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MODERN MUSIC

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VOLUME I

FEBRUARY-NOVEMBER, 1924

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THE LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS

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The League of Composers' Review



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PUBLISHED BY THE LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS, INC.
29 WEST 47TH STREET, NEW YORK

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS

First Season, 1923-1924

Future Programs

THIRD CONCERT, Sunday night, March 2nd.

For this program the League is preparing the American premieres of an important dramatic work by Manuel de Falla and an orchestral piece of Igor Stravinsky.

SECOND LECTURE-RECITAL, Anderson Galleries, Sunday afternoon, February 10th.

A JAZZ symposium by the leader of a popular orchestra, a critic, and a professor.

VINCENT LOPEZ will lead his orchestra and also speak on Modern Popular Music.

PROFESSOR BURLINGAME HILL of Harvard University will present some Considerations on Jazz.

GILBERT SELDES, critic and editor, will represent the Innocent Bystander.

Review of the Season

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ARNOLD BAX—New Piano Quartet, played by Clarence Adler and the Lenox Quartet.

BELA BARTOK—Second Sonata for Violin and Piano, with Yolanda Mero at the piano, Albert Stoessel as violinist.

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG—String Quartet with Voice, Ruth Rodgers, soprano, with the Lenox Quartet.

LORD BERNERS—"Valse Bourgeoises," Clarence and Joseph Adler.

At the First Lecture-Recital, in the Anderson Galleries, November 25th, H. C. Colles of the London Times discussed the Conditions of Modern European Music.

A program of songs by DE FALLA, GOOSSENS, HONEGGER, MALIPIERO, MIGOT, MILHAUD, RAVEL and WILLIAMS, was interpreted by Mme. Raymonde Delaunois and John Barclay.

The LEAGUE'S first concert took place on Sunday, November 11th, 1924.

The program included a premiere performance of

ERNEST BLOCH'S Piano Quintet interpreted by Harold Bauer and the Lenox Quartet.

ARTHUR BLISS'S "Women of Yueh," "Rout" and "Madam Noy," with the composer conducting, Miss Lillian Gustafson singing, and members of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

IGOR STRAVINSKY'S Three Pieces for Clarinet, played by Sam Belison.

ALBERT ROUSSEL'S Divertissement for Piano and Wood-wind with Leroy Shields, pianist, and members of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

(MASON AND HAMLIN PIANO)

All inquiries regarding subscription to the League's concerts, lecture-recitals and magazine should be addressed to the League of Composers, Inc., 29 West 47th Street, New York, Telephone Bryant 8390.

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JUNE 1924

NO. 2

THE LEAGUE *of* COMPOSERS' REVIEW



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During 1924-1925 the League of Composers will present several important musical works of a scope larger than it has been able to undertake before. To members it offers a program of three concerts, two lecture-recitals, and next season's issues of the Review, about which more detailed information is given elsewhere in this number. Inquiries regarding subscriptions for membership should be addressed to the League of Composers, Inc., 29 West 47th Street, New York. Telephone Bryant 8390.

(Mason and Hamlin Piano used at Concerts)

VOL.1

NOVEMBER 1924

NO.3

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The Editorial Board of the Review is the League of Composers'
EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Managing Editor, MINNA LEDERMAN.

THIS REVIEW comes into existence as a new effort of the League of Composers to stimulate interest in the contemporary movement.

We believe that not only is too little modern music played, but that too little is written about it. It is clear that the persistent tendency to treat the works of living men lightly has weakened only in the face of repeated performance. By publishing authoritative and discerning criticism it is our hope to rouse the public out of a somnolent tolerance to a live appreciation of the new in music.

In this magazine we shall present the opinions of informed men who accept the changing world of music to-day as inevitable. While the League of Composers is not pledged to the support of any new phase or dogma, it affirms a belief in the progressive development of art. By concerts it attempts to present what is significant in the whole range of modern tendencies. In the pages of this magazine it will endeavor to express the critical counterpart of this ideal. No school or dogma will be championed. Our sole intention is to bring forward the ideas of men who have chosen to lift their eyes from the certainties of the past to read the portents of their time.

Each issue will contain a number of articles by distinguished critics, contributions from musicians and a department of brief opinion and review. During the present season it will be published occasionally and sent to subscribers of the League and to a special list of those interested in modern music.

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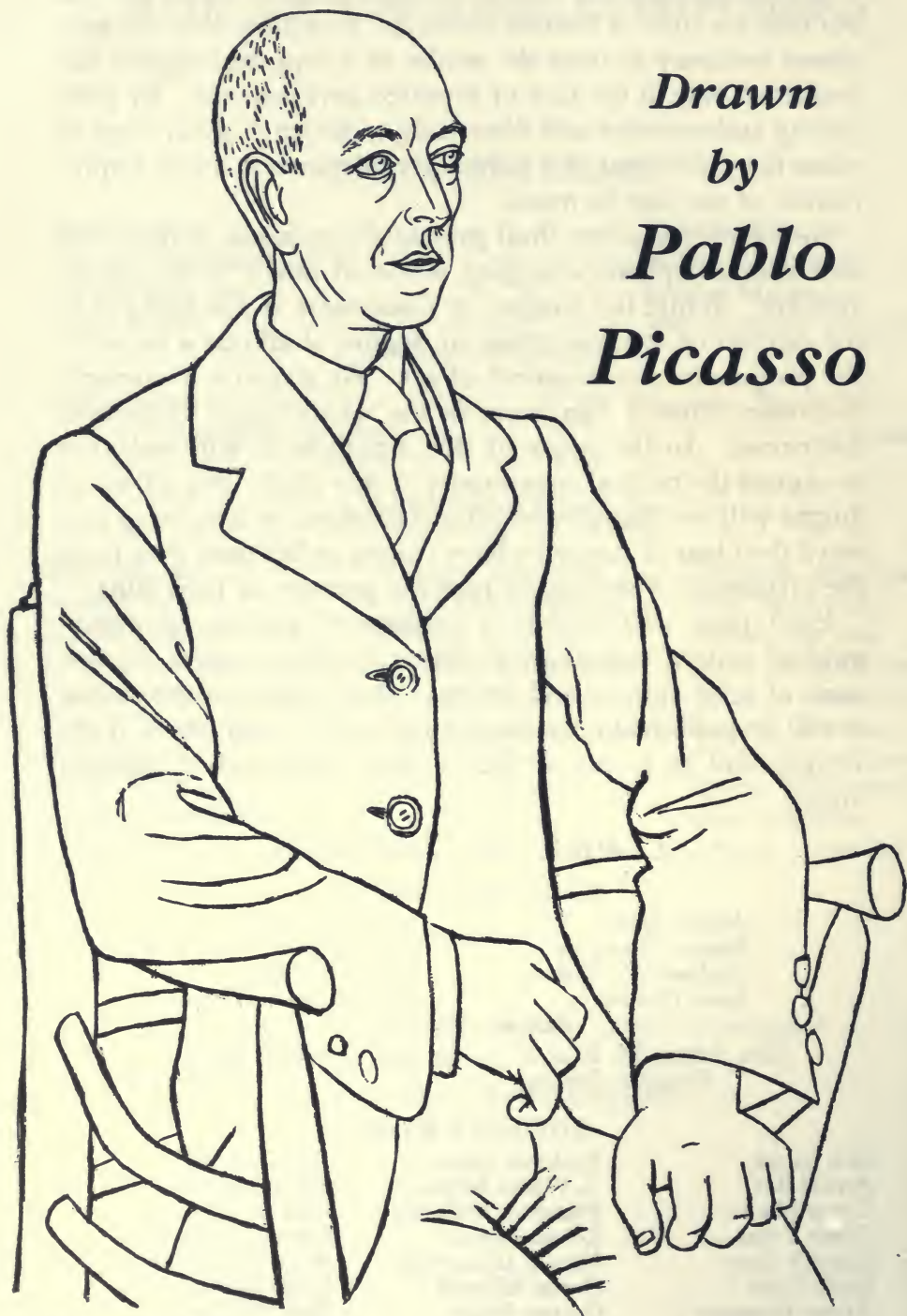
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The League of Composers' Review

RACE AND MODERNITY

BY ADOLPH WEISSMAN



MODERN music has drawn upon itself the charge of being a world-vernacular, a sort of musical "Volapük" without differentiating characteristics, and through this uniformity, of departing essentially and to its own prejudice from earlier music.

Superficially this reproach seems to rest on some foundation. It must be admitted that tendencies alien to the art, while not exactly removing all its distinctive features, have considerably weakened it. The commercial exploitation of music, intimately connected with the modern facility of travel, has effected a lasting process of reciprocal influence between nations, which gives a special emphasis to the relation between the concepts of "mode" and "modern."

Then the war, re-directing the intercourse of nations, created a new idea of the "modern." For although it was deadly to artistic life, it made extensive use of art as a source of political propaganda. In the new sense, Germany appeared absolutely sterile, while France, Russia, and England were acclaimed as modern.

Although international artistic relations have not yet been entirely restored, a lively exchange is now taking place in the world of art, which has doubtless sharpened the feeling for differences in music. The "national" concept has been blurred by the misrepresentation of this idea in politics, and has of course still less import in art. But although in contemporary

art a common feeling can be perceived, racial color is nevertheless apparent, indeed must be, or this art would be lifeless.

For Germany it was particularly difficult in 1900 to feel at home in the accepted world-view of modernity. This concept bore the stamp of Debussy. The essential modern element for which he struggled, and which was designated by his literary interpreters as "impressionism" was the enrichment of sonority (tonality) through the loosening of tone-matter. It was the outcome of a basic concept fundamentally different from that of the German. In "Debussyism" there is poetic feeling and sensibility, nothing of the ponderous or speculative.

Debussy, with the formal lightness that is in the very nature of French tradition, had risen from a melodious sweetness reminiscent of Massenet, and a Grieg-like landscape coloring, to his master-piece "Pelleas and Melisande," a tender, poetic renunciation of the tangible world. In German music, on the other hand, the tendency was definitely to retain firm hold on actuality, a mood that gained triumphant expression in Richard Strauss.

At this time Debussy tempted many Germans to imitation; but it was possible for them merely to repeat the gesture, not to express creatively the spirit of impressionism. But the spirit was essential, and its expression so intimately related to the personality of Debussy, that even his own compatriots could but achieve imitation. To be sure, they succeeded in mastering his style whereas German impressionism betrayed obvious effort through its heavy movement.

However, Debussy, and even Ravel, who at the same time and later continued the struggle for modernity, achieving the expression of a clear-seeing spiritual personality, are now no longer modern. They have become the classics of modernity.

For the moment the world of music is under the spell of two men—Schönberg and Stravinsky. Even here race has accentuated diversity. To Stravinsky may be accorded the western domain, to Schönberg the remaining countries.

Schönberg, who is rooted in chamber-music, in which field the most important utterance must be conceded his, draws with dialectic vigor and passionate feeling, with even more of the first than of the second—the final consequences of the Ger-

manic music-civilization. It must be pointed out, however, that the dialectic sharpness which transformed this former Wagnerian into the reformer of music, rests on Jewish race feeling, which fused with the characteristic impulse of German music to form a new sonorous tissue.

This mingling process, that is, the racial penetration of German music, has provoked the great crisis through which we are passing. Atonality and linear counterpoint are the external characteristics of this new music. The animating spirit, however, is, or rather tends to be, the traditional one—the spirit that moved Bach and ultimately Beethoven. Dialectic rigor may have cramped this force, but undoubtedly something genuine, definitely and characteristically German is apparent in this music, and the way is open for a truly creative spirit, which, disregarding dialectic, shall seize and utilize this stimulus. We need, as Busoni understands the situation, something akin to Mozart.

The appearance of a Paul Hindemith in Germany, who, despite Schönberg, once again creates opus after opus out of a true musical impulse, demonstrates more clearly than Ernest Krenek, who pursues the path of the linear with cerebral force and relentless strength of will, that the world must judge Schönberg as a means toward an end and not an end in himself. His contempt for all that is consonant would of necessity lead to sterility. The German impulse must not be diluted into a paper music.

Fundamentally racial also is the influence of Stravinsky, on whom we have fixed as the impelling force in western music. It is characteristic that the element which we call atonal, while automatically entering the western world, should make its appearance there with different effect. Whereas the Germanic, or the music world dominated by Germanic influences, tends to throw off an academic heritage and struggles to create a new form from a new content, we see the new form rising in the west with ease and a certain inevitability.

One might say that the western world is guided on the one hand by the feeling for sonority, and on the other by the instinct for the folk-psyche. Debussy was a fulfillment. What could follow? Even to him there had been revealed through Moussorgsky, the Russian visionary, something of folk-mentality. Contact between the French and Russian mind was of

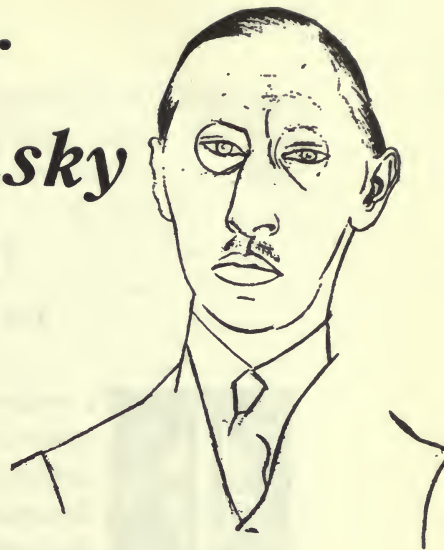
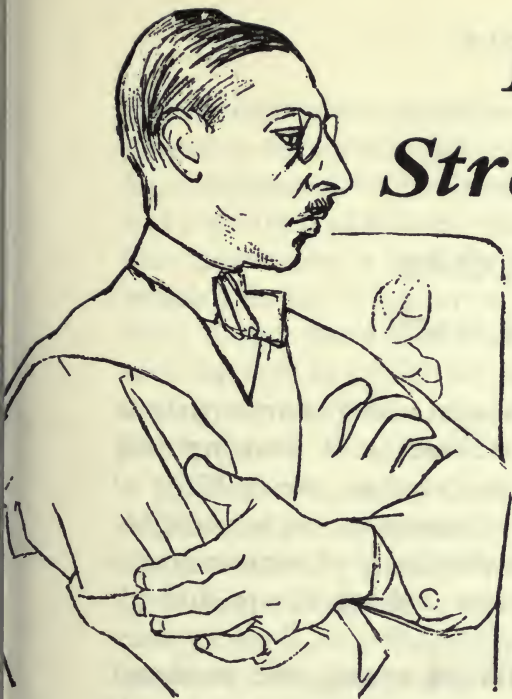
long standing. The French folk-spirit was not potent enough of itself to create a new music. Salvation came from Russia. Through continued contact with Paris, and collaboration with the Russian ballet, Stravinsky paved the way for that music which we recognize as a synthesis of barbaric folk-feeling and the highest refinement, which finds its supreme expression in the "Sacre du Printemps."

Stravinsky's rhythm, his new tonality, have penetrated the world which is nearest him racially. The young Arthur Honegger, a Francis Poulenc, an Arthur Bliss may show us on what fertile field his inspiration has fallen.

It is race which colors modernity. But racial mixtures now appear, to open up new possibilities. In music, blood and not the mind is the ultimate determinant.



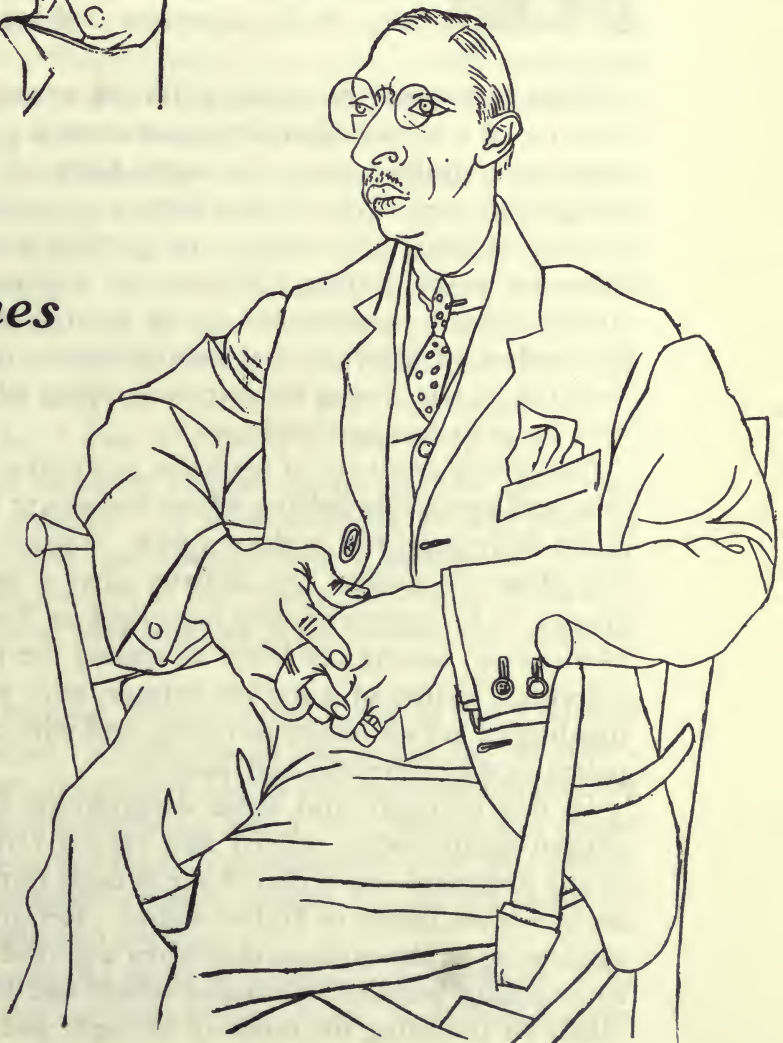
Igor Stravinsky



Three Sketches

by

*Pablo
Picasso*



ITALY TODAY

BY GUIDO M. GATTI



IT is not easy in the space of a short article to characterize the tendencies of contemporary Italian music for two reasons: the mobility of its orientation, which cannot as yet be certainly defined, and the multiplicity of temperaments that are its exponents and which are difficult to classify.

