

## Victor Records by Harold Bauer

You will enjoy hearing these Bauer records. The nearest dealer in Victor products will gladly play them for you.

|                                                   |            | Number |
|---------------------------------------------------|------------|--------|
| A la bien Aimée—Waltz (To My Beloved)             | Schütt     | 6508   |
| Barberini's Minuet                                | H. Bauer   | 1058   |
| Impromptu in A Flat                               | Schubert   | 6468   |
| Kammenoi-Ostrow                                   | Rubinstein | 6468   |
| Motley and Flourish (Tunes from the 18th Century) | H. Bauer   | 1058   |
| Waltz in E Flat                                   | Durand     | 6508   |



VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY, Camden, N. J., U. S. A. Form 8213 txa



HAROLD BAUER  
MASTER PIANIST

Management: Metropolitan Musical Bureau  
33 West 42nd Street, New York City

## Harold Bauer

"MASTER PIANIST," a term which may most eloquently be applied to Harold Bauer, suggests to a nicety his overwhelming conquest of the technical difficulties of art, his fine poetic insight, his splendid musicianship and his extraordinary powers of interpretation. A master is Bauer in every sense, a fact long recognized both in Europe and America.

Mr. Bauer's present tour of the United States represents his twenty-fifth season in America, having made his debut in 1900, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Since 1915 Bauer has lived in New York and has become an American citizen. He has played with every symphony orchestra in the country and given recitals in every important musical center. His lofty musical ideals, his unfailing sympathy for and his steadfast energy in upbuilding the musical life of his adopted land have made his name a byword with music lovers all over the country.

Born in England of a family of which every member was musical, his gifts as a youth attracted wide attention, particularly his violin playing. A violinist's career was uppermost in his mind until Paderewski persuaded him that his greater talent was for the piano. After a period of study in Paris, for many years his home, Mr. Bauer's debut was made under most propitious circumstances. Tours of every section of Europe were made and the pianist's fame soon was firmly established. So much so that, returning to Europe last summer after an absence of nine years, he was greeted with acclaim in England, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

The veteran critic of the New York *Evening Post*, Mr. Henry T. Finck, sums up Mr. Bauer's attributes in this striking way: "One does not need to be a musician to listen to him. He makes the meaning of the composer so clear that a person without the least conception of harmony could hear and enjoy. Bauer is heart and soul in the piece he is rendering, and his masterly intellect recognizes every value of tone, phrase or climax, to the exclusion of all mannerism. His playing is the absolute perfection of interpretation."

But perhaps no one has given a more complete tribute to Bauer than W. J. Henderson, of the New York *Herald*. Although Mr. Henderson has doubtless heard Bauer in recital scores of times, he wrote at length about him in his paper on January 21, 1923, as follows:

## Bauer, in Maturity of His Art, Gives a Fine Recital

English Pianist, Who Started as Violinist, Plays to Crowded House

BY W. J. HENDERSON

Harold Bauer may be regarded now as a grownup pianist. He was born in London and was recently discovered by that busy city, where he played some recitals. He started in life as a violinist, but was converted. What a blessing. There are too many violinists spread over a dull earth. It was in 1892 that he decided to be a pianist. He even took a few lessons from Mr. Paderewski, but not enough to be called a pupil of that master. He is chiefly a self-made pianist and did a very good job.

He came to this country in 1900 and made his debut in Boston with the orchestra on December 1st of that year, defining his artistic position by playing the Brahms concerto in D Minor. He has been playing Brahms ever since. He made his first appearance in this city in a Kneisel Quartet concert, playing the "Kreutzer" sonata with Mr. Kneisel on December 18, 1900, and on December 20th he gave his first recital here. No one seems to know what was the number of the one he gave yesterday afternoon in Town Hall, under the auspices of the League for Political Education to aid the Town Hall fund.

It really does not make any difference. Mr. Bauer has given a great many recitals in twenty-two years. Statisticians doubtless would get much joy from computing the number of keys he has struck, the number of times he has depressed the pedals and the number of persons who have heard him perform. There is something more important, since history is passing in review. When Mr. Bauer made his Boston debut the wise men of the east proclaimed him a master pianist. He came to New York and was promptly set down as a highly accomplished player whose art was distinctly wanting in warmth and color.

Now New York has come to dote on Harold Bauer. People try to climb over one another's backs to get into a hall to hear him play as he did yesterday Bach's B flat partita, Schumann's G minor sonata, César Franck's prelude, fugue and variation, transcribed by the pianist himself from the original organ work and even some Debussy. Not even the statisticians could determine who was right and who was wrong about Mr. Bauer's playing in 1900. The lofty brow of Boston writhed in emotional spasms; the sensitive nerves of New York remained unshaken.

Anyhow Mr. Bauer has had twenty-two years of experience. He has grown up. He surely is a much greater artist than he was in 1900. Musicians do not like to hear about their improvement. They prefer to hear that they arrived full grown, like Miss Minerva. Nevertheless, it is a fact that Mr. Bauer is in the maturity of a great art which was young when he came to us. It was good to hear him in 1900. It is better now. And many more people know it. He plays to crowded houses.