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THE CRITICISM OF NEW MUSIC

IN NEW YORK: 1919-1929

by

BARBARA MUESER

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in Music in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, The City University of New York

1975

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This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in Music in satisfaction of the dissertation requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

21 May 75
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Chairman of Examining Committee

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Chapter I

INTRODUCTION

When World War I interrupted artistic commerce with Europe, musical life in New York was still rooted in the nineteenth century. Advanced styles in painting and sculpture were becoming familiar, thanks in large part to the well-publicized Armory Show of 1913.[1] By contrast, only a few musical works of an innovative nature found a hearing before the war. Most of these works were German. Performances of new French, Italian, or American music were rarer. New York opera and concert programs were far more conservative than those of leading European centers and even lagged behind those of such American cities as Boston. With few exceptions, they were "safe and sane," as the New York Times critic so often put it.[2] When the war, which had at first seemed remote, finally enforced the artistic isolation of the city's concert life in 1917, it prolonged a turn-of-the-century atmosphere.

Reopening of the Atlantic passage admitted a flood of musical novelty in direct assault on the provincial tastes of metropolitan audiences. This coincided with more adventurous activity in American musical

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[1]The International Exhibition of Modern Art, called the Armory Show, was held from February 17th to March 15th, 1913, at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory in New York. It contained an estimated 1600 works, representing both new and revolutionary European art, and a selection of contemporary American styles. Milton Brown has called it "the most important single exhibition ever held in America." See his American painting from the Armory Show to the Depression (Princeton: Princeton University, 1955), pp. 47-58, for a description of the event.

[2]Richard Aldrich (1863-1937) was music critic for the Times from 1902-1923.

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composition. New York's imposing corps of music critics was startled out of its apathy and into vigorous contentiousness by the rush of change.

For the first year or two, the proportion of unmistakably avant-garde works was relatively small. There was a considerable body of positive critical assessment, as well as reasoned negative evaluation. The burst of critical vitality was short-lived, however. Faced with the full force of musical innovation, criticism of new music in New York deteriorated gradually, either to the habit of empty invective or to disengagement. To a man, the critics lost contact with the innovative music it was their task to judge. This thesis will examine the deterioration as a failure in criticism.

New music, for the purposes of this study, is defined as music composed in 1912 or later, and which furthermore appears, from the vantage point of 1975, to have been revolutionary rather than evolutionary. It was not the recent works in familiar styles that discouraged the critics. There has been new music in every generation, accepted or rejected according to the predilections of critics who have always favored some musical styles over others. Nor was it simply a question of the individual critic's age that determined his ability to tolerate change. One man was less flexible at thirty-five than another at fifty-five. I am concerned with a different phenomenon: though some critics went farther than others, the rejection of innovative music by the end of the 1920s was massive and complete.

The reasons lay, first of all, in the revolutionary musical changes that occurred in the early decades of the century. The difficulty of dealing with this break in tradition was compounded by the necessity of

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new premises for evaluating the new music. Some critics never recognized the need for any new premises. Others (like Richard Aldrich) recognized the need, but were unable to discover criteria meaningful to them. Soon the practice of criticism itself came under review, especially among the younger critics.[3] Their writings reveal a growing awareness of the complexity of the critical task, as well as their perplexity in the face of musical innovation.

This study does not attempt a survey of the reception of _all_ innovative music that came to New York in the 1920s. For practical reasons, the works whose evalations are described in the text are those most indicative of critical attitudes. If I focus more attention on some composers than others, it is because the reception of their compostions was more revealing of criticism in New York during the post-war decade.

In what ways was the situation in New York different from that in other great cities where many of the same works had been premièred and found wanting? European audiences had certainly hissed, booed, or stamped to demonstrate their displeasure, and critics had growled their reluctance to change. But often the music that outraged them in 1912 had been written only the year before. By 1920 it had left the spotlight and newer works had arrived to draw their admiration or attack.

In New York, the basic conservative orientation of the city's concert life was reinforced by several years' artistic isolation during the

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[3]See, for example, Deems Taylor's article in the _World_, 12 December 1922; Olin Downes, "Placing the critics," _Modern music_ 2 (April 1925): 33-35; his article in support of New Humanist criticism, _Times_ 19 February 1928; his attack on New Criticism, _Times_, 30 July 1933; Lawrence Gilman, _Tribune_, 2 March 1924 and 4 February 1929; Kenneth Burke, "Musical chronicle," _Dial_ 83 (December 1927):535-39.

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war. The repertory was further impoverished during that period by a tendency to avoid German works, whether old or new. When the war was over, avant-garde compositions did not arrive on the New York scene in orderly fashion: some were more than a decade old, some were new.

For example, Le sacre du printemps, the musical milestone greeted with jeering disrespect by the Paris audience in 1913, was not performed here until 1924. Few Americans were prepared for the experience, although descriptions of Stravinsky's sensational work had long preceded its New York presentation. Initial uncertainty gave way to enthusiasm during the performance. Most of the critics agreed that the Sacre was a masterpiece. The very week following this historic event, Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra brought the Symphonies d'instruments à vent to New York for the first time. It had taken Stravinsky himself seven years to achieve this stylistic transition. New Yorkers were granted one week. On hearing the Symphonies, the mood of excited expectation gave way to general gloom. What had happened to Stravinsky?

Critical impotence in the face of the juxtaposition of the Sacre and the Symphonies is well illustrated by William Henderson's essay the following Saturday:

> Mr. Stravinsky placed himself precisely in the position of a conjurer who has mystified an ausience by bringing a rabbit out of a top hat and who then smilingly says, "I'll show you how this is done." Those of us who a few evenings previously had listened open mouthed to some of the gorgeous tonal effects in "Le sacre du printemps" sat in our seats Tuesday night and smiled with gratification when the famous Russian openly and baldly shook the tricks out of his bag.
>
> "Here," one could imagine him saying, "are my jewels. When I employ these singular wind instrument combinations and polytonal effects in a large

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> composition you can't see how it is done. But observe them in slow motion, if you please. The retarded musical camera makes the whole thing clear to you, does it not?"
> And there we were. The writer of these lines was lost in admiration at the daring simplicity, the cool audacity, the naive seriousness of the whole proceeding. Stravinsky had secured the hollow horned ruminant of the musical world. He had led all the commentators and pundits in a solemn ritual dance into the midst of his cerebral labyrinth and left them there helpless. They had philosophized, and theorized and emitted vast clouds of critical gas about a study in orchestral effects. They had considered what kind of composition it was when in truth it was not a composition at all. . . .[4]

There was a motley parade of unfamiliar European compositions during the decade, by Casella and Szymanowski, Prokofiev and Hindemith, Vaughan Williams, Sibelius, Milhaud, Honegger and Bartók; the show of new European musical fashion was remarkable. Added to these were ever increasing amounts of new American music. Considering the amount of musical innovation from the decades between 1900 and 1920 which was visited upon New York in a brief period, it is no wonder that both the audiences and the critics were confused. But the critical confusion soon turned to rejection.

My study addresses itself to these issues: Why did all the important New York music critics of the 1920s eventually turn their backs on the innovative music they were called upon to judge? How did they view their function as critics? How did they view the craft of criticism?

What discouraged a certain number of these men was, first of all, technical experimentation, chiefly in the area of harmony. Some of them could not even accept Debussy's later works. What alienated the more

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[4]*Herald*, 10 February 1924.

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adventurous critics is more difficult to say. Some praised composers

> . . . sporting over an ever widening expanse of tonal meadow, reveling in larger prospects, plucking strange, unknown flowers and gathering pungent herbs, which to slower paced observers in the rear seemed to be merely tares and thistles.[5]

Some critics rejected what was often described as a return to eighteenth-century traditions, as exemplified in so-called neo-classic works of composers like Stravinsky, Hindemith, or Casella.[6]

Lawrence Gilman discussed this anti-romantic trend in 1925.

> Stravinsky himself has declared his intention. What he has in view is to write . . . "in the style of the 18th century, viewed from the standpoint of today." He would recapture " . . . something of its objectivity, its frank directness, its freedom from the fevers and languors of romanticism and the prismatic vapors of the Impressionists; its breath of a world that knew not Schumann and Chopin, Liszt and Debussy and Scriabin."
> The trouble with the 18th century [composers] . . . is that they stubbornly decline to be reincarnated in anyone, from Mr. Stravinsky down.[7]

For Gilman, "the outcome of all this solemn archaism [the new piano sonata] is that Stravinsky has written merely another tedious and footless piece. . . . "

Much the same case was stated at length by Paul Rosenfeld, critic for the Dial, in his collection of essays entitled By way of art (1928).

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[5]Lawrence Gilman, "Music of the month: a tone-poet from Italy," North American Review 215 (February 1922): 267-72, commenting on Alfredo Casella's A notte alta.

[6]Roger Session deplored the use of the term "neo-classic" for works in such essentially different styles as early as 1933. Modern Music 10 (January-February 1933): 67.

[7]Tribune, 26 October 1925.

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Here the anti-romantic tendency was called "humanism," but the complaint was the same. Of course, Stravinsky was not the only villain. In the same collection, several of Rosenfeld's essays lament the declining romanticism, defined as "feelings of rareness and grandeur, cloistral moods, metaphysical and literary leanings, and rapt Tristanesque states of elevation."[8]

> The predominance of the humanistic tendency, with its preference for the uniform and regular in style and color, for the grand banalities, subjects, ideas, and emotions related to the general experience of the race; for a more humble, sober and communal approach to life; is undeniable.[9]

Both Gilman and Rosenfeld valued originality highly; for them the retreat from art as an expression of private experience was a grave disappointment. Composers who borrowed from the styles of earlier ages were being true neither to themselves, nor to the Zeitgeist they were supposed (by the critics) to represent.

As to their function in New York musical life, the critics held a variety of views. Where innovative music was concerned, there were those in the city who took refuge in the rationalization that it was impossible to evaluate the music of the moment. Criticism, they said, performed its truest service at a distance. This view was often debated in the twenties, and not only in relation to music. One such exchange took place in

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[8]Paul Rosenfeld, By way of art (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1928), p. 80.

[9]Ibid., p. 81.

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1922, when Paul Rosenfeld, music critic for the Dial, responded to "Journeyman," the arts critic of the Freeman:

> Both your reviewer and Mr. Brander Matthews, whom he quotes, are mistaken in asserting that criticism, even in the narrow sense of education and disciplining of taste, "can never safely undertake to do much with contemporary literature, and that it should be left to the reviewer, who should do upon it the work of the reviewer; its critical appraisal should be left to another generation. . . ."
> The history of letters is full of examples of solid criticism practiced by critics upon their contemporaries. What Lessing wrote about the tragedies of his contemporary Voltaire remains criticism, in the very sense of the word favored by your reviewer, for it educated and disciplined the taste of a nation. What Ste.-Beuve wrote of his fellow romanticists remains standard, quite as much as what he wrote of the Pléiade. . . .
> Indeed, there have been few critics of the first rank who have not managed to criticize successfully some of their fellow workers, and to educate and discipline taste thereby. Coleridge did so. So, too, did Brandès and France and de Gourmont.[10]

Other critics agreed that, as Virgil Thomson said fifty years later, "criticism joins the history of its art only when it joins battle, for or against, with the music of its time."[11]

All the critics in this study "joined battle with the music of the time" in the immediate post-war seasons. They disagreed with composers, with impressarios who programmed new music, and with each other. Some adopted a protective attitude toward the audiences: their concern was

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[10] Paul Rosenfeld, Freeman, 23 August 1922. Quoted in Paul Rosenfeld: voyager in the arts, eds. Jerome Mellquist and Lucie Wiese (New York: Creative Age, 1948), p. xxvi.

[11] Virgil Thomson, New York Times, 27 October 1974. The article is a wise overview of current music criticism in New York.

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for the comfort and welfare of New York concert-goers. These men favored less demanding music. Other critics believed that their function should be to appreciate and explain new musical works, however revolutionary. They held, in principle, that where the composer led, the critic must try to follow. Yet even these men, as I have said, abandoned innovative music before the twenties were out.

Still other critics saw themselves as artists in their own right. The audience to which they appealed was a sophisticated, literary one. Essays on music were intended to delight, or to evoke emotion in the reader, as well as to reveal the composition. Here the persuasive literary skill of the critic was paramount.

Various biases slanted the criticism of all the men. This generalizing of personal opinion as fact was perhaps the most common critical confusion of the 1920s. It was easy, for example, for an admirer of Wagner to find Debussy's music in "bad taste." Other assumptions influenced the critics' evaluations. A number of these were extra-musical, relating rather to their intellectual orientation, or their world-view.

Some men saw music criticism as an extension of current social or economic movements. They stood in direct opposition to those who believed in "art for art's sake," or in art as a substitute for religion. Those who believed in art as an extension of religion, as the vehicle for the ethical evolution of society, disagreed with all of the above. Another orientation in the twenties was based on recent psychological theories, particularly those of Freud. Music sprang from sublimation, or at least the demands of the subconscious. Still other critics saw art

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in a historical context. Among the most popular historical models were those derived from nineteenth century theories of evolution.

The critics concerned with explaining new works to the public often concluded, particularly if given to a paternalist attitude, that the new music had gone too far too fast. Sometimes they were embarrassed to discover that they, themselves, did not understand it. At the other end of the spectrum, a few men greeted modernism with enthusiasm, at least for awhile. The conservative critics accused them of valuing novelty for itself. The traditionalists were concerned about the amount of music apparently addressed, not to the general concert-going public, but to smaller, elite gatherings of connoisseurs. That avant-garde music was taken up by New York society for a time as a fad, did not obscure the real situation for very long. There was in music a definite movement from public toward private art, as there had already been in painting and literature.

By the middle of the decade, no fewer than four societies devoted to performance of innovative music had sprung up in New York.[12] Most of the critics at first ignored the concerts of these groups. But as the flood of modernism continued to swell, they turned to face the inevitable. It was at this point that their critical tools were found wanting.

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[12]The groups were the Franco-Americna Society (Pro-Musica), The International Composers' Guild, The League of Composers, and The American Music Guild.

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The craft of music criticism practiced in New York had its roots in the same nineteenth century European literary traditions that provided models for European music criticism. Under the influence of revolutionary scientific developments, particularly in psychology, there was by 1860 a division among European literary practitioners over "subjectivity" as opposed to "objectivity" in approach to the critical process. The opposing views may be summed up by two famous statements. Matthew Arnold believed that the aim of all true criticism was "to see the object as in itself it really is."[13] Anatole France spoke for the subjective position when he insisted that the good critic was he "who narrates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces."[14]

This division in approach to criticism was drawn along temperamental rather than national lines. For example, the description of the "subjective" genre by Matthew Arnold's compatriot, Walter Pater, remains a classic one:

> Many attempts have been made by writers on art and poetry to define beauty in the abstract, to express it in the most general terms, to find a universal formula for it. The value of such attempts has most often been in the suggestive and

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[13] Matthew Arnold, On translating Homer (1861). Walter Pater took exception to this view of Arnold's in his preface to The Renaissance. See footnote 15, following page.

[14] Anatole France, La vie litteraire, vol. 1 (1888), preface.

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> penetrating things said by the way. Such discussions help us very little to enjoy what has been well done in art or poetry, to discriminate between what is more and what is less excellent in them, or to use words like beauty, excellence, art, poetry, with more meaning than they would otherwise have. Beauty, like all other qualities presented to human experience, is relative; and the definition of it becomes unmeaning and useless in proportion to its abstractness. . . . What is this song or picture, this engaging personality presented in life or in a book, to <u>me</u>? What effect does it really produce on me? . . . How is my nature modified by its presence, and under its influence? The answers to those questions are the original facts with which the aesthetic critic has to do; and, as in the study of light, of morals, of number, one must realize such primary data for oneself, or not at all.[15]

Although each viewer might find different qualities inherent in the work, Pater still considered the work itself to contain these qualities. In the same preface he pictured the critic as seeking the "active principle" in Wordsworth's poetry. "The function of the critic of Wordsworth is to trace that active principle, to disengage it, to mark the degree in which it penetrates his verse."[16] Pater's view was a less objective one than Arnold's.

Recognition of the complexity of the terms "subjective" and "objective" has in recent years confused their usage in earlier contexts such as the above. In the interest of clarification, I have accepted the

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[15] Walter Pater, "Preface," The Renaissance (1873; Reprint edition: New York: Mentor, 1959), pp. xii-xiii. Subjective criticism, called "aesthetic" by Pater, is also known as "impressionistic" in the usage of T.S. Eliot (The sacred wood, 1920). This term should not be confused with Impressionism, a term referring to musical style.

[16] Ibid., p. xiv.

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model for classifying criticism suggested by Carlton T. Russell.[17] It, too, is borrowed from psychology.

Russell substitutes "cognitive" and "non-cognitive" for "objective" and "subjective" as the major critical divisions. In his words, "the cognitivist, believing that value inheres in the object or in certain observable characteristics thereof, looks upon evaluation as description -- as factual statement which is true or false, making . . . an emprically and publicly verifiable knowledge claim about an object there to be known."[18] According to this definition, both Arnold's and Pater's criticism is cognitive, though they vary in the degree of subjectivity. This example is relevant to the work of the New York music critics discussed in this study.

There were also among the New Yorkers a number of non-cognitive critics. Again, according to Russell, the non-cognitivist critic

> . . . sees value as something other than a property of the object, something imposed upon or attributed to the object by the subject. For him evaluation is prescription — it does not in itself consist of factual statements, and thus cannot be in that sense true or false; and, rather than making a knowledge claim, the evaluation is . . . an expression of emotion, or a manifestation of taste, or a verdict, or an imperative or suggestion or linguistic recommendation concerning how best to perceive the object, etc.[19]

All non-cognitive criticism is by definition subjective. Here description and evaluation are not the same.

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[17]Carlton T. Russell, "The analysis and evaluation of music," Musical Quarterly 43 (April 1972): 161-84.

[18]Ibid., p. 162.

[19]Ibid.

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It is an assumption of this study that, whatever the type of criticism, one of its functions is to judge. The above discussion relates to the nature of the critical evaluation, the process by which the critic judges. The manner in which the critic communicates his artistic evaluations is separate and also variable. The critic's style can be distinguished from his critical method. Followers of Pater, Algernon Swinburne, Anatole France or André Suarès wrote a richly expressive (and intensely subjective) prose often described as "impressionistic." Three of the music critics in this study wrote such impressionistic criticism (Huneker, Rosenfeld, Gilman). However, two of them were cognitive critics, according to the above model (Huneker and Rosenfeld), and one (Gilman) was non-cognitive. Conversely, among the four non-cognitive critics included here, only one wrote in the impressionistic mode (Gilman).

Neither the method of critical evaluation, nor the mode of its expression necessarily determined the outcome of the critic's musical judgments. James Huneker, an impressionistic cognitive critic, detested the music of Wagner. Lawrence Gilman, an impressionistic non-cognitivist, admired it, as did such an objective cognitivist as Henry Finck. Finck might say: "_Tristan_ is good; it is a Gesamtkunstwerk." Huneker would undoubtedly have replied, in principle: "_Tristan_ is bad; it is a Gesamtkunstwerk." Gilman, depending upon his mood, might say, in essence: "_Tristan_ is good; hooray for _Tristan_," or "_Tristan_ is good; hooray for _Tristan_ -- the harmonic language and the emotional intensity of the work move me."[20] In this last case, the positive affirmation is not

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[20]See Russell, "Analysis and evaluation of music," pp. 167-68, for further discussion of this model.

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entirely dependent upon the reasons given. The approval is subjective; the reasons support and validate the approval. When such a critic says that the work is good, he often speaks in the sense of giving an award. Awards are not true or false, they may only be confirmed or withdrawn.

Russell's concept has been useful to me in this study. At the same time, some problems in the application of such a model have become apparent. Most of the confusion for the modern reader relates to discussions of critics taking the cognitive position. The distinction between description and evaluation was understood by some critics in the 1920s, and not by others. The same terms, used by different critics, reveal different critical procedures. The following examples are provided to clarify the most common usages of terms. They all relate to the cognitive position.

In the most straightforward cognitive evaluation, a critic like Krehbiel might decide (as he usually did) that a work was bad because it had no melody. Since the critic adopted "melody" as a criterion of evaluation, the conclusion is valid and verifiable. In the interest of simplicity, I am assuming that there was no doubt (in the critic's mind, at least) about the definition of "melody."

The case becomes more complicated when the critic (Krehbiel again) decides that a work is bad because it is not beautiful. Attribution of such a quality as "beauty" to a work of art suggests, for a later reader, problems that did not exist for Krehbiel, who acknowledged no subjectivity. This critic judged beauty by fixed criteria, against which he measured the work of art. Consequently, in his view,

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the resulting evaluation was true or false. Krehbiel (and other cognitive critics) did not announce the criteria each time he published a judgment. The reader of a quantity of his writing has no difficulty in discerning his criteria. One may ask whether, in this cognitive system, a work that fulfilled all the requirements for "beauty" was automatically good. The answer is no. The quality of "beauty" was necessary, but often not sufficient, reason of "goodness." For example, the piece might lack some other important quality, such as "originality." The central point here is that no matter what complications may now suggest themselves in the attribution of "beauty" to a work of art, a number of the critics in this study did so without qualm.

The case of an evaluation based upon such a concept as "sincerity" is even more complex. Henderson, for one, followed the practice of Aldrich, Finck, and Krehbiel in descriptive evaluations involving "melody" or "beauty." To these, he frequently added the concept of "sincerity." Difficult as it may be to believe that Henderson was unaware of his subjectivity in the use of the term, I am convinced that he was unaware (see my discussion of Henderson, below, p.). Again, the relevant point is that, in each situation, the critic thought the quality existed in the work, and the critic was sure he knew what it was and how to evaluate it. Rosenfeld's judgments in terms of "Jewishness" are directly analogous to Henderson's in terms of "sincerity." The thick patina of emotional prose employed by Rosenfeld should not obscure the fact that his actual method of evaluation was a

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cognitive one.[21]

The growing awareness of the distinction between description and evaluation, or "fact and opinion,"[22] as Michel Calvocoressi put it in 1923, in his article "Towards a method in musical criticism," was an important factor in the reappraisal of criticism in the twenties. Most of the modifications in criticism, as practiced in later decades, have sprung from the implications of this distinction.

Turning to the literary style of critical expression, florid, impressionistic writing was becoming unfashionable in musical as well as literary criticism even before the end of the twenties. It was apparent that an intensely subjective approach drowned works of art all too often in the excesses of the critic's own revery. Rollo Myers suggested an alternative in the Musical Quarterly of 1928.

> Music, as we have seen, is in its essence sufficiently vague: - like a balloon it is always threatening to escape into the higher strata of our emotional atmosphere. If only for this reason, it should be the object of musical criticism to provide it with strong guide-ropes, and endeavor to keep at least within hailing distance.[23]

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[21]Rosenfeld was a special type of cognitivist, one who believed in "intuitionism." Art, for him, resulted from the interaction of the artist and his milieu, or, as he said, "In every creative act, something that sees and something that is seen kiss -- and what could be more perfect!" Lewis Mumford, "Lyric wisdom," in Paul Rosenfeld: voyager in the arts, eds. Jerome Mellquist and Lucie Wiese (New York: Creative Age, 1948), p. 51. Rosenfeld held that the artistic intuition brought into awareness in the creative process had previously existed in the artist. The work of art, the fruit of the creative act, embodied that intuition.

[22]Michel Calvocoressi, "Towards a method in musical criticism," Musical Quarterly 9 (1923): 78.

[23]Rollo Myers, "The possibilities of musical criticism," Musical Quarterly 14 (1928): 395.

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His summation has a modern ring:

> In general, then, the critic should avoid as far as possible the terrain of personal predilections, and endeavor to give his judgments a more substantial backing. Discernment will be his most useful quality: knowledge of his subject and sensibility will form a necessary part of his equipment; and above all the ability to consider any given work of art as far as possible from the creator's point of view so as to be able to judge results with a full comprehension of all the problems involved -- in other words, to appraise an artist in proportion as he seems to have succeeded in achieving what he intended, or what it was possible for him, under given circumstances, to achieve. It would be unreasonable to demand of criticism more than this.[24]

* * * *

No compendium exists that tells what new music came to New York, when, and who performed it. Although the music itself is not the object of this investigation, monthly summaries have been provided here (see Appendix). They are not exhaustive, but they are certainly representative of the musical scene as reflected in the public prints. It is evident that completeness must be a chimera. What of the concerts passed over by the critics? What of the concerts heard in part, or casually reported? And what of the myriad recitals, where the performer was the center of critical attention, rather than the pieces? Weekly concert announcements were not yet organized in the press, as was later to become the practice. The musical works included in the charts

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[24]Myers, "Possibilities of criticism," p. 396.

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are those performed in Manhattan and reported in the New York Times and the New York Herald Tribune (until 1924 the New York Tribune), during the ten concert seasons from fall 1919 through the spring of 1929. "Concert season" has been defined arbitrarily as beginning in October and closing at the end of April. Performances of new works at summer festivals have been left out. For purposes of this study, only art music composed in 1912 or later has been included. Popular music and jazz have been omitted. The charts do not distinguish music that was innovative from that which was merely new, that is, the revolutionary from the evolutionary music.

Included in the second chapter is a description, based on the newspapers, books and periodicals of the time, of musical organizations in New York--orchestras and societies that formed the backbone of the city's musical life. The activities of the societies concerned specifically with new music are also presented there. However, my study is not about such organizations, anymore than it proposes to investigate the music itself.

I have introduced a further limitation. Often during this period, composers produced descriptions or defenses of their compositions, in addition to the works themselves. These statements, by such men as Stravinsky, Schönberg, Milhaud, Casella, or Copland, contributed considerably to the post-war polemics. They have been passed over here, except insofar as they relate directly to the discussion. What composers said was not always germane to what they did. I do not propose to compare the two. The critics themselves considered most of the statements by composers to be propaganda. It is with the critical

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reception of the new musical compositions that I am concerned.

Only published critiques have been consulted for this study; private papers or correspondence have not been dealt with. I have not interviewed living persons who knew the critics during the twenties, nor have I made it a point to follow their critical attitudes during ensuing decades. When it seemed profitable, I have explored backward into the pre-war period, but not exhaustively.

From the aggregation that comprised the New York critical fraternity of the twenties, I have chosen ten men to exemplify the then-current attitudes in their broadest possible diversity. They comprise a sample varied in age and background. Their birth dates, ranging from 1854 to 1897, place them in the same generations with the composers whose new works they were assessing in the twenties. All pursued their profession primarily in New York and all wrote regularly in the city's important papers and periodicals. They therefore had broadest access to the public.

As for education, my group of critics boasts university men as well as some with almost no formal schooling. Many religious orientations are represented. All were native-born; all were white. They came from several regions of the country.

One critic (Taylor) was a professional composer. Four wrote criticism in fields other than music (Huneker, Gilman, Rosenfeld, Burke). Several published books outside the field (on yachting or gardening, for example), or they wrote works of fiction or autobiography or made trans-

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lations of foreign literature. Three wrote regular music criticism for periodicals (Gilman, Rosenfeld, Burke), though most functioned within the structure of the daily press. None was a genius. None was an aesthetician. They are (in order of presentation):

JAMES HUNEKER (1857-1921) --brilliant essayist, discoverer of (mainly) foreign talent in music, poetry, literature, drama. During the period of this study, music critic for the New York World.

HENRY KREHBIEL (1854-1923) --For forty-three years the stalwart conservative critic serving the powerful New York Tribune.

RICHARD ALDRICH (1863-1939) --Krehbiel's assistant, who moved to the New York Times in 1902, where he presided over the music desk until his retirement in 1923.

HENRY T. FINCK (1854-1926) --critic for forty-three years on the New York Evening Post.

WILLIAM J. HENDERSON (1855-1937) --from 1902 until 1937 the chief critic for the New York Sun. The last of the so-called "Old Guard" critics on active duty.

DEEMS TAYLOR (1885-1966) --the composer in the group, who wrote criticism to support this vocation. Successor to Huneker on the World from 1921-1925.

LAWRENCE GILMAN (1878-1939) --Representative of the New England cultural tradition. After twenty years as

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periodical critic in several fields, Krehbiel's replacement at the _Tribune_.

PAUL ROSENFELD (1890-1946) -- the Jewish intellectual. From 1920-1927 his monthly _Musical chronicles_ appeared in the _Dial_.

OLIN DOWNES (1886-1955) -- after 18 years as critic for the _Boston Post_, Aldrich's replacement at the _Times_ from 1924.

KENNETH BURKE (1897-) -- followed Rosenfeld at the _Dial_ for two seasons, after Gilman declined the position.

Other critics in New York at the time are omitted. They add relatively little to the picture. Samuel Chotzinoff, for example, who took over the critic's desk at the _New York World_ after Deems Taylor resigned in 1925, delivered only contemptuous opinions of new music. He was an unreasoning reactionary whose writing cannot be taken seriously as criticism. I have omitted the well-known pianist Olga Samaroff, the only woman who had her own by-line as a regular critic. From 1926-1928 she wrote for the _New York Post_. She had relatively little to say about new musical works, however, and by the end of the decade had turned her interest to music education rather than criticism. I have also omitted visiting critics like Hy Cope Colles and Ernest Newman, who were only temporary participants in the New York scene.

Most of the major critics had one or more assistants to help them cope with the ever-increasing surge of concerts after the war. Since their reviews are generally unsigned, and also contributed little to the scene, they have been set aside. This group includes Herbert Peyser,

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who achieved more distinction in later years. Pitts Sanborn, who wrote for the New York Globe and the New York Evening Mail, was just beginning his career, as was the critic of The New Yorker, Robert Simon. Bernard H. Haggin had begun to contribute articles to the Nation by 1926. Most of Haggin's articles toward the end of the decade were reports from abroad, however, and thus irrelevant. Oscar Thompson is noted more for his writings in the thirties, than for his contribution to regular criticism during the twenties.

The ten critics to be considered in this study having been chosen, it remains to remind the reader that only a specific segment of the critical opinion of these men has been examined. By far the greater amount of their writings dealt with performances outside the scope of this study: with conventional recitals, with popular music or jazz, or with music composed before 1912. The focus of this study is the body of commentary on new music.

A practical issue deserves comment here. The critics in this study wrote for various audiences. The weekly periodical columnists addressed themselves to a more literary readership than did the daily journalists. Unlike their European colleagues, who customarily allowed several days to pass before revealing their judgments, American newsmen rushed from the concert hall to the city rooms of their newspapers to meet deadlines. There was no dirth of complaints about the system: Huneker groaned at being a "galley-slave to tone";[25] Gilman lamented the "jour-

[25]Quoted in Arnold T. Schwab, James Gibbons Huneker (Stanford: Stanford University, 1963), p. 230.

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nalistic chaingang" of which he was a member.[26] Henderson had said it long before:

> As known and understood in this country musical criticism is a department in the complicated service of the daily newspaper. The critic, harnessed to the chariot of the press, is no brother of Pegasus, but rather of the more humble steed that draws the early milk wagon to the consumer's door. What he brings, you take with your coffee.[27]

With the increase in musical activity after World War I, the routine of the New York journalist became steadily more arduous. Periodical critics such as Paul Rosenfeld, Kenneth Burke, or (for his first twenty years as a critic) Lawrence Gilman, could choose their subjects and consider them at leisure. The newspapermen, on the other hand, tended to lump together descriptions of a musical event, judgments of the performance, and their perceptions about the music for immediate consumption. The distinction between "reviewing" and "criticism" was for these men a nebulous one.

A compromise was finally found in the form of the weekend feuilleton, an extended article in which the newspaper critic could expand his immediate impressions, or modify them if he chose. According to Olin Downes, credit for the invention of this practice must be given to William Henderson.[28] It is mainly through the feuilletons that the work of the newspaper critics exceeds mere reportage.

The New York music criticism during the 1920s has been little explored. Max Graf's Composer and critic: two hundred years of music criticism offers only a superficial view. Among the critics themselves,

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[26]Tribune, 3 February 1929.

[27]William Henderson, "The function of musical criticism," Musical Quarterly 1 (1915): 70.

[28]Olin Downes, Obituary for William Henderson, Times, 13 June 1937.

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Rosenfeld, with Huneker, has been the object of curiosity of later writers. Nicholas Joost's Scofield Thayer and The Dial is an excellent study, and has proven useful to me in the chapter on Paul Rosenfeld. Paul Rosenfeld: voyager in the arts, a collection of commentaries written after his death by friends in literature and the arts is revealing of the man and his work, but it does not define his music criticism specifically or dispassionately. The work of Arnold T. Schwab, James Gibbons Huneker (1963), has corrected some myths surrounding the critic that were encouraged by Huneker himself. The scanty literature on music and music criticism in post-World War I New York places the emphasis of this study, of necessity, on the writings of the critics themselves.

Like the critics I am discussing, I do not stand on neutral ground. I too am a critic -- of critics. An attempt on my part to claim objectivity would be as vain, I believe, as it is fruitless. In my personal evaluation of music, I am, first of all, a staunch non-cognitivist. Furthermore, my view of what the critics heard fifty years ago is conditional by distance. So is my response to what they wrote. My predilection is for the impressionistic writers, whose essays tend to reward the reader of a later day more generously than do those of the other company. For the "rightness" or "wrongness" of critical judgments, I have little concern. However, I have attempted to point out biases in the critics' views that influenced their evaluations. The New York musical scene in the post-war decade was rich, varied, intense. My final chapter will summarize the New York critical reaction to innovative music. The intervening sections describe how each critic saw it.

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Chapter II

THE MUSICAL SCENE IN NEW YORK, 1919-1929

The mainstays of New York musical life between 1919 and 1929 were organizations of long standing: the Philharmonic and New York Symphony orchestras, the Metropolitan Opera, and the Oratorio Society of New York. All were bastions of conservatism.[1] Though they offered relatively few performances of new music, their contributions are summarized below, as are those of several younger societies devoted to the propagation of more recent and varied repertoire. These included the Friends of Music, the Franco-American Society (Pro-Musica), the International Composers' Guild, the League of Composers, and the American Music Guild. More specific details concerning the new music performed may be found in the monthly summary charts in the Appendix.

In 1919, the New York Symphony was conducted by Walter Damrosch (1862-1950), and the Philharmonic by the Bohemian, Josef Stransky (1872-1936).[2] Of the two, Damrosch programmed more new music. This was not through any particular devotion to the cause of modernism, as Richard Aldrich pointed out in 1926:

> It was only the other day that he gave a chance to some of the most horrific and hopeless of modern "masterpieces." It is not his purpose to appal the bourgeois, but to keep his followers posted on what the moderns are doing. It is sometimes pretty hard

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[1]Studies of the Philharmonic and the Metropolitan exist that describe their vicissitudes in detail. See Irving Kolodin, The Metropolitan Opera: 1883-1966, 4th ed. (N.Y.: Knopf, 1966). Howard Shanet, Philharmonic: a history of New York's orchestra (New York: Doubleday, 1975).

[2]Damrosch took over the post from his father, Leopold Damrosch, in 1885. Stransky had succeeded Gustav Mahler in 1911.

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> on his followers and it is not to be supposed that it is much easier for the conductor. . . .[3]

The concert was one in Damrosch's regular "Modern music, pleasant and unpleasant" series. The "horrific and hopeless" works in question were by Honegger, Milhaud, Bernard Rogers and Quinto Maganini. Two years earlier (October 1924), Damrosch had introduced Honegger's Pacific 231 to New York. He also commissioned several works for the orchestra, among them Deems Taylor's tone poem Jurgen, Sibelius' Tapiola, and Gershwin's Concerto in F. Only composers of securely conservative orientation were chosen. In a speech on the occasion of his fortieth anniversary as conductor of the New York Symphony, Damrosch summed up his attitude toward more innovative music:

> What have great composers of the past done? They have crystallized human emotions into art forms. . . . Or, where the so-called personal or human element has not been the inspiration, it has been the search for beauty itself, whether it is in the austere and architectural fugues of Bach or in the graceful, tender arabesques of a Mozart symphony. Of all these sentiments and aspirations, I cannot find much trace in the ultra-moderns. To me, most of their music seems to express only a sullen, dyspeptic hatred of things as they are. They leave us with no elevation of soul, with no sense of having glimpsed an ideal world.[4]

Damrosch gave up the leadership of the New York Symphony at the end of 1926, although he continued to conduct the orchestra in childrens' concerts and radio broadcasts. In 1928, when the New York and Philharmonic symphonies merged, he presided over a few concerts by the new

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[3] Times, 19 December 1926.

[4] Times, 22 March 1925.

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Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York. From 1928-1942, however, he was known chiefly for his weekly music appreciation hours, during which he conducted the N.B.C. Symphony.

The Philharmonic, under Stransky, presented even fewer new works than the New York Symphony. In programming, Stransky favored the immediately pleasurable over controversial or complicated compositions. The performances themselves were often "slovenly."[5] At the end of the war, the quality of orchestral concerts in New York was thoroughly undistinguished. The probability of substantial change in the situation seemed slight.

At this juncture, in 1919, Edgar Varèse won support for a new orchestral venture. More adventurous programming was the goal; Varèse was the first conductor. The New Symphony Orchestra enlisted some of the wealthiest patrons in New York as sponsors, and some of the finest musicians as performers. Three concerts were announced for the spring of 1919. Unfortunately, the first concert (April 11, 1919; repeated the following day) was a fiasco. The music was too difficult for most of the audience, and Varèse proved an inept conductor. In the wake of the first disastrous program, he resigned.[6] Artur Bodanzky, a conductor at the Metropolitan Opera since 1915, replaced him for the remainder of the spring. The two remaining programs offered more comfortably conservative musical fare. By the season of 1919-20, the New Symphony had become

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[5]Shanet, Philharmonic, p. 231.

[6]Ibid., p. 232. For further data on the event, see Louise Varèse, Varèse: a looking-glass diary (New York: Norton, 1972), p. 142-49. The program included works by Bach, Debussy, Casella, Bartok, and Dupont.

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the National Symphony, and Bodanzky was sharing the podium with Willem Mengelberg. In the reorganization, powerful magnates such as Clarence Mackay and Adolph Lewisohn assumed the financial responsibility for the orchestra. The results during the National's second season (1920-21), conducted by Mengelberg alone, were sufficiently impressive to give the directors of the Philharmonic pause. They negotiated to eliminate the competition. In the fall of 1921, the National Symphony and the Philharmonic merged. Stransky shared the conducting during the following season with Mengelberg, Willem van Hoogstraten, and the American, Henry Hadley. In 1923-24, Stransky was dropped.[7]

Yet another orchestra was born in the 1923-24 season. A group of wealthy sponsors created the City Symphony as a vehicle for the Dutch conductor, Dirk Foch (formerly Fock). This venture, too, was absorbed by the Philharmonic, after only one season. The merger with the New York Symphony in 1928 completed the consolidations of the decade. Since 1929, the Philharmonic has been the city's chief orchestra.

The new repertoire performed by the Philharmonic during the twenties was not notably innovative. Stravinsky's Piano Concerto was an important exception. The composer performed the work himself on his first American tour in the spring of 1925. Other visiting composer-pianists, Germaine Tailleferre and Ottorino Respighi, played new piano concertos with the Philharmonic the same year. Mengelberg shared the podium with a number of guest conductors, among them Furtwängler, Goossens, and Toscanini. The latter performed a number of contemporary Italian works,

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[7] Friends of Stransky formed a new orchestra, the State Symphony, when he was fired from the Philharmonic. The project failed after two years.

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none of them in advanced styles. The other conductors generally produced innocuous fare. By far the greater amount of innovative music heard in New York was introduced by visiting orchestras, particularly the Boston Symphony (under Monteux and Koussevitzky) and the Philadelphia Orchestra (under Stokowski). Without the offerings of these organizations, the record of new orchestral music heard in New York would have been poor, indeed.

The Oratorio Society of New York was conducted by Walter Damrosch until 1922, when it was taken over by his son-in-law, Albert Stoessel. Most of the repertoire consisted of traditional vocal masterworks, but there were also occasional premières of modern works. Among these were Paul Gallico's The Apocalypse (1922), and Francesco Malipiero's La principessa Ulalia (1927). Other new music performed during the twenties included Gustav Holst's Hymn of Jesus, and Ralph Vaughan Williams' Mass in G minor. Stoessel, a composer, was also a founding member of the American Music Guild.

The Metropolitan Opera added little new repertoire during the 1920s. During the war it had even subtracted a major portion of the customary offerings, by banning German opera. For several seasons there was no Wagner at all, and when Parsifal finally returned in 1920, it was in English. Die Meistersinger came back in German only in 1923. Pelléas et Mélisande waited two more years for a production at the Metropolitan, an indication of the extreme conservatism of the organization. Italo Montemezzi's L'Amore dei tre re (1913) was a perennial favorite, along with the late works of Puccini. Stravinsky's Rossignol (1914) came in the spring of 1926. Erich Korngold's Die tote Stadt (1920) was produced in 1921 and 1922. Ernst Krenek's opera, Jonny spielt auf (1927)

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reached the stage of the Metropolitan in 1929, after several hundred performances abroad. The role of Jonny, an American jazz musician, was sung in black-face by the Wagnerian baritone, Michael Bohnen.

The organization staged a few new works by American composers during the decade. Henry Hadley's Cleopatra's night was premièred in 1920 and 1921. John Alden Carpenter's Skyscrapers was mounted in 1926 and repeated the following season. The king's henchman, by Deems Taylor, was the much-touted American première of 1927. It was extremely popular. It was in no way adventurous. Through most of the 1920s, the Metropolitan slept on.

Among the younger organizations in New York was the Society of Friends of music. It had been founded in 1913 by Mrs. Harriet Lanier, who remained the sole financial sponsor for almost two decades. Artur Bodanzky was music director of the Friends from 1921, in addition to conducting at the Metropolitan. The Society at first held its concerts at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, then moved to Town Hall or the Metropolitan Opera. The programs were not entirely conservative, although the group was not oriented specifically toward performances of contemporary music. In 1929, Bodanzky left the Metropolitan to become the Society's full-time director, or such was the plan. The new orchestra and concert hall proposed for the Friends was not forthcoming. By the end of 1929, Bodanzky had returned to the Metropolitan.[8] During the post-war decade, the Friends presented such premières as Arthur Honegger's Roi David, Hans Pfitzner's Von deutscher Seele, Frederick Jacobi's Poet in the desert, and works by Bloch, Pizzetti,

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[8]The information on the Friends is based on newspaper clippings and brochures in the clipping file of the New York Public Library.

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and Zemlinski. Mrs. Lanier died in 1931. Without her support, the organization collapsed within a few months.

New York was also the home, during at least part of each season, of the Flonzaley Quartet. Formed in 1903,[9] the group took its name from the Swiss estate of its patron, Edward J. de Coppet. New York concerts were private events at first, held in de Coppet's Manhattan residence. From 1905, the Flonzaleys gave regular public concerts as well. When the Kneisel Quartet disbanded in 1917, the Flonzaleys became America's leading chamber group, touring extensively across the continent and abroad. The organization commissioned a number of works, among them Stravinsky's Concertino. The Flonzaley Quartet was dissolved in 1929.

By the middle twenties, the city could boast as many as four societies devoted specifically to the performance of contemporary music. The first of these, the Franco-American Musical Society, was founded in 1920 by the French pianist, E. Robert Schmitz (1889-1949). "Internationalization in music" [i.e. programming new music of all nations] was the stated ideal of this group. By the fall of 1923, the Society was publishing a regular quarterly bulletin and organizing so-called "Referendum concerts" in Aeolian Hall.[10] It was the only one of the contemporary music societies based in New York to establish chapters in other cities. By 1924, there were Society chapters in Denver, Minneapolis, Saint Paul, and Portland (Oregon). There was also a Paris chapter; the Society claimed to be the

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[9] See Daniel Gregory Mason, "Edward J. de Coppet," Musical Quarterly 2 (1916):516-22; E.T. Rice, "The de Coppet music room in New York and Switzerland," Musical Quarterly 23 (1937):413-20.