When we speak of modern Italian music, one must not conceive of a school of musicians or even a compact group of artists who follow about the same form of aesthetics. Although the term "school" has been accepted in nearly every country, in Italy it has never corresponded to reality. Today there are many Italian musicians of whom only a few are clearly defined personalities strong enough to emerge among the leaders of international contemporary music, but every one of them has chosen his own way, along which he proceeds with more or less good fortune.

Out of this diversity of aesthetic principles are born discussions and passionate debates whose echoes are frequently heard in the daily press and in the reviews. But we must not believe that these discussions and debates always engage two large groups, to be approximately described as Traditionalists and Modernists; among the latter as among the former are those individual artists of a higher culture, who possess an understanding of art's ultimate purposes, and who can nourish their polemics with intellect and passion.

In this diversity and these antagonisms lies the force of Italian music today, indeed this very diversity is the cause of our profound conviction of the present importance and still more evident future of Italian music. Recent musical history confirms us in the opinion that when a period is dominated by an imposing personality around whom satellites are grouped, intent on imitating his mode of thought and expression with

certain individual variations,—such a period is followed by a phase of decadence and creative weakness. Once the hero has disappeared or his productive capacity has been reduced to a repetition of stylistic idiosyncracies that finally crystallize into mannerism, a period of uncertainty and delusion begins which does not bring forward any work of the first order. In Italy to-day there is not a musician who cannot be matched with another as significant and individual. We have masters among our composers but almost no disciples. How, therefore, can we speak of a school?

Nor must we confine the search for the sources of our revival within the contemporary epoch. For even if the masters of the past century have left almost no traces in Italian music of to-day, this latter is something purely Italian, something new which is nevertheless linked to a more remote music, the music of centuries earlier than the nineteenth, music that has rested for a long time in unmerited obscurity.

If we wished to explain the characteristics which make themselves felt as Italian in music written today the task would be neither easy nor short and we might never succeed in transmitting to a foreigner, who does not know Italy in its various manifestations—not only of art—the sense of our intuition. We must therefore limit ourselves to the indication of certain lineaments which may be discerned more or less clearly in the diverse works of even our more diverse musicians.

(a) A decided tendency towards horizontal line and to the exploitation of melody. It is superfluous to add that by melody is not meant that element which, known as “Italian melody”, was the delight of the “parterre” twenty years ago, but rather a musical idea realized in its melodic and monodic form.

(b) But this melody, when it is not facile or banal, always has the character of vocalization, in that it is a melody which sings. Also when the melody has an instrumental purpose we feel that it has come into being like a song, that it is, I might say, the musical-verbal form of a sentiment. For that reason it is nearly never made of sharp angles but, on the contrary, has great plasticity and relief.

(c) The composition tends in general to be definite. The sense of order and of harmony is innate in Italian nature.

Everything tends to a state of equilibrium and music needs its points of security. It is not an imposed symmetry or a discipline adopted beforehand, but an instinct of order and formal logic.

(d) This tendency explains the sympathy for ample forms and, on the other hand, the slight production of fragments, small lyrical pieces, epigrammatical pages, *petites pieces*. It is an indication, this, of the superior conscience of the artist toward his art and labour, for whom the bibelot may be as beautiful as possible but remains always a bauble which has not aroused in the creator a profound and human emotion, and will therefore not arouse it in those who listen.

To be human is the first article of faith which, it seems, all Italian artists of today obey.

Given these premises and the admitted existence of an Italian musical physiognomy enduring over a goodly number of years, it is easy to understand why foreign influences, especially those of racial characteristics, have been of little avail and short duration. By this statement I do not mean to undervalue the stylistic-technical contributions by which other aesthetic ideas have rendered our present-day music more concrete. I mean only to state this fact—that Italian music, even that of the less solid and individual composers, has never been either of the style of Debussy or in the form of Wagner or Brahms. Here and there we may find traces of Debussy or Wagner, but one force is always dominant in opposition to theirs, to such an extent that their influence is not lasting but is rather localized and soon entirely disappears.

By way of analogy with chemistry one might say that the various foreign aesthetics have operated in the development of contemporary Italian music like a catalysis—through their presence but without appearing in the compound. The remaining product does not bear traces of the agent.

The cultural reaction which preceded the revival of today is largely the result of the revolution against the predominance of opera in the late nineteenth century. This undoubtedly served to prepare the actual ground but, with some few exceptions, it bequeathed us no great works. On the other hand it is curious to note how theatrical music—the kind of music which in the eyes of the more determined opponents of the last century is most contaminated—is precisely the form to

which the new musicians largely dedicate themselves, with, however, a mental attitude widely differing from that of their forerunners. We have a rich production of symphonies and chamber music, but there is no musician who has not to his credit one or more operas, or who is not writing one.

In order to comprehend the style of some musicians it is sufficient merely to examine their operatic creations even when they have composed in other forms. I speak especially of those who seem best to represent young Italy: Franco Alfano, G. Francesco Malipiero, and Ildebrando Pizzetti. The first began as a writer of opera, having produced a melodrama when a little over twenty, influenced by the writers of yesterday. The other two have been linked to opera for a long time, as well as to various experiments in other forms; but today they dedicate their activity chiefly to the music drama, each one with a clear vision strengthened by long study and a critical spirit of the first order.

Franco Alfano has conceived his melodrama in the spirit of music; his is a rich and fluent inspiration and the exuberance of his southern temperament overflows in a fervor of color and a diversity of rhythm and harmony which are at first difficult for his audience. This is especially true of *L'Ombra di Don Giovanni*, in which one can still observe the composer's uncertainty in a critical phase of technical and formal evolution. But, this aside, his essentially lyrical conception of the opera is well defined; and in the *Leggenda di Sakuntala* it becomes concrete in a more luminous and satisfactory way. The voice of Alfano's opera, for all that it obeys the necessity of poetical accent, is felt to spring from an impulse which has its roots beneath the words, even when it is not concerned with the development of a sentiment for itself. (One might say that the music of Alfano realizes Nietzsche's ideal of the Dionysian spirit.) The orchestra of his opera, rich and refined, is not the foundation from which the intoned words emerge and affect us, but the atmosphere in which they exist as the part of a whole, expressing life in a continuous evolution.

Pizzetti, on the contrary, tends toward a musical-verbal expression which does not allow any dominance either to one or the other of the constituent elements, but which has the character of a new element, called by the composer *dramatic*,

and to whose demands everything must be subordinated. For Pizzetti, opera has no significance unless there is established a continuous and intimate fusion, almost syllable by syllable, between words and tones, unless it becomes impossible to distinguish melody, rhythm, harmony, etc., so that a musical dramatic language emerges with its own vocabulary. Hence his orchestra, which always underlines the voice (we speak here of voice and not of continuous declamation in the Wagnerian sense), and in which the instruments are often individually treated with a tendency to characterize the themes by their "timbre" without ever resorting to doubling. A point of contact between these two musicians is their love of subjects largely human, of universal significance, elemental in idea, which they take either from legends or from biblical episodes. For example, Pizzetti has given us after his *Fedra* set to the poem of Gabriele d'Annunzio, *Debora e Jaele* from the Book of Judges; while similarly Alfano after his Indian Legend prepares himself for an opera of great sweep, whose subject will be taken from the legend of *St. Julien l'Hospitalier* by Flaubert.

Malipiero in his operas stresses the visible element. Benefiting by the experiences of Strauss and Debussy, he has created a type of theatrical representation with musical gestures, as one might put it, in which the actor is often only a mime and uses a language which is a medium between the word and the song (especially in the three comedies of Goldoni). But what further characterizes Malipiero's works for the theatre is an effective synthesis which reduces drama to an elementary scheme of contrast, in which all episodic material is abolished. The music which Malipiero has written for his *dramatic expressions*, as he calls them, is of an essentially melodic, rhythmic nature: short phrases, incisive and strong accents which are clearly defined at their first appearance and which the composer never develops and even seldom transforms; so that his musical page has the sequence of thought expounded simply, the momentum of drama, and a ruggedness which makes one think of Moussorgsky and in general of folk-art, of music which flows directly from a primitive temperament. The most interesting and successful evidence of this tendency to-

ward simplicity and folk music are the two string quartets—*Rispetti e strambotti*, and *Stornelli e ballate*.

I have said before that the three musicians, Alfano, Pizzetti, and Malipiero reveal the main outlines of their artistic character in their operatic work. But we must not therefore overlook their production in the field of symphony and chamber music. Franco Alfano, who is a very clever constructor of sonorous edifices, has given us a symphony in E which is one of the first symphonic works that modern Italian music can claim (this one is dated 1912), and a sonata for violin, both admirable for their mastery of form and interesting workmanship.

Pizzetti has devoted himself particularly to chamber music and has achieved perfect form in his two sonatas for violin, and violoncello (two of the most precious works of contemporary Italy), and in lyrical works for voices.

Malipiero on the other hand is known for numerous symphonic works, which demonstrate the instinctive and sure hand of an orchestrator—as in the three suites, in *Impressioni dal vero*, and in *Pause del silenzio*.

Then there are those composers especially notable for their symphonic and chamber music. First of all these is Ottorino Respighi, master of symphonic style, the Italian musician who is perhaps the best known today in other countries. Respighi is one of the most fertile of composers. Let us mention only some of the most important works: the symphonic poems, *Le Fontane di Roma*, *La Ballata delle Gnomidi*, the small poems for voice and orchestra, *Aretusa* and *La Sensitiva*, the Gregorian concerto for violin, the sonata for violin and piano and the lyrics for the voice, some of which are small works of great perfection.

Next to Respighi, not because of affinity of temperament but rather for contrast, it pleases me to place the name of Alfredo Casella, pianist and composer of the *avant-garde*. He has a vivid mind which drives him to seek new art forms capable of expressing the complexity and subtlety of the modern soul. However one may disagree with him, the author of pages such as the *Notte di Maggio* for voice and orchestra and the five pieces for string quartet cannot be overlooked. In Rome also we find a fantastic musical poet, Vin-

cenzo Tommasini, who loves to portray in music delightful nocturnes and to evoke melancholy and nostalgia in works, such as *Chiari di Luna* for orchestra. His name makes me think of two others: Vincenzo Davico, author of short compositions for piano and orchestra, full of evocation and charm; and Vittorio Gui who, besides being an excellent conductor, is the composer of fine lyrics and chamber music.

With Pizzetti two musicians are working: Mario Castelnuovo Tedesco and Fernando Liuzzi, who although not absolutely free from his influence have each a characteristically individual style.

Castelnuovo is, above all, the composer of chamber music for which he draws inspiration from nature and the Tuscan landscape, pieces which from the point of view of form are absolutely remarkable. Castelnuovo is the youngest of all the musicians I have named. Liuzzi has to his credit among other works, a sonata for violin and piano which is full of freshness and grace.

Despite the rapidity of this excursion to gain a bird's-eye view of the musical life of contemporary Italy I do not altogether despair of having created a general impression. For foreigners it is indeed not easy to overcome the distrust which is the consequence of twenty-five years of commercial operatic production. But in our effort to progress from the dead level of our artistic life—an effort which has already been crowned with the best results—one may recognize an importance to which its seriousness and endurance contribute. No student who appraisingly examines the best works of our composers to-day may accuse us of presumption or an excessive valuation of our forces.



THE LEGEND OF THE SIX

BY EMILE VUILLERMOZ



THE musicians of France have learned, somewhat to their surprise, that musical circles in America have been the victims of a jest which, perpetrated on our boulevards, hardly seemed destined to travel beyond Paris. I refer to the amusing adventure of the group of young musicians who decided to charge into the struggle for life as a gang and see if organization would not offer the same advantages in artistic bouts as in football. My reference is to that small circle of young people who, employing on the Continent all the devices and daring of the kind of publicity reserved till now for the New World's mercantile products, have launched a commercial firm on the market, entitled "The Six."

As long as these amiable young people were content to amuse us with their more or less witty pranks, no one felt called upon seriously to oppose their little game. But, emboldened by the success of their audacious enterprise, "The Six" have undertaken an international propaganda so dishonest and so mannered that one can no longer accept philosophically a hoax which has ceased to be inoffensive.

A recent lecture series by Mr. Darius Milhaud in several American universities has paved the way for an attempt at colonization against which we feel it our duty to protest out of consideration for the dignity of your musical circles as well as of our own.

It has been the commercial cleverness of the "Group of Six" to claim the honor of fighting as the advance guard of contemporary musicians. Their strength lay in popularizing the legend that they represented the newest and the most daring tendencies in art today. Excellent strategy! The courage and disinterestedness of the pioneer always arouses the sympathy

of liberal spirits. And, on the other hand, the history of music has so often recorded the masses' ingratitude to the apostle and the prophet, that a halo immediately descends upon the head of any artist who pretends to bring to his contemporaries the revelations of a new gospel.

A cry to the astonished world: "We are six young artists, convinced, enthusiastic! We believe that the moment has come to bring a new ideal into the world! We aim to advance a stage beyond our ancestors! Here is the new music, the new method, here is an unpublished technique and a new notation, here is a harmonic and orchestral system all new! We are the new French music. Judge us!" By such means they assured themselves in advance of international sympathy. And under such circumstances it was quite evident that no one would dare take the responsibility of hindering the course of these explorers.

The truth, however, is quite different. The American public should be informed of the origin of this club where publicity takes rank above art.

Messrs. Honegger, Milhaud, Durey, Poulenc, Auric, and Miss Germaine Tailleferre were friends who, meeting by chance one night at the home of a musical critic, decided to form a friendly little circle, with no intention of artistic propaganda. In memory of a famous Russian group, "The Five"—and it was here that the first misunderstanding arose—the critic called these young people "The Six," deplorably misleading to the public, but infinitely profitable to the newcomers. The group of friends immediately became a "school," a party, a bloc representing a definite political bias.

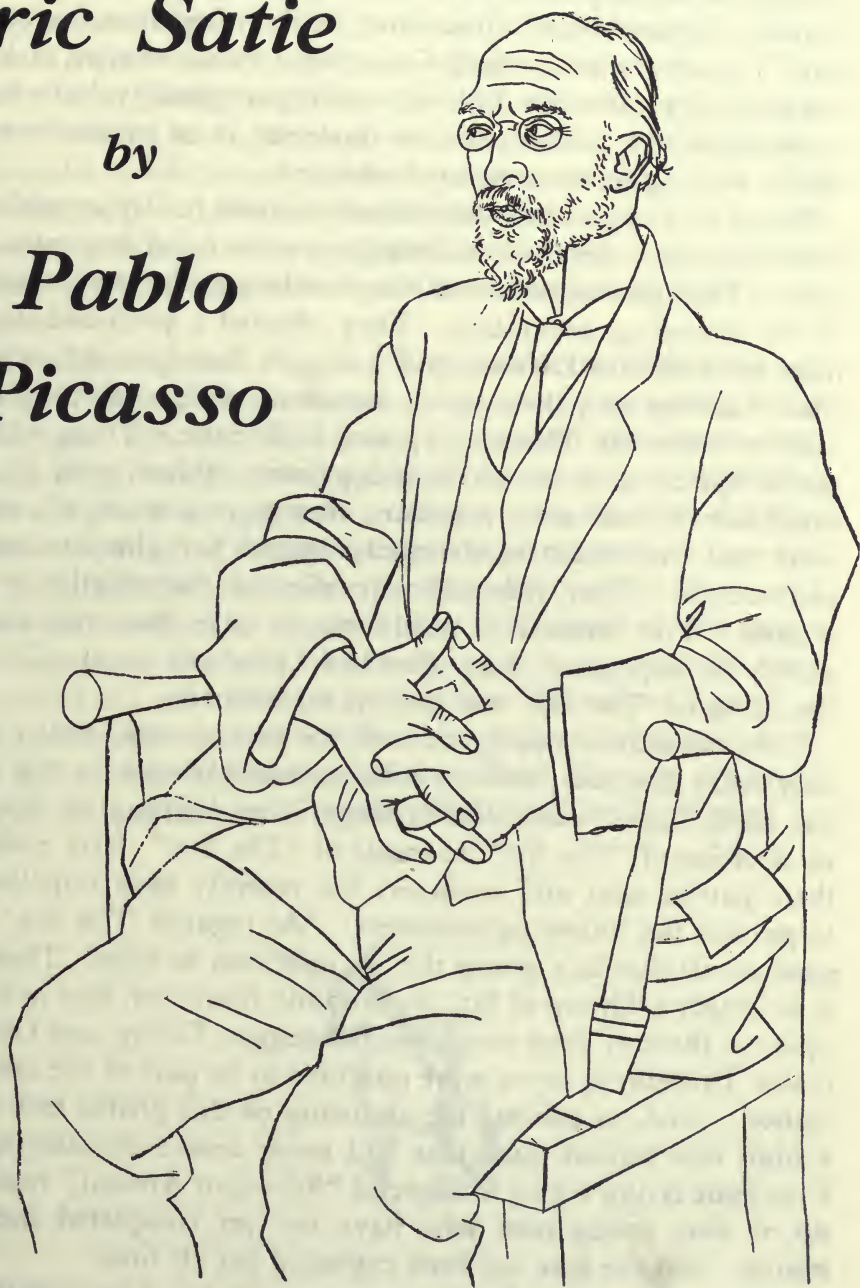
They were six composers of very diverse tendencies, and contrary temperaments. No two of them had similar musical convictions.

