

"ONE OF THE GREAT EXPONENTS OF SONG" NEW YORK EVENING WORLD

"A CONCERT ARTIST OF HIGH ORDER" NEW YORK EVENING POST

HEYNER

THE NEW YORK TELEGRAM.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1928.

ENTER A MASTER

First John Coates, then John Goss and now Herbert Heyner! This latest British master-singer, whose first New York recital occurred only yesterday afternoon at the Guild Theatre, is a baritone of more than twenty years' prosperous activity in concert, oratorio and opera. Let the managers tell why he escaped American importation so long and then square themselves as best they can with their collective conscience. For Mr. Heyner combines in himself most of the superfine elements which the radiant, if vastly abused term "artist" connotes.

He set Fifty-second street aflame yesterday, and did it with a poised gentility, a grace and conquering heartiness of address and a distinction altogether sovereign. His program began with Handel—the recitative "From the Rage Out of the Tempest" out of "Julius Caesar" in prefatory union with "Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves," extracted from "Scipio"—passed on to songs by Brahms, Hugo Wolf, Cesar Cui and to folk matters by Kodaly, paid lovely tribute to the Elizabethan lutanists Jones, Bartlet, Attey and Hume, and closed officially with a substantial obeisance to the modern Britons, Harty, Delius, Bridge and Warlock. By that time the audience, in willing and delighted subjection, behaved somewhat as is the fashion after a Paderewski recital.

Shows Command of Style.

From one end to the other of this exacting list Mr. Heyner not only manifested an individuality beyond all price, but proved himself a consummate stylist. His instinct for the musical and rhetorical phrase is exquisite and unerring. He treats texts with the rectitude and authority of a past master. His English in song and speech—his brief explanatory addresses between numbers supplied one of the afternoon's major features—is a melodious delight, his French and German caress the ear. In the use of verbal and tonal color he is an adept.

His treatment of Handel yesterday was broad, decisive, lordly. From the noble supplication of Caesar he turned to provide a performance of Hugo Wolf's "Verschwiegene Liebe," so poetically conceived, so delicately wrought and so matchlessly projected that recollection scarcely fur-

nishes its like. And neither an Edmond Clement nor a Maurice Renaud could have surpassed the polish, the reserve, the subtle inflection or the tremulous rise and fall of feeling that entered into his enchanting projection of Cui's "Te Souviens-tu?"