[10] Unless otherwise noted, the information on the Society is taken from the quarterly bulletins of 1923-29. Relatively little is known of the early years of the organization, partly because the archive of papers of E. Robert Schmitz is still in private hands and unavailable for research.

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first to give concerts of American music in that city.[11]

By the end of the decade, there was a network of affiliates across the American continent. Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Detroit, Chicago, Seattle, and Montreal had been added. The function of such chapters was two-fold. Touring artists sponsored by the Society (like Schmitz himself) could be assured a ready audience through subscription concerts in these cities. The public had, at the same time, expanded opportunity to hear works which would not normally have reached them. By 1928, the organization had some 3,500 members. That year, Schmitz arranged transcontinental tours lasting several months for both Ravel and Honegger.

In 1926, the name of the Franco-American Society was changed to Pro-Musica. The group continued to present new music from various nations; however, there were still noticeably fewer German works given at Pro-Musica concerts than were presented by other groups such as the League of Composers. On the other hand, contemporary French music, especially works by Les Six, appeared in Pro-Musica concerts more frequently than in programs of other societies. Some experimental music, such as quarter-tone pieces by Hans Barth and Charles Ives, found hearings in the Referendum concerts.[12] However, by comparison with the programs of the International Composers' Guild, the concerts of the Pro-Musica did not emphasize the most revolutionary music. There was friendly cooperation between the International Guild and the Pro-Musica. Varèse was on

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[11] Among the aims announced in a brochure from 1923-24 was the foundation of an American library in Paris, for the purpose of making scores by American composers available abroad.

[12] Charles Ives joined the board of directors in 1925.

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the advisory board of the Pro-Musica, and his lieutenant at the Guild, Carlos Salzedo, was a director of Schmitz' organization. Schmitz, for his part, was a frequent guest artist and conductor for International Guild programs.

In the closing years of the decade, the Pro-Musica included increasing amounts of American music on its programs, in keeping with the general awareness that American music was coming of age. Schmitz left New York in the 1930s to settle in San Francisco, where he continued his activites as performer and teacher until his death in 1949.

The International Composers' Guild was founded by Edgar Varèse in the spring of 1921. The manifesto of the organization read in part as follows:

> It is true that in response to public demand, our official organizations occasionally place on their programs a new work surrounded by established names. But such a work is carefully chosen from the most timid and anemic of contemporary production, leaving absolutely unheard the composers who represent the true spirit of our times.
>
> Dying is the privilege of the weary. The present day composers refuse to die. They have realized the necessity of banding together and fighting for the right of each individual to secure "fair and free presentation of his work." It is out of such collective will that the International Composers' Guild is to centralize the works of the day, to group them in programs intelligently and organically constructed, and, with the distinguished help of singers and instrumentalists to present these works in such a way as to reveal their fundamental spirit.
>
> The International Composers' Guild refuses to admit any limitation, either of volition or of action.
>
> The International Composers' Guild disapproves of all "isms"; denies the existence of schools; recognizes only the individual.[13]

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[13]Varèse, Looking-glass diary, p. 166-67. The manifesto appeared in several newspapers as well as in Musical America, 23 July 1921.

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The first concert of the Guild took place on February 19, 1922, at the Greenwich Village Theatre. The critics of the principal daily papers did not attend. According to Louise Varese, the audience was appreciative and the Guild considered its first series of three concerts highly successful.[14] For the second year, a larger hall was engaged, through the efforts of the Guild's new executive secretary, Mrs. Arthur Reis. With the three concerts in the 1922-23 season, Mrs. Reis' brief association with the organization ended, however. That spring she seceded from the International Composers' Guild (with Louis Gruenberg and Lazare Saminsky) and organized the League of Composers. Whether her reason related to the Guild's policy of not repeating works once performed, or reflected resistance to Varèse's forceful domination is not entirely clear. After a heated exchange of charges and counter-charges, the two factions went their separate ways.[15]

Dissociating itself publicly from the defectors, who had engaged the hall used by the Guild the previous season, the International Composers' Guild entered its third season (1923-24) with Varèse and Carlos Salzedo securely at the helm, as before. They moved the concerts to the Vanderbilt Theatre, and invited Leopold Stokowski to conduct the New York première of Stravinsky's Renard. For the 1924-25 season, they engaged Aeolian Hall to accommodate the growing audience. The organization prospered through six seasons, in spite of mixed critical reception of the music performed. With the concert of April 17, 1927, offering

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[14]Varèse, Looking-glass diary, p. 171-77.

[15]Ibid., p. 188-191. Louise Varèse's view of the affair is a frankly partisan one. In an interview, January 12, 1973, Mrs. Reis expressed her embarrassment to me over the reviving of such an unpleasant disagreement.

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works by Berg, Salzedo, Stravinsky, and Varèse, the International Composers' Guild disbanded. In 1928, Varese organized a new society, the Pan American Association of Composers. His reasons for founding the organization were reported in a newspaper interview from the time to be as follows:

> The Pan American was born because I realized that Europe was drifting back to neo-classicism or rather what is so-called. . . . You can't make a classic; it has to become one with age. What is called classicism is really academicism, the influence we want to combat as an evil thing, for it stifles spontaneous expression . . . . It is not that I believe music should be limited to a passport but rather that today very little music is alive in Europe.[13]

In 1929, when the Pan American had barely been launched, Varèse went to live in Paris for several years, leaving the active leadership of the organization to Henry Cowell.

Meanwhile, the League of Composers had prospered. Its first season, 1923-24, saw not only a series of three concerts, but also the first issues of the League of Composers' review, a quarterly journal edited by Minna Ledermann. Under the revised title, Modern music, the magazine continued regularly until 1948. It provided a forum for composers and critics--European and American--in their discussions of the problems and potentials of contemporary music.

Unlike the International Composers' Guild, the League was not bound by a policy of giving new works only once. The League also had more affluent backing than the Guild, and favored more gala productions as

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[13]Varèse, Looking-glass diary, p. 279. For a history of the Association and a record of the concerts, see Deane L. Root, "The Pan American Association of Composers (1928-1934)", Yearbook for inter-American research 8 (1972): 49-70.

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the decade progressed. It undertook to stage some of the new music, such as Manuel de Falla's Il retablo de Maese Pedro (1925), and Stravinsky's Les noces (1929). This last appeared on a program with Monteverdi's Combattimento, which was being staged for the first time in more than three hundred years.

Where Varèse had enlisted the frequent collaboration of Leopold Stokowski, Mrs. Reis (the executive director of the League until 1948) sought the aid of Serge Koussevitzky. He conducted the première of the League's first commissioned work, Aaron Copland's Music for the theatre, at a concert in November 1925. The following year, the League commissioned Bartok's Village scenes. The practice of commissioning new compositions continued throughout the organization's existence. The League of Composers merged with the International Society for Contemporary Music in 1954.

During the season of 1921-22, a group of American composers banded together to form the American Music Guild. Among the founders were Marion Bauer, Louis Gruenberg, Sandor Harmati, Charles Haubiel, Frederick Jacobi, A. Walter Kramer, Harold Morris, Deems Taylor, and Albert Stoessel. The Guild presented its first subscription concert in Town Hall on January 3, 1923. There had already been a concert the previous April, however, featuring works by the members, as well as compositions by John Alden Carpenter and Charles Martin Loeffler. Though the aim of the organization had originally been to gain hearings for American music, the Guild's program in January 1924 consisted entirely of works by European composers. The organization was short-lived. By the 1924-25 season it had ceased to function.

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Chapter III

THE OLD GUARD: JAMES HUNEKER, HENRY E. KREHBIEL, RICHARD ALDRICH, HENRY T. FINCK, WILLIAM J. HENDERSON

Introduction

William Henderson and Richard Aldrich died within three days of each other in 1937. This event prompted a number of retrospective glances at New York's musical journalists of the "Golden Age."[1] "The last of the Elder Statesmen of our musical criticism have departed," commented Lawrence Gilman, "and many of us are conscious of an irreparable loss."

> It is difficult for those whose musical experiences began in recent years to understand just what such critics as Henderson, Aldrich, Krehbiel, Huneker and Finck meant to music-lovers hereabout during the period of our musical life which began in the late 80s and early 90s and ended in the first week of the present month. . . . These men had something about them of an heroic age of the critical life, a life which has contracted, become more concentrated and selective, perhaps, in our later day. Such men as the leaders of the great group which is now only a memory were almost fabulous in the richness and range of their musical activities. They were guides, counsellors, friends to the operatic and concert-going public of their times. They were journalists, lecturers, pamphleteers, writers of books. The world with which they dealt was not only -- as it is for most music critics of our time and place -- the world of their readers, the public to whom they speak in their articles. It comprised also the world of the musicians about whom they wrote, many of whom were their intimate and confidential friends.[2]

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[1]Henry T. Finck called his autobiography My adventures in the golden age of music (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1926). The Golden Age was over by World War I.

[2]Tribune, 20 June 1937.

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In October of the same year, the Musical Quarterly offered a further attempt to characterize and define the group of "Old Guard" critics. The aptness of the term "Old Guard" derives from the extended tenure of its members in the relatively stable New York musical scene before World War I. Henry E. Krehbiel[3] and Henry T. Finck[4] each served their newspapers for forty-three years. James Huneker, William Henderson, and Richard Aldrich joined the New York critical fraternity in 1886, 1887, and 1891, respectively, and were active into the 1920s and 1930s. Adding several of their Boston colleagues (Philip Hale, W.F. Apthorp, Henry T. Parker) to the New York Old Guard, Oscar Thompson called them the first truly "American school of criticism."[5]

Thompson's pride in the group lay in what he called the self-sufficiency of American music criticism, in a time when the native composers were struggling with "the dilemma of eclecticism."

> Hard words were said of them on occasion, but no one thought of accusing W.J. Henderson or Richard Aldrich of writing like a cross between Ernest Newman and "Papa" Korngold, with an admixture of Adolf Weissmann, Émile Vuillermoz and Guido Gatti. These two typically American critics drew neither their opinions nor their phraseology from abroad. Ordinarily, they wrote as if completely ignorant of, and totally disinterested in, the verdicts that had already been formulated

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[3]Tribune, 1880-1923.

[4]New York Evening Post, 1881-1924.

[5]Oscar Thompson, "An American school of criticism: the legacy left by W.J. Henderson, Richard Aldrich, and their colleagues of the Old Guard," Musical Quarterly 23 (October 1937): 428-39. Oscar Thompson succeeded Henderson on the Sun. He wrote the first book on musical criticism to be published in this country, Practical musical criticism (New York: Witmark, 1934).

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> in Italy, France, Germany, or England, on the new music or the new interpreters passing in review before them. If they heard music abroad it was the same as hearing it in New York; they heard with the ears, not of the country in which they were sojourning, but of America.[6]

Considering that the American musical landscape in which the critics moved was still overwhelmingly European, this statement is misleading. The impression that New York writers were not aware of nor influenced by the European thought of their own generation is simply false. In 1915, Henderson, a member of the Old Guard himself, had publicly acknowledged this debt:

> . . . the broader outlooks of such masters of critical practice as Rolland, Dent, Newman and their compeers must inevitably lead men toward a discernment of the organization of musical art.[7]

Thompson's praise of critics hearing "with the ears, not of the country in which they were sojourning, but of America" might have seemed patriotic and gratifying in the 1930s. It obscured, however, the chief contribution of the group of men he sought to eulogize. Through their efforts, an expanding, regular musical public had come into being in New York.[8] What that public heard into the 1920s was still anchored in the European tradition, and so was the music criticism they read.

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[6]Thompson, "American school," p. 428.

[7]William J. Henderson, "The function of musical criticism," Musical Quarterly 1 (January 1915): 82.

[8]Royal Cortossoz, art critic for the Tribune, recognized this when he said, "They were among the master builders of a musical public." He omitted Finck from the list, however. Quoted in Gilman, Tribune, 20 June 1937.

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Thompson, in his Musical Quarterly article, placed the "American school of criticism" within the broader picture of "American journalism as a whole." He most admired the qualities of criticism that avoided "self-exploitation." The newspaper was, after all, for the reader's information. In this context, Huneker was somewhat set apart from the rest. Neither Henderson nor Aldrich was given to the "purple patches" of Huneker, Thompson said. Neither tried to compete with Huneker's "literary virtuosity."[9]

Huneker, an admirer of the French literary tradition personified by Anatole France, was the single impressionistic critic among the Old Guard.[10] When released from the routine demands of musical journalism to pursue his own interests in criticism, Huneker ranged far beyond the boundaries of "American journalism as a whole." He communicated his discoveries in the arts and literature in a vivid style that was unique among the New York critics of his day.

On his trips abroad before the war, Huneker had scented the winds of musical change, and noted the inevitability of a new order in the arts soon to reach our shores. He was one of the first to point to the "critical Canutes" who vainly tried to contain the waves of musical innovation.[11]

There can be no denying the discomfiture of these elder journalists, including Huneker, at the increasing amounts of new music presented

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[9] Thompson, "American school," p. 433.

[10] Huneker supplied a series of vignettes on French critics of the day in his collection The pathos of distance (New York: Scribner's, 1913).

[11] James Huneker, Ivory, apes and peacocks (New York: Scribner's, 1915), p. 64. From the essay on Arnold Schönberg.

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in New York after the war. A few "off-Broadway" concerts by the avant-garde Leagues and Guilds could be (and often were) ignored.[12] But the flood of innovative music soon moved into the regular concert halls and proved unavoidable. These critics, who had been "guides, counsellors, friends" to a generation of musical novices were, to a man, unable to revise or expand their musical taste. By the 1920s they were not merely an old, but a rear guard. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to dismiss the Old Guard merely as five sentinels of tradition, or "emotionalists" resentful of the encroachments of formalism. For a perspective on their individual and collective contributions, they are presented here, in order of their disappearance from the musical scene.

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[12]None of the Old Guard critics attended the programs of the International Composers' Guild during its first season, in the spring of 1922.

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JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER
(1857-1921)

For sheer "critical coloratura,"[13] none of the Old Guard could rival the style of James Gibbons Huneker. Henderson summed it up later for the Dictionary of American biography, saying, "He had the soul of a 17th century Venetian. All that was most voluptuous in form and color filled him with a rapture which sought utterance in sonorous phrase."[14] The fifth and final volume of Van Wyck Brook's mammoth study of American writing opens with Huneker's arrival in New York (February 1886).[15] The city itself, Brooks said, was "half provincial still, a metropolis at the awkward age, a sprawling young city that sometimes suggested London, sometimes Vienna."[16] About Huneker he wrote:

> Alert, alive, universally curious in a world that was still insular, -- uncritical and even parochial, aesthetically speaking, -- he was to contribute as much as anyone, possibly more than anyone else, to the cosmopolitan growth of the mind of the city. His patrie psychique was always to be France, he said, a taste in which he resembled hundreds of New Yorkers . . .[17]

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[13]Thompson, "American school," p. 433.

[14]Henderson had first formulated this description for the obituary eulogy at the time of Huneker's death. Herald, 21 February 1921.

[15]Van Wyck Brooks, Makers and finders: a history of the writer in America, 1800-1915, vol. 5: The confident years, 1885-1915 (New York: Dutton, 1952). Huneker was surely one of the outstanding "finders" of new artistic talents of all sorts.

[16]Ibid., p. 1.

[17]Ibid., p. 3.

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James Huneker was born in Philadelphia in 1857, son of a prosperous house painter.[18] The family was prominent in the city's musical circles. Huneker met actors, painters, and writers, as well as musicians. His Celtic temperament was inherited from an Irish mother, who hoped he would find a career in the Church. Instead, he set off in 1878 for Paris with his first wife, to enroll at the Conservatoire and to become a pianist. This ambition was not realized, but even during that first European pilgrimage his range of interests widened rapidly, embracing literature, painting, and philosophy along with music. During the next three decades, he returned to Europe again and again. He wrote about his cultural encounters voluminously, brilliantly.[19] "Huneker is the American Columbus who discovered Europe for us," said Benjamin de Casseres in 1920. "He is the robust Santa Maria that has made many voyages and brought back curious loot and radiant gods clanking in the golden chains of his prose . . ."[20] During these thirty years, Huneker's books built a reputation

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[18]Arnold T. Schwab, James Gibbons Huneker (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1963). The biographical details are based wherever possible upon this recent study. Schwab himself was loath to rely too heavily upon Huneker's own autobiography, Steeplejack, 2 vols. (New York: Charles Scribner & Sons, 1920), finding it unreliable even in such matters as Huneker's birthdate. All major sources persist in giving this as 1860, even though Huneker's baptismal certificate has been available for almost 20 years. Huneker, himself, provided the caveat in his preface to Steeplejack, when he said, "Autobiography is but fiction disguised " (vol. 1, p. 10).

[19]His books include: Mezzotints in modern music (1899); Chopin, (1900); Melomaniacs (1902); Iconoclasts (1904); Egoists (1909); Promenades of an impressionist (1910); Overtones (1904); Visionaries (1905); Franz Liszt (1911); Old fogy (1913); The pathos of distance (1913); Ivory, apes, and peacocks (1915); New cosmopolis (1915); Unicorns (1917); Bedouins (1920); Painted veils (fiction, 1920); Steeplejack (1920).

[20]Musical America, 5 June 1920, p. 3. Huneker was still alive when this was written.

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for the critic that far transcended anything he could have achieved as a journalist alone.

Yet, of this "charming, garrulous savant of transitional America"[21] H.L. Mencken remarked later, "I have never known a man whose falling years were more melancholy."[22] How did Huneker perceive himself? The preface to his autobiography summed it up:

> I tried to climb -- always in the azure -- but my muscles were undeveloped and wings I had none to speak of; the consequences may well be imagined. Many a tumble, broken bones, and what sentimentalists would describe as shattered illusions. Really, no illusions were dissipated. Fifty years have passed and I am still the incorrigible dreamer (with one eye on earthly banquets) and a steeplejack. . . .
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> The narration, on whose road I am starting out so gaily, may puzzle but it need not alarm you. It is the story of an unquiet soul who voyaged from city to city, country to country, in search of something, he knew not what. The golden grapes of desire were never plucked, the marvellous mirage of the Seven Arts never overtaken, the antique and beautiful porches of philosophy, the solemn temples of religion never penetrated. Life has been the Barmecide's feast to me -- you remember the Arabian Nights -- no sooner did I covet a rare dish than fate whisked it out of my reach. I love painting and sculpture. I may only look but never own either pictures or marbles. I would fain be a pianist, a composer of music. I am neither. Nor a poet. Nor a novelist, actor, playwright. I have written of many things from architecture to zoology, without grasping their inner substance. I am Jack of the Seven Arts, master of none. A steeplejack

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[21]Daniel B. Dodson, Preface to Ivory, apes and peacocks, by James Huneker, new ed. (New York: Sagamore Press, 1957), p. viii.

[22]H.L. Mencken, "Introduction," in Essays by James Huneker, ed. H.L. Mencken (New York: Charles Scribner & Sons, 1929).

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> of the arts. An egotist who is not ashamed to avow it. Everyone for himself in this desert of egotism called life, cried Stendhal.[23]

He died on February 9, 1921, of pneumonia, the culminating event of several years of failing health.

Huneker had in fact retired from regular music journalism in 1902 when, after two years in the music department of the New York Sun, he moved over to the drama desk of the same paper. This event precipitated one of the perennial shifts in the musical chairs of New York journalism. William Henderson left the New York Times for the Sun (where the reward was money rather than fame); Richard Aldrich replaced Henderson at the Times, moving on from the New York Tribune, where he had been Henry Krehbiel's assistant.

Huneker resigned from the Sun in 1912, returning only briefly in 1916. Having branched out into other areas of criticism, it was with reluctance and for financial reasons that he resumed activity in the music field. "After 15 years' absence," he wrote to Royal Cortissoz in 1917, "the wheel has come full circle, and I'm once more a convict, a galley-slave to tone."[24] America's entry into World War I, and consequent anti-German feeling, resulted in Huneker's dismissal by the following April. Styling himself as Celto-Magyar, and adding the English-sounding "Gibbons" to his name across the column head proved insufficiently placating. The following season found him commuting to Philadelphia, where the "galley-slave" produced only three music columns

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[23]Huneker, Steeplejack, vol. 1, pp. 4-5.

[24]Schwab, J.G. Huneker, p. 230.

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a week for the Philadelphia Press. He considered moving back to his native city on a full-time basis, but the job fell through; the Press itself was sold by 1920. In Philadelphia, Huneker turned to reprinting old columns verbatim, a practice which he continued until his death.

Though he had previously turned down the offer, he finally accepted the New York Times' bid to fill in for Richard Aldrich during the following season (1918-1919). Aldrich was on extended leave for war duty in Washington, writing editorial summaries for General Pershing. Huneker still had staunch admirers. The Musical Courier, for example, editorialized in favor of his permanent appointment at the Times, deriding the "analytical, historical, statistical, super-erogated, soporific music reviewing" that would resume on Aldrich's return.[25] Mrs. Aldrich reported later that her husband feared Huneker was not always quite sober when he wrote those casual, often-playful criticisms.[26] There is no doubt that Huneker took the advent of Prohibition as a personal affront, and that he used the Times upon occasion as a forum in this matter. In a Sunday article (one of his last for that paper), he wrote, under the title, "Art and Alcohol":

> The truth is that our existence without some buffer between our naked souls and the chill wind of empty spiritual space would be inconceivable. Man devised Time and Space, -- symbols of his terrifying ignorance in the presence of eternity -- and religion and the arts wherewith he might cloak his nakedness. All the rest is vanity. Prohibition is only a symptom of the everlasting propensity of intolerant minds to

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[25] Musical Courier, 27 February 1919; quoted in Schwab, J.G. Huneker, p. 253.

[26] Ibid.

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> fashion others after their own mean image . . . But come what may, art and alcohol are insepa-rably wedded, as in the Greek myths Apollo and Dionysos image to beauty and ecstasy.[27]

In the fall of 1919, reorganization of the New York Evening World enabled Herbert Bayard Swope to engage Huneker as music critic -- and writer about other subjects as the spirit moved him. He held this post until his death in 1921.

Huneker had very little that was new to say in these last years, though he had not given up his play with words. Hearing a concert by Prokofiev, he chose the phrase "New ears for new music" to lead off the review.[28] Actually, he was in sympathy neither with Prokofiev's playing of the piano (which he found deficient in expression), nor his music. The composer was a "cerebral" and a "psychologist of the uglier emotions." Clearly, he considered that the success enjoyed by Prokofiev would be no more than momentary.[29]

Not many of Huneker's reviews from his final seasons dealt with new music. His column on Cyril Scott's two Passacaglias, performed by the Boston Symphony, was an exception:

> The first is like a cyclops practicing five finger exercises on his anvils; the second, a gay old tune, hides its honest face behind rouge and powder from the 'modernistic' beauty doctors

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[27]"Art and Alcohol," New York Times, 11 May 1919.

[28]It was taken from a passage by Nietzsche, one of Huneker's favorites. "Convictions are prisons. . . . New ears for new music. New eyes for the most remote things. . . . The pathos of distance. . . . " In 1913, Huneker had published a collection of his essays under the title The pathos of distance (New York: Scribner's, 1913).

[29]Times, 21 November 1918.

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> of Paris and Petrograd. There are some novel tonal timbres; nevertheless, the hearer remains hungry for an idea, even the ghostly adumbration of an idea. Cyril Scott knows a lot, yet his is music for the Martians of the fantastic H.G. Wells.[30]

This was the critic's last piece for the World. He died three days later.

Huneker's final column on criticism (or rather, his fellow critics) appeared in the World on December 26, 1920. It had previously been published in 1913 in a collection of light musical sketches called Old fogy.[31] But long before it had started life as "A seminary for music critics" in the Musical Courier of 1897. The piece effectively satirized his colleagues, thinly disguised as Blink, Slehbell, and Sanderson, giving samples of various reviewing styles. The humor is coarse. Krehbiel's recent book, How to listen to music (1896), became "Little Dr. Slehbell's How to see music though a deaf mute";[32] as for "Blink," he virtually gasped and choked at the very mention of Brahms. Other characters in the original article are identified in Huneker's own copy of Old fogy, now in the New York Public Library. The column needed only slight updating for 1920, for example, by the removal of "Mr. Van Oven." Reginald De Koven had died that January. The main personae were still recognizable to

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[30] World, 6 February 1918.

[31] James Huneker, Old fogy: his musical opinions and grostesques (Philadelphia: Presser, 1913), pp. 167-82. I am indebted to Schwab, J.G. Huneker, for tracing the piece to its origins, though he evidenced no interest in its later occurrence after publication of Old fogy.

[32] Krehbiel was actually an enormous man. The "Dr." reflects his having received an honorary degree from Yale. Neither Huneker nor Krehbiel were college men.

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readers twenty-four years after the piece was first written. It is hardly surprising that, for their part, these secure, older reviewers, who were public monuments in their time, had so little enthusiasm for change.

By the time Pierrot lunaire reached New York in 1923, Huneker had been dead for two years. He had heard Pierrot, however, at its fourth German performance in Berlin, in 1912. The resultant essay on Arnold Schönberg represents Huneker in his most adventuresome spirit -- both as a listener and as a critic. The article first appeared in the New York Times on January 19, 1913. It returned in another version in a 1915 collection entitled Ivory, apes and peacocks, from which the following extract is taken.

> What kind of music is this, without melody, in the ordinary sense; without themes, yet every acorn of a phrase contrapuntally developed by an adept; without a harmony that does not smite the ears, lacerate, figuratively speaking, the ear drums; keys forced into hateful marriage that are miles asunder, or else too closely related for aural matrimony; no form, that is, in the scholastic formal sense, and rhythms that are so persistently varied as to become monotonous -- what kind of music, I repeat, is this that can paint a "crystal sigh," the blackness of prehistoric night, the abysm of a morbid soul, the man in the moon, the faint sweet odours of an impossible fairy land, and the strut of the dandy from Bergamo? . . . There is no melodic or harmonic line, only a series of points, dots, dashes, or phrases that sob and scream, despair, explode, exalt, blaspheme.
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> I give the conundrum to go-by; I only know that when I finally surrendered myself to the composer he worked his will on my fancy and on my raw nerves, and I followed the poems, loathing the music all the while, with intense interest. Indeed, I could not let go the skein of the story for fear that I might fall off somewhere into a gloomy chasm and be devoured by chromatic wolves. . . .

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> I told myself that it served me right, that I was too old to go gallivanting around with this younger generation, that if I would eat prickly musical pears I must not be surprised if I suffered from aural colic. Nevertheless, when certain of the Schoenberg compositions reached me from Vienna I eagerly fell to studying them. I saw then that he had adopted as his motto: Evil, be thou my good! And that a man who could portray in tone sheer ugliness with such crystal clearness is to be reckoned with in these topsyturvy times. . . .
>
> His mission is to free harmony from all rules. A man doesn't hit upon such combinations, especially in his acrid instrumentation, without heroic labour. His knowledge must be enormous, for his scores are as logical as a highly wrought mosaic; that is, logical, if you grant him his premises. He is perverse and he wills his music, but he is a master in delineating certain moods, though the means he employs revolt our ears. To call him "crazy," is merely amusing. No man is less crazy, few men are so conscious of what they are doing, and few modern composers boast such a faculty of attention. Concentration is the key-note of his work; concentration -- or condensation formal, concentration of thematic material -- to the vanishing point; and conciseness in treatment, although every license is allowed in modulation.
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> Every composer has his aura; the aura of Arnold Schoenberg is, for me, the aura of subtle ugliness, of hatred and contempt, of cruelty, and of the mystic grandiose. He is never petty. He sins in the grand manner of Nietzsche's Superman, and he has the courage of his chromatics. If such music-making is ever to become accepted, then I long for Death the Releaser. More shocking still would be the suspicion that in time I might be persuaded to like this music, to embrace, after abhorring it.[33]

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[33]Huneker, Ivory, apes and peacocks, pp. 61-62, 65. The source of the title is Biblical: "Every three years once came the ships of Tarshish bringing gold, and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks." II Chronicles 9:21. Originally, the essays were published by Scribner's.

Part of this echo of early Huneker turned up yet again in a posthumous collection of post-war articles called Variations (New York: Charles Scribner & Sons, 1921), pp. 203-09. Here the piece is called "The music of yesterday." Since only columns printed after 1919 appear in the collection, it is clear that Huneker had been up to his old trick again.

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Huneker's interest in Schönberg's music was the most open-minded of all the critics of the Old Guard, just as his style was the most colorful. Where Krehbiel fell to quoting the Bible and Henderson damned all of Schönberg's works after Verklärte Nacht out of hand as "insincere," Huneker "eagerly" studied the scores which he had taken pains to secure from Vienna. His essay also contained a resumé of Schönberg's activities and output up to that year. This was an unusual degree of attention even for Huneker. Perhaps the piece on "Richard Strauss at Stuttgart," from the same trip, reveals him more truly in his combined roles of reviewer, critic, journalist, and gossip.[34]

Lawrence Gilman much admired Huneker's criticism, but he found it deficient in one regard. The style, Gilman said, was certainly "a new thing under the American sun." But Huneker

> . . . had never cared to attempt any orientation of artistic phenomena in the social scene -- his criticism was always . . . "untouched by any of the moods of profound general consciousness." One misses in him always a realization of the need for relating individual artistic appearances to their contemporary human environment, to the great stream of general ideas and tendencies. His criticism is merely aesthetic diagnosis brilliantly and sympathetically performed in a vacuum, without any attempt to determine its human or spiritual values.[35]

What Gilman said was certainly true. It is doubtful that Huneker would have cared, for, he said, "to spill his own soul; that should be the critic's aim."[36]

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[34]Huneker, Ivory, apes and peacocks, pp. 98-109.

[35]Gilman, "Playboy of criticism," p. 560.

[36]Huneker, Ivory, apes and peacocks, preface, p. ix.

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In the post-war period, the enthusiasm of "Jim the penman"[37] for new aesthetic experiences had flagged. He was writing his autobiography and frankly looking backward. He had forgotten his disturbing attraction to music such as the Schönberg work when he said:

> There has been no great original music composed since the death of Beethoven, for, strictly speaking, the music-drama of Wagner is a synthesis of the arts, and, despite his individual genius, in union there is death -- in the case of the seven arts. United we fall, divided we stand! The multiplication of orchestras, opera-houses, singing societies, and concerts are not indicative that general culture is achieved. Quality, not quantity, should be the shibboleth. The tradition of the classics is fading, soon it shall vanish. We care little for the masters. Modern music worship is a fashionable fad. People go to listen because they think it is the mode. . . . [38]

Huneker's parodied colleagues, Blink, Slehbell, and Sanderson, with Richard Aldrich,[39] served as honorary pallbearers at the critic's funeral. Among the eulogists from the various arts, Krehbiel represented the field of music.

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[37]The designation is Huneker's own. See Huneker, Steeplejack, vol. 1, p. 194, and the following chapter entitled "Jim the penman."

[38]Huneker, Variations, pp. 246-47.

[39]Aldrich was only a twenty-year man at the Times. He had not figured in the original article, nor in any of the subsequent reprints.

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HENRY EDWARD KREHBIEL
(1854-1923)

When James Huneker arrived in New York in 1886, Henry Krehbiel had been serving the New York Tribune for several years, apparently five or more. Like Huneker, Krehbiel did not hold a college degree, though he studied law and music in his native Cincinnati. Krehbiel's career in journalism began on the Cincinnati Gazette, where he was first general reporter, then music editor. Whitelaw Reid discovered him there, and invited him to New York in 1880, to succeed John R.G. Hassard at the Tribune. We know that Hassard did not retire immediately.[40] However, since the paper's music criticism was unsigned during this period, it is difficult to establish the exact point at which Krehbiel took over the paper's music department. From the spring of 1881 there are columns that have the familiar ring of Krehbiel's ponderous style, along with others which exhibit not only another literary hand, but even another point of view. By the spring of 1884, however, Krehbiel was clearly master of the Tribune's music desk.

Although the position of music critic for the Tribune had long been an important and prestigious one, it did not occupy Krehbiel's time

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[40]The obituary notices for Krehbiel all take note of a "short period of general reporting" for the Tribune in the interval before Hassard's final retirement. Krehbiel also wrote for the New York Musical Review during this time. Finck's autobiography records Krehbiel's difference of opinion with Hassard over Theodore Thomas, whom Hassard (and Finck) admired enormously. According to this source, Finck was invited to write for the Tribune in Hassard's absence in the winter of 1882, but declined. He had joined the Evening Post in 1881. Finck stated that "Had I said yes, [to Hassard] Henry Edward Krehbiel would not have become chief critic of the Tribune." H.T. Finck, My adventures, p. 171. Finck and Krehbiel were at odds in the New York critical arena for over forty years.

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entirely. During four decades as a music journalist he produced, in addition to his regular columns, a variety of books on opera, folksong, the New York musical seasons (1885-1890), and piano music.[41] He wrote program notes for the New York Philharmonic Society for twenty years. Along with Aldrich, who was his assistant at the Tribune until 1902, he was American Editor of the second edition of Grove's Dictionary of music and musicians. He also edited and completed A. W. Thayer's Life of Beethoven for English-language readers.[42]

When Krehbiel died, on March 20, 1923, Richard Aldrich commented in his eulogy that he, personally, had lost a colleague, mentor and friend. He offered the following tribute:

> The soundness and discrimination of his judgment were based on a profound knowledge of the history of music, an acquaintance with all the developments of the art since its beginning, a familiarity with its technical ramifications, and

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[41]Krehbiel's books on music include: Notes on the cultivation of choral music (1884); Review of the New York musical seasons: 1885-1890, 5 vols. (1890); Studies in the Wagnerian drama (1891); The Philharmonic Society of New York (1892); How to listen to music (1896); Music and manners in the classical period (1898); Chapters of opera (1908); A book of operas (1909); The pianoforte and its music (1911); Afro-American folksongs (1914); etc.

[42]Alexander Wheelock Thayer, The life of Ludwig van Beethoven, 3 vols., edited, revised and amended from the original English manuscript and the German editions of Hermann Deiters and Hugo Riemann, concluded and all documents newly translated by Henry Edward Krehbiel (New York: Beethoven Association, 1921). Krehbiel's edition was completed in 1914, although it was not published until 1921. In his introduction, Krehbiel stated, "It was left for another hand to prepare the English edition of an American writer's history of Germany's greatest tone-poet, and to write its concluding chapters, as he believes, in the spirit of the original author." (Ibid., p. vii.) Krehbiel's good intentions exceeded his scholarship. A more recent English edition has largely rejected Krehbiel's editorial interpolations. See Elliot Forbes, rev. and ed., Thayer's Life of Beethoven (Princeton: Princeton University, 1964), preface, pp. x-xvi.

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> a knowledge of schools and their spirit. But all this great learning was always put at the service of the present. . . . What he knew entered into the fibre of his critical faculty and helped him in the understanding and appreciation of the new, in the piercing of fraud, and futility and feebleness.[43]

Deems Taylor, who had succeeded Huneker on the World, struck a different note. Commenting that Krehbiel's "four passions" had been Wagner, Bach, Beethoven, and string quartets, Taylor nonetheless observed that "he was handicapped in the first place by his literary style, which was rather ponderous and deliberate, and did not in the least reflect his own personality." He was also, Taylor added, too forthright and too often directly disapproving.[44]

In 1928, Aldrich returned to the subject of Krehbiel's criticism with a more objective attitude. He revised his earlier appreciation to restore the balance as he then saw it. Noting Krehbiel's enthusiasm for Wagner, he added:

> Subsequently he did not follow the advances of the later schools, as is natural and inevitable with increasing years; and he was never an ardent admirer of Debussy, of the later Strauss, and still less of those who have troubled the surface of the musical waters since.[45]

In summary, Aldrich said:

> If there was narrowness in some of Krehbiel's views as a critic, it was the outcome of his complete confidence in his own judgment and the validity of his own knowledge and opinions. He

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[43]Times, 21 March 1923.

[44]World, 21 March 1923.

[45]Richard Aldrich, Musical discourse (London: Oxford, 1928), p. 288.

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> brooked, indeed, little opposition. He was apt to lay down the law; as his opponents, and opponents of criticism in general, like to say to "pontificate." Pontification is not a good thing in any art, and perhaps it involves a misconception of the function and the limitation of criticism. The critic is not a law-giver; nor does his judicial function extend, like that of the Supreme Court, to the final and definitive interpretation of fixed and unchangeable law. But Krehbiel had something like a certainty that there were unchangeable laws, not man-made but inherent in the nature of things, in the art of music; that he knew what they were, and that it was his function to lay them down and expound them, as a final jurisdiction, from which he recognized no appeal.[46]

No one contested Aldrich's description of Krehbiel's attitude toward journalism.

> Krehbiel was first and foremost a newspaper man. He esteemed journalism as a liberal profession and was incessantly jealous of its honor and high standing. . . . He was proud of his calling as a newspaper man and proud to be known as one, proud of his experience and competence as such.[47]

In 1920, Krehbiel stated his own case for the conservative critic, as Aldrich was to do the following year. It was not a new case, nor was it even an entirely new column. He concluded with a reprint from 1918.

> To the objection constantly urged against musical criticism that progress in the art has uniformly disclosed its fallacy, since one generation of men frequently accepts what a preceding generation had rejected, I reply that no man has a right to an opinion in a question of art who is afraid to express it; and the foolishest [sic] course that a critic, lay or professional, can follow is to withhold his judgment for fear that at some future time it will be proved erroneous. After that the next

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[46]Aldrich, Musical discourse, p. 291.

[47]Ibid., p. 286. This passage appears in both the obituary and the later version.

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> most foolish thing is for the critic to sneer at the honest writer of the past from whose views the majority of his successors have turned. The men who could not approve of all that Beethoven wrote were not dishonest fools; nor were they all imbeciles who objected to Schumann or Wagner or Brahms. It is not idiocy today to question the artistic validity of a phrase penned by R. Strauss, or Roger [Reger], or Debussy, or Schönberg. Honest antagonism to innovation is beneficial and necessary to sound progress. It provides the regulative flywheel without which the engine would go racing to destruction. It cannot stop progress, and there never was a critic honestly concerned about his art who wished that it should. There is more cant about everything new being good than there is . . . that old things are good because they are old. . . . The spirit which acclaims everything new is the spirit of ignorance or cowardice. The things which shall be great in the future because they differ from the things that are great now can wait for the future. Better to fail now to hear the future's evangel of beauty than to proclaim that to be beautiful which shall not be recognized as such hereafter. We cannot wrong the future; we can wrong the present.[48]

Krehbiel was actually discussing "progress" in terms of music almost two decades old. The future had already arrived for much of the music that he condemned. In reality, he paid lip service to progress while adhering to a belief in "unchangeable laws . . . inherent in the art of music." His criteria of evaluation remained fixed. In failing to question his own assumptions as to the nature of criticism or of music, he limited his usefulness to the cause he professed to serve.

The yardsticks by which Krehbiel measured musical worth are clear. Compositions without melody, by which he meant melodic thematic material, were simply beyond the boundaries of the art. He could tolerate neither unusual dissonance nor unfamiliar harmonic procedures. His attacks on

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[48]Tribune, 21 November 1920.

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offending works were by turns emotional or quite rationally analytical. After hearing Alfredo Casella's orchestral rhapsody Italia he wrote:

> His name is Casella, and critics who have rushed forward so impetuously that they have overleaped the periphery of the world of art, in which are clarity, beauty, euphony, symmetry and the supreme aesthetic law of repose, have hailed him a genius. . . .
>
> We have no desire to attempt to analyze it here. . . . Let it suffice that it is made up out of Italian folk tunes, only one of which was familiar, but was so perverted in time and rhythm, so beaten, belabored, bruised, clouted and cudgeled that it was as piteous to behold as Don Quixote after his encounter with the windmills. . . . This brisk little tune was so beset by other themes, so mired in different keys and muddy, dissonant harmonies, so racked and pulled out of shape and blown about by the blatant brass that its own father would not have recognized it.
>
> Perhaps Signor Casella is attempting to delineate the gibberings of a people driven made by suffering or drunken with the blood of a murdered civilization.[49]

Ten days later he summarized the situation in another tone.

> The difference between the music of the revolutionaries of today and that of a decade ago is that it proceeds from two opposite conceptions of musical creation. In the Sibelius and Enesco symphonies it was obvious that expressive and plastic musical thoughts were deemed primarily essential, and that modes of expression, novel if possible, the product of skill warmed by imagination, were fitted to them. In the compositions which we have thought it our duty to condemn it is obviously novel utterance which is the first aim of the composers, and melodic substance, idea, motive, only a necessary stalking horse. They seem to be striving, as a few writers of cubist prose . . . to arouse images, as they say, or quicken the fancy and emotions, by strange combinations of instrumental timbres. . . .[50]

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[49]Tribune, 27 October 1920. The tune was "Funiculi funicula."

[50]Tribune, 7 November 1920.

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In the interim there had been two other modern works to draw his disapproval. Of Francesco Malipiero's Impressione dal vero he wrote "Is this music?" He singled out the section "Dialogue of the bells."

> Mode there was none; key there was none, for no one can speak of tonality when different groups of instruments clash in two keys (two? a dozen!) together in long sequences of excruciating dissonances. As for thematic material, such disjointed fragments of phrases cannot be dignified with the term.[51]

The modern Italians were not the only offenders. Ernest Bloch's Suite for viola, which had won the Coolidge Prize in 1919, returned newly orchestrated that November.

> Mr. Bloch's suite has occupied more time in our music rooms and space in the journals than we think it is entitled to. . . . It is a riot of cacophonous colors -- lurid, pitiless, penetrating, nerve rasping -- scraped off the palate [sic] of Stravinsky. There is no beauty of theme, as regards either form or contents, in it . . . . We wish that the prize money had been given to Mr. Richard Aldrich for voting against Mr. Bloch's suite.[52]

Krehbiel was unable to admire any works of Stravinsky after L'Oiseau de feu. His negative response to Schönberg's music can surprise no one. The two columns reflecting performances of that composer's atonal compositions are among his most interesting, however. They reveal, between them, the range of Krehbiel's critical stance.

The first, after the arrival of the Fünf Orchesterstücke (12 years late), shows Krehbiel in the grip of righteous indignation. He titled it "A travesty on harmony."

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[51] Tribune, 1 November 1920.

[52] Tribune, 6 November 1920.

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> . . . music is an art which must make progress -- that is, go onward, -- if it is not to sink into decay. Granted. Let us be progressive even if progress leads us into the deep, dark, dank and noisome abysses of hell.
>
> But let us be sure that the leader is progress and not reversion to savagery. Savagery, not barbarism. The barbarian seeks cheer and beauty in his crude efforts at art; the savage seeks to appease horror by horrible sacrifices.[53]

Krehbiel granted at this point that Schönberg might be sincerely convinced he was widening the gates of music.

> If he is sincere, whether suffering from a form of dimentia [sic] created by the nerve destroying and sense perverting life of today, or not, he is to be respected and, perhaps, pitied. . . . He may be an acousmatic, who accepts what he thinks are aesthetic evangels without the power, willingness or desire to inquire into their rationality, his hallucination being that whatever enters his mental ear is significant, or true (crimes may be committed in the name of truth), and because significant, or true, therefore beautiful, or good art.

