Roman Totenberg's Recital

A recital given by Roman Totenberg, accompanied by Arpad Sandor, at Town Hall.

PROGRAM

[illegible] .....Corelli-Totenberg
[illegible] .....Bach
[illegible] D minor.....Brahms
[illegible] d'Arethuse; Narcisse.
.....Szymanowski
[illegible] No. 24.....Paganini
[illegible] Granadina.....Nin
[illegible] in D major.....Wieniawski

MR. ROMAN TOTENBERG, the young Polish violinist with the romantic name, made his New York debut yesterday afternoon at Town Hall. Mr. Totenberg, who is a pupil of Carl Flesch, has concertized most of the map of Europe since he was eight years old. He played yesterday, so it was said, a Stradivarius fiddle which formerly belonged to that connoisseur of violins and their music, the late Nicholas Longworth. Certainly the instrument used by Mr. Totenberg at his recital yesterday was one of rare beauty, and Mr. Totenberg played it as if he cherished its tone and its traditions.

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He himself is obviously a player of uncommon sensibility. His modesty, humility, sincerity, self-effacement as an artist are unmistakable and persuasive. He has no airs or graces. He is admirably self-contained, absorbed in the music that he undertakes. His performance yesterday was progressive in its security and precision; and when he reached the Brahms sonata that was the clou of his program—the D minor, with its symphonic scale and amplitude—he played with a care for the musical design, a truth and purity of feeling (though not always of intonation), and a dramatic heightening, which were happily responsive to the character of the work itself.

Our Women "Amazing" to Warsaw Musician

Climax Capped When a Young Lady Escorts Roman Totenberg for the Right Sort of Suit to Wear in Concerts Here.

By ELIZABETH CLARK.

"AMAZING and phenomenal!" Thus Roman Totenberg, Polish violinist and composer, characterizes the American woman, especially the woman in business. On his first trip to America this young man from Warsaw, who will make his New York debut Tuesday at Town Hall, has found much that astonishes him, but women are the tops in incredibility.

Then he made it plain that this was not a knock but a boost for the career gal. That she can be so efficient and at the same time so agreeable surprises him.

"In Europe women work, but it is mostly little work. Not the kind of 'directif' business like you meet them here in everything. The American woman doesn't lose her 'woman' position. Sometimes in Europe important women become, well—." The exact word was elusive, but it was finally straightened out that too often abroad women in business lose interest in keeping themselves attractive and feminine and well-dressed. "You here are well put together, well balanced people."

His first taste of woman's authority came within an hour of docking. "I didn't get a good room in my hotel. It was too small and dark," he tells the story. "There was a fuss. Nothing happened. Then came a woman. 'You want another room?' she asked. I got it. She knew more than all the men put together."

His manager, Annie Friedberg, surprised him no end. "She gets my engagements, buys my railroad tickets, does all things. It is not so in Europe. It is phenomenal!"

A woman insured his violin, a Stradivarius given him by Mrs. Nicholas Longworth through Hans Kindler, conductor of the Washington Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Mary Howe, a composer prominent in musical and social circles at the capital. Incidentally, it was Mrs. Howe, whom he met in France, who persuaded him that he should come to America. His first introduction to the American woman who does things and through her his introduction to America.

It was a woman who came to take his photograph and it was a woman who checked his top-coat and hat when he finally went to dinner. The climax was capped yesterday, he confided, when "a young lady escorted me to a tailor for the right sort of suit to wear in concerts over here. I was not informed that one wore different clothes than usual."

He is, he said, prepared for anything from the feminine sex from now on, and he admitted that he rather thought it was all very, very nice indeed, and "couldn't we have an ice cream soda. One of the nicest things in America is the ice cream sodas." Then came a different sort of surprise. Neither ice cream sodas nor ice cream were available in this particular hotel lounge. So lemonade and sherry were ordered instead. Just another incredibility in a country of strangeness, he said.