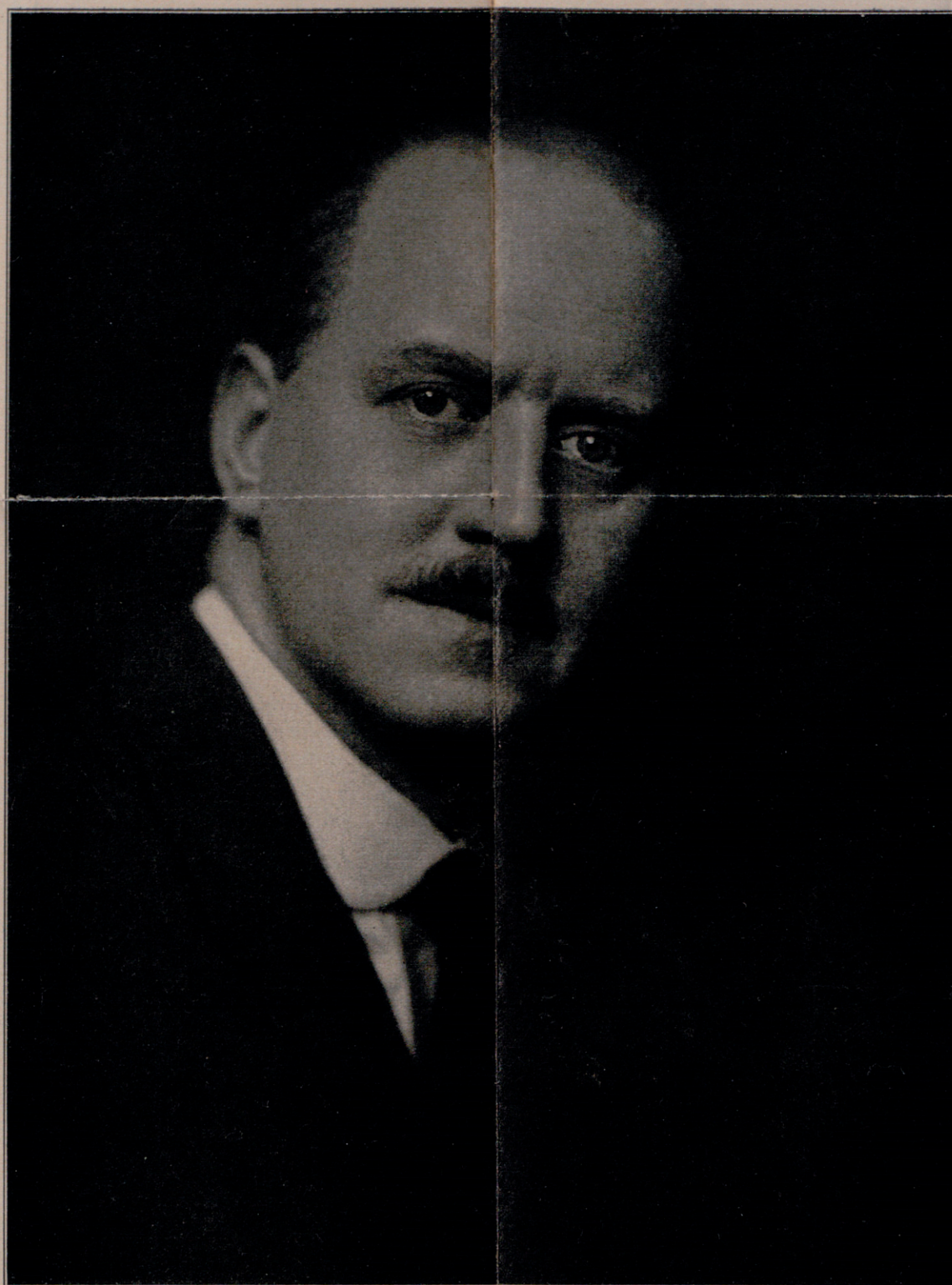
It was in the songs of the English lutanists, however, that the newcomer mounted to his proudest achievements. For the present it can only be said by way of specification that Mr. Heyner's supremely expert, tasteful and aristocratic performance of Tobias Hume's lovely "Fain Would I Change" was in its way as perfect as any parallel accomplishment of the English Singers, and that Bartlet's "Whither Runneth My Sweetheart" became a microcosm of sly, volatile, airy, mocking wit.

If nothing has thus far been spoken of the baritone's voice itself it is because in the scheme of his art the qualities of the organ as such do not preponderate. It is a voice that has known wear but which, especially in its medium range, is still capable of rejoicing the listener with its roundness, warmth and beauty. Best of all, it never declines to do its owner's bidding, which is at no time slight. Mr. Heyner, for one thing, can utter a softly breathed pianissimo of a magic and a delicacy at the command of very few singers with voices of far greater sensuous beauty than his.

Artistic Use of Gesture.

The British visitor is not one of those who believe that the graven image is the only proper model for the recitalist and he freely indulges in facile gesture and in mobility of person and feature. This phase, however, is wholly part and parcel of the man's art and contributes inimitably to its eloquence and effect. Mr. Heyner is, in point of fact, an actor of extraordinary sensitiveness. With him even every lifting of an eyebrow, every extension of a finger, every toss of the head registers and signifies. And his buoyant, confiding humor, for all its deftness and discretion, is irresistible. Thus might a prince of the blood unbend!

As a last word, special commendation must be accorded Madeleine Marshall, whose accompaniments, in their admirable adjustment, gave yesterday's concert something of the character of a sonata recital for voice and piano. H. F. P.



CONCERT MANAGEMENT ARTHUR JUDSON

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, November 26, 1928

"It was an impressive recital."

THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL,

November 28, 1928

"Heyner proved to be a singer of real distinction."

THE NEW YORK EVENING WORLD,

November 26, 1928

"Heyner is an interpreter of the first rank."

THE NEW YORK EVENING SUN,

November 26, 1928

"Heyner's vocal technique is of high order—has much to offer, command of mezza-voce and excellent diction."

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS

*"We were charmed with Mr. Heyner's work."
(December 5)*

"I enjoyed him more than anyone I have heard in a long, long time." (November 25)

*"His interpretations, replete with musicianly understanding and inborn feeling, become expositions of the most finished artistry."
(December 16)*

"He is the finest Lieder singer I have ever heard." (December 16)

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM, Dec. 13, 1928

"HERBERT HEYNER MADE TREMENDOUS IMPRESSION LAST NIGHT SANG BEAUTIFULLY TO LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE

*(SIGNED) MAURICE MATTESON"
(Columbia, S. C.)*