest things in life to me is the critic who assumes that I don't know that. It is less for what he can get than for

player. One of the funniest things in life to me is the critic who assumes that I don't know that. "But if I know when I play badly, I also know when I play well. I doubt whether I ever played better than at my appearance with the National Sym-phony at the end of April. Fancy how much I felt like laughing when I read in one of the papers that 'Mr. Rosen failed to measure up to his usual high stand-ard of impeccable technique!' I and 'impeccable technique!' to be mentioned in the same breath! 'Impeccable tech-nique' belongeth unto but one—to Hei-fetz—as vengeance does unto the Lord! Aren't there enough mansions in the house of art so that each artist may ac-cord to each of the others his due, while happily possessing his own portion? The artist cannot be a thorough-going com-munist, you see; he must have a very firm grip on the little that is his own, before his generosity can mean anything. firm grip on the little that is his own, before his generosity can mean anything. The question now, for me, is how to establish that grip. If there's a mansion waiting for me I want to find the key to it. It's not money I'm talking about. Money's simply a destructive necessity, a thing one must have but which one should think about as little as may be. At least, I think that's what I think, and in case it isn't, I've a friend who can tell you what I ought to think and what I probably shall be thinking next year. Would you care to meet him?"

Some New Records Of course one would care to meet the gentleman who may hold the key to Max



Max Rosen Sailing with Milton Diamond of the International Concert Direction, on the Aquitania, May 24

Rosen's artistic mansion. And to kill time until he is free, one would also care to hear the newest records which Mr. Rosen has made for the Brunswick Pho-nograph Company, whose offices are a story or two higher in the same building with those of the International Concert Direction. One of these records, the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with Flor-ence Easton taking the voice part, is particularly illuminating as to the qual-ity of the violinist's art. His violin does not speak; it cries, and that with an almost more than human poignancy. Not intellect, not will is the spring of this player's inspiration, but emotional feel-ing. Obviously true are the words of his friend, a brother of Milton Diamond, his manager: "Max Rosen is a radical. He is an artist, and therefore a more radi-cal radical than the adherents of any program of social revolution can be. He cannot play politics; he cannot defer the chance of present defeat for that of thus he risks running counter to small conventions, but the same roseate hope beckons him as every other artist, that of a world set free by men's living from the impulse of the pure heart and no longer from the malice of the calculating head." D. J. T. And to kill Rosen's artistic mansion.

## Local Forces Again Give Opera in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 24.—The local opera company, the Washington-ians, is presenting a second week of opera at the Schubert-Garrick, offering "The Chimes of Normandy." The same high standard of production that marked "Sweethearts" last week, was found in "The Chimes." The chorus presented its part with fresh tone and excellent at-

tack. Rollin Bond, director of the Wash-ingtonians, conducted the orchestra. He deserves commendation for the fine work of his organization. The solo parts were artistically handled at all times. Estelle Murray was Serpolette; Ruth Peters, Germaine; Raymond G. Moore, the Marquis, and Charles Gordon, Gas-pard. Others in the performance were Edyth Gladys Hunt, Bryce Bayles, Harry Stevens, T. Brooks Amiss, Jr., Stephen O. Ford, Ray A. Jackman, Ivy S. Stev-ens, Elise O. Ford, J. T. Pardee, Myra Johnson, Marguerite Wiskersham, Gene-vieve Bond, Bernice Stevens and Bertha Way. W. H. Rollin Bond, director of the Washtack.

## Former Allentown Singer Stirs Home-**Town Audiences**

Town Audiences ALLENTOWN, PA., May 14.—A record audience filled the Lyric Theater on the evening of May 12 to bid farewell to Ida Heydt, a former Allentown singer who leaves shortly to fulfill operatic engage-ments in Europe. In a program which contained arias from "Pagliacci" and "Lucia," and several groups of songs, Miss Heydt was the recipient of much applause, which she shared with Grace Elliott, New York pianist and accom-panist. In addition to her rôle as ac-companist. Miss Elliott was heard in two groups of solos, playing compositions by Chopin, Liszt, Saint-Saëns and Schu-mann. Until two years ago Miss Heydt was under the tutelage of Julien Duval, of this city. of this city.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—The Junior Sym-phony, Dr. Giovanni E. Conterno, con-ductor, appeared in a concert at the Masonic Temple recently. Wilma Feketa, violinist: George Jennings, 'cellist, and Frederick Dart, pianist, were the soloists.