Honegger is a traditionalist in music, whose artistic heredity is clearly Swiss and German, forceful, abounding and generous, a good pupil of Florent Schmitt and Richard Strauss. Beside him there is Milhaud, a temperament classic and scholastic, destined by nature to formal composition, but possessing a truculent instinct for brutal gaiety and popular inspiration which forced him systematically to re-shape his writing to fit his theories. Durey has an amiable and gracious talent full of

Eric Satie

by

*Pablo
Picasso*



By the courtesy of Paul Rosenberg

ingenuity and charm, but extremely timid and as removed as possible from any revolutionary spirit. This is equally true of Poulenc, who makes vain efforts to divert his frankly Debussyan inspiration by caricature and triviality. Auric, the youngest of all in years and in tendency, has composed so little that it is impossible to estimate him fairly. And then there is Miss Tailleferre, a charming Conservatoire student type, lacking positive personality, lacking any deep originality, but who develops, with a certain feminine dexterity, in an environment where nothing seems to compel restraint.

These six companions, determined to strike boldly at public opinion, began, therefore, to indulge in some noisy demonstrations. They proclaimed loud blasphemies against the masters of the preceding generation. They affected a profound disdain for a certain Debussy and a certain Ravel, at the same time claiming as patron saints the most unexpected people, such as Ambroise Thomas (!) and Erik Satie. Then, with the co-operation of several cubist painters, a few poets of a small coterie, and some amateurs, they gave a series of concerts and performances definitely staged for charlatanism and scandal. They systematically affected the whistle as a symbol. The immediate result was to give the credulous masses the impression of an effort in art bold and novel. Thus the stamp of "The Six" was quickly established.

This misunderstanding endured for two seasons, and it is only today that the public, a trifle confused, perceives that it has been misled. Artistically there is no "Group of Six," no doctrine of "The Six" no music of "The Six." Erik Satie, their patron saint and *menager*, has recently been impelled to publish the following statement: "As regards 'The Six,' I must admit that as a group they have ceased to exist. There is no longer a 'Group of Six.'" He adds, moreover, that in his opinion, three of these musicians, Honegger, Durey, and Germaine Tailleferre, never were qualified to be part of the association. And, to conceal the absurdity of this pitiful end of a bluff that serious musicians had never ceased denouncing, Erik Satie is now trying to launch a "School of Arcueil," made up of four young men who have not yet completed their studies. But the joke has been exploded for all time.

It is necessary to set forth these matters in detail because the behavior of "The Six" may have created dangerous illusions

among willing listeners in foreign countries. Here are six musicians among whom none is really devoid of talent, but not one of whom has the right to the revolutionary label which they all claim. Some of them are even fundamentally reactionary and retrograde. Because they have brandished a red flag, a certain public has given them confidence, but this is due to a destination illegally inscribed on their banners. Not one of these young people has brought a new element into the art of music, as is the case with Stravinsky or Schönberg, authentic revolutionaries, whose artistic contribution is solid and palpable. A few members of this little club, now forever dissolved, will some day perhaps achieve fame, but it will certainly not be through the formula announced in their manifestos.

In affirming that they had supplanted the Debussies and Ravels, whom they dismissed as "pre-war composers, hoary with age," and that their group represented the new modern ideal, they blandly concocted a whole category of delusions. The simple, unenlightened amateurs, who till then comprehended nothing of the subtleties of our true masters, learned with delight that they were privileged to neglect them, and were thus enabled to "jump a class." Outside of this group of ingenuous listeners, however, our young people have deceived no one, and today they see themselves forced to plunge into the musical whirlpool each as an individual, with the humiliation of a moral defeat, and the disgrace of having begun their careers with a gesture truly lacking in dignity.



THE NEW SPIRIT IN ENGLISH MUSIC

BY EDWIN EVANS



IN speaking of the new spirit in English music, we are speaking of a *fait accompli*—much more *accompli* than the Treaty of Versailles and many more events of the political world which have occupied acreage in the press. There *is* a new spirit in English music. This is scarcely the place to relate how it arose, for it is a long story. There were precursors, whose moral influence upon their times was of far greater value than their own personal contribution to English music. There was one who broke down many barriers of prejudice. Then came others who expended so much energy upon the problems of emancipation that they had little left to profit by it when it came.

Finally there were some who, benefiting by the perseverance of their elders, though not always gracious enough to acknowledge this, came upon a scene where, for the first time since Tudor days, there was a welcome for English music on its merits.

During the struggle there was an opening for knight-errantry. It was necessary that English music should “try out” its new spirit. And the world is full of people who will howl in derision during the process of “trying out” anything, from a new spirit in music to a new invention in collar studs.

I do not feel that I am “crabbing” England if I say that at a critical time they were particularly obnoxious, and that one of the amusing features of musical life in England is the flow of apologetic eloquence that is emitted by them today.

But far worse was the unshakable apathy of those who said “Beethoven is good enough for me.” Imagine for a moment what the state of the drama would be if people said “Molière is good enough for me.” Or of painting, if their interest

stopped dead at Rembrandt. Still, that apathy has begun to waver. The new spirit today is too powerful to be ignored. Even newspaper editors, who lead a cloistered existence and hear little of the talk of the world, have heard of such names as Holst, Bax, Goossens, or Bliss. The first performance of a new work of any of these has today the "news-value" that was formerly the monopoly of the foreigner.

The days of knight-errantry—otherwise of propaganda—are over so far as England is concerned. The battle is won. As for other countries, naturally we desire that they should become acquainted with our music, but all that we ask is that they should bury, as being out of date, the old prejudice that we have none. Once that barrier disappears, our music must take its chance in the world, like any other. All that we want is a fair field and no favour.

Now that this new spirit, self-reliant, buoyant, and individualist rather than nationalist, occupies the foreground in our musical life, a new duty devolves upon the publicist: that of protecting it against misinterpretation. The mere fact that we, so long the under-dog in all musical affairs, should now claim equality, is constantly described elsewhere as a recrudescence of jingoism, a perpetuation of the war-spirit, an anti-foreign prejudice, and various other unpleasant things. It is none of these.

Quite recently an Italian journalist unbosomed himself in his home organ of the statement that "no foreigner need apply" in England, whereupon one of my confrères promptly pointed out to him that the most important works of the modern Italian school had found more ready acceptance in England than in their own country. Further back, a French publisher assured me that there had been more copies sold in England than in France of certain French music deemed "advanced" at the time of its publication. This country remains as hospitable as it ever was. But it has become critically more independent. It has ceased to endorse automatically, as it once did, the critical labels attached to musical imports. These have to bear a more searching comparison. Our composers have been sharpening our tastes.

Even in the case of Germany, whose most recent imports have found scant favor, there was neither musical xenopho-

bia nor political bias. The few works we have heard did not seem to us worthy either of our present audience, or of Germany's own past. But the choice of works was not particularly fortunate. Let a new triumph of German genius be revealed and it will not wait long for recognition in England—perhaps not even so long as in its home. This alleged xenophobia is one of the illusions to be dispelled.

Another concerns the nature of the new spirit. We have become more alert, more receptive, more confident of our own judgments. We have not changed our national character, any more than we have changed our skins. The English remain a predominantly conservative nation. It may be that some day we shall recover the initiative that made some of our Tudor classics more "modern" in their day than their contemporary, Palestrina; but for the present, as E. J. Dent wrote the other day, "even our most advanced composers are considered quite old-fashioned by the advanced composers abroad."

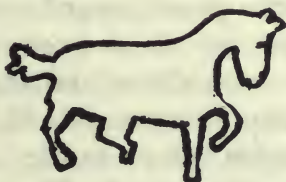
We are a cautious people. We take an absorbing interest in those advanced composers. We not only listen to their music with close attention, but we discuss it more thoroughly, more dispassionately than ever before. But our own composers concern themselves more with making music than with making devices. At this stage of our progress they are right, for the foundations of our modern musical edifice are of too recent date to bear such superstructures. Our musical idiom is of today, not of tomorrow. We are content that it is not of yesterday. Hence the subversive element among us is not prominent. We are, in the main, building, not destroying. We do not regard it as a reproach that we have at this stage no revolutionary genius in our music.

Finally, let no foreign critic suppose for an instant that, because the intellectual element has become so active in our music, we are pretentious enough to attribute the same strength to other elements. Because there is in our midst a strong nexus of new and active musicality, we do not claim that as a nation we are becoming musically superior. We know only too well our national shortcomings. To put our present position in a nut-shell, I should say that, on the creative side, the English are being given much better music than they deserve, whilst

on the interpretative side they are, in the main, less well served than they should be.

It is lamentably possible in England to be a celebrity and live on the fringe of penury. That does not argue a profoundly musical nation. Even allowing for the economic consequences of the war England does not give music as much support, in proportion, as America does. For that there are a multitude of reasons with which I cannot deal here beyond remarking that our plutocracy appears to be absorbed by other interests. Hence much of our best material is wasted. We have, for instance, orchestral players whose equal would be hard to find, but because of the economic factor they are not used as they should be, and our standard of orchestral playing is liable to suffer.

I believe these disadvantages to be mainly of a temporary nature. They will decrease as the economic crisis passes, and as the newer recruits to our plutocracy learn how to spend money with dignity. We have no illusions on this point, and to know the disease is the first step towards effecting the cure. In some respects, however, the interpretative aspect of our music is as healthy as the creative. We have produced a few executants of the foremost rank, some of whom have visited America, and our programs, at least, are as interesting as any I have seen from other sources. In fact a tasteless program is the surest way to defeat on our concert platform. That, in any case, is a great blessing.



*Brief
Comment*



*And
Review*

AND AFTER STRAVINSKY—?

JUST as Claude Debussy epitomized the impressionistic tendencies of his period, so Igor Stravinsky focuses in himself all the satirical, ironic and sardonic elements of the last decade. Not only is his incisive thematic material unique, but also his manipulation of this material.

In a period when a masterly technic is the common property of all forward-looking composers, the influence of an outstanding individuality such as Stravinsky is bound to manifest itself in diverse musical climes. We have only to inspect certain works of Malipiero and Casella in Italy, Poulenc and Milhaud in France, Goossens and Bliss in England, and Griffes and Jacobi in the United States to discover how potent is the hypnosis of this young Russian.

Whether or not we may consider this influence advantageous is purely a matter of personal perspective. With all respect to the value of the grotesque and exotic in art—we have ourselves contributed our fair quota—it is questionable whether an epoch devoted almost entirely to the bizarre will lead us anywhere except into a cul-de-sac. Not that creators of music will ever again return to the apple-dumpling harmonies of the Romanticists, or the T-square rhythms of this school; neither, we trust, to the long-spun melodic line, drooling sentimentality with every suspension, and emotionally anchoring to regularly placed buoys in the form of stock cadences.

No, there must be no turning back, even to the virtues of our ancestors. Let us, however, not confine ourselves to any group of rhythmic, melodic, or harmonic formulae. With all our desire to evolve new forms of expression, let us not entirely dehumanize our product, for finally all music must be something more than a clever or witty commentary on our experience.

Emerson Whithorne

TO CLEAR UP THE SALZBURG PROBLEM

THE dissatisfaction following last summer's Salzburg performance of the International Society for Contemporary Music has been as general as it has been bitter. In the confusion and heat of controversy, the essential fact has been obscured, that what the society needs most is a clear and resolute interpretation of purpose.

As all the world now knows, this new organization exists to promote the new music. One of the chief methods is the yearly festival at Salzburg, the programs thereof to be chosen by a jury selected annually by delegates from each country.

Superficially it is the question of arbitrary power, which the jury of 1923 freely exercised, that so disturbed the society—indeed not one of the local groups appeared satisfied. Acting on the general sense of the London conference which took place early last year, the jury had arranged programs that did not attempt to give equal representation to all countries, and disregarded the suggestions of the national juries. More than ten works were performed which had not even been proposed by these bodies. The conflict is between what one might call federal and state jurisdictions.

The situation underlying it, was best summed up by Ernest Ansermet, the Swiss delegate, whose clearly stated opinion I repeat here, trusting that I do not overstep the bounds of discretion tacitly assumed by the delegates.

"Our name," said Mr. Ansermet, "is the International Society for Contemporary Music. But which word is determinant? If it is the first, we can choose for our programs a fixed number of works from every section's proposal. But the society is founded to cultivate and present contemporary music, and that, it seems to me, is the major consideration, and the direction our effort should take."

This, I believe, is the best and broadest interpretation. Salzburg should be first of all a center for the new music of our time. Programs should reflect the evolution that is taking place in music today which the international composition of our society should help to bring to light.

But what is finest in contemporary music should be beyond local judgment, and left to the final choice of the central jury. The jury, it should be remembered, is elected after all by the delegates, and the delegates in turn elected by the sections.

There is one important problem which a free jury is best qualified to meet, and which, for an instructed jury, is trebly difficult—the works of composers of doubtful nationality. Such names as Ernest Bloch, Van Dieren, Busoni, Delius and Stravinsky are often omitted, because they belong to two countries and neither country recommends them.

While this society is still in the stage of promising infancy, we should come to an agreement about the lines of its development. Let us first of all clear up the pre-suppositions with which we come to the yearly festival. It is my conviction that we should go to Salzburg not to hear our own music, but to listen to the best music of our time, music selected by a jury in whom, by our election, we have placed unlimited confidence for this purpose of choice.

Svend B. Felumb

BERNERS AND BAX

THOUGH contemporaries, Berners and Bax represent two extremes in English music. Berners, it might be fancifully said, is most at home in the salon, whose rather languid brilliance he lights up with epigram and sally—he passes from one guest to another, picking the guard of each and lightly mocking the exposed weakness—a sometimes awkward but always salubrious visitor. Among the victims that have felt his satire are the sentimental German *lied*, the blustering English folk-song, and the Spanish dance.

His broadest laugh is heard in the “Three Funeral Marches” where the heir to the rich aunt bemoans her sudden decease with such rich unctiousness; and his subtlest gesture is in

the Waltzes, whose sentimental associations he dismisses with good-humored chaff.

In a world of unconscious musical humorists, is it not a prize to find one who wears the cap and bells by royal patent?

Bax is the romantic weaver of dreams—no gilded smartness of a salon for him, nor bustling city either. He might have stepped out of a fancy of Barrie's brain, and his music has just the same quality of "fey."

A visit to Russia and his love for the legendary Celtic lore have been the two predominating influences in his musical inspiration. More prolific than any of his age in England, Bax has gradually reached a more incisive and direct utterance, of which stage the piano quartet is nicely typical.

Robust and even provocative in theme, it is the concentrated expression of what in an earlier Bax would have reached three separate movements. There is a great deal to be said for the age of the telegraphic code.

Arthur Bliss

SCHÖNBERG AND BARTOK, PATH-BREAKERS

IN the modern musical scene, peopled so thickly by figures of "path-breakers," the figures of Bela Bartok and of Schönberg emerge sharply defined, strong, two individual forces.

The modern path-breaker reveals himself but too repeatedly as the new academician—self-contented, and well fed on musical revolution, a "doctor of modernity" as Leigh Henry has so brilliantly put it. The new academicians, with their leaders in Paris and their satellites in Brussels and Vienna struggle merely to tame the stormy musical thought of today, to enslave the creator with new *clichés*.

For Schönberg and Bartok, however, the business of path-breaking is not a profession but a necessity. In their works are the three indispensable elements—conviction, vitality, and mastery.

Schönberg has absorbed the musical wisdom of the ages. In "Die Verklärte Nacht" and many later works he shows himself the master of past styles. But, with a hatred that is neurotic, he has rejected the old ways, the asylums of tedium. Having abandoned, with a formidable emotional strength

and technical power, the means of his musical heritage, he has, nevertheless, been unable to extinguish the spirit which inspired his early artistic life. In both amazing works which have the particular Schönbergian flavor and are imbued with his singular emotional strain, the string quartet with voice and "Pierrot Lunaire," we behold a being that has explored all ancient paths for one word of wisdom.

Behind Schönberg's angular design, inscribed by a stylo dipped in a pot of sombre color that conveys so peculiarly the stinging mixture of wisdom and suffering, one can perceive the heir to a great culture, a master of the ancient domains of art.

In Bartok we find a contrasting but no less virile modern figure. The unusual spontaneity of his deep gray designs, the biting freedom of his rhythms, the freshness of his forms could never have sprung from such a struggle as Schönberg's, with pyramids of old ideas and means.

Bela Bartok, the son of a new race, new culturally and spiritually, has the advantage of a clean slate before which he stands with hands untied. And in this great advantage also lie the sources of Bartok's weakness—the touch of infantilism and of barbarism in his music.

Yet one forgives Bartok the infantile polyphony harking back to Brahms in the *allegro* of his string quartet, the pianistic conception of sonority in its *scherzo*, for the gorgeous rhythms and designs in the *scherzo-finale* of his second violin sonata.

In the creations of two such men, so different in thought and expression, we find the evidence that brings them into the class of "contemporary." It is fear of the eloquence and nude lyricism of the old days, brevity and economy of expression, hatred of impressionistic cloudiness, and the nervous angularity of their language—the language of a new age.

Lazare Saminsky



Contributors to this issue

ADOLPH WEISSMAN, critic of the *Börsen Zeitung*, is one of the foremost musicographers of Europe, and an author whose subjects range from Beethoven to the contemporary movement.

GUIDO GATTI, editor of "Il Pianoforte," Italy's most important musical magazine, is among the first critics of the continent, and the author of books and monographs on his country's modern music, and on such individual figures as Debussy.

