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52. Half Time with Full Muted Chords
53. Half Time with Full Octave Chords
54. Half Time with Full Octave and Muted Chords
55. Half Time with Full Octave and Muted in Combination
56. Half Time with Full Octave and Muted in Combination
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MELODY
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JAZZ MAY BE LOWBROW, BUT—
"MY METHOD OF SCORING PICTURES"—R. Carlos Mier
By A. C. E. Schonemann

IN MELODY LAND
By Frederic W. Barry

THE IMPORTANCE OF TONE
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Jazz May Be Lowbrow, But...
"My Method of Scoring Pictures"

An Interview with L. Carlos Meier, Organist at the Capitol Theatre, Des Moines, Iowa

By A. C. Schoenman

The selection of a theme that from a musical standpoint is parallel to the thought that predominates in the picture is the basis upon which L. Carlos Meier, organist at the Capitol Theatre, Des Moines, Iowa, works when scoring a picture. With the selection of a theme he contemplates its embodiment which will follow from day to day as a matter of course and significantly upon the musical ideas it contained. The use of the theme is the way it is subdivided into the music to the picture. The organ with its color and variety of effects gives a musician almost everything in a musical way that tends to bring out an adequate background for the picture.

A theme for a picture may be drawn from an open, an overture, a love song, a hunting melody or any one of the thousand pieces that are hid away in a musician’s library. From the organist’s standpoint this musical theme should represent the big, dominating idea in the picture.

The organist doesn’t have to see a picture to score it, but he should become familiar with the story in order to select a musical theme that will meet its requirements from a musical standpoint. The organist may follow a different program every night, varying his accompaniment as his mood dictates, but the big musical theme should be used throughout the week.

The director of the orchestra may utilize the same system but he must have numbers and supply his men with parts. For this reason he does not enjoy the freedom of the organist because the latter with countless effects and various stops that give musical shading and color is in a position to turn the committee of all that his instrument has to offer.

"If a picture has a thoughtful or sympathetic mood one can use music of a similar character. An organist must possess an imaginative mind, and with it he can conceive and adapt readily the type of music that will meet all the situations presented in the picture. This requires versatility and the successful organist has mastered his instrument and become in the field of organ music so that he can be in a position to meet every changing situation the screen has to offer."

"Looked in the organ is the music for every situation that can be depicted on the screen. There is the music expressive of nature and her strange ways. There is the music of romance, of the city, and the countryside. The organist, to be a success in playing pictures, must have an innumerable repertoire running from jazz numbers to the symphony."

Mr. Meier indicated that solo numbers afforded him an opportunity to utilize his original ideas. He advocated the use of parodies and the introduction of novel and unusual effects, with the organ supplying a variety of musical effects.

"The solo number enables the movie organist to deviate from the beaten path of playing standard numbers, special arrangements or parodies," said Mr. Meier. "The solo is the organist’s own feature. To put it over he can use original ideas that are the outcome of the organist’s efficiency of the tone."

Mr. Meier emphasized the importance of experience on the part of any pianist or organist who aspires to play the movies, taking the position that a thorough knowledge of organ music and the ability to play the instrument on any memory of success.

"A strong mentally is not sufficient for the organist who would succeed," he said. "He should be 100 percent physically. He must use his ten fingers and two feet, and to do justice to his work he should indulge in various forms of exercise to keep his fingers and limbs in proper condition for finger and facial movements."

Mr. Meier began studying the piano when he was a boy. The advent of the organ into the motion picture theatre brought to him a realization of the possibilities of the instrument physically. He must use his ten fingers and two feet, and to do justice to his work he should indulge in various forms of exercise to keep his fingers and limbs in proper condition for finger and facial movements.

Jazz May Be Lowbrow, But—

(continued from Page 7)

"Jazz, while being an exciting instrument to play, is usually classified by the public as being too rough, too noisy, and too much of a racket to be pleasant music. Jazz, while being an exciting instrument to play, is usually classified by the public as being too rough, too noisy, and too much of a racket to be pleasant music. The instrument has a variety of names, such as bunning and mouth drum. The word jazz-harp itself is supposed to be a corruption of "jazz-harp," but I suppose if the thing were still on the map today we would call it jazz harp. Though, along with the tin whistle, it is now looked upon as a little better than a child's toy, the jazz-harp has enjoyed a

One crooked hoot of silvery steel.