Of Schönberg's theory that any note can be combined with any other note, he said yes -- "But is the result harmony? It will not be till chaos be come again and the musical heavens rolled up like a scroll and thrown into the pit." He agreed with Schönberg that one must write as one feels, but "if his feeling is a predilection for the ugly, he has no business with art so long as art is held by mankind to be an expression of beauty."

In conclusion, Krehbiel defined the problem as he saw it:

> We are having in music a reversion to that period in religion, old as the hills and yet present with us to-day, called glosalalia [sic], that utterance of unmeaning gibberish which exercised the minds of even the apostles of Christ.

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[53]<u>Tribune</u>, 30 November 1921. The second column, fifteen months later, concerned <u>Pierrot lunaire</u>. See below, p.

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Krehbiel endorsed St. Paul's recommendations on the problem:

> If there be no interpreter in the assembly, let him keep silent and let him speak to himself and to God . . . except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? Ye shall speak in the air.

In addition, added Krehbiel, "like Schönberg and Casella and Berners, ye shall offend the ear and insult the intelligence of your hearers."[54]

Krehbiel's moralistic tone is not clearly attributable. The echo of Tolstoy may lie behind this sort of article, embellished with the techniques of a fundamentalist preacher.[55] The aesthetic of the Russian writer centered on the concept of "sincerity."[56] Tolstoy also believed in the evolution of art, and he deplored art which served to divide or factionalize mankind, rather than unite it. The flavor of Krehbiel's adaptation of Tolstoy's views is quite his own, however, if it is such an adaptation. (The fact that William Henderson felt, according to Oscar Thompson, that Krehbiel had done more to encourage a sound musical culture in New York than any other critic may be relevant here; for it seems clear that Henderson was strongly and directly influenced by Tolstoy's views.)[57]

Krehbiel's response to Pierrot lunaire, fifteen months later, was neither Biblical nor stentorian. It was, rather, a pointed summary of

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[54] Tribune, 30 November 1921

[55] Krehbiel's father was an itinerant German Protestant minister.

[56] Defined by Tolstoy as dependent on "the greater or lesser force with which the artist himself feels the emotion he transmits." Leo Tolstoy, "What is art?" trans. Aylmer Maude. Quoted in Eliseo Vivas and Murray Krieger, The problems of aesthetics (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1953), p. 484.

[57] Oscar Thompson, ed., The art of singing (New York: Dial, 1938),p. v. See my discussion of Henderson below, p.

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his precepts. This time the title was "The Curse of Affectation and Modernism in Music."[58] The discussion of "affectation" is of particular interest. Noting that there were no catcalls or hisses at the performance, Krehbiel described the applause as the first of several affectations. In order to judge a work, he asserted, there must be an adequate performance, which there was not. Most of the audience could not understand German, and the words were unintelligible anyway, as was the plan of the work. That there should be applause despite these defects was bizarre. Among other examples of affectation were composers pointing out "new paths"; critics fearing to be classed as conservatives, or wishing to appear in the van of progress; "affectation is saying there is essential propriety and beauty in the thing called 'self expression' . . . in the notion that beauty may be expressed in terms of ugliness, and that ugliness of subject is a fit object of expression. Affectation also in the notion that by piling up words critics can justify the composer when he leaves the provinces of his art."[59] This was Krehbiel's last such summary.

Within a month he was fatally ill, and on March 20, 1923, he died. Aldrich, Finck, and Henderson were among the honor guard, and most of the other New York reviewers were on hand for the extensive eulogies. Lawrence Gilman replaced Krehbiel on the Tribune. Aldrich resigned from the Times that spring to become "critic emeritus." By chance, another society devoted to the cause of new music, The League of Composers,

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58 Tribune, 11 February 1923.

59 Ibid.

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published its prospectus within two weeks of Krehbiel's death. The winds of change were quickening. For New York music journalism in the 1920s, the death of Krehbiel and his replacement by Lawrence Gilman was probably the most significant single event.

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RICHARD ALDRICH
(1863-1937)

Richard Aldrich, a native of Rhode Island, began his newspaper career writing art, drama, and music criticism for the Providence Journal, after graduating magna cum laude from Harvard in 1885. By 1891 he moved to the New York Tribune as assistant music critic, assistant art critic, and assistant literary editor. There he met Krehbiel, with whom he collaborated on various projects, such as the editing of the American articles for the 2nd edition of Grove's Dictionary. He moved over to the New York Times in 1902 on the recommendation of William Henderson, who had left for the Sun. With the exception of a year's leave for war service (Huneker replaced him during the 1918-1919 season), he retained the Times position for two decades, until in the spring of 1923 he became "critic emeritus." In that capacity, he contributed articles under his own name for several seasons. On other occasions, when he chose to remain anonymous, his articles appeared under the pseudonym Sylvanus Urban.

Sometimes he took exception to the views of his successor, Olin Downes, in these columns. However, none of them concerned his attitude toward newer styles in music. Although he soon withdrew almost entirely from American journalism, Aldrich was visiting critic for the London Times in the fall of 1923 and subsequently wrote for the English journal Music and letters.

Aldrich found the newer musical styles just as distasteful as Krehbiel did. His approach to writing about them, however, was generally less acerbic. Though personally disaffected (particularly with

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harmonically experimental works), he did not mount a crusade against innovation. Eventually his interest turned from the new music itself to concern for the position of the conservative critic in a confusing artistic milieu. In this vein, he posed the following questions during his last spring at the <u>Times</u>:

> Old fogies groping in the fog of the past would like to know if there are any other tangible or comprehensible principles for estimating the music of the new fashion. Are there any differences of mood in it? Is it only necessary to sound bad to be really good? Is some of it good, other of it better, and other very fine? Is any of it poor or bad? Among Schönberg's "Five pieces" . . . is one of them better or worse than the others? And if so why? . . . Are all of Leo Ornstein's productions equally great? . . .
>
> Of course the young are very sure they are right; they ought to be. But it would be greatly to be desired to have and present to the groping elders some method of judging and comparing among the heirs of the ages.[60]

Aldrich never doubted that it was his duty to judge, nor questioned that objective criteria must exist for the new music. To the end, he sought those criteria by which he could continue to evaluate as before. Such standards were not forthcoming from any of his colleagues. The stylistic variety in the new music made reorientation more and more difficult for an objective critic. In the absence of guidelines, Aldrich assumed that his judgments were as valid as anybody else's at the time. This attitude had some justification.

By the end of 192[illegible], the question of "good and bad new works" moved into Aldrich's Sunday column for the first time. He denied that

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[60] <u>Times</u>, 11 February 1923.

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there was virtue in novelty itself, as some critics seemed to be claiming.

> Because a thing is new, strange, ugly, horrifying or wearying, it is necessarily good, a new thing, an original utterance, and bound to win in the end, to the confusion of the duller conservatives who like only the sort of thing they have heard before and know well.[61]

This statement was a response to Lawrence Gilman's discussion of Alfredo Casella's A notte alta. Aldrich took heated exception to Gilman's description of Casella as a

> . . . gradually-liberated music maker [who sported] over an ever widening expanse of tonal meadow, reveling in larger prospects, plucking strange, unknown flowers and gathering pungent herbs, which to slower paced observers in the rear seemed to be merely tares and thistles.[62]

Aldrich wrote back that he found the apologist for the "liberated music maker" strangely uncritical:

> Whatever is presented to him as strange unknown flowers or pungent herbs he eagerly accepts as such without question. It never occurs to him that there may really be tares and thistles in these fields that hold so much enchantment for him. Any who think they see tares and thistles are immediately set down merely as "slower paced observers." There is never, apparently, any possibility of their being closer or more accurate observers, sometimes able to spot a tare when they see it or a thistle when they grasp it.
>
> Of course in the present state of things, the recognizers of tares and thistles are continually on the defensive. They are blocking the progress of the art; or crushing the originality of the young and daring; or stifling the voices that

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[61]Times, 6 November 1921.

[62]The original statement by Gilman appeared in a program note for the Philharmonic. It was expanded in Lawrence Gilman, "Music of the month: a tone-poet from Italy," North American Review 215 (February 1922): 267-72.

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> would proclaim a new era and find a new expression for a new age. Theirs is the voice of the past and it had better be stilled.[63]

Aldrich described this as an "age-old conflict in contemporary form." He insisted that not all music "that got hard words was afterwards to turn out valid and acceptable. Most of it probably deserved all it got."[64] But, he continued, "a favorite amusement has long been to hold up to scorn and derision the authors of hard words who were afterwards shown to be mistaken."

> The safe play is to wax enthusiastic about whatever seems so new as to be doubtful or impossible and sure to scandalize the orthodox. Then if it turns out well you were a real prophet, far-seeing where others were blind, clever where others were obtuse. If it does not turn out well, and drops into oblivion, then your vain enthusiasm is forgotten with the rest and your withers are unwrung.[65]

No fruitful dialogue developed from this interchange with Gilman. Aldrich's implied division of critics into two opposing camps, one for and one against innovative music, was an oversimplification. The question of tradition versus innovation was only one parameter in the disagreement. More fundamental was the premise of each (unspoken at the time) about the nature of criticism. Aldrich believed that there were qualities within the works themselves which could be identified and employed as reasons for evaluation. Gilman did not. Aldrich's approach to criticism proceeded in this fashion: "The work is bad: it has no

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[63]Times, 6 November 1921.

[64]Ibid.

[65]Ibid.

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mood, no melody, and is not beautiful." For Gilman, on the other hand,

> Neither beauty nor ugliness, dullness nor expressiveness is a value inherent in the object. . . . Is it not somewhat unrealistic to go on talking of absolute standards in the appraisal of musical values as if there really were such things -- except within the narrowest limitations? Is it not foolish to pretend that there is any such thing as an impersonal judgment in aesthetic matters?[66]

Neither critic accepted the premises of the other. No discussion was possible beyond statements of the cognitive or non-cognitive position.

There was a weakness in Aldrich's view of criticism. Take, for example, a primary reason for his rejecting a work: "it had no melody." If two critics could agree on the definition of melody, both might conclude that a particular piece, in fact, had none. However, one critic, being exceedingly tired of saccharine tunes at the moment, might conclude: "the work has no melody, so it is good." Another critic, being an ardent admirer of bel canto, might say: "the work has no melody, so it is bad."

Both critics would have equally logical justification for these views. This example emphasizes the importance of distinguishing between description and evaluation. Such discrimination was rare, if not totally absent, in the writings of the Old Guard critics. Aldrich had some awareness of the problem, as his comments on Stravinsky's

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[66]<u>Tribune</u>, 24 February 1929.

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Chansons plaisantes or Schönberg's Pierrot lunaire indicate.[67] He did not, however, arrive at a solution.

By 1923, Aldrich had reached an impasse in dealing with both the new music and its criticism. He resolved it through his voluntary withdrawal from the Times. Being both socially prominent and independently wealthy, he had no pressing need to continue in a profession that had become distasteful to him.

Aldrich was aware that many of the traditionally-oriented new works presented were not very interesting. Between mediocre novelties in conservative styles and the creations of the "far left" (as he came to call everything he found ultra-modern), Aldrich found little new music he could enjoy during his final seasons. He frequently expressed relief in his reviews when a work avoided the most modern idiom, even though it was admittedly not particularly memorable. Such was his response to Emanuel Moor's Double string quartet,[68] to Ferruccio Busoni's Concertino for clarinet and small orchestra,[69] and to Emerson Whithorne's symphonic poem, In the court of the pomegranates:

> To Mr. Whithorne's credit, in a day and generation of musical ugliness, his music is not ugly but beguiling to the listener's ear, even though it makes little positive statement and produces

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[67]See below, p. 76.

[68]Times, 3 March 1920

[69]Times, 17 January 1920

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> not much more than an agreeable effect of mood and color.[70]

Respighi, in his Fontani di Roma, "has been much more considerate of his listeners' ears than some others of the modern Italians."[71] Malipiero's Impressioni dal vero was "not one of the most fearful wild-fowl of modern music."[72] There was faint praise for Leo Weiner's Prince Csongor and the gnomes:

> Weiner, in this as in the quartet recently heard takes no great part in the aggressive doings of the moderns. . . . He has an individual utterance, as in the quartet, and his thematic material, if not strikingly original, is not without pregnant force.[73]

Similarly, he wrote for Rosario Scalero, on the occasion of the performance of his suite for string orchestra and string quartet:

> Mr. Scalero has no sympathy with his iconoclastic countrymen of the latest schools. . . . His inspiration and methods are not revolutionary, and he writes in a vein that causes no wrinkling of the brow.[74]

Aldrich's disapproval of harmonic experiment repeatedly took precedence in his reports.

The Times critic lost touch with Stravinsky's music after L'Oiseau de feu. He enjoyed selections from this work, brought to New York by the Boston Symphony in 1919, and thought them effective even without

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[70]Times, 13 January 1920.

[71]Times, 12 February 1920.

[72]Times, 27 February 1922.

[73]Times, 9 November 1922.

[74]Times, 13 November 1922.

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the dance.

> In all these Stravinsky's imaginative quality, his skill in fitting the music to the scene, and his extraordinary resourcefulness in writing for the orchestra, in the devising of strange, exotic, gleaming color, is beguiling.[75]

Three seasons later, he found the Petrouchka suite just the opposite: "bewilderingly devoid of significance when it is separated from the stage." Alone it offered "an incomprehensible phantasmagoria of tone with only an occasional meaning in and of itself."[76] In the meantime, Aldrich had heard the same composer's Concertino, and found it wanting in the pictorial suggestiveness of the earlier pieces. More, he missed the orchestral medium, wherein the "sourest discord" could find "amelioration," concluding "the string quartet is uncompromising; and the consummate ugliness and thin emptiness of this piece was left extremely bare. In it Stravinsky seems to have little or nothing to say; and this, after all, is the most depressing feature of it."[77] There were also three pieces for string quartet, and four Chansons plaisantes ("they were found pleasant or unpleasant in accord with the listener's attitude to that sort of thing").[78]

Aldrich did not often go to great lengths to defend his specific judgments. After the first performance of Pierrot lunaire, for example, he found very little to discuss. "You either liked it and accepted it,

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[75]Times, 9 November 1919.

[76]Times, 5 February 1923.

[77]Times, 24 November 1920.

[78]Times, 11 February 1920.

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or you did not." For Aldrich the result was "a variedly rhythmical and dynamic succession of disagreeable and unmusical noises."[79] That Sunday his piece in the Times was a modified repeat of his "tares and thistles" column, in which the tares and thistles were replaced by geese and swans. He concluded that "it would be useful today to have some means of judging whether possibly there may be some geese among the proud flotilla of swans that sail under the banners of the new music."[80]

Aldrich's last musical season culminated with a performance of Schönberg's Kammersinfonie of 1906. The discord was simply inexplicable.

> It is impossible for even the most willing listener to discern in this welter anything like tonality. That is definitely abandoned. The harmonic substance is apparently devised in such a way that one part shall persistently neutralize any hint of tonality that the others may suggest. There are occasional passages in which the ear is relieved of this sort of strain. They are few and fleeting: yet they suggest for the moment beauty and something demanding an utterance.
>
> The result is that the listener is haunted with the idea that all this inexplicable discord is not inevitable; that it is deliberately adopted; that the composer might have expressed himself in a manner less cryptic; that the problems, if there are problems, that he has presented in this music he has not really solved, and that there is no solution, or, if there is, that it is not worth bothering about. . . .
>
> . . . Will our grandchildren see these things and smile at the bewildered listeners of 1923? The question is not really important; bewildered listeners of 1923 can only listen for themselves, and let their grandchildren shift for themselves.[81]

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[79]Times, 4 February 1923.

[80]Times, 11 February 1923.

[81]Times, 3 April 1923.

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Among the Old Guard, Aldrich accepted defeat the most graciously.

If the music of any school can be said to have attracted Aldrich, it was that of the conservative English composers of the day. A symphonic poem by Arnold Bax, for example, was "music of a powerfully imaginative quality, music that is based on real and valuable musical ideas and the fertile development of them in a rich, skillfully wrought orchestral tissue."[82] The planets by Gustav Holst was pronounced modern, "well freed from entangling alliances with the past, but not cut loose from the sense of beauty, from the claims of melody in music or from a due consideration of a human ear, or sweet reasonableness in general. His utterance is not only 'advanced'; it is individual."[83] Aldrich also warmed to the works of Ralph Vaughan Williams, especially the "London" symphony, which he found:

> . . . imaginative and suggestive, by turns poetic and realistic, but always expressing ideas of musical import in musical terms. In this respect it differs from much of the new music in "modern" style that has been heard here and will be.
>
> Yet Dr. Williams writes in a "modern" vein himself; this musical utterance is his own and he leans heavily upon no predecessor or contemporary.[84]

Predictably, Aldrich admired the fifth symphony of Sibelius just as Vaughan Williams did.

Aldrich left the Times at the end of the 1922-1923 season. In a retrospective column, he remarked that "disinterested critics of New

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[82] "November woods," Times, 4 January 1923.

[83] Times, 30 December 1921.

[84] Times, 28 January 1923.

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York from abroad say that New York is very conservative in musical matters." He admitted:

> Perhaps there has been in some quarters too much eagerness to feed popular things to docile listeners: to increase audiences by making every concert safe and sane: by taking no risk with what is new. It is a task to listen to new things at best; and when the result seems to be that the new things are poor stuff, discouragement comes too easily.[85]

For three months in the fall of 1923, the New York musical scene was reviewed for the Times by the English scholar and critic Hy Cope Colles. Upon his return to England, the music department was taken over, in January 1923, by the Boston critic, Olin Downes.

Of the Old Guard, only Finck and Henderson were left. After his own retirement the following season, Finck contributed an article to The Etude called "Why make music hideous?" It opened as follows:

> Richard Aldrich gave up the honorable and responsible position of musical critic on the New York Times chiefly because, as he himself told me, he could no longer endure the torture of listening to the preposterous cacaphonies of the so-called futurists or modernists in music and because of the boredom of writing about them.[86]

Finck dissociated himself from Aldrich, whom he considered too conservative. Yet, while Finck had always viewed himself at the forefront of the progressives, he confessed: "I may as well say it now as later -- one of the chief reasons why I gave up writing criticisms for a daily paper was the same as Aldrich's."[87]

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[85]Times, 8 April 1923.

[86]Henry Finck, "Why make music hideous?" Etude (January 1925): 11.

[87]Ibid.

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HENRY T. FINCK
(1854-1926)

Henry Gottlob (Theophilus) Finck was born in Missouri, of German immigrant parents. He was still a young child when his family moved, via New York and the Panama canal, to a new settlement in Oregon. Even in those isolated circumstances, Henry studied music and languages with a tutor living in the community, and at 18 became the first student from Oregon to attend Harvard. By the time he arrived he had exchanged the German "Gottlob" in his name for the Greek "Theophilus." At college, Finck's precocious command of the classics gained him advanced standing in Latin and Greek courses. John Knowles Paine guided his music studies there. Throughout his life, Finck took special pride in having graduated, in 1876, with highest honors in philosophy.

That year he was also awarded a grant for further study in Europe, attended the first Bayreuth festival, and met Wagner. The encounter was only one of his many "adventures in the golden age of music," as he titled his memoirs. From 1878-1881 he returned to Europe, chiefly to study psychology in Berlin, Heidelberg, and Vienna. From these centers, he sent back articles for publication in various American journals. In 1881, he finally settled in New York, as music critic of the New York Evening Post, "almost at the beginning of the cult of high-brow music."[88] As Finck himself remarked, this job left him ample opportunity for other projects. By the time he left the Post forty-three years later (spring

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[88]Finck, Adventures in the golden age, p. xv.

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1924), he had produced numerous articles and short stories, as well as eighteen books (many with the assistance of his wife) on travel, psychology, food, gardening, and music -- including monographs on Chopin, Grieg, Massenet,[89] and Richard Strauss. His book on Wagner (1893) was translated into German.[90]

Of all the Old Guard journalists, Finck wrote in the most "popular" vein. Since his books do not convey the same tone as his newspaper criticism, it is evident that Finck chose the style of the Post columns deliberately. He provided a justification for this in his autobiography:

> I was writing daily for a man's newspaper on a subject in which most men are not interested! Obviously I had to do my durndest to make my articles interesting and gradually I learned that the best if not the only way to do so was to lighten and leaven my comments with the yeast of humor and jesting.[91]

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[89]Finck's book, Massenet and his operas (New York: Lane, 1910), was a direct outgrowth of the staging at Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera of five of Massenet's works previously unknown in New York. Four others had been produced at the Metropolitan. Neither organization presented a Massenet opera of more recent vintage than 1902.

[90]Finck's books on music include: Chopin and other musical essays (1889); Wagner and his works, 2 vols. (1893); Paderewski and his art (1895); Songs and song writers (1900); Grieg and his music (1909); Success in music (1909); Massenet and his operas (1910); Richard Strauss (1917); Pictorial Wagner (1899); My adventures in the golden age of music (1926); Anton Seidl: a memorial by his friends, edited by Finck (1899); Edvard Grieg (1906); Musical progress (1923); Musical laughs (1924).

[91]Adventures in the golden age, pp. 418-19. Contrast this with the view of Richard Aldrich at the Times, 22 May 1921: "It is true that musical criticism in the daily press is not written in words of one syllable, nor with the elementary basis of thought suitable for complete ignorance or wholly undeveloped intelligence. Neither is any other part of the paper. . . . People who wish to read in the newspapers, or anywhere else, about music and musical performances are under some obligation to inform themselves about the common and convenient terms relating to music."

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He took pride in the collection of his critical writings, chiefly former columns, that appeared in 1923,[92] under the title Musical Progress. Finck did not discuss critical criteria in the press. For him, the only important function of criticism was "to discover and boom genius or superior merit."[93] It was also his belief that concerts should be tailored to appeal to the audience, rather than to shock or bore them. After one concert of the League of Composers he wrote

> There are doubtless men and women of brains among these "modernists." Why, then, don't they use their brains? The plan of devoting a whole evening to unknown works defying all that music lovers like is absurd.[94]

The critic also complained frequently that works were too long. In this he said his taste differed particularly from that of Richard Aldrich.[95]

Max Graf's description of Finck as a "kindly writer"[96] is not appropriate to much of that critic's post-war criticism of new music. Novel harmonic usage (Finck called it "dissonantal din")[97] was the chief of his recurring complaints. In a final article for The Etude, called "Why make music hideous?"[98] he protested the new state of musical affairs.

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[92]Henry Finck, Musical progress (Philadelphia: Presser, 1923).

[93]Quoted in Max Graf, Composer and critic: 200 years of music criticism (New York: Norton, 1946), p. 313.

[94]Post, 17 November 1923.

[95]Finck, Adventures in the golden age, p. 412.

[96]Graf, 200 years, p. 313.

[97]Finck, Adventures in the golden age, p. 410.

[98]Finck, "Why make music hideous?" p. 11.

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A small group of "uglifiers" had, he said, hastened the departure of the New York critics, and next they would be ousting the audiences from the concert halls.

> What the futurists do deliberately and even boastfully, is to abolish melody, euphony (i.e. beauty), harmony and modulation from music. And in so doing the fools (I can use no milder term) are actually nullifying the effect of the one thing left to them, namely dissonance!! [Italics Finck's][99]

For Finck, the uglifiers made dissonance an end in itself, instead of a means to an end, as in the works of the great masters.

It disturbed Finck that Lawrence Gilman, who had replaced Henry Krehbiel on the Tribune in the fall of 1923, should be kindly disposed toward the futurists ("their friend"), and he remarked upon this in his article of November 17 of that year.[100] Gilman had already formulated his own concern over Finck's reactionary attitudes. In a review of Finck's book that appeared in the Tribune the very next day, he commented that he had a quarrel with Finck:

> We wish he were as generous and inquiring and open hearted (not necessarily enthusiastic) toward the pathbreakers of our own time as he was toward those of 40 years ago. He writes in his new book Musical Progress that the music of the typical ultra-modernists of our day is "an endless chain of premeditated discords -- shrill, harsh, ear-piercing," and he protests because these innovators "leave the beaten paths of melody and harmony, and take musicians and critics into the dark jungles of dissonance."[101]

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[99]Finck, "Why make music hideous?" p. 11.

[100] Post, 17 November 1923.

[101]Tribune, 18 November 1923.

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He reminded Finck that in his earlier Wagner book he had said the opposite, that discord was but "harmony ill-understood."

> We shall not assert that those whom Mr. Finck calls "the dissonantal crew" are epoch-making composers. We do not know whether they are or not. But neither, begging his pardon, does Mr. Finck. So for our part we are going to wait and see.[102]

Finck included Debussy among the offenders against tradition. There was "not a drop of red blood or a moment of real passion in even the youthful works of Debussy."[103] Yet, inexplicably, Finck wrote enthusiastically of Stravinsky's ballets, including Le sacre. There is no doubt that he was one of the first to "boom" Stravinsky's works in New York, a campaign of which he was extremely proud. By the spring of 1924, when it was finally clear to everybody that Stravinsky was the composer of the hour, Finck could remind his readers of his earlier review of Petrouchka, from 1919. He had called the work "bold but not bad." Now, he said, the other modernists were bold and bad, and he designated himself a "high priest of Stravinsky."[104]

> They specialize in dissonance because they have nothing new to say, using strange and ugly sounds as a smoke screen to hide their sterility; whereas Stravinsky uses new tonal clashes because he has big tragic or comic ideas which call for them.
> Almost all futurists are like barnacles on the Stravinsky ship. What I have been trying to do is to scrape them off.[105]

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[102]Tribune, 18 November 1923.

[103]Henry Finck, review of Jeux, by Claude Debussy, in Post, 12 January 1920.

[104]Post, 9 February 1924.

[105]Ibid.

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Finck was one of the earliest in New York to juxtapose the creations of Stravinsky (which he praised) with those of Schönberg (which he condemned).

> The _Song of the nightingale_ gave me keen pleasure, and it was received by the audience with demonstrations of approval which contrasted agreeably with the hisses bestowed on a piece by the cacaphonic German poseur Schönberg . . . played by the Philadelphia orchestra the previous season. Stravinsky also revels in dissonances unusual or new in music, but they do not, like Schönberg's feel like salt rubbed into a wound. They are legitimate extensions of the harmonic scheme. . . .[106]

Having cited Bach, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, and Grieg as the harmonic "big six," he concluded, "Stravinsky is number seven."[107]

The première of _Le sacre du printemps_ in New York (January 31, 1924) was an occasion for general rejoicing. For Finck it was a triumph. Clearly there were modernists and modernists:

> I am most emphatically opposed to those of them who deliberately make their omelettes with rotten eggs, that being the only way they know of being "different" from the great masters who used euphony -- that is, fresh eggs -- in their compositions.[108]

In his opinion, Stravinsky used orchestral colors to throw such a "glamour" over the dissonances that instead of torturing the ears ("as Schönberg's and Milhaud's pieces do") they gratified them in new ways.[109]

By contrast, the first New York performance of _Pierrot lunaire_ elicited only contempt from Finck, who had left before the piece was

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[106] _Post_, 2 November 1923.

[107] Ibid.

[108] _Post_, 1 February 1924.

[109] Ibid.

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over.[110]

> Arnold Schönberg is one of the most learned of Austrian professors, a musician of profound attainments. Unfortunately for his happiness, he also tried to be a creative artist. He wrote, among other things, a sextet, Verklärte Nacht, which contained some rather pretty things, buried in bombast and gasbags. As that did not make him famous with the masses he tried to achieve notoriety by being "real naughty," defying musical grammar, placing a thumb against his nose with fingers spread out, and putting out his tongue. A specimen of this sort of tomfoolery was Schoenberg's melodrama Pierrot lunaire, an unutterably silly thing . . . emitting strange noises which seldom have anything to do with music.[111]

How Finck would have viewed the works of Stravinsky that arrived later in the decade is unknown, for he retired in the spring of 1924. By that time, the thrilling encounter with Le sacre had given way to bewilderment and consternation at hearing the Symphonies d'instruments à vent. Not even Finck could find it a masterwork. "There is no evidence of creative imagination, no big central thought," he said. By way of explanation, he proposed the theory that Stravinsky might need the stimulus of opera or ballet to fertilize his creative power. "Alas!"[112]

Finck was not sorry to leave New York criticism. Like Huneker, he spent his last two years in the preparation of his memoirs. These dealt for the most part with musical personalities he had known since the early days of Theodore Thomas, Leopold Damrosch, and Anton Seidl.

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[110]Louise Varèse, Varese (New York: Norton, 1972), p. 187.

[111]Post, 5 February 1923.

[112]Post, 6 February 1923.

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He viewed the future without enthusiasm:

> The radio is making terrible havoc in the activities and earnings of professional musicians . . . while the cacaphonists, sarcastically dubbed "futurists," are doing their level best, with their insane cult of dissonances, to assassinate whatever interest is left in the divine art. They are greater enemies of music than the jazz bands. "Paradise Lost" might be an appropriate sub-title for my reminiscences of The Golden Age of Music.[113]

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[113]Finck, Adventures in the golden age, p. xvi.

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WILLIAM J. HENDERSON
(1855-1937)

By 1925, William J. Henderson was the only member of the Old Guard still writing daily music criticism. Notwithstanding Finck's prediction that he, too, would retire, he was still reviewing musical events for the Sun until his death in the spring of 1937.

William J. Henderson was born in New Jersey. His father produced plays and operettas, his mother had been an actress. Henderson's early interest in the performing arts led to the serious study of piano and voice at Princeton (class of 1876). For some years, however, his professional journalism assignments involved only general reporting. Like Finck, Henderson continued to write on topics outside music throughout his career. Yachting was a particular specialty. In this area, he contributed serious works on navigation as well as sea tales.

During two seasons on the New York Tribune, Henderson's first New York assignment, he did not write music reviews, although he had met Krehbiel. Later, he acknowledged that he had received his first grounding in "the nature and function" of music criticism from the "dean."[114] There followed four years as a general reporter for the New York Times, after which he became the music critic for that paper (1887-1902). In 1902, he moved on to the music department at the Sun, to take Huneker's place. His life-long interest in the field of music was singing and singers. Beside reporting on the major vocal performances in New York for five decades, he traveled abroad to do research in European

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[114] Herald, 25 March 1923.

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libraries on this subject. A new edition of his book, The art of the singer (1906), revised by Henderson just before his death, was incorporated in a posthumous memorial volume, along with a selection of the critic's reviews. None of Henderson's impressions of new music during the post-war period is included.[115]

In the 1920s, Henderson's journalism career was affected by the vicissitudes of New York newspaper consolidation. Most sources report that he was employed by the Sun continuously from 1902 until his death, but this was not the case. For four seasons, from 1920-1924, Henderson actually wrote for the New York Herald. In 1920, the Sun absorbed the Herald, as a step in Frank Munsey's bid to expand his news empire. After eight months, the Herald, still owned by Munsey, resumed independent morning publication, and continued for several seasons in direct competition with the powerful New York Tribune, owned by Ogden Reid. Gilbert Gabriel and others staffed the music department of the Sun, while Henderson went to the Herald.[116] Only in March 1924 did Munsey decide to sell his morning paper to Reid.

The game of musical chairs began again. Henderson returned to the Sun, and Lawrence Gilman, who had already replaced Krehbiel at the

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[115]Oscar Thompson, ed., The art of singing (New York: Dial, 1938). Henderson's books on music include: The story of music (1889; 12th enl. ed., 1912); Preludes and studies (1891); How music developed (1898); What is good music? (1898); The orchestra and orchestral music (1899); Richard Wagner, his life and dramas (1901); Modern musical drift (1904); The art of the singer (1906); Some forerunners of Italian opera (1911); Early history of singing (1921).

[116]Alexander Woollcott joined Henderson at the Herald. Perhaps Munsey needed his first-string men to compete with such Tribune stalwarts as Krehbiel and Royal Cortissoz.

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Tribune, took over as critic for what soon became the New York Herald Tribune. It was at this same time that Henry Finck retired from the Evening Post, to be replaced for one year by Ernest Newman. Richard Aldrich's seat at the Times had meanwhile been filled that January by Olin Downes.

Henderson devoted far more space in his newspaper columns to coverage of new music after his return to the Sun than he had while working for the Herald. Whether this resulted from a shift in the climate of New York criticism, a change in editorial policy at the Sun, or simply from the swelling volume of novelties to be reviewed, is uncertain. The number of periodical articles written by Henderson on new musical tendencies also reached a peak during the middle twenties.[117] Most of his evaluations of innovative music were negative.

Though he was the only remaining member of the Old Guard, he was not the only critic to find much of the contemporary music performed at this time distasteful. However, it is possible to characterize and distinguish his criteria of judgment from others of the day. Henderson appears on the music scene as a "critical Canute" who lowered his voice in the face of the inevitable influx of innovation, but who never budged an inch.

Henderson's writings on new music fall into two categories during the 1920s. The first contains a stream of articles which express his contempt for the revolutionary music he heard. In the second group of

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[117]There were articles for Scribner's, American Mercury, The New Yorker, Modern Music, and others. In 1923, Henderson wrote a regular music column for the Independent. This ceased after his return to the Sun.

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articles, dating especially from early 1924 onward, the critic committed himself to fuller discussion of the then-current musical trends.

Henderson's favorite targets are easy to discover. Among them were the modern music societies, Varèse "and the rest of the deified Greenwich Villagers,"[118] Schönberg, and later, the music of Alban Berg.[119] In 1923, the "revolutionary art in Paris" also received blanket indictment:

> You slowly reach the conviction that they have nothing to say. They make tremendous fuss about saying nothing, but it remains just nothing. But if you stand on your head, brandish your legs in the air, contort your face, and shriek in a discordant bray, "the cat is black," it sounds different, but the statement remains the same -- a rather stupid publication of a self-evident fact. . . . However, the writer of these lines is a patient seeker after genius and will continue to go about with his lantern looking for ideas in this new music.[120]

After an early concert of the International Composers' Guild (March 4, 1923), he printed a lengthy personal attack on Varèse and the following

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[118]*Herald*, 11 March 1923.

[119]After the première of *Wozzeck* in 1931, he reported that there was "not a fine moment in it. Not a flash of wholesome beauty." Henderson was particularly offended by *Sprechstimme*, for he remarked that neither Berg "nor any of the others of his school have been able to prove that the old-fashioned art of singing should be sentenced to oblivion and its place in the lyric drama taken by the speaking voice." *Sun*, 21 March 1931.

[120]*Independent*, 3 February 1923, pp. 102-04. Only at the end of the article did Henderson reveal that by "ideas" he meant melodic ideas: "Novelties in harmony are not the ultimate achievement of musical invention. All the immortals have proved that the employment of new scales and the harmonic combinations derived from them accomplished nothing of value until they yielded new melodic ideas." Two recently performed works, Rubin Goldmark's *Negro rhapsody* and Viteslav Nowak's *G major string quartet* (1902) served Henderson as examples of "what can be done with old melodic ideas." Ibid., p. 103.

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summary:

> Some foolish people say this is a kind of musical Bolshevism. Others, who have still less understanding of the Gospel [say] that it is dishonest, that it is made by men who could not invent a musical idea to save their microscopic souls and are therefore driven to this sort of thing in order to attract attention to themselves.[121]

An article for The New Yorker entitled "The modern music jag," was similar in tone:

> Not everyone has a quite clear idea of what this modern music is. Over in Europe there were a lot of unimaginative chaps who yearned to be famous composers but could not make the grade because they had not enough gas in their vacuum tanks. They therefore determined to invent a new kind of music which would be unto the old kind as explosions of aircraft bombs to dress parades. Of course it was easy. The process was just like the Cubist painting trick. Break good tunes up into little pieces and shake the pieces, throw them at a sheet of music paper and there you are. The only other thing you have to remember is that you must have things going in two or three keys at once. The uglier it all is the more certain you may be that you are right up to date.[122]

The previous season, Henderson had warned his readers in advance that he would not be attending the concert of the League of Composers the next day, when Pierrot lunaire was to be performed in New York for the second time. "Wine of the spirit," he said, "will never come from anything by Schönberg." He concluded that he was "sore afraid that this creator of equal rights among the 12 tones of the chromatic scale proceeds through life with his tongue in his cheek, and that his mighty

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[121]Herald, 11 March 1923.

[122]The New Yorker, 21 February 1926.

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prayer of thanksgiving is a laugh in his sleeve."[123]

Hearing Varèse's Hyperprism for the second time, Henderson avowed that "the real and fundamental objection to it must be that it rests upon no discoverable artistic principle." It was, he said,

> . . . neither good representation [cf. Pacific 231 or Le sacre du printemps] nor good music. Stravinsky can fling just as many ugly sounds at us as Mr. Varèse, but Mr. Stravinsky disposes them in an order which exhibits a clear and convincing design. . . . When we listen to a Hyperprisms [sic] we perceive that there is only the flimsiest pretense of a plan and that the composer is not actually trying to do anything beyond astonishing and confusing us.[124]

Even Stravinsky did not escape this sort of treatment. The day after the première of his Symphonies d'instruments à vent was performed, Henderson announced:

> It is a singuler experiment, an almost swaggering piece of effrontery. You are invited to watch a modernist in his laboratory putting together minor seconds and minor ninths in two different keys and making the result sound like music. Or perhaps you may view Stravinsky as a pharmacist compounding a prescription to be taken four bars in a tablespoon of Debussy and water after meals to make you a more youthful music lover.[125]

Henderson's seemingly casual refusal to take new creative offerings seriously, or in their own terms, gives the impression that the critic was unwilling as well as unable to follow the composers of contemporary works in their exploration of new artistic directions.

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[123]Sun, 21 February 1925.

[124]Sun, 17 December 1924.

[125]Herald, 6 February 1924.

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Henderson, like the others of the Old Guard, believed that qualities he sought in music as the criteria for its judgment lay within the works themselves. Like his traditionalist colleagues, he did not distinguish description from evaluation. And, like all but Huneker, he believed his judgments to be objective.

In the brief quotations above, two levels of criteria for the critic's negative evaluations are apparent. The first relates specifically to technical procedures within the music. Music that dispenses with "melodic ideas," from which the work develops within a fairly tradititional harmonic fabric, is unacceptable. Examples of music adhering to approved procedures are provided by the critic.[126]

At a second level of evaluation, the critic finds that some music "rests on no discoverable artistic principle," leading to the conclusion that the composer is trying to "astonish and confuse us." This other music is "dishonest." Henderson declares that Schönberg's compositions "reek with insincerity."[127] This last term, "insincerity," is a crucial one in Henderson's criticism.

Use of such a complex term to describe a quality inherent in a work of art suggests problems for the present-day reader that did not exist for Henderson. He clearly considered himself to be an objective critic. In the context of his writings, "insincerity" is strongly pejorative. Its frequency of occurrence and negative connotation far exceed the

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[126]See n. 120, p. , above.

[127]William Henderson, "The emancipation of music," Scribner's 76 (December 1924): 644.

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evaluative usage by any other critic of the period. Either Henderson (one of the most esteemed critics in New York) was a crank, or he judged from a frame of reference that justified his verdicts. One can find such a model in the aesthetics of Tolstoy. The Russian writer defined a work as good or bad art in terms of its "infectiousness." This in turn depended chiefly on the "sincerity of the artist, that is, on the greater or lesser force with which that artist himself feels the emotion he transmits."[128] Broadening the analogy between Henderson's critical stance and the theories of Tolstoy strengthens the hypothesis as to their relationship.

Tolstoy saw in "religious perception" (which held broad social rather than dogmatic implications for him) a guide to the forward motion of humanity.[129]

> . . . art transmitting feelings flowing from the religious perception of our time should be chosen from amid all our indifferent art, should be acknowledged, highly valued and encouraged, while art running counter to that perception should be condemned and despised. . . .[130]

Henderson accepted essential "spiritual" quality as a criterion of judgment. If he followed Tolstoy's proscription, he would "condemn and despise" music in which he found that quality lacking. In this case, critical invective would become a moral obligation. To the extent that this was Henderson's orientation, one would also expect him to assume a

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[128]Leo Tolstoy, "What is art?" trans. Aylmer Maude. Quoted in Eliseo Vivas and Murray Krieger, The problems of aesthetics (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1953), p. 484.

[129]Ibid., p. 488.

[130]Ibid., pp. 486-98.

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protective attitude toward the audience, as he in fact did. After the première of the Symphonies d'instruments à vent, he described the work as an exercise in orchestral effects:

> Why perform it in public? Such a thing cannot be expected to furnish aesthetic enjoyment to an audience. . . . To musicians, Mr. Stravinsky's wind instrument demonstration was undoubtedly most interesting. It even interested the writer of these lines, whose trade it is to go about and be interested in such matters. But what did the subscribers to the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts think about it? Why should they pay their good money to have Mr. Stokowski show them how Mr. Stravinsky turns his tricks. Furthermore, why should such a pother be made over the terms "subjectivity" and "objectivity"? The effort to enfold the matter in a garb of psychology tended to bring the whole thing into discredit.[131]

The following year, he stated it more clearly. Like the Symphonies, Stravinsky's octet and piano concerto had "no message for mankind, no song of beauty, no spiritual appeal." They were "exercises in the new mechanics which have not yet been applied to the publication of any ideal. . . ."[132] In Henderson, Tolstoy's moralism was manifested in a paternalistic attitude which often obviated the need for him to explain exactly why such "exercises" should not be performed in public, or even why "insincerity" was the worst of sins.

Beginning in the spring of 1924, Henderson's discussions of recent musical trends expanded. In my opinion, the timing of this development was not accidental. The voices of Krehbiel, Aldrich, and Finck were stilled. Lawrence Gilman had replaced the "dean" at the Tribune. For

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[131] Herald, 10 February 1924.

[132] Sun, 7 February 1925.

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the first time in decades, there was a powerful critic in the field of daily newspaper criticism who was as vigorously encouraging to composers of music in the newer styles as the earlier men had been opposed. After his appointment, Gilman lost no time in entering the lists against specific critical statements by Finck and Newman. If particular musical works could be dismissed by Henderson as before, Gilman's able pen could not. Gilman's newspaper criticism reached at least as large a public as Henderson's. In addition, since the merger of the two major New York orchestras in 1921, Gilman had been the author of "learned, elegant, yet playfully imaginative"[133] program notes for the Philharmonic. Olin Downes was probably correct when he wrote later that Gilman's move from the periodical to the newspaper forum ushered in a new era in New York music journalism.[134]

Henderson's longer articles from the middle Twenties show a rather broad eclecticism. He kept abreast of the statements of contemporary composers whereby they attempted to explain their works. These statements he sought to discredit as propaganda. He was aware of the late 19th century realism that admitted the deformities of nature as well as its "beauties" as appropriate subjects for works of art. He disavowed this attempted extension of the aesthetic ideal to include the ugly. He was also aware of the compositional gesture toward the 18th century, but viewed it as a technical derivation doomed to failure, since it did not

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[133]Howard Shanet, Philharmonic: a history of New York's Orchestra (New York: Doubleday, 1975), p. 246.

[134]Downes' obituary for Gilman, Times, 10 September 1939.

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reflect the "idealistic state of today."[135] Henderson believed in evolution in art, in progress, and in the perfectibility of man. For him, the current experiments in music were preparing the way for the genius who was sure to come to give meaning to the confused age. In an article for Scribner's in 1924, entitled "The emancipation of music,"[136] Henderson related the position of the musicians of the 1920s to the struggles of Ockeghem and his contemporaries "panting with their exertions in trying to compose music in the then new contrapuntal manner," their chief concern being the solution of technical problems.