EMILE VUILLERMOZ, one of the most distinguished and erudite figures in French literary circles today, is the leading critic of the "Revue Musicale." His latest book "La Musique d'Aujourd'hui," appearing last summer, was immediately acclaimed as one of the few comprehensive and balanced works on the subject.

EDWIN EVANS, former critic of the "Pall Mall Gazette," is the leading critical champion of the younger English school whose exponents have publicly honored him for his ardent efforts to win them recognition.

EMERSON WHITHORNE is the composer of "New York Days and Nights," performed at the Salzburg festival last summer. As vice-president of the Composers' Music Corporation, he was for some time active as a publisher.

SVEND B. FELUMB, a young Danish musician at present living in New York, has been interested in promoting modern music in Copenhagen and other European capitals.

ARTHUR BLISS is a member of the younger British school, who is now in this country, and whose "Color Symphony" was produced here at the beginning of the year.

LAZARE SAMINSKY, Russian composer whose symphonic works have been played here, has recently presented programs of modern American works to audiences in Europe.

The April Issue of

The LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS' REVIEW

will contain articles by

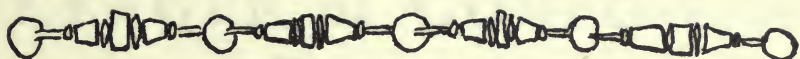
LEIGH HENRY, the noted English critic, who will write on the Group of Six, his viewpoint differing from that of Mr. Vuillermoz,

HENRY PRUNIERES, editor of the *Revue Musicale*,

LAWRENCE GILMAN, of the *New York Tribune*.

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WITH this issue the League of Composers announces that the Review will definitely take its place in the magazine field next Fall. It will appear at regular intervals throughout the music season, and will be on sale to the general public.

The intention outlined in the first number, to cover the whole field of modern music, will be carried out in greater detail as the magazine expands. Criticism of contemporary influences, so long neglected in America, will find its way to the Review from the pens of scholars and musicians all over the world. Portraits of interesting figures in contemporary music, to be executed by the best modern artists, will be obtained by the editors, and, together with other pertinent illustrative material, will frequently appear in these pages. Through the League's connections abroad correspondence will bring news of all important developments in music, distilled by the critical rather than the reportorial mind.

The reception accorded the first experimental issue of the Review has revealed an interest in this field of aesthetics far more eager than even the optimism of the League's directors had led them to anticipate. Apparently there is a public sufficiently stimulated by modern music to welcome a medium of criticism and discussion. It will be the function of the Review to bring to this body of readers the most illuminating comment of the time.



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THE LEAGUE of COMPOSERS' REVIEW

HONORS OF THE SEASON

BY PITTS SANBORN

INEVITABLY the New York music season of 1923-24 will go down in history as the Stravinsky season. Eloquent testimony to that fact is found in Mr. Gatti-Casazza's latest official announcement of Metropolitan opera plans for 1924-25. He has added *Petrouchka* to his list of revivals for a house the measure of whose artistic radicalism and spirit of adventurous discovery can be gathered from the fact that only now has it discovered *Pelleas et Melisande*. These words are written in no spirit of reproach. The Metropolitan Opera House cannot, for various reasons, serve as an experimental laboratory. Necessarily its business is mainly with the finished product. But its promised revival of *Petrouchka* is significant because it means that no standard musical institution of New York is quite in the running today without its morsel of Stravinsky. Another season the Metropolitan might very well take on *L'Oiseau de Feu*, whose music and spectacle are both better adapted to the conditions of the big auditorium than the more intimate *Petrouchka*. Eventually it may even be expected to mount *Le Sacre du Printemps* and the operatic version of *Le Rossignol*, both of which New York has heard only as symphonic pieces.

It was *Le Chant du Rossignol* which last autumn ushered in the Stravinsky season under the auspices of Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra. Three performances at that

time seemed a generous portion, but there came two days in March when four times within their brief compass Carnegie Hall echoed to the strains of the Stravinsky nightingale, thanks to the insistent demands by Mr. Damrosch's customers for further repetitions and to Mr. Mengelberg's sponsoring of the bird at a pair of Philharmonic concerts. But meantime there had been much more of Stravinsky in our concert rooms. The International Composers' Guild had done *Renard* in concert form under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, and Mr. Stokowski had repeated the work at a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Pierre Monteux and the Boston Symphony had introduced *Le Sacre du Printemps* to New York as a symphonic piece and repeated it as such at a subsequent concert. The League of Composers had placed on its programs the three little pieces for clarinet and the *Histoire du Soldat*, and the Philadelphia Orchestra had done the so-called "symphonies" for twenty-three wind instruments in memory of Claude Debussy.

With such a season's record not a great deal of Stravinsky remains undone in New York. There is the ballet *Les Noces* with its revised instrumentation for pianos and percussion; there is the miniature opera *Mavra*, and there is some chamber music all of which will doubtless be done here before long, even though the stage pieces be presented in concert form, as has been the case with *Le Sacre du Printemps*, *Renard*, and *L'Histoire du Soldat*. The tone poem *Le Chant du Rossignol*, needless to say, is not quite the same thing as the earlier opera or ballet from which it is drawn.

From this enumeration it can be seen at a glance that the New York public has heard enough of Stravinsky's work to venture on something approaching an appraisal. It is never safe, it is never possible, to settle for ever and ever, amen, the fame and standing of any man in music, unless indeed that man be All-Father Bach. It is particularly unsafe to label and pigeonhole a man whose years number only two and forty and the present state of whose talent points to a long future of rich accomplishment. Nevertheless, it is evident that musical New York is well over the period when Stravinsky is a tonal Christ or even merely an esoteric rite. He is a composer, as Haydn, as Schubert, as Saint-Saëns, as Richard

Strauss are composers. True, he has an idiom of his own, but music is music.

Mr. Mengelberg has told me that he has told Stravinsky that as soon as the public wakes up to the Stravinsky formula it will cease to marvel and to pile up words. He then described the formula as something like this: writing in three keys at once and scoring simultaneously at the top and at the bottom of the audible scale with nothing in between! Of course, such a definition sounds like a Stravinsky burlesque of himself. But the end of the matter is not the formula; it is what the formula conveys. To condemn Stravinsky on his method is like damning thirds and sixths or the key of C. It all depends! Ernest Newman is right in his contention that we have had enough of exposition where Stravinsky is concerned; that the time is now ripe for criticism.

As it happens, the work that evoked criticism in New York last season was the "symphonies" for wind instruments. The reason is not far to seek. *Le Chant du Rossignol*, the clarinet pieces, *L'Histoire du Soldat*, *Renard*, and even the redoubtable *Sacre*, are not really puzzling. In purpose they are as clear as a Haydn piano sonata. You like them, or you do not like them, but you are not baffled by them. For all the intricacy of detail, the essential qualities of the *Sacre* are as obvious as those of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, more so, in fact, for Beethoven at moments draws about him the mist which is the appurtenance of divinity and which a century of "interpreters" has not wholly penetrated. In two extremely well prepared and authoritative performances, the *Sacre* seemed last winter a work of a great primal force. Will it endure the shock and wear of endless repetition as the Fifth Symphony has? In the case of its sister work, *Le Chant du Rossignol*, to at least one hearer, the jewelled fabric of far eastern facture had in the seven performances of last season, already worn thin. There was no mistaking behind it Rimsky-Korsakov and the forest of Siegfried's *Waldweben*. The *Sacre* is sterner stuff. So much is certain, as certain as that it is *not* puzzling.

But the "symphonies" (Stravinsky uses the word in the etymological sense) incontestably are baffling. If we are to take Stravinsky's own word in the matter—and why should we not?—this music is as "objective" as a stone entablature. Evidently what Stravinsky

means is that it must be played strictly, non-expressively, without the slightest liberty of personal idiosyncrasy on the part of the conductor, so that the notes shall be as finally the composer's in order, strength, and spacing, as if they were carved in marble or cast in bronze. And yet one critic of the "symphonies," an enthusiast now for Stravinsky, finds in them only a practical illustration of method: an aural treatise, so to say, on "How I harmonize and score." One thing is indisputable: the masterly success of the scoring. As music you may like or loathe it, but there is no denying that in these brief "symphonies" every one of the three and twenty wind instruments does its appointed work with a complete effectiveness.

Stravinsky's abiding fame we must leave to the years that are to come. The fact of prime importance in last season's record is that through it Stravinsky has "arrived" in New York. He is now quite definitely one of the composers that everybody may not worship but still accepts. It is true that at the matinee performance of the *Sacre* a few staid customers of the Boston Symphony were seen to rise up and walk out on Stravinsky's ruthless tribute to Spring in Pagan Russia. In the presence of the multitude that stood and shouted "Bravo!" (if not "Bis!") the handful of quitters simply did not count.

Although something more of Schoenberg was heard in New York last season, the fate of the debatable Austrian, unlike that of the Russian modernist, still hangs in the balance. The prospect that his *Pierrot Lunaire* may be heard again next season is welcome, and welcome, too, would be the news that Mr. Stokowski, or if not Mr. Stokowski, another enterprising conductor, would do again the *Five Pieces for Orchestra*. Stravinsky really had his chance last season; Schoenberg is awaiting his.

The League of Composers is to be thanked for making known a piano sonata by Nicolas Miaskowsky. Amid much new music of tentative character, this brief sonata stood out as the utterance of a man with something to say and an authoritative way of saying it. Miaskowsky has a half dozen symphonies to his credit, though that important fact is only just becoming known outside of Russia. Hindemith, of what may for convenience be called the Salzburg group, was heard here this year, but Haba, the reviser of music on a quarter-tone foundation, we are awaiting. While we wait, the

ever-ready Ernest Bloch did something to satisfy the want with a quarter-tone piano quintet. Haba may really have discovered a new aesthetic of music, but Mr. Bloch's effort was, to some listeners, indistinguishable from our time-honored enemy, false intonation. Fortunately for Mr. Bloch (and perhaps for the gospel of the quarter-tone) he has more impressive works to his credit than this hasty-sounding quintet.

The season was not a period of burning revelation for the music of either England or America. Though Lord Berners is always entertaining, and Mr. Bridge is much with us, English honors went to the *Color Symphony* of Arthur Bliss. Not that one need take too much stock in Mr. Bliss's matching of colors to tones—the device is an old one, and no two men hear all colors alike,—but Mr. Bliss has written, theorizing apart, a distinctly ponderable work, much of which is very good to hear just as music, whatever disposition the hearer makes of his ocular nerves.

As for the Americans, I have no hesitation in saying that to me the most arresting contribution was made by Mr. Henry Cowell of tone-cluster fame. Fun has been poked at Mr. Cowell because he sometimes operates the keyboard with his palms, his fists, his forearms. Why, in all conscience, should he not? The main thing about his music is that in it he reveals a talent as well as a theory. To unprejudiced ears the talent may sound older than the theory, but what of that? Music will be music until Arnold Schoenberg or Alois Haba overturns it completely; and then, one fine day, it will be music again.

It was not a field year for France or for Spain. The Milhaud score of *L'Homme et son Desir*, presented by the unfortunate *Ballets Suedois*, and *La Habanera* at the Metropolitan were the most interesting matter out of France. Some of us who believe Vuillermoz absolutely right—and a little more than right!—as regards Milhaud still find in the accompaniment to the pantomime in question more persuasive corroboration than Milhaud's music usually provides for it's composer's claim to talent.

La Habanera dates from 1908 and even in that year Laparra's music was in no sense "tendencious." Nevertheless, this brief lyric drama of sudden crime and punishment in Spain is one of the few indisputably individual and impressive operas of our century. But

Metropolitan audiences viewed it with indifference. True, the house is too large for its best effect and the casting was not ideal. However, the Metropolitan is too large for the best effect of many operas, and opera casts anywhere are seldom ideal. When the public stays away from *La Habanera* and *Così fan tutte* (whose Metropolitan production could hardly have been bettered), can one blame Mr. Gatta-Casazza for presenting every *Tosca* and *Fedora* he can lay his hands on?

La Habanera, by a Frenchman, proved the best Spanish music of the year. Manuel de Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, introduced at the final Boston Symphony concert, were a disappointment to all who had hoped much of them from the promise of de Falla's songs. As Philip Hale remarked in Boston, the gardens could be anywhere, and he might have added that anywhere they would be commonplace. Bartok, the Hungarian, and de Falla, the Spaniard, in their eagerness to wipe out the trace of the Gypsy or the Arab and so authentically to "nationalize" the music of their respective countries, seem to be less purifiers than denaturers.

Italy made a real contribution to the season in the *Requiem* of Pizzetti, who is clearly the foremost talent, as well as the man of pre-eminent learning, among the younger Italians. Pfitzner's *Von Deutscher Seele* must be mentioned for the space it fills in the record. If Pfitzner is not the world's dullest composer, then who is? May the Metropolitan give us a thousand *Fedoras* every year provided it spares us one *Palestrina*!

A much discussed phenomenon of the season was the irruption of official "jazz" into our concert halls. Mme. Eva Gauthier began it, and eventually Paul Whiteman himself entered in, with all of his jazzmen and more! There are those who see in this a momentous musical gesture. Others see in it nothing so important, believing that whatever jazz had to contribute to the music of the world, it contributed long before enthusiasts pressed it into service for the American Academy at Rome. Still others, now that Mr. Whiteman is so definitely "taken up," launch at this brand the dreadful epithet "*pompier*" and maintain that to find the true jazz we must follow a different trail. Alas, the day of victory is indeed dark! How soon shall we be hearing Stravinsky too, his *Sacre*, his *Noces*, his "symphonies", curtly brushed aside as "*pompier*"?



THE JAZZ DEBUT IN AEOLIAN HALL

Alfred Frueh's Impressions of Eva Gauthier and George Gershwin

“WE ARE SEVEN”

A reply to the article by M. Emile Vuillermoz in the February Review

BY LEIGH HENRY



THE article “The Legend of the Six,” by the estimable M. Vuillermoz, arrests my attention. Legends interest Celts, not being of the humdrum which intrigues the matter-of-fact Teutonic mind. A legend always has an interior spiritual significance which academics and bibliophiles generally miss in poring over externals of historic or ethnological interest. Again, legends have the fascination of incorporating truths often obscured by more historic records.

So it is with the legend discovered by M. Vuillermoz, for whose work in other departments of musical creation and criticism I have a long-felt and unqualified admiration. Madoc, the ancient Welsh voyager, died of heartbreak under the scoffing of those who scouted his story of a land beyond the western waters. Atlantis was a seaman’s bluff until science commenced to modify scepticism. Jules Verne was a fabricator of what we may term projected legends in the seventies; today we exist without sense of the extraordinary in a world of aeroplanes, submarines, marconigraphs, broadcasters.

Legends have close kinship to nursery-rhymes and nursery-rhymes have much in common with some verses of Wordsworth. I have taken my title from a rhyme made more than necessarily detestable to most school children. Why? I will make it plain. It is not merely that I regard most habituated musical opinion as being on an infantile plane; I have too much respect for the soundness of child-instincts.

M. Vuillermoz expresses admiration for the strategy of the six young composers in exploiting the attitude of daring which, he

affirms, has been used to impose on much of Europe and America. The victims include musicians such as Satie, Roussel, Vines, Rubinstein, Bathori, etc. One must therefore reciprocally acknowledge his own clever assimilation of that attitude in his downright attack. Hence my heading.



Before the advent of the Six, (to give them a title bestowed by one outside the group), French modernities were represented by those whose progressiveness was relative to immediately precedent phases of technique,—excepting the rarely penetrative genius of Debussy. This element was profitable to the critic, progressive or reactionary. It enabled him to exploit his erudition as a specialist, initiate in the “how-it’s-done,” which is the century-old backbone of academic mystery.

With the tendencies of the Six erudition was somewhat non-plussed. They cut out much. A penetration into spiritual essentials—if one may use a fusty phrase suggestive of suburban seances—became necessary. Debussy, whom I adored and still reverence, and Ravel, who appeals to me immensely as clear, witty personality and musician, were modernists, (disgusting label), of a type permitting the preservation of those habitual sentiments towards the “artistic” which had been sanctioned by the conventions of centuries. The converted—those who sit on the fence until public approval of innovations is clear—could merely vary their jargon in affirming the courage of other people’s convictions.

The Six have not these appealing qualities to a predominant degree. They are not “poetic,” “literary,” “dramatic,” or “soulful” musicians, though I would scarcely apply these epithets to Debussy and Ravel either. They are young people with the lurch of youth, feeling for the sentimentality of musical habit the raucous ridicule always felt by healthy youth for things where age clings to invited emotion,—the feeling of such things as Kipling’s “Stalky & Co.” Youth is not effusive, as age is; it feels more directly, with the

intensity of novel experience; it expresses itself bluntly, without frills. Here, though I hate to contradict so eminent a critic as M. Vuillermoz, is at least one common characteristic of the Six, in individually varied degrees. Post-war youth, in Europe at least, has seen its flower squandered, to salvage with blood and agony the paunchy incapacity of age. It has beheld the exposure of the giant myths of European culture and civilisation. It is sceptical, determined to get beneath mere phrases and sentiments, to eschew illusion, no matter at what cost of illusion. May not this, at least as much as any blatant desire for publicity, account for what M. Vuillermoz, like myself still susceptible to the influence of an earlier generation, terms the "blasphemies" of the Six?