A century ago it was regarded as a highbrow instrument. It was the virtuoso, capable of performing the most exquisite melodies of the most exalted ability. This surprising little musical ornament has even attained the daintiness of a lute-screenwriter. In the New York Public Library it stumbled upon a fascinating and amusing book called "A Sketch of the Life of C. E. Holm, the Celebrated Performer on the Jazz-Harp."

There one reads how, after bower struggles, Holm

Stein falls to the harem of playing sixteen jazz-harps before the King of England. Fans and fortunes smiled upon him. He embarked on an extended concert tour.

Alas, the constant vibration of the "buzzing iron" had affected the teeth of our artist so unfavorably that they began to break off in rapid succession! The climax of his fame and misfortune came at a concert at Clifton, where, as he played the top note of his most prodigious fantasy, his one remaining tooth broke off with a loud report, thus breaking off as well his career as the world's greatest jazz-harpist."

Soon after this the jazz-harp fell from its grand eminence.

The mouth organ, marked in one, a tremendous ad

come over these other below instruments. It represented a historical stride of many centuries—from the days of melody time to the days of harmony.

We are so used in hearing two or more tones of different pitch sounded at the same time that most of us think of harmony as something very ancient. It was not until the tenth century that a Flemish monk named Havelock wrote down the first example to which we have anything about of more than one note at a time.

Incapable? Well, if you don't believe me, believe the Century Dictionary:

"Harmony in the modern sense did not become possible until between 1500 and 1550. Up to that time all kinds of combinations of the few fundamental tones as such was recognized for the first time in scientific music."

Now the mouth organ marks a tremendous scientific advance over such things as the drum, the tin whistle, and the mouth-harp, for it can play harmony. Yes, but what sort of harmony? Alas, it is a kind that leaves almost as much to be desired as the crude conservative fourths and fifths of the mouth-harp. I am sorry to say that the mouth organ is a sort of musical Procrustes.

The mouth organ simply chops all musical vibrations down to a two-note basis. Even the simplest bumblebee song impairs too many harmonies to constitute a tone. The voice of the western lark goes limp with the loss, having lost its color and weight by transformation.

That is why I thrust my bound into the other cheek not long ago on reading in a medical catalog certain lists of those drum tools with which organs is furnished with such names as: the Ormunda, the University Chimes, the Silvery Sounds, and (yes indeed) the Celestial Echoes. This last title could have originated, I think, only in a land where such a town as Duluth is actually described in Congress as "the unit of the unsalted sea."

I was concerned to learn of the age that a public multi-organ contest was held at Baltimore in connection with a music trade congress. Hundreds of boys competed for valuable prizes, under the auspices of the chief mouth-organ virtuosi of the globe, and perhaps of the universe. And radio broadcast from fifteen hundred miles away and the harmonies mangled

The concert and the association are adult editions de luxe of the mouth organ, with much the same lusus, ready
quality of tone. Two generations ago the accordion was known as the teardrop box organ, and was as widespread as the piano and the player piano are today. After a temporary decline its popularity seems to be growing again, like that of its more elegant neighbors, the banjo, mandolin, nikuile, guitar, with their numerous relatives, the mandola, mandocello, mandosphere, harp guitar, steel guitar, balalaika, mandolin-banjo, etc.

These are the bowed instruments to which the others lend up. They are the ideal vehicles for informal music of all kinds, for parties, picnics, boat parties, dances, and to accompany the lighter sorts of vocal music. They enter into the intimate, everyday life of the people in a friendly way, with which the classical instruments have, alas, not yet been able to attain!

They can play melodies with the original harmonics unaltered. And they are easy to learn, conveniently portable, inexpensive. While making no pretensions to aristocracy, a couple of them are well connected in the world of music. For the mandolin is the direct descendant of the lute, the chief instrument of the age of troubadours; while the guitar is actually the parent of the violin, the most perfect instrument that mankind has yet produced.