> It was not till their exploratory work was done that it was possible for a genius gifted with an unerring instinct for beauty to create immortal works based on the new principles. Josquin des Près arrived when the new form was fashioned.[137]

After completing the arc of polyphony with mention of the work of Palestrina, Henderson constructed the same trajectory for the symphony. This time the culmination lay in the works of Beethoven. The critic did not doubt that the cycles would continue. He never relinquished this belief, for the same discussion was repeated in his very last article, twelve years later.[138]

One of Henderson's feuilletons is included here, with only minor deletions, to indicate Henderson's method. The title is The art of

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[135] Sun, 7 February 1925.

[136] Henderson, "Emancipation of music," pp. 639-44.

[137] Ibid., p. 643.

[138] William Henderson, "Is romantic music dead?" Musical America (February 10, 1936): 6, 196.

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creating musical works.[139] The sub-headline directs the reader to what the critic intended as the thrust of the piece: Lamentable poverty of purpose found in bulk of present day compositions.

> The world has no patience with systems, formulas and recipes for the composition of any kind of music. It demands the music, not the machinery by which it was manufactured. Therefore we need not hesitate to declare that the only people who are likely to give much attention to the mass of propaganda put forth by the musicians of today are the critics, whose duty it is to study it that they may pick up some knowledge, and the other musicians, too, many of whom because of their youth and their deluded belief that this propaganda has authority, are likely to be led into devious paths and pursuit of will o' the wisps.
>
> Verdi said to Von Buelow, "We must get back to the past, then we shall have progress." The composers of this hour assert that they are more closely related to the fathers of the art than were the writers of the middle of the 19th century. . . . While it is possible to perceive in the contemporary music a technical derivation from Bach and, perhaps, also the French writers, the idealistic state of today is several thousands of light years away from that of the 18th or the early 19th century.
>
> The bulk of the music created in the last few years is distinguished by extraordinary technical ingenuity, including an amazingly distorted view of the purpose of counterpoint, amazing boldness, not to say recklessness, in experiment and lamentable poverty of purpose. The aim of the musician of today is not to create pure beauty. With that he does not concern himself. He apparently does not believe that beauty is an essential element of art.
>
> There is not so much novelty in the theories of the innovators as perhaps they, themselves, imagine. [Recall Benjamin Constant], who thrust into the French Art of the middle of the last century a quasi-revolutionary doctrine. A dogmatist and a supercilious force, he declared for the abolition of sentiment on the one hand and academic law on

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[139] Sun, 7 February 1925. Verdi's letter was not to Von Buelow, but to Francesco Florimo, director of the Naples Conservatory. Verdi was declining the invitation to teach at the Conservatory. The context of "going back to the past" relates to the teaching of counterpoint in the academic situation. See letter of 4 January 1871.

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on the other. One should paint nature just as it was, with all the deformities as well as the beauties. This is called realism.

These new thought composers are, of course, assured in their own minds of the profound realism of their art. They forget, however, that when painters make pictures they have to make pictures of something they see. The musician can only obey the sacred command "Look into thy heart and write." He cannot compose Matisse's blue tomato. . . . He can compose only music, and it may be suggested to him by a picture or a book or a view from a mountain top. What he writes is the song which one of these themes makes in his soul -- provided he has not substituted for it a harmonic dissecting table.

Is there any reason why the musician should set out to find a subject which will suggest something ugly to him? The radical difference between music and all the other arts is that in music the substance and the form are one and the same. . . .

But trivial themes cannot be developed into great music. The composer may call his composition what he pleases, whether it be "Le Sacre du Printemps" or "Portrait of a Lady," but when he sets to work the propositions which he lays down are musical subjects and the discussion of them constitutes the development of his work.

Since then, the musical artist creates his own subjects, what reason can he have for making them ugly? His answer will inevitably be that to him no musical theme is ugly. The view that it is ugly originates in the incompetent mind of the hearer. This, however, brings us to the ancient inquiry "to whom is art addressed?"

[If musicians wish to write for each other, they should give concerts for members only.] But the world will continue to believe that if the artist has any mission at all it is to widen and deepen the beauty of life, to enlarge the joy of living. He will fail to accomplish his mission and to justify his existence if he determines to live by, for and in himself alone. Not that he should sacrifice his soul on the altars of commerce, for with commerce the true artist has no concern. He may perish for lack of bread and die an artist; he cannot sell his conscience and live on.

But his value to the world, his acceptance by humanity, rests on the universality of his message, not its mystery. The latest compositions of Mr. Stravinsky, his octuor and his piano concerto, have no message for mankind, no song of beauty,

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> no spiritual appeal. They are exercises in the new mechanics of composition, mechanics which have not yet been applied to the publication of any ideal. . . .[140]

Henderson often referred to the aesthetic precepts of others. As he said, it was his duty to be interested in such things. The open-mindedness of the critic was feigned, however; such references usually served as mere stalking horses for the recapitulation of his own position. Henderson's faith in his own view of music was dauntless, and no *feuilleton* concluded without reaffirmation of his beliefs. Music must have a message for mankind, a song of beauty, a spiritual appeal. Though he wandered for more than two decades in the wilderness of modernism, his heart remained always in the highlands of romanticism.

Toward the end of his life, articles such as the above became less frequent and the angry tone modulated. However, there is no evidence of any sort that Henderson changed his mind. By his eightieth year (his forty-eighth as a music critic), the message had merely simplified. The post-war boom had turned to bust, and intellectual and artistic preoccupations were politicized by 1935, when Henderson wrote:

> We have had now some twenty-five years' experience with the creations of the modernists and have reached the conclusion that they eliminated from music the one quality which has enabled Debussy to retain his position as progenitor and their superior.
>
> Debussy was above all things a spiritual composer. His disciples have rejected the spiritual element and have trumpeted their forward march under the banner of realism. . . . Possibly some of us have failed to take note of the insidious influence of this post-war materialism on the thinking of music lovers and commentators. This one result seems to

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[140] *Sun*, 7 February 1925.

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> stand forth with baleful prominence -- the spiritual quality of music is now to be completely ignored, while its patterns apparently are the foremost concerns of composers, theorists, and critics. . . .
>
> It may be that for the passing moment solution of new technical problems is all that we can expect; and we may hope that when experiment is ended and new methods clearly defined, music will once more free herself from her bondage, whether to a fashion or to a formula, and sing her song of the human soul and become the lyric voice of mankind.[141]

In 1936, Henderson was still in touch with Richard Aldrich, to whom he wrote the following letter:

> Dear Richard;
>
> Thank you most sincerely for your letter. I have written an article for Musical America on music, the essentially romantic art, and the folly of trying to compose by creed. It is on the lines you wish. I'll confide to you that I feel it my sacred duty in these, my closing years, to stand up for the spiritual quality of music, its soul, its imagination, its poignant emotion. That means I am bound to oppose all this formation of methods first and writing according to them afterwards. Even Wagner discovered his new paths before he tried to sell maps of them to the world. Chopin and Mozart just wrote as their spirits compelled them to. I'm fighting materialism, and its close associate, sensationalism.
>
> That's enough. I hope to be out next week, and to see you before long.[142]

The promised Musical America article appeared the following month (February 1936) under the title "Is romantic music dead?"[143] The next June, Aldrich died suddenly while on a visit to Rome. Three days later, William J. Henderson, last of the Old Guard, shot himself in his New York study.

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[141]Sun, 26 October 1935.

[142]Letter from William Henderson to Richard Aldrich, of January 3, 1936, quoted in Musical America (June 1937): 6.

[143]Henderson, "Romantic music," pp. 5, 196.

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THE NEW GUARD

Deems Taylor

Lawrence Gilman

Paul Rosenfeld

Olin Downes

Kenneth Burke

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Chapter IV

DEEMS TAYLOR
(1885-1966)

Joseph Deems Taylor was the only professional composer in the critical fraternity. A native New Yorker, Taylor graduated from New York University in 1906. He wrote several musical comedies while at college, and later studied with Oscar Coon, a bandsman from Oswego, New York who was also a confirmed Wagnerian. This strengthened Taylor's resolve to make composition his vocation. At first he supported his ambition by means of non-musical journalism. During 1916-1917, he was a correspondent in France for the New York Tribune. There followed two years as associate editor for Collier's Weekly. The successful première of his orchestral suite. "Through the looking glass," given by the New York Chamber Music Society in January 1921, finally brought him to public attention as a composer. When Huneker died that spring, Taylor was invited to replace him at the World. He kept this job through the 1924-1925 season, when a commission from the Metropolitan Opera enabled him to resign from newspaper criticism.

Taylor's first full-fledged opera, The king's henchman, was given a resounding welcome at the opera house in February 1927. Everyone agreed it was the most successful American opera so far. Shortly after this event, Taylor became editor of Musical America. During his two-year stewardship, he sought to reorganize the trade journal into a serious monthly magazine, but the attempt failed. By 1929, it had reverted to its earlier format.

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Taylor's second opera, Peter Ibbetson, was produced at the Metropolitan in 1931. Though it set a new record for performances of an American opera (sixteen in four seasons), its critical reception was mixed. In the next decades, his works were smaller in scale and received less public acclaim than the early operas. He became a well-known radio personality in later years. Several of his books were expansions of intermission talks for New York Philharmonic broadcasts. Illness forced withdrawal from the public scene many years before his death in 1966.

Taylor's own music was conservative. Some critics suggested, in retrospect, that the stir over his first opera had been unwarranted. Herbert Peyser, for one, said that "to a degree unparalleled in the record of American music, the Taylor-Millay opera[1] had greatness thrust upon it." The music was really in no sense adventurous, and while Taylor was to be commended for

> . . . having resisted any temptation to make a gratuitous stir by the use of sensational means uncongenial to his nature. . . . This does not alter the fact that his opera lacks even the interest of harmonic or orchestral experimentation which might lend it a tang of contemporary significance and alert enterprise. Better novelty that says little than conventionality which says no more.[2]

Paul Rosenfeld also pointed later to the opera's "thoroughgoing uninventiveness." He found that as usual the critics overplayed the affair

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[1]The libretto was by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Many commentators noticed a more-than-passing resemblance to the Tristan and Isolde story, but no one seemed to object.

[2]Herbert Peyser, "Now it can be told," Modern Music 4 (May -June 1927): 33-35.

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"out of an indomitable devotion to the customary."[3]

By the time Taylor's second opera, Peter Ibbetson, appeared, Lawrence Gilman, among others, found his derivative style frankly disappointing. While a creative artist reflects the idioms of his predecessors, Gilman said he must assimilate them.

> Mr. Taylor has not yet shown us that he can accomplish this sort of creative imaginative transmutation. The material that passes through his mind acquires a depressing quality, amorphous and uncharactered; the Wagnerisms, the Debussyisms, are watered down, thinned, and we get something that is neither of the pleasure of recognition nor the emotion of surprise. We realize only that something has happened to the masters, without benefit to Mr. Taylor or to us. . . .[4]

As a critic, Deems Taylor was also a conservative. Even so, he acknowledged the subjectivity of his approach, while the Old Guard did not. At the end of 1922, he debated with the critic of The freeman, who wrote under the pseudonym, "Journeyman." The question was the premise for evaluating art works. "Journeyman" had proposed that matters of art were "properly judged . . . according to the canons set by the experience of the race itself, in its greatest collective wisdom and its widest culture." Taylor retorted:

> This reviewer expresses his personal opinions and calls them personal opinions. Journeyman calls his the experience of the race itself. For how can a critic in the last analysis get beyond himself? What is this standard "set by the best reason and spirit of mankind?" Is it formulated, is it written

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[3]Paul Rosenfeld, An hour with American music (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1929), p. 114.

[4]Tribune, 8 February 1931.

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> down in any book, drawn up into a set of articles, like the Constitution of the United States? . . . It does exist of course. Even this reviewer agrees to that. But can Journeyman prove it to be anything more tangible than his own conception of what it is? . . . Hanslick's mistake was in assuming that he could prove anything about art. We do not think that is possible. Hanslick could prove that Wagner's ideas of melody, harmony and structure did not coincide with his own conception of what these things should be; but he could not prove them wrong -- at least to the satisfaction of anyone outside himself.[5]

Though he knew himself to be judging subjectively, he still looked within the works themselves for qualities to support his evaluations. First on the list was melody.

> We all want tunes. Of course we don't admit it, or call them tunes. We talk of "flowing melodic line," or "pregnant melos," or "thematic material of deep significance." Tunes we mean. Every viable musical composition ever written has survived only because it contains one or more musical phrases or complete melodies that either can actually be remembered and quoted by a majority of its hearers or at least arouses in them a desire to do so.[6]

Taylor also had firm opinions about the place of harmony in music. He, too, had heard Alfredo Casella's A notte alta, and found it wanting.[7]

> The researches in the field of dissonance that Mr. Casella has made may prove to be a valuable technical contribution to the art of music, but the music through the medium of which he has conducted these researches is, I believe, intrinsically worthless.

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[5]World, 12 December 1922.

[6]World, 11 December 1921.

[7]Performed in New York by the Philadelphia Orchestra with Casella as soloist. See pages - , above.

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> This opinion is not entirely based upon emotion. One might loathe the sound of this music and still be conscious that perhaps there was truth hidden within its repellent measures. But that is precisely what I do not feel. I feel that it is ugly for ugliness' sake, and therefore false. . . .
>
> . . . .
>
> The essentials of music are melody and harmony. They correspond pretty closely to line and color in painting. Now, just as in painting, the form and its color are closely interrelated, so in music that has genuine vitality the relation between melody and harmony is of the closest. A theme that means anything generally suggests its accompanying harmony. This is just what Casella's themes appear not to do. His music strikes me as being woven of themes whose conventionality and lack of eloquence are masked by clothing them in a series of deliberately calculated discords.[8]

The critic gave as an example L'Àdieu a la vie, after Tagore's Gitanjah (1915), by the same composer. His analysis disclosed a melody "not without beauty and possibilities of development," set against a bass a half-step lower. His earlier disclaimer notwithstanding, Taylor pleaded emotionally for a simple G-major harmonization instead of the composer's "intellectual" construction.

> Now play again Casella's harmonization. How could he have the heart! Here is a poor, frail young melody, a mere slip of a tune, married to a dissolute, unshaven accompaniment that never did and never will understand her! That marriage was never made in heaven; it was arranged by Mr. Casella's intellect.[9]

Taylor's position was one commonly held at the time. The critic was not quarreling so much with the use of dissonance as with the disruption of the traditional relationship between the thematic material of a piece

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[8] World, 4 December 1921.

[9] Ibid.

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and its harmonic treatment. Music that did not evolve via traditional developmental procedures was puzzling to most of the critics. By the following month, the specific subject of dissonance came to the fore.

Unlike Krehbiel, who had greeted Schönberg's Funf Orchesterstücke with a Biblical harangue, Taylor responded to the work with an article on what he supposed to be the acoustical foundations of music.

> The science of acoustics is a highly developed one and music, of all the arts, has the most strictly scientific -- even mathmatical -- basis. What Schönberg has done, apparently, is to go up the wrong road. The basis of his music is logical enough, but . . . he reasons too well for sanity. He is the schoolmaster gone mad.
>
> Now let us be logical -- as Schönberg is logical -- denying for the moment that anything but reason determines what we can and can not do in art. . . . So we build a chord, as Schönberg frequently does, containing all seven notes of the natural scale and most of the accidentals as well. . . . But what happens? Our old friend the bass drum shows us. When too many notes are heard simultaneously they take on the properties of overtones of equal intensity, and the resultant sound, to the human ear, is not a chord at all, but noise -- merely a jumble of sound that possesses no recognizable musical quality.[10]

In the Fünf Orchesterstücke, the "combined sound of the orchestra was a sort of dun colored noise."[11] Taylor also disapproved of building chords on fourths instead of thirds, as Schönberg had begun to do. He was the only New York critic to invoke acoustical theory against Schönberg at the time.

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[10] World, 4 December 1921.

[11] Ibid.

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Taylor's conviction that music must be expressive to have value placed him firmly in the emotionalist camp. Here, again, his views were more subjectively oriented than those of his Old Guard colleagues. He was far more concerned than they with the emotions evoked by the music in the listener. His remarks on hearing Ernest Bloch's string quartet of 1916, for example, are not in character for any other New York press critic of the time.

> He is so intent upon getting all of his feeling into his music that he does not always allow the hearer to get any out of it. His string quartet, for example . . . has great moments, but it is so unconscionably long, and so unvarying in its intensity of mood, that it destroys the very impression it should create. Bloch lacks showmanship. . . . At intervals the artist . . . must slacken his grip in order to take a fresh hold. Bloch allows his hearers no relief, and in the end, consequently, they escape him. He puts all of himself into his music, but he never looks up to see how the listener is taking it. Yet what he feels when he writes it is not nearly so important as what he can make others feel when they hear it.[12]

The critic returned to this theme in ensuing seasons. Honegger's Pacific 231 made a deep impression on him. His thoughts about it formed the substance of three major columns in the fall of 1924. At first the critic delighted in the aural spectacle of "a metal giant in his cups, happily roaring and hiccoughing in a sheer ecstasy of power."[13] On further cognitation:

> To me it seemed a genuine contribution to making music, not only because it is a successful achievement, but because it gives convincing evidence of being a spontaneous and completely sincere communication of its author's emotions. . . .

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[12]World, 12 March 1922.

[13]World, 1 November 1924.

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> But Honegger had done a good deal more, it seems to me, than say "this is the way a choo-choo sounds." He has succeeded just where his contemporaries, notably his own "Group of the Six" have failed. A great deal of ultra-modern descriptive music manages to be meaningless either by trying to be too graphic or by not being graphic enough. . . . What Honegger has done is to steer a middle and truer course. The sight and sound of a locomotive stir him, throw him into a nameless emotional state, and he has written music that attempts -- I believe with success -- to induce the same emotional state in the listener. To do this he has varied his means. He uses just enough imitative sounds (always in terms of music, by the way) to remind his listener of a locomotive; as the emotional tide of his music rises he gradually abandons imitations and ends by writing music that -- he hopes -- will thrill the listener as a locomotive thrills him.[14]

Comparison of this model for the communication of emotion with an earlier one such as Tolstoy's (which it superficially suggests) shows movement toward subjectivity. For Tolstoy, a work was good if the composer was "sincere," that is, if he felt the emotion he was trying to communicate. The emotion in the music proceeding from this sincerity would automatically "rub off" on the listener -- it would "infect" him. Listener response, because it is assumed to be automatic, is irrelevant to the evaluation of music according to this model.

In Taylor's view, the composer's aim is to translate his emotional experience into musical terms with the specific intention of evoking the same emotion in the listener. The value of a work is dependent upon the extent to which the composer has succeeded in moving the audience. It is not sufficient for the composer to "put all of himself in the music."

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[14]World, 9 November 1924.

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One could be totally sincere and still write a flop.[15]

The arrival of the Sacre was a momentous event for Taylor, as for most of his colleagues. He cheered the "ugly magnificence" of the work. It was a masterpiece that would, half a century hence, be found to have begun a new epoch in music.[16] Just thirteen months later, he withdrew his original verdict. The work no longer moved him.

> I find that music whose predominant interest is rhythmic interests me less and less the oftener I hear it. When I first heard Stravinsky's Sacre du printemps its rhythms took me completely off my feet. The shock of those barbaric beats and cross-accents stirred me to a pitch of nervous excitement that I have never before or since experienced in a concert hall. I went out and wrote myself hoarse about it.[17]

Though he still thought this a fine and highly important work, after the fourth hearing

> I must confess it no longer impresses me as being an important masterpiece. The shock of its rhythms is no longer potent, and I miss any compensating increased interest in its melodic and harmonic elements. . . . Rhythm is, undoubtedly, the foundation of music, but it is not the pinnacle.[18]

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[15]For a discussion of the difficulties inherent in both these and other "emotionalist" models of the period, see John Hospers, "The concept of artistic expression," in Problems in aesthetics, 2d ed., ed. Morris Weitz (New York: Macmillan, 1970), pp. 221-45.

[16]World, 3 February 1924.

[17]World, 15 March 1925.

[18]Ibid. Taylor was not alone in noting the decreased impact of Stravinsky's bombshell. Ernest Newman, who was in New York at the time, said "The work wears rather badly. It no longer has any novelty of manner or texture for us." Post, 2 January 1925.

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Kenneth Burke, in his first column for the Dial,[19] questioned whether the intensity of the listener's emotional experience was necessarily a valid measure of an art work.

> To call art "emotional" is not to pen it totally within the obligation of "intensity". There are not only degrees of emotion, but even kinds. . . . To expect of an audience a sustained emotional tension is to ask for nothing short of pathology. I know an individual who, the first time he heard the Sacre, wept, choked, and suffered acute convulsions of the chest muscles at each irruption of the rhythm. On second hearing he was an old man, and sat motionless, stonily suffering the concert like an Indian scanning the horizon. He voted that it had failed -- but perhaps it was this second man for whom Stravinsky was writing.[20]

Burke was a formalist. Yet he did not deny a place for emotion in music, only the requirement of a constant ecstasy. His plea was for investigating the work in its own terms, as nearly as the critic could determine these. Taylor's subjectivity was fixed, however. This emotionalist expected to be moved the same way each time. He did not understand the continuity of the subjective experience which is cumulative, not reiterative.

Considering that Taylor was himself a composer, his lack of curiosity about most of the contemporary music being performed is arresting. He managed to avoid hearing more new works than any other critic. In the spring of 1923, he toured the middle West for several weeks, sending back to the World feature articles on orchestras, programming, conductors, managers, salaries -- reports on the music business

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[19]Burke had replaced Paul Rosenfeld in the fall of 1927.

[20]Kenneth Burke, "Musical Chronical," Dial (December 1927): 537.

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as it flourished or foundered off the Great White Way. Though he was in New York during his last seasons, he did not attend most of the concerts of the League of Composers or the International Composers' Guild. By 1924-1925, his absence could be construed no other way than as a silent boycott. He confessed that "the more familiar I grow with ultra-modern music the duller it seems to me."

> A good deal of ultra-modern music relies for its interest too much on the fact that it is not like any music that has been written before: in other words, upon its novelty. But nothing is staler than a last year's novelty, and the new music will have to be something more than new if it is to enjoy long life. It is not hard to be different. . . . The musical left wing is certainly beginning to bore me.[21]

Taylor's reasons were not new. It was easy enough to startle an audience with harmonic experiments, he said, but it was much like opening a door and shouting "boo." How long one could hold the listeners' attention with nothing else to say was debatable.

> . . . the moderns have contrived to make the very word "melody" something faintly bourgeois, something not quite nice. Well, let us call it "line," then, and go back to our painting analogue. Even the great colorists eventually fade. The colors crack and peel, darken or disappear, until nothing is left but -- what? Line and structure. These alone survive very long, as time counts in art.[22]

In the spring of 1925, Taylor retired from the hurly-burly of press criticism to compose The king's henchman, a romance of medieval English chivalry. He did not return to regular reviewing during the 1920s.

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[21]World, 8 March 1925.

[22]World, 1 February 1925.

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In acknowledging the subjectivity of his opinions, this critic passed beyond the procedure of the Old Guard. However, his fixed view of musical essentials reduced his ability to follow the vagaries of innovation with sympathetic understanding. In the following decades, his involvement with musical modernism was slight.

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Chapter V

LAWRENCE GILMAN
(1878-1939)

Lawrence Gilman, the most "poetic" of the New York critics,[1] was born on Long Island in 1878 and educated at the Collins Street Classical School in Hartford, Connecticut. He did not attend college. He had planned to become and artist and illustrator, but subsequently abandoned that course. Although he was said to be self-taught in music, he had considerable skill in composition. Several of his settings of poems by W.B. Yeats were published, and he also wrote an opera "in Wagnerian style" that remained in manuscript.[2]

By 1901, Gilman had found his true vocation, a literary one. He became an editor of Harper's Weekly, and wrote music criticism as well. In 1913 he moved on to Harper's Magazine. At the North American Review, two years later, he held the position of music, drama, and literary critic.

After the war, Gilman became increasingly influential through the program notes he provided for several orchestras. Beginning in 1919, he was annotator (as well as Secretary) for the New Symphony. When that

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[1]Henry T. Finck, My Adventures in the golden age of music (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company, 1926), p. 411. Finck cites Gilman's book on MacDowell as an example.

[2]Tribune, 10 September 1939. The description of the opera is taken from an anonymous obituary from New Hampshire, the scene of Gilman's death. For a discussion of Gilman's Yeats songs, see Carl Engel, "Views and reviews," Musical Quarterly 26 (January 1940):

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group was reorganized,[3] he continued to serve its successor, the National Symphony. The New York Philharmonic was merged with the National in 1921. Henry Krehbiel's retirement after twenty years as annotator for the Philharmonic made way for the younger man in this post as well. Gilman continued to provide the notes for Philharmonic concerts until his death in 1939.[4]

The middle Twenties were a time of transition in New York music journalism. After Krehbiel died, in the spring of 1923, Gilman replaced him at the Tribune. The newspaper's merger with the Herald the following year reduced the number of morning papers and resulted in William Henderson's return to the Sun. Henry Finck had retired, Deems Taylor was soon to go, and the new Times critic, Olin Downes, had not yet acquired the following he would soon enjoy. During the middle years of the decade, Lawrence Gilman was the most powerful music critic in New York.

Gilman's newspaper columns, his program notes, and his many books,[5] all demonstrate the importance this critic attached to the educative

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[3]Edgar Varèse was the original conductor. After a disastrous first season, the orchestra took a new name and a new conductor, Arthur Bodanzky.

[4]He also wrote notes for the Philadelphia Orchestra, beginning in 1921.

[5]Gilman's books on music include: Phases of modern music (1904); Edward MacDowell (1906); Strauss' "Salome" (1907); Debussy's Pelléas et Mélisande (1907); Stories of symphonic music (1907); The music of to-morrow, and other studies (1907); Aspects of modern opera (1909); Nature in music, and other studies in the tone-poetry of today (1914); Music and the cultivated man (1929); Wagner's operas (1937); Toscanini and great music (1938).

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function of music journalism. He judged music and performances, but he also allotted generous amounts of space to description of works that were about to be performed, especially those to be heard for the first time. He was not in the least reluctant to quote from commentaries of European critics who had heard the music before it came to America. In this he differed from the critics of the Old Guard. When Olin Downes said later that Gilman's appointment at the Tribune had "introduced a new period and a new and beneficial change in critical attitude in New York City,"[6] he may have been referring partly to this characteristic of Gilman's work.

Gilman's approach to actual criticism (as opposed to explication) was also unique among the New York group. In 1917,[7] he expressed perplexity over "the fact that musical taste . . . has apparently not yet evolved any workable criteria of appraisement." He found this lack peculiar to music, in contrast to literature or poetry.

> It is impossible to conceive of literary or dramatic criticism being so hopelessly at sea regarding the true status of The Ring and the Book or The Weavers as musical criticism is, for example, in the face of Parsifal. Is this music "decrepit stuff" or is it "wonderful and impressive"? It is impossible to say. There is no means, apparently, of finding out. It is easy to determine the value of The Weavers. Its qualities may be ascertained and appraised by any observer of intellectual and emotional sensibility. But how is an observer of intellectual and emotional sensibility to know that he has correctly gauged the value of the music of Parsifal? If he rates it a thing of unique and marvellous beauty he will

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[6]Times, 10 September 1939.

[7]Lawrence Gilman, "Musical taste," Musical Quarterly 3 (1917): 1-8.

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> be conscious of the reproachful wraith of Mr. Runciman [John F. Runciman, English music critic, 1866-1916], and he will also have Mr. James Huneker (surely a formidable antagonist) on his back. If he condemns it, he will have to reckon with that learned and upright judge, Mr. Ernest Newman. Where then, shall he obtain aid and comfort?[8]

Apparently nowhere, for

> . . . we are wanderers in a mysterious and enchanted world, that is more baffling and unknowable, it may be, than those nearer worlds in which are the kingdoms of poetry and art and drama, because in it one breathes a rarer quality of spiritual air: because it is a little closer to that invisible world of which, said Sir Thomas Browne, "this visible world is but a picture . . . wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly [sic] but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that invisible fabric."[9]

The vision of a more perfect, invisible, Platonic world was not a fugitive one in Gilman's thought. In 1929 he reiterated his conviction about the role of music in helping us approach "the essences."

> The music-maker knows unconsciously, as Plato knew consciously, that beyond the phenomenal world is a real world -- we may call it "ideal" if we prefer -- in which exist "the eternal archetypes of those qualities whose interplay covers and constitutes the range of our human experience. It is indeed the ultimate source of all beauty and the ultimate object of all art."
>
> This is the world of the Kantian "noumenal", of "the thing in itself", transposed to the creative plane of those artists who are also seers. For music, alone among the arts, can deal with those

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[8]Gilman, "Musical taste," pp. 4-5. Gilman offers no proof of his statement about literary criticism. There can be no doubt, however, that the literary practitioners had a far stronger tradition upon which to draw.

[9]Ibid., p. 8.

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> essences of which even ideas and concepts are projections. We enter here the innermost secret place of the dreaming mind, the place where dwell the Immortals: this is the Holy of Holies of all loveliness.[10]

Gilman believed that only great composers could lead us there.[11] It was the critic's job to follow as best he could, no easy task. Having observed that there were no fixed standards of musical taste, he also concluded that most of the qualities commonly thought to inhere in music lay outside the works, instead:

> We are all too likely to forget that criticism, even at its greatest and best, its most learned, penetrating, and profound, is essentially a matter of just whichever you please. . . . As we have ventured to observe before in this place, there are no such things as beauty and ugliness. Neither beauty nor ugliness, dullness nor expressiveness, is a value inherent in the object. . . . It is convenient to say that there is, for it saves time, it is a sort of critical shorthand. . . . In the face of all this, is it not somewhat unrealistic to go on talking of absolute standards in the appraisal of musical values as if there really were such things -- except within the narrowest limitations? Is it not foolish to pretend that there is any such thing as an impersonal judgment in aesthetic matters?[12]

This led, however, to a statement of the indispensability of the critic:

> The belief that you can get at the artist except through the critic, with his virtues or his limitations thick upon him, is, unfortunately, a delusion. For if the critic is not Aldrich, or Hale or Runciman or Newman or Huneker or Krehbiel, he is quite likely to be --- yourself.[13]

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[10]Lawrence Gilman, Music and the cultivated man (New York: Rudge, 1929), pp. 15-16.

[11]Ibid., p. 16.

[12]Tribune, 4 February 1929.

[13]Ibid.

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This should not be distressing, for the creative critic "is inspired . . . as one poet is inspired by another. This distinguishes him from the mere scholar and expositor, who does useful work of an inferior order; [!] and it disposes of the old sneer against critics." For the critic, if both artist and philosopher, may also

> . . . connect the single work, the single art, with life, intermeshing it with all life's nerves and sinews. . . . He may be better than infallible; he may be revealing, provocative, delightful, and so have justified perhaps (if Grace be given him), his little term on earth.[14]

The critic stated his view of criticism at length during his first season at the Tribune. Only Gilman, the romantic-in-Athenian-clothing, would have thought to frame a column on criticism in a New York newspaper in the form of a dialogue between "Criticus" and "Socrates," held in the press-room of the temple of Apollo.[15]

> Socrates: We agreed that although there is certainly no disgrace in the fact that a man is a composer of music (though many statesmen and men of affairs deem it a womanish pursuit), there may, however, be disgrace in composing not well but badly.
>
> Criticus: That is true.
>
> Socrates: And what is "well" and what is "badly?"
>
> Criticus: Newmanides [Ernest Newman, critic for the London Times] said the other day that the composer . . . can learn much from the critic. . . . [The latter] being as a rule an older man, whose business it has been for many years to study music, his outlook is wider than that of the young composer. . . . Criticism is often blamed unjustly for being "merely negative." . . . A critic cannot alter a

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[14]Tribune, 4 February 1929.

[15]Tribune, 2 March 1924.

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> young composer's way of looking at life, but he can point out to him that he is doing something or other that the whole history of music shows to be fatal to the doer of it, or tell of some aliment lacking that could make the music stronger. He said that no critic could "encourage" music better than by the freest and frankest criticism of it.
>
> Socrates: Yes, there is much truth in that. But I should like to know if you have the same feeling that I have about the true function of the critic. To me it seems that there is some confusion here. Would you say that it is any part of the business of the critic to teach the composer his trade?
>
> Criticus: When you put it that way, of course I must answer, No.
>
> Socrates: . . . Has it not sometimes occurred to you . . . that the critic and the artist are opponents whose differences can never be reconciled? They are opponents because they are, in reality, rivals. . . . To view the critic as the "interpreter" of the artist, or his promoter, or his judge, is to misunderstand the critic's real status. The critic, if he is worth his salt, is an artist in his own right. He differs from other artists only in that he often takes as his subject some pre-existing work or works of art. . . .
>
> Criticus: . . . Moving in his own plane of feeling and experience he may produce a thing persuasive through its own beauty and intensity, yet steeped in the essential emotion of its subject. . . . But is not the critic in such a case merely assessing, interpreting, or restating what the original artist has expressed already . . . ?
>
> Socrates: But the critic will never do precisely that. His art is selective, just as the painter's is. . . . [16]

Gilman's belief in the creative nature of criticism was shared by one other New York critic, Paul Rosenfeld. Though their styles were very different, both men most admired the creative act and the creative

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[16] Tribune, 2 March 1924.

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artist, an essentially romantic bias in a pragmatic age. Like all the men in this study, except Kenneth Burke, they were "emotionalists." Whether the critics in the group believed the essential expression to be present in the composer, to be contained in the music, or to be induced in the listener was not the crucial issue. Theirs was a nineteenth century romantic aesthetic and they evaluated music in terms of emotion. Gilman and Rosenfeld accepted, in addition, a view of the artist as hero that slanted their criticism in characteristic ways. First, originality in an artist was habitually praised. Conversely, music which the critics found derivative was severely castigated. It followed that the audience,[17] seeking the security of familiarity in its new musical experiences, was commonly the butt of critical reproach.

Hear Gilman, for example, on Alfredo Casella's A notte alta:

> Nothing more poignant, more sincere, more deeply poetical has come out of Italy in our time. The idiom employed is not easily entertained by ears accustomed to the comfortably bourgeois ways of Signor Puccini's Muse. . . .

Casella was, for him, "an artist of extraordinary subtlety and sobriety."

> Like all original artists, he writes to please himself. He is, we fancy, sincerely and amusedly indifferent to its contemporary reception — for he is humorous and wise. . . . He can wait. That lazy moron, das Publikum, -- as Wagner used contemptuously to call it. -- may yet, and sooner than we think, come running after Casella and his kind, breathless and florid, but of course no wiser than before; since the poor cretin learns not, neither does it forget; having profited nothing whatever from its experiences with Beethoven,

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[17]For Gilman and Rosenfeld, this audience included the conservative critics. Gilman was the only New York music critic whom Rosenfeld admired. Gilman was invited to write for the Dial when Rosenfeld left, but declined.

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> Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, D'Indy, and other once annoying innovators. Who would be so simple as to expect it to repent?[18]

Gilman assumed that a part of his critical function was to guard the honor of the musical art. In 1920, a conductor at the Metropolitan Opera, Albert Wolff, using the text of Maeterlinck's Bluebird (which Gilman greatly admired), composed an opera that leaned heavily on Debussy (whose works Gilman consistently championed). Critical retribution was quick and devastating.

> Mr. Wolff has taken an exquisite and distinguished and very beautiful play and has encumbered it with music that is feeble and dull when it is his own, and derivative when it has strength and character. . . .
> If Mr. Wolff is so stupid or so forgetful that he does not know when he is uttering the thoughts of a man whose music he has intimately studied and interpreted as a conductor, he ought to arouse himself and learn to speak his own thoughts, if he has any. If he is knowingly using the ideas of a dead genius, it is time he was called to account for it.[19]

Gilman valued highly the originality of such composers as Verèse and Ruggles. As Finck had noted, for the time being he was the "friend" of the futurists. "Hearing Varèse's Hyperprism you remember only Varèse. That is something. . . ."[20] Convinced that it owed nothing to anyone, that it was "self-sprung and individual," Gilman called it

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[18]Lawrence Gilman, "Music of the month: a tone-poet from Italy," North American Review 215 (February 1922): 272. Gilman stood by this evaluation of the general audience. The excerpt above was reprinted verbatim in the Tribune, 18 October 1925.

[19]Lawrence Gilman, "Music of the month: an operatic bluebird," North American Review 211 (February 1920): 273-79. Gilman went so far as to give specific instances of plagiarism.

[20]Tribune, 17 December 1924.

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"lonely, incomparable and unique," though he admitted he did not understand it.

> And there is no doubt a reason; for it has been said that one cannot understand what one does not love; and we have not yet learned to love Mr. Varese's "Hyperprism," though we have heard it twice and have spent hours in silent communings with the printed score. . . . It is a joyous, healthy, invigorating music — a riotous and zestful playing with timbres, rhythms, sonorities.[21]

By contrast, he complained of Stravinsky's piano concerto, that the slow movement wasn't pure Bach, naturally, and wasn't pure Stravinsky. It was "merely amateur tonal Burbanking."[22] Such music, that was a mixture of old masters, jazz, and not enough Stravinsky "lacks integrity of character. It lacks essential originality. It is sometimes entertaining, sometimes charming in a conventional way; occasionally it is merely dull."[23]

Within a month, there were performances of new compositions by Schönberg and Varèse that called up a summation from Gilman.[24] Unlike Schönberg, he found Varèse to have "broken completely with the musical past." Schönberg's Serenade reminded him of a variety of musical "wraiths," such as Wagner, Brahms, Schumann, Stravinsky. It was

> . . . feeble, tedious, infertile and fundamentally derivative. It is far and away the

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[21]Tribune, 17 December 1924.

[22]Tribune, 6 February 1925. Luther Burbank (1849-1926) developed many new plant species by the process of grafting.

[23]Ibid.

[24]International Composers' Guild. Tribune, 2 March 1925.

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> weakest thing we have heard of his. . . . sometimes this music is almost sugary, in the worst manner of Teutonic romanticism from which Schoenberg really springs, though he struggles in perpetual agony to disown it.[25]

Varèse's Integrales (which Taylor found to be similar to other Varèse pieces, "a sort of study in noises")[26] was for Gilman "the only music on the program that stood squarely and solidly on its own feet."

> Originality, to be sure, is not the goal of music. Yet it is something to be able to evolve music that pays tribute to no man, that is willing to go proudly to the devil in its own way, if it must.[27]

Characteristically, though Gilman found it an uneven achievement, some of which left him "groping," he refused to lay the blame with the music.

Again, Gilman had technical reasons to dislike Gershwin's new works employing the jazz idiom (of the Rhapsody in Blue he said the tunes were "trite and feeble," the harmonic treatment was "sentimental and vapid").[28] His chief disappointment in Gershwin, however, lay in the fact that he had wanted

> . . . to hear a young American composer talking confidently, bravely, irrepressively, of himself. Instead we heard a facile and anxiously conformist youth talking the stale platitudes of the symphonic concert hall — retailing exhausted clichés which were none too fresh when Rachmaninoff used them.[29]

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[25]Tribune, 2 March 1925.

[26]World, 3 March 1925.

[27]Tribune, 2 March 1925.

[28]Tribune, 13 February 1924.

[29]Tribune, 4 December 1924. After the performance of Gershwin's Concerto in F.

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For the critics, Gilman framed it another way:

> So it might almost be stated as a critical axiom that you may recognize a work which has the seed of life in it by the bitterness it precipitates; and that a work which is hailed upon its appearance as a masterpiece is probably something else. The new work of a rebellious genius will always taste bitter in the mouth of all save a few. If it does not -- if its flavor delights the palate at once -- let the heedful beware.

In listening, one should

> . . . forget the absurd dictum of Rousseau, that "Music is the art of combining sounds in a manner agreeable to the ear." _Whose_ ear? Our answer would be: "the composer's." His alone.

For, "art is only the path of a creator to his work."[30]

By the end of 1925, Gilman was beginning to fear for the future of the futurists in general. After a concert by the League of Composers (November 28, 1925), he bemoaned the "now ancient and mildewed" formula of super-imposed keys, the very polytonality he had been patiently explaining a few short years before. The trick had become too easy, too transparent, though polytonality and atonality had, admittedly, been useful devices.

> Like every other musical formula, from consecutive thirds to muted trumpets, they must be blown into flame by the breath of a creative artist who has, by some miracle that will forever remain mysterious, seen the phantoms of life and beauty through new eyes, and cannot rest until he has kindled his own fires on the altars of the dead.[31]

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[30]_Tribune_, 20 January 1924.

[31]_Tribune_, 30 November 1925.

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Six weeks later, he contemplated the sad fact that the Ernest Bloch of the Concerto grosso seemed to be following the Igor Stravinsky of the Octuor down the neo-classical drain.

> What is the matter with Ernest Bloch? The Bloch we used to know . . . was a man of singular genius, the master of a kind of tonal speech unparalleled in contemporary music for intensity and savage power, for its blend of austerity and sensuousness, for its complete, unchallengeable individuality. . . . This was the Bloch of more than a decade ago.

Remarking that now one listens quite comfortably to such works as the Concerto grosso, he continued:

> But one does not expect or desire to listen comfortably to Ernest Bloch. That experience is not in the implied bond. If we must have these imitation antiques, these modernized concerti grossi and partitas after 18th century models, these plaster reproductions of Handel and Corelli and Bach and Vivaldi, our plea is that someone else -- Stravinsky, for example -- be granted a monopoly of the product. Bloch is geared for more arduous and exciting occupations.
>
> Surely Bloch is not trying to qualify for membership in that melancholy society of which Stravinsky and Richard Strauss are such prominent members -- that society whose sinister initials are S.O.F.G.?
>
> It is not necessary, nor would it be quite kind to be more specific. Old friends of the members will know what society we mean [Society of Former Geniuses?].[32]

Almost exactly a year before he had vented his exasperation at Stravinsky's Octuor:

> It is spare, cold, bone-dry music, almost defiantly cerebral; music which ostentatiously rejects all sensuousness of texture . . . which disdains emotion as something weakening and unclean; which flaunts its aridities as a light woman flaunts her charms.

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[32]Tribune, 11 January 1926.

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> It is a dreary little piece, imaginatively sterile, feeble in invention and of a peculiar, oppressive dullness even in its "tempo giusto" finale. Its counterpoint is not so much reckless as unresourceful; and the whole work has an astoundingly infantile character, a vacuous naivete.[33]

It seemed incredible that this work was from the composer of the Sacre. What, in short, had happened to Stravinsky? Only a year before, Gilman had written:

> It is not easy to be cool in the presence of "Le sacre du printemps" or to appraise it afterward with the detachment that one can usually bring to the consideration of an unfamiliar work. It is the most exciting music that we have ever heard.[34]

By the end of the 1923-1924 season, there had been fifteen more performances of works by Stravinsky in New York than during the previous season. Each new piece was somehow problematic in its apparent independence from its siblings. One provisional solution to the quandary was proposed by Gilman, who suggested boldly that "there is really no such composer as Stravinsky."

> As an entity, coherent and recognizable, he does not exist. There is a collocation of music makers which goes under the trade name of "Stravinsky," and for convenience, one uses that name as a sign and signal. But it relates to no consistent musical personality, in the sense that "Debussy" means Debussy, and "Strauss" means Strauss. . . . It almost seems as if Stravinsky had determined to try everything once.[35]

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[33]Tribune, 26 January 1925.

[34]Tribune, 1 February 1924.

[35]Tribune, 9 January 1925.