Turning to the actual music of the Six, while the essential difference between the personalities comprising the group must be admitted, there are traits of similarity born of common impulses and convictions. M. Vuillermoz asserts that "Artistically there is no Group of Six, no doctrine of the Six, no music of the Six," bringing into this an implied comparison with the memory of the Russian Nationalist Five, and further asserting that "They, (the Six), were six composers of very diverse tendencies and contrary temperaments." He accepts the Russian Five as a group; where does he discern the unity of tendencies, similarity of temperament, correspondence of musical convictions among them? Today the publication of Moussorgsky's original score of *Boris Godounov* reveals the conflict of temperament between him and Rimsky-Korsakov, who imposed unwarrantable "corrections" of a semi-academic type on a probably less erudite and proficient, but more spontaneous creative method. What is there essentially in common between a Cui and a Borodine?

De facto, as a common element of Russian folk-melody underlay the derivation of the creative impulse of the Five, so, in the music of the Six, is a common element of contemporaneous popular melody,—what Jean Cocteau terms "the folk-music of

today." They have an assertive, whistle-at-the-street-corners tune-fulness, no more excluding the indulgence of personal preferences in given works and phases than did the folk-feeling of the Russians, yet shared by all. They are "tunny" composers, in contradistinction to the "thematic" type of manufactured melodists cultivated through German technical dogmas since the joyous days when Haydn, Mozart, and their like were spontaneously and fluidly lyrical.

Another common characteristic of the Six is that which must be compared to the use of flat colour — *matt* colour — in painting. Ravel can produce daring harmonic innovations and many things which, for those who misapprehend the classicism of his work, constitute the "modernity" worshipped by suburban coteries. Yet invariably his work has something of the luxuriantly sentimental feeling which approaches a kind of chiaroscuro in paint. In a word, what is difficult for M. Vuillermoz and others of his and my generation to realize is that with Ravel there is always a spiritual element dependent on associations of the immediate musical past, almost what one must term that of the *fin-de-siecle*, were that term not infested with a certain implied debility. He has retrospective moods which are not those of the self-consciously emergent-into-a-new-century type of the Six. And the wit of a Ravel, or even a Debussy, differs as much from that of the Six as does that of, say, a Whistler or a Wilde, from a Cocteau, Mencken, or McAlmon. Here the Six are at least traditional, since there is more that is truly Gallic in the guffaws of a Rabelais than in the cerebral gymnastics of the nineteenth century humorists.



The "scandal" in the stand of the Six against Debussy and Ravel may only be such for pontiffs and pundits. Youth today feels convincingly many things scandalising the sentiments of the elders. What we have to realize is that every decade in music means a fresh generation. Things march acceleratedly today. I am attracted by the works of Auric, Durey, Honegger, Milhaud, Poulenc and

Tailleferre in varying degrees. While I comprehend their reaction against Debussy and Ravel,—Stravinsky even years ago drastically indited the “evasiveness of impressionism,”—and see it as an inevitable expression of new currents of feeling dominating contemporary youth, I cannot deny my own sentiments towards the older musicians, purely those of generation, created by the place which they occupy in my personal musical experience and development.

Before the Six, decades of preoccupation with the fastidious, the introspective, with moods rather than direct sensation, had disposed French musicians towards subjectivity and preciousness. Lazare Saminsky, in speaking of Ravel as “the true inheritor of the Rameau and Couperin traditions,” unwittingly puts his finger on the essential inner indecisiveness of Ravel. For Couperin and Rameau represent as opposite poles of conception, impulse, and artistic direction as do Bach and Beethoven correspondingly. In both cases the first musician was a purist, conceiving and creating in purely musical terms; in both cases the latter musician complicated and weakened the force of his inspiration by extra-musical preoccupations. Ravel’s mixed impulses always produce deflections of clarity, mar the purpose of his expressive direction. I dare affirm that, despite huge differences of idiom, due to intervening centuries, there is more of the spontaneous spirit, conceptual outlook, and melodic clarity of Couperin in some work of the Six,—such as even the naïve piano pieces of Poulenc,—than in the *Tombeau de Couperin* of Ravel, invested with the secondary sentiments of the antiquarian.



The true fore-runners of the Six, however, were not the eighteenth-century composers. Their tradition, with all due respect to M. Vuillermoz, has to be sought spiritually in Rabelais, to some extent in Villon, and in certain popularists such as Beranger. Poetically their modern correspondence came in Guillaume Apollinaire with his doctrine of “healthy vulgarity.” So the immediate musical ancestry of the Six is found in Chabrier,—designated

in some characteristic works, a “pot-house” musician by those who make an epithet of what is really in relation to conventional inspiration, a compliment. For, between two types of houses for pots, the pot-house has evolved more originality than the conservatory.

Erik Satie has also played his part in the genealogy of the Six, even where some of the Group would prefer to disavow this deflectedly, as they did with Debussy. There is musical, as sculptural material which itself contains inherent, intrinsic terseness of expression, and other which is diffuse in substance. Ravel can write something of a few bars; but the substance is imbued with sentiment rendering it anything but concise in feeling. Satie has at least influenced the Six towards substance producing the spiritual correspondence to acid flavour,—pungency which has inherent concision,—and there are agreeable, refreshing acids as well as the reverse.



M. Vuillermoz suffers from the idea that the real “modernist” must be revolutionary, another myth affecting the essentially academic mind, from Marxian Socialists onwards. The true modern may evolve as his surrounding conditions, imperceptibly. Take the descriptions of the six composers as outlined by M. Vuillermoz. If we have “Milhaud, a temperament classic and scholastic, *but possessed of a truculent instinct for brutal gaiety and popular inspiration,*” surely true critical insight should discern a need for analysing this apparent contradiction for its spiritual significance. Again, “Durey,—an amiable and gracious talent, but extremely timid and as removed as possible from any revolutionary spirit.” There is the revolution of a Froebel in education, and of the “Terror” in eighteenth-century France. One must question M. Vuillermoz’s derivation of Poulenc. Debussy plays a part, not always caricatured, but developed in those very traits of comedy and caricature wherein Debussy himself, as in the late piano “Pre-

ludes," seemed to feel premonitions of the fresh spirit and criticism of his own earlier sentimental habitudes. Equally with Debussy, however, Poulenc owes to Stravinsky,—notably in the Sonata for four hands; and surely even M. Vuillermoz will not question Stravinsky as an advance in spirit and substance on the impressionists.

M. Vuillermoz speaks of the Six as imposing only on amateurs. Albert Roussel, by whom an article appreciative of the Six appeared in 1919, is a *rara avis* in this category. Henri Clouard, Felix Delgrange, Jane Bathori, Ricardo Vines, Arthur Rubinstein, and Henri Collet also figure strangely there. Myself, being a natural snob, I am rejoiced to find myself among the amateurs, much of my life having passed in vain effort to glean intelligence from professionals unable to see past blinkers of technical precedent and prejudice.

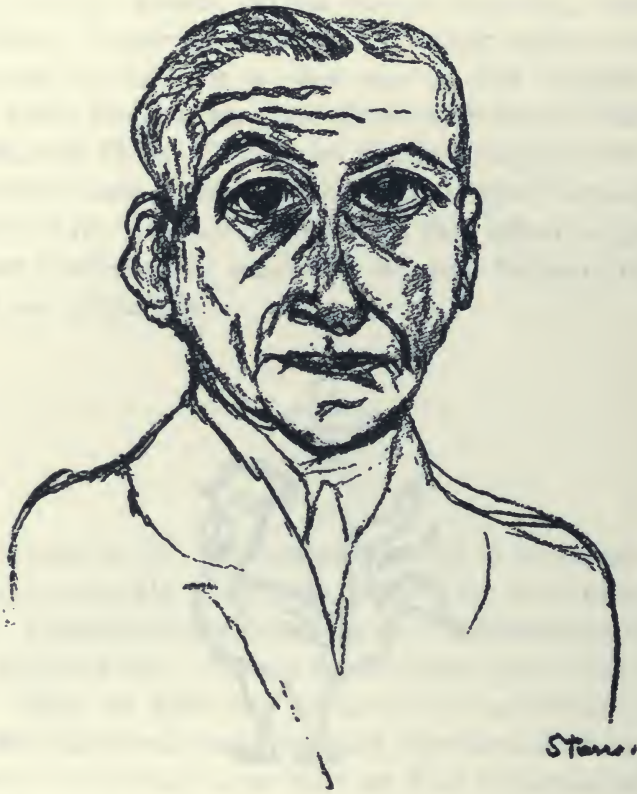


The weakness of M. Vuillermoz's attack is its concentration on comparative externals, with little penetration into influences more profound. Certain revolutionarism the professionally critical and academic minds admit. It is in the accepted procedure of abstract technics. Thus we have the professors of modernity, externally garbed in the unprecedented; beneath, the same old Adam, so dully, masculinely intellectual as to have no Eve to excuse its blunders. As has been said by a writer in Musical Opinion—Mr. Blom—in self-conscious "modernity" there is "a belief that all that is required to cause a revolution in the world is to be harmonically new, that an uncommon harmonic background will avert anyone's attention from the fact that neither melody nor rhythm have received similar attention, to say nothing of that indefinable quality behind the mere notes, which reveals the composer's mentality." In the last phrase is the main essential. The Six can claim at least to have brought into French music fresh trends of rhythm and melody—something of the "healthy vulgarity" necessary after over-preciousness. M. Vuillermoz fails to comprehend how this outweighs

more systematic developments. Life can produce systems; systems cannot incubate life.

Mr. Vuillermoz has established the Six more than any direct propaganda on their part. He has made of them a legend instead of a contemporary trend evinced in a group; and in the classicality of all legends they must necessarily participate.





IRVING BERLIN

Character Study of a Jazz Master by Stan

THE LEAN YEARS

BY HENRY PRUNIERES



FIRST of all I must abjure any claims to being an aesthete or primarily a critic. I am a historian who loves music passionately and seeks to understand before judging it. Knowing the music of the past often helps me to realize what is happening in the music of today.

We are passing at present through a great crisis comparable in importance to that period at the end of the sixteenth century which witnessed the ruin of polyphonic art and of the old modes, and the triumph of monody—the opera, cantata, sonata—and modern tonalities. It is quite evident however that the polyphony of the Renaissance, in its early stages especially, expressed a delicacy and richness very different from the Florentine monody. The contrapuntal masters composed on a single theme great church masses suggesting vast Gothic cathedrals, and they chiseled the precious motets with the perfection of goldsmiths plying their art. The Italians expressed all the aspirations of the soul, the most fleeting impressions, through their five-part madrigals; the French in their songs painted large clear frescos of sound evoking colorful scenes of the battle, the hunt, town cries, etc.

A day came when this art, so rich and varied, exhausted itself and perished of its own sterility. There was nothing further to be said, formalism had triumphed over untrammelled inspiration. Then followed a period of anarchy identical to what we find at the

present moment. Means of escape were sought along every possible avenue, a thousand extravagant experiments were begun, all the laws of art were suddenly violated, until slowly a new order was established and a new technique gradually and laboriously developed.

We are at such a point today. After Debussy, really the greatest French musician of modern times, and after his school, which attempts to reduce the conceptions of his genius to formulae, there is no path left to explore in the school of expressionism. Maurice Ravel, who seems to me to play a role in music analogous to that of Renoir in painting, was one of the very first to realize the need of a new equilibrium, a new classicism. Moreover, this new classicism which Ravel, Stravinsky, and Schoenberg have been seeking along such diverse roads, can not be found by searching in the past, but by marching boldly forward. It is most probable that it will be revealed eventually as quite different from anything we can now imagine. Music in all likelihood will undergo a temporary impoverishment in its medium of expression.

It is certain that the idea of tonality is now in the process of transformation. While Schoenberg, Von Webern, Honegger, and Busoni build solid works that are absolutely atonal, Bartok, Roussel, Stravinsky, and Ravel are developing the mingling of tonalities.


Darius Milhaud enjoys making four or five melodies evolve simultaneously, each in a different tonality, and from this rather crude method he manages to get some powerful effects, notably in *Protée* and in the *Choéphores*. The majority of young French musicians—Poulenc, Auric, Roland Manuel or Daniel Lazarus—are experimenting in this medium. It is evident that the new technique remains to be found and that the present group who are seeking it have as their object merely the hastening of its advent.

I believe that the time for national schools is past, at least for several generations to come, and that again, as in the fifteenth or at the end of the eighteenth century, music will become a universal language absorbing individual idioms.

It is, of course, very annoying to have a new language to learn just when we were beginning really to master that which was

spoken yesterday, but it is absolutely necessary, for art never ceases to evolve, and its processes succeed each other with lightning rapidity though its essence remains immutable.



BRIEF  AND
COMMENT REVIEW

THE COMPOSER'S PLIGHT

An Interview With Arthur Honegger

TO visit Arthur Honegger one leaves Place Pigalle with its colorful Montmartre atmosphere, and after climbing four flights of stairs in a typical Parisian apartment house, enters a little work-room more than half filled by a grand piano and lined with shelves of books on all sorts of subjects. The impression is one of utter seclusion, of remoteness from the turmoil of the great city beyond the outer door, and of work.

Honegger, known to America chiefly as one of the Group of Six, has achieved a place that entitles him to consideration as an individual, a man in the foremost rank of the young composers of Europe. Born in Havre, of Swiss parentage, he is now claimed by both nations. Although in his early thirties, he has had a formidable number of compositions published and performed—chamber music, piano pieces, songs, and orchestral scores—and has written eleven works intended for stage production.

He does no teaching or playing but spends his life in composing; in fact all of the Six have small incomes which enable them to concentrate on their work.

"There is no profession in the world so unremunerative as that of composer. From an economic point of view it is hopeless. For example, a sonata represents perhaps six months' labor and the most one can hope to make would be two thousand francs (one

hundred dollars.) Do you know anyone else who works six months for two thousand francs?

"Then your works are produced, and you are expected to be in the audience. You receive two francs fifty from the Society of Authors for the rights of performance and you pay four francs government tax to enter the hall on a pass. Therefore you finish by owing yourself money."

"But a man like Fauré," I said, "must receive a sufficient royalty to live on."

"Two years ago we organized a 'Fauré fête' to raise funds to keep him, a man of seventy, out of need, because most of his best selling songs had been sold to his publishers for twenty-five francs apiece."

"Today there is surely a public for the living composer."

"Yes there is—an audience composed of the other composers, who never pay; the executive musicians, who never pay, and the friends of the composers and musicians, and of course they never pay. So there is a large audience, but they never pay. The public who pay for their tickets have not evolved beyond Wagner."

Smiling wistfully over the composer's plight M. Honegger drifted from the problems of finance to the tendencies of modern music. He places Stravinsky and Eric Satie as outstanding influences.

"Satie's influence is decidedly retrograde—1888. It is a reaction against musical experiment, a return to a classic simplicity that, in this day and age, is artificial. The Arcueil School, named for the town where Satie lives, is younger than the Six, and is composed of Desormiere, Sauguet, Maxim Jacob and Cliquet-Pleyel. Even among the Six this same influence has been at work."

Yet there are many who feel that Satie with his keen humor and raillery against so called impressionism is the leveler in this day of brutality, dissonance and noise. I wonder whether M. Honegger might not be of the opinion that Milhaud's *Polytonality* was really started in the spirit of a joke. At any rate "Back to Gounod" is the slogan of *les jeunes*; then they write a Donizetti melody in F sharp and a Mozart accompaniment in F!

"What to you is the basic element in composition?"

"The solidity of its architecture. Music is either a theme varied or one theme superimposed on another. It must not lack a definite plan, neither can it be discursive with shifting ideas. Beethoven's construction is definite and clear. Impressionism without definite form never touches the general public. All music comprehensible to the public is simple in construction; both Mozart and Bach are complex. One must use elements that strike the listener—rhythm and the exterior form must catch and hold their interest even if the interior meaning escapes them. Dissonances do not count because the ear so soon becomes accustomed to them. The audiences seem to 'get' my *Horace Victorieux*, in spite of its complexities, because the exterior is simple. They are stirred by *Le Sacre du Printemps* because of its elemental rhythms and its constant repetition. But Stravinsky lacks melody, and because of his marked individuality he is dangerous to the composer who imitates him. Development must be melodic, I believe, and the secret of all successful form is freedom of melodic invention. In this Bach and Mozart stand supreme."

By Marion Bauer

THE JAZZ FORMULA

ALTHOUGH eminent authorities are unable to arrive at an exact definition of jazz, certain characteristics appear to be essential. One is the use of novel tonal effects obtained by the employment of strange muting devices. It should be remembered that the jazz band is not a band, nor is it an orchestra; it is a sort of combination of both. The trumpets are almost always muted. Occasionally surprisingly beautiful effects are achieved, as when Mr. Whiteman's trombonist loosely inserts the end of a large megaphone into the bell of his instrument. Derbies and tin cans are applied to the trumpets, trombones, and clarinets with amazing results. It is these variations in timbre, this experimentation in unusual tonal effects that constitute the principal contribution of jazz to the science of music.

Another characteristic is the employment of fantastic, often

bizarre embellishments. These arabesque decorations are occasionally contrapuntal and always ingenious, but counterpoint is not of primary importance. "Jazz was originally the introduction of portamento effects on the trombone," says Mr. Henderson. "Afterward the ingenious players of the popular music found out how to produce the wailing, sliding tones on other instruments, and now at last we have such a wizard as Ross Gorman who can evoke the laugh of a hyena from a clarinet and the bark of a dog from a heckelphone." These portamento trombone passages, and, by some phenomenal trick, portamento effects on the saxophone, add that sensuous element popularly called "blue." It is precisely this strongly emphasized sensuous quality that explains the great popularity of this type of music. It also reveals, under analysis, the artistic limitations of jazz.