Weber, Berlioz, and Paganini all played the guitar, and the last named composed thirty pieces for it.

Quite recently that unconventional genius, Percy Grainger, has invented new and more effective species of tuning and a new technique for the guitar.

He has composed music of great beauty and effectiveness for several guitars and has successfully introduced the instrument into the time-honored combinations of chamber music. As for the banjo, everyone who has read Kalbeck’s Life of Brahms will recall the master’s astonishment and delighted admiration when the young Yankovic muse was at Kugler’s performed for him on “the nigger instrument.” (Did he need looking for it?)

The worldly fortunes of these, the elite among bowed instruments, have had some curious ups and downs lately. The 1000 cent report that the United States manufactured yearly, 75,000 mandolins and mandolas, 16,321 banjos, and 76,414 guitars.

Ten years later the dealers reported that the trade in “small goods” of this class had been virulently killed by the rise of the phonograph and the player piano.

Then came the war. It seems to be evident that the war began without the fortification of music. Also, that the bowed instruments were not the best things in the world to withstand front line, or even S. O. S. R., conditions. Never before had Kipling’s “Song of the Wounded” found such an appreciative voice.

You couldn’t park a Broadway half a mile—

You couldn’t show a picture in the dump—

You couldn’t set up wires on the 50, 000—

You couldn’t play the violin—

I tried with the violin pots and—

I tried with the wooden pots and—

The instrument became the symbol of the war—

And when the docks echoed and walls—

And the tunes that won so many to the choice—

And the tunes that made you shiver, and those—

Violets bring that bring the music—

I can rip your very heartstrings out with those.

The war put the bowed instruments back upon the map. It also put a sternum arrest under the ribs of humanity.

One of the chief symptoms and results of this unrest was, and is—

The primitiveness of war just naturally encouraged the primitiveness of music. The war killed men by the million from the Channel around to the Black Sea. It raised from the dead all the bowed instruments from the same drum to the Japanese violin.

This movement was actively stimulated by the swift spread of the ukulele from Hawaii, and by the invention of the mandolin-banjo and its rapid popularization through college music clubs.

No definite figures are yet available, but the opinion of the authorities who know conditions best is pretty well agreed that the guitar and banjo figures for 1900 quoted above, which had fallen to almost nothing by 1910, had at least quadrupled in 1921. The mandolin player has, however, not come back so well. Its popularity has recently surged by the mandolin-banjo.

The war has done another thing. It has developed a great many musical inventors. In the trenches, if the lads wanted an instrument, they made it out of any materials that were to hand. Postwar unemployment in England stimulated the inventive faculty still more.

A walk down the rows of begging veterans lining Piccadilly or the Strand became a revelation of handmade musical instruments.

Variants of the Japanese violin were the most popular. I remember a surprising one made by a peacetime handgun veteran here out of a cigar box and a long stick. He had attached a phonograph reproducer and bowed it to the single string; and the tone was strange power and charm. As he sat at the war, clutching this astonishing contrivance between his crippled knees, and playing it left-handed on account of an awkward wound, he, and his excellent music seemed to typify all the dauntless courage and indomitable spirit called out by the war.

When all is said, I have no apology to make for talking so appreciatively of these humble servants of the less sublime sorts of music. When I consider the marvelously swift growth of this art, I cannot feel apologetic for the lowbrow.

At the first glance he seems a barbarian. But his growth has been phenomenal.

The man in today’s street is actually more musical than the most sophisticated music lover of four or five centuries ago. For the latter was not much further advanced in musical science than the nineteenth century Englishman who continued that he could not tell the difference between the tunes “God Save the Queen” and “Pop Goes the Queen.” He was just about as brilliantly enlightened as the master of ceremonies at a ship’s party in which I was a “call” and I once played Godfrey’s “Berserker.”

“Mr. Schuster,” announced that gentleman, “will now favor us with a barcarolle on the koto.”