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Stravinsky and Bloch did not provide the only disappointments. By 1926, even Ruggles was becoming tamer, for Gilman, who far preferred the "astringent manner" in Men and mountains the year before. He listened to enough of the International Guild's program to raise the ". . . horrid and perturbing question: has the Guild set foot upon the primrose path of dalliance with the euphonious? Let us have some new music by Varèse that our suspicions may be allayed!"[36]

Gilman was increasingly disenchanted with new music: with the Ornstein Piano concerto, which he found derivative;[37] with Hindemith's chamber music, against which the critic decided to back Stravinsky's;[38] with Kaminsky's Concerto grosso, that provided another opportunity to deplore the "back to Bach" movement;[39] with Sibelius' Tapiola, in which the composer had finally gone "over the brink of banality."[40] Even Schönberg — to some of whose works Gilman had happily become more positively attuned (Pierrot lunaire, for example, had been repeated with notable amelioration, for the critic, of the shocking acerbity) — even Schönberg had then incomprehensibly produced a work like the Serenade. Of Pierrot lunaire he could say:

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[36]Tribune, 25 January 1926.

[37]Tribune, 1 February 1924.

[38]Tribune, 30 March 1925.

[39]Tribune, 15 December 1926. Gilman commented that Bach wasn't interested in his forebears, and would have been puzzled by a "back to Hucbald" movement.

[40]Tribune, 27 December 1926.

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> . . . perhaps it is merely that the infinitely adjustable human ear has, in our case at least, made its peace with this music. Yet one impression remained for us unchanged: that of the mordant power of this strange web of tones, its extraordinary expressiveness, its swift conformity to the utterance of a score of different moods.[41]

In the end, it seemed that Gilman could not move beyond the stance of the emotionalist. He could accept any technical innovation. Only music that seemed to him to lack expressiveness was anathema. With the arrival of Stravinsky's Oedipus Rex, he recapitulated his view clearly.

> Is all this elaborate barrage of aesthetic jargon resorted to for the sake of disguising the fact that Stravinsky does not know where he stands or where he is going? Sometimes it seems so, for no composer in the history of music has been so vacillating and insecure in his aesthetic orientation. . . .
>
> But fortunately for the peace of commentators and the joy of music lovers, Stravinsky is better than his doctrines. . . .
>
> His setting of the tragedy of "Oedipus Rex" is deeply and overwhelmingly expressive. At moments it is even wildly "romantic" -- as "romantic" as Wagner or Richard Strauss at their worst (or best, as you choose).

The close of the tragedy was, for Gilman

> . . . one of the most insupportably piercing effects in modern music; and it is as essentially "romantic" as anything in "Salome." Stravinsky has everywhere intensified and heightened the emotional force of the words. . . .
>
> One rubs one's eyes over these bald and obvious and often banal harmonies, these nineteenth century chromaticisms, the old-fashioned diminished sevenths of Jocasta's aria; and (shades of the despised and rejected Wagner!) is there not to be found in this score even the shameless minor ninth of the Romanticists?

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[41]Tribune, 23 February 1925. This was the same performance of which "Newmanides" remarked that "most people who know it grow colder toward it each time they hear it." Post, 23 February 1925.

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> But if the aim of music in its alliance with a dramatic or lyrical subject is to be expressive (as everyone, with the possible exception of Mr. Stravinsky, would doubtless concede), then this Graeco-Russo-Franco-Latin "Oedipus Rex" is triumphantly, indecently successful.[42]

His famous review of Webern's Five pieces, opus 10, was in the same vein. For him, this work symbolized the flight from romanticism. Composers had, he noted, tired of "Titanism"—of "Brobdingnagianism"—before the war. But normal aversion had

> . . . turned into a thing as abnormal as the thing they revolted against. Not content with throwing the cosmos downstairs [Zarathustra], they aim, in such extreme cases as that of Webern, at a pursuit of the infinitesimal which may strike the unsympathetic as resulting merely in a sort of tonal glorification of the amoeba.
>
> . . . Like the protozoa, they [the five pieces] are microscopic, and have no distinct organs, or only rudimentary ones. They are almost wholly stripped of melodic pattern, of harmonic or polyphonic design.
>
> To call this music "short-breathed" is to graze the hyperbolic. Hardly does it breathe at all. . . . Most of this music is a study in tonal whisperings. The instrumental voices . . . are seldom raised above a pianissimo.[43]

Of the fourth piece (the shortest one of all), Gilman said:

> It opens with an atonal solo for the mandolin; the trumpet speaks, as briefly and atonally; the trombone drops a tearful minor ninth (the amoeba weeps); there are faint throbbings of the snare drum, celesta, mandolin, a trill of the clarinet. The violin, con sordino, utters a ghostly whisper of farewell, "like a suspiration," and the tale is told.
>
> Yet this music, for all its tight-lipped abnegations and renunciations and simplifications,

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[42]Tribune, 9 March 1928.

[43]Tribune, 29 November 1926.

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> its stern discharging of expressional baggage, is at bottom as romantic as the Black Forest. . . . And herein lies the pathos of Webern. He has not been content, or able, like his younger colleague Hindemith, to send romanticism cheerfully and inexorably to the devil. . . . Yet this music, so incontestibly sincere, so sensitized, so anxiously alembicated, so touching in its pitiful questing, rebukes the jester, for it utters secretly the despair of all those betrayed suppliants who have been given sensibility instead of genius.[44]

One can read reviews such as the above with pleasure, fifty years later. The prose is still moving. Yet there is a jarring and not quite convincing note. The critic in his final judgment has given no reasons for distinguishing between "sensibility" and "genius." In fact, he never promised any. This, then, is the weakness (if it be a weakness) of the impressionistic method: One may share the insights of the critic with sympathy, couched as they are in warm and beautiful prose, but one is unable to share the process by which he reached his judgments. A listener, familiar with the works themselves, can applaud those verdicts with which he agrees, and admire their elegant presentation. In the end, though, the reader is surer of Gilman than he is of Webern. And that, after all, was what Criticus was saying, in his dialogue with Socrates in the press-room.

By the end of 1928, Gilman had several apprentices at the Tribune; at least one of these assistants, Francis Perkins, was receiving regular by-lines. The volume of concerts in New York had swelled to unmanageable proportions. Gilman did not attend avant-garde programs, such as the

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[44]Tribune, 29 November 1926. I suggest that in the famous phrase of "the amoeba weeps" Gilman was parodying Satie's "The Lobster Hunt" that concludes: "the lobster weeps."

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Copland-Sessions series at the New School for Social Research during the 1928-1929 season. The brief, perfunctory notices in the Tribune are reminiscent of the first reports of the International Composers' Guild, the Franco-American Society (Pro Musica) or the League of Composers in the early 1920s. America had since caught up with the musical developments (mostly European) of the first decades of the century. The International Composers' Guild had disbanded. New groups were springing up to carry forward the cause of modernism in music, groups which by their very names suggested a shift in emphasis: Pan American Society, Copland-Sessions concerts. The attention was soon to focus on American music.

Gilman's writing in the 1920s belongs among the Swan songs of impressionistic criticism. The elegant pen could not (nor did it wish to) disguise the essentially romantic bias that shaped the critic's evaluations. Nevertheless, he was a positive ally, among the journalists, in the cause of new music. As Virgil Thomson said of another critic fifty years later, he was ". . . a good head playing with good equipment on a good court."[45]

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[45]Times, 27 October 1974. Thomson was referring to Andrew Porter, critic of the New Yorker.

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Chapter VI

PAUL ROSENFELD
(1890-1946)

Paul Rosenfeld, only son of a well-to-do German-Jewish family, was born in New York in 1890. He was educated at a military school in Poughkeepsie and at Yale (class of 1912). Regular summer jaunts to Europe during his college years expanded his artistic, social, and intellectual horizons. A post-graduate year at Columbia University's newly-established School of Journalism rounded out his professional training. He was unhappy as a newspaper reporter, however, and resigned his first job after six months. A comfortable inheritance provided the means for such independent action. Even though this security vanished in a landslide of bad investments in 1929, he never returned to daily journalism.

In 1916, Rosenfeld, Van Wyck Brooks, and Waldo Frank founded The seven arts magazine, one of the first forums for American "cultural nationalism."[1] This literary venture proved ill-timed because of the war and failed within a year for lack of funds. Rosenfeld wrote as a free-lance critic for several years thereafter.[2] His first collection of music criticism, Musical portraits, had already appeared when he

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[1]The manifesto of The seven arts stated that " . . . we are living in the first days of a renascent period, a time which means for America the beginning of that national self-consciousness which is the beginning of greatness."

[2]His essays were published in such periodicals as The new republic, The seven arts, Vanity fair, and Arts and decoration.

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joined the staff of the Dial in 1920.[3] He wrote the "Musical chronicle" columns for the magazine through the spring of 1927.

Rosenfeld left the Dial that year to embark on another literary project, this one with Lewis Mumford, Alfred Kreymborg, and (for 1928) Van Wyck Brooks. The men produced several large compendia of new American writing called The American caravan. During this time, Rosenfeld also brought out his monograph, An hour with American music. This addition to Lippincott's "One hour" series was the first book on American music.[4]

The critic's essays appeared in a variety of periodicals besides the Dial.[5] They were collected regularly and "recobbled," as he put it, for publication in book form.[6] Though he wrote on a wide range of subjects,

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[3]Paul Rosenfeld, Musical portraits (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1920). The Dial, which fostered the most progressive elements in literature, poetry, and the arts, was a reformed version of the conservative periodical of the same name that had been published in Chicago since 1880. Moved to New York in 1917, it acquired a new liberal orientation (like that of the New republic) under the guidance of Scofield Thayer. After a second reorganization in 1920, it became a monthly devoted to the creative arts. The magazine failed in the spring of 1929. After Lawrence Gilman had resigned from the North American review in 1923, the Dial was for some years the only New York periodical carrying serious music criticism.

[4]Paul Rosenfeld, An hour with American music (New York: Lippincott, 1929). Kreymborg wrote the volume on American poetry. Rosenfeld's book draws on Dial material from the period after 1925, with revisions and additions.

[5]The new republic, The seven arts, Vanity fair, Arts and decoration, Modern music, Scribner's, The nation, etc.

[6]His collections that include music criticism are: Musical portraits (1920); Musical chronicle (1923); By way of art (1928); Discoveries of a music critic (1936). The term "recobbled" appears in the preface to Musical chronicle (1923).

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his imagination did not require the stimulation of repeated encounters abroad. After the war he returned to Europe only reluctantly.[7] His artistic tastes were cosmopolitan, but his life style was extremely sedentary. Indeed, his outlook did not change with the times. He failed to follow the shift in the American intellectual climate in the 1930s. The decade found him increasingly disillusioned, in ill health, and a virtual recluse. New projects that he undertook in his final years never came to fruition. He died in 1946, impoverished and alone.

Paul Rosenfeld was an impressionistic critic in the Huneker tradition. He recognized in himself more than a passing kinship with the "playboy of criticism."[8] Edmund Wilson reported after Rosenfeld's death:

> Paul told me, when I knew him later, that the point when he felt his maturity was the moment when he realized with pride that he could turn out as good an article as Huneker. . . .[9]

Others spotted Rosenfeld's affinity for the approach of the earlier writer, too. In an essay called "Riposte on style," written in 1926, Joseph Warren Beach commented:

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[7]Occasionally he accompanied friends, for example, the Sherwood Andersons (1921), or Alyse Gregory and Llewelyn Powys (1929). On these excursions he assumed the role of tour guide. The biographical data above is based on the various essays in Jerome Mellquist and Lucie Wiese, eds., Paul Rosenfeld: voyager in the arts (New York: Creative Age, 1948), especially Edmund Wilson's "Paul Rosenfeld, three phases," pp. 3-19.

[8]The phrase is Lawrence Gilman's. See the review of Huneker's autobiography in North American review 214 (April 1921): 558.

[9]Wilson, "Paul Rosenfeld," p. 3.

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> He is a sort of follower of Huneker -- the introducer of great foreign names in music, painting, letters, and the generous discoverer of American pioneers in all the arts. He writes much better than Huneker and he has a much sharper mind. . . .[10]

Beach remarked farther on, however, that Rosenfeld used

> . . . the English language with the freedom of a cave man using a woman. He stretches our idioms to fit every need of expression, makes it stand on its head, joining words together in strange, illicit unions, and piling metaphor on metaphor. He has no pity.[11]

Rosenfeld went much further than Huneker (who always retained a tinge of reportage and gossip in his writing) in his impressionistic use of language.[12] Typical of Rosenfeld's style is the following excerpt from his essay on Schönberg, written in 1923. Comparison with Huneker's treatment of the same composer ten years before shows the heightened subjectivity in Rosenfeld's expression. The selections reveal a characteristic shift in emphasis as well. Huneker's essay contains evocative prose with an admixture of direct discussion of the music. Passages which describe the "sharp daggers at white heat, with which [Schönberg] pares away tiny slices of his victim's flesh,"

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[10]Joseph Warren Beach, "Riposte on style," in Paul Rosenfeld: voyager in the arts, eds. Jerome Mellquist and Lucie Wiese (New York: Creative Age, 1948), p. 125. The piece appeared originally in The outlook for American prose (Chicago: University of Chicago, 1926).

[11]Beach, "Riposte on style," p. 126. Beach concluded his discussion of Rosenfeld with the comment that ". . . there is strength in quiet reserve as well as in shouting and waving of arms" (ibid., p. 127).

[12]According to Waldo Frank, Rosenfeld's "true ancestors" were the French impressionistic critic André Suarès, Lamb, Dequincey, Hazlitt and Borrow, all in an admixture with Proust. Waldo Frank, "The listener," in Paul Rosenfeld: voyager in the arts, eds. Jerome Mellquist and Lucie Wiese (New York: Creative Age, 1948), p. 82.

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are balanced by comments about the composer's use of specific intervals, harmony, and form. Such direct discussion of musical procedures does not figure in Rosenfeld's essay. Passages of intensely emotional prose are relieved only by paragraphs describing the psychological orientation of the work. Both critics speak of "mood" in the music, but only Rosenfeld's discussion shows the more modern influence of Freud. The "subconscious" has generated this "atrocious music that goes on in the body during bad quarter hours."

Rosenfeld on Schönberg (1923):

> Anguish speaks out of the sweetest dreams. "Eine blasse Wäscherin" is like a cool hand upon a pain-rent head; like the cool linens that release the body after states of exhaustion. It is out of some starvation-pit that the Pierrot yearns for Columbine. She is the drink of water to a black and leathern mouth. Moments of health are only moments of lessened sickness; moments when desire twists and takes a happier way, and suffuses the dried heart with dew; shivers of beauty that fall from the sky into his solitude at some street-corner and for a fraction of a second thrill the heart with unknown irretrievable bliss. For an instant, the past sings in the blood, and scatters some delicious old perfume, some pale gold light, into the gray air. More often, the pain speaks direct. Sometimes, as in the first of the "Five Pieces," it is merely the image of the states of sick presentiment the music brings up before us. A sudden twinge of fear in the woodwind. Another, more piercing quirk. Then, the dead weight of the orchestra plunged sudden in the entrails. The heart jumps a beat, commences jerking. The instruments of the nerves begin a clamor, a mad fiddling, shrilling, and blasting. Again, the fourth of the Five brings before us more of the silent and atrocious music that goes on in the body during bad quarter hours. . . . Savage tearing arpeggios of the brass and woodwind in contrary motion. In the interstices of the grinding storm, the muted horns sing voiceless, broken song. A flight of clarinets, and the world topples in. And at other moments the music cries

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> with the pain of someone held down on an operating-table and only half anesthetized; and out of the unendurable tension of overtaxed and shattered nerves. The piccolo shrieks in alarm. The voice gasps under the pressure.
>
> A score of tortured and bizarre moods are expressed by this strange man. The melodrama is full of them; and they follow upon each other with capricious inconsequentiality. Some of them are poisonous; express themselves through the caricature and degradation of the image of some person in the brain. Some are vexed and divided against themselves; lyric flight in the heart and on the 'cello, self-mockery in the mind. There are moods of boredom and enervation, moods of blasphemy and fear. There are states that are almost hallucinatory; images that start in the brain and begin to frighten the beholder, images of the rape of forbidden things. . . . Rhythms commence that will not let be and pursue with their insistent patter. Panics start; over imaginary things. Then crystal dreams interpose; momentary feelings of union with the All; kisses of the moon and unseen world; moods of reconciliation and return to the dreams of youth. . . .
>
> . . . Schoenberg, at least, has made a vital form of the mysterious stirrings and rumblings of the subconscious. He gives sick apprehension and panicky states; not amateurish caricatures of them. This music is indeed the creature shaken by moods that come upon him strange and ineluctable as hailstorms on summer fields, and fill him with almost incommunicable dread and bliss.[13]

Huneker on Pierrot lunaire (1913):

> What did I hear? At first, the sound of delicate china shivering into a thousand luminous fragments. In the welter of tonalities that bruised each other as they passed and repassed, in the preliminary grip of enharmonics that almost made the ears bleed, the eyes water, the scalp to freeze, I could not get a central grip on myself. It was new music (or new exquisitely horrible sounds) with a vengeance. The very ecstasy of the hideous! I say "exquisitely horrible," for pain can be at once exquisite and

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[13]Paul Rosenfeld, Musical chronicle (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1923), pp. 306-07, passim.

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horrible; consider toothache and its first cousin neuralgia. And the borderland between pain and pleasure is a territory hitherto unexplored by musical composers. Wagner suggests poetic anguish; Schoenberg not only arouses the image of anguish, but he brings it home to his auditory in the most subjective way. . . . Schoenberg is, I said to myself, the cruelest of all composers, for he mingles with his music sharp daggers at white heat, with which he pares away tiny slices of his victim's flesh. Anon he twists the knife in the fresh wound and you receive another horrible thrill. . . .

. . . What kind of music is this, without melody, in the ordinary sense; without themes, yet every acorn of a phrase contrapuntally developed by an adept; without a harmony that does not smite the ears, lacerate, figuratively speaking, the ear-drums; keys forced into hateful marriage that are miles asunder, or else too closely related for aural matrimony; no form, that is, in the scholastic formal sense, and rhythms that are so persistently varied as to become monotonous -- what kind of music, I repeat, is this that can paint a "crystal sigh," the blackness of prehistoric night, the abysm of a morbid soul, the man in the moon, the faint sweet odours of an impossible fairy-land, and the strut of the dandy from Bergamo? . . . There is no melodic or harmonic line, only a series of points, dots, dashes, or phrases that sob and scream, despair, explode, exalt, blaspheme. . . .

. . . With Schoenberg, freedom in modulation is not only permissible, but is an iron rule; he is obsessed by the theory of overtones, and his music is not only horizontally and vertically planned, but, so I pretend to hear, also in a circular fashion. There is no such thing as consonance or dissonance, only imperfect training of the ear. . . . After carefully listening I noted that he too has his mannerisms, that in his chaos there is a certain order, that his madness is very methodical. For one thing he abuses the interval of the fourth, and he enjoys juggling with the chord of the ninth. Vagabond harmonies, in which the remotest keys lovingly hold hands, do not prevent the sensation of a central tonality somewhere -- in the cellar, on the roof, in the gutter, up in the sky. The inner ear tells you that the D-minor quartet is really thought, though not altogether played, in that key. . . . Every chord is the outcome of an emotion, the emotion aroused by the poem or idea which gives birth to the composition. Such antique things as the

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> cyclic form or community of themes are not to be expected in Schoenberg's bright lexicon of anarchy. He boils down the classic form to one movement and, so it seemed to my hearing, he begins developing his idea as soon as it is announced.
>
> Such polyphony, such interweaving of voices -- eleven and twelve and fifteen are a matter of course -- as would make envious the old tonal weavers of the Netherlands! . . . Seriously, like all complex effects, the Schoenberg scores soon become legible if scrutinised without prejudice.[14]

There can be no mistaking Rosenfeld's intentions. He was well acquainted with past and current literary tendencies and sensitive to the various functions of language being explored by the post-war avant-garde. In an essay from the mid-twenties,[15] for example, he grouped the writing of Gertrude Stein into three style periods. Her "second period" he characterized by the subordination of the "informative, symbolical role of the word" to its "emotive, plastic one."

> Before the close of this second period, Miss Stein was dispensing almost entirely with the symbolical function of language and relying exclusively on its emotive one. In the portraits and some of the geographical essays, words are used almost entirely for their tonal and associational qualities. If a certain number of words symbolically related to the subject are included, it is merely for the purpose of binding together the experience and creating a contact. It is with a superb logic that this stage of Gertrude Stein's method focused the ridicule of the newspaper minds. We never hate our own habits as much as when we see them in another; and a literature resembling with a grotesque superficiality her massive sonorous aggregations of words used for their powerful gestures and

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[14]James G. Huneker, Ivory, apes and peacocks (New York: Charles Scribner & Sons, 1915), pp. 63-64.

[15]Paul Rosenfeld, By way of art (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1928). Reprint edition: (Freeport, N.Y.: Books For Libraries, 1967), pp. 111-31. The essay was written a year or two earlier.

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> clangors is to be found, every morning, in the seried columns of the daily prints; differentiated from Miss Stein's only by the slight circumstance that while she uses words consciously for their emotivity, her friends, the journalists, use them for their detonations and purely sensuous effects under the illusion they are communicating facts.[16]

By the late 1920s, the excesses of such impressionistic criticism as Rosenfeld's were no longer fashionable. His mode of expression became as dated as the cognitive journalistic approach of the older newsmen against whom he railed. The emotional content of the music was his chief concern; in this he was not alone. However, in attempting to translate the expressive essence of a work into another medium, that of words, he gave less information about the music than about his own subjective responses and his literary skill. This aspect of Rosenfeld's approach was noted and condemned.

In the field of literature the reaction against impressionistic criticism had begun even before the war. The so-called "New Humanists," led by Paul Elmer More (1864-1937) and Irving Babbitt (1865-1933), had been advocating a more restrained approach since the turn of the century. As More said, ". . . the function of criticism is far removed from the surrender to luxurious revery."[17] T.S. Eliot (a pupil of Babbitt's at Harvard) deplored impressionistic criticism in his first important essay

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[16]Rosenfeld, By way of art, pp. 120-21.

[17]Paul Elmer More, Shelburne essays, 7th series (New York: Knickerbocker, 1910), p. 242. The quotation had such currency that it appears in John Bartlett, Familiar quotations, 13th ed. (Boston: Little, Brown, 1955). The battle lines between the New Humanist critics and the advocates of The New Criticism (Burke, Ransom, Blackmur, etc.) had not been clearly drawn in the twenties, although Joel Spingarn (1875-1939) had indicated the way in an address at Columbia University as early as 1910.

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collection, The sacred wood, from 1920.

In music, as well as in the other arts, the newer tendency was to discuss works as much as possible on their own terms. Kenneth Burke, who replaced Rosenfeld at the Dial in 1927, specifically rejected the impressionistic method of his predecessor when he said in his opening column:

> . . . one must turn to the music itself for the sterling experiencing of those moments wherein the medium of tones is most skillfully and magnanimously exemplified. We categorically refuse to be depressed at least in this, our failure to regive in another medium the equivalent of these wholly musical events.[18]

Much of Rosenfeld's writing from the 1930s and 1940s remained unpublished. The general falling away from impressionistic criticism was a contributing factor.[19]

Attempts during the 1960s to lionize this vintage romantic have, in my opinion, been based on rediscovery of his luxuriant prose style.[20]

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[18] Kenneth Burke, "Musical chronicle," Dial 83 (December 1927): 536.

[19] Several sources report that he had a file of material that had been rejected by various magazines. See, for example, Wilson, "Paul Rosenfeld," p. 7. Wilson was not only a long-time friend of Rosenfeld's, but also his editor for material submitted to the New republic. The Dial editor, Alyse Gregory, and Wilson both agreed that Rosenfeld was fiercely protective in the matter of his writing and was offended when it was changed in any way. (See Alyse Gregory, "Dial Days," in Paul Rosenfeld: voyager in the arts, eds. Jerome Mellquist and Lucie Wiese [New York: Creative Age, 1948], p. 24.) Wilson lamented the slick professionalism of the journals of the 1930s and 1940s that prevented the work of such an individual writer from appearing. One particularly touching example, related by Wilson, was that of Rosenfeld's encounter with The New Yorker. Rosenfeld thought he had been engaged as their art critic and could not understand why they would not print his copy. As Wilson explained, " . . . it was primarily a humoroug weekly and had a department that exploited the absurdities that appeared in other papers, so that the New Yorker had itself to be always on its guard against writing that might be thought ridiculous" (p. 16).

[20] See, for example, Herbert A. Leibowitz, Musical impressions (New York: Hill and Wang, 1969).

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The content of his criticism has remained largely unevaluated, though it is commonly conceded that Rosenfeld was one of the chief exponents of avant-garde music during the twenties. I propose to examine the critical stance through which he supported his enthusiasms.

First, Art itself was his major interest. Social consciousness was almost entirely absent from this thought. The politicization of intellectuals in the 1930s left Rosenfeld uncommitted, although it was a subject of concern among his colleagues.

In 1925 Edmund Wilson (already a political activist) had taken Rosenfeld to task in a review for the New republic. Citing four of Rosenfeld's books to date, Wilson complained that it was difficult to "disengage" any general ideas from the critic's work as a whole, remarking that Rosenfeld did not judge by clearly defined political, moral,or aesthetic standards.

> If he is to continue a critic, one feels he might profitably study other departments of intellectual activity outside the one in which he is particularly interested. He knows something of modern psychology and an application of certain principles of Freud is almost the only non-artistic idea which appears throughout his work. But, on the whole, one feels that the social, the political, the scientific and the philosophical tendencies which all go to make up the life of the time are rather imperfectly appreciated by him.[21]

Perhaps Wilson was wrong. Rosenfeld never pretended that for him the best life was any other than that of the imagination.[22] In the end, Wilson admitted that Rosenfeld had performed the function of "appreciator, of

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[21]New republic, 3 June 1925, p. 48.

[22]Nicholas Joost, Scofield Thayer and the Dial (Carbondale, Ill.: Southern Illinois University, 1964), p. 145.

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romantic critic," more satisfactorily than anyone else.[23]

Lewis Mumford later complained of Rosenfeld's detachment on a more personal level. He said that, like Henry James, Rosenfeld

> . . . valued the securities and felicities of upper middle-class life; with him, too, his naive attitude toward property and privilege went along with somewhat uncritical acceptance of the injustices and indifferences upon which the bourgeois world of his youth had been built; so naive was his original acceptance, so irrational was his justification of the status quo, that Alfred Kreymborg and I learned to avoid broaching the basic issues of social justice with him.[24]

In one area, Rosenfeld was neither neutral nor withdrawn. He joined vigorously in the denigration of traditional religious values so common among intellectuals at the turn of the century. His substitute for religion was art, not political action.[25] Rosenfeld affirmed his belief in 1929:

> To call Bach's music the soul of Protestantism, Beethoven's the affirmation of man's nature, Wagner's the gospel of a religion of love, and Debussy's the sensuous embrace of the cosmos, is very roughly to indicate the immense effect music has exercised on our environment. Together with painting and the novel, perhaps even more grandly than either of its sister arts, music has recently been tending to supplant formal religion. It is not without profound reason that Martin Luther, himself more of an adaptator [sic] than a composer of

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[23]New republic, 3 June 1925, p. 48.

[24]Lewis Mumford, "Lyric wisdom," in Paul Rosenfeld: voyager in the arts, eds. Jerome Mellquist and Lucie Wiese (New York: Creative Age, 1948), p. 50.

[25]Van Wyck Brooks devoted a whole chapter to "The religion of art" in his Makers and finders: a history of the writer in America, 1800-1915, vol. 5: The confident years, 1885-1915 (New York: Dutton, 1952), pp. 555-79.

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> original music, figures perennially in musical histories. The art he cultivated in his leisure has proven more active in his profounder intention than the dogma he laboriously established; meditating [sic] between the individual and the universe. Indeed, with her immense flexibility, her semi-materialism, her direct address to feeling, Frau Musica has been more subtly, immediately revelatory of the ever-moving, unpredictable something at the core of life than a fixed dogma could ever be.[26]

Rosenfeld's attitude toward the creative artist was also positively affirmed. He adopted the view of the artist-as-hero, so common in the nineteenth century romantic tradition. "The great composers," he said in the same book, "were no less victorious as men than as musicians."

> The world has not frequently seen a human clarity as intense, a capacity for receiving, digesting and giving life as uncompromised, as that of John Sebastian Bach; or a loveliness as warm as Mozart's; or a majesty as simple as Beethoven's; or experienced a lifelong increase in wisdom and power as steady as Wagner's, with its culmination in the death-mask of a Buddha. And for two hundred years, a succession of great musicians had the power to receive and move a technique onward. [The critic describes the passing of the flame from J.S. Bach to P.E. Bach to Haydn to Beethoven to Wagner to the present. The great man of the present is unidentified.]
>
> And to-day a force related to theirs is at work in America. This is one of the most significant aspects of the national situation. We have an American music: there existing a body of sonorous work, not jazz, made by persons associated with the American community, to be grouped without impertinence with classic European works.[27]

He concluded that "there continue to appear with an accelerating speed, compositions rooted in the American 'soil'; exploiting the material of

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[26]Rosenfeld, Hour with American music, pp. 22-23. Rosenfeld's use of puncuation was as highly idiosyncratic as his use of language.

[27]Ibid., pp. 25-26.

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sound in characteristic ways, and releasing a typical pathos."[28] The assumption that the "soil" is transmuted into music is an important one in Rosenfeld's conception of the genesis of arts works. He stated: "In every creative act, something that sees and something that is seen kiss -- and what could be more perfect!"[29] Art, for him, was the fruit of a mysterious interaction between the artist and his milieu. This idea was a preoccupation for Rosenfeld. Further description of the critic's view of the artist is essential to a more precise understanding of his work.

Rosenfeld believed in the theories, popular well before the war, that inherent, hereditary, racial factors determined personality as well as physical characteristics. The implications for music followed naturally enough. A Jew could, or should, only write "Jewish" music; there was also music appropriate to French, German, Anglo-Saxon (or, more vaguely, Nordic) heredity. Advocates of racial theories usually ignored the distinctions between racial and national characteristics. They accepted the assumptions of the primary of heredity without rigorous scrutiny because of the political, economic, or artistic ends these served. Thus Adolph Weissman, a leading German music critic and chairman of the German section of the International Society for Contemporary Music, on being asked to contribute

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[28]Rosenfeld, Hour with American music, p. 26.

[29]Mumford, "Lyric wisdom," p. 51.

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an article to lead off the inaugural issue (1924) of the League of composers' review, chose to write on the subject "Race and modernity."[30] He concluded with the flat statement:

> 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.[31]

Earlier in the article, he had attributed the entire crisis of contemporary music to just such racial factors:

> Schönberg . . . draws with dialectic vigor and passionate feeling . . . the final consequences of the Germanic 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.[32]

Rosenfeld's first collection of music criticism (Musical portraits, 1920) reveals his adherence to this sort of racial theory. He believed that the artist, endowed with an irrevokable hereditary inclination, produced art works through an interaction with his surroundings. To this

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[30]Adolph Weissman, "Race and modernity," League of composers' review 1 (1924): 3-6. Weissman was critic at this time for the Berliner Zeitung am Mittag and the Vossische Zeitung. The title of the magazine of the League of Composers was soon changed to Modern music. This quarterly provided a forum for current European opinion as well as American critical commentary. In the early years, writings by Europeans predominated. Of the Old Guard only Henderson provided an article in the twenties. Younger critics and, especially, younger composers were invited to comment upon timely topics. Though he was on the advisory board, Rosenfeld was not a contributor in the twenties — a strange fact in view of his predilection for modern music.

[31]Ibid., p. 6.

[32]Ibid., pp. 4-5.

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process he added a factor of Freudian sublimation, which, for Rosenfeld, had to do with the artist's relative freedom of racial expression. He juggled these three elements, race, milieu, and sublimation, at will to justify his opinions. They reappeared in Rosenfeld's writing throughout the decade, to explain such diverse phenomena as the failure of Mahler's symphonies, the success of Bloch's works in "Hebraic" style, the disaster of Stravinsky's neo-classical pieces, and the hopeless error into which American composers fell by going abroad to study. Two essays from the first collection, one on Gustav Mahler, the other on Ernest Bloch, demonstrate the method.

In the case of Mahler, he concluded that the nine symphonies, "those unhappy boring colossi," were

> . . . to a great extent, the consequence of the fact that he, the Jew, was born in a society that made Judaism, Jewish descent and Jewish traits, a curse to those that inherited them. The destiny that made him Jew decreed that, did he speak out fully, he would have to employ an idiom that would recall the harsh accents of the Hebrew language quite as much as that of any tongue spoken by the peoples of Europe. It decreed that, whatever the history of the art he practised, whatever the character of the age in which he lived, he could not impress himself upon his medium without impregnating it with the traits he inherited from his ancestors. It decreed that in speaking he would have to suffuse musical art with the qualities and characteristics engraved in the stock by the history and vicissitudes of his race, by its age-long sojourn in the deserts of Arabia and on the barren hills of Syria, by the constraint of its religion and folkways, by its titanic and terrible struggle for survival against the fierce peoples of Asia, by the marvelous vitality and self-consciousness and exclusiveness that carried it whole across lands and times, out of the eternal Egypt through the eternal Red Sea. But it was just the racial attributes, the racial gesture and accent, that a man in Mahler's position found inordinately difficult to register. For Austrian

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> society put a great price on his suppression of them. It permitted him to participate in its activities only on the condition that he did not remind it continually of his alienhood, of his racial consciousness. It permitted him the sense of equality, of fraternity, of citizenship, only on the conditon that he should seek to suppress within himself all awareness of his descent and character and peculiarities, and attempt to identify himself with its members, and try to feel just as they felt and speak just as they spoke.[33]
>
> . . . .
>
> So a ruinous conflict was introduced into the soul of Gustav Mahler. In the place of the united self there came to exist within him two men. For awhile one part of him demanded the free complete expression necessary to the artist, another sought to block it for fear that in the free flow the hated racial traits would appear.[34]

Rosenfeld nowhere elaborates the bases for his original judgment, that the nine symphonies were "unhappy, boring colossi."

Apologists for other, non-Jewish, causes in America found this line of reasoning attractive and appropriated it to their own ends. Daniel Gregory Mason, for example, turned it to the advantage of "the submerged Anglo-Saxon" in an article entitled "Psychoanalysis and music" for the June 1920 issue of Arts and decoration.[35] Mason maintained that, like the Jew in Austria, the Anglo-Saxon was drowning in America, overwhelmed by French and Hebrew influences, particularly in New York.

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[33]Rosenfeld, Musical portraits, pp. 206-08.

[34]Ibid., p. 209.

[35]Daniel Gregory Mason, "Psychoanalysis and music," Arts and decoration (June 1920): 27-29. Mason acknowledged his debt to Rosenfeld's theory in this article. Mason's own copy of Musical portraits, including the New York Times review from 1920, is now in the library of Columbia University.

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> Now in such an environment, the Anglo-Saxon temperament, with its sobriety, its plainness, its fondness for clear meaning as against vague suggestion, its dislike of luxury, extravagance, exaggeration, its passionate moderation, its reticence and its humor, is a stranger, and finds itself more and more crowded out of its ancient home. A composer of such temperament is constantly tempted to suppress it, to try to emulate the opposite qualities more generally admired, in short to embark on precisely the path of "eclecticism" and self-betrayal that led to Mahler's ruin.[36]

In sharp contrast to Mahler's failure, according to Rosenfeld, was Bloch's exultant success. He attributed this to Bloch's being "one of the few Jewish composers really, fundamentally, self-expressive."

> But there is music of Ernest Bloch that is a large, a poignant, an authentic expression of what is racial in the Jew. There is music of his that is authentic by virtue of qualities more fundamentally racial than the synagogical modes on which it bases itself, the Semitic pomp and color that inform it. . . . There are moments when this music makes one feel as though an element that had remained unchanged throughout three thousand years, an element that is in every Jew and by which every Jew must know himself and his descent, were caught up in it and fixed there.[37]

The reader seeking some definition of "racial utterance" seeks in vain. Once again, the critic provides no reason for his original positive evaluation of the music. Identifying the trait of "Jewishness" that Rosenfeld found expressed in the works presents the same sort of difficulty as defining Henderson's "sincerity." Both qualities became criteria of criticism without ever being concretely defined. The critics were quite certain, however, that these qualities existed and that they perceived them. "Jewish"

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[36]Mason, "Psychoanalysis and music," p. 28.

[37]Rosenfeld, Musical portraits, p. 289.

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became "Russian" or "German" according to need, of course.

The above articles reveal that, beneath the torrent of emotional prose lay the critical method of a cognitivist. If [R+M] is made to equal the combination of race and milieu, for better or worse, we see that in the first case, that of Mahler, Rosenfeld has said, "the music is bad: it has [R+M]." In the second case, that of Bloch, he has said, "the music is good: it has [R+M]."

Faced with the problem of Stravinsky's "decline" in the middle twenties, Rosenfeld chose an explanation adapted from the model cited above. In a piece called "Igor, tu n'est qu'un villain!"[38] he said that Stravinsky had once been

> . . . an intuitive musician; ironic, undoubtedly, but moved by and addressed to sensibility. Now, the world was full of his words, statements, theories, analyses and apologies. The man had grown theoretical and the music had grown dumb.[39]

What had happened to Stravinsky? The question was of general concern in the middle twenties. Rosenfeld's was only one of several solutions to the conundrum.[40]

> Stravinsky had turned against his own roots! The psychology of the emigré had developed in him: the spirit of the man not so much the physical exile as the exile from his early associations and

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[38]The title referred to a remark addressed to Stravinsky by Debussy.

[39]Rosenfeld, By way of art, p. 42.

[40]Alternative explanations of the phenomenon were that Stravinsky was a "trade name" for a collocation of composers (Gilman); that he was a little master who had been overrated in the first place (Newman); or that he was not writing pieces at all, only studies in orchestral effects (Henderson).

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> the past alive in him; indeed from his own body --This, curiously enough, came to me across the pages not of a Stravinsky score, but of a T.S. Eliot criticism . . . in recognizing the analogy between Eliot's bookishness and Stravinsky's cerebralism and archaicism, I saw behind the scene; assisting at the birth of an hybrid style and defective classicism, neither Russian nor western nor Stravinsky. In flying from his early associations and the past alive in him, the emigré becomes mere head. For purposes of life, this head has to manufacture itself a body. It has to make the foreign its own; wilfully identifying itself with that which makes the foreigner at home in his foreignness. Since this is early association and the living past, the emigré is unconsciously moved to identify himself with the forms assumed by them, sole contact possible to heads. He gradually becomes a fanatic of manners; called to defend his adopted country's culture and high tradition; more catholic than the Pope, more royalist than the king; the intellectual knowledge, possession, appreciation of that past becoming subjectively potent symbols of identification.[41]

In the same vein, Rosenfeld warned that American composers who continued to go abroad to live faced the same "destiny of exile." These composers, he said, did not go to Europe because living was cheaper, because they won the Prix de Rome, or because they wished to imbibe culture, even though they might say they did. The real reason was to be found with the help of Freud.

> Is it possible at this minute to continue refusing to see the figure which has long been revealing its presence behind its dense black veils; now standing obscure and mysterious still, but unequivocal, beautifully accountable? The Freudian concept of "The Mother" is certainly not yet as simple to our understandings as it is bound to be; perhaps not as clear to science itself as the future will make it. But it is sufficiently lucid to let us recognize through it the magnetism of an object at once terribly attractive and repulsive to those beneath its spell

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[41]Rosenfeld, <u>By way of art</u>, pp. 41-42.

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> and resisted consciously as well as unconsciously by mankind as a whole. This indeed is what we have to face. Its agency in the "destiny of exile" is scarcely to be disputed. Flight from one's country is but the means of combat open to those too much under its spell to confront and meet and check it on its own ground. The exile repairs to an environment exempt from its influences, hence favorable to the appetite for contact and experience which their pervasiveness discourages. But he does so at vast expense. In surrendering his native environment, he surrenders all hope of harmonizing his own impulses through that which, as the product of impulses related to his own, is best fitted to accommodate them and respond to them.[42]

Rosenfeld concluded that this vision of one's country-as-mother was "to be understood and finally controlled by unflinching confrontation."[43] He had chosen to stay home himself and had rejected the course, adopted by Henry James, T.S. Eliot, and James Huneker, among many others, of escaping provincialism by moving to Europe for long periods at a time. Rosenfeld attempted to escape, instead, into the world of his own imagination. Harold Clurman said just before Rosenfeld's death that he

> . . . had transformed the entire objective world into sensation -- his sensation -- which he made into soulful decorations to protect himself from the harsh facets of reality. He seemed to arrive too consciously and therefore artificially at the translation of what he perceived outside himself -- including art -- into a private solace. This might be noted in the too constant ecstasy of his prose.[44]

Rosenfeld was a cognitive critic in method, an impressionistic critic in expression, and an "emotionalist" by aesthetic predilection. His con-

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[42]Paul Rosenfeld, "The destiny of exile," Modern music 8 (January-February 1931): 3-8. The above quote appears on pp. 7-8.

[43]Ibid., p. 8.

[44]Harold Clurman, "Paul Rosenfeld," Modern music 23 (1946): 184-88. Quote on p. 187.

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cern with the intense expressive power of music extended even to such semi-representational pieces as Pacific 231. The work was not nearly vivid enough to suit the critic: Honegger had not captured the essential engine.

> Pacific 231 is not a good locomotive. It is well enough made, but it is made of papier maché. Or perhaps it is a locomotive in the movies. A real out-in-life locomotive makes much grander concerto starting, steam beclouded on a winter's day. The overtones of its whistles are always exquisite and bloodcurdling. There is nothing in the world more nostalgic than a distant locomotive crying across a spring evening for its mate. As for the looks of the thing: the giant bearing down upon you with the blinding eye in his chest -- no one, not even Jules Romains, has given that; and Honegger's impression of the general spirit of the machine is pathetically tame. The chorale-like theme for the brass, and the long mounting violin figures are, we have already intimated, inferior Tchaikowsky, and might have figured in the dog-fights of the Romeo and Juliet or Francesca da Rimini overtures, or in that of the Fifth Symphony. The "sumptuous chords" which gather and arrest the flight of the music are without genius.[45]

It was quite in character for Rosenfeld to take up the topic of expression in music with Stravinsky, when granted an interview with the composer in the spring of 1925.[46] The report is unique among Rosenfeld's columns for its clarity and directness. It deals with many of the aesthetic questions being debated during the 1920s. Is the composer's own emotion related directly to the emotional content of the music? Can emotion be denied or repressed? Does an art work have existence at a pre-conscious

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[45]Paul Rosenfeld, "Musical chronicle," Dial 78 (January 1925): 86.

[46]The composer was on a short American tour in January 1925 as conductor of his own works and as soloist in his new piano concerto.

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level? How does the emotion evoked in the listener relate to the composer's intention? Do works of art relate to life outside itself? Or does art exist in and of itself alone? More interesting than Stravinsky's answers is the succinct summary of current aesthetic concerns.

Rosenfeld had heard, he said, that Stravinsky was striving to keep all personal emotion out of his music, was puzzled by the expression, and wanted to know more of what Stravinsky meant.