On the whole, jazz orchestration seems to follow a definite formula. The saxophone is the principal melodic instrument. The piano and banjo supply the harmonic and rhythmic basis. The muted trumpets occasionally "take the lead" and release the saxophones for more decorative purposes. Horns help out with the harmony. Clarinets, tenor and soprano saxophones cut capers, and embellish the general design. This description is not all inclusive. The formula is capable of extension and variation. But on the whole the jazz formula appears to be clearly defined, and the jazz arranger stands out a competent craftsman who has learned his trade well, rather than as a creative artist.

It may be that some composer some day will write great music for the jazz band. Beautiful poetry has been written within the rigid formal limits of the sonnet. But this in itself will not be sufficient to justify jazz as a vital contribution to music. Rather it will be a tribute to the irrepressible skill of the artist in dealing with a given problem.

By Newman Levy

NEW FORMS FOR OLD NOISES

TO designate as "jazz" the syncopated music of today is to make an inaccurate though popular use of that term. Jazz, as I understand it, describes only the first stage in the development of

modern syncopated music, when its outstanding feature was improvisation. Improvised noises of the sliding trombones, cowbells, the train effects, shouting of negroes and all varieties of spontaneous exclamation,—these embellishments, superimposed on the basic dancing tune, combined to create the early “true” jazz.

Then came the “blues,” the second phase, contributing all kinds of figuration and rhythmic complication. Gradually the impromptu spirit was suppressed, and improvisation finally eliminated.

Today popular syncopated music has one fixed form which is the fox trot, a slow march with rhythmic complication.

The signal characteristic of the popular syncopated orchestra is that no instrument plays harmony; each instrument is melodic, playing its own counterpoint to the basic dancing tune. The strings, reduced in the early jazz stages to so unimportant a part, are, I believe, gradually regaining their place as important melodic voices, a development in accord with the tendency of this type of music to seek out subtler effects. For the creation of a subtle polyphonic ensemble on the basis of the dancing tune the old batteries of brass and percussion are not in themselves adequate.

Jazz is essentially an applied music. It is its nature to be built on a “given” melody, this melody to receive peculiar treatment. The foundation—the dancing tune—is of lesser importance than the ornamental features, the figuration, rhythmic play and orchestral coloring. I do not see how any particular form or new type of musical composition can grow out of jazz.

By Hugo Riesenfeld

FOR AN AMERICAN GESTURE

THE supreme function of the creative artist is to seek new forms of expression and to place them in new and beautiful settings; it is the quality that marks all progress in art and differentiates the seer from the imitator. There is, however, great danger in a search for new impressions without an adequate foundation of technique and knowledge of what has been done up to the present. The older generation, having that knowledge, do not

dare, and the younger generation, having the daring, do not know. The composer who has found a successful medium is fearful of losing what he has acquired with such effort; the newcomer, having no reputation to lose, seizes the possible chance of creating interest for his experiments. The world of music is divided into two distinct camps, with a large neutrality fluctuating between. It follows that the only gauge by which to judge the value of an effort, is the individual impression of sincerity disseminated by the work, for only rarely is the final value of a composition properly estimated by contemporaries.

While there is in all countries an intense desire to create a national idiom, great art has always been international through its universality. It is a fallacy to regard Moussorgsky as *merely* Russian, Richard Strauss as German, and Debussy as French. It is also a fallacy to consider a work great art, when it expresses little more than local color. There is as example the promising English school that is interesting by the vigor and freedom of its expression. One is forced to the conclusion that it is the individual characteristics of its members which are impressive, and not their endeavor to build a national music on British folk song.

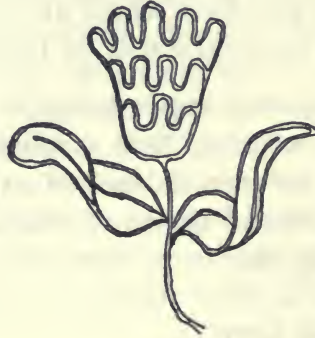
In an effort to appraise music today in Paris, London, Berlin, and Vienna, it becomes my firm conviction that the American composer can only achieve individual expression by developing his own resources, instead either of submitting to the prevailing tendencies of various countries, however vociferous they may be in their appeal and in their success, or of blindly following the traditions of classical form.

These resources are vital and manifold, for we have at least three rich veins indigenous to America alone,—Jazz, Negro spirituals, and Indian themes. There is, besides, local color in California (Spanish), Louisiana (Creole French), Tennessee (English), and along the Canadian border (French Habitant). From these extraneous influences, an idiom must be evolved that will be tinged with the same quality that makes the foreign incomer, after a short period of habitation in the United States, decidedly an American, recognizable the world over as such. It seems to me that it is the indefinable and at the same time unmistakable atmosphere in

America that must be youthfully interpreted in a new idiom, not merely exploited in a characteristic melody.

A new technique should be invented which will combine a knowledge of tradition and the modern experiment, if for no other reason than to avoid the pitfall of imitation. Music in Europe today is suffering from over-sophistication and perhaps America's trouble is under-sophistication.

By Louis Gruenberg



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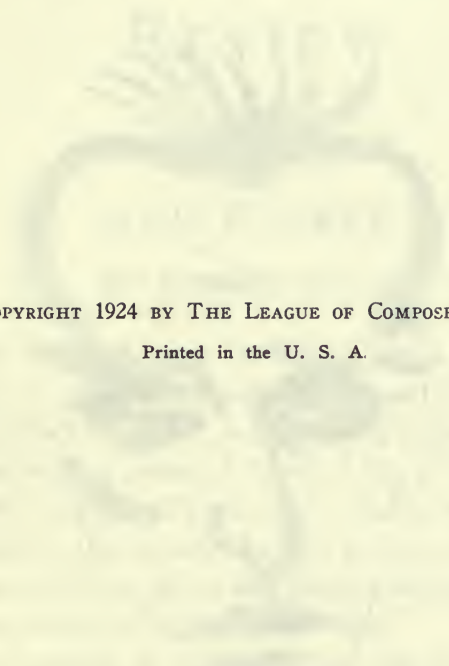
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FRANCESCO MALIPIERO
A Charcoal Drawing by Maurice Sterne

THE LEAGUE of COMPOSERS' REVIEW

WHO IS NEXT ?

BY EDWIN EVANS

IS the artistic fertility of a period wholly a matter of gifted individuals, or are the individuals themselves thrown up by the needs and impulses of their period? In other words, was Beethoven the dominating musical force of his period because he was a great man who happened by chance to be born in time to fill that position, or was he the expression, the *porte-voix*, of currents that were flowing at the time when his genius was shaping itself? Was Shakespeare an incident or a consequence?

There is no answer to such riddles, but that is no reason to refrain from asking them. Some there will always be who regard great men as incidents and great periods as due to the happy but fortuitous circumstance that several of them appeared in company, whilst others—and I am one of them—give the fullest credit to that assembly of forces, whether measurable or mysterious, which we conveniently include as environment. The word is inadequate. It is suggestive of physical surroundings, whereas the forces which determine the fertility of one period and the barrenness of another are as impalpable as air.

It is this feature of fertility or barrenness, and not the greatness of its individuals, that differentiates one period from another. There are instances in history of a great man appearing as a bolt from the blue, but they belong to periods or countries concerning which our information is relatively scanty. We cannot judge to what extent they were isolated. In all history that is fully recorded,

great men appear not as lonely eminences in an otherwise undisturbed plain, but as greater summits in mountain ranges.

Those who are sceptical concerning the worth of contemporary music sometimes ask the rhetorical question: "Where are your giants? Where is the Bach, the Beethoven, or the Wagner of today?" implying that there are none, and that music is therefore moribund. Allowing, for the sake of argument, that even the greatest of today are not as the giants of the past—which remains to be seen—this has no bearing upon the present state of music, which is probably healthier than ever before. It is a period of challenging, questioning, doubting, testing, discarding; that is to say, a period of intense and widespread intellectual and productive activity. Whether or not the great man has already appeared, the conditions are such as we know from all past history to be conducive to his appearance, whereas a stagnant musical world would hold no such prospect.

The particular contemporary phenomenon which we in England regard as a rebirth of our music exemplifies much that I have written above. Half a century ago the conditions of our musical world were so far from being conducive to the appearance of greatness that had a giant, by a *lusus historiae*, declared himself in our midst, I can scarcely imagine what we would have done to him, but it would probably have been something quite unpleasant. Before anything could happen it was necessary to set the stage. How the impulse to do so originated is one of those riddles that defy answering, but, somehow, stagnation gradually yielded to activity, and barrenness to fertility. Whether or not we have produced a towering figure, one which will continue to tower when the perspective has lengthened, we can certainly claim that in a period which, historically considered, is remarkably short, the conditions have become those from which greatness generally emerges.

Gathering momentum as it developed, the English renaissance culminated, for the present, in a generation of unprecedented intellectual activity. If the composers belonging to this movement are listed in order of seniority it will be seen that the greatest enrichment of repertoire has been contributed by a group of men most of whom were born in the six years 1874 to 1879. Here are a

few of the names: Holst, Gatty, Rootham, Tovey, Hurlstone, Martin Shaw, Waldo Warner, Quilter, Dunhill, Balfour Gardiner, Rutland Boughton, Holbrooke, Frank Bridge, John Ireland, Cyril Scott. At one end of the list add Vaughan Williams (1872), at the other Bax (1883), and the tally will be almost complete.

So far as we can judge at present, no corresponding group has made its appearance since, that seems likely to achieve the same aggregate importance. But even if, in due course, the names should appear neither so numerous nor so important as their predecessors, this would not be without precedent. The impulse which produced the vigorous early works of the Russian school was followed by an interval of recuperation from the effort.

Among the new men Lord Berners finds himself in the, to him no doubt exhilarating, position of the doyen, owing to his career having begun comparatively late. We first heard of him only seven years ago but he is in age a contemporary of Bax. His output is not voluminous but it is personal and significant, besides representing an angle of vision not unknown in other spheres of English artistic expression, but hitherto unaccountably missed in our music. That is why, whereas some English critics, arguing from surface indications, regard him as the most Latin of our composers, French critics frequently quote him as being the most English among them.

In reputation Lord Berners is a contemporary of Arthur Bliss, Herbert Howells, and Eugene Goossens, all of whom became known during the war period, and are now in their early thirties. Bliss and Goossens must by now be well known to the reader. Since neither is "news" in the editorial sense, let us turn to Howells who occupies a somewhat special position among these younger men. He is more aloof from the spirit of the day, which would probably class him as a romantic. There is in the air a misleading tendency to regard the lyrist as necessarily sentimental, and therefore a survival from the day before yesterday. That is rank heresy, for the lyrical impulse is of all ages. Here and there in Howells' best work there lurks an eclogue of considerable charm—not that he is lacking in sturdier qualities. The interpretation of our coun-

tryside is no monopoly of the "corduroy" or "Shropshire Lad" tone-poets.

Of Philip Heseltine, otherwise Peter Warlock, it is hazardous to speak. Though much of his music has been published he remains a dark horse. He, too, is a lyrist, of another kind. He has written some of the best as well as the breeziest songs of the day, incidentally recapturing the rollicking spirit of another day, for his Tudor predilections are there for all the world to see. Another aspect is revealed in *The Curlew*, the work performed this year at Salzburg, and in *An Old Song* for chamber orchestra. We expect much more of him. His contemporary and friend is E. J. Moeran, who has published a violin sonata and a string quartet, works in which the early influence of John Ireland can be traced, side by side with a robust personality not yet fully developed but of good augury.

These are the graduates among the new men. Of their juniors it is less easy to speak with confidence. A brilliant future has been predicted for Eric Fogg, on the strength of a startling and precocious facility. So far it has been mainly assimilative, but he is only twenty-one. At that age pronounced originality would be almost disquieting. W. T. Walton, who is a year older, has displayed more individuality. The string quartet performed at Salzburg last year has many of the faults of immaturity, apart from its excessive length. Yet it carries the conviction that here is a composer with something of his own to say, and this is confirmed in such other works as have been performed. Its selection by an international jury came as a surprise to his countrymen, few of whom had heard even his name.

There are, of course, many other names that occur to one, but this is no place for a mere catalogue. From this cursory survey it would seem that the immediate future may be less exciting than the immediate past, but with so much activity prevailing it would be hazardous to take even that much for granted.



SCHOENBERG IN ITALY

BY ALFREDO CASELLA

IN the last few years several basic influences have been steadily shaping the destiny of musical Europe, of which the two most powerful are undoubtedly the work of Igor Stravinsky and Arnold Schoenberg. Equally compelling, they represent extreme divergence both in origin and in development, but so sweeping is their energy that there is scarcely a young musician in Europe who has not enlisted under the banner of either one of these great contemporaries.

The ten recent productions of *Pierrot Lunaire* in Italy, under the direction of the *Corporazione delle Nuove Musiche*, gave our young musicians and our public a direct contact with the strange art of Arnold Schoenberg. As echoes of the violent arguments aroused by these recitals have not yet died down, the moment may still be opportune to discuss the mutual relation between the art of the Viennese composer and the new musical sensibility that is developing among us.

First of all, little of Schoenberg's music has been heard in Italy; some rare piano pieces, the first quartet, played two years ago at Rome and just barely tolerated, although it offers no other disturbing features than its exceptional length, and the poem, *Verklaerte Nacht*, directed three years ago by Bruno Walter at the Augusteo of Rome where it provoked a memorable uproar, really unjustified, for the music is anything but aggressively audacious.

One can see how unprepared our public was for the hearing of a "bolshevik" work like *Pierrot Lunaire*. Before starting on tour with this production I anticipated rather serious consequences and perhaps even some governmental decrees prohibiting the recitals in the name of the public peace. But, as a matter of fact, despite the outcries of a portion of the audience, the production

fared rather well, certainly no worse than in other and more advanced musical centers such as Paris, Vienna or Berlin.

These initial reactions have given no serious indication of developing into an enthusiasm for Schoenberg. Which is just the point I wish to stress. A composer at first may inspire deep hostility that gradually fades into complete capitulation to his ideas (is it not said of love that the most overwhelming passions have sometimes sprung from deep hatreds?). But in the case of Schoenberg it seems to me that his art is so alien to our temperament that the chasm can never be bridged.



Let us consider, for the present, similarities and differences in thought between the Austrian and his Italian contemporaries, starting our analysis technically.

The basic characteristic of Schoenberg's music is recognized quite generally today as his absolute atonality. What this term connotes even professors in our venerable conservatories are beginning to learn and I need waste no time explaining it here. There is, however, one outstanding feature which gives a definitive character to this atonality of Schoenberg. He was not only the first to explore the mysterious regions of tonal negation, but was able—which is more important—to create with his new means a language sonorous and perfect in itself and marvelously plastic to the poetic demands of its author.

This triumph of Schoenberg's is now fifteen years old. From that time to the present the technique of *Pierrot Lunaire* and *Erwartung* has not been further evolved either by the many disciples or—and this is a far graver matter—by the Master himself. What seemed at the outset to offer absolute freedom and a boundless horizon now appears to be, if not a narrow prison, then a vast park enclosed by lofty, insurmountable walls.

Just as Cezanne's worship of volume and mass had as its extreme consequence the art of cubism, now passé, so the chromaticism of romantic Germany has worn itself down to the atonal

system. Rising at first as a magnificent dawn, it has revealed itself as nothing more than a very rich but inevitable twilight.

True atonality has never found a place in modern Italian music. The writer has often been classified as atonal when as a matter of fact he has only once even approached such an effect, in the first movement of the *Sonatina for Piano* (1916). Other young composers have in their turn experimented with the new method only to abandon it for a return to the tonal system which, although progressively developed, is still in its essence traditional.

In this inability to associate ourselves with the absolute denial of tonality I see another clear proof of that ancient common sense which is characteristically Latin. The Italian has been defined as "an adventurer with feet of lead". And it is in fact apparent that the basis of all the major manifestations of our genius is an iron foundation of logic and good sense. The abnormal can take no root with us since the musical instinct of our race has restrained us from rushing headlong on a road that promised much but wandered on without revealing any opening.



Still other factors, more important than the purely technical considerations, alienate us from Schoenberg. Italian music, I mean pure music as distinguished from operatic, is just waking from a century-long sleep during which it was thought dead whereas it was really recuperating. Newly risen into the European circle it seems destined to wear an aspect of gaiety and light. The lively and clear eloquence of Domenico Scarlatti and Gioacchino Rossini is born again, that eloquence whose secret is known only to the Italian. "Children of the Sun" is the recent phrase employed by an American critic to describe our young school and I verily believe that it holds a profound characterization.

Here lies the explanation of that impassable gulf which separates the art of Schoenberg from our souls—his lack of radiance and joy. In his art all is dim, with a hopeless despairing density. The

tragedy and pessimism of the great German romanticists have degenerated here so that they bear the grimace almost of insanity or of hyper-acute neurasthenia. The voice of the poet appears to celebrate the death-agony of a once marvelous musical greatness which through him is passing forever.

Our youth does not seek such desolate songs, but rather the cry of joy, the song of the lark at dawn. These northern mists are not for us—men of the Mediterranean shores and born anti-impressionists.

And yet, though these incompatibilities are deep and incurable, I cannot close without giving the tribute of profound admiration to both the musician and the man. It is my hope that the entire work of Arnold Schoenberg, including the stage pieces, may be produced in Italy in the immediate future, and granted the recognition due their excellent worth.



THE DOWNFALL OF STRAUSS

BY LAZARE SAMINSKY

THE brilliant inventions of Stravinsky, the great musical engineer of our time, and Schoenberg's aloof and violent utterances seem swiftly to have eclipsed the glory that was Richard Strauss.