Of late the education of the average music lover has been remarkably speeded up.

Through the influence of the automatic instruments he has taken a larger step forward in the last fifteen years than in any one previous century.

Of course I fully realize that for every single cultivated soul who enjoys nothing beneath Kreisler and the Philadelphia Orchestra, there are a thousand who enjoy nothing but “close harmony” full of baritone chords, and cheap jazz on the mouth organ, the saxophone, and the banjo. But the great thing about this enthusiasm of the lowbrow is its potentiality—its tremendous power. It is a mighty force setting toward social and ethnic advance.

Get a busy man enthusiastic about lowbrow music and he will try to get more time to himself. Someone or other he will manage to enlarge his circle of friends. There is nothing but good in this, for surely more leisure is one of the greatest needs of overworked America. And because a taste for the variety and complexity and richness of the better music is almost always reached through the leisure of a taste for the monotonous and superficial and barrenness of the worse music—the final result of his fatigued life—Turkey in the Straw” on the mouth organ and “Alexander’s Ragtime Band” on the banjo, will be a passion for Dreweck’s “Human Nature” on Kreisler’s Stradivari, and for Schubert’s “Unfinished Symphony” by the Philadelphia Orchestra.
MELODY

A HEART TEASER

The solemn appearing little Korean maid in the accompanying illustration is called by the Gilliams Service of New York, from whom the picture comes, to the magazine, the "sort of heart-breaker that tired business men of Korea go to see in Korea when out for real high jinks." The funny arrangement on the chair, that looks like an old-time hour glass, with the turned-around wash tub suspended from the frame, make up the instruments for juggling which she manipulates in her act.

Yes, it really is an "act," in so far as strenuous action is considered, for failing an orchestra she alternately sings a tune and gives a dance to the accompaniment of her own jug band. The little girl is so young that were she to "go on" in America it's a cinch the society with the long name would surely ring down the curtain on her act after one performance. As for being a "heart-breaker"! We'll say it is in a twofold sense—perhaps thrilling those of tired business men, but surely taxing her own.

In Melody Land we are among the ideals, but there will be the realities of tomorrow when the beautiful records of the imagination shall be manifested in the flesh, and glorious things shall be done on earth.

Youth follows the lure of the senses. Its one object and purpose is the joy of living, but now is underneath. Surfaces fade, whiles are torn away, power is eroded and the larger design of creativeness is concreted. In the obscurity of time there is a new birth of consciousness—there is all that is meant by success and attainment. Music is a happy reminder that the world is not all duality and all strife; that even now business and national policy may be transformed—the contest of affairs be a rather beautiful battle with good eliminated, with service instead of selfishness the keyword of all activity.

Expanding is the secret of health and prosperity. As it has been said, "spend your last dollar as thought it were a dry leaf and you are owner of a boundless forest." That may sound extreme and superfluous, yet after all it is the same use of our money, time and all resources that makes for circulation and compensation.

Death and resurrection! Destruction and recreation! Such is life. Nothing is lost. For what is spent freely and without fear full value is returned. There must be the open outlet—the daily dying, the daily born again, nightfall and dawn in unceasing repetition. Walt Whitman said: "I never

Music is cosmopolitan. It is the international language—not merely local, not merely circumstantial. The music lover is a composer. He lives among thrills and intensities. Music is an intangible that does the work of stimulation without any kick; there are no drops, no reactions. Certainly a pleasant medicine—actually, nourishment for the body and spirit.

Modern science explains life in terms of vibration, in the language of music. The difference between one note and another, or one color and another, or between our varying experiences, and the pet disease, poverty and wealth—everything is just "vibration." No living is a matter of being tuned up. Our nerves strings must move at the proper tempo. The currents must flow smoothly. As the ancients put it, "all is flow."