> He measured me a moment, then said suddenly, "We are going to exchange roles. It is I who am going to interview you. I want you to begin by telling me exactly what it is <u>you</u> mean by 'personal emotion.'"
> I laughed. "But, Mr. Stravinsky, <u>I</u> am not a genius."
> "Neither am I," he retorted. Then after a moment, "Suppose you went out and narrowly escaped being run over by a trolley-car. Would you have an emotion?"
> "I should hope so, Mr. Stravinsky."
> "So should I. But if I went out and narrowly escaped being run over by a trolley-car, I would not immediately rush for some music paper and try to make something out of the emotion I had just felt. You understand."
> "Yes, of course. But it would cease being personal as soon as one began. However, Mr. Stravinsky, do you impose an intellectual theory of emotion or non-emotion upon yourself when you compose?"
> "Intellectual theory," he snorted, as if I had wished to accuse him of cretinism, "certainly not! I don't think I go to work twice in the same fashion. Besides, what is this all about personal emotion? All emotion goes back to the personal equation. What is emotional for one man is not emotional for another. But there are certain artists who go out before the world and commence crying," and here he raised his arms while a look of disgust passed over his face, "Oh, I am such a great man, such a great artist! I have all these wonderful feelings and these wonderful experiences. I see God, the whole and Heaven knows what else."
> "That's mere impotence." Here he shot a glance at me. "What I am trying to find out, is whether you have any kind of idea that certain things which we call feeling, or the heart, or the soul,

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are passing out of life? You know, there are certain people who are trying to strike the scientific attitude in living, and working without pity, without sympathy, without desire, even --- "

"That's utterly absurd," he interrupted, "the very thing which you are afraid of, and try to repress -- that's the very thing which is going to seize you in the end. Anyway, the form of the repression is equivalent to the form of the expression. But of course there is romanticism, and perhaps that is going out of life. But in their very effort to escape romanticism, people are committing the most grotesque errors. Take Schöenberg for example. Schöenberg is really a romantic at heart who would like to get away from romanticism.[47]

. . . .

". . . But when you compose, is there not something which guides you? A feeling of form? A sense of rhythm? Aren't you seeking to draw a line about something which you feel has an existence prior to your effort of composition?"[48]

. . . .

"But, suppose, Mr. Stravinsky, I hear one of your compositions, and certain images of the world, or of the human condition, come into my mind. Do you feel that I am reading something into your creations which does not exist there?"

"But my dear sir, who is the interpreter here? It is you. That is for you, and not for me, to say."[49]

. . . .

"Then let me ask you one more question, Mr. Stravinsky. Do you think any work, any work of to-day, I mean, which is genuinely living, can fail to interpret to us elements of the daily life, say our relationships with people?"

He sat reflective a moment. "Perhaps not," he said. "I don't know. We don't know what the creative moment is made up of. It may even be anecdotal. You see I myself have not the same feeling against what purely anecdotal as against what is either picturesque or literary. I feel there is a difference, and I am perfectly willing to acknowledge that certain bits of the Sacre have an anecdotal interest. But not picturesque. And in the main, the interest is architectural."[50]

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[47]Rosenfeld, By way of art, pp. 30-31.

[48]Ibid., p. 33.

[49]Ibid., p. 34.

[50]Ibid.

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Rosenfeld's article, "Igor, tu n'est qu'un villain!" was written after this interview. Rosenfeld could not, on further reflection, accept what Stravinsky had said. He fell back, once more, on the interpretation that was most comfortable to him. He was not alone, of course, in rejecting Stravinsky the aesthetician. Everyone read what the composer said, but nobody believed it. Henderson had wondered why "All the pother about subjectivity and objectivity."[51] Gilman had concluded, after hearing Oedipus rex that "fortunately for the peace of the commentators and the joy of the music lovers, Stravinsky is better than his doctrines."[52] For Rosenfeld, Stravinsky was still an extraordinarily able musician in 1930, but he seemed to have lost "the better part of the genius and elemental power that had once thrilled us, and to have become something of a crank, to boot."[53] The various formalistic (Rosenfeld liked to call them "architectural") musical adventures that turned up with increasing frequency after mid-decade left him cold. For such an emotionalist, nothing could have been worse. Even Bloch (in his Concerto grosso) had abandoned the approved "Hebraic" ship. Rosenfeld described the trend as a triumph of "humanism" over a romanticism no longer legitimate for this century. In an essay from his By way of art (1928) he commented that:

> . . . the predominance of the humanistic tendency, with its preference for the uniform and regular in style and color, for the grand banalities, subjects,

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[51]Herald, 10 February 1924.

[52]Tribune, 9 March 1928.

[53]Paul Rosenfeld, Discoveries of a music critic (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1936), p. 182.

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> ideas, and emotions related to the general experience of the race; for a more humble, sober and communal approach to life; is undeniable. Major in the early eighteenth century, it was minor in the nineteenth; but some subtle change within musicians has restored it to priority.[54]

Rosenfeld was not at the outset a champion of the new American music, as has sometimes been supposed. He admired specific works,[55] but in November 1921, he was issuing disclaimers about it. The example below is from his article on John Alden Carpenter.

> We perceive again that no native born musician can yet give us what dozens of Europeans do. We perceive that no American composer can yet perform a feat of imagination in music. For an act of imagination is the process of perceiving an objective verity, and no one born this side of the Atlantic can stand looking long into the face of truth.[56]

The critic followed faithfully the presentations of the societies fostering new music during the decade, however. One series of essays in By way of art was collected under the title "Thanks to the International Guild." The American music singled out for special mention here is that of Cowell,

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[54]Rosenfeld, By way of art, p. 81.

[55]Horatio Parker's opera, Mona, for example. The coincidence that Parker was at Yale during Rosenfeld's student days, and that the work was produced at the Metropolitan the year he graduated, cannot be overlooked. The critic was reviewing "The fate of Mona" seventeen years later. See Rosenfeld, Hour with American music, pp. 114-15, in which he rated it far above Deems Taylor's The king's henchman. Rosenfeld has been accused of favoritism as a critic. Edmund Wilson pointed to his admiration of Alfred Stieglitz, photographer, art collector, and guiding spirit of "291 Fifth Avenue," the gallery that was a rallying point for intellectuals during the second decade of the century. In Wilson's opinion, Rosenfeld's evaluations in the plastic arts were not independent of Stieglitz's influence. Wilson, "Paul Rosenfeld," p. 7.

[56]Paul Rosenfeld, "Musical chronicle," Dial 71 (November 1921): 619.

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Ruggles, Dane Rudhyar, and Varèse. The first three he grouped together as exhibiting "romantic" tendencies because of their individuality. Varèse was more "architectural." By the next year, Copland had become an important figure, though at twenty-seven, he was still "a colt unsteady on its stilts."[57] Rosenfeld befriended a number of American artists during the decade, among them Copland and David Diamond. However, the critic's chief concern, until the later twenties, was with new European music.

Attempts by both European and American composers alike to compose for a broader audience, during the 1930s, met with his disapproval. As Wilson reported, "he was shocked, almost personally hurt, when Americans whose work he had thought promising did anything for the radio or Hollywood, or published popular books."[58]

For the general concert audience in America, Rosenfeld had few kind words. His very first column for the Dial[59] attacked it as the root-cause of the sickness he found pervading New York concert life. "We poor Americans," he said, "do not believe in passion." The typical audience was unable to enter into the emotional experience of music.

> The American's disbelief in his emotions has debauched the artist's, too. For in order that he may give himself, a musician must believe, must know, that the emotion he is striving to communicate will be carried out into the world by the folk to whom he is addressing himself.[60]

Music had, unfortunately, become materialism's confederate. But why could not "the creative power of art war upon the machine as the machine has

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[57]Paul Rosenfeld, "Musical chronicle," Dial 77 (April 1927): 358.

[58]Wilson, "Paul Rosenfeld," p. 18.

[59]Paul Rosenfeld, "Introit," Dial 69 (November 1920): 550-54. The title itself was pseudo-religious.

[60]Ibid., p. 552.

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warred upon it, and conquer the machine?" asked Rosenfeld. "Could not the artist, together with his ally the social reformer, destroy the machine and create life anew?" Rosenfeld believed that, in warring "on those musicians who submit without struggling to the desires of the American crowd; in calling out thanks to the men who are fighting for the integrity of their art," he was "battling for the life of the republic itself."[61]

The theme was a recurring one in his writing. Most of the critics in attendance at the first performance of Stravinsky's Concertino for string quartet (23 November 1920) noted the hisses of the audience. Rosenfeld, however, drew a "deeper" meaning than did his colleagues from this unusual public display. The demonstration, he said, underscored "the fatigue, the flaccidity of the American public." They had food, money, complacent coiffures"; but "neither youth, nor eagerness, nor joy, nor resiliency were visible. . . . Life was what the music was -- tired, inane, the weary revolutions of a machine no man can resist." The audience hissed "because it didn't want to know the truth of life." For Rosenfeld, it was the audience that was a "million-headed Canute."[62] The artist who expressed the times was their enemy.

Like Gilman, Rosenfeld cast himself in the role of a creative artist in writing his criticism. Gilman, too, had little sympathy for the audience, even after his appointment to the Tribune. Yet Gilman served the

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[61]Rosenfeld, "Introit," p. 553.

[62]Rosenfeld, Musical chronicle, p. 101. Note that the quotations are from the rewritten version of 1923.

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broader public that he inherited along with the newspaper post with good grace. Rosenfeld, especially in later years, withdrew in discouragement instead.

One other aspect of Rosenfeld's position in New York criticism must be noted. Racism was by no means new. There was, however, a particularly virulent outburst of anti-Semitism in America during the post-war decade. Institutions that had traditionally been tolerant adopted policies of discrimination.[63] Rosenfeld's position at the Dial was a delicate one. His own racially-oriented theories of art were necessarily soft-pedalled. Rosenfeld spoke directly to the subject of the rampant prejudice only once in that magazine, in a long article (not his regular column) in November 1925.[64] That he should attack the formalism he detested is not surprising.

> To-day formalism has its stupidly constricting grasp not alone on music, where it has temporarily produced an unengaging situation, but on art and literature throughout the world. It has an hundred names: intellectualism and aestheticism are the more popular ones; and aesthetic hypotheses, Byzantine preoccupation with questions of form, and glorification of automatic writing as a creative method are a few of the more amusing of its masks. Behind its hundred rationalizations it remains recognizably the force seeking to narrow and restrict the

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[63]Columbia University instituted a Jewish quota for the first time in the early twenties, as did New York University, Princeton, and Williams College. The president of Harvard supported a Jewish quota for that institution, as well as a ban on Blacks in the dormitories, but was overruled on both counts. See Thomas F. Gossett, Race: the history of an idea in America (Dallas: Southern Methodist University, 1963), pp. 372-73.

[64]Paul Rosenfeld, "A view of modern music," Dial 79 (November 1925): 375-96.

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> interests of the artist, to keep him from using the totality of his resources by cutting him off from the source of power in personality and feeling, to impose as absolutes upon him the material limits of other times and other conditions.[65]

The following pages constitute Rosenfeld's reply to racist attacks. Fears that the so-called "Nordic race" was threatened with extinction were widespread in America at this time. Rosenfeld suggests that: (1) some believe formalism to be the result of Nordic composers' attempts to protect their Western intellectual heritage; (2) this cannot be the case since three of the leaders of the formalist movement are not Nordic (Milhaud, Casella, Ravel); (3) Eastern influence ("Orientalism") in early twentieth century music cannot be traced to Jewish origins though Jewish composers have found it inviting to the Jewish temperament; (4) the contribution of the Jewish cultural heritage to Western art has been considerable. It has not sought to undermine, but to blend with Western culture.

> Familiar voices will not fail to take advantage of the situation and declare the pseudo-classic reaction an expression of the Western will, the Western unconscious, and an effort of the Western intellectuals to protect their heritage from destruction at the hands of a certain sower of anarchism and sapper of the big blond and beastly soul. They will not be silenced by the truth that at least three of the leaders of the formalistic movement, Milhaud, Casella, and Ravel, and perhaps more, are not of distinctly "Nordic" blood; that the composers who first bridged a way for the hieratic East to move westward were not Jewish [Moussorgsky and Debussy]; and that eminent among those who continue the unconsciously motivated pilgrimage towards a new genuinely Western attitude, at least toward a balance of the two principles begun by their generation, stand Bloch and

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[65] Rosenfeld, "View of modern music," p. 387.

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> Schöenberg. For still it moves, and if energy has been slackened in all living composers, in certain, the essential direction has not been lost; and the modern orientation has been particularly inviting to the Jewish temperament. If the orientalism of Moussorgsky and Debussy awoke a corresponding orientalism in the Jewish breast, it awoke together with that superficial orientalism the particular affirmative, stubborn, aggressive spirit which has always united the Jewish race with Europe, made its culture an integral part of the strictly Mediterranean one, brought its Bible to port in the West, and made its mode reverberate in the choirs of Gothic cathedrals.[66]

To be a Jewish critic in New York during the 1920s was not a comfortable position.

Rosenfeld's criticism was addressed more to the literary intelligentsia than to the concert-going public of New York. This fact diminished his influence as an appreciator of musical modernism. Fifty years later, his reputation as an advocate of new music far exceeds awareness of the bases for his judgments. Many thank him, but few read him.

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[66]Rosenfeld, "View of modern music," p. 388.

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Chapter VII

OLIN DOWNES
(1886-1955)

Olin Downes, "the last of the music reviewers to enjoy music,"[1] was born in Evanston, Illinois in 1886. Though he did not attend college, his musical studies began at an early age. After a childhood in New Jersey, Downes moved to Boston, where he became music critic for the Boston Post in 1906. The thinning in the ranks of the Old Guard critics of New York in the early 1920s provided a further professional opportunity. In January 1924, he succeeded Richard Aldrich at the New York Times. During three decades in this post, he was also a lecturer and radio commentator on musical subjects, head of music programming for the New York World's Fair (1939), and author of numerous articles and books. By the time of his death in 1955, he had been a "participant observer"[2] of musical life for forty-nine years.[3]

The year after his arrival in New York, Downes contributed an article to Modern music called "Placing the critics."[4] It was next to impossible, he said, to determine the value of critical opinions at the time they were offered. Designations such as "radical," "conservative," or "reac-

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[1]Virgil Thomson, "Review of Olin Downes on music," Tribune, 27 January 1957.

[2]Ibid.

[3]His books include: The lure of music (1918); Symphonic broadcasts (1931); Symphonic masterpieces (1935).

[4]Olin Downes, "Placing the critics," Modern music 2 (April 1925): 33-35.

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tionary" could be reversed in the light of "later progress." In any case,

> . . . a few, a very few compositions survive the years, to prove or disprove the contentions of the critics, which in the main have been forgotten. It is, therefore, evident that so far as critical fortunes of the moment are concerned it is easiest and often most entertaining to write about new music. In this field the apostle of the dernier cri is as secure as the most learned and laborious commentator. Guessing is free for all, and there is no criterion by which anyone can be confounded. There is also the good old gag about the genius ahead of his time, misunderstood by the carping Beckmessers of the period. That this is largely fallacy . . . is not recognized by the public or by those musicians to whom the legend of persecuted genius has been as balm of Gilead.[5]

Downes distinguished between "conservative" and "reactionary" critics as follows:

> The conservative is an indispensable element of artistic progress. The reactionary is not. He is the man who looks backward and will tolerate no departure from the past. The conservative, in the true sense of the word, is aware that the past and the present contain the future, and that the future can neither be understood nor estimated apart from the past. To conserve fundamental principles and develop them is not only necessary, it is inevitable.
> In this sense all great art has been fundamentally conservative. The fact that there have been fools who could see no fresh horizons in Tristan or Pelléas is no warrant for artistic parvenus, ignorant of the glory of Palestrina or the grandeur of the Eroica, proclaiming to the world the immortality of a Scriabine or Schoenberg.[6]

By his own definition, Olin Downes was a conservative critic. The music in which he could find no link with the past, like that of Varèse,

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[5]Downes, "Placing the critics," p. 34.

[6]Ibid., p. 35.

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earned consistent reproach. Upon hearing such works, Downes assumed a contemptuous attitude reminiscent of William Henderson. For example, of Hyperprism he said:

> Personally, the music reminded us of election night, a menagerie or two, and a catastrophe in a boiler factory. The human propensity to err is believed to be particularly strong in music critics. But we do not believe the day will ever come when this kind of thing will be taken seriously. There are various ways of making noise. Mr. Varèse's talent is, we believe, somewhat wasted in the concert hall.[7]

Unlike Henderson, Downes never questioned that his judgments were subjective. "The task of the professional commentator," he wrote, "is obviously to prepare himself as completely as he can for the hearing of the new music, and then to put himself on record. . . . Whether he is right or wrong he will never know nor does it matter."[8] Nine years later, his opinion about criticism was much the same, though he was no longer convinced of the critic's relation to artistic progress.[9]

> The critic listens to the music with a personal curiosity and a professional endeavor to weigh his reactions as carefully as possible before they are printed. He expresses his conclusions for what they may be worth. That is the be-all and end-all of music criticism.[10]

He denied that the critic was in any sense

> . . . the divinely appointed judge, assigned by destiny to the momentous task of separating wheat

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[7]Times, 17 December 1924.

[8]Downes, "Placing the critics," p. 34.

[9]See above quote, p. . "The conservative is an indispensable element of artistic progress."

[10]Times, 4 March 1934.

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> from chaff, sheep from goats, and regulating the progress of the musical art. The critic hears music and registers an opinion. . . . Criticism is one of the processes which go to the shaping of the musical tendencies of a period.[11]

Downes did not attempt to communicate his judgments impressionistically, in the manner of Rosenfeld or Gilman. His style was firmly rooted in journalistic tradition. He believed that aside from his boss, the editor, the critic's only court of appeal was "the great public that reads him, and that he must try to interest in his work and convince of his good faith and conscience."[12] He wrote neither for the ages nor for the delectation of the literary élite. In his opinion, "the future is far away and we who are about to die are writing for the waste basket."[13]

The overly self-conscious style of the impressionistic critics was distasteful to Downes. He applauded the efforts of the New Humanist writers, like Irving Babbitt, who had been arguing for reforms in literature and in literary criticism since before the war. This group opposed most of the recent tendencies in literature, including realism. They sought in humanism a preservative against the decadence of modern life. In literary criticism they uged self-restraint. As Paul Elmer More had said, "the function of criticism is far removed from luxurious revery."[14]

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[11]Times, 4 March 1934.

[12]Olin Downes, "Critics and criticism as viewed by Olin Downes," Musician 33 (December 1928): 13.

[13]Times, 10 February 1924.

[14]Paul Elmer More, Shelburne essays, 7th series (New York: Knickerbocker, 1910), p. 242.

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In 1928, Downes sought to relate a discussion of Babbitt's, published in The forum, to the situation in music criticism. He said that Babbitt's views

> . . . may well be pondered in a day when the talk in the musical world, as elsewhere, is all of self-revelation and subjectivity on the part of the critic as on that of the so-called interpretive or creative artist. Complete freedom and egoism in expression are presumed to be the privileges of artist or critic, provided only that he follow the "inward urge" and relates [sic] to the world, with as much frankness and lack of reserve as possible, individual "reactions" to given impressions or experiences. It is against this tendency and its accompanying dangers of irresponsibility, superficiality and amateurishness that Professor Babbitt [speaks].
>
> The personal and subjective elements that operate in music criticism have been emphasized on several occasions by the present writer. . . . The honest and thoughtful critic will no more be able to avoid the expression of his own character and ideas . . . than he will be able to avoid breathing. . . . Other factors than the purely subjective, factors which the present generation is largely inclined to ignore, are indeed indispensable to criticism that is worth while, however sincere and vigorous it may be. They are those of the trained intellect, of responsibility and of poised judgment.
>
> It is a curious fact that some brush aside these critical desiderata as non-essential. "As a matter of fact," the essayist [Babbitt] remarks, "most persons nowadays aspire to be not critical but creative." We have not merely creative poets and novelists, but creative listeners and dancers. The critic himself has caught the contagion and also aspires to be creative. He is supposed to become so when he receives from the creation of another, conceived as pure temperamental outflow, so vivid an impression that, when passed through his temperament, it issues forth as a fresh creation. What is eliminated in both critic and creator is any standard that is set above temperament and that, therefore, might interfere with their eagerness to get themselves expressed.[15]

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[15] Times, 19 February 1928. The column is a direct attack on the style of Gilman and Rosenfeld. The views of Babbitt, who taught at Harvard, had probably been long familiar to Downes.

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The moralistic tone of the New Humanists was congenial to Downes. He joined them in deploring the lack of modern social values. More specifically, he said there was a "decay of musicians in our time."

> A sinister characteristic of modern music, or, say better, the modern period, is the manner in which composers of great genius seem suddenly to stop in their progress and fall short of their destiny. [The writer cites Strauss, Sibelius, Debussy.][16]

Downes believed the reason lay beyond matters of technique, of aesthetic standards, or even of musical invention. The cause lay, he believed, "not in the individuals, but in the age."

> The thing essential to the appearance of a living, virile, prophetic art is fundamentally faith. It is that which is lacking, and which fails the composer when he needs it today. Old faiths [not defined] have gone. New ones . . . have not arrived. . . . We believe that the fatigue of the past, the terror and uncertainty of the present, the lack of faith in the future are the reasons why no individual composer of this epoch has been able to reach a height from which he could look forward, clearly, confidently, and proclaim for the generations to come his vision.[17]

How was the critic to view art "in this singularly confused and perhaps disheartened period?" He proposed enthusiastic and fearless inquiry, but also "careful and conscientious evaluation." For him, the last thing should be reckless acceptance of what is new and fascinating as "matter of permanent value." Our present view should include "veneration for past

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[16] Times, 17 February 1924.

[17] Ibid.

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greats we know are great."[18]

The aimless spirit of the age was also Downes' reference point in assessing the "crise Stravinsky" the following year. The composer was himself in New York to conduct and to perform his new piano concerto. This time Downes cried out in frustration, "Who, what is the essential Stravinsky? Every time he writes he is some one else, which is not the habit of great masters." His rise

> . . . from apparent creative nonentity to the position of composer of "Le Sacre du Printemps" has been followed by a decline fully as rapid and destructive of the high hopes of those who believed that in him there was a prophet of a new age. The trouble is that Stravinsky appears to have been precisely the opposite of a prophet of a new age; he seems to have succumbed utterly to the aimlessness, the superficialities and pretenses of this one.[19]

Downes had not yet heard the piano concerto, which was to be performed the following week. He, like his colleagues, was summarizing the disappointment with Stravinsky's works heard since the Sacre. He agreed with the rest of the critics that Stravinsky was speeding downhill.

> The same kind of deterioration has been noted with other moderns, particularly with Richard Strauss and Debussy. . . . They suddenly failed at the height of their powers. . . . Few indeed

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[18]Times, 17 February 1924. It is safe to assume that arrival of Le sacre du printemps and the Symphonies d'instruments à vent within the previous two weeks had generated some of the uncertainty expressed in the above column. "Reckless acceptance" of the new and fascinating Sacre had certainly been the order of the day.

[19]Times, 1 February 1925.

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> are the artists today who stand success and its material rewards without losing sincerity and creative force.[20]

By the end of the decade, criticism had veered in yet another direction. The New Humanists were themselves under attack, being chided for their genteel standards, exclusive tastes, and unbudging hatred of the modern world. Another group of writers, the so-called New Critics, sought to concentrate attention on the work of art itself, rather than on its author's personality or on the age in which it was produced.[21] Meanwhile, the battle against florid impressionistic criticism had been won.

Downes recognized that the New Criticism had dispensed once and for all "with the romantic and subjective type of 'criticism.' It approaches the subject . . . from a more scientific standpoint." But Downes could not approve criticism that sought to replace total subjectivity with barren technical analysis.

> The generations that pass will see the [Beethoven] symphony in different lights and give it new interpretations, all of which will be true, and every one of them false, according to the nature of the beholder. But the one who will be the furthest of all

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[20]Times, 1 February 1925. Downes reversed his opinion the following week, after hearing the concerto. The critical fraternity had been premature in "burying" Stravinsky. Other critical opinions at this juncture were that Stravinsky needed the ballet to inspire him (Finck); that Stravinsky wasn't composing pieces at all, only orchestral studies (Henderson); that Stravinsky was a trade name for a colloquy of composers (Gilman); that music whose interest was mainly rhythmic was uninteresting (Taylor); that Stravinsky was a little master who had written one or two charming miniatures (Newman); or that Stravinsky, as an emigré, was a head without a body (Rosenfeld).

[21]Joel Spingarn (1875-1939) had indicated the direction of the New Criticism as early as 1910, in an address at Columbia University.

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> from the secret of the symphony will be a blindfolded analyst to whom a theme is a theme and nothing more.[22]

For Downes,

> The essence of art is its revelation of beauty and feeling and, perhaps, incorporated in that expression, the expression of certain ideas. The critic is lacking himself in capacity for response -- and is therefore hopelessly out of the running -- who is not passionate enough and courageous enough to peer as earnestly as he can into the mystery of beauty, and state, as clearly as he may, what he finds and feels there.[23]

In addition to being a conservative critic, Downes was more specifically, in the terminology of this study, a non-cognitive emotionalist. It is no surprise to discover him concurring in Babbitt's attack on formalism.

> Can it not be rejoined, for instance, to their [the formalists'] exaltation of "rhythm" and "line" and "abstract form" above emotional expression -- an attitude which often impresses the listener as a theory rather than a creative impulse, and possibly an unconscious confession of having nothing of importance to say -- that it is wrong, consequent upon the post-war "collapse of romantic idealism", to assume that human idealism and its warm and ennobling impulses have "faded away into sheer romantic unreality"? That the emotional failure and sterility of almost all modern composers of the younger generation is consequent upon "the failure of our contemporary life in general", and that unless some solution is reached which makes possible an inner development and assessment of real values "one remains a mere modernist and not a . . . modern"?[24]

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[22]Times, 30 July 1933.

[23]Ibid.

[24]Times, 19 February 1928. The quotations refer to Babbitt's article in The forum.

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Downes had noted the dark cloud of formalism on the aesthetic horizon as early as 1924, after the celebrated fiasco of the Symphonies d'instruments à vent.

> . . . there was infinitely more suppression of subjective feeling in the "Symphonies for wind instruments" than in Stravinsky's earlier scores known here. . . . Is there not something overrefined and even a little hysterical in this attempt -- and we believe it to be an unsuccessful attempt anyhow -- at complete negation of that which is commonly human, or sensuously beautiful or healthily emotional in our existence?[25]

By definition, music without emotive impact was unsuccessful. The evidence revealed by surveying a quantity of his criticism indicates that music of recognizable racial (or national) character projected the most genuine expressive power for Downes. By the 1930s, this was no longer the predominant view. Yet Downes held firm in his beliefs.

> Against the anti-romanticists, neo-classicists, expressionists in a musical art may be placed such figures as Vaughan Williams, a great tonal poet of his race; Jean Sibelius; and Ernest Bloch. Bloch's music has a racial intensity and humanity and a passion and dramatic accent which place him in a lonely position of his own. Sibelius is more introspective and architectonic. But both these men have written primarily with expressive and communicative purpose.[26]

Vaughan Williams' Fantasia on a theme of Tallis had earned Downes' admiration as early as 1926. Here was music "unquestionably racial in origin and feeling . . . the voice of a creative artist, giving heightened beauty to the speech of his people. . . . The emotional import of his music rests neither upon harmonic acidity or modern rhythmical effects for

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[25]Times, 10 February 1924.

[26]Times, 18 March 1934.

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which we are indebted in a large degree to savages,[27] but upon the flow and stress of a fine and noble polyphony, and melody which, true to genuine English tradition, is more often vocal than instrumental in its nature. . . ."[28]

> Its vitality should be enduring, because its roots go so far into the past, so deep into the soil, and its purpose is so obviously the expression of a beauty which is neither feverish nor evanescent. . . .
>
> There is something within the sounds of the racial melodies for the composer to be aware of and recreate in new images, something more than repetition, by which races, as well as schools of art, rediscover and rejuvenate themselves.[29]

Downes had been a champion of the works of Sibelius since his early days as a Boston critic. In New York, performances of Sibelius' symphonies were few and far between during the 1920s. The composer's sixtieth birthday in December 1925 provided Downes with an opportunity to plead Sibelius' cause.

> The writer of these lines has more than once marveled why, in a period when every Tom, Dick and Harry of modern music is gladly given a hearing, the symphonies of Sibelius, the most heroic spirit in the music of today, goes so generally ignored. . . . It is unquestionable that [the fourth and fifth symphonies reflect] impressions of Northern nature and the pent up emotions of a man cast in no ordinary mold -- a giant, indeed a kind of barbarian dazed and astray in a Lilliputian age. But it is their highest compliment that by and large they are

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[27] Stravinsky was not excluded from this group. Downes had called him "fundamentally a barbarian and a primitive, tinctured with, educated in, the utmost sophistications and satieties of a worn-out civilization." Times, 16 March 1924.

[28] Times, 24 October 1926.

[29] Ibid.

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> music, nothing else, needing no explanation outside themselves, save that they obviously reflect in an idealized manner environment and a profoundly original temperament. This temperament is melancholy and aloof, very powerful, of the North and of another time.[30]

Downes felt Sibelius had been passed over "in a period which exalts technique above expression, style and artificiality over feeling, for a hundred lesser men who have not, as artists, the right to latch his shoes."[31] Downes hoped that Sibelius would at last emerge from comparative obscurity to take his rightful place. He never relinquished his belief in Sibelius' greatness, nor the wish that it would find recognition.

However much Downes disapproved the impressionistic mode of such a critic as Rosenfeld, he shared a basic intellectual assumption with that colleague. Both believed that sublimating heredity to environmental considerations was lethal for the creative process. Allusions to racial (or national) musical determinants appear in Downes' writing even before his arrival in New York.[32] They form a pervasive thread in his criticism during the twenties, and during the rest of his life. One of his last columns, in 1955, raised the question again of what Mendelssohn might _really_ have achieved, had he not denied his true heritage and had remained under the influence of his proudly Jewish Aunt Sarah instead:

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[30] _Times_, 2 December 1925.

[31] _Times_, 6 December 1925.

[32] See, for example, his review of the performance of Bloch's _Schelomo_, _Boston Post_, 15 April 1923.

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> . . . certainly there is not a trace of the Jewish element in Mendelssohn's beautiful music that we know. . . . A great and immortal master he was, but one has good reason to wonder as to the heights that he might have attained through a stronger affirmation of his heredity.[33]

However, there was a difference between the beliefs of Downes and Rosenfeld concerning the racial influence on art. For Rosenfeld, the work of art was the product of the interaction of the artist (racially conditioned) with his milieu. In Downes' model, though the hereditary element figures strongly, the factor of "milieu" is absent. The artist could write appropriate music wherever he was, as long as he was true to his heredity. Being "true to his heredity" meant expressing authentic racial feeling in music, or, more accurately, what Downes considered such expression to be. None of the other critics in this study was concerned (at least in print) with the relationship of race and art.

In the moral tone he assumed, Downes stood closest to William Henderson, whom he admired. Yet there was a difference between these two also. Where Henderson assumed music to be the vehicle for improving society, Downes assumed that, on the contrary, a better society would produce better music.

This confirmed emotionalist reacted with zest, enthusiasm, or indignation to the new music presented during the 1920s. His immediate responses were often more persuasive than his more-carefully-considered second thoughts. He was at his best when describing his experiences immediately, as they were, before he had time to consider what, perhaps, they ought to have been.

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[33]<u>Times</u>, 27 February 1955.

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Chapter VIII

KENNETH BURKE
(1897-)

Kenneth Burke was born in Pittsburgh in 1897, and educated at Ohio State and Columbia Universities. From 1922, Burke was assistant managing-editor of the *Dial*, as well as a frequent contributor of short stories, translations, poetry, and literary criticism. In 1927, he also took over the "Musical chronicle" column from Paul Rosenfeld, who had retired to edit anthologies of new American writing. Lawrence Gilman declined the post at the last moment, and Burke was pressed into service. Burke was, even then, first and foremost a writer and literary critic, however, and it is in these fields that he has since built his reputation. The theory of literary criticism interests him in particular; he has made important contributions in this area for more than four decades.[1] During the 1920s, the *Dial* provided Burke's most frequent forum. Several volumes of his writing from later years had their genesis in articles or reviews published in that magazine. In 1928, Burke received the *Dial* award for distinguished service to American letters.[2] When the magazine failed, in 1929, Burke turned to teaching and writing books. He did not return to music criticism except for a short period in the 1930s, when he

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[1]Burke wrote no books on music. His books include: *Counter-statement* (1931); *Permanence and change; anatomy of purpose* (1935); *Attitudes toward history*, 2 vols. (1937); *Philosophy of literary form* (1941); *A grammar of motives* (1950); *A rhetoric of motives* (1950); *The rhetoric of religion* (1961); *Perspectives by incongruity* (1964); *Language as symbolic action* (1967).

[2]Other recipients included Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot.

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wrote for the Nation.[3]

Kenneth Burke is a "New Critic." His interest lies "in what the artist is saying as opposed to why he is saying it,"[4] that is, in the work itself, rather than its author's personality or the age in which it was written. The nature of artistic communication fascinates him. His article on "Psychology and form," published in the Dial in 1925, was one of his earliest formulations of his views about the process.[5] He defined the terms in the title as follows:

> If, in a work of art, the poet says something, let us say, about a meeting, writes in such a way that we desire to observe that meeting, and then, if he places that meeting before us — that is form. While obviously, that is also the psychology of the audience, since it involved desires and their appeasements.[6]

Burke distinguished between the "psychology of form" (process), and the "psychology of information" (stasis). In writing, a mixture of the two was inevitable, he said, because the function of words was so complex. He felt that music was different.

> One reason why music can stand repetition so much more sturdily than correspondingly good prose is because music, of all the arts, is less suited to the psychology of information, and has remained closer to the psychology of form. Here form cannot atrophy. Every dissonant chord cries for its solution, and whether the musician resolves or refuses to resolve

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[3]1934-1936.

[4]Kenneth Burke, "On re and dis," Dial 79 (July 1925): 167. The title refers to the terms "recovery" and "discovery."

[5]Kenneth Burke, "Psychology and form," Dial 79 (July 1925): 34-46.

[6]Ibid., p. 35.

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> his dissonance into the chord which the body cries for, he is dealing in human appetites.[7]

Burke's statement is an example of what Leonard B. Meyer called the "kinetic-syntactic" theory of communication,[8] a view that was gaining adherents rapidly in the early decades of this century.

For Burke, a work, once experience, had yielded its information. However, he believed that

> . . . with a desire . . . its recovery is as agreeable as its discovery. One can memorize the dialogue between Hamlet and Guildenstern. . . . Once the speech is known, its repetition adds a new element to compensate for the loss of novelty. We cannot take a recurrent pleasure in the new (in information) but we can in the natural (form).[9]
>
> . . . .
>
> Music, then, fitted less than any other art for imparting information, deals minutely in frustrations and fulfillment of desire, and for that reason more often gives us those curves of emotion which, because they are natural, can bear repetition without loss.[10]

Burke's theory seems, in retrospect, an oversimplification. Nevertheless, it reveals one tendency of the time, which was to consider art in terms of process, and its reception in terms of the interaction between object and subject. For Burke, there was an essential breach between scientific and artistic truth. The process Burke described as the communication of art was a far cry, indeed, from Matthew Arnold's aim "to see the object

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[7]Burke, "Psychology and form," p. 38.

[8]Leonard B. Meyer, "On rehearing music," Music, the arts and ideas (Chicago; University of Chicago, 1967), pp. 42-53. Meyer later revised his view of the possible positions regarding musical signification. Burke's was a formalist approach, in Meyer's revised nomenclature. See note, p. 42, in Meyer.

[9]Burke, "Psychology and form," pp. 38-39.

[10]Ibid., pp. 39-40.

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as in itself it really is."

When Burke became music critic for the Dial, in December 1929, he issued a position statement,[11] as Rosenfeld had done in 1920. The two could hardly have been more different. Burke rejected "music as a substitute for religion, a secular mysticism, belief without theology." He also refused to see "music as the individuation of certain harmonic principles, to be discussed in terms of modulation, cadence, augmented fifths, and as many of the newer clusters as one could find names for." Neither "music as orgy" nor "music as mechanism" would be subjects of his criticism.[12]

Burke firmly rejected the impressionistic method of his predecessor.

> One must turn to the music itself for the sterling experiencing of those moments wherein the medium of tones is most skillfully and magnanimously exemplified. We categorically refuse to be depressed at least in this, our failure to regive in another medium the equivalent of these wholly musical events.[13]

Burke believed in substituting "investigation" for "sympathy." "In five hours of Wagner," he said, "are not at least three of them best salvaged by 'study?' Relaxing from the attempt to vibrate avec, one watches 'what he does with the horns'?"[14]

For Burke, music was no universal language. It was a vocabulary, and, like all vocabularies, subject to disruption into dialect. Musicians were,

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[11]Kenneth Burke, "Musical chronicle," Dial 83 (December 1927): 535-39.

[12]Ibid., p. 535.

[13]Ibid., p. 536.

[14]Ibid., p. 537.

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he felt, creating a new idiom in the first decades of the century, rather than concentrating on the exploitation of such an idiom for emotive purposes. "Merely because this tendency is in many cases sterile, or trivial, we need not condemn it in the absolute. Those who reap the rewards of a method are always rare in proportion to those who exemplify it."[15] This was a fairly common view in the twenties, even among composers. Aaron Copland suggested this position in an article for Modern music in 1928.[16]

Notwithstanding the many dialects, Burke believed that all Western music was a continuum, "all of it exemplifying, with varying degrees of observance and violation (the violation being an involute form of observance) the same aesthetic principles." He did not define these aesthetic principles, however.

This overture to Burke's music criticism for the Dial was his most robust statement during the two year period of his "Musical chronicle" stewardship. The seasons themselves were relatively placid, as far as new music was concerned. By 1928, the International Composers' Guild had disbanded, and the League of Composers had begun programming "new works" from 1600 [sic], as well as the new music of 1927. It had been, Burke said in one report, "a quiet evening at the League."

> This "quiet evening" is but so much more evidence that modern art is now without a Bundschuh [insurrection]. There is no longer any categorical hysteria making for either the acceptance or the rejection of

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[15]Burke, "Musical chronicle," 83:538.

[16]Aaron Copland, "Music since 1920," Modern music 5 (March-April 1925): 16-20.

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> any brand of work. The usual symphony concert is not a programme, but a museum. It is unthinkable that an audience's welcoming of widely divergent modern composers is founded upon sympathy; it must, rather, originate in a kind of blanket endorsement, in a substitution of a questioning attitude for a dictating one. A new medium has, in a sense, been accepted without naturalization. Henceforth perhaps artists themselves will have to provide their own intolerance.[17]

Several of Stravinsky's works received mention during Burke's short tenure as Dial critic. His opinion about the Sacre, in June 1928, was quite the reverse of other critics' who had noted a decline in the work's effectiveness. For Burke, Stravinsky in the Sacre had lost

> . . . all his strangeness and gained in solidity. The innovations have ceased to protrude. The music, as it recedes in time will doubtless share the anthological fate of Ein Heldenleben and Tod and Verklärung, works whose strangeness belongs to history, and whose mastery to aesthetics. . . . This work [the Sacre], which was once "speaking in tongues" is now dogma.[18]

Among Stravinsky's newer works, Oedipus rex won Burke's total admiration. He refused to attempt any metaphor for its critical description: he felt any such would be trivial. Beside it, the rest of the new works of the season seemed pale, indeed.[19]

One weakness of Burke's theory of artistic communication appears in the disappointment evidenced in certain of his evaluations. If a piece of music did not set up expectations according to the previous experience of the listener, there could be no resolution of appetites, hence no apprecia-

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[17]Kenneth Burke, "Musical chronicle," Dial 84 (March 1928): 266.

[18]Kenneth Burke, "Musical chronicle," Dial 84 (June 1928): 537.

[19]Kenneth Burke, "Musical chronicle," Dial 84 (May 1928): 445.

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tion of the "form." As Burke himself had said in 1925,

> . . . communication exists in the margin of overlap between the writer's experience and the reader's. Awareness of this fact goes far towards clarifying fluctuations in preferences; it need not be made the basis for the claim that each of us is "imprisoned within the walls of his personality" (as the subjectivists would interpret it) nor imprisoned within the walls of his times, as the historians would interpret it.[20]

Without any overlap in experience between composer and listener, there could be considerable information conveyed by the work, but little communication. The perception of the listener would then become totally subjective. Burke related one such experience:

> The Krenek number for strings . . . was perhaps the greatest disappointment of the evening. Said to have been written during a train ride, it seems to have embraced the not novel but still uncomplicated task of abstracting the music from such unmusical sounds as arise from grinding steel. It contains many labyrinths of discordancy which, on first hearing at least, suggest no aesthetic purpose. One cannot anticipate and be corroborated; one can follow, or cease to follow.[21]

The final work on the same program gave Burke pause for cogitation. Hearing this new clarinet trio by Gragnani he remarked that "if the earlier numbers on the program were right, this one was wrong; and if this was right, all that had preceded was absurd."

> Here in shamelessly pretty music symmetrically repeated, in happy moods such as are found oftenest on old calendars, no less than 150 years of technical questing were cancelled. Was this a discovery -- or a breakdown?[22]

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[20]Burke, "Re and dis," p. 168.

[21]Kenneth Burke, "Musical chronicle," Dial 86 (January 1929): 87.

[22]Ibid., p. 88.

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Burke saw the same "cancellation" in another work that week, one by no less a composer than Stravinsky. Apollon musagète, he announced, was calm and sunny "parlour music."[23]

Some composers in New York were themselves wondering about the state of affairs in new music by this time. "Where do we go from here?" was the actual title of an article by Emerson Whithorne for Modern music at the end of 1926.[24] "For the present, nowhere," replied Aaron Copland in 1928. "Let us be content to rest for awhile, to till the ground others have cleared. Soon enough the time will come to set off again for undiscovered territory."[25]

Notwithstanding the arrival of Oedipus rex, the season of 1927-1928 was not an exciting one for innovative music in New York. Even Ravel's visit was greeted without great enthusiasm.[26] The most honored figure of the season was Schubert, who had been dead just a hundred years.

It was a time for a new beginning, for a regrouping of the forces still concerned with the place of new music in the concert life of the city. Two of the younger composers, Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions, announced a series of two concerts that spring, to be given at the New School for Social Research. Burke was the only critic studied in these

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23Burke, "Musical chronicle," 86:88.

24Emerson Whithorne, "Where do we go from here?" Modern music 4 (November-December 1926): 9-14.

25Copland, "Music since 1920," pp. 19-20.

26Ravel had been invited on a national tour sponsored by the Pro-Musica Society. Ironically, his New York concert in which he conducted his own works was scheduled for exactly the same evening as the première of Oedipus rex.

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pages consistently to attend the early Copland-Sessions concerts. He called them music's Little review, after the avant-garde literary venture of that name. He thought several of the early concerts tame, but by the spring of 1929, he could congratulate the organizers for having presented an authentic "evening."[27]

The failure of the Dial in 1929 brought Burke's "Musical chronicles" to and end. He was not sorry to stop. He had said that April:

> We should decide to retire (to retreat, to perish). There are two major aspects of being a professional: the capacity for quick disillusionment, for diffidence in the midst of others' pleasures; and the ability to state with accuracy exactly why a certain thing seems good or bad. The former of these two is obviously a nuisance, the latter is a grave desiderandum. And after two years of hearkening, the grave desiderandum has not grown strong within us, while the obvious nuisance gains daily in health and prosperity.[28]

Burke's chief contributions have been as a literary critic. If he did not, like Rosenfeld, acclaim most of the new music itself, he must be thanked for bringing to music criticism the most advanced theories from the literary field.

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[27]Kenneth Burke, "Musical chronicle," Dial 86 (April 1929): 358.

[28]Ibid., p. 356.