In their rush to new idols, people forget that it was really Strauss who was responsible for the return of "dynamism" in music. As a matter of fact, it was his use of polytonal effects, or possibly a single master-stroke of this kind, the famous A flat major + A minor passage of the concluding scene in *Salomé*, which so profoundly affected the harmonic vision of the young moderns and blazed a trail to the new musical manner so cleverly employed by Stravinsky and others today. And in the down-pour of disturbing rhythmic movements of the *allegro* in *Tod und Verklaerung*, the impetus of the first and last pages of *Don Juan*, and the orchestral vitality of *Till Eulenspiegel*, the influence of Wagner, Debussy, and Rimsky-Korsakoff was overwhelmed.

Yet time, the fair judge, as the Italian proverb has it, discards false claims. No better monument could have been raised to the downfall of Richard Strauss than the official eloquence indulged in at his recent jubilee. Nor is the end of his musical reign as Europe's Iron Chancellor merely an attendant circumstance to the emergence of new masters of sensation. For, if to-morrow, having accustomed ourselves to their rhythms, colors and accents, we grow bored, and face the twilight of these fresher gods, our yearning will be toward anything rather than *Heldenleben*. We may accept complete annihilation of tonal logic, or a return to Monteverdi, Mozart, or the old Netherlanders. But we will never again set up altars to the empty colossus of Strauss.

His crash was inevitable for he held a place too exalted for the measure of his creative power, the historical niche of heir to Liszt

and Wagner. Mistaking, as we always do, tremendous impetus and violence for tremendous genius, we granted the honors he claimed. He was, however, not the heir of these two great men of German music, but their victim, and by his pretensions he wrought damage both to himself and to them.

What is most characteristic and genuine in the work of Strauss is not the romantic impulse but the spirit of the middle-class central European drawing-room. It is that peculiar combination of pretentious elegance and self-respecting vulgarity which finds its perfect expression in *Der Rosenkavalier*.

Till Eulenspiegel, the subtlest of his works, aroused a hope that he was destined to incarnate in music the gaiety and charm of the German Renaissance and its *Buergerschaft*. Here he seemed to discover a happy fusion of gentle whim and almost classic clarity of design, the promise of new and potent musical images.

Paraphrasing Ernest Newman's excellent description of the composer "who was once a genius", I prefer to think of Strauss as a man of genius when he wrote *Till Eulenspiegel*. Alas, his one glowing moment was too quickly exhausted; the weight of pretentious romanticism too soon re-enveloped him.

The victim of "historical succession", he proceeded to vulgarize the spirit of Liszt and Wagner. By comparison with Liszt's main theme in the *Faust* symphony even the better musical ideas of Strauss, such as the opening of *Zarathustra*, seem the creation of a brass-band master playing the grand philosopher.

Ruthlessly he laid his hands on the greatest dreams of mankind, accommodating them to his own enterprises. Into the pure spiritual air of the Greek tragedies, the Scriptures, Nietzsche, he infused that compound of oily and violent expressiveness which haunts us when we now invoke the images of Elektra, Jokanaan or Zarathustra.

Salomé, bad enough *chez* Oscar Wilde, in the hands of Strauss becomes an encyclopedia of fulsome and noisy platitudes. Music offers us no other work which combines tastelessness, lack of imagination, and unspeakable "orientalism" so happily as the *Dance of the Seven Veils*.

Strauss was the first to attach to contemporary musical thought those elements of sensation and commercialism which, quickly

adopted by the younger men, seem almost typical of our time. It is amusing to observe some of the youngest and noisiest of today's composers repudiating Strauss. To be sure there is an intimacy in the young music which is at the opposite pole from Strauss' grandiloquence. But he was the first to give musical shelter to that mixture of snobbery and worship of the mob—*le dernier cri* and the bowing before the man in the street—which is so joyously assimilated by the cleverest of our young authors.

With feet of clay Strauss has stamped out the continuity of life in romantic music and made it the laughing stock of every little musician. It remains for Scriabine, Schoenberg, and Malipiero, aristocratic representatives of neo-romanticism, to restore the line.

The street and its man, the dancing-master and Luna Park, authors of today's "folk-lore", have flooded us with a new stream of vulgarism. But Strauss' influence was fraught with graver menace, for his was the domination of the middle-class musical mind. From the street may rise artists, but from the romantic Buerger-schaft, attired in armor, come only empty, clanking echoes.



SCRIABINE

BY BORIS DE SCHLOEZER

EVERY Russian musician leaving his own country to live on the Continent is amazed at the complete lack of recognition which the Occidental world gives to Scriabine. Indeed, the indifference of France even takes the form of hostility toward an art of which, nevertheless, Parisians know little enough.

In Russia, the influence of Scriabine is so far-reaching that there is scarcely one young composer who has escaped it. Many copy him directly, others seek new fields along the road taken by him late in his life, still others attempt to react against him, trying to create in an opposite direction, and yet, proclaiming their "anti-Scriabinism," and invoking Rachmaninoff or Medtner, even they cannot deny the charm of the author of *Prometheus*.

Scriabine's power in Russia has many sources, two of which seem to me to be outstanding. First of all, his effect lies in the spirit, the ecstatic joy which permeates his work, its sorrow, exaltation, and madness. His music acts as a sublimation for those forces in our subjective life which, stirred to a high state of tension, sweep us forward in their frenzied whirl. And emanating from his music is a mystic atmosphere of philosophic preoccupation, the aura of a new religion.

There is a natural and close sympathy between such an art and the apocalyptic dreams that have always held Russia in thrall, and, particularly with the aspirations, the outlook of Intellectual Russia today which, thoroughly roused by the Revolution, beholds the collapse of the old world and the birth of a new one.

Then, also, Scriabine's musical language has its individual effect. Many who remain unmoved by his mystic and ecstatic nature are content to imitate his style and to assimilate, as best they can, his peculiar melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic idioms. Since 1914, Russia, in its artistic isolation, has been subject solely to the influ-

ence of this genius in experimental fields, for when the war broke out Schoenberg was very little known there and Stravinsky and his *Sacre du Printemps* were almost strangers. No counter-influence appeared; Scriabine seemed to be the door to the future. Today, Russia, slowly regaining contact with Europe and becoming gradually more aware of Russians living on the Continent, Prokofieff and Stravinsky, may even be ready for a reaction against Scriabine.



Those forces which have made Scriabine the unquestionable master of young Russia also account for the paralysis of his effect elsewhere. The spirit of his music finds no alliance with the spirit of post-war Europe where one perceives the need of calm, stability, a desire for order, a fear of experiments in every field, in politics, literature, poetry and music. In France, especially, the reigning tendency is traditionalist in the largest sense of that word, embracing nearly all the arts, providing a setting in which Scriabine appears old-fashioned, a *démodé* anarchist. His supreme fervor is out of season in Europe today. Scriabine's restlessness, his over-reaching desire, his "ecstasism" are felt as vain agitation, weakness and lack of discipline.

The hedonistic predilections of many modern composers have led to a revival of aesthetic conceptions belonging to the eighteenth century when the idea of art for relaxation was prevalent. What could be further from these tendencies than the spirit of Scriabine who believes in music as a special magic, and who dreams of a god-like art whose function is to re-make man and transfigure nature? The art of Scriabine is profoundly revolutionary, especially in relation to the general culture of the Occident which he both opposes and denies in his *Prometheus*. This work is a mighty explosive, without effect in Europe where the conditions for its reception today are unfavorable. The key to this antagonism lies in a comparison of Scriabine with Stravinsky, the man of

the moment, who perhaps best represents the aesthetic tendencies of our era.

Musically speaking, Stravinsky is an outstanding anti-revolutionist, profoundly traditionalist, a point which is in general insufficiently realized. His conceptions of art are purely classic: the artist creates works possessing in themselves a certain value; the objects so created enter a vast system of moral, religious, artistic, economic, and other values, the whole of which makes up our culture.

Scriabine's conception tends toward the destruction of this system, not in order to substitute another, but to directly attain the movement of life itself, its capricious flux. Art for him, as for all romanticists, is but a means to intensify life; he does not wish to create things, mere material possessing independent reality, but to achieve a life larger in scope, richer and more powerful. With him it is not a question of increasing mankind's aesthetic patrimony by adding symphony upon symphony, opera upon opera, as one builds houses to fill out the length of a street, or enlarges the railway system by adding a new line, but of developing the subjective life.

Could he achieve this greater life by working through other channels, or by the magic avenue of will-power, Scriabine would renounce creative art. Moreover, with him, as with Novalis, art tends to fuse completely with the religious ritual. It is well known that the "mystery" of which Scriabine dreamed all his life, and for which he considered his work a mere preparation, was a sort of liturgical act which had for its aim the annihilation of humanity in a beatitude of cosmic ecstasy.



It is obvious that in our life today there is no place for a conception of this kind, not even in the form of a distant dream. But, one might well ask, though the religious and Hindu spirit of his art is foreign to modern Europe, why should Scriabine the artist remain a stranger? His style and very musical language, it is

true, are conditioned by this spirit, but can one not create a dissociation between the mystic and the musician?

Even in the domain of pure music, it seems to me, there is a cleavage between Scriabine and the moderns. In the tendencies of today, varying as they do according to nationality and school, one can distinguish two principal currents. The first, hostile to *Tristan und Isolde*, as well as *Pelleas et Mélisande*, establishes a style melodic and tonal, with complicated but well defined rhythm. The second proceeds directly from *Tristan*, has its most notable representative in Schoenberg, and establishes the predominance of the harmonic, or, perhaps, tends toward the absorption of the melodic by the harmonic which, based on the twelve tones of the tempered scale, wears an atonal character; the rhythmic complexity allies itself to a peculiar metrical instability.



The style of Scriabine also bears a relation to that of *Tristan*. He also tends toward an absorption of the melody by the harmony and to a rhythmic suppleness which constantly fuses the most varied meters and avoids all accentuation not heavily marked. In his later works, Scriabine's harmony also loses all tonal character. And yet his writing is as different from Schoenberg's as it is from Stravinsky's.

This difference is apparent in all his aesthetic principles which represent the complete antithesis of the Viennese composer's expressionism. Scriabine does not dream of limiting himself. He chooses to charm and to command, and his themes are either caresses, incantations, commands or rites. But the fundamental divergence between him and the composers of Europe rests in the fact that he attempts to escape the confines of the tempered scale which to him represents merely a last resort, an imperfect means of realizing musical ideas that actually belong to the ultra-chromatic plan.

Despite proposals for various systems of third and quarter tones, despite attempts to enlarge the basis of the tempered scale,

the music of Europe during the last twenty years has shown no true will to abandon this convention which has been so prolific and whose possibilities are not yet entirely exhausted.

Scriabine, on the other hand, with an harmonic system based on the scale, C, D, E, F sharp, G, A, B flat, which reflects, though imperfectly, the series of over-tones, chooses, more or less consciously, to voyage on the sea of ultra-chromatics. His experiments, followed to their logical conclusion, would lead either to the subdivision of the semi-tone, or to a transformation even more radical of the present system of acoustics, necessitating new instruments and a new notation.

These fundamental hostilities keep Scriabine a stranger to Europe. In the work of an occasional composer one may perhaps find a trace reminiscent of his style. I can distinguish, for example, some sonorous complexities after the Scriabine manner in Honegger's *Dit des Jeux du Monde*. His *Poème de l'Extase* has affected the last work of Delage, *Ouverture pour un Ballet de l'Avenir*. One of the most interesting instances of the kind occurs at the beginning of the third tableau of *Les Noces* where Stravinsky employs a harmony so characteristic of the *Sixth* and *Seventh Sonatas* of Scriabine.

One might extend this list with English and German references but the process would be of little interest. An artist of Scriabine's force exerts no adequate influence through the transmission of a few harmonic groups, a scattering of melodic or rhythmic figures. To be potent, it is his spirit and whole method of writing which should have effect. Before these can be accepted and assimilated in Europe, as the Wagnerian idea was assimilated, a profound crisis, social, intellectual, and moral will have occurred, a crisis not at all impossible, but which it would be far too daring for me to predict.

FORECAST REVIEW

ITALIAN NOTES

THE interest of the Italian public which follows local developments in music, was centered during the past season on the *Nerone* of Arrigo Boito, and the *Pierrot Lunaire* of Arnold Schoenberg. The first was given at the Scala, in Milan, under the impassioned leadership of Toscanini. The second was carried on tour through several Italian cities, under the auspices of the *Corporazione delle Nuove Musiche*—which is to say, of Casella and his Roman friends.

The receptions given these two events naturally varied. In general, the work of the Austrian composer evoked hostility, polite in some cities, in others more frankly disapproving. The Italian's composition had a success so extravagant as to merit study. How much this enthusiasm represented purely aesthetic reaction, and how much it was due to a psychological effect easy to create in the special public that attended the performances at the Scala, can best be determined at the revivals of the work, which will occur this fall in Milan, Bologna, and at Turin in the coming spring.

However, what is apparent now, is that the posthumous work of Boito and the "twenty-one melodramas" of Schoenberg have been presented in Italy at a moment in its musical development that makes them both seem behind the times. Undoubtedly they are contributions to musical culture, and products of spirits restlessly and tenaciously pursuing exalted ideals of art, but they are, nevertheless, creations that do not awaken echoes and resonances, that do not illumine even fugitively the crisis of spirit and form with which our modern musical life is in travail. Neither in themselves do they perform this service, nor in their spirit of unrest,

an unrest that does not express itself in action, that has not the aspect of dramatic conflict from which can arise the solution of our aesthetic problems, or even their clear and unequivocal expression.

There is greater interest in the consideration of two pieces of chamber music that were also presented for the first time in Italy during the past season: the *Concerto for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello* of Alfredo Casella, and the *Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte* of Franco Alfano. Superficially, no greater contrast seems possible to conjure than between these two artists in the realization of their aesthetic ideals. Casella and Alfano, even in their social background, represent almost two different races; and their temperaments manifest themselves in antagonistic forms.

Casella, man of the North, is the precise calculator of every element of construction, always master of his impulses, and intent above all on that which painters call the composition of the picture, the interdependence of planes, volumes, masses.

Alfano, son of the unappeased South, acting almost always on impulse, often confused by a storm of fiery and incontinent musical conflict, is consumed with the desire to reveal all that he feels burning within him, and although his eye is trained to the structure of the whole, he is ever the slave of emotion for its color and movement.



Yet, to penetrate to the root of things, there is a plane on which the two musicians meet. And it is this: both Casella and Alfano are far removed, albeit in different directions, not only from impressionism (which is the almost universal tendency of the hour) but even from the concept that "music is language", (lyric language in the sense of Benedetto Croce), substantially not dissimilar from that of poetry and painting, of which the leading exponent in Italy is, no doubt, Ildebrando Pizzetti. The so-called "rights" of music conceived as aesthetic representation in itself, affirmed by Casella in his critiques and in his compositions, find a defender,

probably instinctive, in Franco Alfano. His *Sonata*, which in its general aspect differs no whit from the classical formula, unfolds itself verily in an atmosphere born only of music. Its exuberance, although at times disproportionate and bombastic, must be taken as its own standard, since one cannot imagine it submitted to any premise or, rather, plan of emotional development. I mean that, having sprung from healthy, robust emotion, it does not attempt to express save by sublimation into music. Here we have an art essentially lyric, as opposed to that of Pizzetti, which is essentially dramatic.

Similarly, though after his own fashion, Casella aims at an objective and anti-impressionistic art in his *Concerto*. He attempts to oppose the tyranny of feeling and tends, as has just been said, to compose his sound-picture in planes and volumes, following in this the most recent tendencies of Italian painting—Casorati, De Chirico, and others. His revolt sums up the whole of the Italian *ottocento*, while his sympathies go to the century of the "gallant style" and, further back still, to the works of Monteverdi and the instrumental concerto of the latter half of the *seicento*.

It is in this wise that Casella seeks to differentiate himself from non-Italian composers who also take a decisive stand against any reminiscence of romanticism—Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Hindemith, Milhaud, etc. And surely it is note-worthy, this resolve to bind himself to the *formal* Italian tradition, (though the spirit does not renew itself in artificial contacts), and to create, as he would, a new, modern Italian style. The *Concerto* is an experiment only partly successful. Even from the stylistic point of view, the author has not understood how to lay a satisfactory foundation. It is evident how much effort has been exerted to re-create a style not intimately lived. The first movement, *Sinfonia*, seems the most significant and the most meaty. The *Siciliana* which follows is a graceful page, a morsel *à la russe*, much enjoyed by the public at every performance, but which seemed, frankly, hardly pertinent to the rest of the work.

Yet, since this latest product of the Italian pianist-composer constitutes an advance over its predecessors (the *Five Pieces for String Quartet*, and the *Eleven Juvenile Pieces for Pianoforte*), one may hope that Casella is at last arriving, if not at the revela-

tion of a new Italian style, a fallacious and misleading task, beyond his powers and those of the others, then at least at the statement of a style decidedly his own. And I think that such an aim should completely appease his every ambition.

By Guido Gatti

AFTER THE FESTIVALS

TWICE this year have our brave internationals come together, at Prague and at Salzburg. Twice have the captains and the kings departed. Prague was a new venture, which proved so successful that it is to be repeated next year. Salzburg was more satisfactory than ever before, not so much because of the inclusion of epoch-making masterpieces, as because of the more vigorous exclusion of works having no claim or title to be performed there.

It is in fact to be expected that, as the International Society advances in years, the outstanding works performed annually will tend to become fewer. At the outset it had arrears to catch up. Presently the meaning of the word "contemporary", which was in August limited to five years, will need to be further restricted until the festival becomes what it should be: a record of the best work of the preceding twelve months.

Of many "impressions that remain", the strongest in my mind is of a broadening of the cleavage between the music of Central Europe and that of the rest of the world.