Think, truly, every hour shall be a period of blessedness, and in every way each passing year will be far less the three hundred and sixty-five glad days, with one extra for good measure every fourth year. Moreover, the charms of melody will lighten the great evil of time—of the same quality. Music is the supreme pastime that makes the hours speed swiftly, and brings one swiftly to the main. Youth is reposed, yea's are multiplied. Verily, melody makes for joyful hearts and the life forces are equipped for victory.
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The Importance of Tone

By William J. Morgan

One of the most captivating sensations existing in modern piano music instruction is the utter failure of students to listen to the tones they produce. Endless time and energy are devoted to finding and striking the correct keys, but instead of going a bit further and endeavoring to bring forth a beautiful tone the keys are struck in any kind of haphazard fashion that elicits anything but music. A simple melody, well brought out with a subdued sonority, is far more charming to the listeners than a more elaborate composition executed without regard to bringing the melody into prominence but played with all the tones sounding alike and resulting in a most jumbled sound. It is this distinction which marks the well-trained musician from the rest.

The conscientious student should realize that the sole aim and end of instruction is to train the mind as well as the hands to draw forth beautiful tones. When this point is fully realized the most primary exercises which seem to have no musical merit will then take on a new meaning, prove a pleasure instead of an irksome task, and promote progress to an intelligible degree.

The position of the hands is the main factor in playing the piano. The arched position is the most natural and favored manner of holding the hands, and the one advocated by all the leading teachers. This position has a tendency to produce well-defined articulation coupled with volume of tone commensurate with the needs, and also acts as a preventative of sloppy playing. Each hand has its own characteristics, and these can be determined by study and attention. In most cases the wrist should be on a line even with the base of the fingers. This will permit of rapid and well defined finger movements without producing fatigue, providing of course that the wrist is always held in a base, easy position.

It is very difficult to induce students to play with a perfectly natural, relaxed position, this oftentimes being due to the failure of students to understand what is meant by perfect relaxation. In most cases they seem to think it is something which can be accomplished later, when greater technique has been acquired. This, alas, is not true, but when the principles of correct hand position and relaxed movements are instilled into the mind of the student from the very beginning of instruction, the task will be gained much more rapidly.

Relaxation is nothing more than using our hands, arms and muscles in the manner intended by nature. Every movement should be free and easy, while at the same time fully controlled. Much of the energy needed for clear, rounded tones can be secured from using the muscles of the back and shoulders, rather than by merely exerting pressure with the fingers. Students who will concentrate along the lines that have been briefly mentioned cannot fail to note an improvement in their playing, and will derive far more pleasure from their work than heretofore.

MUSIC MAJORS NEED READERS

Continued from page 4

It's a new weekly hit song by Jack Harvard, which P. S. Daniels & Co. of Chicago have just placed.

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GOSSIP GATHERED BY THE GATHERER

NATURALLY everybody either has heard
or has seen print many sincere
and sincere music, one of which is that it is "inherently
pleasing" the same way a certain species of
silencer thing for what more vulgar (?) peo-
ple might call "schlock." With some people
this constant familiarity out of "schlock stuff"
would in a way set it free, as they like it.
Others, however, are not so easily swayed
and enjoy a thing don't care a rap what others
think of it. They like the music they like and
they go after it, regardless of what that
other fellow thinks. The main point is this:
that some people like music better than they do connoisseur,
while others esteem grape fruit as being
more to their taste than pickled apples, but
that doesn't prove that one is of either high
or lower grade in the fruit or vegetable
line. So, all about, the matter fairly
resolves itself into a question of personal
taste—whether you like somebody or
whether you're a springing level, connoisseur.

We cannot repeat the exact wording, but
in effect some people hear and then
imply that music is the same as that
some sort of wave vibrations which may happen
to have been set into motion by something
moving somewhere, all of which is quite
dead stuff that may be true if you can
guess the meaning of it.

And the deduction or connection? It is this:
If the deduction's statement is true
that everybody—music, or what we like
to call music—can be thought of as
music of some kind, neither high
nor low, nobody can claim that
 anybody believes it. There is
nothing to the argument? Maybe.
It's just an air sounding as some
wasp awarding, and lacking that
thing doesn't really exist except to those
who hear it. Strange weird is the argument? Maybe.
But it's just an air sounding as some
wasp awarding. And the thing doesn't really exist except to
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