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Chapter IX

POSTLUDE

The stylistic diversity among the new musical works performed in New York between 1919 and 1929 was unprecedented. The critics understood that they were witnessing a disintegration of tradition. What manner of musical Phoenix would eventually arise from the ashes was, however, unclear. From the vantage point of the late twenties, the alternatives appeared to them exceedingly bleak.

Not since the time of Monteverdi had there been a period of such drastic change. The analogy between the situation in the early seventeenth and the twentieth centuries was commonly discussed during the post-war decade. The critics could (and did) take comfort in such an analogy. Innovation had ultimately served orderly progress in the earlier period (or so it seemed in retrospect), and they were reasonably certain that history would repeat itself. A general interest developed among critics, composers and music organizations, in the music of the early Baroque. The League of Composers, for example, found a place on its programs for "new music from 1600" as well as the latest pieces by Milhaud or Copland. A quarterly magazine founded in 1927 for the purpose of publishing avant-garde compositions took the name <u>New music</u>. Though Henry Cowell (the editor) may not have been invoked the shade of Caccini directly, there can be little doubt that by the 1920s, the break with musical tradition was recognized as the most profound rupture in three hundred years.

The critics in this study stood on the threshold of a new era of

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criticism as well as of musical style. The new age could not adequately be described in terms of the old. This was in itself a crucial departure not generally recognized at the time. Leonard B. Meyer's assessment of the musical scene several decades later applies to the 1920s as well:

> The present seems to be aberrant, uncertain, and baffling because the prevalent view of style change -- involving notions of progress and teleology, Zeitgeist and cultural coherence, necessity and organic development, or some combination of these -- posits the eventual establishment of a single common style in each, or even in all of the arts. As a result, composers as well as critics and historians have come to expect that one dominant style will emerge in the arts -- whether as the result of radically new developments, an accommodation of prevailing styles to one another, or the "triumph" of some existing style. Thus Winthrop Sargeant, commenting upon the works of composers who employ quite different styles, says, "The astounding thing is that these composers all exist at the same time, and the inference to be drawn from this fact is that none of the revolutions have been definitive." And, though composing in an idiom anathema to Mr. Sargeant, Boulez also tacitly assumes a monolithic model of style development, asserting, "Anyone who has not felt . . . the necessity of the 12-tone language is SUPERFLUOUS. For anything he writes will fall short of the imperatives of our time."[1]

"But," suggests Meyer, "suppose that the paradigm which posits cumulative change and the discovery of a common style is no longer pertinent and viable? Perhaps none of the 'revolutions' will be definitive. . . . "[2]

This idea would have appalled most, but not all of the critics in the 1920s. The majority of the men endured the artistic turmoil,

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[1]Leonard B. Meyer, Music, the arts, and ideas (Chicago: University of Chicago, 1967), p. 171.

[2]Ibid.

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strengthened by their belief that a genius would appear at last to give meaning to the age, that "spiritual" values would finally prevail in art over the forces of anarchy, and that orderly progress would resume. There were also those, like Gilman and Rosenfeld, who believed in a nineteenth-century Romantic art that had "the logic of private experience," not of a common style.[3] Yet these men, too, were eventually alienated from the music they heard in the twenties. They were among the last to show discouragement, however.

A number of the critics could accept change only in small amounts or along fixed lines. The older men in particular were deeply distressed by the obvious technical innovations, especially in the area of harmony. This included both distaste for extreme dissonance and for unorthodox harmonic procedures seemingly unrelated to a work's thematic material. Polytonality and atonality were equally disparaged by these men.

A second discouraging factor was the lack of continuity of style, not only among different artists, but among the works of a single composer. Though they might value individuality highly, most of the critics believed the creative artist to be in some way shaped either by the *Zeitgeist*, or heredity, or a combination of the two. They expected a consistent and unified personality to produce works of art that were internally consistent also. Though a gradual development of style was anticipated between works, the evolution should involve some evident continuity. Stravinsky, among others, disappointed them on both counts.

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[3]Meyer, *Music, the arts, and ideas*, p. 191.

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By 1925, both Downes and Gilman were seeking the "essential Stravinsky." They complained that every time he wrote another piece, he became someone else, "which is not the habit of great masters" (Downes). It seemed that Stravinsky "wished to try everything once" (Gilman). Moreover, Gilman accused Stravinsky of "amateur tonal Burbanking" in his piano concerto, in which he had grafted together heterogeneous musical borrowings into a single composition.

The critics concluded, reluctantly, that each work of a given artist must be considered and appraised separately. Composers could no longer be counted on to write pieces in the same vein as before, or even compositions whose paternity was clearly evident. The case of the reception of Stravinsky's works in New York may serve as an example of the general critical frustration of the period. It is the most famous case, but the reception was typical of the compositions of lesser men as well.

Two of the New York critics were left behind after *L'Oiseau de feu* (Krehbiel and Aldrich). The majority weathered the advent of *Petrouchka*, and of those, most hailed *Le sacre*. However, some wondered later whether the *Sacre* had not been overrated (Taylor, Newman). Arrival of the *Symphonies d'instruments à vent* (February 1924) precipitated what I have called the "*crise* Stravinsky." For the next several years the subject of Stravinsky's "decline" provoked serious critical discussion. All agreed that something had happened to the composer, but no two critics explained it in quite the same way. Least of all did they believe what Stravinsky himself was saying.

One thought the composer might need the inspiration of the ballet to activate his imagination (Finck). Another (Henderson) decided that

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Stravinsky was not writing compositions at all, merely orchestral studies. There was in them no "song of beauty, no spiritual message for mankind." Gilman protested the composer's avowed intention of returning to eighteenth-century forms in order to evade the "languors of Romanticism." The earlier epoch, he declared, would not be reincarnated by anyone, even Stravinsky. He did not perceive that there was something of the composer himself in even the most obvious parodies, or if he did note the composer's own hand, he disapproved the mixture of the past with the present. Downes saw in Stravinsky's works after the Sacre a denial of his Russian heritage. The composer had, furthermore, fallen prey to the aimlessness of the age. Rosenfeld titled one of his essays, "Igor, tu n'est qu'un villain!" Art for Rosenfeld was the result of the artist's interaction with his environment, preferrably his native land. The art of the emigré was essentially sterile. Rosenfeld noted the work of T.S. Eliot by way of further example of artistic impoverishment. For Deems Taylor, music in which the interest was primarily rhythmic soon became boring. By the fourth hearing, the Sacre no longer moved him.

The reception of Oedipus rex was mixed. One critic acclaimed it as "wildly romantic" and "indecently successful" (Gilman). Another found it better than some of the composer's efforts, but not so good as those pieces written "when Stravinsky was still looking within himself instead of all around" (Downes). Rosenfeld disliked it; Burke admired it enormously. But the following season Stravinsky was writing what Burke could only characterize as "sunny parlour music"--Apollon musagète. These critics were able to discover no consistency in the composer's works.

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The multiplicity of styles among the various composers writing during the first decades of this century was more tolerable to the critics. An artist must, after all, express his own innermost thoughts and emotions, or so the critics thought at first. Even Krehbiel admitted this when discussing Schönberg's Fünf Orchesterstücke. He concluded, however, that although Schönberg might be sincere, an aesthetic that included the ugly had no place in art. So the conflict was joined between those who valued above all the essential individuality of the artist and those for whom art was primarily a revelation of beauty (in the narrowest sense of the term) and emotion. When the originality of the artist no longer served the aesthetic ideal cherished by the critic, most of the men rejected the artist and his art. Critics like Gilman and Rosenfeld often defended the artist, but only up to a point: the point where (for them) the artist no longer maintained his own integrity. Composing bastard works in this or that borrowed style was definitely not a sign of artistic integrity. Stravinsky (again, among many others) disagreed with them.

Stravinsky never renounced his individualism. He persisted in writing what interested him, though he knew full well that his works since 1920 had been poorly received by most critics and audiences everywhere. As he said:

> Their attitude certainly cannot make me deviate from my path. I shall assuredly not sacrifice my predilections and my aspirations to the demands of those who, in their blindness do not realize they are simply asking me to go backwards. It should be obvious that what they wish had become

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> obsolete for me, and that I could not follow
> them without doing violence to myself.[4]

In this artistic independence, Stravinsky remained true to his Romantic heritage. However, by the time of the First World War, he had become more interested in the elegant and imaginative ordering of musical materials, than in the personal expression of inner experience. This rejection of "expression" as an avowed goal in musical composition was the ultimate disappointment for the critics in the 1920s.

Nine out of the ten men discussed in this study were confirmed traditionalists as far as "expression" was concerned. Music must contain, express, or evoke emotion, and was judged by this criterion. By 1925, Burke, the tenth and youngest of the group, discussed the relationship between psychology and form from a new point of view. He described form in music as a process that aroused emotional appetites in the audience and then gratified (or declined to gratify) such expectations. The process of form was still stated in terms of emotion, albeit that of the audience. Such process was considered in relation to the composition itself, involving neither the composer of the work, nor the spirit of the age he might represent.

Herein lay the new departure in criticism. The decade had seen, first, the rejection of those art works which did not conform to preconceived aesthetic standards of the critics. There had followed the rejection of those artists who had (apparently) given up their integrity as spokesmen for their own inner experience. The so-called neo-classical

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[4]Igor Stravinsky, An autobiography (New York: Norton, 1936), p. 176. [Trans. from Chroniques de ma vie (Paris, 1935).]

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mixing of the present with the past must, by definition, be alien to that experience. There remained a third course: to evaluate the music in its own terms, to judge in how much the composer had succeeded or failed to accomplish what he had attempted. The critic might also approve or disapprove the composer's intention.

Nine out of ten critics considered in this study did not wish to hear what Stravinsky was saying. The result was that the composer spoke louder:

> For I consider that music is, by its very nature essentially powerless to _express_ anything at all, whether a feeling, an attitude of mind, a psychological mood, a phenomenon of nature, etc. . . . _Expression_ has never been an inherent property of music.[5]

This statement, probably his most famous one, has been much discussed; the composer has been faulted as an aesthetician. The passage stands as an overstatement of the anti-emotionalism of the day. It should be pointed out that the statement does not deny to the listener whatever emotional gratification he may discover in perception of the work of art.

The composer had stated his real case to Rosenfeld in the 1925 interview.

> What interests me most of all is construction. What gives me pleasure is to see how much of my material I can get into line. I want to see what is coming. I am interested first in the melody, and the volumes, and the instrumental sounds, and the rhythm. . . . You find yourself, you don't know how, in possession of, say, four bars of music. Well, the real musician is the one who knows what there is to be done with these four

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[5]Stravinsky, _Autobiography_, p. 53.

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> bars; knows what he can make out of them. Composition really comes from the gift of being able to see what your material is capable of.[6]

Neo-classicism was only one approach evolved during the past half-century in an attempt to evade traditional Romanticism. Total serialism, chance music, and musique concrète are other examples. The composer, released from the obligation to be "expressive," may employ any musical (or, indeed, even non-musical) materials of his choosing. Their selection and skillful ordering may be his main concern (such is the chief tenet of formalism). That some composers might not wish to escape tradition is also a possibility. The very multiplicity of co-existent choices may be the outstanding feature of musical style since World War I.

In the 1920s, the audience for music of all kinds both divided and multiplied. The move toward stylistic pluralism in music itself was matched, immediately after the war, by progressive abandonment of the myth of a single, cultivated audience embodying societal standards of "musical taste." This, too, caused chagrin among most of the critics, especially those who had been "guides, counsellors, friends" to the concert-going public of their time. They deplored the coteries that supported the contemporary music societies. There was also a widening cleft between the audiences served by the newspaper journalists and the readers of the avant-garde literary magazines. Since the period described in this study, individual taste in music, rather than factors

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[6]Paul Rosenfeld, By way of art (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1928), p. 33

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such as class, profession or income level, has determined the size and composition of the audiences. Conversely, the size of the audience for a particular type of music no longer determines it societal worth. Again, nothing has been lost. There are still those who admire and attend concerts of standard repertoire of symphonic, operatic, or chamber music. There seem also to be an increasing number of afficionados of Renaissance, Baroque, Indian, rock, jazz, and avant-garde music, or any combination of the above.

Criticism floundered in the 1920s. One must feel sympathy for the dilemma of the critics. Nowhere were the problems adequately defined. There was a growing awareness that description and evaluation, or "fact and opinion" as Calvocoressi called them in 1923, could and should be distinguished from each other. The multiplicity of critical approaches co-existent in the last fifty years has its roots in this awareness. For critics like Krehbiel and Henderson, the distinction did not exist. When they said a work was "beautiful" or "sincere," they thought they were describing characteristics inherent in the music. Taylor, though just as conservative as they in musical taste, knew he was offering his own subjective evaluations. Gilman affirmed that "beauty" lay in the ear of the listener.

What could be the justification for criticism based frankly upon no more secure footing than personal opinion (and opinion shaped, more often than not, by extra-musical considerations)? Perhaps such music criticism was irrelevant.[7] Gilman defended the critic who, he said,

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[7]The term is Burke's. He noted the problem in his first "Musical chronicle" in the Dial 83 (December 1927): 536. Downes validated criticism on the grounds that not all opinions were of equal weight; the critic had the advantage of more experience. Downes, "Placing the critics," p. 34.

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might be "better than infallible"; he might be "revealing, provocative, delightful."[8] Others turned to methods of musical evaluation more directly related to the music itself. As a result, a variety of techniques for musical description (analysis) has been developed in the ensuing decades. Whether the object is to reveal the work in its individuality, or in its relation to other, similar, works, these approaches belong to the realm of criticism. Analytical means serve a variety of ends -- indeed, some would make them ends in themselves. The critic, like the composer, may choose among the wealth of possibilities, knowing, however, that he is no longer the absolute arbiter of taste who ushered a generation of concert goers into the halls of art at the turn of the century.

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[8] Tribune, 4 February 1929.

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Appendix

This Appendix contains listings of music composed in 1912 or later and performed in New York between October 1919 and May 1929. The charts were compiled on the basis of notices in the New York Times and the New York Tribune (after 1924 the New York Herald Tribune). Compositions are entered by composer, title, and performer or performing organization. They are listed in order of performance within each month of the concert season. The charts do not distinguish among the works according to style. Inclusion in the Appendix does not necessarily mean that a work was reviewed by a critic chosen for this study.

Eligible works appear in the listings each time they were performed, with the following exceptions:

1) Operatic works, once mounted, were usually given several times during a season. Only the first performance in each season is noted. When the work was produced by another company, the first performance for each season by the second company is also included.

2) Symphonic programs, too, were often repeated. Again, only the first performance of a composition in a given season is noted, unless it was also programmed by another organization.

An asterisk (*) after the title of a composition indicates that the work has already appeared in the charts.

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TABLE 1

Performances of new music* in New York, 1919-1929**

October 1919

Composer	Title	Performer
Prokofiev, Sergei	five piano pieces	Sergei Prokofiev (pianist)
Ornstein, Leo	Poems of 1917 (four selections)	Leo Ornstein (pianist)
	Three moods: anger, joy, grief	|
Burleigh, Cecil	Violin concerto no. 2	Cecil Burleigh (violinist)

November 1919

Composer	Title	Performer
Smith, David Stanley	Prince Hal overture	New Sym. Orch. (Bodanzky)
Stravinsky, Igor	L'Oiseau de feu (selections) (1910)	Boston Sym. Orch. (Monteux)
Dworsky, Michael	The haunted castle	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)
Indy, Vincent d'	Sinfonia brevis de Bello Gallico	N.Y. Sym. Soc. (Damrosch)
Debussy, Claude	Berceuse héroïque	|
Rogers, Bernard	Dirge, "To the fallen"	Philhar. Soc. (Stransky)

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* Includes compositions completed in 1912 or thereafter, together with a small number of slightly earlier works whose dates of composition are shown in parentheses.

** Includes works given during the ten concert seasons falling within the period of October 1919-April 1929; under each monthly subheading, works are listed in the order of their earliest published report.

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1919 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Griffes, Charles	Poem for flute and orchestra	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Bloch, Ernest	Suite for viola and piano	Emil Ferir (violist)
Ravel, Maurice	Valses nobles et sentimentales	Philhar. Orch.
Bloch, Ernest	Schelomo	May Muckle (cellist)
Hofmann, Josef	In Flanders field	George Harris, Jr. (tenor)
Mason, Daniel Gregory	Well he slumbers, greatly slain My love is gone into the East	
Grainger, Percy	Children's march: Over the hills and far away	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)

December 1919

Composer	Title	Performer
Griffes, Charles	The pleasure dome of Kubla Khan	Boston Sym. Orch. (Monteux)
Le Guillard, Albert	String quartet, op. 5	Flonzaley Qt.
Stravinsky, Igor	Kormilo; Natashka The colonel The old man and the beggar	Vera Janacopulos (soprano)

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Performances of new music in New York

December 1919 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Montemezzi, Italo	L'Amore dei tre re	Met. Opera
Puccini, Giacomo	Il trittico	Met. Opera
Rabaud, Henri	Marouf, savetier du Caire	Met. Opera
Wolff, Albert	L'Oiseau bleu	Met. Opera

January 1920

Composer	Title	Performer
Ireland, John	Sonata for violin and piano	Herbert Ditler (violinist)
Debussy, Claude	Jeux	Boston Sym. Orch. (Monteux)
Carpenter, John Alden	Symphony, "Sermon in stones"	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Mason, Daniel Gregory	String quartet on negro themes, op. 19	Flonzaley Qt.
Koven, Reginald de	Rip Van Winkle	Chicago Opera
Hadley, Henry	Cleopatra's night	Met. Opera
Goossens, Eugene	Phantasy quartet	Berkshire Qt.

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1920

Composer	Title	Performer
Aubert, Louis	Habanera	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Riesenfeld, Hugo	Overture in romantic style	Philhar. Orch. (Riesenfeld)
Converse, Frederick S.	Symphony no. 2	Boston Sym. Orch.
Rachmaninov, Sergei	The bells	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)
Stravinsky, Igor	Quatre chansons plaisantes	Eva Gautier (soprano)
Goldmark, Rubin	Requiem	Philhar. Orch.
Spalding, Albert	Theme and variations	Albert Spalding (violinist)
Tommasini, Vincenzo	Chiari di luna	Philhar. Orch. (Damrosch)
Carpenter, John Alden	The birthday of the infanta	Chicago Opera

March 1920

Composer	Title	Performer
Moór, Emanuel	Suite for double quintet	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Hadley, Henry	Othello overture	Phila. Orch.

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Performances of new music in New York

April 1920

Composer	Title	Performer
Kelly, Edgar Stillman	The pilgrim's progress	Oratorio Soc.

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October 1920

Composer	Title	Performer
Ropartz, Guy	Sonata for violin and piano, no. 2	Grace Freeman (violinist)
Dukas, Paul	Le péri	Ballet russe
Roger-Ducasse, Jean-Jules	Marche française	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Impressioni dal vero	National Sym. Orch.

November 1920

Composer	Title	Performer
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Impressioni dal vero*	Philhar. Orch. (Bodanzky)
Kubelík, Jan	Violin concerto in C	
Fauré, Gabriel	Masques et bergamasques	
Bloch, Ernest	Suite for viola and orchestra	National Sym. Orch.

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1920 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Scott, Cyril	Piano concerto in C major Two passacaglias for orchestra	Phila. Orch. (composer as soloist)
Milhaud, Darius	Piano sonata no. 1	E. Robert Schmitz (pianist)
Stravinsky, Igor	Concertino for string quartet	Flonzaley Qt.
Carpenter, John Alden	Concertino for piano and orchestra	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)

December 1920

Composer	Title	Performer
Respighi, Ottorino Ravel, Maurice	I pini di Roma Le tombeau de Couperin	Boston Sym. Orch. (Monteux)
Pick-Mangiagalli, Riccardo	Il carillon magico	Met. Opera
Casella, Alfredo	Le couvent sur l'eau	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Ravel, Maurice	Trio in A minor	Elshuco Trio
Roussel, Albert Rachmaninov, Sergei	Évocations Études-tableaux, op. 39 (2 pieces)	Philhar. Orch. (Stransky)
Indy, Vincent d'	La légende de St. Christophe	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)

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Performances of new music in New York

December 1920 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Moór, Emanuel	Concerto for string quartet and orchestra	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)
Vaughan Williams, Ralph	A London symphony	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Coates)

January 1921

Composer	Title	Performer
Montemezzi, Italo	L'Amore dei tre re	Met. Opera
Sabata, Victor de	Juventus	La Scala Orch. (Toscanini)
Indy, Vincent d'	La légende de St. Christophe*	Boston Sym. Orch. (Monteux)
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Impressioni dal vero*	Boston Sym. Orch. (Monteux)
Griffes, Charles	The pleasure dome of Kubla Khan	
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	Sonata for violin and piano in A	Alexander Blocks (violinist)
Taylor, Deems	Suite, "Through the looking glass"	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Carpenter, John Alden	program of songs	Birgit Engrell (soprano)
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Grottesco	Soc. of the Friends of Music
Busoni, Ferruccio	Concertino for clarinet and small orchestra	

Performances of new music in New York

January 1921 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Jongen, Joseph	Sérénade dramatique, op. 61	Flonzaley Qt.
Hadley, Henry	Cleopatra's night *	Met. Opera
Sowerby, Leo	Piano concerto	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Rispetti e strambotti	Lenz Qt.

February 1921

Composer	Title	Performer
Scott, Cyril	Two passacaglias for orchestra *	Boston Sym. Orch.
Yon, Pietro	Concerto gregoriano for organ and orchestra	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Bloch, Ernest	Sonata for violin and piano	Paul Kochanski (violinist)
Bloch, Ernest	Schelomo	National Sym. Orch. (Mengelberg)

March 1921

Composer	Title	Performer
Ireland, John	Piano sonata	Alix Young Maruchess (pianist)

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Performances of new music in New York

March 1921 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Nelson, John Louw	four sets of songs	Charles Harrison (baritone) Jeanne Laval (contralto) Marie Sundelius (soprano)
Powell, John	Negro rhapsody for piano and orchestra	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Griffes, Charles	The white peacock	
Carpenter, John Alden	Adventures in a perambulator	
Szymanovsky, Karol	Notturno e tarantella	Paul Kochansky (violinist)
Bartók, Béla	Allegro barbaro (1911)	Ernst von Dohnányi (pianist)
Strauss, Richard	Suite, "Le bourgeois gentilhomme"	National Sym. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Loomis, Clarence	five songs violin sonata two piano pieces sonata for cello and piano	Clarence Loomis
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	La pisanella suite	La Scala Orch. (Toscanini)
Morris, Harold	program of recent works	Harold Morris

April 1921 (over)

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Performances of new music in New York

April 1921

Composer	Title	Performer
Dohnányi, Ernst von	Variations on a nursery song	National Sym. Orch. (Dohnányi)

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October 1921

Composer	Title	Performer
Palmgren, Selim	Maskenball, op. 36	Selim Palmgren (pianist)
Ireland, John	Impressions for voice and piano	Hager, Mina (contralto)
Poulenc, Francis	Le cortège d'Orphée	|
Carpenter, John Alden	set of songs	|
Braunfels, Walter	Die Vögel, op. 30	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)
	Phantastiche Erscheinungen eines Themas von H. Berlioz	|
Roger-Ducasse, Jean-Jules	Marche française*	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Gruenberg, Louis	The hill of dreams	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Mason, Daniel Gregory	Prelude and fugue for piano and orchestra	Philhar. Orch. (Stransky)
Sinding, Christian	Suite in A minor for violin	Efrem Zimbalist (violinist)
Schelling, Ernest	Violin concerto	|

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1921

Composer	Title	Performer
Casella, Alfredo	A notte alta for piano and orchestra	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski; composer as soloist)
Warner, H. Waldo	The pixy ring, op. 23	London Qt.
Sowerby, Leo	Fisherman's trune	Silvio Scionti (pianist)
Casella, Alfredo	Sonatina	
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Risonanze	Alfredo Casella (pianist)
Casella, Alfredo	Undici pezzi infantili	
Sibelius, Jean	Symphony no. 5	Philhar. Orch. (Stransky)
Hadley, Henry	The ocean	Philhar. Orch.
Korngold, Erich	Die tote Stadt	Met. Opera
Enesco, George	String quartet no. 1	Flonzaley Qt.
Skilton, Charles Sanford	Suite primeval	Philhar. Orch.
Berners, Lord	Fantasía espagñola,	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Schönberg, Arnold	Fünf Orchester-Stücke	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)
Nielsen, Carl	Violin sonata no. 2	Emil Telmányi (violinist)

December 1921 (over)

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Performances of new music in New York

December 1921

Composer	Title	Performer
Le Flem, Paul	Pour les morts	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (d'Indy)
Indy, Vincent d'	Poème de rivages, op. 77	
Roussel, Albert	Évocations: Le dieu dans l'ombre des cavernes	
Korngold, Erich	Suite, "Much ado about nothing"	Soc. of the Friends of Music
McEwen, John	Threnody (string quartet)	London Qt.
Smith, David Stanley	Fête galante	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Grainger, Percy	Molly on the shore	
	Shepherd's hey	
Goossens, Eugene	Impressions of a holiday	Trio Classique
Holst, Gustav	The planets	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Coates)
Gilbert, Henry F.	Indian sketches	Philhar. Orch.
Ornstein, Leo	Sonata for two pianos	Leo Ornstein (pianist)

January 1922

Composer	Title	Performer
Williams, John Gerrard	Potpourri	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Falla, Manuel de	El sombrero de tres picos (3 selections)	Boston Sym. Orch. (Monteux)

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1922 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Leginska, Ethel	From a life	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Whithorne, Emerson	In the court of pomegranetes	Philhar. Soc.
Szymanowski, Karol	five songs	Little Symphony (Barrère)
Poldowski, Mme.	piano compositions	
Carpenter, John Alden	Krazy kat	
Prokofiev, Sergei	Piano concerto no. 3	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Goossens, Eugene	Four conceits	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Coates)

February 1922

Composer	Title	Performer
Saminsky, Lazare	Four sacred songs	Soc. of the Friends of Music (Bodanzky)
Thewman, Samuel	Der Abend	
Ravel, Maurice	La valse	Philhar. Orch.
Carpenter, John Alden	Birthday of the infanta	Chicago Opera
Prokofiev, Sergei	Love for three oranges	Chicago Opera
Whithorne, Emerson	Three Greek impressions for string quartet	Int. Composers' Guild
Gruenberg, Louis	Polychromatics	|

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1922 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	several songs	Int. Composers' Guild
Honegger, Arthur	Pâques à New York	
Goossens, Eugene	Sonata for violin and piano	
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Impressioni dal vero*	Soc. of the Friends of Music (Bodanzky)

March 1922

Composer	Title	Performer
Bloch, Ernest	String quartet no. 1	Flonzaley Qt.
Schelling, Ernest	Impressions from an artist's life	Philhar. Orch.
Carpenter, John Alden	A pilgrim vision	Phila. Orch.
Loeffler, Charles Martin	Five Irish fantasies (selection of 3 songs)	Boston Sym. Orch. (Monteux)
Ravel, Maurice	Trois poèmes de Stephane Mallarmé: Placet futile	Int. Composers' Guild
Bliss, Arthur	Madame Noy	
Kramer, A. Walter	Interlude for a drama	
Delage, Maurice	Benares: La naissance de Buddha	
Stravinsky, Igor	Two children's songs	
	Myosotis	
	Le pigeon	
Dukelski, Vladimir	Two songs	

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Performances of new music in New York

March 1922 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Kodály, Zoltán	piano works	Int. Composers' Guild
Schmitt, Florent	Sonata for violin and piano	
Engel, Carl	Marching	
	In a twilight garden	
Vaughan Williams, Ralph	Bredon Hill	
Hadley, Henry	Andante and scherzo	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Mariotte, Antoine	Impressions urbaines	Concerts Internationaux
Honegger, Arthur	Toccata et variations	
Debussy, Claude	two etudes	
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	Lament on the death of Hippolytus (excerpt from "Fedra")	Schola Cantorum (Schindler)
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	St. Francdsco d'Assisi	
Dopper, Cornelis	Ciaconna gotica	Philhar. Orch.
Goudoever, H.D. van	Suite for cello and orchestra	

April 1922

Composer	Title	Performer
Dopper, Cornelis	Theme with variations	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Diepenbrock, Alphons	Overture, "The birds"	
Stoessel, Albert	Violin sonata in G major	American Music Guild
Harmati, Sandor	two movements of a string quartet	

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Performances of new music in New York

April 1922 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Gruenberg, Louis	Piano concerto	American Music Guild
Jacobi, Frederick	Love and death; Ballade	
Carpenter, John Alden	The player queen	
Loeffler, Charles Martin	Bolero triste	
Varèse, Edgar	Dédications; Chanson de là-haut	Int. Composers' Guild
Salzedo, Carlos	Four preludes to the afternoon of a telephone	
Cotapos, Acario	Philippe l'Arabe	
Jacobi, Frederick	Circe; Medusa	
Miaskovsky, Nicolai	To the unsuffering master	
Koshetz, Nina	To the sun	
Satie, Erik	Choses vues à droite et à gauche	
Poulenc, Francis	Sonata for two clarinets	
Dieren, Bernard van	Rhapsody	
Griffes, Charles	Salut au monde	Neighborhood Playhouse

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October 1922

Composer	Title	Performer
Korngold, Erich	Sursum corda	Philhar. Orch. (Stransky)

November 1922 (over)

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1922

Composer	Title	Performer
Weiner, Leo	String quartet in F-sharp minor	Wendling Qt.
Laidov, Anatol	From the Apocalypse	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Weiner, Leo	Introduction and scherzo: Prince Csonger and the gnomes	Philhar. Orch.
Szymanowski, Karol	A la lisière du bois; St. Francis; Feu de joie two other songs	Alice Merriam
Elgar, Edward	Cello concerto, op. 85	Phila. Orch.
Gallico, Paolo	The Apocalypse	Oratorio Soc.
Vaughan Williams, Ralph	Pastoral symphony	Philhar. Soc.
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	La pisanella *	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Korngold, Erich	Die tote Stadt*	Met. Opera

December 1922

Composer	Title	Performer
Mason, Daniel Gregory	Symphony in C minor	Philhar. Orch. (Stransky)
Honegger, Arthur	Horace victorieux	

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Performances of new music in New York

December 1922 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Smith, David Stanley	String quartet in C major	Lenz Qt.
Elgar, Edward	Quintet for piano and strings, op. 84	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Honegger, Arthur	Sonata for violin and piano no. 1	Int. Composers' Guild
Rudhyar, Dane	Luciferian stanza	
	Ravissement	
Gaillard, Marius-François	two songs	
Saminsky, Lazare	two songs	
Lourié, Arthur	Pleurs de la vierge Marie for string quartet	
Ruggles, Carl	Men and angels (second mvt.)	
Ravel, Maurice	Sonata for violin and cello	

January 1923

Composer	Title	Performer
Gruenberg, Louis	Sonata for violin and piano	American Music Guild
Griffes, Charles	Piano sonata	
Mason, Daniel Gregory	Russians (song cycle)	
Bax, Arnold	November woods	Boston Sym. Orch. (Monteux)
Gilbert, Henry F.	Music for the Pilgrim Tercentenary Pageant	Philhar. Orch. (Hadley)
Converse, Frederick S.	Symphony no. 2 *	Philhar. Orch. (Hadley)

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1923 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Taylor, Deems	The siren song	Philhar. Soc. (Hadley)
Juon, Paul	Litaniae	Elshuco Trio
Chadwick, George W.	Anniversary overture	Philhar. Orch. (Hadley)
Respighi, Ottorino	Three preludes on Gregorian melodies	Raymond Havens (pianist)
Bax, Arnold	Hill tune	
Milhaud, Darius	Ballade	City Sym. Orch. (Milhaud)
	Serenade	
Honegger, Arthur	Pastorale d'été	
Goldmark, Rubin	Negro rhapsody	Philhar. Orch. (Stransky)
Whithorne, Emerson	New York days and nights	E. Robert Schmitz (pianist)
Goossens, Eugene	Nature poems	
Milhaud, Darius	Saudades do Brazil	
Vaughan Williams, Ralph	A London symphony *	N.Y. Sym. Orch.

February 1923

Composer	Title	Performer
Schönberg, Arnold	Pierrot lunaire	Int. Composers' Guild

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1923 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Satie, Erik	Sports et divertissements	Int. Composers' Guild
Milhaud, Darius	Saudades do Brazil*	
Koechlin, Charles	Sonata for two flutes	
Engel, Carl	Triptych for violin and piano	American Music Guild
Harmati, Sandor	A portrait	
Bauer, Marion	Three preludes, op. 15	
Whithorne, Emerson	New York days and nights*	
Smith, David Stanley	String quartet in C major	
Stravinsky, Igor	Petrouchka suite	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Griffes, Charles	Lake at evening; Vale of dreams; The night winds	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
McEwen, John	String quartet no. 8	London Qt.
Vittadini, Frank	Anima allegra	Met. Opera
Taylor, Deems	The rivals; Song for lovers; The messenger	Reinald Werrenrath (baritone)
Wetzler, Herman	Overture, "As you like it"	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Schelling, Ernest	Victory ball	Phila. Orch.

March 1923 (over)

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Performances of new music in New York

March 1923

Composer	Title	Performer
Schillings, Max von	Mona Lisa	Met. Opera
Tommasini, Vincenzo	Il beato regno	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Whithorne, Wmerson	Tears (song)	Int. Composers' Guild
Ornstein, Leo	Nocturne	
Salzedo, Carlos	Sonata for harp and piano	
Varese, Edgar	Hyperprism	
Toch, Ernst	Fantastische Nachtmusik	N.Y. Sym Orch. (Damrosch)
Ornstein, Leo	Sonata for two pianos*	American Music Guild
Powell, John	Sonata for violin and paino	
Vaughan Thomas, David	three songs	
Steinert, Alexander	Lacquer prints	
Gardner, Samuel	Five short violin pieces	
Warner, Waldo	Phantasy quartet*	London Qt.
Dohnanyi, Ernst von	Violin concerto, op. 27	N.Y. Sym. Orch (Damrosch)
Taylor, Deems	Suite, "Through the looking glass"*	
Eichheim, Henry	Oriental impressions	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)
Saminsky, Lazare	Symphony of the summits	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Pick-Mangiagalli, Riccardo	Sortilegi	
Hill, Edward Burlingame	Stevensonia no. 2	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Ravel, Maurice	Daphnis et Chloe	

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Performances of new music in New York

March 1923 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Roussel, Albert	Pour une fête de printemps	Philhar. Orch.

April 1923

Composer	Title	Performer
Respighi, Ottorino	Ballata delle gnomidi	Boston Sym. Orch.

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October 1923

Composer	Title	Performer
Tcherepnin, Alexander	Contes russes (ballet)	Met. Opera
Pfitzner, Hans	Von deutscher Seele	Soc. of the Friends of Music
Prokofiev, Sergei	Visions fugitives Scherzo	Alexander Borovsky (pianist)
Villa-Lobos, Heitor	Prole do bebê	Artur Rubinstein (pianist)
Szymanowski, Karol	Notturno et tarantella*	Robert Peratz (violinist)
Tansman, Alexander	Violin sonata	Bronislaw Huberman (violinist)

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1923

Composer	Title	Performer
Stravinsky, Igor	Chant du rossignol	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Hindemith, Paul	two songs	Eva Gauthier (soprano)
Pierné, Gabriel	Suite from the ballet, "Cydalise"	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Leginska, Ethel	Dance of a puppet	Ethel Leginska (pianist)
Stravinsky, Igor	Three pieces for clarinet solo	League of Composers
Bliss, Arthur	Rout; Five Chinese songs	
Bloch, Ernest	Piano quintet	
Bridges, Frank	Two poems	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Bridges, Frank	Cello sonata in D minor	Félix Salmond (cellist)
Bridges, Frank	String quartet in G minor	London Qt.
Ornstein, Leo	Sonata for violin and piano	Jerome Goldstein (violinist)
Treharne, Bryceson	Waiting starlight	Louis Graveure (baritone)
Pierné, Gabriel	Suite from the ballet, "Cydalise" (parts 2 and 3)	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Milhaud, Darius	L'Homme et son désir	Swedish Ballet
Honegger, Arthur	Skating rink	
Porter, Cole	Within the quota	Swedish Ballet

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Performances of new music in New York

December 1923

Composer	Title	Performer
Schönberg, Arnold	Herzgewächse	Int. Composers' Guild
Stravinsky, Igor	Renard	
Delage, Maurice	Trois poèmes	
Lourié, Arthur	Syntheses	
Hindemith, Paul	Suite, "1923": March and Nachtstück	
Bartók, Béla	Two improvisations on Hungarian folk songs	
Villa-Lobos, Heitor	Prole do bebê	Alfredo Oswald (pianist)
Morris, Harold	Trio for piano and strings	American Music Guild
Loeffler, Charles Martin	Music for four stringed instruments	Lenox Qt.
Nelson, John Louw	twelve works for voice and/or piano	John Louw Nelson
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	San Basilio	Franco-American Soc.
Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Mario	Stella cadenti no. 2	
Prokofiev, Sergei	two songs	
Stravinsky, Igor	Klokhes au monastère	
Falla, Manuel de	Siete canciones populares españolas (selection of five songs)	
Ravel, Maurice	Piano trio in A minor*	
Bartók, Béla	Ten folk songs arranged for chorus	Schola Cantorum (Schindler)

January 1924 (over)

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1924

Composer	Title	Performer
Riccitelli, Primo	I compagnacci	Met. Opera
Albert, Eugène d'	Die toten Augen	Wagnerian Opera
Bax, Arnold	Piano quartet in one movement	American Music Guild
Bartók, Béla	Sonata for violin and piano no. 2	
Schönberg, Arnold	String quartet no. 2 (1907)	
Berners, Lord	Valses bourgeoises	
Bliss, Arthur	Color symphony	Boston Sym. Orch.
Saminsky, Lazare	Vigiliae	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Goldmark, Rubin	The call of the plains	
McKinley, Carl	The blue flower	Philhar. Orch. (Hadley)
Montemezzi, Italo	L'Amore dei tre re *	Met. Opera
Hindemith, Paul	String quartet no. 2	New York Qt.
Rieti, Vittorio	Sonatina for flute and piano	Int. Composers' Guild
Salzedo, Carlos	Preambule et jeux	
Szymanowski, Karol	Twelve etudes for piano	
Ruggles, Carl	Vox clamans in deserto	
Varèse, Edgar	Octandre	
Webern, Anton	two songs	
Berg, Alban	two songs	
Casella, Alfredo	Five pieces for string quartet	
Pierné, Gabriel	Piano quintet	Philhar. Qt.

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1924 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Carpenter, John Alden	Adventures in a perambulator*	Philhar. Orch.
Loeffler, Charles Martin	Music for four stringed instruments	Flonzaley Qt.
Stravinsky, Igor	Suite, "L'Oiseau de feu" (2nd revision)	Philhar. Orch. (Stransky)
Milhaud, Darius	Little symphony no. 3	
Fairchild, Blair	Tone poem on a Persian legend	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Stravinsky, Igor	Le sacre du printemps	Boston Sym. Orch. (Monteux)

February 1924

Composer	Title	Performer
Hanson, Howard	North and west	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Milhaud, Darius	Sonata for flute, clarinet, oboe, and piano	Int. Composers' Guild
Barlow, Samuel	Three Chinese lyrics for tenor voice and small orchestra	
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	String quartet no. 2	
Poulenc, Francis	Sonata for bass oboe and clarinet	
Goossens, Eugene	A fantasy	
Schönberg, Arnold	songs	
Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Mario	songs	
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	songs	

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1924 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Cowell, Henry	nineteen piano works	Henry Cowell
Stravinsky, Igor	Symphonies d'instruments à vent	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)
Blòch, Ernest	Schelomo*	
Bloch, Ernest	Trilogy: waves, shanty, at sea	Soc. of the Friends of Music (Bodanzky)
Gershwin, George	Rhapsody in blue	Paul Whiteman
Powell, John	Violin concerto (revised version)	Philhar. Orch.
Loeffler, Charles Martin	Music for four stringed instruments*	Franco-American Soc.
Hammond, Richard	La flûte de jade (selection of three songs)	
Stravinsky, Igor	Three stories for children	
Infante, Manuel	Danses andalouses: Sentimiento	
Vuillemin, Louis	Two dances	
Milhaud, Darius	Catalogue de fleurs	
Bliss, Arthur	Incidental music for "The tempest"	
Leginska, Ethel	Four poems by Tagore for string quartet	New York Qt.

March 1924

Composer	Title	Performer
Strauss, Richard	Suite, "Le bourgeois gentilhomme" *	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Walter)

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Performances of new music in New York

March 1924 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Prokofiev, Sergei	Chout (adapted)	Neighborhood Playhouse
Fowler, B. Sherman	A moon-lit sky	American-National Orch. (Barlow)
Novick, Nathan	Russian sketches	|
Stravinsky, Igor	Le sacre du printemps *	Boston Sym. Orch.
Bloch, Ernest	Nocturnes	N.Y. Trio
Poulenc, Francis	Rhapsodie nègre	League of Composers
Stravinsky, Igor	L'Histoire du soldat	|
Miaskovsky, Nicolai	Piano sonata	|
Taylor, Deems	Suite, "Through the looking glass" *	Phila. Orch.
Goldmark, Rubin	Negro rhapsody *	Philhar. Orch.
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	Requiem	Schola Cantorum (Schindler)

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October 1924

Composer	Title	Performer
Respighi, Ottorino	Sinfonia drammatica	Philhar. Orch.
Milhaud, Darius	Catalogue de fleurs *	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Honegger, Arthur	Pastorale *	|

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Performances of new music in New York

October 1924 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Szymanowski, Karol	Twelve etudes, op. 33	E. Robert Schmitz (pianist)
Stravinsky, Igor	Song of the haulers on the Volga	Phila. Orch.
Schmitt, Florent	Incidental music to "Cleopatra"	Philhar. Orch.
Honegger, Arthur	Pacific 231	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)

November 1924

Composer	Title	Performer
Medtner, Nicolai	Piano concerto no. 2	Phila. Orch.
Spalding, Albert	String quartet in E minor, op. 10	Flonzaley Qt.
Rogers, Bernard	In the gold room; Notturno	League of Composers
Hammond, Richard	Dans les montagnes	
	Les trois princesses	
Steinert, Alexander	Lady of the clouds	
	Snow of twilight	
	Footsteps in the sand	
Antheil, George	Jazz sonata	
Copland, Aaron	Passacaglia	
	The cat and the mouse	
Fogg, Eric	Faery pieces	
Hába, Alois	Grotesque pieces	
Křenek, Ernst	Dance study	

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1924 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Lazarus, Daniel	Fantasy	League of Composers
Migot, Georges	Trio for violin, viola, and piano	|
Hindemith, Paul	Das Nusch-Nuschi	Phila. Orch.
Holst, Gustav	Hymn of Jesus	Oratorio Soc.
Reiser, Alois	String quartet in E minor, op. 16	Lenox Qt.
Saminsky, Lazare	Lament of Rachel (ballet excerpt)	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Honegger, Arthur	Pacific 231*	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Honegger, Arthur	Fragments for chamber orchestra (two selections)	League of Composers
Klein, Fritz	Die Maschine	|
Tcherepnin, Alexander	Violin sonata	|
Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Mario	Coplas	|
Honegger, Arthur	L'Ombre	|
	L'Homme et la mer	|
Stravinsky, Igor	Concertino for string quartet*	|
	two songs	|
Prokofiev, Sergei	Scythian suite	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)

December 1924 (over)

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Performances of new music in New York

December 1924

Composer	Title	Performer
Szymanowski, Karol	Violin concerto no. 1	Phila. Orch.
Janáček, Leoš	Jenufa	Met. Opera
Goossens, Eugene	Fantasy for wind instruments	Int. Composers' Guild
Laurence, Frederick	Labyrinth	
Ruggles, Carl	Men and mountains	
Vaughan Williams, Ralph	songs	
Ravel, Maurice	Tzigane	
Shepherd, Arthur	Overture to a drama	Cleveland Orch. (Sokoloff)
Indy, Vincent d'	La légende de St. Christophe* (excerpt)	
Hindemith, Paul	String quartet no. 3	New York Qt.
Griffes, Charles	The pleasure dome of Kubla Khan*	Philhar. Orch.
Varèse, Edgar	Hyperprism*	Phila. Orch.
Honegger, Arthur	Pastorale d'été *	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Ballantine, Edward	From the gardens of Hellas	Philhar. Orch.
Sowerby, Leo	Synconata	Paul Whiteman

January 1925 (over)

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1925

Composer	Title	Performer
Joselyn, Henry	War dance	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)
Eichheim, Henry	Japanese nocturne	
Stravinsky, Igor	Song of the haulers on the Volga*	Philhar. Orch. (Stravinsky)
	Chant du rossignol*	
	Pulcinella	
Copland, Aaron	Organ symphony	Nadia Boulanger (organist)
Griffes, Charles	Piano sonata*	Franco-American Soc.
Leginska, Ethel	Six nursery rhymes	
Stravinsky, Igor	Trois petits chansons	
Le Flem, Paul	La neige	
	Le vrai dieu	
Berg, Alban	Aus 'Dem Schmerz sein Recht', op. 4, no. 1 (1908-09)	
Webern, Anton	So ich traurig bin, op. 4, no. 4 (1909)	
Ravel, Maurice	Tzigane *	Samuel Dushkin (violinist)
Milhaud, Darius	Brazilian dances	
Schelling, Ernest	Divertimento	Flonzaley Qt.
Stravinsky, Igor	Octour	Igor Stravinsky
	Ragtime	
Vaughan Williams, Ralph	A London symphony *	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1925 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Rispetti e strambotti *	Philhar. Qt.