Writing of "North and South" I have attributed to geography the tendency of the musician of the climatically more favored regions, when he has an idea, to carol it lustily to heaven, whereas the denizen of a bleaker clime takes it home and worries it. In modern German music and even more in modern German criticism I find the latter tendency gathering strength. There is much preoccupation with the esoteric philosophy of music, until in extreme cases the fact that a composition requires preliminary elucidation and exegesis is accepted as in itself evidence of its artistic worth, whilst music that conveys its message clearly is regarded as inferior, because it is too easily understood. The nemesis of this is a flood of paper-music, that is to say music that should be seen and not

heard, music that interests one because of its problems and the manner of their solution, but is sometimes arid and almost repellent in performance. Even the best of modern German composers lapse at times into this aridity encouraged therein by the glamour of profundity with which criticism surrounds it.

No doubt the retort will be that much recent music from the non-German countries has been too hedonistic to satisfy an austere judgment. But austerity has its dangers as well as hedonism. If the element of enjoyment—in the best sense—is to be eliminated from art, one must be very very sure of what is being put in its place, and for the present I confess that, with all the respect due to intellectual prowess, I remain sceptical.

The absence of American music (unless one regard Bloch's *Twenty-Second Psalm* as such) was sincerely and generally regretted. The question whether any work of the same high standard was available does not arise, and was in fact rarely asked. The more thoughtful of us in Europe are agog with curiosity, not for great or clever works to compare with European models, but for works that shall be characteristic, and we know our musical history too well to demand that a new art shall spring Minerva-like, full-grown and equipped, from the head of the Statue of Liberty. I do not say that such a thing is not possible. I merely say that in the light of our European experience we do not expect it, and that meanwhile a work which challenges comparison with even the best that is produced year by year in Europe will not arouse so much interest as another which, even in halting and imperfect accents give us the feeling that we are listening to a new voice in music.

By Edwin Evans

SALZBURG

IN a day when we prate of cosmic consciousness and devise forms of governmental internationalism, it is strange that music, the one universal tongue, tends to dwell within the national four walls that engender it. Paris, for example, is teeming with modern operas, up-to-date concert programs and ballets, but they are to a

large degree French or the work of foreign composers resident in France. Vienna and Czecho-Slovakia are overflowing with a new art but to the exclusion of the foreigner. America is the exception to the rule, for with our imported artists we import the art, often to our own detriment. But even so large an inflow is not without its benefit, as it affords us an ample education; today there is not half the former rush abroad to study.

In fact, a more universal exchange of music and musical ideas would result in obvious advantages, for in an era of almost instantaneous verbal communication over vast distances, it is inexcusable that eleven years should pass before a work so important as *Le Sacre du Printemps* reaches America.

Militating against such inertia, the concerts of the International Society for Contemporary Music attain significance. While naturally not every work performed at Salzburg and Prague deserves international recognition, it is still worth the effort to draw whatever evidences exist of musical vitality and new individualities, outside the boundaries of their origin.

Of all the music performed this year at Salzburg, it would be futile to venture more than a hasty criticism. Rather than condemn works which were involved, labored or trivial, let us consider those of outstanding importance.

Certain of the song groups contained moments of unusual beauty. The fine set of *Lieder* by the Czech composer, Ladislav Vycpalek, admirably sung by Marya Freund, offered contrast in a wide emotional range, and evidence of sincerity, craftsmanship, and imagination, as did also the very delightful *Coplas* of Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, a set of eleven songs on Spanish texts, written at the amazing age of seventeen, and in the fullest maturity of expression. The dramatic song suite *Der Undurchbrechliche Kreis* of the Russian, Alexander Schenshin, was finely rendered by the baritone, Oskar Joelli. On the other hand, a well written, though somewhat conservative sonata for violoncello and piano, by John Ireland, was so unfortunately sentimentalized by the performance as to render it almost mediocre.

An earlier work of Zoltan Kodaly, a duo for violin and violoncello (1914), showed what could be done with two instruments,

as did the humorous sonata for clarinet and bassoon of Francis Poulenc, full of a refreshing grotesquery.

Three string groupings—a trio for violin, viola and violoncello by Paul Hindemith (1924), *Four Pieces for String Quartet* by Erwin Schulhoff and the Malipiero quartet, *Stornelli e Ballate* (1923), each in its way offered a vitality that will considerably enrich their national literatures.

The much vaunted *Socrate* of Erik Satie seemed, despite an unusually fine reading by Marya Freund, rather too trivial for the stark simplicity of the text, and savoured of self-conscious naïveté. But in lighter vein the French fared better with the charmingly fresh songs of Georges Auric, a group of seven settings to quatrains by Raymond Rodriguet under the somewhat cryptic title of *Alphabette pour Chant et Piano*.

A *Kleine Suite* for seven instruments by Egon Wellesz and a song cycle of Othmar Schoek, with orchestral accompaniment, showed some new sonorities in chamber ensembles, while to Igor Stravinsky, as usual, belong the laurels for brilliantly ending the festival with his *Octuor* for wind instruments.

As a whole, however, there were not many works of outstanding interest. Many of the compositions took on that drab, dejected hue so noticeable in the post-war music of Europe. But, as in all art, the few grains are worth the chaff. At no period were only masterpieces produced, and those great works that have come down to us have long since been culled from a host of mediocrities. If the music of today is suffering the growing pains of evolution, we may confidently hope for greater art tomorrow.

By Richard Hammond

NEW MUSIC IN VIENNA

THE process of bringing modern music before the public in Vienna is painfully slow. Owing to the prevailing conservative musical taste, new works are presented almost entirely outside the range of conventional concerts. Within the last twelve months, however, several advanced programs have been offered the Viennese, which, while not meeting with great popular suc-

cess, have afforded the greatest artistic satisfaction both in the nature of the works produced and the quality of their performance.

During the week's cycle of modern music arranged last fall by the general secretary of the art society, Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder*, the ballet *Der Holzerne Prinz* by Bela Bartok and *L'Homme et son Desir* by Milhaud, were played under the direction of Paul von Klenan. Ernest Bloch, Bela Bartok, Gustav Holst, Manuel de Falla, Castelnuovo-Tedesco and Egon Wellesz were also represented on the program.

This outburst was followed by an extended hiatus in production. Only one new operatic work made its appearance, the much commented upon *Schlagobers* of Richard Strauss. Not having seen this ballet I can render no judgment. It may be interesting to suggest, however, that a new development of the dance can now be observed in Germany, which has its origin in Labon and Mary Wigman, and which to many of us seems to interpret more truly than the Russian ballet, the spirit of our time.

The Austrian group of the International Society for Contemporary Music eventually organized a series of concerts at which works by Berg, Honegger, Homer, Horwitz, Milhaud, Poulenc, Pisk, Prokofieff, Réti, Stravinsky, Webern, and Wellesz were played. Besides, there were two evenings at the Secession, one of which was devoted to Russian music, the other to the Viennese composers.

On May 2nd the first presentation of the *Serenade* by Arnold Schoenberg took place in a private house, after countless rehearsals directed by the composer himself. It represents the highest development of his technique and is of an enchanting grace and lightness. In this work intellect and feeling are happily united. And one feels its firm architecture as forcefully as that of his chamber symphony. *Pierrot Lunaire* followed the *Serenade* with Maria Gutheil-Schoder singing.

The official premiere of the *Serenade* took place at Donaueschingen during the music-festivals which were organized by the Prince of Fuerstenberg. And again the impression was extraordinary. This work, like *Pierrot Lunaire*, will win friends and admirers for Schoenberg, because of such passages as the *Lied ohne Worte* which is of a penetrating beauty and warmth bound to

affect every hearer, and the first and last number of such dash as to be electrifying. The dance is a stilted valse written in Schoenberg's inimitable manner.

His *Bagatelles* for string-quartet were also played at Donau-eschingen, as well as his songs for chamber orchestra, which again demonstrated the delicate artistry of the composer.

To hear a new work by Albon Berg we were obliged to leave Vienna: scenes of his opera *Wozzck*, played at the Tonkuenstlerfest in Frankfurt made a deep impression.

The greatest sensation of the season was of course, the performance of Verdi's *Aida* under the leadership of Pietro Mascagni, played by an Italian company and Italian soloists, in an open air theatre which holds twenty-five thousand. It was a real theatre performance, and provoked the greatest enthusiasm.

But the coming season is expected to bring sensations for the living artists. A large music-festival in the city of Vienna was planned for the fall, and, in addition to several concerts of modern music, we are promised the premiere of Schoenberg's *Glueckliche Hand*.

By Egon Wellesz

A FORECAST FROM PARIS

THE musical world of Paris is on the eve of a new "season". There is something in the atmosphere that portends change and induces a feeling that the strains of yesteryear's music are passing, to give place to others perhaps more startling, perhaps less so.

During the months of 1923-1924 which were devoted to the cultivation of music, Paris witnessed more tonal eruptions than, it is safe to say, she ever did before. Stuff and more of it was crammed into an overfed public, against which a natural reaction appears to have set in, whose manifestations will be felt within a few weeks. Exactly how these new mysteries will be revealed to the eye or mind, I cannot predict; the veil still hangs before the new season. But what is clear is that Paris has wearied of the product of men who do not differentiate between the idea and the

work, that a lyrical need is strongly present among us, and that there is a readiness of the spirit to react against everything that now is called art.

I do not believe that we face anything very serious from Satie and his followers, for that "school" is finished so far as the exertion of any decided influence. There is division in the camp and the Master is denied by some who once were his staunchest disciples.

Schoenberg never has been a potent figure on the Paris musical stage, and there is no reason to even suspect that he will play a part in it this season, except for a few groups of admirers. The Stravinsky thermometer which formerly ran so high, has fallen to a low level. The once powerful creator is now regarded as a man who only makes *mécanisme de l'esprit*. For the moment, if not irreparably, his star has lost much of its power of attraction in the Parisian system. As to *The Six*, one can only wonder how long that term will last. It has already outlived the music of most members of that so-called group. How their popularity has diminished, how the luster has worn off their once unique *réclame!* Now they are as much out of the mode as once they were in it.

Who will discover, or re-discover the melodic line so much desired? The need of a return to lyricism is attested in certain works of Prokofieff, in the *Roi David* of Honegger, in the Semiticism of Stravinsky and Milhaud and some of the Americans and Italians. But whether or not the season will behold at least a partial fulfillment of this need it is impossible to foretell. How good or bad, how fleeting or enduring is the store of new music? Here in part are the promised works on which judgment will eventually be formed:

Sonata di Chiesa for violin and organ and *Corbeille de Fruits* for voice and flute, on two poems of Tagore, by André Caplet; *Sonata* for piano and violin, by Louis Aubert; *Quintet* for piano and strings by Vincent d'Indy; a symphonic work "in an entirely new form" by Paul Dukas; *Sonata* for piano and flute, and *Cinq Ballades Françaises* of Paul Fort (with orchestra), by Philippe Gaubert; a series of short pieces for flute and piano by Albert Roussel; *Deux Mélodies* for voice and orchestra by Leon Moreau; chamber music by Guy Ropartz; *Intermezzo* for two flutes by Leo Sachs; *Nuit*, poem for orchestra, by Gustave Samazeuilh;

Concerto for piano and orchestra, entitled *Marches Militaires* by Francis Poulenc; *Suite* in five parts, for violin and orchestra, *Double Choeur* on a text by Charles Peguy, *Quartet* for violin, flute, clarinet, and harp, and *Quatre Chants*, with string quartet, on verses of A. Spire, by Georges Migot; *Suite pour Chant* by Vincenzo Davico; *Sonata* for violoncello and piano by A. Tcherpnine; *Orphée, mimodrame lyrique*, by Roger Ducasse, to be given at the Paris Opera; *La Prêtresse de Korydwen*, ballet by Ladmirault; and *Salamine*, drama after Aeschylus, by Maurice Emmanuel.

L'avenir nous le dira.

By Irving Scherke

AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

BY some irony of fate, the Olympic Games, designed to present to the world a glorification of the physical, achieved only moderate success from the point of view of sport; whereas music, its poor and humble relative, admitted chiefly in order to profit by the publicity of the games, somehow carried off all the honors of the season. The Stadium of Colombes had many dull days, with tiers of deserted seats, while the Champs Elysées Theatre overflowed with a public more eager for new music than for athletic feats, a public that showed no less favor to the concerts at the Opera House and the Cigale Theatre.

At the Champs Elysées concerts, Mme. Bériza, a singer of talent and a distinguished patron of the arts, presented three works of unequal merit. The first was *L'Histoire du Soldat*, an insipid legend which Ramuz dragged by the hair from Russian folk-lore. We won't probe the mysterious reasons which interested Stravinsky in this story, especially since the music is really music for the stage even when considered apart from the libretto. It is full of life, humor, and unexpected, queer rhythms.

Le Carrosse du St. Sacrement, a one act operetta by Lord Berners on a play by Mérimée, is an inevitable failure, despite the composer's great talent. The music has a true logic of its own which does not lend itself to all the dramatic developments. The subtle

unity of drama and purely musical logic is seldom achieved, but rarely are they so completely irreconcilable as here. The text skips continuously from one idea to another, forcing the music into abrupt changes of sonorities which soon become tiresome.

Le Plumet du Colonel, an opera bouffé in one act, based on a military theme, by Sauguet, is a little work not without freshness and charm. It is a pity that the very young composer (I believe that he is only eighteen years of age) did not feel the necessity of a little further study before presenting himself to the public, for he might thus have avoided a certain awkwardness in harmony and orchestration.

After Madame Bériza's season, the Russian Ballet brought to the Champs Elysées Theatre a distinctive group of new works. *Le Train Bleu*, pantomime-ballet by Darius Milhaud with the libretto by Jean Cocteau, introduces us to the joys of the seashore resorts. The music, admirable in its effects of local color, meets all the aesthetic demands of the Casino dances.

Les Biches by Francis Poulenc, following no precise plot, consists of a group of charming dances accompanied by delicate and subtle music continually striving to please and succeeding. Poulenc, who provides himself with orchestral effects and intriguing harmonies gathered from the best masters, stamps these loans with the seal of a real personality, which gives his work an original and attractive coloring.

Les Facheux, a ballet by Georges Auric, is a work to be kept with us. Let us not ask whether the theme drawn from Moliere called for a more delicate and subtle musical commentary. The music Auric presents to us is original, well constructed, and well orchestrated, rugged, clear and tender in turn, without any hint of raillery. Moreover, if this work were free of the choreography which limits without illuminating, it could become an excellent orchestral suite.

At the Cigale Theatre, rented by Count Beaumont to give some presentations which he called "Paris Evenings", the program announced that "Dancing, painting, music and poetry tend to reveal, each in its own way, the new spirit and the most youthful expressions of France." Alas, this prophecy was not followed by any very convincing realization, at least in music, for, summoning all

due optimism, I cannot believe that the new spirit and the youngest musical expression of France are revealed in *Salade* by Milhaud, in the *Mercure* of Satie, or *Les Roses* by Sauguet.

At the Opera house the group of new orchestral scores produced by Koussewitzky proved of great interest. The *Pacific* of Honneger, the symphonic movement inspired by the action of an express train running at full speed across the country, is an astonishing score. Almost completely stripped of descriptive elements, it holds one breathless by its unrelenting dynamism, its flashing themes, its orchestration, which builds up one continuous line despite its trenchant cadences.

The *Concerto for Piano and Wood-Winds* by Stravinsky establishes a new level in the evolution of the composer of the *Sacre du Printemps*. Every trace of romanticism is vanished. Objectivity is complete. A tense and terrible striving is apparent from the first to the last note. It is this quality which spoils the work. It lacks grace and spontaneity. Moreover, the deadening resonance of the wood-winds mingles ponderously with the hammered tones of the piano. And yet, from the *Concerto* emerges the impression of that magnificent fury rarely lacking in Stravinsky.

Sept, Ils Sont Sept for chorus and orchestra by Prokofieff, based on a poem by Balmont, is a close relative of the *Scythian Suite*. The music is full of a savage force and frenzied rhythms. *Tempo di Ballo* by Roland Manuel, a short symphonic piece of exquisite grace, could not have been more skilfully orchestrated.

By Daniel Lazarus



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

EDWIN EVANS is noted for his courageous attacks on the prejudices that have retarded appreciation of the new music of his own and other countries. He has been particularly the champion of the modern English school.

ALFREDO CASELLA, one of the leading protagonists of the new Italian school, is almost as well known for his scholarly analyses of modern tendencies as for his music. He is the director of the *Corporazione delle Nuove Musiche*.

LAZARE SAMINSKY, the Russian composer living in America, has been active on both continents in promoting new music. He has just revised and completed his third symphony and written a chamber opera.

BORIS DE SCHLOEZER is a Russian, now living in Paris, where he has been making noteworthy contributions to periodicals, on critical and philosophical subjects. He is one of the chief writers on *La Revue Musicale*.

GUIDO GATTI, who is in the front rank of European critics, will give the readers of the Review timely summaries of his reactions to current musical developments in Italy.

RICHARD HAMMOND, one of the youngest American composers, as vice-president of the Composers' Music Corporation is active in the publication of modern works.

DANIEL LAZARUS, himself a member of the young musical group in Paris, has revealed unusual clarity and sureness of touch in writing on the contemporary movement.

IRVING SCHWERKE is the music correspondent on the Paris staff of the *CHICAGO TRIBUNE*.

EGON WELLESZ, one of the outstanding young Austrian composers, and an ardent disciple of Schoenberg, curiously combines with his enthusiasm for modern works, a profound scholarship in ancient music.

The next issue of the League of Composers' Review will be out in January with articles by ROLAND MANUEL, LEIGH HENRY, DARIUS MILHAUD, ADOLPH WEISSMAN and others.

The decorations on the pages of the Review have been taken from Peruvian designs.