February 1925

Composer	Title	Performer
Berckman, Evelyn	Die Nebelstadt Sturm	Raymonde Delaunois (soprano)
Miaskovsky, Nicolai Medtner, Nicolai Prokofiev, Sergei Stravinsky, Igor	(song recital)	Euphsly Hatayeva (soprano)
Medtner, Nicolai	Sonata in C major, op. 25 Canzone mattinata, op. 39, no. 4 Danza silvestra, op. 38, no. 7 Danza ditirambica, op. 40, no. 6	Nicolai Medtner (pianist)
	Valse, op. 32, no. 5 To a dreamer, op. 32, no. 6 Impromptu, op. 37, no. 3 The singer, op. 29, no. 2 The muse, op. 29, no. 1	Elizabeth Santagano (soprano)
Taylor, Deems	Portrait of a lady	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Stravinsky, Igor	Piano concerto	Philhar. Orch. (composer as soloist)

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1925 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Cotapos, Acario	Three preludes	Int. Composers' Guild
Salzedo, Carlos	Three Mallarmé poems for voice and harp	
Biano, Zanotti	composition for piano	
Still, William Grant	From the land of dreams	
Bartók, Béla	Sonatina for piano	
Webern, Anton	Fünf Stücke für Streichquartett (1909)	
Chávez, Carlos	Hexagrams	
Cowell, Henry	Thunder Sticks	
Bartók, Béla	Allegro barbaro (1911)*	Franco-American Soc.
Ibert, Jacques	Two movements for woodwind quartet	
Ives, Charles	Three quarter-tone piano pieces	
Barth, Hans	quarter-tone pieces for two pianos	
Tailleferre, Germaine	Violin sonata	
Dohnányi, Ernst von	Festival overture, op. 31	State Symphony
Ornstein, Leo	Piano concerto	Phila. Orch.
Schönberg, Arnold	Pierrot lunaire *	League of Composers
Saminsky, Lazare	The gagliarda of a merry plague (opera)	
Gruenberg, Louis	Daniel jazz	

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Performances of new music in New York

March 1925

Composer	Title	Performer
Satie, Erik	Danses de piège de Méduse	Int. Composers' Guild
Varèse, Edgar	Intégrales	
Eichheim, Henry	A Malay mosaic	
Schönberg, Arnold	Serenade	
Stravinsky, Igor	L'Histoire du soldat*	Stringwood Ensemble
Waghalter, Ignatz	Mandragola (opera comique)	Princess Theater
Mason, Daniel Gregory	Symphony in C minor*	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Tailleferre, Germaine	Piano concerto	Phila. Orch.
Gardner, Samuel	Violin concerto	Philhar. Orch.
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Sette canzoni	League of Composers
	Stagione italiche	
Hindemith, Paul	Kammersymphonie, op. 24, no. 1	
	Trio, op. 34	

April 1925

Composer	Title	Performer
Tailleferre, Germaine	Piano concerto	Philhar. Orch.

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Performances of new music in New York

October 1925

Composer	Title	Performer
Holst, Gustav	Japanese suite	Phila. Orch.
Bauer, Marion	Sonata	League of Composers
Stravinsky, Igor	Piano sonata	|
Gruenberg, Louis	Jazzberries	|
Labroca, Mario	String quartet	|
Honegger, Arthur	Le roi David	Soc. of the Friends of Music
Casella, Alfredo	"La giara" suite	Philhar. Orch. (composer as soloist)
	Partita for piano and orchestra	|
Foote, Arthur	Nocturne and scherzo	San Francisco Chamber Music Soc.
Godowsky, Leopold	Java suite	Alexander Hilsberg (violinist)

November 1925

Composer	Title	Performer
Szymanowski, Karol	String quartet, op. 37	Flonzelay Qt.
Prokofiev, Sergei	Violin concerto, op. 19	State Symphony
Taylor, Deems	Jurgen	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Gallico, Paul	Septet	Soc. of the Friends of Music
Jacobi, Frederick	Poet in the desert	|

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1925 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Tansman, Alexander	Danse de la sorcière	Philhar. Orch.
Schulhoff, Erwin	Five pieces for string quartet	New York Qt.
Serly, Tibor	Violin sonata	Ruden (violinist)
Copland, Aaron	Music for the theater	League of Composers
Prokofiev, Sergei	Quintet for winds and strings, op. 39	
Honegger, Arthur	Concertino	
Tansman, Alexander	Sinfonietta	

December 1925

Composer	Title	Performer
Sibelius, Jean	Symphony no. 5 *	Phila. Orch.
Gershwin, George	Concerto in F	Symphony Soc.
Wetzler, Hans	Six symphonic movements, op. 12	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Chiaffarelli, Albert	Jazz America	Yerkes Orch.
Schelling, Ernest	Impressions from an artist's life	Philhar. Orch.
Wetzler, Hans	Suite, "As you like it"	Soc. of the Friends of Music

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Performances of new music in New York

December 1925 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Voormolen, Alex	Trio	Sittig Trio
Bloch, Ernest	Baal Shem	Joseph Szigeti (violinist)
Falla, Manuel de	El retablo de Maese Pedro	League of Composers
Respighi, Ottorino	Piano concerto	Philhar. Orch. (composer as soloist)

January 1926

Composer	Title	Performer
Gershwin, George	135th St. Circus day	Ferde Grofe Orch. (Whiteman)
Giordano, Umberto	La cena delle beffe	Met. Opera
Goossens, Eugene	Piano quintet, op. 23	Hartmann Qt.
Loeffler, Charles Martin Miaskovsky, Nicolai	Canticum fratris solis Symphony no. 5	Phila. Orch.
Bartók, Béla	Dance suite	Cincinnati Sym. Orch.
Stravinsky, Igor	Le sacre du printemps*	Eugene Goossens
Hanson, Howard	Lux aeterna	Eugene Goossens
Bloch, Ernest	Concerto grosso	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1926 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Bax, Arnold	Tintagel	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Goossens)
Respighi, Ottorino	I pini di Roma *	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)
Hindemith, Paul	Kammermusik no. 2, op. 36, no. 1	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Goossens)
Jacobi, Frederick	String quartet on Indian themes	Flonzaley Qt.
Bax, Arnold	Symphony in E-flat minor	Cleveland Orch.
Sabata, Victor de	Gethsemani	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)
Ruggles, Carl	Portals	Int. Composers' Guild
Rieti, Vittorio	Sonata for flute, oboe, bassoon, and piano	
Still, William Grant	Levee land	
Goossens, Eugene	Pastoral and harlequinade	
Respighi, Ottorino	Dieta silvane	
Freed, Isadore	Rhapsody	Stringwood Ensemble
Tommasini, Vincenzo	Paesaggi toscani	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)

February 1926

Composer	Title	Performer
Prokofiev, Sergei	Piano concerto no. 3	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky; composer as soloist)

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1926 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Cowell, Henry	solo piano recital	Henry Cowell
Respighi, Ottorino	Quartetto dorico	Philhar. Qt.
Stravinsky, Igor	Les noces	Int. Composers' Guild
Casella, Alfredo	Concerto for string quartet	
Carpenter, John Alden	Skyscrapers	Met. Opera
Křenek, Ernst	Concerto grosso	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Klemperer)

March 1926

Composer	Title	Performer
Milhaud, Darius	Symphony no. 6	Pro-Musica Soc.
Wellesz, Egon	String quartet, op. 28, no. 4	
Strauss, Richard	Intermezzo, op. 72	Philhar. Orch.
Stravinsky, Igor	Rossignol	Met. Opera
Gilbert, Henry F.	Symphonic piece	Boston Sym. Orch.
Respighi, Ottorino	Belfagor	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Tailleferre, Germaine	Jeux de plein air	Boston Sym. Orch.
Hindemith, Paul	Concerto for orchestra	

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Performances of new music in New York

March 1926 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Toch, Ernst	Tanz-Suite	League of Composers
Whithorne, Emerson	Saturday's child	
Carrillo, Julián	Fantasía sonido 13	
Schönberg, Arnold	Quintet, op. 26	
Stravinsky, Igor	Pulcinella *	Paul Kochanski (violinist)
Casella, Alfredo	Partita for piano and orchestra	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Engel-Bellison, Simeon	Four musical pictures	Stringwood Ensemble

April 1926

Composer	Title	Performer
Boughton, Rutland	The immortal hour	Grove Street Theater
Varèse, Edgar	Amériques	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)

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Performances of new music in New York

October 1926

Composer	Title	Performer
Halfftner, Ernesto	String quartet in C	Flonzaley Qt.
Hanson, Howard	Pan and the priest	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Pingoud, Ernest	Le prophète	Phila. Orch.
Tcherepnin, Alexander	Sonata for piano and violin in F major	Zetlin (violinist)
Webern, Anton	Fünf Stücke fur Streichquartett* (1909)	League of Composers
Berg, Alban	String quartet (1909-10)	
Honegger, Arthur	Pâques à New York*	
Strong, George Templeton	Une vie d'artiste	Philhar. Orch.
Ibert, Jacques	Les rencontres	N.Y. Sym. Orch.

November 1926

Composer	Title	Performer
Caplet, André	Épiphanie	Phila. Orch.
Honegger, Arthur	Prelude to "The tempest"	Philhar. Orch.
Casella, Alfredo	"La giara" suite*	N.Y. Sym. Orch.
Stravinsky, Igor	Huit pièces enfantines	
Bartók, Béla	Village scenes	League of Composers

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1926 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Webern, Anton	Fünf Stücke für Kammerorchester	League of Composers
Krasa, Hans	Symphony for chamber orchestra	
Gruenberg, Louis	The creation	
Roussel, Albert	Padmavati suite	Boston Sym. Orch.
Chávez, Carlos	H.P.	Int. Composers' Guild
Webern, Anton	Fünf geistliche Lieder	
Goossens, Eugene	Three pagan hymns	
Still, William Grant	Darker America	
McPhee, Colin	Pastorale and rondino	
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	Trio in A	
Miaskovsky, Nicolai	Symphony no. 6	Phila. Orch.

December 1926

Composer	Title	Performer
Honegger, Arthur	Prelude from "Fedra"	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Milhaud, Darius	Ballad for piano and orchestra	
Rogers, Bernard	Fuji in the sunset glow	
Maganini, Quinto	La rumba	
Milhaud, Darius	Carnaval d'Aix	Philhar. Orch.
Kaminski, Heinrich	Concerto grosso for double orchestra *	Phila. Orch.

Performances of new music in New York

December 1926 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Szymanowski, Karol	Symphony no. 3	Philhar. Orch.
Sibelius, Jean	Tapiola, op. 112	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)

January 1927 (over)

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1927

Composer	Title	Performer
Pierné, Gabriel	Entrance of the little fauns	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Ravel, Maurice	Kaddish	Eva Gauthier (soprano)
	Ronsard à son âme: Nicolette	
Bax, Arnold	Trois enfantines: berceuse	
Bartók, Béla	Hungarian folk song no. 3	
Vaughan Williams, Ralph	Love's bower	
Respighi, Ottorino	Within a mile of Edinburgh town	
Delage, Maurice	Lahore (a lonely fir-tree)	
Debussy, Claude	The fan	
Milhaud, Darius	Jewish poems: nurse's song	
Honegger, Arthur	The bells	
Griffes, Charles	Waikiki	
Carpenter, John Alden	The little cemetery	
Engel, Carl	Opal	
Watts, Wintter	Wings of night	
Stravinsky, Igor	Mypsotis	
Taniev, Sergei	The fountain	
Bliss, Arthur	The buckle	
Falla, Manuel de	Seguidille	
Marx, Joseph	Valse de Chopin	
Falla, Manuel de	Concerto for harpsichord	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Stravinsky, Igor	Le sacre du printemps *	
Puccini, Giacomo	Turandot	Met. Opera
Sibelius, Jean	Symphony no. 7	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Ravel, Maurice	La valse*	

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1927 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Carpenter, John Alden	Skyscrapers*	Met. Opera
Stravinsky, Igor	Suite no. 2 for small orchestra	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Klemperer)
Goossens, Eugene	Pastorale and harlequinade	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Bloch, Ernest	Pastorale (for string quartet)	Flonzaley Qt.
Moore, Douglas	Pageant of P.T. Barnum	Cleveland Orch. (Sokoloff)
Converse, Frederick S.	Elegiac poem	
Whithorne, Emerson	The aeroplane, op. 38, no. 2	
Respighi, Ottorino	Ballata della gnomidi*	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)
Casella, Alfredo	Scarlattiana	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Klemperer)
Farwell, Arthur	String quartet in A, op. 65	Lenz Qt.
Gál, Hans	Variations on a Viennese folksong	N.Y. Trio
Montemezzi, Italo	L'Amore dei tre re *	Met. Opera
Puccini, Giacomo	Gianni Schicchi	
Ives, Charles	Symphony no. 4 (2nd mvt.)	Pro-Musica Soc. (Goossens)
Milhaud, Darius	Les malheurs d'Orphée	
Weil, Kurt	Concerto for violin and woodwinds	
Ravel, Maurice	Chansons madécasses	Int. Composers' Guild
Křenek, Ernst	Symphonische Musik, op. 11	

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1927 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Ricercari for 11 instruments	Int. Composers' Guild
Casella, Alfredo	L'Adieu à la vie	
Hindemith, Paul	Der Daemon, op. 28	

February 1927

Composer	Title	Performer
Prokofiev, Sergei	Classical symphony, op. 25	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Copland, Aaron	Piano concerto	
Roussel, Albert	Suite en fa	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Ibert, Jacques	Les escales	Minneapolis Sym. Orch. (Verbrugghen)
Leginska, Ethel	String quartet after 4 poems by Tagore (2 mvts.)	Philhar. Qt.
Hindemith, Paul	Konzertmusik für Blas Orchester	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Klemperer)
Thompson, Randall	Three pieces for string quartet	League of Composers
Crawford, Ruth	Violin sonata	
Copland, Aaron	Nocturne and serenade	
Berckman, Evelyn	Limpidité	
	Le baptême de la cloche	
Blitzstein, Marc	As if a phantom caressed by men	
Chanler, Theodore	These, my Ophelia	
	Voyage in Provence	

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1927 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Taylor, Deems	The king's henchman	Met. Opera
Braine, Robert	The raven	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Strube, Gustave	Divertimento	
Rogers, Bernard	Soliloquy	Sunday Sym. Soc. (Zuro)
	Arab love song	
Riesenfeld, Hugo	Etchings of New York	
Stravinsky, Igor	Chant du rossignol*	Cincinnati Sym. Orch. (Reiner)
Prokofiev, Sergei	Love for three oranges: march *	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Klemperer)

March 1927

Composer	Title	Performer
Mason, Daniel Gregory	Variations on a theme by John Powell, op. 24	Flonzaley Qt.
Prokofiev, Sergei	Violin concerto	Philhar. Orch. (Fürtwangler)
Janáček, Leoš	Sinfonietta	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Klemperer)
Sibelius, Jean	Overture, "The tempest"	Philhar. Orch. (Fürtwangler)
Stringfield, Lamar	Indian legend	Sunday Sym. Soc. (Zuro)

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Performances of new music in New York

March 1927 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Dubensky, Arcady	Suite russe	The Little Symphony (Barrère)
Villa-Lobos, Heitor	Prole do bebê	Henri Deering (pianist)
Poulenc, Francis	Napoli	
Carrillo, Julián	Concertino on quarter tones	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)
Reger, Max	Variationen und Fuge über ein Thema von Mozart, op. 132	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (F. Busch)
Ravel, Maurice	Suite in F	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Prokofiev, Sergei	Sept, ils sont sept	
Respighi, Ottorino	Ventrate di chiesa	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Casella, Alfredo	La giara *	Met. Opera
Hindemith, Paul	Concerto for orchestra	Philhar. Orch. (Fürtwangler)
Bloch, Ernest	Four episodes for chamber orchestra	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Still, William Grant	From the black belt	The Little Symphony (Barrère)
Maganini, Quinto	Sketches from a dreamer's notebook	
Eichheim, Henry	The rivals (ballet)	League of Composers
Hammond, Richard	A voyage to the East	
Labroca, Mario	Pastoral, musette, allegro	
Tansman, Alexander	The tragedy of the 'cello	
Stravinsky, Igor	Suite no. 2 for small orchestra	

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Performances of new music in New York

April 1927

Composer	Title	Performer
Satie, Erik	La statue de bronze	Emma Hoyt (soprano)
Milhaud, Darius	Jewish poems: nurse's song	
Tailleferre, Germaine	Mélodie	
Honegger, Arthur	Les cloches	
Bantock, Granville	The celestial weaver	
Griffes, Charles	So-fei gathering flowers	
	The feast of lanterns	
Hill, Edward Burlingame	Lilacs	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Honegger, Arthur	Pacific 231*	
Antheil, George	String quartet	George Antheil and Eugene Goossens
	Sonata for violin, piano, and drum	
	Jazz symphony	
	Ballet méchanique	
Loeffler, Charles Martin	Memories of my childhood	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)
Varèse, Edgar	Arcanes	
Berg, Alban	Kammerkonzert	Int. Composers' Guild (Rodzinski)
Salzedo, Carlos	Concerto for harpsichord and 7 wind instruments	
Stravinsky, Igor	Octour *	
Varèse, Edgar	Intégrales *	

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Performances of new music in New York

October 1927

Composer	Title	Performer
Hanson, Howard	String quartet, op. 23	Gordon Qt.
Copland, Aaron	Cortège macabre	Beethoven Sym. Orch. (Zaslawsky)
Ferroud, Pierre-Octave	Foules	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Shelling, Ernest	Victory ball*	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Dopper, Cornelis	Ciaconna gotica	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Goldmark, Rubin	A negro rhapsody *	

November 1927

Composer	Title	Performer
Saminsky, Lazare	Symphony of the seas	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (F. Busch)
Korngold, Erich	Violanta	Met. Opera
Mannes, Leopold	String quartet	Flonzaley Qt.
Poulenc, Francis	Suite en ut	Dimitri Tiomkin (pianist)
	Mouvements perpétuels	
Tansman, Alexander	Mélodie	
	Humoresque	
	Mazurka no. 4	
Tiomkin, Dimitri	Quasi-jazz	

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1927 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Mompou, Federico	Secret	Dimitri Tiomkin
Ravel, Maurice	La valse *	
Honegger, Arthur	Horace victorieux *	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (F. Busch)
Whithorne, Emerson	New York days and nights *	Beethoven Sym. Orch. (Zaslawsky)
Ravel, Maurice	Trio in A minor *	Elshuco Trio
Roussel, Albert	Suite en fa	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Mengelberg, Rudolf	Scherzo sinfonico	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Hindemith, Paul	Kleine Kammermusik, op. 24, no. 2	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Delius, Frederick	Concerto for cello and orchestra	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Cimarosiana	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Busch, Adolph	Symphony in C minor	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (F. Busch)
Martinu, Bohuslav	La bagarre	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Honegger, Arthur	Fedra (excerpts)	
Dunn, James Philip	Overture	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1927 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Hindemith, Paul	Fünf Klavierstücke, op. 37	Karin Dayas (pianist)
Bartók, Bela	Out-of-doors suite	
Prokofiev, Sergei	Sarcasmes, op. 17	
Gruenberg, Louis	Polychromatics, op. 16	
Milhaud, Darius	Piano sonata no. 1	

December 1927

Composer	Title	Performer
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	La sacra rappresentazione di Abram e d'Isaac	Soc. of the Friends of Music
Holst, Gustav	The planets (3 mvts.)*	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (F. Busch)
Whithorne, Emerson	New York days and nights *	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (F. Busch)
Bloch, Ernest	In the mountains (Haute-Savoie)	Vertchamp Qt.
Juon, Paul	Litaniae	Elshuco Trio
Kodály, Zoltán	Háry János suite	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Ravel, Maurice	La valse*	
Streigler, Kurt	Rondo burlesk	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (F. Busch)
Kadosa, Pál	Two piano pieces	Imre Weisshaus (pianist)
	Piano sonata no. 1	

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Performances of new music in New York

December 1927 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Bartók, Béla	Ballade	Imre Weisshaus (pianist)
	Eight improvisations on Hungarian folk songs	
Weisshaus, Imre	Piano sonata no. 1	
	Prelude	
Schelling, Ernest	Morocco	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Kaminski, Heinrich	Magnificat	
Kodály, Zoltán	Psalmus hungaricus	
Respighi, Ottorino	Sonata in B minor	Edward Grasse (violinist)
Weiner, Leo	Sonata no. 2 in F-sharp minor	
Grasse, Edward	Sonata in C, op. 14	
Puccini, Giacomo	Turandot *	Met. Opera
Křenek, Ernst	Concerto for violin and piano	New School for Social Research
Stravinsky, Igor	Serenade in A	
Hindemith, Paul	Das Marienleben (8 songs)	
Cowell, Henry	four piano works	
	Suite for violin and piano	
Ravel, Maurice	Berceuse sur le nom de Fauré	
Copland, Aaron	Nocturne and Serenade	
	Ukelele	
Webern, Anton	Vier Stücke (1910)	
Cowell, Henry	Where she lies	Eva Gauthier (soprano)
Ravel, Maurice	Rêves	
Roussel, Albert	Le bachelier de Salamanque	

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Performances of new music in New York

December 1927 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Hindemith, Paul	Das Marienleben (6 songs)	League of Composers
Sessions, Roger	Three chorale preludes for organ (selection of 2)	|

January 1928

Composer	Title	Performer
Dubensky, Arcady	Russian bells (1st mvt.)	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (F. Busch)
Ehrenberg, Carl	Hymnes pour toi	|
Ravel, Maurice	Daphnis et Chloé, suite no. 2	Phila. Orch. (Reiner)
Bloch, Ernest	Four episodes for chamber orchestra	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Tansman, Alexander	Concerto no. 2 for piano and orchestra	
Hindemith, Paul	String quartet in F-sharp minor, op. 10	Elshuco Trio
Ornstein, Leo	Piano quintet	League of Composers
Hindemith, Paul	String quartet in C major, op. 16	|
Gruenberg, Louis	Indiscretions	|
Milhaud, Darius	String quartet no. 6	|
Whithorne, Emerson	Poème	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (F. Busch)

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1928 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Ravel, Maurice	Violin sonata	Pro-Musica Soc.
	Chansons madécasses	|
Taylor, Deems	Suite, "Through the looking glass" *	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Klemperer, Otto	Forty-second psalm	Soc. of the Friends of Music (Bodanzky)
Delius, Frederick	On hearing the first cuckoo in spring	Philhar. Orch. (Beecham)
Achron, Joseph	Violin concerto	Beethoven Sym. Orch. (Zaslawsky)
James, Philip	Overture to a comedy	|
Copland, Aaron	Old poem	Greta Torpadie (soprano)
Bliss, Arthur	The buckle	|
Falla, Manuel de	Seguilla murciana	|
	Nana	|
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Ariette	|
Hindemith, Paul	Das Marienleben (2 songs)*	|
Schönberg, Arnold	Pierrot lunaire (selections)*	|
Stravinsky, Igor	La rosée sainte	|
	Tillimbom	|
Milhaud, Darius	Berceuse	|
Ravel, Maurice	Chant de l'horloge	|
Casella, Alfredo	"La giara" suite *	Philhar. Soc. (Molinari)
Migot, Georges	Les baladins	Nina Koshetz (soprano)

Performances of new music in New York

January 1928 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Ravel, Maurice	L'Enfant et les sortilèges	Nina Koshetz (soprano)
	Kaddish	
Falla, Manuel de	La jota	
Gretchaninov, Alexander	Les cloches de Novgorod	
Labunsky, Felix	Ave Maria	
Pohl, Vladimir	Two Russian airs	
Barlow, Samuel	Cherry tree	
Taylor, Deems	Twenty-eighteen	
Puccini, Giacomo	Turandot*	Met. Opera
Smith, David Stanley	Sonata	Leon Goossens (oboeist)
Goossens, Leon	Oboe concerto	
Bliss, Arthur	Quintet	
Taniev, Sergei	Quartet no. 2, op. 5	Stringwood Ensemble
Goossens, Eugene	Suite, op. 6	
Stillman, Mitja	Impressions	
Prokofiev, Sergei	Overture on Jewish themes	
Honegger, Arthur	Pastorale d'été*	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)
	Pacific 231*	
Bartók, Béla	String quartet no. 2	New World Qt.
Stravinsky, Igor	Three pieces for string quartet*	
Milhaud, Darius	String quartet no. 6 *	
Cadman, Charles W.	Sunset trail	Beethoven Sym. Orch. (Zaslawsky)

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1928

Composer	Title	Performer
Montemezzi, Italo	L'Amore dei tre re*	Met. Opera
Dukas, Paul	La péri*	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Taylor, Deems	The king's henchman*	Met. Opera
Respighi, Ottorino	I pini di Roma*	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)
Carpenter, John Alden	Skyscrapers*	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Bartók, Béla	Piano sonata	Béla Bartók
	Violin sonata no. 2 *	
	Seven Hungarian folk tunes	
	Seven peasant dances	
Hindemith, Paul	Concerto for orchestra	Phila. Orch. (Monteux)
Wellesz, Egon	String quartet, op. 28	New World Qt.
Cowell, Henry	Quartet pedantic	
Hindemith, Paul	String quartet no. 4, op. 22	
Bauer, Marion	String quartet	League of Composers
Blitzstein, Marc	Piano sonata	
Magarini, Quinto	Sonata for flute and piano	
Hammond, Richard	Promenades sentimentales	
Barlow, Samuel	three songs	
Harris, Roy	Sextet for string quartet, clarinet, and piano	

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1928 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Holst, Gustav	Egdon heath	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Weiner, Leo	Carnival	Cincinnati Sym. Orch. (Reiner)
Kodály, Zoltán	Háry János suite *	
Bartók, Béla	Piano concerto no. 1	
Dohnányi, Ernst von	Ruralia hungarica	
Sabata, Victor de	Juventus	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)
Bartók, Béla	Piano suite no. 1, op. 14	Béla Bartók (pianist)
Berckman, Evelyn	Au bord de l'étoile matutine	Beethoven Sym. Orch. (Zaslawsky)
Rethberg, Elizabeth	Hochzeit cantata	Soc. of the Friends of Music
Kindler, Hans	Cello suite in C	(Bodanzky)
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	Sonata in F	Lajos Shuk (cellist)
Krauss, Michael	Sonata	
Alfano, Franco	Madonna imperia	Met. Opera
Falla, Manuel de	L'Amor brujo	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)
Ravel, Maurice	Trio in A minor*	Maurice Ravel (pianist)
	Deux mélodies hébraïques	
Warner, H. Waldo	The pixy ring *	London Qt.
Mason, Daniel Gregory	"Three country pictures" suite	American Orchestral Soc. (Clifton)

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1928 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Blumer, Theodore	Wind quintet in F major, op. 34	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Hadley, Henry	Rosen Colloque sentimentale Time of parting O hermit, o veery	

March 1928

Composer	Title	Performer
Carpenter, John Alden	Skyscrapers*	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Casella, Alfredo	Siciliana e burlesca	Compinsky Trio
Jarecki, Tadeusz	Chimère	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Damrosch)
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	La pisanella (excerpts) *	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)
Ravel, Maurice	La valse *	Phila. Orch. (Monteux)
Stravinsky, Igor	Oedipus rex	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Ravel, Maurice	Le tombeau de Couperin * Tzigane * La valse *	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Ravel)
Dunn, James P.	We	Beethoven Sym. Orch. (Zaslawsky)

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Performances of new music in New York

March 1928 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Prokofiev, Sergei	Scythian suite *	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Walton, William	Sinfonia concerto	
Puccini, Giacomo	La rondine	Met. Opera
Maganini, Quinto	La rumba *	Little Symphony Orch. (Barrère)
Varèse, Edgar	Offrandes	
Gardner, Samuel	Av horahamim	Springwood Ensemble
Grainger, Percy	Molly on the shore	
Goossens, Eugene	Divertissement	
Sowerby, Leo	The Irish washerwoman	Philhar. Children's Concert
Busoni, Ferruccio	Suite arlequinesque	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)
Stringfield, Lamar	From the southern mountains: At evening	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Grainger, Percy	Children's march*	
Smith, David Stanley	Quintet in E-flat, op. 56	Lenox Qt.
Pierné, Gabriel	Impressions de music-hall	Phila. Orch. (Monteux)
Puccini, Giacomo	Gianni Schicchi *	Met. Opera
Halffter, Ernesto	Sinfonietta in D	N.Y. Sym. Orch. (Arbós)
Falla, Manuel de	El amor brujo	

Performances of new music in New York

March 1928 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Griffes, Charles	Poem for piano and flute	The Little Symphony (Barrère)
Still, William Grant	Log cabin ballads	|
Bloch, Ernest	Concerto grosso*	Soc. of the Friends of Music (Bodanzky)
Stravinsky, Igor	L'Histoire du soldat*	League of Composers
Falla, Manuel de	El retablo de Maese Pedro,*	|
Griffes, Charles	Pleasure dome of Kubla Khan*	Philhar. Orch. (Goossens)

April 1928

Composer	Title	Performer
Prokofiev, Sergei	Violin concerto in D major, op. 19	Lea Luboschutz (violinist)
Hill, Edward Burlingame	Symphony in B-flat	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Johnson, Horace	Imagery	Beethoven Sym. Orch. (Zaslawsky)
Lazar, Filip	Music for orchestra	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Gershwin, George	Rhapsody in blue*	Roxy Sym. Orch. (Rapee)
Stravinsky, Igor	Le sacre du printemps *	Phila. Orch. (Monteux)
Chanler, Theodore	Sonata for violin and piano	Copland-Sessions Concert
Piston, Walter	Three pieces for flute, clarinet, and bassoon	|

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Performances of new music in New York

April 1928 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Thomson, Virgil	Five phrases from the Song of Solomon	Copland-Sessions Concert
Chávez, Carlos	Sonatina for piano	
	Sonatina for cello and piano	
	Sonatina for violin and piano	

May 1928

Composer	Title	Performer
Delaney, Robert	Sonata for violin and piano	Copland-Sessions Concert
Sessions, Roger	Piano sonata no. 1 (first 3 mvts.)	
Copland, Aaron	Lento molto and rondino for string quartet	
Crawford, Ruth	Two preludes	
Weiss, Adolph	Twelve preludes for piano (4 preludes)	
Rudhyar, Dane	Three paeans	
Porter, Quincy	Quintet for piano and strings	

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Performances of new music in New York

October 1928

Composer	Title	Performer
Gershwin, George	Concerto in F*	Paul Whiteman's Orch.
Wagenaar, Bernard	Symphony no. 1	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Whithorne, Emerson	Fata morgana	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Hanson, Howard	Symphony no. 1 ("Nordic")	Beethoven Sym. Orch. (Zaslawsky)
Knipper, Lyof	Legend of a plaster god, op. 1	Phila. Orch. (Stokowski)
Vaughan Williams, Ralph Respighi, Ottorino Carpenter, John Alden	A London symphony* I pini di Roma* Skyscrapers*	Philhar. Orch. (Damrosch)
Gibson, Grace Eliot	Overture, "En rapport"	Beethoven Sym. Orch. (Zaslawsky)
Falla, Manuel de	El amor brujo	Beethoven Sym. Orch. (Zaslawsky)
Montemezzi, Italo	L'Amore dei tre re	Met. Opera
Juon, Paul Bloch, Ernest	Quartet for piano and strings Quintet for piano and strings*	Malkin Trio

November 1928 (over)

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1928

Composer	Title	Performer
Kodály, Zoltán	Háry Janos suite	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Bucharov, Simon	Sakhara (excerpts)	
Hure, Jean	Serenade	Tollefsen Trio
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Cimarosiana	Soc. of Friends of Music (Bodanzky)
Bloch, Ernest	Concerto grosso	Alliance Sym. Orch. (A. Bloch)
Strauss, Richard	Die aegyptische Helena	Met. Opera
Strauss, Richard	Die Tageszeiten	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Cassado, Gaspar	Rhapsodia catalonia	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Puccini, Giacomo	Turandot	Met. Opera
Laurischskus, Max	Quintet in C major, op. 23 ("Aus Litauen")	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Hadley, Henry	Theme and variations for chamber orchestra, op. 111	
Cowell, Henry	Anger dance	Anton Rovinsky (pianist)
Rovinsky, Anton	Five preludes	
Ornstein, Leo	Scenes in Chinatown	
Prokofiev, Sergei	Love for three oranges: march	
Ives, Charles	The celestial railroad (before 1912)	

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1928 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Steinert, Alexander	Sonata, violin and piano	Pro Musica
Salzedo, Carlos	Pentacle	
Delage, Maurice	Ragamalika	
Krenek, Ernst	Quartet, op. 20	
Szymanowski, Karol	Three songs	
Pijper, Willem	sonatine	
Gragnani	clarinet quartet	
Atterberg, Kurt	Symphony no. 6, op. 31	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Stravinsky, Igor	Apollon musagète	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Prokofiev, Sergei	Classical symphony, op. 25	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Honegger, Arthur	A la sante	Louise Jarecka (soprano)
	Les saltimbanques	
	Clotilde	
	L'Adieu	
	Les Cloches	
Prokofiev, Sergei	Trust yourself to me	
Jarecki, Tadeusz	In scorn of self-protection	
	Since other fruits are late	
	Prayer to be an artist	

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Performances of new music in New York

November 1928 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Bloch, Ernest	Symphony ("Israel")	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Respighi, Ottorino	Toccata	|
Tcherepnin, Alexander	Trio, op. 34	Compinsky Trio

December 1928

Composer	Title	Performer
Bloch, Ernest	Violin sonata *	Sylvia Lent (violinist)
Berezowsky, Nicolai	Hebrew suite	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Medtner, Nicolai	Sonata-ballade	Ida Deck (pianist)
Respighi, Ottorino	Antiche arie e danze per liuto: siciliana, gagliarda	|
Bauer, Harold	Barberini's minuet	|
Haigh, Andrew	Prelude in G minor	|
Bloch, Ernest	Night	Flonzaley Qt.
Tansman, Alexander	Suite for two pianos and orchestra	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Loysatnikov	Sonatina for piano	Copland-Sessions Concert
Cowell, Henry	Paragraphs for two violins and cello	|
Wagenaar, Bernard	Sonata for piano	|

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Performances of new music in New York

December 1928 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Blitzstein, Marc	Four songs for baritone and piano	Copland-Sessions Concert
Antheil, George	String quartet no. 2	

January 1929

Composer	Title	Performer
Toch, Ernst	Piano concerto, op. 38	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Carpenter, John Alden	Skyscrapers *	
Ravel, Maurice	La valse *	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Prokofiev, Sergei	Piano concerto no. 3 *	American Sym. Ensemble (conductorless)
Kodály, Zoltán	Hungarian sonata	Beatrice Harrison (cellist)
Harty, Hamilton	Suite for cello	
Scott, Cyril	Pastorale and reel	
Miaskovsky, Nicolai	Bizarreries, op. 25	Nicolas Kopeikin (pianist)
Medtner, Nicolai	Deux contes	
Prokofiev, Sergei	Piano sonata no. 2: gavotte and scherzo	
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	San Francesco d'Assisi	Phila. Orch. (Gabrilowitsch)
Korngold, Erich	Suite from incidental music to "Much ado about nothing"	
Respighi, Ottorino	La campana sommersa	Met. Opera

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Performances of new music in New York

January 1929 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Bloch, Ernest	Schelomo*	Soc. of the Friends of Music (Bodanzky)
Honegger, Arthur	Rugby	Philhar. Orch. (Honegger)
	Concertino for piano and orchestra	
	Pacific 231 *	
Krenek, Ernst	Jonny spielt auf	Met. Opera
Pillois, Jacques	Cinq hai-kai	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Ravel, Maurice	Introduction and allegro,	
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Sonata a tre	Elshuco Trio
Mason, Daniel Gregory	Chanticleer overture	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)
Respighi, Ottorino	Gli uccelli	
Prokofiev, Sergei	Scythian suite*	
Ibert, Jacques	Les escales*	
Honegger, Arthur	String quartet	Pro-Musica Soc. (Honegger)
	Hommage à Ravel	
	Toccata *	
	Pâques à New York*	
	Partita for two pianos	
	Chanson de Roland	
	Complaints et dits de Faul Fort	
	Le dit des jeux du monde	
Powell, John	Negro rhapsody for piano and orchestra *	American Orch. Soc. (Clifton)

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1929

Composer	Title	Performer
Honegger, Arthur	Rugby *	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Bloch, Ernest	America	
Bowen, York	Sonata for oboe and piano	Leon Goossens (oboeist)
Goossens, Eugene	Concerto for oboe and piano	
Bax, Arnold	Quartet for oboe and strings	
Stravinsky, Igor	Suite no. 2 for small orchestra: polka, galop	Philhar. Children's Concert
Goossens, Eugene	Kaleidoscope	De Packh Sym. Ensemble
Honegger, Arthur	Trio	Philhar. Qt.
Taylor, Deems	The king's henchman*	Met. Opera
Malipiero, Gian Francesco	Pause del silenzio	Philhar. Orch. (Molinari)
Rathaus, Karl	Sonata	League of Composers
Copland, Aaron	Vitebsk	
Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Mario	Dances of King David	
Schönberg, Arnold	String quartet no. 2 (1907)	
Casella, Alfredo	Serenata	N.Y. Chamber Music Soc.
Lipsky, Alexander	Sonata for violin and piano	Copland-Sessions Concert
Dukelsky, Vladimir	Three poems of Hyppolite Bogdanovitch	
Harris, Roy	Piano sonata	
Thomson, Virgil	Capitals, capitals	

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Performances of new music in New York

February 1929 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Chadwick, George	Two symphonic sketches	American Orchestral Soc. (Clifton)
Inch, Herbert	Barcarolle for chamber orchestra	Pro-Musica Soc. (Hanson)
Beach, John	Angelo's letter	
Rogers, Bernard	Pastoral	
Hanson, Howard	Pan and the priest *	
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	Concerto del'estate	Philhar. Orch. (Mengelberg)

March 1929

Composer	Title	Performer
Taylor, Deems	Suite, "Through the looking glass" (excerpt) *	Philhar. Children's Concert
Falla, Manuel de	Three dances from "The three-cornered hat" *	Philhar. Orch. (Goossens)
Berners, Lord	The triumph of Neptune	
Grainger, Percy	Molly on the shore	Arthur Hartmann Qt.
Foote, Arthur	Suite in E minor	Boston Sym. Orch. (Koussevitzky)
Szabó, Ferenc	Two sketches on Hungarian folk songs	Hart House Qt.
Dohnányi, Ernst von	String quartet no. 3 in A minor	

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Performances of new music in New York

March 1929 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Schelling, Ernest	Impressions of an artist's life*	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)
Prokofiev, Sergei	Classical symphony, op. 25	
Ravel, Maurice	Suite, "Daphnis et Chloé" *	
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	Fra Gherado	Met. Opera
Blitzstein, Marc	Percussion music for piano	League of Composers
Petit, Raymond	Hymns for voice and flute	
	Cantique spirituel	
Krein, Alexander	Dark is thy glance	
	At the dawn	
Morris, Harold	String quartet	
Pisk, Paul	Sänge eines fahrenden Spielmans	
Nystroem, Gösta	Au fond de mon coeur	
	Sous les étoiles	
Cowell, Henry	Paragraphs for two violins and cello *	
Grainger, Percy	Shepherd's hey	Douglas Moore
Busoni, Ferruccio	Rondo arlecchinesco	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)
Tommasini, Vincenzo	Prelude, fanfare, and fuga	
Gretchaninov, Alexander	Liturgia domestica mass in C	Russian Sym. Choir and Sym. Orch. (Gretchaninov)
	Largo and finale for string orchestra	
	Five songs with orchestra	
Schneider, Edward	Saragasso	American Orchestral Soc. (Clapp)

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Performances of new music in New York

March 1929 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Caturla, Alejandro	Dos danzas cubanas	Pan American Association
Chávez, Carlos	Sonatina	
Villa-Lobos, Heitor	O ginete do pierrozinho	
	Prole do bébé no. 1	
Roldán, Amadeo	Dos canciones populares cubanas	
	three songs	
Paniagua, Raúl	Leyenda maya	
Bloch, Ernest	Concerto grosso *	Phila. Chamber String Sinfonietta (Sevitzky)
Josten, Werner	Concerto sacro for string orchestra and piano	Juilliard School
Vaughan Williams, Ralph	Concerto accademico	
Bloch, Ernest	Concerto grosso*	

April 1929

Composer	Title	Performer
Hadley, Henry	Herod overture	Young Men's Sym. Orch. (Hennenberg)
Powell, John	Negro rhapsody for piano and orchestra *	Philhar. Orch. (Hadley)
Stravinsky, Igor	Les noces *	League of Composers (Stokowski)
Griffes, Charles	The white peacock	Cleveland Orch. (Sokoloff)
Schultz, Leo	American overture	Philhar. Orch. (Toscanini)

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Performances of new music in New York

April 1929 (cont'd)

Composer	Title	Performer
Prokofiev, Sergei	Overture on Jewish themes, op. 34	Hebrew Art Ensemble

May 1929

Composer	Title	Performer
Gianini, Vittorio	Sonatina in E minor for piano and violin	Juilliard School
Berezowsky, Nicolai	String quartet in F minor	
Dougherty, Celius	Sonata in G-sharp minor for piano and violin	
Filippi, Amadeo	Quintet in B major for piano and strings	

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